

THE COURIER

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Tuesday, August 1st, 1916.

THE SITUATION.

The British had a quiet day at the front on Sunday, while the French were subjected by the foe to some violent counter attacks, which were successfully repulsed with very heavy losses to the Huns.

The troops of General Brusiloff continue their triumphant progress in spite of all the Teutons can do to stop them. They have now swept across the Stokhod river, and are still further strengthening their grasp around Kovel, where five important railways converge.

General Sir Douglas Haig, head of the British troops in France, has given a notable interview, in which he points out that during the first two years of the war, the allies had to bend every effort to gain time by keeping the Germans from forcing a decision, while the necessary preparations were made to take from them the offensive. The latter process was now under achievement.

"The third year of the war will be the Allies," says Sir Douglas, and no one can doubt that fact, least of all the Kaiser and his crew. Satisfactory though the present progress is proving, the British commander points out that John Bull will not achieve his full strength on land until next summer. He adds: "Our men ask only to keep on attacking. They feel that they have taken the measure of the Germans."

So without any doubt they have, and that the "contemptible little army," to which the Kaiser made sneering reference, is now recognized by the Huns as a mighty engine of offensive, is best illustrated by the fact that they are opposing their best against them, but to no permanent avail.

THAT BLACK LIST.

Although a number of U. S. papers are still hot under the collar over the placing of a number of American firms on John Bull's black list, it is marked that the majority of said firms are not making any protest and seem quite anxious to have the agitation die down. As a matter of fact, the time is fast approaching when any trade alliance with Germany will prove much more of a handicap than anything else, and they probably realize that. Meanwhile the Wilson administration has sent a sharp note in which it protests:—

"Against the attempt of a belligerent power to insure or abbreviate the rights of American citizens."

As a matter of fact, John Bull has done nothing of the kind. He has simply warned his own people not to trade with certain firms having connections with the enemy, and this he has a perfect right to do.

The New York Journal of Commerce aptly puts the case when it says:—

"We know well enough that there are German concerns here, and American concerns, which keep up some sort of trade with Germany for her benefit and their own profit. They have a right to take all the risk of doing so. Our Government does not try to prevent it, and the British Government has no right to prevent it at this end of the line. It has a right to prevent its own subjects from doing it through these intermediaries, if it can, and that is what it is attempting."

A LONDON WAILER.

The London Advertiser (Liberal) is keeping up a constant squeal over the removal of troops from that camp to "Camp Borden." It alleges that the latter is not only a "blunder" but a "plunder" and that Sir Sam Hughes has fled from the mess he has created. There is absolutely not one tittle of truth in the assertions of the Advertiser. Camp Borden is a needed institution, splendidly situated, with an abundant supply of pure water and is moreover not adjacent to any centre of population with the attendant temptations which always arise under such circumstances. It is a desirable and a wholesome thing to have large bodies of men who are in training, concentrate upon that work without nearby distractions. The camp within itself, has plenty of healthy diversions for the benefit of officers and men alike.

The Advertiser talks as if London had some God given right to have a large camp in its vicinity. Why?

Trouble with troops they had and later trouble with their own men at Borden, cannot certainly be regarded as recommendations. Brantford and Brant County, on the per capita basis of men offering for the front, possessed far more claim for consideration than London, but the fact that a camp was refused here hasn't caused a lot of childish whining. Canada's part in this war is far too big a thing to lead to petty and small souled local considerations as to what profit can, or can not be made out of the soldiers.

The need for such a camp as Borden was fully established and in location and equipment it is admirable. One hears no kick about it from members of the Brant County and other Battalions and without any doubt they are just as good as the London outfit.

As for Sir Sam running away, the contrary fact is that he came back from the Old Land to face the now exploded Kite charges—charges, which like the Advertiser's criticisms, were intended to make some miserable party/capital during an Empire crisis.

NOTES AND COMMENTS
"Fryatt was murdered," said Premier Asquith in the British House yesterday. He further emphasized the fact that when the time came those responsible would be punished. Let it be remembered that the Kaiser personally is in that list.

Instead of adding the Russian Bear to his menagerie, the Hun Emperor would now willingly give a few million kopeks to get the "animale" off his trail.

Sir Douglas Haig points out that the total British losses in July, during a continuous offensive against the tremendous defence works, has been less than five times the total of June when the men were kept in trenches. And one month of pushing forward is certainly worth any five months of equal loss in men standing still.

July, on the basis of leap year, having warmed up to an extent which did not gain the affections of anybody; it is to be hoped that August will adopt that half of the cool stunt, which is often so much more effective.

To the Grave

Mrs. McCormick
The funeral of the late Mrs. Mary McCormick took place this morning from the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Powers, Darling St., to St. Mary's church and St. Joseph's cemetery, requiem high mass being sung by Rev. Father Padden, who also conducted services at the grave. The pallbearers were Messrs. Connolly, Johnson, P. Shanahan, W. Glover, Andrew Quinlan and J. J. Smith.

Chas. Down
The funeral of the late Charles Down took place Saturday afternoon from H. S. Peirce's undertaking establishment to Mount Hope cemetery, the services being conducted by Rev. Mr. Smythe and Salisbury lodges, S. O. E., of which the pallbearers were members.

PERMANENT MUSCULAR STRENGTH
cannot exist where there is not blood strength. Young men giving attention to muscular development should bear this in mind. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives blood strength and builds up the whole system.

Nearly Fifty Millions of Dollars

was the amount of the dividends earned during its fiscal year just ended, by the Ford Motor Company. Those earnings were made possible by careful expenditure and intelligent advertising in selected mediums, backed by good salesmanship.

The Courier is included in the Ford list of advertising mediums, and was selected, because it gives to the advertiser one hundred cents value for each advertising dollar expended. THINK THIS OVER.

You want value when you purchase advertising space, and readers of The Courier offer to advertisers the greatest possible buying power. Phone 139 and let us talk this over with you.



T. THOMAS, DANISH WEST INDIAN, which may soon come into the possession of the United States. Negotiations for the purchase of the Danish West Indies from Denmark for \$250,000,000 by the United States are now said to have been completed. St. Thomas is the capital city of these islands.

O. Henry Stories
IX.—A Double Dyed Deceiver.

By O. HENRY

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THE trouble began in Laredo. It was the Llano Kid's fault, for he should have confined his habit of manslaughter to Mexicans. But the Kid was past twenty, and at twenty is to bush unseem on the Rio Grande border.

It happened in old Justo Valdes' gambling house. There was a poker game at which sat people of about the Kid's age and possessed of the funds and champions. His blunder in missing the Kid's right ear only a sixteenth of an inch when he pulled his gun did not lessen the indiscretion of the better marksman. The Kid, not being equipped with a retinue nor bountifully supplied with personal admirers and supporters—on account of a rather unbragging reputation, even for the border—considered that not incompatible with his indisputable prowess, to perform that judiciously practical act known as "pulling his freight."

Quickly the avengers gathered and sought him. Three of them overtook the Kid within a rod of the station. The Kid turned and showed his teeth in that brilliant but merciless smile that usually preceded his deeds of insolence and violence, and his pursuers fell back without making it necessary for him even to reach for his weapon.

But in this affair the Kid had not felt the grim thirst for encounter that usually urged him on to battle. It had been a purely chance row, born of a card and certain epithets impossible rather than the Kid's habit that had passed between the two. The Kid had rather liked the slim, haughty, brown faced young chap whom his bullet had cut off in the first pride of manhood. And now he wanted no more blood.

He wanted to get away and have a good long sleep somewhere in his sun on the mesquit grass, with his hands on the mesquit grass, with his handkerchief over his face. Even a Mexican might have crossed his path in safety while he was in this mood.

The Kid openly boarded the north bound passenger train that departed five minutes later. But at Webb, a few miles out, where it was flagged to take on a traveler, he abandoned that manner of escape. There were telegraph stations ahead, and the Kid looked for a moment at the station and steam. Saddle and spur were his rocks of safety.

The man whom he had shot was a stranger to him. But the Kid knew that he was of the Corralitos outfit from Hidalgo and that the punchers from that ranch were more relentless and vengeful than Kentucky feudists when wrong or harm was done to one of them. So, with the wisdom that has characterized many great fighters, the Kid decided to pile up as many leagues as possible of chaparral and pear between himself and the retaliation of the Corralitos bunch.

Near the station was a store, and near the store, scattered among the mesquits and elms, stood the saddled horses of the customers. Most of them waited, half asleep, with sagging limbs and drooping heads. But one, a long legged roan with a curved neck, snorted and pawed the turf. Him the Kid mounted, gripped with his knees and slumped gently with the owner's own quiet.

adm's standing as a good and true citizen in the darkest shadows of dispute. On the Rio Grande border if you take a man's life you sometimes take trash, but if you take his horse you take a thing the loss of which renders him poor, indeed, and which enriches you not—if you are caught. For the Kid there was no turning back now. With the springing roan under him he felt little care or uneasiness. After a five mile gallop he drew in to the plainsman's jogging trot and rode northeastward toward the Nueces River bottom. He knew the country well—its most tortuous and obscure trails through the great wilderness of brush and pear and its camps and lonesome ranches where one might find safe entertainment. Always he bore to the east, for the Kid had never seen the ocean, and he had a fancy to lay his hand upon the mane of the great Gulf, the gamesome colt of the greater waters.

So after three days he stood on the shore at Corpus Christi and looked across the gentle ripples of a quiet sea. Captain Boone of the schooner Flyaway stood near his skiff, which one of his crew was guarding in the surf. When ready to sail he had discovered that one of the necessities for the parallelogrammatic shape of blue tobacco, had been forgotten. A sailor had been dispatched for the missing cargo. Meanwhile the captain paced the sands, chewing profanely at his pocket store.

A slim, wiry youth in high heeled boots came down to the water's edge. His face was boyish, but with a premature severity that hinted at a man's experience. His complexion was naturally dark, and the sun and wind of an outdoor life had burned it to a coffee brown. His hair was as black as straight as an Indian's; his face had not yet been upturned to the humilia-

tion of a razor, his eyes were a cold and steady blue. He carried his left arm somewhat away from his body, for pearl handled pistols are frowned upon by town marshals and are a little bulky when packed in the left armhole of one's vest. He looked beyond impersonal and expressionless dignity of a Chinese emperor.

"Thinkin' of buyin' that 'arf gulf, buddy?" asked the captain, made sarcastic by his narrow escape from a tobaccoless voyage.

"Why, no," said the Kid gently. "I reckon not. I never saw it before. I was just looking at it. Not thinkin' of sellin' it, are you?"

"Not this trip," said the captain. "I'll send it to you C. O. D. when I get back to Buena Tierras. Here comes that capstan footed lubber with the chewin'." "I ought to've weighed anchor an hour ago."

"Is that your ship out there?" asked the kid.

"Why, yes," answered the captain. "If you want to call a schooner a sloop, and I don't mind lyin'. But you better say Miller & Gonzales, owners, and ordinary, plain Billy be damned old Samuel K. Boone, skipper."

"Where are you going to?" asked the refugee.

"Buena Tierras, coast of South America—I forgot what they called the country the last time I was there. Cargo lumber, corrugated iron and maces."

"What kind of a country is it," asked the kid—"hot or cold?"

(To be continued.)

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4 inch tires; non-skids on rear

Cantilever rear springs
Streamline body
Electric lights

Electric starter
Magnetic speedometer
Complete equipment

LOCAL

RELIEF WORK
An expenditure of \$18 made during the past month work, by Inspector Glover.

MARKET RETURNS
The market returns during month of July, 1916, totalled 40.

BUILDING PERMITS
20 building permits were the city engineer's department the month of July, for value of \$9,120, which is a decrease from the corresponding month of last year.

WAS OPERATED UPON
Mr. J. H. Fisher, M.P., member for North Brant, who is unfortunate to fall and break cap, underwent a successful operation yesterday, and is getting as well as can be expected.

HYDRO PERMITS
During the month of July of 83 hydro permits were Inspector Moratt. This is the number issued to Paris, W. and Simcoe. During July, 1916, permits were issued.

ANOTHER BANTAM
Another applicant for the battalion reported at the local morning, having come forward to join the 21st B. expected in the city from H. to-morrow, to make arrangements further recruiting movements two recruits par excellence Maurie and Haley.

POLICE COURT
Few mortals there are in world who do not possess where within them a lurking of superstition of some sort tremor passed over the 13 delinquents in paying the toll-tax when they appeared police court this morning. sponse to summonses issued.

Eye Talk
—NO 55—

It's Glasses You Need!

That's what a friend told her, and she said "Nonsense!" I can see well as anybody." But **Headaches Continued** and she finally decided have her eyes examined. She was fitted with pair of glasses and has no headache since. This is just one case out of hundreds. If you suffer from headache, ask your doctor to tell you the cause, he says, "It's your eye I can help you,

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