Local Option Bulletin

The Hotel Keeper's Christmas Dream

A certain hotelkeeper whose name is "Legion" was retiring at the close of Christmas Day. His soul was at ease. He had had a good day. Thanks to a law which was forced upon him, and against which he had protested in vain—thanks to this law he had had a holiday. He had spent the day with his family, and it was a good day. His children had lived over again the sweet mystery of Santa Claus. Down the chimney he had come, without a doubt, and, wonderful to say, had loaded their stockings with just the things they wanted. Wee Jessie and sturdy Jack and womanly Mary had all been generously dealt with by "Old Sandy," and Jessie and Jack and Mary had not forgotten their father and mother.

They had had a fine dinner, for the cook had instructions to spare no expense or pains to make the dinner all a Chrstmas Day should be. It was a good day, and Legion rested in his own soft upholstered chair and watched his children play as the warm radiators about him diffused gentle comfort throughout the room.

He was thinking, "Well, I have had a good year. I have a fine property here. I have spent a lot of money on improvements. My dining-room is a model of good taste, cleanliness and beauty. My bar-room is one of the finest in the country and its fixtures are chaste and costly. My bartender is a total abstainer and absolutely trustworthy. My house is well furnished and finished from garret to cellar. My customers are always sure of careful and courteous attention. All this has cost me much, but it is all paid for. I owe no man a dollar, and when I started fifteen years ago I had very little. Yes, I have done well. I have had a good year."

The evening had gone and he was retiring. He peeped in at sweet, wee Jessie, tucked in her crib, sleeping soundly, with her rosy cheeks framed in golden curls and her new dolly hugged tight in a plump little arm, and a noble, tender father's love stirred his soul. She was worth more to him than all his property and business—yea, more than all the world. How he loved his sweet little sleeping angel of beauty and light.

And then to his own bed, where in the silence of the night discomforting thoughts came to him. He remembered that his womanly Mary had planned to give the boys and girls of her class a New Year's party, and was compelled to forego the idea because so many had come to her and said they would not be allowed to attend. His heart raged at the thought. A good, respectable, law-abiding hotel like his, and no purer, sweeter girl in the land than his girl. But his fatherly anger had in it a fatherly heart-ache. It was not all anger. And sweet Jessie's birthday party had been a failure. Only three little tots turned up, and Jessie's father and mother knew why. And he knew quite well that no boys from good homes ever came to Jack's home to play with him.

He fell into a troubled sleep. He dreamed that Tom Worthless was at his bedside. Tom had had a fine flour and feed business fifteen years ago when Legion came to town and a wife and children. Tom had spent hundreds and hundreds of dollars over his bar, and about five years ago had failed through drink, and since then had become a hopeless toper. His children had gone to work before the legal age, and the truant officer had said, "What can I do? If they do not work they will starve." And now he dreamed that Tom was standing at his bedside and saying, "Legion, you did it. I love my babes just as much as you love yours. But you took my money and gave me worse than nothing in return. You robbed me of self-respect, honor, health. You robbed me of my soul. I tried and prayed and fought to quit, but your bar-room was ever open. I could not pass the door. Then I had money, then you sought my patronage. Now that you have taken all that I have you do not want me about. You order me away; I am a disgrace to your fine house. To-day your children had a Christmas dinner with money which I put over your bar last week. My children are crying now with cold and hunger. No Santa Claus came to our house. I have been lying all day drunk at home. This year I earned only about $200. You got every cent. Yes, you have had a good year."

And when Tom Worthless was gone Old Bill Soak took his place, and with a hellish anger glittering in his eye he said, "Legion, you did it. I was a moulder. No better moulder trod the streets of this city. Fifteen years ago, when you set up in business here, I was earning $4 a day. My wife was delicate and I cared for her tenderly, for I loved her tenderly. I drank a little then. Your bar-room, with its bright lights and welcome warmth and sober barkeeper lured me. It was there I began to forget and neglect the love of my youth. Friends, minister, my foreman and my employer did all they could for me, but to no purpose. When my wife died I was lying drunk in the street—drunk with whiskey which I got in your bar-room. My sons have disowned me, and I am just Old Bill Soak, down and out. God help me! You did it all, and what you have done to me you have done to many others. Hundreds of dollars each year you took from me. My wife and home—you took that, too. Give it back! Give it back! Give it back, or God's curse will fall on you and yours! Give it back, I say!"

Then he dreamed that he saw Mary—his womanly Mary—a bride. And in swift panorama he saw her a drunkard's wife, and he saw his child's husband in a bar-room just like his own, mingling Mary's dear name with coarse laughter and vile jests. He saw a bartender, just like his own, a total abstainer, giving him drink and more drink, and Mary's life broken and her face swollen with blows and tears, and he cried, "Stop! In the name of God, stop that cursed business! I will, I must, protect my child!"

And Jack, who inherited the money made from selling whiskey—Jack, sturdy, manly Jack—he dreamed that Jack was a wandering, penniless prodigal, singing in barrooms for beer, mingling the heavenly music of his well-trained voice with the thick smoke of intoxication and the fire lent him from heaven with obscenity and lust. And Jack came to his bedside and said, "Father, you did it. You tried to keep me from drink. What else could you expect to happen than what has happened from our surroundings as children? I am a vile, degraded wretch, and sweet Jessie—sweet, wee Jessie— Oh, God! can I tell you! She has gone the way where her life is hell and will soon puff itself out. Father, no good, no happiness, no peace, ever came from money made in a bar-room. Hell is on the track of the bar-room gains; it is within me."

With a moan of woe he awoke and heard sweet Jessie calling "Daddy!" and groaned alour, "GOD GRANT THAT EVERY BAR-ROOM IN THIS CITY BE CLOSED NEXT MONDAY!"

(Signed) LOCAL OPTION COMMITTEE.

TO THE ELECTORS
of Ward 4, Brantford

I have been persistently urged by ratepayers familiar with my past civic record to offer myself for election as Alderman in Ward 4, but not until I read in Tuesday night's city papers of the overdraft of this year, a modest little sum of over $17,000.00, also of the very considerable debt on hospital account of $5,500.00 odd, and perhaps the necessary requirements for Waterworks improvements, did I consent to become a candidate.

As I have yielded to the solicitations of those who feel that I can be of some public service, I solicit the support of all who desire to see Brantford economically and prudently governed.

J. W. Bowlby

Thos. E. Ryerson

Solicits your vote and influence for

Mayor for 1916

ALDERMAN.

ELECTORS OF WARD ONE

Being requested by many ratepayers of Ward 1 to stand for election to the Council in this Ward, I have decided to do so, and earnestly request, therefore, your very hearty support.

The coming year will present many problems, both in railway matters and in constructive work generally, in which my practical experience may be of value to the city, and if elected, I will devote this experience to the best interests of the City of Brantford.

Wishing you all the compliments of the season, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

Philip H. Secord

ELECTORS WARD 3:

I again ask your support as Alderman.

Yours respectfully,

Jno. S. Dowling

Municipal Railway Commissio

To the Electors of the City of Brantford,

Ladies and Gentlemen:

At the request of a large number of Ratepayers, I am in the field as a candidate for the Street Railway Commission, and beg to solicit your votes and influence.

I have served the City for a number of years in the capacity of Public School Trustee and Alderman, and if elected as a Municipal Railway Commissioner will endeavor to the best of my ability to serve in the interest of the people.

I strongly advocate the extension of the Street Railway to Terrace Hill and West Brantford.

Wishing you the Compliments of the Season,

W. A. HOLLINRAKE.

COUNCILLOR

Electors of Brantford Township

During the past three years I have to the best of my ability, serveo dur Township, as a member of the Council. This year it is again my privilege to seek election at your hands, and I earnestly request from you your continued confidence and support, assuring you that I will, as during the past, give my best efforts to the welfare of Brantford Township.

With best wishes for the coming year, I am,

Respectfully yours'

James A. Scace

UNLICENSED DIVES FLOURISH in large cities like Brantford when the licensed bars are closed because it is difficult to detect them in centres of population. and there is business for them to do. Only in the rural districts is local option workable.—Advt.

ALDERMAN FOR WARD THREE

Arthur O. Secord

Respectfully solicits your Vote and Influence for Alderman for Ward 3 for 1916.

ALDERMAN FOR WARD TWO

S. P. Pitcher

Again solicits your Vote and Influence as Alderman for Ward 2.

ALDERMAN FOR WARD TWO

George W. Woolams

Solicits your vote and influence for Alderman in Ward 2 for 1916.

BOARD OF EDUCATION

Your Vote and Influence respectfully solicited for re-election of

William H. Lane

For Board of Education 1916.

F. J. CALBECK.

---VOTE FOR---

CALBECK

—FOR—

Street Railway Commissioner

WISHING YOU ALL THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

LOCAL OPTION DOES NOT STAMP OUT DRUNKENNESS. Far from it. In the place of the law-observing hotel, comes the "bootlegger" with his Sunday flasks, the contents of which are blue vitriol and burnt sugar.—Advt.

More Drinking, No Drinking at All— Which Is It?

Local Option increases drinking so vote against it.

Local Option stops drinking so vote against it.

That is, Local Option takes away a man's "personal liberty" to go out and take a drink.

And

It increases the opportunity to enjoy the personal liberty to go out and take a drink.

We leave it to the electors to judge of the honesty and motives of the men who make such a plea.—Advt.

William Soucy, president of the Gomore Oil Company of Detroit, said to be wanted on charges of passing forged cheques, was arrested at Kankakee, Ill.

Village Ideas Not For Big Cities

Village ideas are not workable in big cities. No city of the size or importance of Brantford has ever adopted local option.—Advt.

STORE NEWS | J. M. Young & Co. "QUALITY FIRST" | STORE NEWS

Holiday Bargains for New Year Gifts

Needle Cases at.....$3.00 to 25c
Fancy Work Boxes at...$1.00 to 50c
Cut Glass, French Ivory, all specially priced for New Year's.
Hand Bags, large assortment to choose from, at $2.50, $2.00, $1.50, 89c

Kid Gloves, French make, black and colors, all sizes. $1.75, $1.50, $1.25 and $1.00
Lined Gloves, in Cape and Mocha, at.....$2.00, $1.75, $1.50 and 85c
Children's Lined Gloves at.....85c

Handkerchiefs at Special Marked Prices

Hundreds of dainty Handkerchiefs, lace and embroidered edges, initial and plain hemstitched, from.....$2.00 to 10c and 5c

Ladies' Silk Waists, in black and white, at $2.98
Black Duchess Satin, regular $1.75. Special $1.25
Parasols, choice handles, silk and wool top, at....$3.00, $2.50 and $1.19

Bath Towels, large size, with initial, at.....37½c each
Eiderdown Comforters, sateen and silkoline covering, at $10, $8, $7, $3.75
Wool Blankets, large size, very special, at.....$5.00, $3.98 and $2.98

J. M. YOUNG & CO.

Handkerchiefs, from 5c up to $2.00. Kid Gloves, black and colors, $1 to $1.75

VARIETIES

A FEAST IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

An account of a really stupendous repast given by Count Louis de la Tremoille in honour of four English Ambassadors—the Lord Chamberlain, the Prior of St. John's, the Captain of Guines, and the Bishop of Ely—on January 1st, 1519, is contained in "La Tremoille Family," by Miss Wini-Fred Stephens—

"On December 23rd the King offered these Ambassadors one of the most magnificent royal banquets recorded in history. It was given in the great court of the Bastille, which for the purpose was roofed with sailcloth and lined within by pleached box, from which hung oranges and other fruits. The feast was followed by a dance, and in the small hours of the morning the entertainment closed with an elaborate collation of sweetmeats.

"On New Year's Day La Tremoille was host in his Hotel des Creaux. According to the family records, this was truly a garantuan feast. The bill, preserved for us by the piety or admiration of the host's descendants, spreads itself over nine royal octavo pages. Every variety of fish and fowl seems to have been there. The board groaned beneath twenty-five pounds of beef, twenty-three fat capons, eight pigs, twelve dozen larks, seventy-one pigeons, twelve large hams, five salmon, twenty-four eels, eleven hundred herrings, eight hundred oysters, snails and all manner of other fish. The venison the King himself provided. There were eighteen dishes of salad, arranged artistically in the form of flowers and foliage, and its ingredients were endive, beetroot, and olives. Fruits and sweetmeats were not lacking, and the long list of spices used in cooking is enough to excite envy in the breast of any votary of the culinary art. The King lent silver plate, and so did several of the nobles. Twenty-six pounds of candles illuminated the feast, the total cost of which amounted to six hundred and seventy-six livres tournois."

Antonio Federici, who killed two detectives and wounded two others when they sought to arrest him at Little Falls, N.J., evades posse scouring county for him.

Because native Filipino health officers failed to cope with an epidemic of cholera in the hands within the last year there were 10,000 deaths.

Colonel Joseph E. Willard, United States Ambassador to Spain, has left for Bordeaux, where he will embark on board the steamship Rochambeau for the United States.

The notorious "Red Pepper" robber is under arrest in Chicago, and proves to be Fred Logue, 18. He has confessed to nineteen hold-ups, all done with a big blue glass top pistol.

Frank Edgerton, of Central Village, Conn., leaped forty feet from a railroad bridge into the Mossup river, and fought his way through the icy water to rescue his daughter Hazel, five years old.

"The drink habit is growing, especially among our women," Dr. J. Ouakenbos, a prominent emeritus of Columbia University, told the American Society for the Study of Alcohol, Washington.

Thomas H. Nudd seventy-one years old, of Hampton Beach, N.H., suffered a broken neck fourteen years ago. He has now astonished physicians by regaining the use of his body and limbs.

Miss Helen Keller denounces the policy of preparedness and declares it a scheme of the capitalists to further enslave the workingmen.

THE DOGS OF WAR.

Writing on the subject of "War Dogs" in the "Windsor Magazine," Mr. Oliver Hyde, says:—

"Of recent years most of the military Powers have put the dog to practical use in the field. It is said that the Germans employ six thousand dogs—collies, pointers and Airedales. Russia favors the Caucasian breed, while Austria believes the Dalmatians are the most suitable. France uses the same type as the Belgians; the Turk's choice has fallen upon Asiatic sheep-dogs. We hear also of the employment of the German boarhound and the Russian borzois for the transport of ammunition and lighter stores. The Austrians believe in the efficacy of the dog as a pathfinder in mountain warfare.

Airedales are accounted one of the best breeds of war dogs. When the Airedale detects the foe he makes no fuss; he merely makes a low growl and stiffens his body—hints sufficient for the human sentinel—who immediately puts his dumb friend's advice to good account.

"Another use of the war dog is that of messenger to outposts. One way is for a motor cyclist scout to take out a dog with him on his side car, and to send him back to headquarters with information. The message is concealed in the dog's collar. In Red Cross work the dog is beyond price. In the field the ambulance dog's wear, besides their equipment of first-aid necessaries, a white coat on which the Red Cross is prominently displayed."

THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS.

The unostentatious kindness of the Queen of the Belgians was the subject of many stories long before the war broke out. She received information upon one occasion that a girl who had shown promise as a violinist had fallen on evil days and was dying in a miserable tenement in the lower quarter of Brussels. One morning a carriage stopped in front of this house, and a lady of delicate appearance, quietly dressed, stepped out and climbed to the top storey. The poor girl was in the last stages of fever, and it was clear that nothing could be done to save her life. However, the Queen asked her if she had any wish, and the girl asked that the pieces of music with which she had earned distinction as a performer might be played to her again before she died. The Queen left her with a promise to return, and soon she came again, followed by a lackey carrying a violin case. The Queen who is a very talented violinist, played the girl's favorite pieces, and till her patient died she returned with her violin every day.

The Flemish painter Laermans in his old age was threatened with blindness. He had not been able to work for some time, and was very poor. When the Queen heard of his circumstances she frequently visited the poor house where the painter was living with his mother, an old peasant woman. She engaged a specialist to look after him, and she, as the daughter of a famous occulist brought practical knowledge to his assistance. The painter's eyes were saved, and his immediate needs were provided for.

It is estimated that about half the globe is composed of iron.

A mouse can gnaw a hole through a board an inch thick in three hours.

It is believed that the Brazilian cocoanut palm will live from six hundred to seven hundred years.

A cigar that is fifteen inches long and three to five inches thick is made and smoked by the Ingorots in the Philippine Islands.

The longest word in the English language is said to be the name of Henry Corey's burlesque comedy, "Chrononhotonthologos" it is the name of the hero and king.

The inhabitants of Portugal are descendants of the Alains and the Visigoths, who settled in that country in the fourth century. The name "Portuguese" is deprived from the original appellation of "Oporto."

In Italy the majority of the poorer classes are noted for their general good health. This is to some extent attributed to the fact that the working people of Italy eat less meat than those of any European nation.

A quaint old law for the punishment of petty offenders exists in Middelburg, Holland. Owing to dampness, weeds quickly spring up in the streets between the paving stones, and here the offenders are put to work with a large trowel-shaped knife, clearing away the upspringing blades of green.

EASTER IN RUSSIA.

Throughout Russia Easter is a much greater festival than Christmas. It is customary to wish every one "A Happy Easter," and to give presents, including a large bonbon with almonds outside, and a sweet cake called "Paicar," like a biscuit with colored boiled eggs on the top. This gift is particularly presented by godparents to their godchildren.

LORD ROSEBERY AND THE PRINTER.

Lord Rosebery tells an amusing story against himself about a certain proof-reader who, after he had read the proof of a particularly long speech of his lordships, wrote at the end of it the words, "Thank Heaven!" The proof was duly returned to the printer, who set up these words in type. The next day the speech was published in the newspaper with the following startling ending—"At the conclusion of his speech Lord Rosebery left for the south. Thank Heaven."

THE FLEMISH AND WELSH LANGUAGES.

Most of the children of Belgian refugees now residing in the towns along the North Wales coast already possess a knowledge of two languages, viz., French and Flemish. A number of these children are now beginning to evince an interest in Welsh, the sounds of which bear a strong similarity to those of Flemish. All of them join the Welsh pupils heartily in singing Welsh songs, and at the Abergele County School St. David's Day celebrations some of the Belgian pupils even entered a Welsh solo singing competition.

How Many of Our Hotels Will Quit?

Will the Brantford hotelmen who are going to close up if Local Option carries please hand in their names?

Make your affidavit that you will go out of business if Local Option carries, and deposit five hundred dollars, to be devoted to Red Cross work, to be forfeited if you change your mind.—Advt.

Theodore Roosevelt is pulling all his political wires to be the controlling factor in the Republican national convention.

A campaign for funds to start a rvolution in China against Yuan Shi Kai as Emperor is in full swing in San Francsico.

T.H.&B.
Christmas and New
SINGLE FARE
(Minimum 25 cents)
Good going Dec. 24-25; returning 1915.
Also good going Dec. 31, 1915 returning Jan. 3, 1916.
FARE AND ONE-THIRD
(Minimum 25 cents)
Good going Dec. 22, 23, 24, 25; Dec. 28, 1915.
Also good going Dec. 29, 30, 31 1, 1916; returning Jan. 4.
ON SALE TO ALL POI on T., H. & B., M.C.R. and C.P. ada East of Port William and Marie; also to Buffalo, Black R ara Falls, Suspension Bridge, Detroit, Mich.
H. C. MARTIN, G.P.A., Hamilton. H. C. T Local

OLD COUNTR SHIPMEN
See us if you sending large or s shipments to any of Europe.
Our system effe saving for you in cases.
Jno. S. Dowling & L Brantford, Ont

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NO LAND REGULATIONS
THE sole head of a family, o over 18 years old, may h quarter-section of available Dom in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or A plicant must appear in person minion Lands Agency or Sub the District. Entry by proxy m at any Dominion Lands Agen Sub Agency), on certain condit
Duties—Six months' residenc cultivation of the land in ea years. A homesteader may nine miles of his homestead on at least 80 acres, on certain co habitable house is required ex residence is performed in the
In certain districts a hom good standing may pre-empt section alongside his homest $3.00 per acre.
Duties—Six months' residenc three years after earning hom ent; also 50 acres extra cultiv emption patent may be obtai as homestead patent, on certain
A settler who has exhausted stead right may take a purch stead in certain districts. Pri acre. Duties—Must reside six each of three years, cultivate erect a house worth $300.
The area of cultivation is su duction in case of rough, scrub land. Live stock may be sub cultivation under certain cond
W. W. CORY, Deputy of the Minister of
N.B.—Unauthorized publicat advertisement will not be paid

THE TRANSCONTIN
New Route to Western
TORONTO — WINN
Via North Bay, Cobalt and C
Finest Equipment—Splendid S
Lv. Toronto 10.
Tuesday, Thursday and S
Ar. Winnipeg 3.
Thursday, Saturday and
Connecting at Winnipe G. T. P. train leaving daily for Regina, Saskato monton and intermediate
Through Tickets
Prince George, Prince Rupert, Al Vancouver, Victoria, and San Francis
Timetables and all info from any Grand Trunk Govt. Rys., or T. & Railway Agents.

"THE TEA POT
"TEA AS YOU LIK
134 Dalhousie S

THE CROWN
(Known as Campbell's O 44 Market St.
Full Course Meals
Special Chicken Dinner Sunday
Full Line of Tobaccos, C Cigarettes
Winegarden & Kitcher
45 MARKET ST. Tele