

Brantford in the Lead IN PROPORTION TO HER POPULATION

The Citizens of Brantford have built and equipped the best Y.M.C.A. building. The boys and young men have responded. For the past two years Brantford has had the largest membership in Canada.

Last Year 1147 Members

We are helping to keep up the supply of noble young men for active service—Our Honor Roll is a long one.

THE Y.M.C.A. APPEALS TO BRANTFORD CITIZENS FOR SUPPORT

1000 Members Wanted in Four Days

October 12th to 16th

Because of the war, we did not solicit you last year for other than membership. This year we must make our appeal a broader one. We need, beside 1,000 members, \$10,000 in subscriptions to pay the deficit of the past two years, to cover our budget for the year we have just begun, and pay the interest on our mortgage. The Y. M. C. A. is a civic institution. The city is proud of it. There have been many calls; you have given many times and much.

WE ASK YOU TO GIVE AGAIN ASSOCIATION WEEK, OCTOBER 10th to 16th

WE ASK YOU TO RENEW YOUR MEMBERSHIP
WE ASK YOU TO SUBSCRIBE

OBJECTIONS TO CHURCH UNION EXPLAINED AWAY

On Sunday Night Rev. Mr. Woodside Answered Questions.

On Sunday evening Rev. G. A. Woodside of Zion Church devoted his sermon hour to answering questions which had been forwarded to him on the matter of Church Union. There were about 15 of these questions, which the speaker found dealt chiefly with minor points and matters of detail. There were no queries regarding doctrinal or creedal difficulties, and Mr. Woodside stated that he concluded from that, that all the difficulties were matters of church government and politics and not of belief.

One question was if the name "Presbyterian" would be lost in the new church. Mr. Woodside stated it would; if it did not it would not be Union, but absorption. Another question asked information as to the disposition of property and endowments under the Union. This matter, said the pastor, would be fully dealt with in the legislation by the Dominion House, which would embody the new union into a corporation.

In answer to other questions, the pastor stated that there would be no danger of a state church being set up. The tendency of the times was too strongly against such an institution. Mr. Woodside also gave some interesting facts regarding the churches today. At the present time

A Presbyterian Church can call a minister from any other denomination. Under the basis of union, too, no church need close its doors unless it wishes, and may stay out of the amalgamation, but the speaker admitted it would have difficulty in obtaining a pastor.

No person, concluded Mr. Woodside, was so thoroughly impregnated with the traditions of Presbyterianism as himself. For hundreds of years his people had been Presbyterian and he himself had been born, reared and educated in the church. Yet he felt that Union was the best thing, and for it he would sacrifice sentiment for the high cause of the Kingdom.

During the service Mr. Wright rendered some selections on the organ in an exquisite manner, the chimes effect being particularly pleasing. Miss M. Taylor sang "Lead Kindly Light" in her usually capable manner.

FATAL ACCIDENT AT PARIS

Shortly before midnight, on Thursday, a man was found lying on the tracks of the G. T. R. at Paris Junction. Both legs had been cut completely off below the knees and were some distance from the trunk. This unfortunate man who stated that his name was John Laird of Hamilton, was taken to Brantford Hospital by Dr. Danton, where further amputation of both limbs for several inches was necessary. Laird passed away from shock a few hours later. It is not known how he got on the tracks, and he is said to have been around town during the day.

"THE TEA POT INN"

"TEA AS YOU LIKE IT"
134 Dalhousie St.

Remember

whenever you are troubled with minor ailments of the digestive organs, that these may soon develop into more serious sickness. Your future safety, as well as your present comfort may depend on the quickness with which you seek a corrective remedy. By common consent of the legion who have tried them, Beecham's Pills are the most reliable of all family medicines. This standard family remedy tones the stomach, stimulates the sluggish liver, regulates inactive bowels. Improved digestion, sounder sleep, better looks, brighter spirits and greater vitality come after the system has been cleared and the blood purified by

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Worth a Guinea a Box
Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.
Sold everywhere in Canada and U. S. of America. In boxes, 25 cents.

Boy Knight Notes

All work has been stirring during the past week. It was one of the best parades we have ever had last Sunday. Many new members are joining. The Girl Companions' meetings last week were largely attended and they are doing good work.

The junior boys or midgets started their class work last Saturday morning with good results. Band practice was also held on Saturday evening under the direction of Mr. Fuller. Great interest is being taken along this line. Sports were held on Monday. A paper chase in the morning, a treasure hunt in the afternoon. All kinds of athletic events. It was a busy and interesting day for the B. K.

SOCIAL EVENING.

On Thursday evening the mothers assembled in force and entertained the Senior B. K. and gentlemen, and it proved to be one of the happiest and most enjoyable evenings held at the B. K. armory. A rousing address was given by Mr. W. Eastman, descriptive of the advantages and privileges the boy of today had, compared with those of some years ago. This work, he said, is what the young men and boys of the organization make. They must do their part and it would continue to grow in effectiveness. He congratulated the mothers on their work.

A stirring address was also given to the boys by Mr. A. E. Brown. He thoroughly endorsed the work that had been done in the past and was being done at present by Prof. Hunt. Members of the Boy Knights had the talents that had been developed in connection with the work become known all over the country, and boys had been trained into men who occupied with honor responsible positions. There was no finer body of boys any place than the B. K.'s. They should be proud of their ladies' organization, which was doing wonders. Mr. Harry Easterbrook contributed materially to the success of the evening by a number of humorous selections and recitations. Mrs. Reynolds, President of the Mothers' Guild made an effective little speech, telling the objects of the organization.

The O. C. Prof. Hunt, acted as chairman. At the conclusion, tasty refreshments were served by the mothers.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTHWEST LAND REGULATIONS.

THIS sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Applicant must appear in person at the District Office or Sub-Agency for lands in the District. Entry by proxy may be made at any Dominion Lands Agency (but not Sub-Agency), on certain conditions. Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within one mile of his homestead on a farm of not less than 40 acres, on certain conditions. A habitable house is required except where residence is performed in the vicinity. In certain strata a homesteader in section alongside his homestead. Price \$150 per acre. Duties—Six months' residence in each of three years after vacating homestead pat-

ent; also 50 acres extra cultivation. Pre-emption patent may be obtained as soon as homestead patent, on certain conditions. A settler who has exhausted his homestead right may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$300 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth \$200. THE MEN THEMSELVES. A trip over the camp is something that awakens many emotions in one who sees it for the first time. There are thousands of men from every walk in life. A Varsity boy can be seen doing batman for a bank clerk who has his commission, clicking his heels, and on the side getting a share of his superior officer's smokes and evidently enjoying his soldier's life without any feeling that it is in the least degree humiliating. The sun tan has made indelible impression on most men present; the deep bronzing has given them a look of sturdy health, and the remarkable thing is the calibre of the individuals. There are few weak faces, few that look irresolute or mere driers, and the purpose that underlies all this scheme of things one cannot sense until one hears them swing by on a route march, their voices blending in a chorus such as appropriately expresses their purpose in enlisting. "We'll Never Let the Old Flag Fall" is their favorite, but the regiments have their own ditties. THE 58TH BATTALION. Sung to the air of the chorus before

MEN FROM ALL CLASSES AT NIAGARA

(Courier Special Correspondence) NIAGARA CAMP, Sunday.—Bright, hard and sunny, the weather to-day is ideal for the troops under canvas. Of late the nights have had a raw touch, but the amplitude of blankets issued makes up any deficiency in the heating a man fresh from civilian life looks for when under cover. The town is deserted of summer visitors, ladies are as scarce as hen's teeth, and on Sunday, when the Toronto boat comes in, then only is the landscape decorated to any appreciable extent with the "frilly variety" or the divine sex. To-day at morning steamer was a motley and heterogeneous collection of people, "Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's lady" all encircling their respective male appurtenances with affectionate and impulsive exhibitions of "how to" with easy grace on a crowded public pier. Then the "trek" to camp is a sight. Every sort and condition of daintiness is tied up in those many parcels lugged by all kinds of relatives to "deserving" cases somewhere in Canada's army lines, which cover a vast acreage round here. A vast lady, burdened with netting bags and parcels, puffs up the hill to the main street and, accosting a junior subaltern, enquires: "Sy, mister, my man's in the 'ighlanders', and where's the 'ighlanders' ere?" Shades of Colin Campbell and Havelock! However, there is no time to marvel at the new languages in Highland Scots, so the imperative lady gets instructions to proceed, and, bobbing with a curtsy reminiscent of English suburban maid servants, she remarks: "My bloomin' 'ard a 'ooman cawn't 'ave'er 'usband no near'er at the boat." She "carries on," to use military parlance, for keeping going.

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Pristine Purity

The standard we have set ourselves demands that

'SALADA'

shall always contain only the finest, freshest young leaves. . . . Black, Mixed and Green

mentioned is the following regimental ditty of Colonel Genet's regiment: Platoons on the left form line! Platoons on the left form line! If the odd numbers don't mark time two paces, How in hades can the rest form line? Then follows a reference to the other units as hoboes, etc., and a verse suggesting the torpedoing of their ship on the transport concludes asking: "Where in — will the rest form line?" To which a waggish voice will say: "Ask the Chaplain; he has a say in that matter." They follow this like bulls in the concert tent, they shout it joyously with vigor on marches and, despite its perhaps rather vigorous terminology, it is productive of humor rather than moral displeasure. THE CHAPLAIN. In looking at the 58th regiment one can find a host of people worthy of the first mention, but the Church, by way of compliment, should be given the place, especially when presided over by Capt. C. E. Jenkins. "Ain't he some class, that parson! He's the best sport we have—guess that's real religion, fellows." So says a soldier of him, and to the broad-shouldered big comrade who will partake of all their triumphs or reverses in the field they show a regard that is one of the finest tributes from man to man ever given in the writer's experience of soldiers and chaplains. Broad-minded, with a rare healthful spiritual outlook, a regard for the primary essentials of manhood and a bracing sympathy with all the weaknesses of men, he has already won a place that can never be usurped in their hearts. He is a "man's man," the rarest of ecclesiastical productions.

COLONEL H. GENET. "Every inch a soldier, he's 'it' all the time," and yet you should see the faces light up and the eyes glisten as they watch him mount the platform to address them. His humor, satirical and quiet in its pointed observations, shakes them into throes of laughter, and his parade manner leaves them no doubt that he can both soldier and lead them, therefore, as the opening statement illustrates, he is "it." REGIMENT REMARKED UPON. At the march-past the Duke on Thursday the 58th was remarked upon as the steadiest on parade and the only one that really maintained an unbroken alignment as each platoon went swinging over the turf. It is a certainty that none looked more disciplined and the careful handpicking of

officers which, as C.O., he has accomplished, has left him with mostly men well into the thirties, unless in one or two cases where a sterling amount of proficiency has caused a subaltern's acceptance. THE "FLAG-WAGGER." Hear Lieut. "Jack" Pearce lecture to his men and one gets an insight into his power to interest and hold a crowd. Witty and pointed, he spreads himself on his subject, and before he goes down from the platform the audience has an insight into many forms of field telegraphy. "Talking of long living," he will say, "well, the length of a signaller's life in the field depends on the extent of his foolishness—three days to three weeks—a short life and exciting." Now it grows near the lunch hour and a soldier's duties concern not only his service preparations, but the care of his being, so this despatch will close to be opened again when time permits. Any young man who fancies a healthy life and every facility to cultivate an appetite plus the company of men, should go to the nearest depot and get here by the quickest route. It is really all right and doesn't seem to hurt any more than work in a rotten civilian occupation, in fact there's no one here who seems to wish their return for some time yet, to civilian life. Be convinced and trot along, Ma will bless you when she sees the appetite you have and watches your tunic buttons grow tighter.

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