A lady's comment—
Tastes better—goes farther.'

Red Rose
Tea "is good tea"

WITH THE SOLDIERS

Two men signed up with the 125th over the week-end. The records:

GEORGE ABRAHAM DEVILLE, English, 38, driver, 12 years 5th Dragoon Guards, 239 Brock St., city, married.

ALEXANDER HILL, Canadian, 32, teamster, 6 weeks 37th Batt., single, 36 Marlboro St., city.

An order from Militia Headquarters that will release immediately junior subalterns for service with new or prespective battalions, appeared in Saturday's camp orders.

The new regulation refers to the supernumerary lieutenants, of whom there are at the present time four allowed to each battalion, and is to the effect that no further supernumerary lieutenants will be appointed to overseas battalions, and that those already appointed will be gradually absorbed in new units as these are authorized. As the allotment of lieutenants is four to each company, with four companies to a battalion, and an extra lieutenant with the base detail, the number who will be released from existing battalions should be sufficient for nearly ten new units.

The reason for the new regulation, it is understood, is the presence in England at the various base camps for Canadian troops of large numbers of unattached supernumerary lieutenants, many of whom will not be called upon for months at the present rate at which officers for reinforcement purposes are being sent to the front. The idea of allowing supernumerary lieutenants to go overseas in the first place was that these might be ready as reinforcements for their respective battalions. Since many of the later battalions that have gone overseas have not proceeded to the front as units, but have been broken up and used for reinforcements, there has gradually grown a large list of junior subalterns waiting at the bases to be called upon. The present order, therefore, is designed to make use of the men, who would merely remain idle in England, in the work of training new battalions in Canada. Incidentally, there will be a very considerable saving of money effected by the rule in its application to the whole of Canada.

A VISIT TO THE HOME OF LORD TENNYSON

Very Interesting Letter Sent to Mrs. Broomfield by Her Husband Who is in the 58th Battalion.

Following is a copy of a letter received by Mrs. Broomfield from her husband, G. W. Broomfield, who is with the 58th Battalion, now in France:

Bramshott Camp,
Harts, England,
Jan. 42th, 1916.

From Thursday until yesterday I was mess orderly, which meant, up before five a.m. and on duty until after 7 p.m. So you see I had a few busy days. At church parade yesterday a skylark taught me what a real religious service was, for the dear little thing sang for the pure delight of being alive, and if one were listening, his song was the grandest sermon one could hea..

I had heard that Tennyson's home was near here, so after dinner C— and I started out to find it. (I longed for Big Slim, so that I could have enjoyed it properly). Well, we went through Haslemere, enquired our way, and climbed a hill, and on the top we were at Tennyson's lane. Just such a road as you would find in Ontario, straight young trees, mostly beech, that on top of the banks, wreathe their young fantastic roots, knee high—and to replace the few Rododendron with cedar, you could see the lane anywhere at home, for the firs, spruces and pines were old and rugged. It took me back to Spring in Canada. After about a mile of this, we went through a gate and the scene changed; here the trees were older, more laurel, some holly, and a monkey's mast here and there —and the trees rough, knarled, also a very few ivys on the banks. It was here the late poet used to spend a great deal of his time. About a half mile of this and we were on Black Down, a moor with heather growing on it, acres and acres in extent, and the road runs up to the top of a hill, the highest part of Sussex. The view to the south on a bright day must be grand, for they say you can see the channel from it. On the other side you look on the farm land of Surrey, and the view in Summer must be beautiful. But the same thing I have mentioned before, impressed we here, the small amount of land that is tilled in this country. Soon we came to a white gate with a sign up to tell you to stay out. We went in, never taking the least notice of it, and passed an old couple with as beautiful a pair of boys as it has ever been my pleasure to see, at about three and five years of age, and an old nurse who was wheeling a carriage that had seen better days. The man was dressed in cord leggings and a grey suit, a cap, soft shirt with soft collar—looked to us like a waggoner or gardener, with his "Sunday best" on. The woman carried herself very straight, also carried a cane with a wide silver ferrule on it. They were having a great time romping with the children, who called them grandfather and grandmother. They did not notice us, so we passed on and followed the road down hill, passed the stables, partly hidden by fir trees, and swung down in front of a beautiful cut-stone house, on a terrace with about half an acre of lawn in front of it. You approach it at one end by a road leading down the hill covered with fir trees, and the road circles at the door. The lawn is a dream; there is a stone fence in front of it, carved with gothic arches. At the east corner is a water trough, about 4 feet long by 18 inches wide and an inch of water in it, perhaps for birds to drink. In the centre is a stone stairway leading to a sunken garden, with a lawn at each side, big enough for a tennis court. The one on the north comes out on a raise and a path is under the terrace wall. Below that is another terrace with the rose gardens, which to view in the Summer, would be worth a King's ransome. And there is a walk under the wall, as in the upper garden, bordered with beautiful grass, and benches like we have in our park, if you can for one minute imagine them made for one. I sat on one of them, and just imagined under other conditions, say a June evening when the roses are at their best and the rest of the flowers showing the world they enjoy life, that I could sit there and if not write it, could say from the bottom of my heart "Come into the garden (——)", knowing that you would certainly enjoy it as you would Paradise. Below that again, came the flower garden and the shrubbery (I guess they call it). A few first primroses had their lovely little heads held up to Heaven, and I beheld for the first time in England, the rhododendron in bloom. Just think of it, January, and that possible. Below that was a bush (a forest I guess they call it here) and the tops cut off the trees, where they spoiled the view, and such a view —over the farmlands, the hills and dales of old Sussex. If I had any poetic gifts whatever, think I could write another such a thing as "Crossing the Bar." As it is, I have to content myself with listening to the deep calling to the deep, and remain dumb, even though I hear the music of the spheres grand as when the morning stars sang together for the first time. At the end of the bottom terrace, the path leads up the knoll and connects the paths on each terrace, and where they meet the wall is hidden by a holly hedge, trimmed beautifully, and the holly is all entwined with the grand old Engish ivy.

We wound around the path at the edge of the lawn and up to the wall at the back of the house, which at that spot was breast high, and the hillside above it was made into a garden with plenty of primroses and daisies in bloom, and other plants, which I did not know. We went behind the house (most of it is modern at the back, built by the present tenant) and as we were opposite the end of the house we had an invitation to come in to tea, which we gladly accepted. There were three Canuck privates from the 34th, ahead of us, so we went into the servants' dining hall and the maids laid the table. We had good home-made bread and real butter; three kinds of jam and cookies that were grand, and cake built on the premises, and I believe one was built by a master hand. The room was about 25 feet long by 14 feet wide, with a grate in one corner and a large triple casement window with square leaded glass. The dining chairs and table were walnut and there were two old fashioned walnut easy chairs in the room. There were quite a few steel engravings on the walls, also a crayon or two, a couple of prints and an oil or so; but finding out they were modern I did not bother with them. After tea I asked a maid if we could see the poet's study, and she said "one moment," and left the room, and returned telling us to follow, which we did, into the house proper, a long hall with a stairway at each end, and doors to each room. And such doors! Each one like a church door, carved beautifully. We went up the stairs on the west side. At the first door at the head the maid stopped, and we entered. The old man we had seen with the children, met us, and gave each of the five the glad hand. Of course I was all eyes, and told him that I hoped he would excuse my nerve in staring at things in the room. He talked to us all and told us that this was the study of the late poet. First, I must describe our host. He was a tall slim gentleman, with soft blue eyes, and just a suspicion of white hair around the lower part of the highest head-shave I have seen, and I wondered at this lack of swank if he were either head gardener or butler. He told us that was the poet's chair and desk and I could sit in the chair if I liked. I thanked him the best I could in my crude way, and flopped down; tried to think of some fine poem or other, but alas! I saw in a stationary case the stationary of the house (Aldworth), and asked our host if I could beg, borrow or steal enough to write a note, and he said, "Help yourself," so I wrote you that note, which, though it contains nothing, is a keepsake, as it was written in the "sanctum sanctorum," of one of the greatest poets of England. When I had finished, I again asked our host to excuse my nerve, and told him I might tire him with questions, His eyes seemed to glow just the least bit and when I took out a note book and pencil, he smilingly said, "that looks like a reporter. I must be careful of my language." When I pleaded not guilty and told him I was worse—a plumber—he said; with a broad smile. "Then I must be careful of my property." The rest, having sat in the chair (and I am sorry to say did not know anything about the poet) left our host to me.

With one glance I saw I must ask a few questions as the pictures were numerous. My regret was that I am not more familiar with Tennyson's poems or I should have been able to pick out each one. Some the host could not tell me anything about. That room must have been thirty feet or more square, and in the southwest corner of the house, with two large casement windows on the south and west walls, covered with heavy red corded silk curtains. The ceiling is beamed. On the walls was a greyish brown paper, and on the north wall was a hand carved white marble mantle with a sea coal fire in it. Above it, in the centre of it (in fact the most central part of everything, or it may have been the picture that made it appear so), was the facous picture of the poet in his old age, by Watts in crayon—the one that somewhat resembles the Man of Sorrows. At the left of it was a beautiful steel engraving of Hallam and three or four fine steel engravings, illustrating some of Tennyson's poems. On the wall to the right were some large crayons—that brown kind. One, the largest, which took my fancy most was "The Passing of Arthur" by Watts; "The Lady of Shalott" by Owens, and two water colors by Mrs. Monteith, also quite a number of steel engravings illustrating other poems and a study of the poet's head, made of hammered copper. The door heavily pannelled and cased like a church door took up the rest of this wall. The south wall had an address from India, (but I did not read it as it was in Hindustan); also an address from Australia. And on a shelf, forming the top of a low book-case was a bust of the poet before he forgot to wash. With reverential awe, I touched it with my finger tips. On the west wall the windows took up most of the space, as on the south, but in the northwest corner was a globe, and the most beautiful lady's desk I ever saw, made of circassian walnut, and built in the age that produced the curved legs, and at the back was a case, for all the world like a modern filing cabinet. When I was admiring the desk, my host said: "You do not need much imagination to picture Lady Tennyson seated in the corner writing letters when the poet was busy." On the east wall was the late poet's library, covering the entire wall eight feet high. On the top were a number of plaques. The furniture was upholstered in blue rep. Having seen it all, I thanked our host (for my friend and I were alone with him now) for his kind hospitality, the warmest I had ever seen, warmer than the southerner can give, and asked him to excuse our roughness. He said we were not so rough and that we had stout hearts; to which I answered, no thanks to us, as we came from a race which cut a home out of a wilderness, needing not only a stout heart but a stronger physique. We bade him good-bye, with another handshake and returned to the servants' quarters. I asked a maid who the bald-headed old gentleman upstairs, who called himself Mr. Parker was. Imagine my surprise when she said it was "His Lordship, Lord Parker!" Well, we started home, and it was so dark that even on a familiar road we would have been lost if my experience in the oil country had not stood me in good stead. We got back to the Down and as there were no trees, were all o.k., and I had time to wish that it was a bright night so that I could meditate on "Twilight and evening star," but was too busy keeping the middle of the road till we reached Haslemere, then we knew the road and struck for camp, which we reached just as first post was blowing and escaped C.B. Still I would have taken twenty days and thought that what to me was a red letter day in my short stay on this "sand speck" was well worth it.

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Social and Personal

The Courier is always pleased to use items of personal interest. Phone gg.

Miss Helen Oldham is visiting in Berlin, the guest of Miss Mary Kranz

Miss M. Charlton entertained a skating party Saturday evening at her home on Alfred St.

Private A. G. Smith, 114th Batt. O.S. C.E.F., is the guest of his aunt, Mrs. F. J. Charlton, Alfred St. over the week-end.

Gunner Hugh "Bud" Henry, 54th Battery, Toronto, and formely of the Courier staff, was a week-end visitor at the parental home, Mohawk Road.

Miss Milly Wilson, of Macdonald Hall, Guelph, and Miss B. Wilson of Paris, were week-end guests of Mrs. N. E. Fountain, Terrace Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. A. Isaac and little daughter of Galt, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Isaac, Grandview, over the week-end.

Women's Institute

The Cainsville Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. H. Foulger on Tuesday, March 7th, and was largely attended. Mrs. Rose occupied the chair in her usual capable manner. The roll call was responded to by members giving 25c, which is to be used for Red Cross work. The following program was much enjoyed. Paper, "Real help in war time," Mrs. H. Cole; duet, Mrs. Frayne and Miss E. Fox; address, "Women's work in war time," Mrs. Hurley; paper, "Dominion of Canada," Mrs. Rose; chorus Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Carmody, Mrs. Dougherty. The meeting closed by singing the National Anthem. The ladies made $6.05 from the talent tea which they held. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Carmody.

"Don't Fail to See"

Exhibition of Spring models in Ready-to-Wear and Millinery next Wednesday and Thurdsay. Admission by card which may be secured on request. E. B. Crompton & Co., Limited.

MILITARY NIGHT

Was a Good Success Under Auspices of the 84th Battalion.

There was a good attendance at the armories on Saturday night when a military entertainment was put on under the auspices of the 84th Battalion.

In the tug of war between the 125th and the 84th, the latter won.

The 84th also had the best of the boxing bouts by one event.

Sims and Morgan also put on a fast exhibition display.

A signalling display, under Sergt. Green was little short of wonderful.

The bayonet fighting, under SSergt. Crutcher, was excellent, and also the machine gun drill under Sergt. Andrews.

The exhibition of new physical drill under direction of Lieut. Bartle, was most attractive.

Corpl. McIntyre gave a clever exhibition of conjuring.

The 84th band, under Bandmaster McIntyre, rendered a delightful program during the evening.

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Stylish Ready-to-wear Suits, Coats, Dresses and Skirts for Spring Wear

We are showing this spring many new lines in Ready-to-Wear Suits for ladies' and misses' wear. These come in Serges, Gabardines, Broadcloths, Taffeta Silk and Cloth combinations. They are very exclusive styles, and colors are Navy, Russian, Belgian, Joffre, Saxe, Myrtle, Tan, Brown, Grey; coats silk lined, skirts flare and pleated effects, and prices range from.....$3.50 to $12.50

Spring Coats

Many lines of Spring Coats in Chinchilla, Blanket Cloth, Corduroy Velvets, Serges, etc., in plain, plaids and check. Prices.....$15.00 to $8.50

New Dress Fabrics for Spring Wear

Silk Crepe de Chines, Silk Faille, Silk Caprice, Silk Poplins, Silk Bengalines, Silk and Wool Cashmeres, Silk and Wool San Toy, Taffeta Silks, Chiffon, Gabardines, Panama, Tricotines, etc., all being shown in the newest spring shades. Prices range from.....$3.50 to $1.00

Ostrich Boas for Early Spring Wear

Ostrich Boas in Black and Natural, Black and White, White and Black, Saxe, Grey and Pink, Purple and Violet and all Black, at.....$10.00 to $2.50

Georgette Crepes

Black and full range of colors, 40 in. wide, at..... $1.35

Dress Making, Ladies' Tailoring Depts.

Now open and ready for spring trade. These departments are under the supervision of Miss Warne, who with a staff of skilled helpers can make you up a Suit or Dress. Fit, style and workmanship guaranteed. Place your orders now before the rush.

Grand Showing of Spring Wash Fabrics

Never before have we shown such a large range of Wash Goods (colorings and patterns are many). Printed Voiles, Rice Voiles, Seed Voiles, Marquisette, in plain and printed designs, crystal and Roman Stripe, Taffeta, Tussar, Wash Silk, Habutai Wash Silks, Reception Voiles, Gabardines, Poplins, Indian Head, etc., all at popular prices.

New Waists for Spring Wear

Waist made of combination Georgette Crepe and Satin, Silk Crepe de Chine, Messaline, Taffeta, Habutai Silks, also Voile Waists, embroidered fronts and lace edge trimmings. They come in Black and all colors.

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Showing Girls in the dainty musical comedy, "When Dreams Come True," Grand Opera House, Matinee and night, Saturday, March 18th.

The Parliament Buildings Fire and Winter Sports.

A very accurate idea of how the Parliament Buildings looked while burning can be had from the current number of the Ford-Canadian monthly. This film is being shown at the Brant Theatre on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, March 13, 14 and 15. One sees the exterior of the building, with smoke and flames pouring from it. A view of the interior is next shown, and here the ravages of the fire are most clearly seen. Tangled masses of plaster, wire and brick are all that is left of this beautiful interior. A group of the soldiers who did such good service as fire-fighters shows them holding aloft their steaming cups of coffee after having brought the fire under control.

The film also shows views of various winter sports throughout the Dominion. A snowshoe meet of the Nationale Club, Montreal, affords interesting sport for both spectators and members of the club as the contestants scurry around the track on their unwieldy footgear. Tobogganing and skiing, with various other sports, amuse hundreds at High Park, Toronto, every day.

By way of contrast one sees a cross-country run of the Harriers' Club, Vancouver, under sunny skies without a vestige of snow on the ground. Some beautiful bits of British Columbia scenery offer a striking comparison with the wintry views of Niagara Falls with which the film opens. The latter are very beautiful, one of them showing ice caked along the sides of the Falls, suggesting a Swiss glacier in its grandeur.

The film concludes with views of an "Amphibious" Ford, the invention of a Windsor man, which runs equally well on land and in the water.

Remember

The Fashion Pageant to be held next Wednesday and Thursday, displaying the Spring's most favored styles, which will be shown on Manequins, should be attended by every lady in Brantford. Cards of admission may be secured on request. E. B. Crompton & Co., Limited.

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