

they drink champagne and with the pretty girls of the... The private soldiers and the... are on quite good terms... mingle freely, eating, drinking... together in the cafes and... terraces... newspapers have been permitted... publish since the German... on, except one journal which... a single issue with the... of the death of the pope... few official proclamations."

WANTS THE NEWS

Premier Clemenceau of France Objects to the Strict Censorship.

[By Special Wire to the Courier] LONDON, Aug. 24.—A despatch from Paris to The Daily Mail says: Premier Clemenceau says his campaign against the government's policy of withholding from the public the whole truth in the war.

General Pau is the hero of the war. He is seventy years old and only one arm, having lost the right in the war of 170. He was recruited into active service in an advisory capacity and appeared with the army.

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British in St. Petersburg Were Toasted With Frantic Cheers

LONDON, August 22.—A correspondent writing from St. Petersburg, on the night when war was declared, describes the solemn scenes enacted in the Russian capital. He writes:—"Officers and Reserve men proceeding to their appointed places were everywhere greeted with frantic cheering mingled with cries of 'Down with the Germans!' and the waving of caps.

An impressive open-air religious service for victory was held at ten o'clock last night in front of Kazan Cathedral. Imagine the great steps of St. Paul's covered with masses of bare-headed people, with clergy and flags grouped before the central portal and a vast crowd stretching down Ludgate-hill to Fleet-street, all chanting responses, intoning the National Hymn, and at intervals cheering, and you will have some idea of what this gathering was like.

Czar's Blessing. This afternoon there were prayers in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, in the presence of the Court and officers of the army and navy. Their Majesties came into the town by train at three o'clock.

An immense crowd of probably 20,000 to 30,000 people gathered in the wide, open space in front of the Palace and remained bare-headed looking up at the Palace windows until the Emperor and Empress, her Majesty being dressed in white, appeared on the balcony.

Tremendous cheering and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs continued for a long time, while their Majesties most graciously bowed the acknowledgements. The vast assembly then went on their knees, and the Czar several times made the sign of the Cross.

Within the Palace the ceremony was even more imposing. His Majesty at the end of the church service gave his blessing to all military and naval officers present, and declared that he would not make peace so long as a single enemy remained on Russian soil.

"No Cossacks and No Police." The monster procession carried with it the gorgeously jewelled ikon of Smolensk, which accompanied the troops against Napoleon.

There were other processions before the Winter Palace. The Czar hand in hand with the Zarina, greeted the crowd. Their Majesties' daughters were also on the balcony. There were no Cossacks, no soldiers, no gendarmes, and no police. The Empress, who was dressed in white, waved her handkerchief and kissed her hand. Among the processions was one of poor peasants, headed by bearers of prints taken from calendars, the portraits of the Empress and the Czar encircled with paper flowers.

Hymns were sung by the crowds.

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Brussels Saved by Burgomaster

LONDON, Aug. 24.—The Times correspondent at Brussels telegraphs that Gen. Sixtus von Arnim, commander of the German troops now occupying the city, has caused the following notice to be posted: "German troops will pass through Brussels to-day and on following days, and are obliged by circumstances to demand from the city lodging, food and supplies. All these matters will be regularly arranged through the municipal authorities. I expect that the population will conform itself without resistance to these necessities of war, and in particular that it will commit no act of aggression against the safety of the troops, and will promptly furnish all supplies demanded. In this case I give every guarantee for the preservation of the city and the safety of its inhabitants. If, however, there has been elsewhere any act of molestation against the soldiers, burning of buildings or explosions of any kind, I shall be compelled to take the severest measures. (Signed) "SIXTUS VON ARNIM." A conference between M. Max, the burgomaster of Brussels, and Gen. von Arnim had the following results:

"The Germans are to have free passage through Brussels, and the quartering of a garrison of 4,000 troops in the barracks of Dailly and Etterbeek. Requisitions are to be paid for in cash. Respect is to be shown by the Germans for the inhabitants of the city and private property, and the management of public affairs by the municipality is to be left free from public control. The Germans have re-established the tramway, telephone and postal service. Trains are running toward Liege, and even the telegraph with Germany is working. It is stated that a number of journalists whose names are on the "black list" of the German general staff have been expelled. The population of Brussels regards the burgomaster as the saviour of the city, but is indignant against the Belgian Government and the Belgian general staff.

The city remains quiet and dignified. The cafes are still open. Two-thirds of the shops are shut. Newspapers are not appearing. The milk supply is scarce. Cafes are closed at 9 p.m. by orders.

According to the officers, the objective of the German troops is Mons, but the soldiers say that certain regiments are bound for Antwerp and the north-west.

Brussels obtained very good terms from the enemy, thanks to the subtlety of barricades and trenches which were thrown up on the outskirts of the city as a ruse. They gave the Germans the impression that the Belgians had determined to make resistance. The German aeroplanes were forced to fly so high the aviators could not see the obstacles apparently placed in the Germans' path, were of no military value.

SALADA TEA SEIZED. The German steamer "Schneefels," that was seized by the British in the Mediterranean recently, carried a large consignment of tea for the Salada Tea Co., which was fortunately insured. The war risk paid was in the neighborhood of six cents per pound of tea. It is now anticipated that the "Schneefels" will be tied up at Gibraltar until the close of the war.

London announces officially that General Leman, the Belgian commander of the forts at Liege, is a prisoner in the hands of the Germans at Cologne.

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Unarmed Men and Women Shot Down by Germans, the Butchers

LONDON, Aug. 24.—The Times Brussels correspondent says of the invasion of Belgium: "Ten days ago Tirlenmont was a pleasant Flemish town. To-day it is a heap of smoking ruins. All accounts agree that there was necessity for the bombardment. The invaders were bent only upon battle practice. As the terrified populace rushed from their homes they were made game of by the German cavalry. Fathers escaping with their families and trying to shield them were shot down before the eyes of their families. Mothers carrying their babies were struck with lance and sword.

"I saw one flaxen-haired girl of eleven staggering blindly forward, her eyes and cheek laid open by a lance thrust. A peasant woman told me her husband had been killed by the German cavalry and two of her children had been lost.

"Wherever the Germans sustain losses they fall upon unarmed men and women."

LONDON, Aug. 24.—The official British news bureau at 3 o'clock yesterday morning issued the following statement: "The Admiralty wishes to draw attention to the previous warnings to neutrals of the dangers of navigation. The Germans are continuing their practice of scattering mines indiscriminately upon the ordinary trades routes. These mines do not conform to the conditions laid down by the Hague conventions. They do not become harmless after a certain number of hours, and they are not laid in connection with any definite military scheme, such as the closing of a military port or as a distinct operation against an invading fleet, but are scattered on the chance of touching individual British warships or merchant vessels.

"In consequence, neutral ships, no matter what their destination, are exposed to the greatest danger."

The statement enumerates vessels which have been blown up (details of which already have been published), and reports that two Dutch steamships have been blown up in the Gulf of Finland. The statement continues: "The Admiralty desires to impress, not only upon British, but upon neutral shipping, the vital importance of avoiding at British ports prior to entering the North Sea to ascertain the routes and channels which the Admiralty is keeping swept, and where these dangers have been reduced as far as possible. The Admiralty, while reserving to themselves the utmost liberty of retaliatory action against this new form of warfare, announces that they have not so far laid any mines during the present war, and that they are endeavoring to keep sea routes open for peaceful commerce."

SHOOTING WOUNDED COMMON PRACTICE. Germans Finish off Those Left Alive on the Battlefields. PARIS Aug. 24.—The Matin prints an interview with a Breton Dragoon lieutenant who has just arrived in Paris. He says: "I was sent early on August 9 to reconnoitre toward Longuyon where there had been an engagement on August 7. I found no Germans there. I visited a dozen French wounded in the hospital. One of them said to me: 'If you get wounded pretend to be dead or a German will finish you.' Thinking this might be the hallucination of a dying man I disregarded the advice. At 11 o'clock we met a superior number of the enemy whom we charged. I fell wounded in the shoulder and my orderly fell at my feet. On recovering consciousness I called for help. A German ap-

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THE STORY OF Waitstill Baxter

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN. Copyright, 1913 by Kate Douglas Wiggin.

CHAPTER VI. "What dreams may come." UPPER was over and the work done at last. The dishes washed, the beans put in soak, the hens shut up for the night, the milk strained and carried down cellar. Patty went up to her little room with the one window and the slanting walls, and Waitstill followed and said good night. Her father put out the lights, locked the doors and came up the creaking stairs. There was never any talk between the sisters before going to bed, save on nights when their father was late at the store, usually on Saturdays only, for the good talkers of the village, as well as the gossips and loafers, preferred any other place to swap stories than the bleak atmosphere provided by old Foxy at his place of business.

Patty could think in the dark. Her healthy young body lying not uncomfortably on the bed of corn husks, and the patchwork comforter drawn up under her chin, she could think, and for the first time she could not tell her thoughts to Waitstill. She had a secret, a dazzling secret, just like Ellen Wilson and some of the other girls who were several years older. Her afternoon's experience loomed as large in her innocent mind as if it had been an elopement.

"I hope I'm not engaged to be married to him, even if he did!" The sentence was too tremendous to be finished even in thought. "I don't think I can be. Men must surely say something and not take it for granted you are in love with them and want to marry them. It is what they say when they ask that I should like, much better than being married, when I'm only just past seventeen. I wish Mark was a little different. I don't like his careless ways! He admires me, I can tell that by the way he looks, but he admires himself just as much and expects me to do the same. Still, I suppose none of them are perfect and girls have to forgive lots of little things when they are engaged. Mother must have forgiven a good many things when she took father. Anyway, Mark is going away for a month on business, so I shan't have to make up my mind just yet!" Here she depended upon the slightly puzzled, but on the whole delightfully complacent little creature, bringing her most alluring and untrustworthy dreams.

The dear innocent had indeed no need of haste. Young Mr. Marquis de Lafayette Wilson—Mark for short, as not in the least a shy deceiver or ruthless breaker of hearts, and so far as known no scap of village beauties were hung to his belt. He was a likable, light weight young chap, as likable and pleasure loving as the strict customs of the community would permit, and a kiss in his mind, most certainly never would lead to the altar, else he had already been many times a bridegroom. Miss Patience Baxter's maiden meditations and uncertainties and perplexities, therefore, were decidedly premature. She was a natural-born, unconsciously coquette, highly expert and finished coquette. She was all this at seventeen, and Mark at twenty-four was by no means a match for her in this field of effort yet. But sometimes in getting her victim into the net the coquette loses her balance and falls in herself. There wasn't a bit of harm in Marquis de Lafayette, but he was extremely agile in keeping out of nets.

Waitstill was restless, too, that night, although she could not have told the reason. She opened her window at the back of the house and leaned out, blowing. She could hear the full brook dashing through the edge of the wood lot and even the "kerching" of an occasional bullfrog. There were great misty stars in the sky, but no moon.

There was no light in Aunt Abby Cole's kitchen, but a faint glimmer shone through the windows of Uncle Bart's joiner's shop, showing that the old man was either having an hour of peaceful contemplation with no companion but his pipe or that there might be a little group of privileged visitors, headed by Jed Morrill, busily discussing the affairs of the nation.

Waitstill felt troubled and anxious tonight, bruised by the little daily torments that lessened her courage but never wholly destroyed it. Any one who believed implicitly in heredity might have been puzzled, perhaps, to account for her. He might fantasize about her as making herself out of her ancestors, using a free hand, picking and choosing what she liked best, with due care for the effect of combinations; selecting here and there and modifying, if advisable, a trait of Grandpa or Grandma Foxwell, of Great Uncle or Great Aunt Baxter; borrowing qualities lavishly from her own gentle born and gently bred mother and carefully avoiding her respected father's stock, except perhaps to take a dash of his pluck and an ounce of his persistence. Jed Morrill remarked of Deacon Baxter once, "When Old Foxy wants anything he'll wait till hell freezes over afore he'll give up."

Waitstill had her father's firm chin, but there the likeness ended. The proud curve of her nostrils, the clear, well opened eye with its deep fringe of lashes, the earnest mouth, all these came from the mother who was little more than a dim memory.

Waitstill disdained any vague dreary, colorless theory of life, and its meaning. She had joined the church at fifteen, more or less because other girls did and the parson had persuaded her, but out of her hard life she had somehow framed a courageous philosophy that kept her erect and uncrushed, no matter how great her difficulties. She had no idea of bringing a poor, weak, dragged soul to her Maker at the last day, saying, "Here is all I have managed to save out of what you gave me!"

Patty slept sweetly on the other side of the partition, the contemplation of her twopenny triumph bringing a smile to her childish lips, but even so a good heart was there (still perfect in the process of making), a quick wit, ready sympathy, natural charm; plenty, indeed, for the stronger sister to cherish, protect and hold precious, as she did with all her mind and soul.

There had always been a passionate loyalty in Waitstill's affection, whether it had been bestowed. Uncle Bart delighted in telling an instance of it that occurred when she was a child of five. Maine had just separated amicably from her mother, Massachusetts, and become an independent state. It was in the middle of March, but there was no snow on the ground and the village boys had built a bonfire on a plot of land near Uncle Bart's joiner's shop. There was a large gathering in celebration of the historic event and Waitstill crept down the hill with her homemade rag doll in her arms. She stood on the outskirts of the crowd, a silent, absorbed little figure clad in a shabby woolen coat, with a blue knit hood framing her rosy face. Deborah, her beloved, her only doll, was tightly clasped in her arms, for Debby, like her parent, had few pleasures and must not be denied so great a one as this. Suddenly one of the thoughtless young scamps in the group, wishing to create a new sensation and add to the general excitement, caught the doll from the child's arms and running forward with a wild warwhoop, flung it into the flames. Waitstill did not lose an instant. She gave a scream of anguish and without giving any warning of her intentions, probably without realising them herself, she dashed through the little crowd into the bonfire and snatched her cherished offspring from the burning pile. The whole thing was over in the twinkling of an eye, for Uncle Bart was as quick as the child and dragged her out of the imminent danger with no worse harm done than a good scorching.

He led the little creature up the hill to explain matters and protect her from a scolding. She still held the doll against her heaving breast, saying, between the sobs: "I couldn't let my Debby burn up! I couldn't. Uncle Bart, she's got nobody but me! Is my dress scorched so much I can't wear it? You'll tell father how it was, Uncle Bart, won't you?"

(To be Continued.)

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A well-known downtown druggist says it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, it becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and abundant. Agent T. George Bowles.

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