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What Villa is Like When Not Engaged Killing Men

Twenty-four hours later a messen-

window out of which I had been look-

ing. It made a most unpleasant mess

On another occasion Villa was anx-

ious to send reinforcements to one of

his outpsts, then in danger of attack

from the Federals. Something went

wrong with the engine and it so an-

charge, showed his revolver barrel

"If that train isn't out of the sta-

"But general," expostulated the

"That doesn't concern me," said

Villa, coolly. "I'm not an engineer-

I'm a soldier. If that train doesn'

move in five minutes you'll be dead.

As I lose to take my departure

illa, though obviously in consider

ble pain, stood up and took my hand

Good-bye, general," I said. "Per-

n the City of Mexico in the National

His eyes flamed: "In the City of

God lets me live to reach there; bu

in the National Palace-never:

have no wish to be president. Who

am I to rule a country? I have no

education for such a post. For eigh-

price on my head. It was not until I

rite at all. I am no politician: I am

nd to avenge the murder of Madero,

who believed in me and befriended me

And I shall never rest until I have

And, unless a knife or a bullet cuts

You Needn't keep on feeling distressed after eating, nor belching, nor experiencing hausea between meals. Hood's Sarsaparilla

res dyspensia-it strengthens the stom

ach and other digestive organs for the pro-per performance of their functions. Take Hood's.

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patent

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ettled that score.'

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you and the time and

the cash it saves that

makes your Automatic

Telephone valuable.

FIRST"

country from the rule of a depot

teen years I was an outlaw with a

Mexico, perhaps." he answered,

haps the next time we meet it will be

trembling official, "I'm not respon-

sible for the delay. The engine's bro-

tion in five minutes," he snarled, 'I'll

against his face and said:

blow your head off.'

The train moved.

ken down."

in the little garden.

NEW YORK, April 28-Alexander | sale executions are leaving a bad taste Powell, a journalist, in describing a in the mouths of the Americans."

personal visit to General Villa, at Those that I have executed deser-Juarez, among other interesting ved all they got,' said Villa, with sudden hardening of the muscles about things, says:-

"Villa is always grim and sullen, the mouth. "Some of them helped to but when angered by anything, no betray Madero: others were prisonmatter how trival, he becomes as fer- ers whom I had paroled and whom ocious as a wild beast. He has about had caught with arms in their hands. as much regard for human life as a But that stage of the campaign is tiger. Here is an incident to illustrate over now. Hereafter we shall conmy point:

Surveying the Captive.

thern Chihuahua four score or so Fed- except in aggravated cases—I give eral prisoners were lined up in the you my word as to that." bel commander, hands thrust into the ger sent to Villa by Felix Diaz was pocket of his frayed coat, sombrero taken out of that very room where we pulled over his eyes, strode forward and surveyed the cowering captives. "Viva Villa!" he snapped.

"Viva Villa!" The shrill cheer, dominated, however, by an unmistakeable note of fear, ran down the cring-

"You dogs!" he snarled. "You shout 'Viva Villa!' to-day because I happen to be on top, but if I had lost a bat- gered Villa that he went to the statle to-morrow you'd be shouting Viva Huerta!"

Then, turning to the commander of the guard: "Take them out and shoot them--and mind that you waste no ammunition. We've none to spare" They were placed in groups of five, as close together as they could stand, and a soldier placed the muzzle of his Mauser against the breast of the foremost man in each group . . . and pulled the trigger. In this way one bullet did the work of five.

A Bad Taste.

"A few more episodes like that, get eral," I told Villa quite frankly, "and you'll lose for your cause all the sympathy that it has gained in the United States. The reports of these whole-





Tan

White

for the

Best

WITHOUT EFFORT

very One is a Step to Success - Instinct and Experience.

He only is exempt from failure who makes no effort.

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for a bright manhood, there is no such word as fail-it comes later

There are so many reasons which can logically and truthfully be advanced as causes contributing to the numerous failures that I will endeavor o analyze only the principal ones-the

business failures. Every failure is a step to success; every detection of what is false directs us to what is true; every trial exhausts some tempting form of error. Not only so, but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure; scarcely any theory, the result of steady thought, is altogether false. No tempting form of sitting silently in his seat. error is without some latent charm derived from truth.

duct the war along more civilized Failure is, in a sense, the highway to accomplishment, inasmuch as every "There will be no more executions discovery of what is false leads us to seek earnestly after what is true, and every fresh experience points out some form of error which we shall afterward carefully avoid.

In this article we have not the space to treat of individual cases or their many causes, but will deal altogether with the commercial side of the ques-tion—the business failures.

Perhaps the most general and com-mon cause is lack of capital. Many men venture into business with just enough money to "swing" the enterprise for a month, at the end of which time they expect the new business to be self supporting. It seldom is, and as the concern becomes a financial cripple the inevitable is sure to happen

Business Instinct Required. It may be said in passing that combined with the first form of failure there are two others, lack of business instinct and business experience. And these three are frequently augmented by another equally dangerous in friend so far from his savage home. business, and that is engaging in a to succeed in any line of business where his principal qualifications are assets and ignorance.

But without question the most pro nounced cause of business failure in any line or in any community is that of lack of patronage. No business concern, professional man, church or school can long endure without patronage. Heaven's eternal wisdom has decreed that man should ever stand in

need of man. The beautiful must ever rest in the arms of the sublime. The gentle need the strong to sustain them, as much as rock flowers need rocks to grow on or the ivy the rugged wall which it embraces. Patronage is the sustenance of business, and without it failure follows go, that I taught myself to read and just as surely as death follows the rock rite. And my wife cannot read and flower and the ivy when their support

is withdrawn. ghting man. I am fighting to free Farmers Frequently Fail. Listed among the business men who frequently fail is the farmer, the greatest producer of us all. He fails for the same reason as do some of our other business men-because of ignorance. Many of these men have short his career, I don't believe that been born and reared as farmers and imagine that is all the qualification necessary to follow that vocation. It is not. Technical education, constant study of conditions elsewhere and a full realization of the necessity of

fertilization of his farm constitute

the first principles of the successful

farmer. Few farmers have not been obliged to avail themselves of the local merchant's willingness to extend credit, and now that the local merchant is facing a graver calamity and a greater pest than ever a farmer was obliged to meet in the retail catalogue houses' methods of doing business would it not be right and fair for the farmer and every resident of the community to rally to the aid of the man who rallied to their aid in days gone by with a willingness only equaled by

his confidence in his customer and his loyalty to his community? When a farmer fails the whole community suffers, and the man who must bear the brunt of the burden is the local merchant. His capital is invested and his hope of return rests with the farmer's ability to produce. If a blight, a drought, a cyclone or pest bugs destroy the crops the merchant must make the best of it and "carry" the farmer for another season or until

he has a good crop. Loyalty is the greatest virtue that man is endowed with, and the practice of it now by residents of small cities and towns in favor of the local merchant whose business is endangered by the retail catalogue trusts would be a display of generosity manifested only by men and communities where the practice of the Golden Rule obtains.

FAVOR NUDE ART

AT WHITE HOUSE WASHINGTON, April 29-Wash ngton society and the artist colony are commenting on the view of Maxmillian Harden that nude pictures in

art should be encouraged.

Mrs. Wilson recently had Love o Life, a famous study in the nude, restored to the White House collection This painting was banished by Mrs. Taft.

Tarzan of The Apes

THE REAL PROPERTY AND THE PROPERTY OF THE PERSON OF THE PE

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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"I think I understand you," he replied quietly. "I shall not urge you, for I would rather see you happy than to be happy myself. And I see new that you could not be happy with—an

There was the faintest tinge of bit terness in his voice. "Don't," she remonstrated-"don't say that. You den't understand."

But ere she could go on a sudden turn in the road brought them into the midst of a little hamlet. Before them stood Clayton's car, surrounded by the party he had brought

from the cottage.

At the sight of Jane cries of relief and delight broke from every lip, and as Tarzan's car stopped beside the other Professor Porter caught his daughter in his arms.

For a moment no one noticed Tarzan Clayton was the first to remember and, turning, held out his hand. "How can we ever thank you?" he

exclaimed. "You have saved us all. You called me by name at the cottage, but I do not seem to recall yours, though there is something very familiar about you. "It is as though I had known you

well under very different conditions a long time ago.' Tarzan smiled as he took the prof-

fered hand "You are quite right, M. Clayton," he said in French. "You will pardon me if I do not speak to you in English. I am just learning it, and, while I understand it fairly well, I speak it very

"But who are you?" insisted Clayton, speaking in French this time him-

"Tarzan of the apes." Clayton started back in surprise. "By Jove?" he exclaimed. "It is

Professor Porter and Mr. Philander ressed forward to add their thanks to Clayton's and to voice their surprise and pleasure at seeing this jungle The party now entered the modest business of which you have no knowl- little hostelry, where Clayton soon ege or experience in. No man can hope made arrangements for their entertainment.

They were sitting in the little, stuffy parlor when the distant chugging of an approaching automobile caught their attention. Mr. Philander, who was sitting near

the window, looked out as the machine drew in sight, finally stopping beside the other cars. "Bless me!" said Mr. Philander, a

shade of annoyance in his tone. "It is Mr. Canler. I had hoped-er-I had thought or-er-how very happy we should be that he was not caught in the fire," he ended lamely. "But who is the clerical looking gentleman with

Jane Porter blanched Clayton moved uneasily in his chair. Professor Porter moved his spectacles nervously and breathed upon them, but replaced them on his nose without wiping.

The ubiquitous Esmeralda grunted. Only Tarzan did not comprehend. Presently Robert Canler burst into

"Thank heaven!" he cried. "I fearthe worst until I saw your car, layton. I was cut off on the south oad and had to go away back to town nd then strike east to this road. ught we'd never reach the cottage.' No one seemed very enthusiastic. Tarzan eyed Robert Canler as Sabor eyed his prey.

Jane Poster glanced at him and ughed nervously. "Mr. Canler," she said, "this is M. Tarzan, an old friend."

Canler turned and extended his hand. Tarzan rose and bowed as only D'Arnot could have taught a gentleman to do it, but he did not seem to see Canler's hand.

Nor did Canler appear to notice the oversight. "This is the Rev. Mr. Tousley, Jane," said Canler, turning to the clerical par-

ty behind him. "Mr. Tousley, Miss Por-

Mr. Tousley bowed and beamed. Canler introduced him to the others. "We can have the eeremony at once, Jane," said Canler. "Then you and

I can catch the midnight train in town. The girl hesitated. The room was tense with the silence of taut nerves.

All eyes turned toward Jane Porter, awaiting her reply. "Can't we wait a few days?" she isked. "I am all unstrung. I bave een through so much today." Canler felt the hostility that ema-

nated from each member of the party. It made him angry. "We have waited as long as I intend to wait," he said roughly. "You have promised to marry me. I shall be played with no longer. I have the li-

ense, and here is the clergyman.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

"Come, Mr. Tousley; come, Jane There are witnesses a-plenty-more than enough." he added with a disagree able inflection, and, taking Jane by the arm, he started to lead her toward But scarcely had he taken a single

step ere a heavy hand closed upon his arm with a grip of steel. Another hand shot to his throat, and in a moment he was being shaken high above the floor as a cat might

> CHAPTER XXII. Lord Apeman.

shake a mouse.

ANE PORTER turned in horrified surprise toward Tarzan. And as she looked into his face she saw the crimson band upon his forehead that she had seen that other day in far distant Africa when Tarzan of the apes had closed in mortal

She knew that murder lay in that savage heart, and with a little cry of horror she sprang forward to plead with the ape man. But her fears were ore for Tarzan than for Canler. She

combat with the great anthropoid, Ter-



She Sprang Forward to Plead With the Ape Man.

realized the stern retribution which justice metes to the murderer. She laid a firm white hand upon Tarzan's wrist and looked up into his eyes. "For my sake," she said.

The grasp upon Canler's throat re-Tarzan looked into the face before

"Do you wish this to live?" he asked in surprise. "I do not wish him to die at your hands, my friend," she replied. "1 do

not wish you to become a murderer." Tarzan removed his hand from Canler's throat. "Do you release her from her prom

ise?" he asked. "It is the price of your Canler, gasping for breath, nodded.

"Will you go away and never molest her further?" Again the man nodded his head, his

face distorted by fear of the death that had been so close. Tarzan released him, and Canler staggered toward the door. In another moment he was gone and the terror

stricken preacher with him. Tarzan turned toward Jane Porter. "May I speak with you for a moment alone?" he asked. The girl nodded and started toward the door leading to the narrow veranda

of the little hotel. She passed out to await Tarzan and so did not hear the conversation which followed. "Wait!" cried Professor Porter as Tarzan was about to follow.

The professor had been stricken dumb with surprise by the rapid developments of the past few minutes, "Before we go further, sir, I should like an explanation of the events which

have just transpired. "By what right, sir, did you interfere between my daughter and Mr. Canler had promised him her hand, sir, and

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regardless of our personal likes or dislikes, sir, that promise must be kept." "I interfered, Professor Porter," replied Tarzan, "because your daughter does not love Mr. Canler. She does not Ticket Does Not Count. wish to marry him. That is enough for

me to know." "You do not know what you have done," said Professor Porter. "Now he will doubtless refuse to marry her." "He most certainly will," said Tarzan emphatically. "And further." added Tarzan, "you

eed not fear that your pride will suffer, Professor Porter, for you will be able to pay Canler what you owe him the moment you reach home." "Tut, tut, sir!" exclaimed Professor

Porter. "What do you mean?" "Your treasure has been found," said Tarzan.

"What-what is that you are saying?" cried the professor. "You are mad. It cannot be." "It is, though. It was I who stole it, not knowing either its value or to whom it belonged. I saw the sailors bury it, and apelike I had to dig it up and bury it again elsewhere.

(To be continued). A state of actual rebellion exists in

the Colorado strike region. Cook's Cotton Root Compound. meatrine. Sold in the 1. 1, \$1; No. 2, \$3; No. 3, \$5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid or teceipt of rice. Free pamphlet. Add.ess:

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FROM PACKAGE Plea That They Are Hungry and That Cow Looks Like a Meal

ST. PAUL, April 29 .- If you must ilk a strange cow, don't let the ownfind it out. Judge T. S. Kennedy South St. Paul sent two men to the county bastile for 30 days for takng two quarts of milk that had not been released from a cow with the wner's consent.

The judge declared the milk, before eing withdrawn, was part of the ovine, and as bossie belonged to James Reid, so did the lacteal fluid. Taking it forcibly from the animal just makes the offense that much the worse, says the court.

The men said that they had not had food for twenty-four hours and that the cow looked like a meal ticket.

CONAN DOYLE TO VISIT W. J. BURNS

LONDON, April 28- Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has decided to pay another visit to America and will soon sail. It is ten years since his last

"Our plans are not clear," Sir Arhur, "but this is to be definitely decided-I shall not do any lecturing this time.

One of Sir Arthur's hosts will be William Gillette and another William Burns, America's "Sherlock

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1914

Beauty Cultur

Deason s Fa Losing Fav

By MAGGIE TEYTE

"I'm not so awfully keen about eplied the other in the most n fact tone. "Still, they sult some They are not good on me. And they are not good they are fr Besides every one will wear that will be the end of them." It didn't take long to find the love curls" of the spring mode of ressing were the "side-whisk

inded to.

If didn't take much longer to fir truth of the other two assertions, times they are becoming. More they are not. Any way they are dably overdone. A tiny curl may a A plastered quirt that covers the portion of the cheek from ear almounts. Many Hair Innovations.

The style of hair dressing has che distinctly. There have been many innovations besides the colored Some are charming, but there is n way in which all women can wear hair and have it universally been the wise woman experiments we fore she decides and when she has the right way to "do" her hair, sit fore she decides and when she has the right way to "do" her hair, she mains faithful to its main feature let the most ideal beauty be crowith some hideous colfure and beauty would "vanish like the ros To begin with, the side curl was worth half the trouble it is to arr It must be cut just the right le and the smallest fraction of an will make a conspicuous differences. will make a conspicuous differen

Its charm.

Then it must be curled at the exact angle, one which is at once and coquettish, interrogatory and pertinent, and securely transfixed bandoline or some other gummy particularly and the company of the control of the curley of the control of the curley of the

ration.

And it is possible only for the debrunctie. A dark curl lying againette to the may fascinate. A limit of hair in the same arrang es insipid and looks simply

Modes Require Study.

The wise woman who has decid follow fashion's mandate and di her ears and elevate her confure hie herself to the best of hairdr and learn the art of making th becoming twist.

She will have all she can do to

tify properly her ears for exhib the ear is a prominent as well as ful feature. It must be the right size, the shape, the most delicately tinted, der to be the lovely, attractive a it ought to be. As for the new hair modes, th

As for the new har modes, the quire study. The arrangement of hair should, first of all, conform to individual style.

Then it should be studied from angles. The arrangement which coming in front, may be quite unting from the side and impossible the back view.

the back view.

There is a revival of the French—but it is not the old twist we u know. It is more suggestive that tive. It rolls easily in soft ripple tucks the tresses away with no d manner of disappearance.

By Ann

ONVERSATION was mer the linen spotless. The bore the crest of nobility a china was like eggshells. What that there was but bread and we It was served in proper style an a pleasing hospitality."

Such was the description of party contained in some old latte writer long since gone to her r the paper on which they were yellow and brittle with age, t "The linen spotless," will alone the simplest feast seem perfect yet in these days of roof dryin

lack of the whitening aid of gra sun beating down upon the linen thereon, linen has a discouragin of getting spotted and stained an Bleaching it to spotlessness is r which involves more patient

Here is the rule of an Irish who in her youth spun wonderfu First soak the clothes for 24 h water in which borax has bee solved in the proportion of a spoonful to each gallon. Afte have been soaked, wash them oughly in hot water, wring an them in a boiler, cover with cold and to each four gallons add a of seen cut in five pleess a table. of soap cut in fine pieces, a table ful of washing soda and the quantity of household ammonia. gradually to a boil and let it but

about 15 minutes.

Turn the articles into a tub an them to cool in the water in whi were boiled. Wring them sligh hang them in the sun and as the sprinkle again and again with when they approach the shade of whiteness rings them.

when they approach the shade of whiteness rinse them eral tepid waters, blue these and hang out to dry.

This is the season of the year berry stains decorate table line