ICE CREAM AND MUTINEERS FIGURE IN REPORTS.

The Usually Dull Government Publications of Great Britain Sometimes Contain a Quaint or Funny Item, Says a London Writer - Pitcairn Island Refuses to Patronize the British Penny Post.

The bluebook stands for dulness As a cure for sleeplessness it is class-ed with sermons and five-act trageed with sermons and five-act trage-clies, reformers and scientific lectur-ers. Yet the world has before now been startled by a sermon, and a be-whiskered, be-spectacled professor has often times been known to set a roomful of children in a roar. Ro-mance, comedy, drama, human inter-est—the limp blue covers enclose them, waiting for the diligent snap-per-up of unconsidered trifles, says a writer in London Tit-Bits.

Where else but in a bluebook, for instance, would an Englishman ex-pect to learn that if he did not receive three letters in every fortnight last

three letters in every fortaight last year he was not getting his fair share from the postoffice? For that is the number (seventy-five per annum) which on an average was delivered to every inhabitant of England and Wales. What a debt, moreover, does the Irishman owe to the same bluehook—the report of the Postmaster-General on the postoffice, 1911-12—for revealing yet another injustice to the Green Isle. Her sons and daughters did not even receive as many as one

Here is another volume thrown on my table for dissection on the same day—the report on the Health of the Army in 1911. Every man who has ever won the heart of a girl by the timely order of ice-cream, and every will who has thus succumbed will girl who has thus succumbed, will feel a throb of read human sympathy for the exiled soldiers of the King who, sweltering in the torrid heat of Gibraltar, fell victims to the wiles of the Spaniard. We have the sad story on the authority of no less a person than Surgeon-General W. L. Gubbins, director-general of the medical department. 'Twas on a summer's day. Carrying his deadly cargo of icecream, wearing his shady sombrero and opera cloak, smoking the noxious cigarette, and, it is probable, twang-ing a guitar with one hand while he mg a guitar with one hand while he vended hokey-pokey with the other, the insidious Spaniard appeared on the Rock and did a roaring trade. What cared Tommy for microbes? It added to the fun, but the authorities were less heroic. They instituted an inquiry into the causes of the large increase in cases of enterio force. increase in cases of enteric fever which occurred in July, August, and September, the three hottest and driest months of the year, and now, alas, the bold, bad Spaniard will be seen no more on the Rock. "The Medical Officer of Health," states the report, "has been instructed by the Sanitary Commissioners to draw up a scheme for the better control, supervision, manufacture, and sale of toe-oream,

and it is proposed not to grant passes to enter Gibraltar to alien Spaniard ice-cream venders." Our Tommies abroad indeed seem to go through unnumbered perils and trials. Should they decide to evacuate Gibraltar and (surrendering to the one-laught of the ice-cream meritage) send us a good deal of our rattan—a material which, in the crude state, is the enormously long and pliant stem of a great tropical vine. no better case. In that island, it seems, there flourish four varieties of sandflies which haunt rubble walls, embankments, caves, and bastions and, lying low during the day time, come out on the warm, still nights, and, last year, gave fever to 125 of

the men.
Tales of danger, therefore, are hidden in the bluebooks, but the volumes contain also romance. A little island lies out in the South Pacific, far from the sout in the South Pacific, far from the track of passing vessels, and yet owning allegiance to the Empire—Pitcairn Island. Founded by the notorious mutineers of the Bounty in 1790, the colony is now peopled by their descendants, who, though following honest courses, still apparently retain some of their ancestors' independence. some of their ancestors' independence of spirit. The Postmaster-General emnly records in his annual report: "The Imperial Penny Postage system mow embraces the whole Empire with the single exception of Pitcairn Is-land." Think of the arrogance of it mil! The British Empire contains, we forget how many hundreds of millions s uls. To King or peasant, to the sent in New Zealand or the Falk-lar i Isles no less than to the next-Cor neighbor, everywhere within the Limpire a letter goes for a penny. Alone out of these hundreds of mildions some sixty or seventy Pitcairn Islanders—who if their ancestors had only not their deserts would never have seen daylight at all—stand up and proudly say: "If you want to seen a latter to us you must say the new tents." sent a letter to us you must put on a

2 1-2d. stamp."

A touch of humor! Almost everywhere the postoffice figures show an increase for 1911-12, but in regard to "cash on delivery," the numbers dispatched fell last year from 48,870 to patched fell last year from 48,870 to 35,178. The reason is quaint. It appears that the service with the Gold Coast Colony, to which more than half the total packets used to be sent, shas had to be suspended because, says the report, "of its extensive and tratements of the service by patients who or says the report, "of its extensive and systematic misuse by natives who ordered goods without being in a position to accept delivery of them." The wily niggers obviously thought they had got hold of a good thing.

Let us quickly find something to calm our self-esteem. Here it is I Poor undersized weak kneed dark clothed

undersized, weak-kneed, dark-clothed. colitary civilians, we have grown acsolitary civilians, we have grown accustomed to seeing the magnificent guardsman, resplendent in scarlet and plume and busby, swaggering past with two or three maidens hanging on to his arms. How consoling it is to find that the foot-guards, according to find that the foot-guards, according to find that the foot-guards, according to find that the formula are practically to the sickness figures, are practically the feeblest section of the British

Cows of Jersey. In the island of Jersey every girl marries receives a cow as a part of her dowry.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

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any case of reshing. Bling, Bleeding
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pulls are exceedingly powerful in regulating the
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DEACON BRODIE

Was the Original of Stevenson's Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Deacon Brodie, whose singular story

is said to have inspired Stevenson with the immortal tale of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, was a substantial wright and cabinet maker in the Lawnmarket of Edinburgh. He was a burgess and guild brother of his na-tive town, and so high did he stand in the estimation of his ellow craftsmen that for four years 'hey elected him a member of the town council as deacon of the incorporation of wrights.

Success in public life helped the deacon in his business as a wright, and few men appeared to have less ground to quarrel with the conventional conception of meum and tuum. Nevertheless the deacon was always in wart of money. in want of money. He was an invet erate gamester, a gay and much in-volved bachelor, and he had a pas-sion for the fashionable sport of cock-

fighting.
All this brought the respected burat a certain disreputable tavern in the Fleshmarket close, frequented by sharpers. In 1788 Brodie was even accused of himself using loaded dice, but it never came up for trial, for the but it never came up for trial, for the deacon meanwhile had been convicted of a hanging matter.

Brodie, in fact, had for years been living a double life. In the daytime he was an honest craftsman, but at night he exchanged his chisel for a jimmy and a dark lantern. The dea-con was a humorist, and the situation doubtless appealed to him. The friend he had robbed overnight he would condole with in the morning, and after some particularly ingenious burglary he would be the first in the council chamber to suggest offering a reward for discovering the perpetrator.

For twenty years this prince of

cracksmen remained unsuspected, and he was only brought to book at ast by the treachery of a confederate. The deacon was sentenced to be hanged—on the new drop gallows he had suggested himself to the city fathers and hanged he was, though not without a characteristic attempt to

cheat the gallows.

A French quack, Dr. Peter Delgrav. ers, so the story goes, came to him in prison and undertook to restore him to life after he had hanged the usual time. To the last his fellow citizens loved to cherish a belief that he had been resuscitated and had escaped.—London News.

The Fortunate Isles.

The little archipelagoes, lying along the west coast of the great island of Sumatra, in the East Indies, are supposed to have been the Fortunate Isles of the ancients; and well might they be so called, inasmuch as their inhabitants are rich without labor, and the women have a new dress apiece every day in the year. The dresses, fashioned simply of banana leaves, are supplemented by the helmet-shaped hats of palm leaves or flowers, and are both beautiful and becoming. With unlimited fish in the becoming. With unlimited nsn in the ocean shallows, pigs running wild in the forest, and delicious eatables of vegetable kinds furnished by nature; work is unnecessary. In fact, the folks of these islands have so few

Another such tiny archipelago which sends us its rattan and cocoanuts is that of the Keeling Islands southwest of Java. Ninety years ago a Scotch sea captain named Ross squatted there and undertook to develop the islands with the help of the natives, importing additional la-bor from Borneo and Java. His great-grandson rules there to-day under a sort of patriarchal system, and is known as the "White Sultan." A mere boy is this young Ross (his father died about a year ago), but his dominions, though annexed to Singa-pore in 1903, have been leased to him by the British Government for 1,000 years.

The Opal. It was Sir Walter Scott who helped in "Anne of Geierstein" to arouse the fears of the superstitious concerning the wearing of that very beautifur stone, the opal, and it was a German dealer in gems who fostered that fear very successfully for other ends than those of romance. He came to England years ago, we are told by a jew-eler, to fill an order from one of the royal families in Germany—a wedding order, if I remember rightly. Opals were then high. He had printed the story that opals were unlucky and spread the report diligently. In a short time the price went down, and he was enabled to fill his order and make a handsome profit.-London

An Odd Comparison. The late Dr. John Gillespie, who on account of his special knowledge of agriculture was frequently called by his territorial title of "mouswald," was held in great admiration by Scotch farmers.

"Did ye ever hear the doacter preach?" asked one farmer of another at a Highland show. No; nivver. Did you?"

"Aye, man, an' as sune as he gaed into the pulpit an' pit his fingers on the Bible ye cud see he kent fine hoo tae haundle a beast!"-London

The Roman Method of Heating. Like many other Roman houses that have been unearthed in England, one recently brought to light was heated by a system called "hypocaust." The by a system called hypocaust. The entire basement was one big furnace, from which flues ascended, built into the walls. A wood fire was kept in the basement, the fuel being fed in from an outside annex through an

Light Out After 230 Years. St. Agnes' lighthouse in England has been closed and the light extinguished after 230 years of continuou

service.

CINNAMON OF CEYLON

How the Aromatic Bark Is Prepared

and Packed on Board Ship. More than 200 years ago the Dutch rulers of Ceylon, anxious to retain their monopoly of the precious spice for which that island is famous, en acted a law that made it a capital offence to buy or sell the wild jungle cinaamen, then the only sort known. The plants, wherever found, were held to be the property of the state. It a shrull changed to spring up in a If a shrub chanced to spring up in man's dooryard, he could neither de

stroy nor use it under severe penal-ties. Things are different now. To-day the cultivation is something To-day the cultivation is something like that of a willow copse, straight young shoots springing up round the stump of the plant previously cut. These shoots are cut every second year. They measure two inches in circumference. Many of them are sold as walking sticks and find a ready market among steams. market among steamer passengers, who think that there must be a special charm in a cinnamon stick, though in truth it is hard to distinguish it from common beach

though in truth it is hard to distinguish it from common hazel.

The real thing to be secured is of course the highly aromatic inner bark. First the leaves are stripped off and then the bark is split from end to end with a sharp knife that has a curved point. With this, aided by the fingers, the bark is carefully removed in long pieces. These are shaped up and left to sodden, so as to facilitate the next profess, that of scraping off the outer rind.

outer rind.
In order to do this each piece bark is placed on a round piece of wood and carefully scraped with a knife, the almost nude brown workers sitting on the ground and using their toes as an extra hand to steady the end of the stick.

The bark is then left to dry in the

sun, when it rolls itself up into tight quills. These are neatly sorted and packed, three or four inside one another, made up into bales covered with cloth and are then ready for export.
Cinnamon is so sensitive that care

has to be taken with regard to its surroundings on board ship, as a bale of fine cinnsmon will lose much of its delicate aroma if packed among bales of coarser bark. Various expedients have been tried to remedy this. The Portuguese and Dutch isolated the bales by packing them in cocoanut fiber or in hides, but it is found that the only real safeguard is to pack bags of pepper between the bales.

Hanging In the Olden Days.

"Hanging without tears" was the subject of a remarkable paper read in Dundee recently by Dr. Frederic Wood-Jones. In introducing the sub-ject he explained it had its uses, bea remarkable paper read cause "if you are going to hang a man you might as well hang him

properly."
"The Anglo-Saxons," he said, "have great love of hanging, and the science has constantly improved. In medieval times many of the places where they hanged people were provided with a kitchen with the big pots of The bodies were pitched all over and made waterproof and abie to resist the atmosphere. Then they were hung out as a warning to other offenders.

ffenders.
"This was the beginning of gibbetneeds that traders find it difficult to sell them anything. These islands send us a good deal of our rattan—a material which, in the crude state, is the enormously long and pliant its like with the control of the most popular sights of gay London and there was great disappointment among the innkeepers when be hung in chains."

Hanging was also used as an anaes-thetic in connection with the old thetic in practice of killing a man for high treason by hanging, drawing and quartering him. This kind of hanging did not necessarily kill a man, for five men hanged in 1447—gentle-men belonging to the Duke of Gloucester-had been marked out to be quartered and drawn when their pardons arrived. They were cut down and soon were none the worse.

An Old English Penance. At Whitby, on Ascension Day, is

be seen the keeping of the strange old custom of the planting of the horn-gath, the oldest of the British penances. In the days of Henry II. the lords of certain manors hunted a boar into a hermit's chapel. The hermit shut the door and kept the hounds out, and the barons in their rage slew out, and the barons in their rage slew him. He, dying, decreed that as a penance the lords should on each anniversary of his death carry wood to the water's edge at low tide and drive in stakes. Should the erection not survive three tides their lands should be forfeited to the abbot of Whithy. To this day the carmony is Whitby. To this day the ceremony is performed by representatives of the ord of the manor.

Unique Gambling. Although the natives of Indian not operate on the stock market, they

have adopted a unique form of gam-bling for which the cotton market re-ports are responsible. Every day five quotations are cabled the stock exhanges announcing the cotton situachanges announcing the cotton situation. The natives look upon this as a firect invitation to them to establish a simple but none the less absorbing form of gambling. The gambling con ists simply in guessing what the five figures will amount to, and the man setting the nearest to the right amount lakes the stakes.

Stylists and Journalists. On the third day of December, 1894 flied Robert Louis Stevenson. Possi bly the strangest announcement of the news was that which appeare on the poster of a morning paper famed for its alliterative ingenuity. The message ran: Stevenson Suc-cumbs; Sepuichred on a Samoan Sum mit." To this favor do even great stylists come.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Living In London. Of the 5,000,000 inhabitants of London, more than 1,000,000 have to live on less than \$6 a week for each family, while more chronic poverty. while more than 300,000 are in

Nelson's Horseshoe. Nelson, the English naval hero, al-ways carried a horseshoe with him



Business Directory A FLIGHT FOR LIFE Brantford

Dodging Death In the Path of an Onrushing Flood.

THE FURY OF A CLOUDBURST.

A Solid Wall of Water Swept the Canyon, Uprooting Trees and Toying With Huge Bowlders-Exciting Race In a Storm on Lightning Creek.

To understand what follows you must know something of the country where the incident occurred. Lightning creek, a famous trout stream of northern Idaho, rises among the glaciers of the Cabinet mountains and comes tearing down through narrow canyons heavily forested with pine and cedar. At all times the stream is swift. In the spring, when the ice caps are melting, it is a torrent.

July 3, 1906, a fishing party of five were hauled from the nearest railroad station to the end of the wagon trail on Lightning creek, where we made camp. The next morning the professor and myself decided to ascend to the head of one of the creek's tributaries. head of one of the creek's tributaries. Shouldering our creels, we made our way through the timber toward the glacier, gleaming in the sunlight. Five miles from camp we came to a fall, where we began to fish. There were plenty of them. plenty of trout, but they were small.

"Let's see if there are larger ones above the fall," my companion suggested.

gested.

"Agreed." I replied, and we clambered up the steep rocky walls.

Our hopes were realized. We fished up the stream until past noon, when we sat down to lunch. By the time we had finished eating a tiny cloud had crept above the mountain top and bovered over the glacier. In a few minutes another cloud crept up and joined the first, then another and another until the mountain top was cov-

"It is time we were getting out of here," I said. "I believe we are in for a wetting." As if to emphasize my words a flash of lightning quivered through the black mass, and in a few seconds the thunder

ered.

rolled down the canyon with a roar like a battery of siege guns.

As we hurried down the creek the lightning became continuous and ter rifying in its brilliancy; the roll of thunder was incessant. We made all the speed we could and had nearly

reached the falls when the rain came in a downpour. Suppose we get under this spruce and wait until the storm is over?" my companion suggested.

"Suppose we get into more open country as soon as possible?" I rejoined and kept on.
Suddenly the lightning ceased, the thunder died away, and there was no sound save the dashing of rain. The sudden calm was startling, and I paused and looked toward the mountain. saw a great column of fire shoot

cler shivered as though struck by some titanic force, split apart and crashed down into the canyon. There was a roar of thunder, and I saw the water pour from the sky as if all the windows of heaven bad been opened.
"A cloudburst?" I cried. "Run for your life!" Fear lent wings to our feet. We

sped down the canyon, leaping fallen logs, tearing through dense underbrush, clambering over rocks, fleeting from the pursuing flood that roared down the canyon, uprooting trees and hurling great bowlders before it as it came. A few rods below a small hasaltic cliff, with some stunted fir trees growing on it, stood in an open space. To outrun the water was impossible the cliff was our only haven.

I dashed up, with my companion at my beels. Behind us we saw a solid column of water that bore a tangled mass of drift and advanced with the speed of the wind. We had only time to seize upon a tree before the flood was upon us. It struck with a grind-ing roar; the rock trembled to its very base; the water surged over us; were battered by the rushing h scratched by the drift, suffocated by the water, but we clung on desperate-ly. In a minute, at the furthest, the flood swept on, leaving ruin in its

About the cliff the trees key piled in a tangled, broken heap. We crept down, drenched, bruised and bleeding. and made our way to camp. But the spot where the camp had stood was swept clean. We sank upon the water scaked ground to consider what we should do. In a short time we heard the voices of our friends. They had been fishing the main stream where the branch entered and thus

There was nothing left for it but to nake our way back to the railr tion, where we arrived after dark. For months fishermen discovered articles of our camp equipage scattered along the stream.—Youth's Companion.

Emulation. "Your first name is June, to it, little

"Yes, sir; only I don't spell it the way most folks do." "How do you spell 11?" "J-n-e-n." Why is that, little girl?"

"Do you s'pose I'm goin' to let the Mass get shead of me when it comes to spellin' names different?"—Ohicage The enfeat way of not being ver miserable is not to expect to be ver

to its preper tension; alit. Premature decay and a verted at once. Presplan

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this directory will be an invitation into the best homes. 'Phone 139 and we will quote you prices

1.46 a.m.—New York Express, daily for familton, Niagara Falls, New York.
5.15 a.m.—Lenigh Express, daily for familton, St. Catharines, Niagara Falls.
6.50 a.m.—Toronto Express, daily except, unday for Hamilton, Toronto, Belleville, lingston, Montreal, Portland, Quebec, oston.

MAIN LINE-GOING WEST

2.27 a.m.—Chicago Express, daily for Woodstock, Sarnia, Port Huron, Detroit and points in Western States, St. Pasti, Winnipeg, etc.

9.05 a.m.—Express, daily except Sunday for Woodstock, London, Strathroy, Watford, Petrolea, Sarnia, Port Huron, Glenooe, Chatham, Windsor, Detroit and intermediate stations. noe, Chatham, Windsor, Detroit and in-ermediate stations.

9.45 a.m.—Lehigh Express, daily for London, Petrolea, Sarnia, Port Huron-hatham, Windsor, Detroit. Solid vesti-sule train to Chicago, connecting with ill trains west, northwest and southwest. 10.00 a.m.—Chicago Express, daily for condon, Sarnia, Port Huron, Detroit and blicago.

Chicago.
3.01 p.m.—Express, daily except Sunday for Paris.
4.35 p.m.—Pacific Express. daily for d. p.m.—Express, daily except States, daily for Paris.

4.35 p.m.—Pacific Express, daily for Paris, Woodstock, London, Petrolea (greept Sunday), Sarnia, Port Huron, Chicago and western points.

6.35 p.m.—International Limited—Daily for Woodstock, Ingersoll, London, Glencoe, Chatham, Windsor, Detroit, Sarnia, Port Huron, Chicago.

8.10 p.m.—Express, daily except Sunday for Paris, Woodstock, Ingersoll, London and intermediate stations.

GALT, GUELPH AND NORTH DIVISION 6.05 a.m.—Daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and St. George.
8.55 a.m.—Daily except Sunday for Harrisburg, Gait. Guelph, Palmerston, Durbam, Kincardine, Owen Sound, Southampton, Wiarton and intermediate stations...
11.15 a.m.—Daily except Sunday for Harrisburg, Gait, Preston, Hespeler and 4.05 p.m.—Same as the 9.10 a.m. 6.15 p.m.—Daily except Sunday for Ha

8.30 p.m.—Same as the 11.15 a.m.
BUFFALO AND GODERICH DIVISION BUFFALO AND GODERICH DIVISION 10.05 a.m.—Daily except Sunday for Parls, Drumbo, Bright, Stratford, Goderich and intermediate stations, 10.05 ...m.—Daily except Sunday for Caledon..., Dunnville, Port Colborne, Black Rock, Buffalo and intermediate stations, 6.00 p.m.—Daily except Stinday for Caledonia, Dunnville, Port Colborne, Black Rock, Buffalo and Intermediate stations, 8.25 p.m.—Daily except Sunday for Parls, Statiord, Goderich and intermediate,

BRANTFORD AND TILLSONBURG DIV ROOM9, TEMPLE BUILDING 10.35 a.m.—Daily except Sunday for Burford, Norwich, Tillsonburg, St. Thomas and intermediate stations.
5-20 p.m.—Daily except Sunday for Burford, Norwich, Tillsonburg, St. Thomas
and intermediate stations; arrives 8.50
a.m. and 5-20 p.m.
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9.05 a.m.—Except Sunday for Hamilton, Toronto, Welland. Connects at Buffaje with Empire State Express, except Sunday, for Rochester, Syracuse, Albany and New York. with Empire State Express, except Sunday, for Rochester, Syracuse, Albady and New York.

11.35 a.m.—Except Sunday for Hamilton, Toronto and North Bay, Buffalo, Welland.

2.20 p.m.—Except Sunday for Hamilton, Toronto, Welland, Buffalo and New York, Peterboro and Toronto.

6.45 p.m.—Except Sunday for Hamilton and intermediate stations, Toronto, Peterboro, Ottawa, Montreal, Parry Sonna, Sacubary, Port Arthur, Winnipeg, Buffalo and New York.

DEPARTURES WEST .40 a.m.—Except Sunday for Scotlanda aterford, St. Thomas, Detroit, Chicag Waterford, St. Thomas, Detroit, Chicago, and the west.

11.35 a.m.—Except Sunday for Waterford and intermediate points.

3.07 p.m.—Except Sunday for Waterford and intermediate points, St. Thomas, Detroit, Chicago, Toledo, Bay City, Cincin att. nati.
7.25 p.m.—Except Sunday for Waterford
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9.15 p.m.—Dally for Waterford, 8
Thomas, Windsor and Detroit.

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BOWSER IS

He Telephones the Nei

a Matter of Busi

FRIDAY, MARCH

BUT THEY ARE ALL VE

ur Little Warhorse Take Into His Hands and Der the Snow Is Cleared Of lects His Own, However.

By M. QUAD. [Copyright, 1913, by Associal Press.] AT 2 o'clock in the aftern the sky grew dark gan snowing, Mrs sighed and hoped

At 3 o'clock the snow w down for fair, and she shoot in a solemn way as she loot the window. At 4 o'clock there were s ing along the streets, and M

alized that she was in for At 5 o'clock it was blowing ing and turning into a bli the cook said to Mrs. Bowse "Mr. Bowser hates snow, a be something doing when

"Yes," was the hopeless, h "Couldn't we hire a lot "There basn't been one alo We might get some of

ourselves."
"It would blow right back
Mr. Bowser lives the eigh from the corner, where he of the trolley car. There wo walks cleaned off between hi corner. He must plow his wa He would plow about five

At 10 feet he would begin At twenty feet he would Mrs. Bowser. Halfway down to his gate decide to raise the biggest heard in North America. At 6 o'clock Mrs. Bowser

ing from the window, and

then begin to mutter.



HE KICKED IT OPEN. caught sight of the plower. the gate blocked with a drift s ed at it like an army mule exercise. The gate finally ophad to or leave town.

Up Against It. It was a struggle from the the steps and up the steps, Bowser is a desperate, danger when facing snowdrifts. "Isn't this something just exclaimed Mrs. Bowser as she out and pulled him into the ha

He didn't say. "It is lucky you didn't have walk. Let me brush you off." He took off his overcoat without waiting for her, and the lly cat looked up at her with thy in his eyes. If there ha a shred of hope it must be abs

Still without a word Mr. Bow the way downstairs and seate self at the dinner table. "No boys came along to sho the snow," said Mrs. Bowser. "Humph!"

"Looks as if the storm would night." A grunt. "I thought the snow would ms A sniff of contempt. "But you are home all right,

am glad of it." Not even a sniff.

Mrs. Bowser gave it up and d
long breath and prepared to die
She made no further effort at c sation, and as soon as the mea Bowser walked directly to the phone. A Mr. Jacobs lived on the ner, and he was called for. He pr

ly answered: "Yes. What is it?" Mr. Bowser Telephones. "It's about the snow on your walk. It's six feet deep, and yo ea ing the blamed stuff there for

"Je " wade through!" "Makes no difference. Jacobs, are a durned mean man!" How about your own walk? tend to your affairs and I will te

Then Shoemaker was called for, Mr. Bowser said to him:
"All last winter I had to rough the snow on your sidew cause you were too durned laz

years Mother Graves' Worm e preparation manufact