

JERSEYVILLE
 [From Our Own Correspondent]
 Mr. James Smith died suddenly at his home here last Friday morning. Mr. Smith was one of the oldest residents around these parts, and was 78 years of age. He had been under the doctor's care for some time, but from all appearances, was some improved

in health of late. Heart failure was the cause of death. The funeral took place from his residence, at one o'clock Sunday.
 Mr. Judge Misner had a bad spell with his heart, on the sidewalk, near his son's place, where he was removed and recovered later.
 Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Wilson of

Stoney Creek, are visiting at Mr. Jim Wilson's, this week.
 Mr. M. Vansickle, was visiting relatives in Brantford this week.
 Mr. M. Henderson intends moving to Waterdown this week where he has purchased a farm.
 School children are assisting the Jerseyville ladies in a patriotic concert which is to be given some time this month. The date is not settled as yet.

Mrs. Elwood Howell is under the doctor's care with an attack of pneumonia. Her friends wish for a speedy recovery.
 Mrs. Krompart of Ancaster returned home to-day after visiting some time with her sister, Mrs. Miller.

The Christmas Season Fully Anticipated at PEQUEGNAT'S

Store Now Open Evenings

Why do we advertise? To hold the old customers, or get the new? That is our policy. We do not advertise for the benefit of our old customers, because that would be a waste of time, money and energy. A satisfied customer will call again.

We advertise because we desire every citizen who has not been a customer of ours to see the splendid line of Christmas Gifts. We have gone to a great deal of trouble in procuring this assortment, and you cannot afford to miss seeing it.

What shall I give that Daughter, that Son, or that Sister of Mine for Xmas?

LET US SUGGEST A RING

We have an especially fine and varied assortment of Rings. Our Signet Rings from \$2 to \$12 delight our customers. Our Pearl Rings, ranging in price from \$5 to \$50, reach all purses.
DIAMOND RINGS—No one needs to go farther than our store to see a fine assortment of Diamond Rings. Our stock is generous in variety, and every Diamond Ring a money-saver to our customers.

Catch on to Our Prices!

Diamond Rings

Ranging in Price From \$16, \$15, \$20, \$25, \$30, \$35, \$40, \$50 to \$350

REMEMBER THE PLACE

ALBERT N. PEQUEGNAT
 JEWELER
 26 Market Street Brantford

Music and Drama

The All-British gigantic production "England's Menace," will be presented at the Grand, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 10, 11, 12, with a Saturday matinee.

The statement that America, has taunted the world to bluff may or may not be a true one. If it is, the Prime Minister of England, in Bannister Merwin's war drama in which there is no war, the London Film Company's remarkable production of a battle film in which there is no fight, has learned his lesson well. He has not only learned his lesson, he has qualified for a master's degree.

To the men directing the destinies of the British Empire, there is suddenly brought home the realization of their nation's absolute unpreparedness for a swift and concerted attack by a foreign power. They are awakened and by a master stroke of genius by a gigantic bluff, made possible by the cleverness of his secretary's two children, the Prime Minister succeeds in preventing a terrible catastrophe.

Besides scenes showing the British fleet in line-of-battle formation, there are excellent views of troops. All branches of the service, infantry, cavalry and artillery, are reproduced with startling effect. The whole plot is worked out with conviction and the many intensely dramatic situations are at times spellbinding.

In conjunction with "England's Menace," there will be shown the London success, "England Expects," a patriotic drama depicting home life at the present time, the story of which concerns four generations, and their loyalty to their country.

OPEN NOSTRILS! END A COLD OR CATARRH

How To Get Relief When Head and Nose are Stuffed Up

Count fifty! Your cold in head or catarrh disappears. Your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages, your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more snuffing, hawking, mucous discharge, dryness or headache; no struggling for breath at night.
 Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist and apply a little of this fragrant antiseptic cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothing and healing the swollen or inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Head colds and catarrh yield like magic. Don't stay stuffed up and miserable. Relief is sure.

Sir Nigel

By A. Conan Doyle

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Aylward crowded lustily. "Will I come, Simon? By my hills, I shall be right glad to put my foot on the good brown earth once more. All my life I have trod it, and yet I would never have learned its worth had I not journeyed in these cursed ships. We will go on shore together, Simon, and we will seek out the women, if there be any there, for it seems a long year since I heard their gentle voices, and my eyes are weary of such faces as Batholomew's or thine."

Simon's grim features relaxed into a smile. "The only face that you will see ashore, Samkin, will bring you small comfort," said Aylward, "and you that this is so easy errand, but one which may be neither sweet nor fair, for if these people take us our end will be a cruel one."

"By my hills," said Aylward, "I am with you, gossip, wherever you may go! Say no more, therefore, for I am weary of living like a cony in a hole, and I shall be right glad to stand by you in your venture."

That night, two hours after dark, a small boat put forth from the Basilisk. It contained Simon, Aylward and two seamen. The soldiers carried their swords, and Black Simon bore a brown biscuit-bag over his shoulder. Under his direction the rowers skirted the dangerous surf which beat against the cliffs until they came to a spot where an outlying reef formed a breakwater. Within was a belt of calm water and a shallow cover with a sloping beach. Here the boat was dragged up and the seamen were ordered to disembark. Simon and Aylward started on their errand.

With the assured air of a man who knows exactly where he is and whither he is going, the man-at-arms began to climb up a narrow fern-lined cleft among the rocks. It was no easy ascent in the darkness, but Simon climbed on like an old dog hot upon a scent, and the panting Aylward struggled after as best he might. At last they were at the summit and the archer threw himself down upon the grass.

"Nay, Simon, I have not enough breath to blow out a candle," said he. "Stint your haste for a minute, since we have a long night before us. Surely this man is a friend indeed, if you hasten so to see him."

"Such a friend," Simon answered, "that I have often dreamed of my next night before us. Surely that moon has set it will have come."
 "Had it been a wench I could have understood it," said Aylward. "By these ten finger-bones, if Mary of the mill or little Kate of Compton had waited me on the brow of this cliff, I should have come up it and never known it was there. But surely I see houses and hear voices over yonder. In the light of day, it had not been so."

"It is their town," whispered Simon. "There are a hundred as bloody-minded cutthroats as are to be found in Christendom beneath those roofs. Hark to that!"
 A fierce burst of laughter came out of the darkness, followed by a long cry of pain.
 "All-hallows be with us!" cried Aylward. "What is that?"
 "As like as not some poor devil has fallen into their clutches, even as I did. Come this way, Samkin, for there is a post-cutting where we may hide. Here, here it is, but deeper and broader than of old. Now follow me close, for if we keep within it we shall find ourselves a stone cast off the King's horse."

Together they crept along the dark cutting. Suddenly Simon seized Aylward by the shoulder and pushed him into the shadow of the bank. Crouching in the darkness, they heard footsteps and voices upon the farther side of the trench. Two men sauntered along it and stopped almost at the very spot where the comrades were lying. Aylward could see their dark figures outlined against the starry sky.

"Why should you scold, Jacques," said one of them, speaking a strange half-French, half-English lingo. "The diable's empire for a grumbling rascal. You won woman and I got nothing. What more would you have?"
 "You will have your chance off this next ship, mon garcon, but mine is passed. A woman, it is true—an old peasant out of the fields, with a face as yellow as a kite's claw. But Gaston, who threw a nine against my eight, got as fair a little Normandy lass as ever your eyes have seen. Curse the dice! I say! And as to my woman, I will sell her to you for a firkin of Gascony."

"I have no wine to spare, but I will give you a keg of apples," said the other. "I had it out of the Peter and Paul, the Falmouth boat that struck in Creux Bay."
 They shuffled onward in the darkness.
 "Heard you ever such villainy?" cried Aylward, breathing fierce and hard. "Did you hear them, Simon? A woman for a keg of apples! And my girl of Normandy. Surely we can land to-morrow and burn all these water-rats out of their nest!"
 "Nay, Sir Robert, will not waste time or strength ere we reach Brittany."

"Sure I am that if my little master Squire Loring had the handling of it, every woman on this island would be free ere another day had passed."
 "I doubt it not," said Simon. "He is one who makes an idol of woman, after the manner of those crazy knight errants. But Sir Robert is a true soldier and hath only his purpose in view."

"Simon," said Aylward, "the light is not overgood and the place is

cramped for sword-play, but if you will step out into the open I will teach you whether my master is a true soldier or not."
 "Tut, man! you are as foolish yourself," said Simon. "Here we are with our work in hand, and yet you must right us left and walk forward to it. I say nothing against your master save that he hath the way of his fellows who follow dreams and fancies. But knowles looks neither to his mark. Now, let us on, for the time passes."

"Simon, your words are neither good nor fair. When we are back on shipboard we will speak further of this matter. Now lead on, I pray you, and let us see some more of this ten-devil island."

For half a mile Simon led the way until they came to a large house which stood by itself. Peering at it from the edge of the cutting, Aylward could see that it was made from a dozen cossers in the chorus.
 "All is well, lad!" whispered Simon in great delight. "That is the voice of the King. It is the very song he used to sing." "Les deux filles de Pierre." "Fore God, my back tingles at the very sound of it. Here we will wait until his company take their leave."

Hour after hour they crouched in the post-cutting, listening to the noise of the revelers within, some French, some English, and all growing fouler and less articulate as the night wore on. Once a quarrel broke out and the clear was like a cascade of wild beat at feeding-time. Then a health was drunk and there was much stamping and cheering.

Only once was the long vigil broken. A woman came forth from the house and walked up and down, with her face sunk upon her breast. She was tall and slender, but her features could not be seen for a wimple over her head. Weary sadness could be read in her bowed back and dragging steps. Once only they saw her throw her two hands up to Heaven as one who is beyond human aid. Then she passed slowly into the house again. A moment later the door of the hall was flung open, and a shouting, stumbling throng came

crowding forth, with whoop and yell, into the silent night. Linking arms and striking up a chorus, they marched out past the post-cutting, their voices dwindling slowly away as they made for their homes.

"Now, Samkin, now!" cried Simon, and jumping out from the hiding-place he made for the door. It had not yet been fastened. The two comrades sprang inside. Then Simon drew the bolts so that none might interrupt them.

(To be Continued.)
 LINER IS FAST
 MERGEN, Norway, Dec. 4, via London.—The North German Lloyd Liner Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm, which has been lying in this port for some time, drifted ashore in a gale to-day. She is now fast on a sand bank.



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FORTY-FOUR

ALLIES THE ADVANTAGE

War Has De Trench System—German successfully in

[By Special Wire to the NEW YORK, Dec. 7.—] view of the war situation to-day, the military critic of the New York Times says:

"The activity in Belgium that the allies there are in advantage of every opportunity back the German lines. The of the leaves along the Yser limited the low lying ground sides of the river to be in such an extent as to prevent movement of large bodies in this region. The narrow ways along the roads and so easily swept by artillery frontal attacks are well known.

"This throws to the front operations in the Belgium to the higher ground where the British troops recently gained ground. Their from Ypres along the railroad. Roulers is aimed at the rail term of northwest Belgium British can press their advance the north side of the Lys River can force the Germans to their positions along the Yser Belgian coast.

"The German assaults Arras, which carried them Chateau de Vermelles, were to bring similar pressure to on the troops on the left flank. The repulse from Ypres effectually checks this strategy. Throughout the long cent battle line in France, the lists of the short range warfare. To reach the western in their deep trenches necessary for the protection nearly straight down upon This problem confronted them in their siege of Arras and was solved by them by velopment of the trench. This gun fires a small shell ade at a high angle, so travelling from 200 to 500 according to the powder charge it will fall into the enemy's At still closer ranges, shells are obtained by the use of H

Kieff Sees A 130,000 To
 PETROGRAD, brought to the fortress a total of 130,000 men, trans who have passed ment of the war.
 They have been Siberia as rapidly as the fields or in big in

BERLIN OFFICIAL NOTE

[By Special Wire to the BERLIN, Dec. 7.—(by London)—The German official ment given out in Berlin noon says that in northern German forces were successful longed fighting around Lodz feating strong Russian fo tioned to the northwest as southwest of this city.
 The text of the communication:
 "No especial reports have ceived from the western the war nor from the region of the Plain of Mazurian L "In northern Poland the portant successes in prolong ing around Lodz by defeat Russian forces stationed to west and to the southwest city.
 "Lodz is in our possession of the battle giving us Lo yet be made public because extended field over which ment was fought. The Russ were very large. An attempt Russians to come to the of their threatened armies north from Northern Po failed by the activity of the Hungarian and German tro districts southwest of Piot

Rev. Dr. Chown, Genl. intendent of the Methodist preached to over 4,000 peohibition Camp, yesterday.