

## BOY KNIGHTS IN RESENTFUL MOOD

Action of Brant Deane is Severely  
Condemned in Resolution  
Recently Passed.

The Boy Knights held their regular monthly meeting on Tuesday evening. The meeting was largely attended, 60 members being present, also a number of the fathers. Another noteworthy feature of the evening was the fact that the five new members enrolled brought the membership to over the 100 mark. The following resolutions were passed:

1. That we the Boy Knights of St. Luke's C. C. 302, have the right given us under the British flag to hold religious services as we see fit, such to be undenominational. That the O. C. shall have charge of these and in event of his not being able to take charge, the person whom he shall delegate or in case of emergency, the next officer in rank shall do so.

2. That we, the Boy Knights of St. Luke's C. C. 302, do strongly condemn the action of the Brant Deane in connection with our work and in reply to them, would say all boys and young men members of our Boy Knights meet in surroundings where neither card playing, smoking or low or vulgar language is tolerated or encouraged, and it would be well for them as a body to see that these injurious influences are removed from some of their own buildings before finding fault with others. That a copy of this motion be mailed to the Rural Dean also to the Bishop of Huron.

3. That we tender a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. G. McClay, and our esteemed secretary Capt. H. Rogers, for their letters in the local press, defending the corps.

4. That we as a body do endorse the action of our O. C., trustees and officers for the manner in which the work has been carried on and pledge ourselves to do our utmost in supporting them in work in the future.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children  
In Use For Over 30 Years  
Always bears  
the  
Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

## Side Show Sidelights

Diverting Chronicles of Circus Life

By FRANCIS METCALFE

### THE LIBERTY OF FRANZ AND REBELLION OF FUZZY-WUZZY

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As he joined the proprietor the sound of hammering mingled with the noise of the blattin brass band and the cries of the ballyhoo spielers for the other attractions which came in through the open windows, and he saw that Stevenson, the mild-eyed quiet man who is always on hand to rescue imperiled trainers and keepers when their own carelessness, or unexpected revolt on the part of the animals, leads to a fight, was rapidly nailing boards over the ventilating spaces above the cages. Madame Morelli, whip and training rod in hand, hurried from her dressing room to the runway, and the stranger and trainer seemed to be loitering in the space between the leopards' den and the audience.

He looked at the proprietor inquisitively, but the little trickle of blood which ran down his cheek from under this cap answered the question he would have asked; an animal had been loose and the proprietor had encountered it in his rounds. A crash of weird music from the band drowned the sound of a cracking whip and sharp commands which came from the runway, and announced the appearance of Brant Deane, the charming exhibitor, and the audience watched him play with a cobra, all unconscious that Franz, the jaguar, which a few minutes before had deserted from his attempt to tear the fair shoulders of Morelli only after a dozen blank cartridges had been fired in his face, was now a gentleman-at-large. The proprietor

gave a sigh of relief as the jaguar backed into his cage from the runway, snarling and striking at the little woman who forced him backward with the whip until she was able to slam the door and make him once more a prisoner. When she passed them on her way back to the dressing room, her dress was torn, and her eyes were flashing from the excitement of the encounter and anger at the carelessness of the carpenter who had left a board loose at the top of the den.

"Of course, that might have been a serious thing for the jaguar, but my pocketbook," said the proprietor as three deep scratches in his head were being plastered up. "I couldn't afford to take any chances of an accident, and he would have been shot if he had attempted to come through a ventilator into the arena, but a trained animal like that is worth a goodish bit of money. He let me know he was loose by giving me his love pat when I was walking through the runway, and as Morelli is the only one who can do anything with him I sent for her. She can whip him for me more than her own weight in wildcats, and there was not the slightest danger to the audience, but not many men would have relished her task of going into that passage with the beast loose on top of the cages." He suggested that they should go up and hear Madame Morelli's account of it. She was sitting on the edge of her bed, mending a rip which the jaguar's sharp claws had made in her gown, and she shrugged her shoulders when the stranger inquired if she had been hurt.

"It was nothing," she said, laughing. "He jumped at me from the top of a cage when I came in, but I beat him off and whipped him back into his cage. It was only the close quarters which made it bad, for I am used to fighting them." She was interrupted by a yapping and caterwauling in the doorway, and sprang on the bed, her face white with terror, as a small terrier and the menagerie cat rolled into the room in a clawing, biting mix-up. The terrier was raising a litter of puppies in the next room, and the cat had transformed the space back of Morelli's bed into a nursery, and a meeting of the two anxious mothers in the hall had led to trouble. Madame Morelli always goes through her performance in an evening dress, and she stood on the bed, her long train gathered closely about her, trembling like a leaf, when the proprietor finally separated the combatants and restored peace.

"You wouldn't think that a woman who had just come from a fight with a two hundred pound jaguar, which could easily tear her to pieces, would be scared at a scrap between a toy terrier and a mongrel cat," said the proprietor, laughing, as he led the way to the cafe table. "But she makes a specialty of the larger species."

"This matter of specialties seems to run through every branch of the show business," said the press agent as they took their seats at the table. "I ran a dime museum in St. Louis several years ago—in those days there was lots of money in it—and the freaks would never stand for any change in their billing. We used to have a French girl sent out by our New York agent every two weeks, and one Monday morning when I went down to look over the new arrivals, I knew that he had been up against the demon run when he engaged such a tough-looking bunch. The alleged fact was that she was as fast as a wasp away with consumption, and the bearded lady had a way of absent-mindedly humming the popular airs in a bass voice which gave the whole snap away. There was one likely-looking girl and when I asked her what she was she told me she was the web-footed lady and showed me her feet, which had little pieces of skin growing between the toes."

"I knew that wasn't good enough, so I told her she was mistaken; that she was a Circassian beauty, and I gave her a wig and the fixings and put her on the platform. But say, would you believe it? She was so mad and embarrassed by the change in her stunt that when the lecturer was calling attention to her blond beauty, she would blush until she looked like an Indian princess, and every time he turned his back she would take off her shoes and wiggle her toes at the audience to show what she really was."

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"We called him 'Fuzzy Wuzzy,' the terrible man-eating cannibal," which was a waste of words, but Merritt was in a language to burn. He had got hold of a phony five-hundred dollar bill, and when he was giving his spiel about how Fuzzy Wuzzy was captured about a desert island, where he was found chewing a human leg, and how he couldn't eat anything but raw meat, and was always trying to get at his keeper for dessert, he would wave his phony five hundred spot over his head and give it to 'em good."

"Five hundred dollars, ladies and gentlemen, for the short space of two minutes in the cage with Fuzzy Wuzzy! Five hundred dollars to any man who is brave enough to run the risk of letting this terrible man-eating cannibal get his hinder limbs about him, and Merritt looks at him in astonishment."

"My deluded colored brother," says he, "do you appreciate the fact that you are going to a certain and horrible death? If this terrible Fuzzy Wuzzy gets his hinder limbs about you he will suck your ber-lud."

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# BEYOND BELIEF

Such demonstrations and real appreciation of truly money-saving opportunities were never before witnessed in Brantford--such crowds--pleased crowds--all beyond memory of the oldest inhabitants--rich and poor alike join in securing their full portion of bargains.

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'TILL 10  
For Your  
Convenience

## BROADBENT'S Great Re-organization MOVEMENT!

The Moment  
We Raise  
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This Event  
Will End  
Without Notice

Don't let anything keep you away. See our poster announcement for full details and partial price list. Make the most of it! YOUR ONE CHANCE TO SAVE! NO RESERVE OR LIMIT!

## Hundreds of New Bargains For Big SATURDAY!

Entrance: 168 COLBORNE STREET

DOORS OPEN DAILY AT 9 SHARP

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FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS TO ANY ONE WHO WILL ENTER THE CAGE

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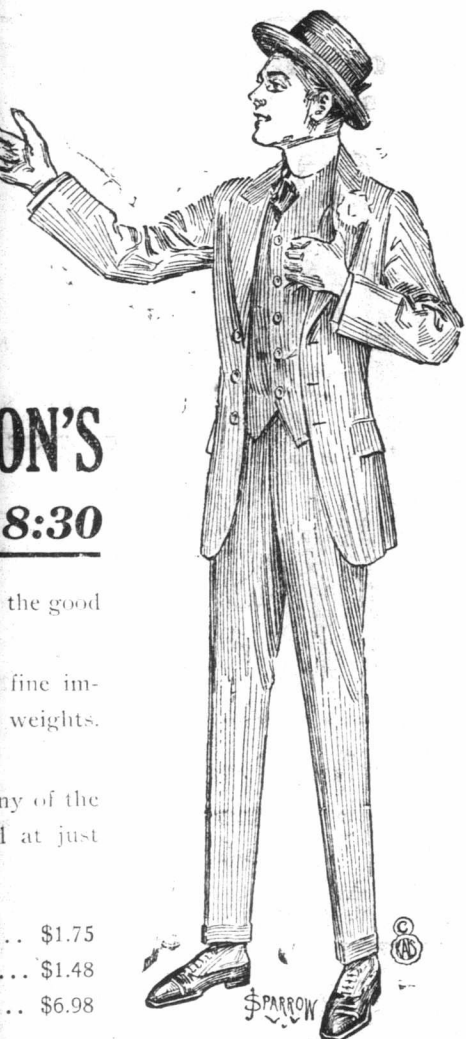
## VALUE n's Ads.

### Enthusiastic About

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more teeming value for every dollar of  
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