

TUESDAY

SHOULD PTE. LONSDALE SUFFER, THEY WILL DIE

Feeling Runs High on Attempt of Prisoners to Escape at Kingston.

By Special Wire to the Courier.

Montreal, May 4.—An Ottawa despatch to the Gazette says: The attempt made by three German prisoners in Fort Henry barracks, Kingston, to injure the guards and escape from the camp for interned prisoners, may have international developments. The decision of the supreme military court in Germany imposing a sentence of death upon Private William Lonsdale of Leeds, England, for attacking a German non-commissioned officer at the military prison camp at Doberitz, has roused the military authorities here. It is claimed that if the sentence is carried out upon Private Lonsdale, that a court martial will be held in Canada and a similar sentence meted out to the German prisoners. This is the only law in vogue where prisoners of war are concerned. Among the German prisoners is a well known German officer holding the rank of Count in the German empire and a holder of large properties in the west. It is claimed that he was the ringleader in the attack upon the guards. In Private William Lonsdale's case, the evidence goes to show that he only struck the non-commissioned officer under extreme provocation, while in the case of the prisoners at Fort Henry barracks, a deliberate attempt was made without the slightest provocation on the part of the military authorities, to do away with the guards and escape from the prison. If Private Lonsdale receives the death penalty for defending himself under provocation from German tyranny, it is claimed here by the military authorities that surely nothing less than the death penalty could be measured out to men who, without the slightest provocation at all, made an attempt upon their guards.

"Comic Opera" Affair, This New Move

By Special Wire to the Courier.

Petrograd, May 3, 12.45 p.m.—The spectacular advance of German forces along a hundred mile front extending from the Baltic Sea near Libau in a southeasterly direction to the northern tributaries of the River Niemen continues unchecked. It has not disturbed Russian activity in the region south of the Niemen where, according to information received here, consistent successes are being won by the troops of Emperor Nicholas. The German movement in the Baltic provinces, which is designed to

ALMOST FAINTED IN THE STREET

In Daily Fear Of Death—Until "Fruit-a-lives" Brought Relief.

CHATHAM, ONT., April 3rd, 1913. "Some two years ago, I was a great sufferer from indigestion. One day my eye caught a billboard of 'Fruit-a-lives' and I said to myself 'if Fruit-a-lives will build me up like that, it is good enough for me'. I bought some. After taking these wonderful tablets for only three weeks, I found myself wonderfully improved. In a short time longer, I cured myself entirely. My case was no light one, either. Gas would often form in my stomach and I was in daily fear that it would get around my heart and kill me. 'Fruit-a-lives' is the only remedy for indigestion."

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sever communications with Libau and thus cripple the Russian right wing, is not regarded seriously by the Russians, inasmuch as the flooding of the Niemen entirely separates the German armies. The two fields of operations, one each side of the river are, therefore, as isolated from each other as though they were a thousand miles apart, although actually they are adjacent. Russian observers characterize the German advance north of the Niemen as a "comic opera affair," designed to induce the Russians to transfer hurriedly troops to that region. At points to the southward, particularly Ostrota, Serafin, Edvorovitz and the whole region between the Rivers Ekwa and Pissa, the German offensive has assumed a more formidable character. It is marked by intense and prolonged artillery fire. Friday the Germans fired thirty thousand shells in this district. This was followed by infantry battles in which the Germans after suffering heavy losses, reached the Russian trenches, only to be finally repulsed.

GERMANS ADMIT AWFUL LOSSES

Over Twelve Thousand of Their Troops Were Laid Low.

Percival Phillips telegraphs to the Express: The German staff in Belgium admit that they lost 12,000 men in the battle of Ypres. Some idea of the enormous flood of wounded which poured across Belgium last week may be gathered from the fact that on Thursday alone 16 trains, each of 40 carriages, filled with serious cases, passed through Bruges en route to Cologne. Southeast of Bruges and west of Bruges-Courtrai road, Flanders appears to be literally packed with waiting divisions bivouacked in the fields and billeted in every building, while the countryside is dotted with new artillery parks.

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they escape the sallow skin, the pimples, black-heads, facial blemishes due to indigestion or biliousness. At times, all women need help to rid the system of poisons, and the safest, surest, most convenient and most economical help they find in

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The MASQUERADER By Katherine Cecil Thurston, Author of "The Circle," Etc. Copyright, 1904, by Harper & Brothers

CHAPTER I. TWO incidents, widely different in character yet bound together by results, marked the night of Jan. 23. On that night the blackest fog within a four years' memory fell upon certain portions of London and also on that night came the first announcement of the border risings against the Persian government in the province of Khorasan.

At 8 o'clock the news spread through the house of commons, but at 9 men in the inner lobbies were gossiping, not so much upon how far Russia, while ostensibly upholding the shah, had pulled the strings by which the insurgents danced, as upon the manner in which the St. George's Gazette, the Tory evening newspaper, had seized upon the incident and shaken it in the faces of the government.

More than once before Lakely, the owner and editor of the St. George's, had stepped outside the decorous circle of tradition and taken a plunge into modern journalism, but tonight he said deeper waters than before, and under an almost sensational heading declared that in this apparently innocent border rising we had less an outcome of mere racial antagonism than a first faint index of a long cherished Russian scheme, growing to a gradual maturity under the "drift" policy of the present British government.

The effect produced by this pronouncement, if strong, was varied. Members of the opposition saw, or thought they saw, a reflection of it in the smiling unconcern on the ministerial benches, and the government had an uneasy sense that behind the newly kindled interest on the other side of the house lay some mysterious scenting of battle from afar off. But through these impressions ran like electricity through the atmosphere, nothing tangible marked their passage, and the ordinary business of the house proceeded until half past 11, when an adjournment was moved.

The first man to hurry from his place was John Chilcote, member for East Wark. He passed out of the house quickly, with the air of a man who has just taken a self absorbed man, and as he passed the policeman standing stolidly under the arched doorway of the big courtyard he swerved a little, as if startled out of his thoughts. He realized his swerve almost before it was accomplished and pulled himself together with nervous irritability.

"Foggy night, constable," he said, with deliberate carelessness. "Foggy night, sir, and thickening up west," responded the man. "Ah, indeed!" Chilcote's answer was absent. The constable's cheery voice jarred on him, and for the second time he was conscious of senseless irritation. Without a further glance at the man, he slipped out into the courtyard and turned toward the main gate.

At the gateway two cab lamps showed through the mist of shifting fog like the eyes of a great cat, and the familiar "Hansom, sir?" came to him indistinctly.

at the sudden isolation, his second a thrill of nervous apprehension at the oblivion that had allowed him to be so entrapped. The second feeling outweighed the first. He moved forward, then paused again, uncertain of himself. Finally, with the consciousness that inaction was unbearable, he moved on once more, his eyes wide open, one hand thrust out as a protection and guide.

The fog had closed in behind him as heavily as in front, shutting off all possibility of retreat. All about him in the darkness was a confusion of voices—cheerful, dubious, alarmed or angry. Now and then a sleeve brushed his or a hand touched him tentatively. It was a strange moment, a moment of possibilities, to which the crunching wheels of the taxicab laughter from the blocked traffic of the roadway, made a continuous accompaniment.

Keeping well to the left Chilcote still beat on. There was a persistence in his movements that almost amounted to fear—a fear born of solitude filed with innumerable souls. For a space he groped about him without result, then his fingers touched the cold surface of a shuttered shop front and a thrill of reassurance passed through him. With renewed haste and clinging to his landmark as a blind man might, he started forward with fresh impetus.

For a dozen paces he moved rapidly and uneventfully, then the natural result occurred. He collided with a man coming in the opposite direction. The shock was abrupt. Both men swore simultaneously, then both laughed. The whole thing was casual, but Chilcote was in that state of mind when even the commonplace becomes abnormal. The other man's exclamation, the other man's laugh, struck on his nerves. Coming out of the darkness, they sounded like a repetition of his own.

Nine out of every ten men in London, given the same social position and the same education, might reasonably be expected to express annoyance or amusement in the same manner, possibly in the same tone of voice, and Chilcote remarkably, this almost at the moment of his nervous jar.

"Beastly fog!" he said aloud. "I'm trying to find Grosvenor square, but the chances seem rather small."

The other laughed again, and again the laugh upset Chilcote. He wondered uncomfortably if he was becoming a prey to illusions. But the stranger spoke before the question had solved itself.

"I'm afraid they are small," he said. "It would be almost hard to find one's way to the devil on a night like this."

Chilcote made a murmur of amusement and drew back against the shop. "Yes. We can see now where the blind man scores in the matter of salvation. This is almost a repetition of the fog of six years ago. Were you then in that?" It was a habit of his to jump from one sentence to another, a habit that had grown of late.

"No," the stranger had also gaped his way to the shop front. "No, I was out of England six years ago."

"You were lucky," Chilcote turned up the collar of his coat. "It was an atrocious fog, as black as this, but more universal. I remember it well. It was the night Lexington made his great sugar speech. Some of us were found on Lambeth bridge at 3 in the morning, having left the house at 12."

Chilcote seldom indulged in reminiscences, but this conversation with an unseen companion was more like a soliloquy than a dialogue. He was surprised into an exclamation when the other caught up his words.

"Ah! The sugar speech!" he said. "Odd that I should have been looking it up only yesterday. What a magnificent dressing up of a dry subject it was! What a career Lexington promised in those days!"

Chilcote changed his position. "You are interested in the muddle down at Westminster?" he asked sarcastically.

"It was the turn of the stranger to draw back a step. "Oh, I read my newspaper with the other 5,000,000, that is all. I am an outsider." His voice sounded curt. The warmth that admiration had brought into it a moment before had frozen abruptly.

"An outsider?" Chilcote repeated. "What an enviable word!"

"Possibly, to those who are well inside the ring. But let us go back to Lexington. What a pinnacle the man reached, and what a drop he had! It has always seemed to me an extraordinary instance of the human leaven running through us all. What was the real cause of his collapse? But was it drink that sucked him under?"

"No," Chilcote's response came after a pause. "Drugs?"

Again Chilcote hesitated. And at the moment of his indecision a woman brushed past him laughing boisterously. The sound jarred him. "Was it drugs?" the stranger went on easily. "I have always had a theory that it was."

"Yes. It was morphia." The answer came before Chilcote had realized it. The woman's laugh at the stranger's quiet persistence had contrived to draw it from him. Instantly he had spoken he looked about him quickly, like one who has for a moment forgotten a necessary vigilance.

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Impure blood in an invitation to sickness. The blood is at work day and night to maintain the health, and any lack of strength or purity in the blood is a weakness in the defence against disease. Anæmia is the doctor's name for lack of blood. There may be an actual loss in the quantity of the blood, or one or more of its constituents may be lacking. Its truest symptom is pallor. Anæmia is particularly common in young girls. It is not, however, confined to them alone, for it is this same lack of blood that prevents full recovery after a grippé, fevers, malaria and operations. It is also present in old age and in persons who have been under unusual mental or physical strain. If you are suffering from this trouble take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They make pure, new blood with every dose and this new blood means health and strength. Thousands have proved the truth of these statements, among them Mrs. Minnie Barteaux, Annapolis N.S., who says: "Following the birth of my third child I was a complete wreck. I felt and looked as if I did not have a drop of blood in my body. My heart would palpitate so violently that I could not walk upstairs without being completely exhausted. Night after night I would have to sit up in bed to get my breath. I had no appetite and suffered from severe headaches. I was taking doctor's medicine all the time, and naturally felt very much discouraged. While in this deplorable condition my husband brought me home a couple of boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and before a drop of blood was taken I think, ten boxes, when I was completely cured, and I never was so well in my life as I have been since."

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FIGHT FOR YPRES STILL TO COME

Germany Massing Immense Armies to Force Way to Calais.

London, May 4.—The Daily Mail's correspondent in Rotterdam telegraphs as follows. "The Germans continue their attempts to creep forward towards Ypres. They attacked southeast of St. Julien Sunday, but met with a fierce resistance at the hamlet of Fortuin. They have made desultory attacks north east of Ypres and also against French troops."

"There is no sign that the Germans intend to abandon the offensive now that they have had time to rest and to bring up fresh troops. Despite the appalling losses which they suffered in the grim struggle for possession of the road to Calais, they have not turned from their purpose."

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CH... WHAT B... JAPANES

Situation of History error G tical St

By Special Wire to the... Tokyo, May 5.—All Ja... ed its attention on the... tion, which is believed... historic possibilities. I... that the foreign office... grams to all consuls i... structing them to prepa... tionals for possible dep... ese in Mukden have... to hold themselves in... withdrawn to places n... Manchurian railroad. Lieutenant General T... erior-general of Korea... conference with the ge... the army. The decisions of the... elder statesmen are ex... The press says forty-e... be the limit of the pro... tum. Newspapers char... sulting the insistence o...

BEHIND OF

Description an Army War-Hu ness Hou

London, Eng., Wed... —There is perhaps no... ing an army about wh... generally than the me... the forces are maintai... in other words, of th... the "Bases" and the... munition." The tea... is popularly supposed... when the "Front" is... means which enable t... forward and to rema... are forgotten so soon... touch with the enemy... apart from their vi... they are of consider...

MAY EVAL

Turks Have N But

By Special Wire to the... London, May 5.—... of the Daily Chronic... sent to Constantino... Bucharest, Rouman... visit he paid to E... Minor, which Turkey... us, as the new capit... ople falls. "Eski-Shehr," the... says, "is eight miles... phorus on the Anato... occupies an excellen... tion. Work is proce... to improve the stree... tary conditions. The... commanded zoo h... uses. These are now... families of high gro... "The Turks have... Allies' attempt again... elles will force the... Constantinople, Wh...