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Anita Stewart
America's Daintiest Actress
IN
"The Combat"

SUB MENACE
By Courier Lensed Wire.
London, May 10.—The submarine menace and the steps which the Admiralty is taking to deal with it were brought before the House of Commons to-day in a series of questions. In reply, Thomas J. MacNamara, financial secretary of the admiralty, said it was not in the public interest to disclose what proportion of vessels were being armed as rapidly as possible. All possible steps were being taken by the Admiralty. Mr. MacNamara continued to accelerate the entry of food ships into port. He regretted that the resources at the disposal of the navy did not permit of an individual escort for every vessel conveying food stuffs, but said the admiralty had done everything which was possible and practicable to protect them.

TURK INTRIGUES
By Courier Lensed Wire.
London, May 10.—According to official information received in London, a number of Turkish agents are at work in Switzerland with the object of assuring the continued existence of Turkey. Provided the Turks are not driven out of Constantinople it is understood a willingness is expressed by the Turks to allow complete freedom of the Dardanelles to all comers.

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SIDELIGHTS ON THE STAGE AND SCREEN

NO HOME GARDENING.
When George Beban learned that he was to play the part of an Italian truck gardener in the Morocco-Paranount picture "The Intelligible Millions," he promptly decided that he would do the work in his own garden thereby killing two birds with one hoe. But director Donald Crisp ordered that the work be done in a little vacant lot just across the street from the Morocco studio, thus spoiling one of his star's cleverest little preparedness schemes.

"A DAUGHTER OF THE GODS."
There is an element of romance in the final presentation of "A Daughter of the Gods" which is perhaps not generally known. This lies in the story and the personality of the man who first conceived the idea of producing this masterpiece, and whose daring energy and enthusiasm carried the stupendous task through to its completion. William Fox, the impresario of this opera in film, finds himself, with the premiere performance of "A Daughter of the Gods" at the crowning point of motion picture achievement, at an age when most men are fortunate to have begun "finding themselves" at all.

He is thirty-eight years old, a creation of the marvelous "melting-pot" of America; a wage-earner who now employs thousands; the owner of one small theatre who now owns more than twenty, including the largest picture theatre in the world; the occasional purchaser of a film, now the founder and head of the Fox Film Corporation; in short, William Fox is a fighter who has overcome all obstacles, an idealist who has realized his ideals.

"A Daughter of the Gods" represents the fulfilment of the ideal which has been dearest to him; that of making a motion picture which would be the most beautiful that could be made. No consideration of time, money or effort entered into the accomplishment of this purpose. Mr. Fox had but one slogan, but one measuring rod—the most beautiful that can be had.

Wonderful as has been his realization of this ideal, "A Daughter of the Gods" is significant for still another reason. It is an index to the creations which from time to time Mr. Fox will present to the public as the result of his eagerness to give the best and finest of which this wonderful new art is capable—Productions De Luxe—creations which will fill the eye, kindle the mind and stir the heart of every man, woman and child who sees them.

The picture is to be seen at the Rex to-night, Friday and Saturday, with a matinee daily.

NEW METHOD.
James Kirkwood, director of the Marx Miles Minter series of Mutual-American features has a style all his own in directing a photoplay, and some people accuse him of doing it backward. Instead of working from a detailed continuity, Mr. Kirkwood studies the general story and develops the episodes of the plot in his mind. Then he goes directly to the stage and after the action has been filmed by his assistant director, writes out the details of what has been done, and Mr. Kirkwood and his assistant go over them each night to make sure the story fits together.

CENSORS CENSORED.
Wm. Christy Cabanne, noted Metro director, has just prepared an article on censorship in which he says: "As a director I am in hearty sympathy with the work of the capable critic. But no one can be more emphatic than I in condemnation of the uninformed, narrow, priggish and self-appointed censor who, in the legitimate thoughts and desires of others, and much of the resentment against censorship is simply evidence of this disapproval of the methods and opinions of this element.

"The greatest censorship bodies in the world are the audiences themselves. No exhibitor will commit business suicide by offending his patrons. No producer wants to do likewise by attempting to manufacture undesirable pictures. We do not need a censor. We have censorship. But destruction of clean efforts on the part of directors and producers is to be resisted."

NO RUBLES.
One of the extra girls has received a letter from her chum, who is with the Mack Sennett-Keystone company now in India.

Says the writer, "I've been in India a whole month now, and haven't seen a single ruby. I'll bet there are more in Los Angeles than in this whole blame country." She naively adds that she'd trade the whole place for one good cold bottle of pep, which shows that she's still patriotic.

THE COMBAT.
Anita Stewart who plays the role of Muriel Fleming so charmingly in "The Combat," the Vitagraph Blue Ribbon Feature which is the attraction at the Rex Theatre next week, was born in Brooklyn, New York on February 17th, just nineteen years ago. While attending the Erasmus Hall High School there, she studied vocal music and piano, and in the direction of Mrs. Mary Gunning, one of the leading musical instructors of the city.

It was during her High School career that Miss Stewart's personal beauty was first utilized by several New York artists who employed her as a subject for high class calendars and pictorial lithography.

Entering the motion picture profession as a beginner, she did little other than extra work at first, appearing as models and in other unimportant characters until she learned

RUPERT BROOKE IN ANTWERP FIGHT

Letter of Dead Soldier Poet to a Friend in United States

A VIVID DESCRIPTION OF FIGHTING TERRIBLE THING, YET OCCASION OF MUCH FUN

(From the New York Times)
On April 23, 1915, Rupert Brooke died. The following letter which has never before been published, was written on Christmas day, 1914, to his friend, Russell H. Russell, of New York city. At that time the poet was in his training camp in Dorset.

Rupert Brooke was the most famous and perhaps the most gifted of the writers to whom the war has given glory and death. Before the German troops crossed Belgian soil his brilliant, sometimes romantic and sometimes cynical verses were known only to a few Englishmen and Americans keenly interested in poetry.

His reaction to service in actual warfare brought from him five sonnets, which have been called incomparably the finest poetic utterance concerning the great war. The book containing these sonnets, published soon after his death, at once became enormously popular, and passed through an almost incredibly large number of editions.

The publication at this time of this highly interesting letter serves to commemorate the anniversary of Brooke's death, and conveys to the American public an idea of the spirit of service that animated intellectual England in the early days of the war.

"Dear Loines:
"It's more hopeful for us to wish you a Happy New Year than you, with our daily casualty lists and khaki population. Still, your wishes may do more good."
"I started a long letter to you in August and September, in my seraps of time; a valuable letter, full of information about the war and the state of mind of pacifists and others. The Germans have it now. It went in my baggage to Antwerp, and there was left. Whether it was burned or captured I can't be sure. But it was in a tin box with—damn it!—a lot of manuscript. And it was fairly heavily shelled."

"I don't know if you'd heard of my trip. I entered this show (Sub-Lieutenant R. Brooke, R. N.D., at your service) in September, and by the end of the month was in a trench hearing the shrapnel go screaming forlornly over me through a cloudless sky. A queer picnic. They say we saved the Belgian army and most of the valuable things in Antwerp and ammunition. I mean, with luck we might have kept the line fifty miles forward of where it is. However, we at least got away—most of us."

"It really was a very mild experience: except the 30 mile march out through the night and the blazing city. Antwerp that night was like several different kinds of hell. The broken houses and dead horses lit up by an infernal glare. Once we passed by a shelled station where the locomotives and signals had been taken up an twisted and rolled up in the railway lines, as if by a child in Xmas."

"The lowlands of the Scheidt were one sea of blazing oil, the flames leaping up higher than cannon and above, everything a black pall. Under that we marched along, English and Belgian, and transport and refugees. The refugees were the worst sight—German policy of frightfulness had succeeded so well that out of that city of half a million, when it was decided to surrender, only 10,000 would be left."

"They put their goods on carts, barrows, perambulators, anything. Often the carts had no horses, and they just stayed there in the street waiting for a miracle. There were all the country refugees, too, from the villages, who had been coming through our lines all day and half the night. I'll never forget that white faced, endless procession in the night, pressed aside to let the military—us—pass, crawling forward at some hundred yards an hour, quite hopeless, the old men crying and the women with hard drawn faces. What a crime!—and I gather they've announced their intention of keeping Belgium if they can."

"England is remarkable. I wish I had the time to describe it to you. But this job keeps one so darned tired, and so stupid, that I haven't the words. There are a few people who've been anti-war before, but so suspicious of diplomacy, that they feel rather out of the national feeling. I think G— is rather unhappy."

"But it's astonishing to see how the 'intellectuals' have taken on new jobs—no, not astonishing, but impressive. Masfield drills hard in Hamstead, and told me, with some pride a month ago, that he was a corporal—and thought he was going to be promoted to sergeant soon. Conford is no longer the best Greek scholar in Cambridge. He recalled that he was a very good shot in his youth—and he is now a sergeant-instructor of marksmen. In here, my brother is a second lieutenant in the Post Office Rifles. He was one of three great friends at King's. The second is intelligence officer on H. M. S. Youse, Channel Patrol. The third is buried near Cambrai."

"Gilbert Murray and Walter Raleigh rise at 6 every day to line

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hedgerows in the dark, and "advance in rushes" across the Oxford meadows. Among the other officers in this division whom I know are two young Asquiths, an Australian professional pianist who twice won the Diamond Sculls; a New Zealander who was fighting in Mexico and walked 300 miles to the coast to get a boat when he heard of the war. A friend of mine, Denis Browne—was there. He stood by me in desolation; who is one of the best young English musicians and an extremely brilliant critic, a youth lately through Eric and Balliol, who is the most brilliant man they've had in Oxford for ten years; a young and very charming American called John Bigelow Dodge, who turned up to "fight for the right"—I could extend the list.

"It's all a terrible thing. And yet, in its details, it's great fun, and I feel happier or better in my life than in those days in Belgium. Don't tell G—, though! And now I've the feeling of anger at a seen wrong—Belgium—to make me happier and more resolved in my work. I know that whatever happens I'll be doing some good, fighting to prevent that. And I've a lot of friends in Germany; good friends. That's bitter. It's rather indefinite when we go out again. Perhaps at the end of January. Or we may be kept back for less complete parts of the division. The new armies are shaping marvelously, I gather. We'll have great things going in the spring. But it may be a long job.

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OR to BELGIAN RELIEF HEADQUARTERS, 69 ST. PETER STREET, MONTREAL.

AVIATORS KILLED
By Courier Lensed Wire. Newport News, May 10.—Victor Carlstrom, aviator instructor at Atlantic coast aeronautical station here, and Carey B. Eppes, of Newport News, May 10.—Victor Carlstrom, aviator instructor at an altitude of about 3,500 feet, were almost instantly killed yesterday when their machine collapsed.

THIS WOMAN TO THIS MAN
—BY—
C. N. and A. M. WILSON
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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.
Annesley Gray had fallen in love with Mrs. Ellen Smith, a woman coming desperate at his stay answers an advertisement in matrimonial papers and meets a charming young man who admits that it is not his name. He marries her. Even at the wedding does not learn his husband's real name. She meets the Countess de Santoro, an old friend of her husband's, who calls "Knight" at the mouth, where they go on their honeymoon. Knight writes an introduction to the Annesley Smiths, poor but talented wife of his wife's. Through the Smiths he meets the Annesley family and introduces the Countess to a remarkably clever woman, a number of startling and mysterious jewel robberies occurring during the season. Ruthven, an agent for Van Vreck & Co., New York Jeweler, is a victim. The Countess, becoming jealous of Annesley, sends an anonymous letter to Ruthven hinting that Annesley has stolen from the Van Vrecks. Annesley contrives to have him invited to an Easter party given by Nelson Smiths. Annesley has worn a blue diamond given her by Knight, around her neck on a chain, becomes alarmed, and manages to throw Ruthven Smith off the seat. Knight confesses to her that he really is Michael Donaldson, sort of clever master thief, and engages himself on the world of the woes of his parents. Annesley turns from him in loathing, her love in ruins. He saves appearances, he suggests that they go to America by parting; he to his ranch in Texas which he has obtained honestly, and she to London. By force of circumstances they are obliged to travel together to Albuquerque, where they are to part. At the moment Knight asks if she won't drift with him with will between them—go to ranch with him.

From Wednesday's Daily CHAPTER XXIV.
The Anniversary.
The girl felt as if some one were sweeping her off her feet, clutching mechanically at any in her way to save herself. She was there. He stood before her and desolation; but if he had then—if he had said he wanted and begged her to stay, she had chosen desolation. Instead, he was silent, his eyes on her, but on the desert. "You—swear you will let me live my own life?" she faltered. "I swear I will let you live your own life."
He repeated her words, as if he had, according to the Lord, given this woman to the train was stopping. Then Annesley knew that

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