

REMOVE HOSPITAL BAN IN BRANTFORD

Quarantine of Institution Due To Exposure of Patient To Smallpox.

REVENUE LOSS MARKED

Disease Claims One Victim in Epidemic of Twenty-One Cases.

Special to The Advertiser.

Brantford, Dec. 12.—Monday morning the medical health officer, Dr. Hutton, lifted the ban on the Brantford Hospital, which has been under quarantine for smallpox the past two weeks. During this period those connected with the institution have been unable to leave the hospital precincts, the public have been barred from paying visits and the slumps in the number of patients has proved most marked.

The original cause of the quarantine was the arrival of a patient who had been exposed to the disease, and who was immediately placed under observation when that fact became known. Shortly afterwards she was removed to the smallpox institution, but it was considered desirable to introduce drastic measures, and the result is an absolutely clean bill.

Meanwhile, the loss in hospital revenue has been most marked, and some steps to more closely guard the recurrence of such incidents will probably be considered by the governors at their meeting on Tuesday. Dr. Hutton reports 21 cases in the city since the first patient came under observation, with one death, but a little girl. Only one patient still remains at the smallpox hospital, and her recovery is almost complete. The city may thus be said to be quite free from the scourge, although Dr. Hutton states that close watch will still be maintained.

Arthur Dodds of Ross avenue was



ILIDOR THE MONK.

with the avowed intention of becoming an American citizen and joining the Baptist Church, has reached New York from his native land. Ilidor was an intimate of Rasputin and a friend of the czar. He gave the czar and royal family their last meal before their assassination.

driving along West street when he observed an auto owned by Mr. J. P. Avey backing out into the thoroughfare. In the hurry of the moment he applied the gas instead of the brake, and discovering his mistake, put on the latter. The car turned sharply with the result that it rolled over. Mrs. Dodds was thrown out, but was not injured beyond a shaking up. There was no damage to Mr. Avey's car and very little to the other.

A number of young Brantforders took advantage of the winter weather yesterday and opened the season's skating activities on the canal. Dozens were seen on the ice, which did not look any too safe, and it was thought that the youngsters were taking a great risk in rushing the season.

ADJUST WOODSTOCK SUIT FOR DAMAGES

Harry Minshall Accepts \$275 in \$575 Action Against City.

Special to The Advertiser.

Woodstock, Dec. 12.—Harry Minshall, who conducts a cigar store and bowling alley in Tillsonburg, claimed that a defective sewer caused water to back up in his cellar doing damage, which he estimated at \$575.50. He brought action against the town for that amount. The case was set down for hearing yesterday, and jurors had been summoned. However, yesterday the parties got together and a settlement was reached. Minshall accepting \$275, each party to pay its own costs. The case was the only one on the docket, and when the jurors appeared there was nothing else to do but send them home, each receiving \$4 for one day's pay.

The death took place last night of Mrs. Samuel Rankin, aged 84 years. The deceased, who was born in the county of Peel, came to Oxford when nine years of age and had lived here ever since. Following the death of her husband, 23 years ago, Mrs. Rankin came to this city to live. She was particularly active in the missionary work in Central Methodist Church.

A boy scout troop has been organized at St. Mary's Church. Cecil Bryson was appointed scoutmaster with Leo Flynn assistant scoutmaster. A charter has been applied for from the provincial commissioner.

METHODIST PROBATIONER PREACHES AT WATFORD

B. C. Eckardt of London Delivers Two Inspirational Sermons.

Special to The Advertiser.

Watford, Dec. 12.—At the Methodist Church Sunday B. C. Eckardt of London, a promising young candidate for the Methodist ministry, preached very acceptably this morning and evening. The pastor, Rev. W. K. Hager, is recovering from his recent illness, and was able to be present at the morning service. Mr. Eckardt also preached in Zion Methodist Church, Watford, in the afternoon.

CLOSE STORE ON NEWS OF WANAMAKER'S DEATH

New York, Dec. 12.—Thousands of Christmas shoppers crowding the great Wanamaker department store were forced to leave this morning when word was received of the death of John Wanamaker in Philadelphia, and the officials of the store decided to close for the day.

REDUCES COTTON FORECAST.

Washington, Dec. 12.—Reducing its forecast, made in October, by 171,000 bales, the department of agriculture in its final estimate of the season to date placed the total production of cotton this year at 9,864,000 bales. The estimate is smaller than any of the four forecasts made this season, and which were based on condition of the crop in the various months of the growing season.

REGINA ELECTS BURTON.

Regina, Dec. 12.—Stewart C. Burton was elected mayor of Regina for 1923 by a majority of 1,622 under proportional representation system.

TWO GOSPEL HYMNS.

In the Victor 10-inch records, No. 45322 you will find these two popular gospel hymns: "No Night There" and "Leave It With Him." For \$1.25, obtainable in the phonograph parlors. Ye Olde Firme Heintzman & Co., Limited, London, Ontario.—Adv.

REINTRODUCES BONUS BILL.

Washington, Dec. 12.—Declaring that a bonus to soldiers was as justifiable as "a bonus to the ship operators," Senator Simmons, Democrat, North Carolina, today reintroduced the soldier bonus bill, vetoed by President Harding, as an amendment to the administration's shipping bill.

TRIUMPHS OF M. JONQUELLE

BY MELVILLE DAVISON POST.

THE GREAT CIPHER.

IT WAS a night of illusions. The whole world was unreal. The city could not be seen. There was a sort of fairy vista extending over the gardens across the bit of park into the haze, pierced by the narrow white shaft of the National Monument extending into the sky. There was a heavy odor of Jesamine and honeysuckle lying about the southern portico of the executive mansion. But there were no lights. The whole of the portico was a heavy shadow. A big, strong, masculine voice, cultivated and firm, was speaking.

"I am glad that business of your embassy brought you to America, Monsieur Jonquelle," it said, "because I want to ask you about that last expedition of Chauvannes."

One might have made out the figure of the Frenchman by looking closely in the dim light. He sat in a long chair, his legs extended, a cigarette, unlighted, moving in his fingers. His voice was low and clear while he spoke, like one engaged with a reflection.

"It was all the truth, excellency," he said, "as we now know."

The big voice interrupted. "That fantastic story!"

The Frenchman's voice did not change. "The truth about it," he said, "is even more fantastic than the current story at the time. Nobody believed it. Nobody could have believed it. When his journal finally came in, everybody thought Chauvannes had gone mad before the end. The things he wrote were simply not to have happened."

He paused. Then: "But it was every word the truth. There are the emeralds in the Louvre."

The big man beyond Monsieur Jonquelle, obscured by the thick shadows of the room, uttered an exclamation of astonishment. "The emeralds," he said, "are of course proof of the fact that Chauvannes found some evidences of the thing he was after. But his journal could not have been the truth. The journal must have been mad."

The Frenchman replied with no change in his voice. "Excellency," he said, "the man who wrote the closing pages of that journal was not only not mad, but he was so sober that I have never ceased to admire him. He was in a desperate position, from which he knew perfectly well there was no escape, and he undertook to do a thing that not only required the soundest intelligence, but it also required a degree of cleverness that has not been shown by any of the things I feel that I ought to stand and uncover whenever I think about Chauvannes."

There was a sound in the darkness as of one drawing one's body swiftly together in a chair. There was a sort of battle in the big voice.

"You amaze me!" he said. "Of course, I knew what Chauvannes was after. He used to talk about it when we were shooting on the Vaal. He had the clue, he thought, to a lost civilization of an immense age, the great wilderness of Central Africa, a little north of the Congo."

He continued to speak in his strong, firm voice. "I was not surprised that Chauvannes found some evidence of the thing he was looking for. He was a first-class archaeologist. He knew all about everything that had been discovered. And he was a good all-round explorer, none better. If there was any man in the world who could have come from the Congo across the old trail of the Ivory raiders, northeast to the Albert Nyanza, it was Chauvannes. I can believe that Chauvannes went in there, and that he found the evidences of the thing he was looking for; but the thing he was looking for was the expedition brought in could not be true. Chauvannes was insane when he wrote it—if the excerpts I saw of it were not colored."

Monsieur Jonquelle replied in the same voice. "Our government, excellency," he said, "was precisely of your opinion when the journal finally came in. They thought Chauvannes was mad at the end. But he was not mad! He was sane and clever—how sane and how clever you will realize when you get the whole thing clearly in your mind. It was a long time before we understood it, although I think to me now a great deal of time. The fantastic incidents with which Chauvannes filled the closing pages of his journal."

"I think the first clue we got was the method Chauvannes had taken to be sure that the journal would get into Paris after his death. His direction, written on the back of it, was that the bearer who brought it in should be paid five thousand francs by the executor of his estate. You see he was offering a reward for the thing to get in."

"Only one of the three men that Chauvannes constantly speaks of in his journal ever appeared. One can imagine what happened to the other two—the same thing, doubtless, that happened to all the persons who started with Chauvannes northeast to the Nyanza after he had abandoned his excavations."

The big man beyond Monsieur Jonquelle in the dark seemed to have composed himself to listen. He was silent, and Monsieur Jonquelle went on:

"These men, who were the only persons alive with Chauvannes when he finally reached the Ituri on the morning of the 17th of December, must have been three of the most desperate adventurers in the world. They were evidently broken men at the end of their tether, willing to stake everything on a last chance, or they would not have joined Chauvannes. They were not men he selected. He never would have selected men of this character. They seem to have followed him in and to have literally annexed themselves to his expedition when he left the Congo east of the Leopold. They must have been an exquisite devil's-guard—those three: The little wolf-faced Apache Letur, the Finn sailor, and the American beachcomber they called Captain Dix."

The Apache was the one who came with the journal. He must call the 'best man' of the three. Nevertheless, it was these three birds who came out alive with Chauvannes. And what he had to say about them is on every page of the journal. He must have changed his mind very shortly after they joined him, because the first impressions he wrote down, which were probably what our own would have been, were afterward scratched out. We might have believed that some one else had made these erasures but for the fact that the journal on this time on never fails to speak of these three men in the very highest terms. Their tirelessness, their energy, their courage, their devotion to Chauvannes is the one note that continues through this journal to the end."

"Of course, one could say that as these men had to depend on Chauvannes to bring them out, the presence of a common peril would have united them in his support, and that while they were apparently exerting

themselves for him, they were in fact laboring to get out of that wilderness alive.

"They were evidently densely ignorant persons of a low order, every one of them. The Finn and the American beachcomber had no education whatever; Letur could read, but he was a deserter, we think, from the 'Potsdam'—and he had a sort of devil's shrewdness. But he was no match, when it came to wits, for Chauvannes. None of them were. They were ignorant and superstitious. But they were determined, desperate to the last degree, and afraid of nothing."

"One of the features of the journal that first impressed me was the fact that Chauvannes had no illusions about these men. He understood each of them perfectly. He pinned



the success of his great plan to an accurate conception of the man.

Letur. He thought this desperate human creature was what you would call the thing would lead. He expected him to come out the best man, and he laid the plan he had in mind to that eventuality. And he was right. I saw that when I got to thinking about the journal."

"And I saw something else. I saw that Chauvannes realized his own situation pretty early in the march of events. He knew what he was going into. And he knew where the thing would lead. He realized it a long way ahead. This fact, as I have said, was one of the conspicuous features of the journal. I suppose one in an incident of madness might realize all the accurate features of the situation that lay about Chauvannes, but before him, as he did; but I doubt it. I think only a man sound and sane could have seen it with the certainty that Chauvannes saw it, and at a distance beyond the event. Only the soundest intelligence in the calm control of every faculty, could have realized that the thing before him was inevitable. A man in any other state of mind would have undertaken to delude himself. He would have resorted to futile devices to make himself believe that the thing that awaited him was inevitable."

"I studied that journal as closely as a cipher dispatch. The evidences of Chauvannes' mental condition did not appear until the entries beginning about the seventeenth of December—the day on which they finally came out of the forest on the old elephant trail. Of course, strange things had happened before that—the decimation of the force, for one thing. But Chauvannes never seemed to attribute that to any but a natural cause—a sort of 'united plan of the dwarf camps to destroy the members of the expedition."

Another installment of "The Great Cipher" will begin in our next issue.

GLACE BAY SIGNS ROACH. Sydney, N.S., Dec. 12.—Mickey Roach, last year with the Hamilton team of the N.H.L., is reported to have come to terms with the Glace Bay team of the Cape Breton professionals. Roach, who is a native of Cape Breton, is at present in Boston.

NEW YORK AWAITS "TIGER." New York, Dec. 12.—Georges Clemenceau will arrive here this evening. He is on his way from Chicago, and will speak tonight at a dinner in his honor by the committee for devastated France.

Mothers and Their Children

Keeping Secrets. My son can always trust each other to keep a secret. Anything he tells me in confidence he knows I never tell, not even to his father, no matter how trivial the "secret" may be. I feel that getting my son in the habit of confiding in me is a great assurance for the future.

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BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

OLD MAN COYOTE IS UNPLEASANTLY SURPRISED. By Thornton W. Burgess. More often than you ever dream things are not what they really seem. —Paddy the Beaver.

Just after jolly, round, red Mr. Sur had been to bed behind the Purple Hills and left the sky to sweet Mistress Moon a certain sly fellow came out of his house in the Old Pasture, stretched, yawned, stretched again, and then sat down to decide where he would go to hunt for a dinner. It was Old Man Coyote.

At last he made up his mind and started off at a trot straight for the Green Forest. "It is some time," thought he, "since I have had a look at those Beavers. I don't suppose there is much chance that I will be able to catch one, but one never can tell. It is pretty frosty tonight, and it won't be long now before those

ponds are frozen over. Then there will be no chance whatever for me to get a Beaver dinner. Nothing can be lost by trying."

So Old Man Coyote silently trotted through the Green Forest toward the ponds of Paddy the Beaver. He knew all about that new pond and new dam, and he knew all about how Paddy and Mrs. Paddy had to get their food logs over the new dam at a certain point. That would be the best place to try to catch one of them.

When Old Man Coyote came in sight of the new pond he stood still for some time, looking, listening and using that wonderful nose of his. Then silently and carefully he stole down to the dam and began to creep along on the lower side of it. He had crept about half way to the point where he knew Paddy and Mrs. Paddy were in the habit of dragging their food logs across when he heard a faint splash on the other side. Instantly he stopped and picked up his ears.

"Someone is swimming close to this dam on the other side," thought he. "Of course it is one of those Beavers." His yellow eyes glowed

with hungry eagerness. His mouth watered. He crouched flat and kept perfectly still.

As he heard a splash, and then another, he knew that someone was swimming close to this dam on the other side. He was followed by a bird of the dam. So sure was he that it was one of the Beavers that he failed to look at it closely. Old Man Coyote sprang straight and true. He landed squarely on the one he believed to be either Paddy or Mrs. Paddy. It was right then that Old Man Coyote was most unpleasantly surprised.

He heard claws scratching on sticks a few feet beyond where he lay. A stick snapped. There was a sound as of a heavy body scrambling up the

other side of the dam. A fierce joy filled Old Man Coyote. One of those Beavers was climbing up on the dam! He hadn't a doubt of it.

Swiftly but silently, all the time hugging the ground, he sneaked along until he was opposite the place on the other side of the dam where someone was climbing out. Then he gathered his feet under him for a sudden spring, and fixed his eyes on the top of that dam. He held his breath and waited.

Against the sky he saw a dark head come slowly up over the top of the dam. It was followed by a bird body. Just at that point there was a shadow across the dam, and he could see only the outline of the one on top of the dam. So sure was he that it was one of the Beavers that he failed to look at it closely. Old Man Coyote sprang straight and true. He landed squarely on the one he believed to be either Paddy or Mrs. Paddy. It was right then that Old Man Coyote was most unpleasantly surprised.

The next story: "An Exciting Moment on Paddy Dam."

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Mother and Her Baby Are Relieved of Eczema

Mrs. Peter A. Palmer, Salt Burn, Sask., writes: "Dr. Chase's Ointment has completely relieved me of eczema and piles. I also used this Ointment for my baby, who broke out in eczema. A few applications were all that was necessary in her case. Dr. Chase's Ointment has been worth a hundred dollars to me—before using it I had spent a great deal more than that in unsuccessful treatment from doctors. We have also used Dr. Chase's other medicines, the Nerve Food having restored my health after suffering from severe nerve trouble when a girl."

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT
60 Cents a box, all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto

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Glove Silk \$4.98 Petticoats

Here is a glowing example of our Big Bargains in Lingerie!

Finest Glove Silk Petticoats—worth away over the price. Made to fit in with the new skirts. Smart accordion pleated frill at edge. Elastic at waist.

Navy, Green, Red, Cerise, Sand, Brown, Copen, Blue, Black.

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Blouses and Lingerie



A Wonderful Selection of FLOOR LAMPS

You will find here the most beautiful Lamps it has ever been our pleasure to show at attractive prices. There are Lamps with polychrome, walnut and mahogany finish bases, in plane and bridge style, all topped with beautiful silk shades in a wide range of colors. Come in to see the wonderful display of Lamps now.

Sale starts 9 o'clock tomorrow.

\$5 ANY LAMP On Our Floor To Your Home

Small Weekly Payments Take Care of Balance.

Select any Lamp or Shade you fancy and no matter what the price, give us \$5 and we will deliver it to your home at once, or if you wish to give it as a gift at Christmas, we will put it away for you and you can pay the balance after Christmas.

SPECIAL \$40 Mahogany or Walnut Lamps
With beautiful silk shade, going at **\$29**

The Ontario Furniture Co.

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The biggest Electrical Appliance store in Ontario affords such a wonderful selection of electrical gifts for everybody that it is really the logical place to buy.

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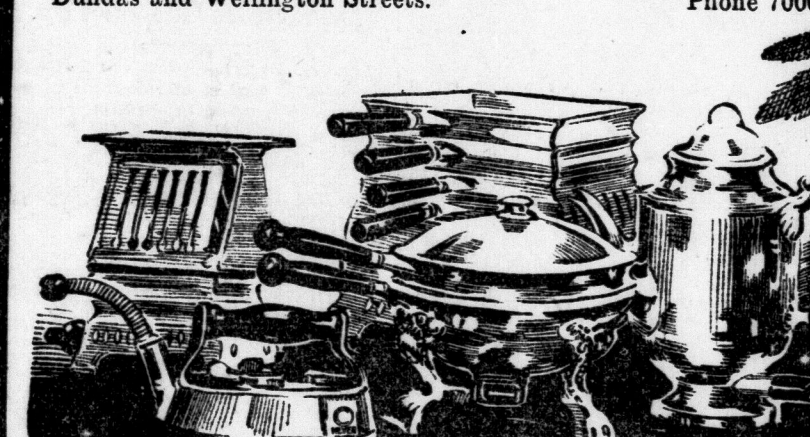
Regardless of the amount you desire to spend, or the age or sex of the intended recipient, you will find a ready answer to your problem at the Hydro Shop. Come in and look around.

ALL CANADIAN BEAUTY APPLIANCES SOLD.

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Everything Electrical.

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Another installment of "The Great Cipher" will begin in our next issue.

Polite Correspondence Requires Fine Stationery!

No woman likes to write on poor paper or scraps, even to her closest friends. No woman can afford to use any but the best on many occasions: invitations, formal notes, and letters to acquaintances must be on appropriate fine stationery.

Remember this when making your Christmas list. And remember that this is the best place in town to obtain the correct and attractive thing. Our line is complete, but the rush has started, so come