

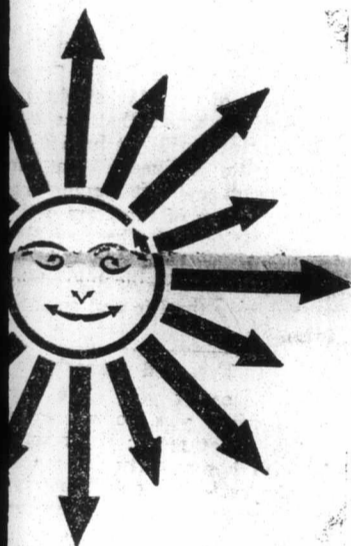
"Bud" Fisher



The council chamber was found to have fallen from the wall. When he had the second stroke another picture in the same room fell to the ground, and on Tuesday morning, after Mr. Littlewood's death, on entering the council chamber an official found that another picture had fallen and the glass was smashed to pieces. The coincidence was referred to at a meeting of the council in the evening.

intoxicants at Harvest Work
The Most Rev. Dr. Browning, in a Pastoral Letter read to the Osawarybee, states that the crusade for the exclusion of intoxicants from wakes and funerals, and at threshing and harvesting times has had good effects, and he asks farmers to give something good that their means will permit except drink to those who assist at harvest work.

errior Gives Fire Alarm
As the result of a fire which broke out on Wednesday on the premises of Mr. William Olyphant, draper and hatter, of Dunstan, Newcastle, and spread to other tenements, much damage to property was caused and six families were rendered homeless. The burning of a Yorkshire terror gave alarm.



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Algeria's National Dance

Faddma - the Chief Exponent - Performing for a European Visitor



Of all the interesting desert folk that was brought to this country to appear in The Garden of Allah, none have attracted more attention than Faddma, the Algerian dancer. It was Faddma's weird dance in the house of Tohar the Kabyle that inspired Robert Hichens to write one of the finest descriptions in the celebrated book on which the dramatic spectacle is founded, so that when a party representing the management went into the desert of Sahara the summer before last to gather material for the setting of the play, the first thing that suggested itself to them was to persuade Faddma herself to come to this country to participate in the performance. Faddma reluctantly consent-

ed, disliking to leave the scenes and companions of her childhood, but eaten up with her woman's curiosity to see that fabled land of gold, America. When Faddma arrived in New York she found that she was but one of a thousand things that made the performance of The Garden of Allah wonderful. Not that she was neglected for her dance was always applauded, and artists found her out and came in great numbers to paint her portrait. Faddma's father, Adam Ben Ibrahim, was a great musician, and taught her to dance from earliest years. "I am certainly glad of it," she said recently. "Of course it is all dif-

ferent over here, in my country the women do not go out to buy anything at all. Their husbands do all that. The women stay at home and make themselves beautiful. They have private entertainments. I have danced before many of them. The wives of one man, and he can have as many as he can support, will come together in one part of their house and sit behind a lattice-work, and peep through at the dancers. A few of the older women may be allowed to sit out in front, with veils over their faces, but the younger ones are kept back. I never take money for such an entertainment. The ladies will throw me many pieces of gold and silver, but I give it to the ser-

vant and let them have a treat. I do not need their money." When asked how much money she made there, she said: "Oh, very much, as those people have much gold and silver. But I did not have any use for it, as I was not allowed to buy anything." "When you visit at the home of these women, they will offer you something to drink—and never anything except tea, and you must not stop under five cups unless you wish to insult your hostess." "When I was in New York, a reporter took me to a meeting where women were talking and wanting to know how to get on. I told him I did not like that. We thought the men could

do that better and we did not want to bother. It was so horrible to see them fighting to get to speak. It looked that way to me." In speaking of the marriage ceremony, she said: "A man never sees the woman he marries until she meets him at the moment of the wedding. The arrangement is all made by the father of the girl, and as men of good luck, a cow is killed in front of the door and the blood is put on the doorstep. A ceremony is performed with every marriage, and the wives live in the same house, but in separate apartments. There is never a bit of jealousy shown. They never do any work, and a negro servant waits on them hand and foot."

With Edged Tools

By Henry Seton Merriman, Copyright, 1894, by Harper & Bros

Marie raised her shoulders with a pathetic gesture of resignation. "The sleeping sickness," she said, "what will you? There is no remedy. He always said he would die of that. He feared it."

In the greater sorrow she seemed to have forgotten her child, who was staring open eyed at the ceiling. The two others, the boy and girl, were playing on the doorstep with some unconsidered trifles from the dust heap, after the manner of children all the world over.

"He was not a good man," said Marie, turning to Jocelyn, as if she alone of all present would understand. "He was not a good husband, but"—she shrugged her shoulders with one of her patient, shadowy smiles—"it makes so little difference—yes?"

Jocelyn said nothing. None of them had ought to say to her, for each in that room could lay a separate sin at Victor Durново's door. He was gone beyond reach of human justice to the higher court where the extenuating circumstance is fully understood. The generosity of that silence was infectious, and they told her nothing. Had they spoken she would perhaps have believed them, but then, as she herself said, it would have made so little difference. So Victor Durново leaves these pages, and all we can do is to remember the writing on the ground.

Who among us dares to withhold the extenuating circumstance? Who is ready to leave this world without that crutch to lean upon? Given a mixed blood—evil black with evil white—and what can the result be but evil? Given the climate of western Africa and the mental irritation thereof, added to a lack of education and the natural vice inherent in man, and you have—Victor Durново.

Nestorius—the shameless—stretched out his little bare limbs and turned half over on his side. He looked from one face to the other with the grave wander that was his. He had never been taken much notice of. His short walk in life had been very near the ground, where trifles look very large, and from whence those larger stumbling blocks which occupy our attention are quite invisible. He had been the third—the solitary third child who usually makes his own interest in life, and is left by or leaves the rest of his family.

It was not quite clear to him why he was the center of so much attention. His mind did not run to the comprehension of the fact that he was the wearer of borrowed plumes—the same plumes of King Death.

He had always wanted to get on to the kitchen table. There was much there that interested him and supplied him with food for thought. He had risked his life on more than one occasion in attempts to scale that height with the assistance of a sauceman that turned over and poured culinary delicacies on his toes, or perhaps a sleeping cat that got up and walked away much annoyed. And now that he was at last at this dizzy height he was sorry to find that he was too tired to crawl about and explore the vast possibilities of it. He was rather too tired to convey his finger to his mouth, and was forced to work out mental problems without that aid to thought.

Presently his eyes fell on Guy Oscar's face, and again his own small features expanded into a smile. "Bad case?" he said, and turning over, he nestled down into the pillow, and he had the answer to the many questions that puzzled his small brain.

As through an opera runs the rhythm of one dominant air, so through men's lives there rings a dominant note, soft in youth, strong in manhood and soft again in old age. But it is always there, and whether soft in the gentler periods or strong amid the noise and clang of the perihelion, it dominates always and gives its tone to the whole life.

The dominant tone of Sir John Meredith's existence had been the high, clear note of battle. He had always found something or some one to fight from the very beginning, and now, in his old age, he was fighting still. His had never been the dim and crash of warfare by sword and cannon, but the subtler, deeper combat of the pen. In his active days he had got through a vast amount of work that unromantic work of the foreign office which never comes through the cheap newspapers to the voracious man of a clattering public. His name was better known on the banks of the Neva, the Seine, the Bosphorus, or the swift rolling Ister, than by the Thames, and grim Sir John was content to have it so.

His face had never been public property; the comic papers had never used his personality as a peg upon which to hang their ever changing political principles. But he had always been "there," as he himself vaguely put it. That is to say, he had always been at the back—one of those invisible powers of the stage by whom command and scene is shifted, the lights are lowered for the tragedy or the gay music plays on the buffoon. Sir John had no sympathy with a generation of men and women who would rather be laughed

at and despised than unnoticed. He belonged to an age wherein it was held better to be a gentleman than the object of a "cheer" and exorbitant notoriety, and he was, at once the despair and the dread of newspaper interviewers, enterprising publishers and tuft hunters.

He was so little known out of his own select circle that the porters in Euston station asked each other in vain who the "old swell" waiting for the 4 o'clock "up" from Liverpool could be. The 4 o'clock was, moreover, not the first express, but the last, and that day, his stately carriage and pair had pushed its way into the crowd of smaller and humbler vehicular fry earlier in the afternoon, and on that occasion too the old gentleman had indulged in a grave promenade upon the platform.

He was walking up and down there now, with his hand in the small of his back, where of late he had been aware of a constant "aching pain." He was very upright, however, and supremely unconscious of the curiosity aroused by his presence in the mind of the station "canaille." His lips were rather more troublesome than usual, and his keen eyes twinkled with a suppressed excitement.

In former days there had been no one equal to him in certain diplomatic crises, where it was a question of new-leading suavely the applicant representative of some foreign state. No man could thus rival him in the insolently aristocratic school of diplomacy which England has made her own. But in his most dangerous crisis he had never been restless, apprehensive, pessimistic, as he was at this moment. And, after all, it was a very simple matter that had brought him here. It was merely the question of meeting a man as if by accident, and then afterward making that man do certain things required of him. Moreover, the man was only Guy Oscar, learned, if you will, in forest craft, but a mere child in the hands of so old a diplomatist as Sir John Meredith.

That which made Sir John so uneasy was the abiding knowledge that Jack's wedding day would dawn in twelve hours. The margin was much too small, through, however, no fault of Sir John's. The west African steamer had been delayed, unconsciously, two days.

A third day lost in the Atlantic would have overthrown Sir John Meredith's plan. He had often cut things that he fore, but somehow now—not that he was getting old, oh, no!—but somehow the suspense was too much for his nerves. He soon became irritated and distrustful. Besides, the pain in his back wearied him and interfered with the clear sequence of his thoughts.

The owners of the west African steamer had telegraphed that the passengers had left for London in two

special trains. Guy Oscar was not in the first—there was no positive reason why he should be in the second. Mere dependence upon his being in this second express than Sir John cared to contemplate.

"The course of his peregrinations brought him into the vicinity of an inspector whose attitude betokened respect while his presence raised hope. "Is there any reason to suppose that your train is coming?" he inquired of the official.

"Signaled how, my lord," replied the inspector, touching his cap. "And what does that mean?" unconpromisingly ignorant of technical parlance. "It will be in in one minute, my lord."

Sir John's hand was over his lips as he walked back to the carriage, castlag as it were the commander's eye over the field. "When the crowd returned the train you came and look for me," he said to the footman, who touched his cocked hat in silence.

At that moment the train lumbered in the engine whistling that innately self-important air affected by locomotives of the larger build. From all quarters an army of porters besieged the platform, and in a few seconds Sir John was in the center of an agitated crowd. There was one other calm man on that platform—another man with no garb, whom no one sought to embrace. His brown face and close cropped head towered above a sea of agitated bonnets. Sir John, whose walk in life had been through crowds, elbowed his way forward and deliberately walked against Guy Oscar.

"Hang it!" he exclaimed, turning round. "Ah—Mr. Oscar—how do you do?" "How are you?" replied Guy Oscar, really glad to see him. "You are a good man for a crowd. I think I will follow in your wake," said Sir John. "A number of people, of the baser sort, get my carriage here somewhere. Feel of a man looking for me in the wrong place no doubt. Where are you going? May I offer you a lift? This way. Here, John, take Mr. Oscar's parcel."

(To be continued)

Leads Boundary Extension
The Parliamentary Committee of the Leeds Corporation decided on Thursday to seek powers to annex Pudsey, Calverley, Farnley, Yeaford, Horsforth, Rawdon, Eastwell, Drighlington, Gildersome, parts of East and West Ardsley, Adel, Alwoodley, Middleton, Queens, Thores, Stapleton, Temple Newsam and Austerly. The town of Morley has been dropped out of the scheme.

Department of Railways and Canals, Canada

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS. Halifax Ocean Terminal Railway, Halifax, N.S.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for docks, First Unit, Contract No. 3, Halifax Ocean Terminal," will be received at this office until twelve o'clock noon, Wednesday, the fifteenth day of October, 1913, for the construction of about 3,500 lineal feet of quay wall foundations for buildings, sewers, dredging of harbor to a depth of 35 feet at low water and filling reclaimed areas.

Plans and specifications and form of tender may be seen and full information obtained at the office of the General Manager, Montreal, N.B., at the office of the Chief Engineer of the Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, and at the office of the undersigned Engineer, Halifax, N.S. The right is reserved to reject any or all tenders.

By order, L. K. JONES, Assistant Deputy Minister and Secretary, Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, Sept. 2nd, 1913.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS

A NY PERSON who is the sole head of a family, or any more over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Land Agency or Sub-Agency for the District. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency on certain conditions, by father, mother, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duration—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within one mile of his homestead on a farm of at least 30 acres, solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son or daughter, brother or sister.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right, and cannot obtain a pre-emption in certain districts, price \$100 per acre. Duration—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 30 acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

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By order, W. CORY, Deputy Minister of the Interior, N.S. (unauthorised publication of this advertisement will not be held to)

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Elder Dempster and Co. have granted increases in pay to the officers of their fleet engaged in Liverpool and West Africa service. The chief officers rise to £17 per month in the express service and £16 in cargo service. Second officers will receive £11, third £9 and fourth £8 in both express and cargo service. In the Lagos branch service the chief officers will be paid up to £15.

is by no means a rare thing these times, but it is a rarity with us, because we take care to buy only the best grades of coal, as we know our customers would not buy from us any inferior qualities—not twice anyway. At it is our policy to keep our customers, we could not afford to give them any but the best coal, full weight, without dirt or rubbish and at a reasonable price.

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