

THE COURIER

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Thursday, October 9, 1913.

UNDESIRABLE PLAYS AND STAGE FOLK.

Superintendent W. D. Scott of the Immigration Department, Ottawa, says Canada cannot bar out morally undesirable stage people, or performers in any play which has been held to be immoral. Efforts have been made for some time past to secure a more effective system of ridding Canada of undesirable plays and players. Censor William Banks, of Toronto, thinks the immigration law as it stands at present would meet the case, but he suggested that a more sweeping regulation be added, which could be done by order-in-council. Mr. Banks intends putting the matter in the hands of Col. Sherwood of the Dominion Police, and he says: "There are some things on the stage which even New York will not stand for, and I would like to bar them at the border."

Something drastic certainly ought to be done in this matter. There is enough nastiness in this world without having people charged so much per head to go and see some more of it.

In New York, already this season, two plays have been launched, which need a dose of chloride of lime more than anything else and as to that, should not have been allowed to be presented in the first place. Both deal with brothel and white slave life under the guise of trying to teach moral lessons. Might as well throw the sewers wide open on the pretence of trying to purify the air. That these things unfortunately exist, we all know, but the remedy is by earnest work and quiet persuasiveness and not by exposing these social sores on the basis of the box office receipts.

In addition to the play "fit of the matter, there is the feature of undesirable personalities. Take Evelyn Thaw as an example. She is on the variety stage not from proved, or admitted ability, but because at one period of her venal career—whether venal from circumstance or choice, need not enter into the matter—she was the cause of one so-called man killing another. It is her record as the mistress of both men and the cause of the one shooting the other, which is all there is about it. She might sing like a parrot, or dance like a hippopotamus, for only her unsavory past is the lure.

Wholly debasing entertainment of the kind indicated should not be tolerated in Canada and if the machinery does not exist to stop it, then the same ought to be formulated and without any unnecessary delay either.

THE BYE ELECTION RESULTS.

Says the Ottawa Journal: The probability of an early session of Parliament is growing every day. Surface appearances indicate that there will be no meeting until after Christmas, but every day strengthens an undercurrent of opinion in favor of a Fall session, and November 12th is actually spoken of in authoritative circles as the date of opening. It is being freely admitted on all sides that the results of the by-elections in Chateaugay, Middlesex, and South Bruce will be a big factor in the final decision between November and January.

Should the Government carry all three seats, it could not very well be otherwise interpreted than a striking vindication of the Conservative naval policy, and an equally striking and complete answer to the Senate's challenge to submit the naval question to the people.

And it is being pointed out that with such a strong verdict in his favor and with his hands strengthened by recent Empire and world events, Mr. Borden might well call an immediate session of Parliament and re-introduce the Naval Bill.

With the verdict of Chateaugay, Bruce and Middlesex before them, the members of the Upper Chamber could scarcely repeat their last session's performance with any degree of logic. Should it happen, however, that they would again refuse to pass the measure, the government could then, with greater justification than before, bring down an outline of its policy for Senate reform in sufficient time to have it receive Imperial assent, and be

passed into law during the session of 1915. In so far as the various government departments and the Printing Bureau are concerned, it is understood that everything necessary for the opening of the session will be in readiness about the regular time.

The next two weeks will likely bring a definite statement one way or the other.

Whether the session is an early or late one, it is pretty generally recognized that the naval question will be this year as it was last, the outstanding issue at stake. At the close of the session last spring Premier Borden pointed out that the three extra ships, which Winston Churchill announced would have to be built by the British taxpayers because of the action of the Senate, would be paid for by Canada, and that the government would see to it that this was done. These ships are now under construction, and it is likely that the government may take some action this session, in the event of the naval bill not being re-introduced, to provide means to take them over upon their completion.

THE NEW HIRED MAN.

Hon. Adam Beck and Hon. James Duff have completed a tour of inspection in Oxford County with reference to the use of Hydro-Electric on seven farms near Ingersoll, which are successfully using the power in house, field and barn.

The farmer's wife did her ironing, and the farmer did his threshing, his silo-filling, his rail cutting, etc., by pressing a button, so to speak.

Relics of the power age of yesterday were to be seen, reminders of a departed glory. A 20-horsepower gas engine was discarded on one farm. A 3-horsepower treader had been rejected on another. A bull-treader had outlived its usefulness on a third. A traction engine was disconsolate on a fourth.

Beck's "hired man," once known as the "Hydro-Electric on the farm," has displaced them all. Even the cows were milked by the silent force from mighty Niagara.

Fifty-two farms in Oxford will be using Hydro by December, and Elgin, as well, has made the plunge.

Not only is the Hydro-Electric transmission line being doubled between Dundas and London, but, this coming spring will see a duplicate system right through to Windsor.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

October as usual is doing itself proud.

No use talking, that game of baseball not only leads to rooting but has also taken deep root itself.

So it now appears that the Kaiser owns a restaurant. With that fierce looking moustache of his he ought to be able to spear all the flies in sight.

The London Advertiser is yelling for an immediate and all round reduction of Canadian tariff duties. The number of shrieks which said paper gave in a like regard during fifteen years of Liberal rule couldn't be heard even through a megaphone.

Pretty soon conversation on the farm will run about this way. Electric milking through? Yep. Silo been electrically filled? Yep. Electric rail cutting done? Yep. Electricity sitting on the eggs? Yep. Then turn on the electricity in the barn and bring out the auto for a spin.

Judging from the numerous calls from women and girls which the Courier gets over its five phones in connection with the world's series, there must be a big crop of fanettes in Brantford. But then whoever came across one of the fair sex who wasn't fond of diamonds?

The London Advertiser attributes to the Toronto Star the words, "Ulster will fight and Ulster will be right." In reality it was another old time star who coined that phrase, to wit, one Lord Randolph Churchill. By a coincidence it is his son Winston Churchill who is foremost in abetting a move which his dad contended should never be made.

With Edged Tools

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

"I think," he went on, "that you will agree with me in thinking that Guy Osgard's name must be kept out of this entirely. I give you carte blanche except that."

With a slight inclination of the head he walked to the door. It was characteristic of him that although he walked slowly he never turned his head nor paused.

Osgard followed him with the patient apathy of the large and mystified. And so they left her—amid the disorder of the most respected wedding presents—amid the ruin of her own life. Perhaps, after all, she was not wholly bad. Few people are; they are only bad enough to be wholly unsatisfactory and quite incomprehensible.

She must have known the risk she was running, and yet she could not stay her hand. She must have known long before that she really loved Jack Meredith, and that she was playing fast and loose with the happiness of her whole life. She knew that hundreds of girls around her were doing the same, and, with all shame be it mentioned, a few married women.

But they seemed to be able to carry it through without accident or hindrance. And illogically, thoughtlessly, she blamed her own ill fortune. She stood looking blankly at the door which had closed behind these men, one old and two young, and perhaps she realized the fact that such creatures may be led blindly, helplessly, with a single hair, but that that hair may snap at any moment.

She was not thinking of Guy Osgard. Him she had never loved. He had only been one of her experiments, and by his very simplicity, above all, by his uncompromising honesty, he had outwitted her.

It was characteristic of her that at that moment she scarcely knew the weight of her own remorse. It sat lightly on her shoulders then, and it was only later on, when her beauty began to fade, when years came and brought no joy for the middle aged unmarried woman, that she began to realize what it was that she had to carry through life with her. At that moment a thousand other thoughts filled her mind; such thoughts as one would expect to find there. How was the world to be deceived? The guests would have to be put off, the wedding countermanded, the presents returned.

And the world would laugh in its sleeve. There lay the sting. "Where are you going?" asked Meredith when they were in the street. "Home?" "They walked on a few paces together. "I come with you?" asked Meredith again. "Certainly; I have a good deal to tell you." They called a cab, and, singularly enough, they drove all the way to Russell square without speaking. These two men had worked together for many months, and men who have a daily task in common usually learn to perform it without much interchange of observation. When one man gets to know the mind of another, conversation assumes a place of secondary importance. These two had been through more incidents together than usually fall to the lot of men, each knew how the other would act and think under given circumstances; each knew what the other was thinking now.

"The gov'nor," he said slowly. "The gov'nor?" He deducted for some seconds. "Tell me how he did it," he said curtly.

Osgard told him, rather incoherently, between the puffs. He did not attempt to make a story of it, but merely related the facts as they had happened to him. It is probable to him, the act was veiled which Jack saw quite distinctly.

"That is the sort of thing," was Meredith's comment when the story was finished, "that takes the conceit out of a fellow. I suppose I have more than my share. I suppose it is good for me to find that I am not so clever as I thought I was—that there are plenty of cleverer fellows about, and that one of them is an old man of seventy-nine. The worst of it is that he was right all along. He saw clearly where you and I were—damnable blind."

He rubbed his slim brown hands together and looked across at his companion with a smile, wherein the youthful self confidence was less discernible than of yore. The smile faded as he looked at Osgard. He was thinking that he looked older and graver—more of a middle aged man who has left something behind him in life—and the nights reminded him of the few gray hairs that were above his own temples.

"Come," he said more cheerfully, "tell me your news. Let us change the subject. Let us throw aside light dalliance and return to questions of money—More important—much more satisfactory. I suppose you have left Durnovo in charge? Has Joseph come home with you?" "Yes, Joseph has come home with me. Durnovo is dead."

"Dead?" Guy Osgard took his pipe from his lips. "He died at Maala, of the sleeping sickness. He was a bigger blackguard than we thought. He was a slave dealer and a slave owner. Those forty men we picked up at Maala were slaves belonging to him."

"Ach!" It was a strange exclamation, as if he had burned his fingers. "Who knows of this?" he asked immediately. The expediency of the moment had presented itself to his mind, again. "Only ourselves," returned Osgard. "You, Joseph and I."

"That is all right, and the sooner we forget that the better. It would be a dangerous story to tell." "So I consider," said Osgard in his slow, thoughtful way. "Joseph swears he was the best of us."

Jack Meredith nodded. He looked rather pale beneath the light of the gas. "Joseph is all right," he said. "Go on."

"It was Joseph who found it out," continued Osgard, "up at the place. I paraded the whole crowd, told them what I had found out, and chucked up the whole concern in your name and mine. Next morning I abandoned the patient with such men as cared to come. Nearly half of them stayed with Durnovo. I thought it was in order that they might share in the sin. I told them they could have the whole confounded lot of the stuff. But it was not that. They took Durnovo there. They wanted to get him to themselves. In going down the river we had an accident. It was a night after 10 o'clock the poor devil came alone in a canoe. They had stumpy out him in sleep. As I passed by, I woke up, saw a man in a canoe, dreaming of his life, and I went into his room and was simply sick. I didn't know that you could be made sick by anything you saw. The sleeping sickness was on Durnovo then. He had brought it with him from the hospital. He died before morning."

INQUEST

(Continued from Page 1)

opinion that it was one of those cases in which an employe was a little careless and took a chance to avoid delay.

The Verdict. After deliberating about 30 minutes, the jury returned the following verdict: "We the jury empanelled to enquire into the death of Albert Peckson, who met his death at the Watrous Engine Works, on September 30th, 1913, find from the evidence submitted, that the deceased met his death by grasping a pole charged with electricity, causing a fall of 28 feet, which resulted in a fracture of the skull, resulting in accidental death. We, the jury, would recommend that the employes in future exercise more caution in adjusting belts or machinery while the power is on."

Inspector Bruce Smith reports that Brantford jail is the worst in the province. Herbert Robinson, of Hornby, burned on the arms and chest by the explosion of a lamp on September

AS BUSY EYES SEE IT ALL

Canada, the Empire and the World in General Cut Down to a Column.

James Park, a well-known Lucan merchant, is dead from appendicitis. Goderich has granted a fixed assessment of \$20,000 to the Goderich Organ Company for 10 years.

Detroit dairymen are getting Ontario milk and cream in large quantities now.

George Rose, on the engineering staff of the Cornwall Canal, is dead, aged 73.

Niagara Falls assessors report a population of 11,700, an increase of 2,290.

Inspector Bruce Smith reports that Brantford jail is the worst in the province.

Herbert Robinson, of Hornby, burned on the arms and chest by the explosion of a lamp on September

TO BENEFIT OTHER SUFFERERS

You May Publish My Letter About "Fruit-a-lives"

Mr. Jones is proud to acknowledge the great debt of gratitude he owes "Fruit-a-lives". He is glad that his letter published in order that other sufferers may be induced to try these wonderful tablets made of fruit juices.

SARNIA, ONT., Feb. 5th, 1911. "I have been a sufferer for the past 25 years with Constipation, Indigestion and Catarrh of the Stomach. I tried many remedies and many doctors, but derived no benefit whatever. Finally, I read an advertisement for "Fruit-a-lives". I decided to give "Fruit-a-lives" a trial and they did exactly what was claimed for them. I have now taken them for some time and find they are the only remedy that does me good. I have recommended "Fruit-a-lives" to a great many of my friends, and I cannot praise these fruit tablets too highly."

PAUL J. JONES. See a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

25, is dead from lockjaw. His wife and seven small children survive.

C. B. Webster, Kingston, has been appointed agent for H. A. Stewart, K.C., acting for the Justice Department in the charges laid before the Prison Reform Commission.

The tenth biennial convention of the Epworth Leagues of the Montreal Conference of the Methodist church opened in Cornwall, with an attendance of about 105 delegates.

A demonstration of the application of electricity to farming was made to Lambton County representatives in the vicinity of Ingersoll.



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