

Directory

Your card placed in
we will quote you prices

Harold Creasser

INSURANCE AND
REAL ESTATE
BRANTFORD
ONT.

PICKEL'S BOOKSTORE

everything in newspapers, maga-
zines and stationery. We do picture
framing in a manner that will please
72 Market St., Brantford, 'Phone

DOYEING AND CLEANING

Call for your work, We
realize in the most delicate colors,
finest all work done on the pre-
Office and plant, 29 Colborne
both phones 565. C. A. Bennett.

HAIR GOODS

For large stock, embracing every-
thing in hair goods is at your dis-
posal. We do all kinds of hair work,
dressing, expert manicuring, etc.
J. Bush & Co., 111, Dalhousie St.

THE BEST SKATERS

on Star Skates, ground at the
and R. Bicycle Works, 47 Dal-
housie street. See us for Goodyear
skates. Nicholls and Redjenski.

E. C. ANDRICH

Importers
Cigars, Liquors, Ales, Porter and
Lager.
88 Dalhousie Street.
Phone 9. Auto. Phone 19.

PATTERNS

in wood, brass, white metal or
by the very highest class of
mechanics; in a pattern shop
equipped with all the latest im-
proved machinery. Prices right, sat-
isfaction guaranteed, prompt deliv-
ery. John H. Hall & Sons, Limited.

G. H. Brown

Sewing Machines, Records and Supplies
205 Colborne Street.

CARTING AND TEAMING

T. Burrows, the Mover - Carting,
hauling, storage, moving vans, pi-
nos moved, sand, gravel and cel-
lars excavated. 'Phone 365; 45 and
8 Dalhousie St., Brantford.

TAILORS

BUSINESS SUITINGS

We have the most appropriate ma-
terials, made for business wear.
They are stylish and durability is a
distinguishing feature. The Tail-
Colborne Street.

REMOVAL

H. GARDNER, harness maker,
has removed from 14 Queen St. to
29 Dalhousie St., opposite the Fire
Hall, where he will be pleased to
meet his many patrons.

H. B. BECKETT

FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND
EMBLAMER.
68 COLBORNE STREET

First-class Equipment and Prompt
Service at Moderate Prices.
Both 'phones—Bell 22, Auto. 22.

The Gentlemen's Valet

Cleaning, Pressing, Dyeing and
Repairing
Ladies' Work a Specialty
Goods called for and delivered
on the shortest notice.
G. H. W. BECK, 132 Market St.

THE TEA POT INN

"Tea as You Like It."
134 Dalhousie St.
Opposite the Market.

The Best Place for Good
Eye Glasses
Specialist Examinations free of
charge

No Drug Store Experiment!
OPTICAL INSTITUTE
2 South Market Street.

Fresh from the Gardens

of the finest Tea-producing country in
the world.

"SATADA"

Ceylon Tea. Sealed Lead Packets Only.
Try it—it's delicious. BLACK, MIXED or GREEN.

5% Interest Guaranteed

few investments are so secure, and pay such a high rate of inter-
est as our Guaranteed Mortgage Investments. On sums of \$100 and up
deposited for 5 years we pay 5 per cent. per annum, half yearly
Write for booklet "Mortgage Investments Guaranteed" for full
particulars.

The TRUSTS and GUARANTEE Company, Limited

43-45 King Street West - Toronto
James J. Warren, President E. B. Stockdale, General Manager
Brantford Branch, 121 Colborne Street
T. H. MILLER, Manager.

The Merchants Bank of Canada

Established 1864 Head Office, Montreal
President—Sir H. Montagu Allan, C.V.O.
Vice President—K. W. Blackwell
General Manager—E. F. Heblen
Paid Up Capital.....\$6,747,680
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits.....\$6,559,478
186 Branches and Agencies, extending from the Atlantic to the Pa-
cific. Interest allowed on Deposits on One Dollar and upwards at high-
est current rate. Cheques on any bank cashed.

Farmer's Business
Given special attention. Discount notes discounted or collected, and
furnish supplied. Open Saturday evenings from 7 to 9.
Brantford Branch, cor. of Dalhousie and George Sts., opposite Post Office
W. A. BURROWS, Manager

The Tale of Tardiness

Your children are late at school? It's
probably the fault of the clock you have
at home. Don't scold the children for tardiness
until you know they are started on time.
You set the household clocks by your watch.
Is it reliable or merely a guessing machine?
This store can furnish you a handsome up-
to-date

Dependable Timepiece \$14 to \$25
Clocks From \$1.00 up to \$50.00

SHEPPARD & SON
JEWELLER & OPTICIAN 152 COLBORNE STREET

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

EXCURSIONS

To Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta

HOMESEEKERS

Low Round Trip Rates each Tuesday,
March to October inclusive.
Winnipeg and Return - - \$35.00
Edmonton and Return - - 43.00
Other Points in Proportion
Limit 90 days.

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS
Well equipped with bedding, can be
used at moderate rates through local
agents.

Through Trains Toronto to Winnipeg and West
AROUND THE WORLD via "EMPRESS OF ASIA"
The "Empress of Asia" will leave Liverpool June 14, calling at Madras, Cape
Town, Durban, Colombo, Singapore and Hong Kong, arriving Vancouver August
10. Vessel remains 13 days at Hong Kong. Rate for entire Cruise, \$630.00.
Advance of maintenance between arrival time in England and departure of
"Empress of Asia," and stop over at Hong Kong.

Full particulars from any C.P.R. Agent or write Mr. G. Murphy,
District Passenger Agent, Toronto.
W. LAHEY, Agent 118 Dalhousie Street

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS
TO WESTERN CANADA,
EACH TUESDAY, MAR.
4 TO OCTOBER 28,
INCLUSIVE.

In connection with the above the
Grand Trunk Pacific Railway System will
offer round trip excursion tickets to
points in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and
Alberta, each Tuesday, March 4,
October 28th, inclusive, via Chi-
cago and St. Paul. The return fare
to Winnipeg is \$35.00 and Edmonton
\$40.00. Proportionate low rates to
other points in Manitoba, Saskatch-
ewan and Alberta. Tickets good for
60 days.

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway
is the shortest and quickest route
between Winnipeg-Saskatoon-Ed-
monton, with smooth roadbed, elec-
trically lighted sleeping cars and super-
b dining car service, through the new-
most picturesque, and most pre-
serving section of Western
Canada. Through tickets sold and
reservations made by all Grand Trunk
Agents. Costs no more than by other
routes. Trains now in operation
Winnipeg to Regina, Yorkton, and
Canora, Sask., also to Canroose, Mir-

Lady Marjorie's Love

"That you—what?"
Marjorie knew almost as little of
along as she did of Sanscrit; her look
was mystified. Barrington half laugh-
ed and apologized.

"I beg your pardon, Lady Marjorie—
what am I thinking of? I should
have said that I shall request him
to grant an increase in my salary.
There's a phrase fit for the Countess
to atone for the other one. I must
be off or I shall never be back before
Parkins swoops down on me again.
May I take your remembrances to Mr
Petherick?"

"Do," and tell him it is a long time
since he came here to see me."
He went. Marjorie's eyes did not
follow him; they fixed themselves ex-
pectantly upon the point where Lotu-
s would presently appear. She took
out her watch and glanced at it. It
was growing late—perhaps he would
not come at all.

He came. The watch was barely
out of her and again when he came
in sight, walking slowly, with his
usual indolent and easy poise, look-
ing as well bred, as well dressed, as
handsome as she had always seen him
look. She had not acknowledged to
herself any reason why there should
be any change in him inwardly, or
outwardly, and yet she was conscious
of a sensation of surprised perplexity
at seeing just the Lotusus she had
always known.

He did not try to
analyse the feeling, did not try to
understand how it was that now, when
all about her, all her life, was so
cruelly, hopelessly changed, she should
feel this miserable chill of disappoint-
ment to see him just the same. He
must have walked from Upton Wat-
ers, she thought, pale with the ris-
ing of a troubled tumult in her breast
and trembling as she tried to steady
herself. Then an angle of the house
hid him and she sank down on the
window seat again and had not stirred
when he was ushered in, looked
round, and came up to her. She rose
and gave him a hand that was quite
cold, he bent down and put his lips
lightly to her cheek.

"Why, you must have seen me com-
ing, Marjorie."

"Yes, I was watching. Did you
walk from Upton Waters?"
"No, had a fly to the gates. I will
have the dog cart when I go and
drive straight over to Wynneborough
I think. I find there is not a train
from Upton Waters timed to meet
the express—always the way in these
country places. I forgot though—
are the horses here?"

"Yes, Mr. Chaddburn bought them
all."

"Ah, I wasn't exactly sure how that
was. That is all right then. And how
are you, dear?"

"I am quite well. Won't you sit
down?"

"What was all that, greeting, Mar-
jorie?" she sat leaning forward a little,
with a flutter in her manner and a
perplexity in her face that were al-
most pathetic in their doubt and won-
der. There was no difference in him,
there was nothing missing from the
face which he had had in her, both were
substantially what they had always
been. She looked at him, searching
his handsome face with eyes wistful
and large. He was beside her after all
her miserable expectation and disap-
pointment, and his first words on
coming had been words of going
away.

"He sat down slightly pulling for-
ward a large chair for the purpose,
and scanned her up and down."

"I don't think you look well little
lady, although you say you are. You
are thinner and you have lost all your
color. How is that?"

"Perhaps it is the heat."

"Perhaps so; in town it has been
simply torrid." His eyes scrutinized
her again—she felt not approvingly.
"I believe it is all that dead black
that does not suit you."

"Very likely, but I can't wear any-
thing else yet awhile, Lotusus."

"Oh, no, of course not. I like you
in white a thousand times better."

"Do you? I thought you never cared
for my white frocks?"

"Oh, well, they were not worthy of
Worth, perhaps, but they were an im-
provement on this. Her ladyship al-
ways takes care that you don't go in
for too much style, doesn't she—black
or white? By the way that reminds
I beg her pardon—how is she?"

"Very well—she always is. She
has driven over to the Vicarage. Mrs.
Somerset has one of her dreadful at-
tacks."

"She knows of my coming, of
course?"

"Oh, yes, I told her. And that re-
minds me to say that she especially
wishes you to stay to see her—most
especially."

Mr. Bligh did not reply. Judging
by the instant change in his face
from the relief it had at once exhib-
ited upon hearing of the absence of the
Countess by the quick raising of his
eyebrows and the set pressure of his

lips, the last thing he desired to do
would be to stay for an inter-
view with Lady Marjorie. He
shifted uncomfortably in his chair
and looked confused and uneasy. He
had reason for so doing, for he had
left London resolved to do what he
had never thought it would be neces-
sary to do—namely, to formally
break off his engagement to his con-
suein. It was a task that he had never
expected to be his, for from the day
when he had heard of her father's
financial ruin, which involved hers, he
had told himself that she would un-
derstand.

But he had soon discovered with
dismay that she did not understand,
that her obstinate innocence and un-
suspicion realised no difference be-
tween her past wealth and her present
poverty as regarded the bond be-
tween them. But this was Norah in
his wife now as entirely as she had
expected to be his wife then. It was
an awkward position for Lotusus Bligh
with debt, duns, and difficulties in
plenty, and it would have been awk-
ward had there been no other woman
in the world. But this was Norah in
her passion and her beauty, to whom
he was doubly pledged, the woman
who had aroused in him all of the
deep and high that he had in him
to feel. He thought of her as he
looked at Marjorie, a pathetic, wistful
eyed little creature in her black dress,
and he inwardly confessed that he
was not much better than a scoundrel.
To a better man the situation would
have been impossible, unendurable;
a worse would have been moved
simply to rage or cynical amusement,
according to his temper; Mr. Lotusus
Bligh, however, was neither more
and irritably ashamed. He looked at
Marjorie, the girl who had his word,
he thought of Norah, the woman who
had his love; he reflected upon the
horrible middle he was in between the
two, and to himself he wondered how
he was to get out of it.

He was not coarse and he was not
roughly cruel. In a fashion he had al-
ways been fond of Marjorie, quite
sufficiently so, he had considered, to
make her as good a husband, as men
usually made or as women usually
expected and in the same fashion he
had been fond of her still. He looked at
her feeling instinctively that she did
not in the least suspect him, in spite
of the doubt and trouble in her
eyes, and knew that he lacked the
courage to tell her the truth. He
brutally what was his duty, he
had decided to marry her only for
the fortune that was hers no longer.
But it might be possible to use gentle,
evasive words; if she would but take
a hint, if he could but lead up to the
point, there need be no brutality. He
did not desire to be brutal; he wanted
to be gentle and as kindly as he
could. Somehow it must be done, or
his journey to Castle Marling, his
present wretched discomfort went for
less than nothing. He had tried to
give her a hint in the letter, but it
seemed that she had not taken it. He
had decided to marry her only for
the fortune that was hers no longer.
But it might be possible to use gentle,
evasive words; if she would but take
a hint, if he could but lead up to the
point, there need be no brutality. He
did not desire to be brutal; he wanted
to be gentle and as kindly as he
could. Somehow it must be done, or
his journey to Castle Marling, his
present wretched discomfort went for
less than nothing. He had tried to
give her a hint in the letter, but it
seemed that she had not taken it. He
had decided to marry her only for
the fortune that was hers no longer.

"I suppose you have been expecting
to see me down before this, Mar-
jorie."

"That you—what?"
Marjorie knew almost as little of
along as she did of Sanscrit; her look
was mystified. Barrington half laugh-
ed and apologized.

"I beg your pardon, Lady Marjorie—
what am I thinking of? I should
have said that I shall request him
to grant an increase in my salary.
There's a phrase fit for the Countess
to atone for the other one. I must
be off or I shall never be back before
Parkins swoops down on me again.
May I take your remembrances to Mr
Petherick?"

"Do," and tell him it is a long time
since he came here to see me."
He went. Marjorie's eyes did not
follow him; they fixed themselves ex-
pectantly upon the point where Lotu-
s would presently appear. She took
out her watch and glanced at it. It
was growing late—perhaps he would
not come at all.

He came. The watch was barely
out of her and again when he came
in sight, walking slowly, with his
usual indolent and easy poise, look-
ing as well bred, as well dressed, as
handsome as she had always seen him
look. She had not acknowledged to
herself any reason why there should
be any change in him inwardly, or
outwardly, and yet she was conscious
of a sensation of surprised perplexity
at seeing just the Lotusus she had
always known.

He did not try to
analyse the feeling, did not try to
understand how it was that now, when
all about her, all her life, was so
cruelly, hopelessly changed, she should
feel this miserable chill of disappoint-
ment to see him just the same. He
must have walked from Upton Wat-
ers, she thought, pale with the ris-
ing of a troubled tumult in her breast
and trembling as she tried to steady
herself. Then an angle of the house
hid him and she sank down on the
window seat again and had not stirred
when he was ushered in, looked
round, and came up to her. She rose
and gave him a hand that was quite
cold, he bent down and put his lips
lightly to her cheek.

"Why, you must have seen me com-
ing, Marjorie."

"Yes, I was watching. Did you
walk from Upton Waters?"
"No, had a fly to the gates. I will
have the dog cart when I go and
drive straight over to Wynneborough
I think. I find there is not a train
from Upton Waters timed to meet
the express—always the way in these
country places. I forgot though—
are the horses here?"

"Yes, Mr. Chaddburn bought them
all."

"Ah, I wasn't exactly sure how that
was. That is all right then. And how
are you, dear?"

"I am quite well. Won't you sit
down?"

"What was all that, greeting, Mar-
jorie?" she sat leaning forward a little,
with a flutter in her manner and a
perplexity in her face that were al-
most pathetic in their doubt and won-
der. There was no difference in him,
there was nothing missing from the
face which he had had in her, both were
substantially what they had always
been. She looked at him, searching
his handsome face with eyes wistful
and large. He was beside her after all
her miserable expectation and disap-
pointment, and his first words on
coming had been words of going
away.

"He sat down slightly pulling for-
ward a large chair for the purpose,
and scanned her up and down."

"I don't think you look well little
lady, although you say you are. You
are thinner and you have lost all your
color. How is that?"

"Perhaps it is the heat."

"Perhaps so; in town it has been
simply torrid." His eyes scrutinized
her again—she felt not approvingly.
"I believe it is all that dead black
that does not suit you."

"Very likely, but I can't wear any-
thing else yet awhile, Lotusus."

"Oh, no, of course not. I like you
in white a thousand times better."

"Do you? I thought you never cared
for my white frocks?"

"Oh, well, they were not worthy of
Worth, perhaps, but they were an im-
provement on this. Her ladyship al-
ways takes care that you don't go in
for too much style, doesn't she—black
or white? By the way that reminds
I beg her pardon—how is she?"

"Very well—she always is. She
has driven over to the Vicarage. Mrs.
Somerset has one of her dreadful at-
tacks."

"She knows of my coming, of
course?"

"Oh, yes, I told her. And that re-
minds me to say that she especially
wishes you to stay to see her—most
especially."

Mr. Bligh did not reply. Judging
by the instant change in his face
from the relief it had at once exhib-
ited upon hearing of the absence of the
Countess by the quick raising of his
eyebrows and the set pressure of his

lips, the last thing he desired to do
would be to stay for an inter-
view with Lady Marjorie. He
shifted uncomfortably in his chair
and looked confused and uneasy. He
had reason for so doing, for he had
left London resolved to do what he
had never thought it would be neces-
sary to do—namely, to formally
break off his engagement to his con-
suein. It was a task that he had never
expected to be his, for from the day
when he had heard of her father's
financial ruin, which involved hers, he
had told himself that she would un-
derstand.

But he had soon discovered with
dismay that she did not understand,
that her obstinate innocence and un-
suspicion realised no difference be-
tween her past wealth and her present
poverty as regarded the bond be-
tween them. But this was Norah in
his wife now as entirely as she had
expected to be his wife then. It was
an awkward position for Lotusus Bligh
with debt, duns, and difficulties in
plenty, and it would have been awk-
ward had there been no other woman
in the world. But this was Norah in
her passion and her beauty, to whom
he was doubly pledged, the woman
who had aroused in him all of the
deep and high that he had in him
to feel. He thought of her as he
looked at Marjorie, a pathetic, wistful
eyed little creature in her black dress,
and he inwardly confessed that he
was not much better than a scoundrel.
To a better man the situation would
have been impossible, unendurable;
a worse would have been moved
simply to rage or cynical amusement,
according to his temper; Mr. Lotusus
Bligh, however, was neither more
and irritably ashamed. He looked at
Marjorie, the girl who had his word,
he thought of Norah, the woman who
had his love; he reflected upon the
horrible middle he was in between the
two, and to himself he wondered how
he was to get out of it.

He was not coarse and he was not
roughly cruel. In a fashion he had al-
ways been fond of Marjorie, quite
sufficiently so, he had considered, to
make her as good a husband, as men
usually made or as women usually
expected and in the same fashion he
had been fond of her still. He looked at
her feeling instinctively that she did
not in the least suspect him, in spite
of the doubt and trouble in her
eyes, and knew that he lacked the
courage to tell her the truth. He
brutally what was his duty, he
had decided to marry her only for
the fortune that was hers no longer.
But it might be possible to use gentle,
evasive words; if she would but take
a hint, if he could but lead up to the
point, there need be no brutality. He
did not desire to be brutal; he wanted
to be gentle and as kindly as he
could. Somehow it must be done, or
his journey to Castle Marling, his
present wretched discomfort went for
less than nothing. He had tried to
give her a hint in the letter, but it
seemed that she had not taken it. He
had decided to marry her only for
the fortune that was hers no longer.

"I suppose you have been expecting
to see me down before this, Mar-
jorie."

MRS. GREATON'S AWFUL EXPERIENCE

During Change of Life—How
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege-
table Compound Made
Her a Well Woman.

Natick, Mass. — "I cannot express
what I went through during the change
of life before I tried
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege-
table Compound. I was in such
a nervous condition
I could not keep still.
My limbs were cold,
I had creepy sensa-
tions, and I could not
sleep nights. I was
finally told by two
physicians that I had
a tumor. I read
one day of the wonderful cures made by
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound and decided to try it, and it has
made me a well woman. My neighbors
and friends declare it has worked a mir-
acle for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege-
table Compound is worth its weight in
gold for women during this period of life.
If it will help others you may publish my
letter." — Mrs. MARY SWARTZ GREA-
TON, No. 1 Jefferson St., Natick, Mass.

Change of Life is one of the most
critical periods of a woman's existence.
Women everywhere should remember
that there is no other remedy known to
so successfully carry women through
this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound.

If you want special advice write to
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (con-
fidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will
be opened, read and answered by a
woman and held in strict confidence.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound is a safe, reliable, and effective
remedy for all the troubles of the
female system. It is a natural, health-
ful, and pleasant way to restore the
body to its normal state. It is a
wonderful cure for all the troubles of
the female system, and it is a
wonderful cure for all the troubles of
the female system.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound is a safe, reliable, and effective
remedy for all the troubles of the
female system. It is a natural, health-
ful, and pleasant way to restore the
body to its normal state. It is a
wonderful cure for all the troubles of
the female system, and it is a
wonderful cure for all the troubles of
the female system.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound is a safe, reliable, and effective
remedy for all the troubles of the
female system. It is a natural, health-
ful, and pleasant way to restore the
body to its normal state. It is a
wonderful cure for all the troubles of
the female system, and it is a
wonderful cure for all the troubles of
the female system.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound is a safe, reliable, and effective
remedy for all the troubles of the
female system. It is a natural, health-
ful, and pleasant way to restore the
body to its normal state. It is a
wonderful cure for all the troubles of
the female system, and it is a
wonderful cure for all the troubles of
the female system.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound is a safe, reliable, and effective
remedy for all the troubles of the
female system. It is a natural, health-
ful, and pleasant way to restore the
body to its normal state. It is a
wonderful cure for all the troubles of
the female system, and it is a
wonderful cure for all the troubles of
the female system.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound is a safe, reliable, and effective
remedy for all the troubles of the
female system. It is a natural, health-
ful, and pleasant way to restore the
body to its normal state. It is a
wonderful cure for all the troubles of
the female system, and it is a
wonderful cure for all the troubles of
the female system.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound is a safe, reliable, and effective
remedy for all the troubles of the
female system. It is a natural, health-
ful, and pleasant way to restore the
body to its normal state. It is a
wonderful cure for all the troubles of
the female system, and it is a
wonderful cure for all the