THE COURIER.
(6TH YEAR)

THE BRANTFORD COURIER
LIMITED

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Attached is a good Job Printing plant. Rapid, stylish and cheap work.

UNION LABEL

Saturday, Jan. 11, 1913.

WOMAN'S HOSPITAL AID.

The women of Brantford and Brant County are noted for their energy and business-like capacity, with regard to any movement which is for their interest.

The Women's Hospital Aid Association exemplifies this fact in a marked degree. It is admittedly the greatest institution of the kind in Canada and not only the grown-ups but also the juniors and the kiddies are enrolled in the cause.

All honor to them and to their noble and self sacrificing work.

SIGNIFICANT

A notable incident recently recorded in the West and related in the Courier is worthy of additional emphasis. Mr. George H. Bradbury, Conservative M.P. for Bradbury, was tendered a banquet in the Royal Alexandra Hotel, Winnipeg, which was attended by over five hundred guests representative of politics from every part of his constituency. He was presented at the banquet with a gold watch with this inscription, "To George H. Bradbury, from the Market Gardeners of Kildonan, Man., in recognition of your fight against reciprocity." Kildonan is the market garden district of Selkirk riding, and adjacent to Winnipeg. Two-thirds of the market gardeners are Liberals, and a man who made the presentation is a life-long Liberal.

This shows how much truth there is in the assertion that the West is sold for Reciprocity.

A SPLENDID STEP.

An important step has been taken by Hon. Frank Cochrane, Minister of Railways, with a view to providing the government and the public along the line of the new Hudson Bay Railway from Le Pas, the western terminus, to Port Nelson, on the Hudson port.

The Government has decided to reserve a strip half a mile wide on each side of the railway from Le Pas to Port Nelson. The intention is to protect the public from land speculators and to make certain that all townsites and necessary terminals along the road will be in the hands of the Government. Official notice of the intention of the Government has already been given through the Canada Gazette.

If this action had been taken by the old Government, as it should have been, the Canadian people would have been saved many thousands of dollars. Mr. Cochrane finds that the necessary terminals for the road at Le Pas will cost the country a big sum running up into the tens of thousands of dollars. The property was all allowed to fall into the hands of private owners, and as land has been booming at the new terminal the cost for yards, etc., will be heavy. Mr. Cochrane when he found the state of affairs which existed arranged with Hon. Dr. Roche, Minister of the Interior, to have a strip reserved for the Government. The Minister of Interior heartily approved and the necessary order has now been issued.

SHE FAINTED WITH THE AGONY

"Fruit-a-tives" Cured Her Kidneys

Miss MAGGIE JANNACK

MOUNTAIN, ONT., DEC. 14th, 1910

"I desire to let the world know the great debt I owe "Fruit-a-tives" which saved my life when I had given up hope of ever being well again.

For six years, I suffered from dreadful Kidney Disease. My legs and lower part of my body were fearfully swollen. The pain in my side and legs would be so bad that I would faint with the agony.

Five different doctors attended me and all said it was Kidney Disease and gave me no hope of getting well.

A kind neighbor visited me and mentioned the case of Mrs. Fenwick who had been cured of sickness like mine. I took "Fruit-a-tives" and in a short time, I began to feel better—the swelling went down—the pains were easier—and soon I was well.

I have gained over 30 pounds since taking "Fruit-a-tives"—and my friends look upon my recovery as a miracle."

(MISS) MAGGIE JANNACK.

"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c.—or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Thtolen the "Ettheth."

One morning the Brownsville Sentorian published the following ludicrous announcement:

"It ith with deep regret that we announce to our many friendth and thubthcriberth in thith mornington edition that thith ethtabllthment wath robbed latht night and all the 'ettheth' in thtock were thtolen. It ith evident that the motive for thith crime wath purely malicioith, thuppothedly perpetrated by thome unknown and invithible enemy of thith inthtitution. Inthtead of embarraththing uth thufficiently to prevent the Thentorian from going to prethth, ath wath intended, we have thurmounted all difficultieth and are pleathed to thupply our patronth with a larger and more interethting Thentorian than uthual thith morning. We withh to athhure our friendth that before the next iththue goeth to prethth we will be thupplied with three timeth ath many 'ettheth' ath the thcoundrel thtole!"

Why He Couldn't Go In.

A small but very black negro was standing very erect at one side of the door of a house where a colored man had just died. The services were about to begin, when the negro clergyman appeared at the door and said to the little fellow:

"The services are about to begin. Aren't you coming inside?"

"I would if I could," said the small boy, "but you see I'g de crape."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Generosity.

A large, husky negro and a small Frenchman were sawing a large piece of timber for the Boston subway with a heavy crosscut saw, each in turn pulling it back and forth. A pugilistic man stopped to watch the operation. After a few moments he strolled up to the negro and dealt him a blow, saying:

"Give the saw to the little fellow if he wants it."—Harper's.

A Gallant Answer.

"You seem to be an ablebodied man. You ought to be strong enough to work."

"I know, mum. And you seem to be beautiful enough to go on the stage, but evidently you prefer the simple life."

After that speech he got a square meal and no reference to the wood pile.—Meddler.

His Choice.

Blobbs—If you were going in for music which instrument would you choose?

Slobbs—Well, I've always thought I would like to be a soloist on a cash register.—Philadelphia Record.

Her Choice.

"Why should I marry you?" she asked superciliously.

"Well, of course," he replied viciously, "you can die an old maid if you want to."—Lippincott's.

Afterthoughts.

A—The best retorts are never uttered.

B—No?

A—No. I think of 'em ten minutes afterward.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE

Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

MRS. BOWSER'S MA

She Takes Possession After a Sharp Skirmish.

MR. B. IS GREATLY PERTURBED

His Patent Fuel Is Confiscated, He Can't Study Vibration, the Shades of Tremendous Coal and Gas Bills Confront Him, but He Sleeps Soundly.

By M. QUAD.

[Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.]

SCARCELY had Mr. Bowser stepped outside his office to go home the other evening when a feeling came over him that a calamity impended.

He had often had the feeling and had never missed the calamity.

The conductor worked a bogus quarter off on him with his change, but that was a mere incident.

A fat woman fell sprawling over his feet and arose to call him a hog, but that was what occurred most every evening.

When he got off the car a coal cart grazed his legs, and as he neared his own gate a bobtailed dog rushed between his feet and nearly tripped him up. But no calamity as yet.

These things, added to the fact that the gate refused to open until he had bestowed a couple of kicks on it, prepared him for a row on entering the house. He intended to break out as soon as he got in the hall, but Mrs. Bowser was not in sight. He stalked through the sitting room to demand of her why two gas jets were blazing away and sending him to the poorhouse, but she was not there. Such

"IT DOESN'T MATTER WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT"—

a thing had not happened within five years, and it demanded instant investigation. He descended to the dining room, prepared to express himself in fitting language, but other surprises awaited him. The table was not set for dinner, and as he passed on into the kitchen he found nothing cooked and the fire almost out.

Calamity.

Strange times had come to the house of Bowser. The lord and master was being defied in his own home. Mr. Bowser's jaw set and his eyes blazed as he made his way upstairs to the family bedroom. There he found Mrs. Bowser in bed with her head tied up. She smiled wanly at sight of him and said:

"I'm sorry, my dear, but it's not my fault. The cook went out after you left this morning. Then I was taken with a sick headache and had to go to bed. Can't you go out to a restaurant and get something to eat?"

"A pretty state of affairs, upon my soul!" he exclaimed as he glared down upon her. "The cook leaves, does she? Why does she leave?"

"Because she wanted to, I suppose."

"Because you have exercised no moral restraint over her! I cannot find words to express my feelings over such conduct!"

"I will tell you all about it tomorrow when my head is better," said Mrs. Bowser.

"I have heard enough, woman! Why this headache? How did it happen to come on today?"

"That will do, Samuel; that will do," said a voice at Mr. Bowser's elbow, and he turned with a cold shiver to find his mother-in-law standing before him.

"You—you here?" he gasped as he stared at her.

"I am here, Samuel. I arrived at 11 o'clock this morning, in time to take the cook by the ear and lead her outdoors. I am also in time to have a few words with you. If you want anything to eat go to a restaurant and get it. There will be no cooking in this house tonight."

He Learns His Place.

"But I don't like this," he protested. "I come home and find the cook gone, Mrs. Bowser in bed and the house all up"—

"It doesn't matter two cents whether you like it or not! I am running this house just at present. If you don't want to go out for your dinner you can fish around the pantry. In any event, you want to get out of this room with that foghorn voice of yours. I shall have a little talk with you later on. I think you know me, Samuel!"

Mr. Bowser tried to freeze her with a glare, but it was no go, and he descended the stairs to pay a visit to the pantry and stay his hunger with cold meat and bread and butter. The cat followed him down and seemed anxious to sympathize with him in his hour of bereavement, but he grabbed up the bread box and looked so murderous that she fled in terror. He dallied over his eating as long as possible, realizing what was before him, but when he finally reached the sitting room Nemesis sat there waiting to say:

"Now, Samuel Bowser, you sit down while I tell you a few things. What right have you to come home and stamp and bellow around like the bull of Bashan when your wife has a headache?"

He is Raked Over the Coals.

"But why has she got a headache?" he queried. "If she hadn't been walking out in the back yard in her bare feet and"—

"If she hadn't married a dunce, you mean!" interrupted Nemesis. "You talk like an idiot, and I don't want to hear anything further. I heard you roaring away about the gas before you came upstairs. Have you any complaints to make?"

"There are reckless waste and extravagance in the way Mrs. Bowser burns gas."

"There is nothing of the sort, and you know it! I shall light another burner here. I don't propose to go poking around in the dark and break my neck. Tomorrow you will order coal!"

"Coal, coal!" he shouted. "It wasn't two weeks ago that I got a ton!"

"I don't care if it wasn't two hours ago. You order another ton! No one has eaten it or thrown it to the cats. What was in the box you sent up this afternoon?"

"It's a patent fuel."

"Well, I emptied the stuff in the street. There will be no patents around here for a week to come. Did you tell a boy to bring a goat here?"

"Y-es."

"And I told him take the animal away again! One goat is enough. There was a man here to see you about digging a hole in the back yard. He said you wanted to experiment with the vibration of the earth. I vibrated him about his business! There will be no fooling while I am here, Samuel, and you can make up your mind to that!"

He Sleeps on the Lounge.

"Do you run this house or do I?" demanded Mr. Bowser as he strained at his shackles.

"I do, sir, while I am here, and any attempt at rebellion on your part will meet with summary punishment! You can, if you wish, sleep down here on the lounge tonight, as I don't want your snores to keep your wife awake."

"On the lounge? Never!"

"But you will. I am going to bring down sheets and quilts. Yes, you will sleep right here, and should I come down in the night and find that you have sneaked out I shall go on a hunt for you. Tomorrow"—

"You will be going home?" he anxiously asked.

"Tomorrow we will have a further talk, Samuel, and the next day, and the next! I may stay here a month!"

"Then I will—will"—

"No, you won't leave the house, Samuel! You will stay right here and do what I tell you."

And at midnight as she came down to investigate he was still there. He was lying on the lounge fast asleep with the cat for his guardian, and there were undried tears on his cheeks as he slumbered and dreamed.

And while the woman smiled and lingered and the man slept and sighed there came the sound of footsteps on the walk outside. Scuff! Scuff! Scuff!

And then, whoever it was, it halted at the gate—halted and seemed to wonder if he'd best enter.

Mr. Bowser groaned in his sleep.

The woman listened. And then came a mournful voice from the outdoor darkness wailing out:

"Blessed is the man with a mother-in-law!"

And then all was silent again.

Tested.

At a supper party a certain young dandy was sitting next to a Scottish duchess and in order to gain her good graces affected a knowledge of the Scottish tongue, declaring there was not a Scottish phrase he did not understand.

"Rax me a sprawl o' that bubbly-jock," replied the duchess, scarcely moving a muscle of her face.

The exquisite looked appalled, and then slunk away in confusion, while the commission was executed by a cavalier hailing from north of the Tweed.

The duchess wanted a turkey wing.—London Weekly Telegram.

The Devil's Democracy.

There is no snobbery about Satan. The poor are as welcome as the rich to him.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Didn't Care For It.

"What do yon t'ink of dis gov'ment ownership idea, Weary?"

"My experience makes me agin it."

"Your experience?"

"Yes; de gov'ment runs de jails, don't dey? Well, de way dey does it don't make no hit wit me."—Boston Transcript.

The Question.

"My love, I don't want you to do your work when we are married."

"That's considerate of you."

"And that brings me to a delicate question. Have you enough money to enable us to keep a hired girl?"—Kansas City Journal.

Snatching at Opportunity.

"Will you be engaged this week, Miss Mabel?"

"Oh, Mr. Bashly, this is so sudden!"—Baltimore American.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S

Electric Restorer for Men
Phosphonol restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores vim and vitality. Premature decay and all sexual weakness averted at once. Phosphonol will make you a new man. Price $3 a box, or two for $5 at druggists or by mail. The Scobell Drug Co.

QUININE? NO! PAPE'S BEST FOR BAD COLD

FIRST DOSE OF PAPE'S COLD COMPOUND ENDS GRIPPE MISERY.

It is a positive fact that a dose of Pape's Cold Compound, taken every two hours until three consecutive doses are taken, will end the Grippe and break up the most severe cold, either in the head, chest, back, stomach, limbs or any part of the body.

It promptly relieves the most miserable headache, dullness, head and nose stuffed up, feverishness, sneezing, sore throat, running of the nose, mucous catarrhal discharges, soreness, stiffness and rheumatic twinges.

Take this wonderful Compound as directed, with the knowledge that there is nothing else in the world which will cure your cold or end Grippe misery as promptly and without any other assistance or bad after-effects as a 25-cent package of Pape's Cold Compound, which any druggist can supply—accept no substitute—contains no quinine. Belongs in every home. Tastes nice—acts gently.

You Needn't keep on feeling distressed after eating, nor belching nor experiencing nausea, between meals. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures dyspepsia—it strengthens the stomach and other digestive organs for the proper performance of their functions. Take Hood's.

MAIL CONTRACT

Sealed tenders addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 7th February, 1913, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed contract for four years, six times per week, over rural mail route from Waterford (South) Ontario, to commence at the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen and blank forms of tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Waterford, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector at London.

G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent
Post Office Department,
Mail Service Branch,
Ottawa, 21st December, 1912.

MAIL CONTRACT

Sealed tenders addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 7th February, 1913, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed contract for four years, six times per week, over special Rural Mail Route from Mohawk, Ontario, to commence at the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen and blank forms of tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Mohawk, Burtch, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at London.

G. C. Anderson,
Superintendent
Post Office Department,
Mail Service Branch,
Ottawa, 20th December, 1912.

Refined to absolute purity—sealed tight and protected from any possible contamination—

Redpath

Extra Granulated Sugar

in this new 5-Pound Package is the cleanset, purest sugar you can buy. Each Package contains 5 full pounds of sugar.

Ask your Grocer for it.

Canada Sugar Refining Co. Limited.

10

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE S. Brant Agricultural Society

Will be held in the court room, Village of Burford, on

Thursday, Jan. 16, 1193

At 1 o'Clock P.M.

For the purpose of receiving the treasurer's financial statement and Auditors report and disposing of the same, and to elect officers for the ensuing year, and other business

The board will meet at 10. A.M.

W. F. MILES, Sec.-Treas.

Burford, Jan. 2nd, 1913

AGRICULTURAL PARK SURVEY

Lots For Sale

100 yards west of Agricultural Park, off Brant Street new street being opened. All lots 157 feet deep, 33 and 35 feet frontage, fruit on one-half of them, good garden soil. Convenient to factories and business section of city. Two minutes walk from Ryerson School. Gas, sewer and water connection convenient. Terms easy.

Thomas Ballantine
Proprietor
73 BRANT STREET

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between us the undersigned as lumber dealers, and carrying on business under the name style and firm of "The Avey-O'Laughlin Lumber Company" in the City of Brantford, in the County of Brant, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent.

All debts owing to said partnership are to be paid by H. C. Avey at Brantford, aforesaid, and all claims against the said partnership are to be presented to the said H. C. Avey by whom the same will be settled.

Dated at Brantford this 27th day of December, 1912.

M. B. O'LAUGHLIN,
H. C. AVEY.
Witness: W. M. Charlton.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Pursuant to 1 George V Chapter 26 Section 55 the Creditors and others of George Bull, late of the City of Brantford, Gentleman, deceased, who died on or about the sixth day of November, 1912, are on or before the 15th day of January next to send to S. G. Read, Esq., 129 Colborne St., Brantford, administrator of the property of the said George Bull their christian names and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their accounts, the nature of their security, if any, held by them; and immediately after the fourteenth day of January next, said administrator shall be at liberty to distribute the assets of the deceased or any part thereof amongst the persons entitled thereto having regard to the claims of which he has then notice and shall not be liable for the assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person of whose claim he had not notice at the time of the distribution.

Dated at Brantford this 20th day of December, 1912.

ANDREW L. BAIRD, K.C.,
Solicitor for Administrator.

CARTING AND TEAMING
J. T. Burrows, the Mover — Carting teaming, storage, moving vans, pianos moved, sand, gravel and cellars excavated. 'Phone 365; 45 and 48 Dalhousie St., Brantford.

The Imperial Life Assurance Company of Canada

THE following are some outstanding features from the Directors' Report submitted at the Annual Meeting of the Company held on Wednesday, January 8th, 1913, and covering the operations of the Company in 1912:

	1911	1912	Increase
Assurances in Force	$34,518,000	$38,734,686	$4,216,686
Assurances Issued and Revived	7,136,952	7,851,660	714,708
Premium and Interest Income	1,545,527	1,795,378	249,851
Policy and Annuity Reserves	5,509,062	6,338,568	829,506
Total Assets	7,095,443	8,134,420	1,038,977
Policyholders' Net Surplus	781,551	944,413	162,862
Payments to Policyholders	287,720	398,957	111,237
Rate of Interest Earned	6.81%	6.83%	.02%

The reserves for 95% of the assurances in force have been based on a 3% and those for the balance on a 3½% interest rate.

The Company's policy reserves are now on a stronger basis than those of any other Canadian life assurance company.

The results achieved in 1912 surpass in all departments those of any previous year in the history of the Company.

HEAD OFFICE: Imperial Life Bldg., TORONTO

WILLIAM MOORE, B. A., District Manager, Brantford, Ont.