



**BRITISH MADE  
AIR RAID ON  
CONSTANTINOPLE**

**Powder Factory and Aero-  
plane Hangars Were  
Bombed.**

London, April 17.—The statement by the British Admiralty on the air raid on Constantinople reads as follows:—

"On Friday evening three of our naval aeroplanes carried out a raid on Constantinople. Bombs were dropped on the Zeiunlik powder factory and aeroplane hangars. Another naval aeroplane visited Adrianople and dropped bombs on the railway station. All returned safely.

"The flight to Constantinople and back measured 300 miles. Although the weather prevailed with the start, an adverse condition supervened, with wind, rain and thunderstorms."

WHAT THE TURKS SAY.  
Constantinople, April 17.—The following statement was issued yesterday:—

"In Friday night two hostile aeroplanes ascended off the Dardanelles and flew over Constantinople at a considerable height. They dropped several incendiary bombs on two villages nearby without results. Owing to the fire of our anti-aircraft guns the hostile airmen lost sight of their object and retired."

James Falconer, aged 80, and D. Fairhead, aged 76, are dead at Belleville.

Perry King, a returned wounded soldier, was sentenced at Stratford to a year in jail on two charges of theft.

**DOUBLEMINT**  
WRIGLEY'S  
CIGARETTES

An eminent of the best things y need. It rubs rment and cause because its long-are of WRIGLEY nes can produce. rent flavors

Wrigley Bldg., Toronto C36

Of course, you can buy cheaper teas, but **"SALADA"**

is undoubtedly the most economical and what appears to be 'cheap' in price will prove to be extravagant in use. The fresh young leaves of "Salada" will yield you generous value for your money.

**Cavalrymen Wanted**  
For **CANADIAN Mounted Rifles**  
Drafts Being Sent to England Each Month  
Apply at the Recruiting Office  
108 COLBORNE STREET  
(BULLER'S OLD STAND)

**Howie & Feely**  
Next New Post Office

**Thoroughly Reliable MOORE'S HOUSE COLORS**  
Get a card and select your color when needing Paint.  
We also stock Oil, Dryers, Turps, Shellac, White-wash, Paint, Varnish and Stencil Brushes.

**Four Crown**  
"Ant Alm Breac Dearg" (Gaelic). The Army of the Checkered Tartan (English), MacQuarrie.  
Four Crown Scotch Whiskey has an army of friends—not only among those of the "Checkered Tartan," but amongst connoisseurs everywhere.  
On sale by all leading Wine and Whiskey Merchants.  
**J. S. Hamilton & Co.**  
BRANTFORD  
GENERAL AGENTS FOR CANADA

**The Lightning Cure for BRONCHIAL COUGHS**  
Veno's Lightning Cough Cure puts scientific precision into the treatment of bronchial troubles—cures as surely as water quenches fire. Veno's is not a mere hap-hazard mixture of a number of ingredients, thrown together in the hope that one or two may prove effective. Veno's is all effective, an absolute specific. That is why it is the most successful cough remedy in the whole world.  
Awarded Grand Prix and Gold Medal, International Health Exhibition, Paris, 1910.  
That medal was the hall mark of scientific approval—the highest award offered at the Exhibition. And Veno's Lightning Cough Cure won it as the purest, sweetest, and most thorough remedy of its class. Veno's is free from narcotics, free from poisons, and just as suitable for children as it is for grown up people. You can trust Veno's to cure.  
Coughs and Colds, Bronchial Troubles, Nasal Catarrh, Whooping Cough, Blood Spitting, Asthma.  
Price 30 cents.  
Veno's Lightning Cough Cure  
Veno's Lightning Cough Cure

**Elaine the Fair**  
A Serial Story of Absorbing Interest.

CHAPTER XXII.  
The excitement caused by the disappearance of the Englishman had subsided in the French village. The police had persevered in their inquiries long after every one else had ceased to talk of the affair, and Macdonald had been secretly shadowed on his return journey and for weeks afterwards. But time went on, and things gradually resumed their ordinary course. Every one was certain that the unfortunate man had cast himself into the river and had been swept out to sea, and by degrees he faded from people's thoughts.

Mrs. Marshall, mother of the young daughter, was a chronic invalid, and was waited on with the utmost devotion by her son, who had sold his English practice in order that he might make a home for her in a warmer climate. The simple French villagers regarded with admiration his ingenious inventions for her comfort, and were surprised at nothing originated by him on his mother's account. As the weather became colder and the days shorter he was observed rigging up a little forerunner on the flat roof of their abode, where Mrs. Marshall sat for hours, sometimes visible from below, knitting or reading, and sometimes with a passing remark to a new-comer was the only notice taken of the young Doctor's new invention.

When the mornings were fine he took his mother to drive in a motor-car hired from a neighboring town. The car sometimes came at night in order that she might have the use of it early in the morning while the sun was warm. Occasionally Doctor Marshall would take advantage of its being there to respond to midnight callers and men coming home late at night heard its "rattle" as it glided past them with the two figures inside. On these occasions he has been frequently hailed by the police, still on their search of Sir Everard, and his car had been subjected to a thorough search. He only laughed at such incidents, and "Why should I help a madman to escape?" he asked good-humoredly, shrugging his shoulders. "I do not even know his name, or where he lives, or who his friends are. I have nowhere to take him to and no money to pay for him. You found his clothes by the river, and you know that you, I am quite willing."

Doctor Marshall's household consisted of his mother and a respectable Englishwoman, Phoebe, by name, who waited on her and did the cooking for the family; a young French girl as housemaid, and a gardener for the outside work. The house had an old one with quaint turrets and winding stairs, one of the latter leading to the flat roof on which Mrs. Marshall frequently sat. Her meals were carried to her there, and her son frequently sat with her.

It was an evening late in the year, damp and gloomy, of autumn pervaded the air. Doctor Marshall walked home slowly and in meditation. As he glanced upwards he saw the house he observed a small red flag fluttered from the top of the house in at the front door, and himself up stairs to his mother's room, and tapped at the door.

The key within was turned and Phoebe admitted Mrs. Marshall, who shall was sitting near the stove, reading.

"Is he outside, mother?"  
"Yes, such an evening for an invalid to be out. Damp, raw cold! But nothing would keep him in, so Phoebe turned the shelter, and I have been sitting there waiting for you, my dear, for at least my mother and I believe it is safe to get him off. I have been thinking of to-morrow. I shall have an urgent call and send for the motor."

"They can do nothing to you, Philip, even if they find him!"  
"Oh, dear, no! But whoever knocked him over the head is keeping a name, but otherwise we told no story. The great thing is to get him back to England, secretly, by the plan fails, he can't work out the thing as he wants, so let us hope it won't disappear at the entrance of her master, but now she tapped at the door and he unlocked it. She was carrying a tray with coffee for two.

"I hope there is good provision for an invalid who is so marvellously recovering her appetite," Mrs. Marshall said laughing.  
"I was afraid to bring too much, Ma'am," Phoebe answered. "That French hussy has a way of watching and inquiring that I don't like."

Doctor Marshall shot a glance at his mother, but he made no remark. Phoebe carried the tray to a flight of three steps leading to the flat roof on which the screen stood. She pushed aside the screen and laying the tray on the inner table, retired. Doctor Marshall followed her. He cast a glance round in all directions and then carefully secured the curtain.

"She shall have to make a dash for it to-morrow or the next day," he said.  
"The sooner the better! But is there special danger? Anything new?"  
"Sir Everard Denham, his forehead still strapped with plaster and his arm in a sling, glanced up eagerly at the doctor's face.  
"It is getting rather much longer, so your time out of doors must come to an end, my friend. Then the yacht is waiting for you whenever you arrive. Further, Phoebe thinks the

**Don't Skimp on Corn Starch.**  
There's no economy in buying cheap, flimsy brands of unknown quality.  
**BENSON'S CORN STARCH**  
has been Canada's standard for more than 50 years.  
has been named—and named on BENSON'S.  
Our recipe book is full of practical suggestions for the use of good things, easily prepared. Write for a copy to our Montreal office.  
**THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED**  
MONTREAL, QUEBEC, CANADA.  
BRANTFORD, 242N FORT WILLIAM.

up with your infernal nonsense any more, you will find yourself mistaken," he cried. "Am I to let a patient die while I wait for you to rummage my car?"  
The men had placed themselves across the road, and he was obliged to slacken his speed. But his hand was on the wheel and his keen eye was watching for an opportunity.  
"Take notice!" he shouted again. "I am driving myself, and I will ride anybody down who tries to stop me! I have put up with this kind of thing too long."

He saw his opportunity, and by a swift movement ran the car to the side and passed them. Their shouts and cries were soon lost in the distance.  
"That was a close one!" said the Doctor, laughing. "I shall have to rouse the real chauffeur as soon as I return and get him out, dead or alive, for they will be making all sorts of inquiries. He will be too muddled to be able to tell the hours. And I must go to the police and bluff their eyes were now accustomed nearly ruined by the delay, which will be the truth."

"Do you think you will get into trouble about it?"  
"I don't care if I do, though I don't deny I shall be glad to get you off my hands."

Sir Everard had been straining his eyes towards a dark clump before him. Doctor Marshall had chosen a moonless night for the escape, but the stars were feebly glimmering, and their eyes were now accustomed to the darkness. As they shot up to the object before them they heard a low whistle, and Doctor Marshall came to a stop.

Lord Brixton's voice was heard. "Quick! There is no time to be lost! There are watchers everywhere!"  
Sir Everard flung off the fur coat and climbed into the second motor. There was no time for thanks or farewells. In a moment the change had been made. Doctor Marshall whizzed off by a different road from that by which he had come, succeeded in his design of reaching the house unperceived, roused the chauffeur and dragged him out, half dazed, to return to the spot where he had parted with Sir Everard, and proceeded thence by the usual route home. As he was alighting from the car a police agent came up and accosted him.

"Pardon, monsieur, but we wish to know why you drove yourself tonight when your chauffeur was in the car?"  
"Look at him and you will see. Anything else? I shall write to headquarters to-morrow and have a stop put to this persecution. You may be sure of that."

The men peered into the face of the chauffeur and perceived his condition. They attempted to make explanations, but Doctor Marshall refused to listen to them. His wrath was loudly expressed, and his words that things should be made hot for them were so emphatic that they withdrew, nor did they trouble the young English Doctor again.

Meanwhile Lord Brixton's motor was speeding towards the coast. During the journey he was put in possession of all the incidents of Sir Everard's illness, and in his turn related to an eager listener the part he and Lisabel Beresford had played in finding and helping Lucy Carden.

It was agreed that the next step should be for Sir Everard to go to Wales, and between him and Lisabel to induce Lucy to disclose all that had occurred on the night of Mr. Verinder's death. They believed their course would then be clear. They had had to deal with daring and unscrupulous enemies who believed they had destroyed every proof of their guilt, but unseen forces had been silently working, and at the very zenith of their triumph a strength mightier than theirs was waiting to dash the fabric of falsehood to the ground.

(To be Continued.)  
**MORE MEN THAN WOMEN HAVE APPENDICITIS.**  
Surgeons state men are slightly more subject to appendicitis than women. Brantford people should know that a few doses of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-ika, often relieve or prevent appendicitis. This mixture removes such surprising foul matter that ONE SPOONFUL relieves almost ANY CASE constipation, sour stomach or gas. THE INSTANTLY easy action of Adler-ika is surprising. M. H. Robertson, Limited.

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

SEE **Sutherland's WALL PAPERS**  
**JAMES L. SUTHERLAND**  
Bookseller and Stationer

**PUSH BRANTFORD-MADE GOODS!**  
Show Preference and Talk for Articles Made in Brantford Factories by Brantford Workmen—Your Neighbors and Fellow-Citizens—Who Are Helping to Build Up Brantford. Keep Yourself Familiar With the Following:  
SMOKE  
El Fair Clear Havana Cigars 10 to 25 cents  
Fair's Havana Bouquet Cigar 10 cents straight  
Manufactured by **T. J. FAIR & CO. LTD.** BRANTFORD, ONT.  
Your Dealer Can Supply You With  
**BLUE LAKE BRAND PORTLAND CEMENT**  
Manufactured by **ONTARIO PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY, LTD.** Head Office - Brantford

With New Equipment and Expert Management  
**The Courier Job Dept.**  
Is Prepared to do High-Class Printing Promptly

"Made in Kandyland"  
**Easter Boxes of Chocolates**  
We have some most beautiful boxes of Chocolates. Don't miss them. Easter Chocolate Eggs, Chicks and Rabbits. Pure Chocolate Novelties.  
Our Chocolates, Caramels, Toffees and Counter Goods always pure, fresh and delicious. Remember, we manufacture all of our goods.  
**TREMAINE**  
The Candy Man, 50 Market St.

Your Next Job of **PRINTING**  
Let us figure on your next piece of job printing. We have a well equipped Job Printing Plant and competent workmen.  
**THE COURIER**