

STRONGLY ADVISES FRUIT-A-TIVES

because They Cured Him, And
They Will Cure You



WALKERBROS. COY., MAY 20th, 1911.
I have been in Brantford in
ness for a good many years and
y of my townsmen know that my
for, long periods was precarious,
trouble was extreme Nervousness,
sight on by Indigestion and Dys-
sia, from which I suffered in the
severe form. It was so bad that
did not sleep before about four in
morning. I noticed one of your
sheet testimonials of how someone
used "Fruit-a-tives" for similar
able and asked Mr. Hunter, my
givist, his opinion on the matter and
advised their use. I immediately
used several boxes and I am pleased
y that I now enjoy splendid health
could not possibly feel better. I
eat with every degree of satisfaction
sue without an effort. I strongly
advise anyone suffering from like
plaints, to commence using
nit-a-tives". ALEX. MCCARTER.
e, a box, 6 for \$2.50—trial size, 25c.
ealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited,
wa.

AND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM THANKSGIVING DAY SINGLE FARE

Good Going October 20th.
Return Limit Date of Issue Only
Fare and One-Third
Good Going October 17, 18, 19, 20.
Return Limit October 22nd, 1913.
seven all stations in Canada east
Port Arthur; also to Detroit and
Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock,
Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge.
(Minimum charge 25c.)
Secure your tickets early at Grand
Ticket Offices.
B. J. NELSON, City Passenger and
Agent, Phone 66.
WRIGHT, Station Ticket Agent,
Phone 240.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Low Rates for
THANKSGIVING DAY
Excursion Fare
Seven all Stations in Canada, Port
Arthur and East and to Sault Ste.
Marie, Detroit, Mich., Buffalo
and Niagara Falls, N.Y.
Single Fare
Good Going Oct. 20
Return Limit Oct. 20
Fare and One-Third
Good going Oct. 17, 18, 19, 20
Return Limit Oct. 22
Minimum charge 25 cents.
Apply to any agent for particulars or
TO ALL PORTS
H. & B. MURPHY, Dist. Pass. Agent,
King and Yonge Streets, Toronto

H. & B. RAILWAY Thanksgiving Day Single Fare For Round Trip

(Minimum 25 cents.)
Good going and returning, Monday
Oct. 20, 1913.
Fare and ONE-THIRD.
(Minimum 25 cents.)
Good Going Oct. 17, 18, 19, 20.
Returning Oct. 22, 1913.
TO ALL PORTS
H. & B. M. C. R. and C. P. R. in
Canada, east of Port Arthur,
Detroit, Mich., Buffalo, Niagara Falls,
Suspension Bridge, Black Rock, N.Y.,
MARTIN. H. C. THOMAS,
Agent,
P.O. Hamilton.
Phone 110.

Before Buying

new range or heater do not
to see our large stock of new
remodelled stoves. The prices
surprise you.

JOHN H. LAKE

Colborne St. Opp. Crompton's
Cash or Credit
Bell 1436 Auto. 22



We Have Plenty of Coal
Have You?

THE CASH INTRIGUE

CHAPTER I.
It was shortly after 9 o'clock
when a brisk young man stepped
out of a taxicab into the dim
erection of Broad street, followed
by a huge negro bearing a suit case.
Nestled back amid a number of alleged
tainers, who dealt biliously in such
curities as Wireless Motor pre-
ferred, he found the offices of Henry
Galleon & Co., one of the few legiti-
mate firms which, intrenched in their
own natural conservatism, had re-
fused to move when the curb invasion
came.
"Mr. Galleon?" inquired the new
comer.
"Upon what business, please?" asked
an old clerk.
"I only care to talk to Mr. Galleon
himself."
The old man arose with a slight, pro-
testing frown, asked for a card and
took it into an inner room.
Henry Galleon was about the same
age as his secretary, but he was erect,
his face and his bold head were pink
with a baby's pinkness, his white hair
glistened like silk, and the brightness
of his eyes was almost infantile.
"Phillip Kelvin?" he said. "Who's
Phillip Kelvin? I never heard of him."
"I don't know," replied the secretary.
"He's a very capable looking young
man and by no means a New Yorker.
I should think. He has a tremendous
ly large negro with him, the largest
one I ever saw. The negro is carry-
ing a big suit case."
Henry Galleon pondered that matter
quietly. Fanatics with bombs had
menaced the Wall street district of
late, and they might come in any guise.
"Find out his business, Messmer."
was the sane conclusion.
"I did ask, but he insisted on seeing
you personally."
Galleon frowned. "If he can't ex-
plain properly to you, let him go. You
are authorized to transact all neces-
sary business in my name."
Messmer went out with that mes-
sage, though he seemed it somewhat.
Young Kelvin had evidently expected
such an answer, for he smiled and
turned to the negro.
"Here, Sam," he directed, "put the
case on this desk."
Messmer frowned as the suit case
was slammed upon the top of his ran-
gle of papers, but he waited with some
curiosity while young Kelvin unlocked
it. Messmer was struck dumb by the
surprising contents of that unpreten-
sive bit of baggage.
"These," said young Kelvin smilingly,
running his hand down in the suit
case and fiddling the edges of its
contents—"these are my letters of in-
troduction. Kindly tell Mr. Galleon
about them and that I will not talk to
any one but himself."
"Yes, sir," said Messmer, with sur-
prising alacrity. "Yes, sir; yes, sir!"
He was positively white and trem-

"That is very simple," replied Kel-
vin, with a smile. "From perfectly
authentic sources I secured a list of
all the board of trade members in New
York who do absolutely no bucketing
and no trading upon their own account,
and you happened to head that list."
Henry Galleon bent forward eager-
ly. "How many are there?" he asked.
"Less than would have saved Sodom
and Gomorrah. There are just five,
and I was given a doubt concerning
one of those."
Chuckling to himself, Henry Galleon
began counting the money. He touch-
ed a button and there stepped over-
specially into the room from a rear
door a young fellow of broad shoulders
and bronzed face, who was the per-
sonification of cheerful good humor.
Galleon pushed forward the slip of
paper which Kelvin had just given
him. "Selling orders for the first
thing this morning at the market," he
explained.
The young man paid no attention to
the slip. "Why, hello, Phillip," he ex-
claimed. "Where did you drop in
from?"
"Tennessee," replied Kelvin. "By
George, you're looking well, Renss-
selaar. I'm as much surprised to see
you here, so far away from the maver-
icks and the rustlers, as you are to
see me."
"Oh, I'm not in such a different oc-
cupation, from cowpunching," laughed
Rensselaar. "I'm Mr. Galleon's door
member over on the exchange, and it's
much the same sort of exercise. Where
are you stopping?"
"At the Esplanade. Come up to see
me," invited Kelvin.
"I sure will," declared Rensselaar.
"Then we'll go out and see if we
can't get some canned tomatoes. Do
you remember how we used to go

down to Abe Turner's store at Greaser
Guich and buy canned fruit and spear
it out with a jackknife?"
"I don't think I shall ever forget it,"
laughed Kelvin. "I never want to."
As soon as he had gone Galleon turned
eagerly to young Rensselaar. "Who
was that?" he demanded.
"Phillip Kelvin. Landed to know him
on a Montana ranch when you were
cowpunching together five or six years
ago."
"Was he there for his health?" asked
Galleon.
"I don't think so," replied Rensselaar,
with a chuckle. "As I remember him
he had too much health, if anything,
but that was about all he possessed.
I bunked with him for six months, and
there never was a finer fellow on earth
—so long as he had his own way."
"He looks like that," said Galleon,
smiling.

"Only more so," returned Rensselaar.
"Out there he was bullheaded about
everything he started after—little
things or big ones. If he once set his
head to get something or to do some-
thing over the house side track."
"Huh!" grunted Galleon. "Where did
he get his money?"
"I didn't know he had any," returned
Rensselaar in surprise.
Galleon with his thumb fluttered the
edges of the packages of money.
"He just left this here \$200,000, to
margin those 4,000 shares of stock
fifty points. Did you see that suit case
he had? Stuffed full of greenbacks!
There couldn't have been less than
\$2,000,000 in it!"
Rensselaar whistled, and they were
both silent for a little while.
"Well," Rensselaar finally observed,
"however he got it, he didn't steal it.
More power to him. I hope he digs up
two million more." He paused a mo-
ment and then chuckled. "Kelvin used
to have some queer ideas," he went
on. "He used to tell me about them,
lying awake at night in camp. I could
never make out just whether he really
meant it or if he was doing a lot of
kidnapping. My ambition at that time
was to become a great general, but his
loop point was that a republican form
of government was bound to fail. Said
he was crazy for power and that the
way to get it was to secure control of
all the money in the United States.
With that he could do anything—over-
throw the government, make himself
emperor, correct all the abuses in the
world. He promised me my general
clump when the time came. Funny
clump of stuff, but sometimes it sounded
reasonable too."

Old Henry Galleon whistled softly to
himself a homely tune of long ago and
tapped a pile of money with his lead
pencil. "He's got hold of so much of
the money he was after that he'll for-
get the rest of the program," he sage-
ly observed.
Four other brokerage firms young
Kelvin visited, and with each one he
concluded an arrangement precisely
like that entered into with Galleon.
except that at each office he left a dif-
ferent list of stocks to be sold on a
twenty point margin, backed up by
\$50 cash per share; then, with Sam's
suit case half empty, he directed his
chauffeur to drive back up Broadway
to the Esplanade. Upon that marvel-
ous thoroughfare he looked about him
with the frank curiosity which marks
the wondering stranger.
"Only fifteen years, Sam," he said,
turning to the negro, "and see what
has been done. This is the most won-
derful day in the world."

"Yes, sah," replied Sam, looking
briefly from the suit case between his
feet and immediately concentrating
his gaze upon his master.
Kelvin laughed. "Nothing so won-
derful to you as that suit case, is there,
Sam?"
"No, sah," agreed Sam, permitting
himself a slight grin. "Ah done reck-
on that's about all the money in the
world."

"Not quite," dissented Kelvin with a
smile, then turned again to study the
changes time had wrought. "It is
marvelous," he presently resumed,
talking more to himself than to the
negro. "When I was here fifteen
years ago I could not appreciate what
all this meant, but now I know that
this street is the concentrated nervous
energy of America gone mad in the
race for supremacy. I guess you didn't
think you'd see anything like this,
Sam, when I saved you from the mob
in the Tennessee woods?"
Sam shuddered. "Deed Ah didn't,"
he admitted. "Mistah Phillip, Ah'll
never forget that as long as Ah live.
Mah life was phony gone, too. Ah
saw would been killed like they
done the right man when they all got
im of yo' hadn't come along in yo'
automobile. Mah life belongs to yo'
boss. Yo' kin go kin kill me—jes
any time yo' kin good an' ready, cause
Ah done lived fifteen years longer
than mah time."

"They've been fairly happy years for
both of us, Sam," said Phillip, "but
now we really begin to live."
He nudged a white bag, then, going back
to his original subject, added, with a
curious smile, "It is strange to me
that, with all these advancements in
science, business and politics have not
advanced one whit, except along the
line of their logical ends. The same
antiquated methods are used that were
in vogue fifty years ago. I guess that,
after all, those are the two most con-
servative institutions in the world. Eh,
Sam?"
"Yes, sah," Sam again readily agreed,
whereupon Phillip laughed heartily.

CHAPTER II.
ARRIVED at Phillip's apart-
ments in the Esplanade, Sam
hurried into an inner room.
Methodically he took cushions
from the couch and pillows from the
bed and piled them in a corner; then
he sat down against them, and, caus-
ing between his knees.
Meanwhile Phillip, in the apartment
which had been turned into an office
for him, entered his record of the
day's business on filing cards and upon
a huge diagram sheet, then wrote a
long and careful letter, after which he
took pencil and paper from a drawer
in his desk and delved into numerous
books of statistics.

It was nearing 3 o'clock when a boy
brought in two letters. One of them
in a heavy cream lined envelope and
slightly fragrant, he opened and read
through with a frown. A postscript at
the end, however, brought a smile to
his face, and he signed into the ad-
joining apartment.
"Lucy, my dear," he wrote, "I have
closed, but Phillip might as well set
foot in the room than he opened them,
black and shining and as expression-
less as the eyes of a huge turtle. With-
out moving he waited for Phillip to
address him."

"Lucy hasn't forgotten you, Sam,"
said Phillip. Sam's eyes glistened.
"She autently is the most mischiev-
ous person Ab ever saw in mah
life," he exploded, and he ended with
a shrill falsetto chuckle.
"My mistress," wrote Sam, went on
Phillip, glancing at the letter again:
"Lucy is turning pale since your visit
to Forest Lakes, and I think she is
planning away for Sam. She asked yester-
day when he was coming back.
When he is?"
Sam bent over the suit case and
slapped his legs in a paroxysm of de-
light. "Ah autently is a lady killer,"
said he.

Phillip, laughing, returned to his of-
fice and, tearing the letter once across,
dropped it into the wastebasket with
a gesture of almost contempt; then he
opened the second letter, one addressed
in a girl's hand, but a firm one. This,

"LUCY HADN'T FORGOTTEN YOU, SAM,"
too, he read with a frown, but it was
one of surprise. A ring of the tele-
phone interrupted his musing.
"Mr. Rensselaar?" he repeated into
the telephone. "Send him right up."
There came a knock at the door, and
he opened it to let young Rensselaar
in.

"You're just in time, Bert," he de-
clared. "What have you to do this
evening?"
"Anything or nothing," replied Rens-
selaar. "At 3 o'clock all I want to
do is get as far away from the auction
block as possible and forget all
about it until the next morning. But
what reckless dissipation have you in
mind?"
"I have some friends over in New
Jersey that I can't get away from
to see," replied Phillip, "and I thought
you might sacrifice yourself enough
to run over with me. I understand it's
only an hour and a half if you take the
tunnel. Frankly, I want to get into
the subway to smell the subway—

smell and renew, if I can, the im-
pression of novelty that I enjoyed in
my boyhood. You see, I was only a
kid the last time I was here."
"It must have seemed a wonderful
place to you then," said Rensselaar.
"For myself, I'd rather be a cow-
puncher than anything I can think of,
but my respected Auntie can't conceive
of one's living anywhere else than in
or near Manhattan, and moreover, she
fears I might contract a unbalance
out west, as she still declares my fa-
ther did."
"That was his one best trick, wasn't
it?" inquired Phillip.
"No doubt of it," returned the other.
"I'm the first Rensselaar in a hundred
years who has been able to bathe
without the aid of a valet and the first
one to have blood enough to gush
when he was cut, and my mother—
well, she was a real woman, gentle,
but brave, too; sweetly feminine, but
strong and healthy; careful, but sincere
and honest." His voice quavered, and
he stopped.

"I wish I might have known her,"
said Kelvin. "That is a good country
to produce real human beings."
(To be Continued.)

G. T. R. SPECIALS.
In order to handle extra travel on
account of Thanksgiving Day excur-
sion, the Grand Trunk Railway Sys-
tem have arranged to run extra train
from Toronto to London twenty-five
minutes ahead of the International
Limited, on October 18th and 19th.
This train will leave Brantford at 6:30
p. m. for Woodstock, Ingersoll and
London.

FLYING HIGH.
"Talk about aviation; look at the
price of coal."
"Yes, and you'll notice that the coal
man, like the aviator is trying to avoid
a drop."

NO DRINKING MAN NEED DESPAIR

The Neal Cure—Greatest of All Modern Discoveries—Offers a Means of Escape
from the Curse of Drink. A cure of the Drink Habit is Guaranteed in Three Days
no Matter Whether the Patient is a Hard and Constant Drinker, Social Tippler or
Goes on Occasional Sprees.

There was wandering in the streets of Toronto
late a homeless man, who at one time held a
splendid position, but drink was his downfall.
To-day his wife, a cultured woman, works out by
the day, endeavoring to support herself and little
family. Think of it, you wives and mothers, who
have homes of comfort and all that makes life
worth living, what it would be to you to be de-
prived of these and forced to face the wash tub
for an existence, as this poor wife has to do to-
day?

But this home which was made a hell on earth
through strong drink—as every drunkard's is—
may be made into a heaven upon earth, as many
have been made, as a result of the Neal Treat-
ment. Three days only—the wonder of it—to
effect a cure and make the victim of strong drink
a new man, physically, morally and mentally.

We undertake to guarantee to effect a cure of
the Drink Habit in Three Days, no matter whe-
ther the patient is a hard and constant drinker,
social tippler, or goes on occasional spees. Are
you interested in a poor fellow going down, down,

through the curse of drink? Then bring your
influence to bear on him and bring him to the
Neal Institute for treatment, drunk or sober, and
we will undertake to remove the awful appetite
for strong drink and deliver him to you a new
man.

Here is an opportunity for REFORMATION
SOCIETIES for INEBRIATES or any institution
for the reformation of the drunkard, to test
our ability to change the hard drinker into a new
man, physically and mentally, in THREE DAYS' treatment.

We invite these Societies or any institution
interested in the poor drunkard and the problem
of dealing with him, to send us for treatment any
victim of the drink habit, it makes no difference
how much enslaved, and we guarantee to effect a
cure in each and every case. Can you spend your
money to better advantage or in a way that will
bring in greater returns than in redeeming these
victims of strong drink and giving back to their
families kind fathers, brothers, husbands, and to
the country most desirable citizens?

Write To-day for Free Book and Copy Bond of Given Every Patient—Address
THE NEAL INSTITUTE COMPANY, LTD.
78 St. Alban's Street, TORONTO Phone North 2087

NA-DRU-CO Tasteless Preparation of Cod Liver Oil

Prevents Sickness Restores Health

Are you one of those thousands who, though apparently
well, catch cold easily and often? It's a dangerous
condition to tolerate, and one which you can easily
prevent by taking two or three bottles of Na-Druc-
Co Tasteless Preparation of Cod Liver Oil at once—this Fall.
This pleasant-tasting food-tonic gives tone and vigor
to the whole system, and so strengthens lungs and
bronchial tubes that they readily throw off the colds which
would otherwise take hold of you.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.

GEESSE EXPORTS.
Live Poultry Exported from Canada
to United States Last Year Was
Valued at \$67,095.
From 10,000 to 12,000 fine geese are
shipped by express from Prince Ed-
ward Island to Boston early in Oc-
tober of each year. For the last two
seasons the price of these geese, on
Prince Edward Island has been 90
cents to \$1 for domestic fowls and
\$1.25 to \$1.35 for so-called mongrels,
or birds produced, by cross-breeding
wild geese with domestic.

The trade is handled by two Ameri-
can buyers stationed at Summerside,
Prince Edward Island. The local ag-
ents of these buyers receive ten cents
per bird for each goose secured and
delivered at Summerside. The geese
are collected in small earload lots at
way stations on the island in crates,
holding twelve to fifteen birds. In
Summerside they are pastured in an
open field and given food and water.
When a shipment is ready they are
recreated and sent by steamer to Point
Duchene, New Brunswick, where they
are taken from the crates and loaded
in specially prepared cars. The cars
which have apparatus for ventilation
and cleaning, contain 600 to 1,000
geese and go straight through to
towns near Boston.

The present American duty on live
poultry is 3 cents per pound, and the
payment of this duty together with
the freight, brings the cost of each
bird landed in Massachusetts up to
\$1.40 to \$1.50. The buyers state that
at present prices they are securing
all the geese they can dispose of, es-
pecially in view of the fact that the
birds must be fattened for some
weeks after their arrival before they
can be marketed.

The total live poultry exportations
from Canada to the United States
during the year ended March 31, 1913,
were valued at \$67,095.

MANY ARE MURDERED
PEKING, Oct. 17.—A force of Chi-
nese brigands, commanded by Ge-
neral Hwang Liang, has murdered 300
people in the province of Fo-Kien,
and also burned two mission churches
believed to be the property of Ameri-
can missionary societies. The mis-
sionaries from the disturbed dis-
trict are still in Fuchow where they
look refuge during late recent troubles.
The Chinese Government troops
sent against the brigands have not
shown much activity, but the Chinese
war office, today promised the Ameri-
can charge d'affaires that it would
institute effective measures for the
suppression of the brigands.

Brantford, new public building.
The city had to have it; got it.

"At Home"

We carry a complete stock of At Home and
Afternoon Tea Cards.

We also print to order any special invitations
you wish. We have every facility to give the best

Calling Cards PRINTED or
ENGRAVED

STEDMAN BOOK STORE

Both Phones 569 160 Colborne St.

Sutherland's

JUST IN
Henry Van-Dyke's Great Work

"The Blue Flower"

49c

Think of it! Regular \$1.50, now 49c

J. L. SUTHERLAND

BOOKSELLER

Watch Repairing!

Does your watch run slow
and stop sometimes? If so
you should have it cleaned
and fresh oil put on the
pivots.

We do all kinds of watch,
clock and jewelry repairing
and make jewelry to order.
We make a specialty of re-
pairing old English and
Swiss watches.

BULLER BROS.

JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
Bell Phone 1357 108 Colborne St. Main Phone 535