

A SHIRTS A SHIRT —OF COURSE— AND A MANS A MAN

But there are all kinds of men, though at first glance they are much the same. In Shirts, as in men, it's the little things that count—details of make-up—careful points of finish—LITTLE THINGS, but things that build confidence and prestige.

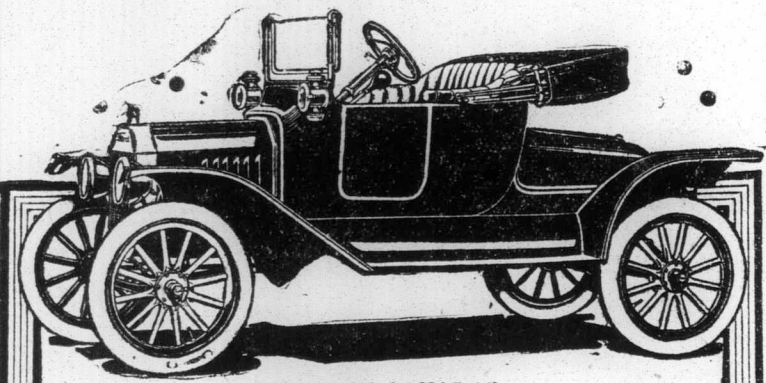
Broadbent's Cotella Shirts (Made in London, England)

—are made from the finest of English fabrics, the neck and shoulders fit perfectly, with ample room in the body, and good length. They also have different lengths of sleeve to fit men with a long or short arm. If a man's shirt fits properly it's the foundation of his personal comfort. We have many men who have worn these Shirts with satisfaction, season after season.

Prices from \$1.00 to \$2.50

BROADBENT

JAEGER'S AGENT 4 MARKET ST.
Also entrance through United Cigar Stores, Colborne St.



"MADE IN CANADA"

Ford Runabout Price \$540

Your neighbor drives a Ford—why don't you? We are selling more Fords in Canada this year than ever before—because Canadians demand the best in motor car service at the lowest possible cost. The "Made in Canada" Ford is a necessity—not a luxury.

Touring Car \$500; Town Car price on application. All Ford cars are fully equipped, including electric headlights. No cars sold unoccupied. Buyers of Ford cars will share in our profits if we sell 20,000 cars between August 1, 1914, and August 1, 1915.

C. J. MITCHELL, 55 Darling St.
Dealer for Brant County

"MADE IN KANDYLAND"

Pure Jersey Velvet Ice Cream

Our Pure Jersey Velvet Ice Cream is manufactured on the premises from the highest grade Pure Jersey Dairy Cream. It is conceded by all of our customers that we serve the best Ice Cream in the city.

Our Ice Cream Sodas are served from our Ice Berg Fountain, with Pure Jersey Velvet Ice Cream, Pure Fruit Juices and Fresh Fruit Pulp—"The Best and That Only."

Our Fruit Ices, made from pure, fresh Fruit Pulp, and served like Ice Cream, are delicious.

Our Phosphates in all flavors, mixed with our Electric Mixer, are up to the minute.

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDIN' IS IN THE EATIN'

TREMAINE

The Candy Man 50 Market Street

BUTTER WRAPPERS

Since the war in Europe commenced, Butter Wrapper stock has almost doubled in price. Until our present stock is exhausted we will sell 1000 sheets, printed with your name and address, for \$2.75. When we have to buy again the price will be higher.

THE COURIER

THE MASQUERADER

(Continued from Page Ten.)

or moving through in some way, but his seal upon her in certain self-possession, a certain confidence of pose, yet her figure as Loder then saw it, backgrounded by the dark books and gowned in pale blue, had a suggestion of youthfulness that seemed a contradiction. The remembrance of Chilcote's epithets "cold" and "unsympathetic" came back to him with something like astonishment. He felt no uncertainty, no dread of discovery and humiliation in her presence as he had felt in the maid's, yet there was something in her face that made him infinitely more uncomfortable, a look he could find no name for, a friendliness that studiously covered another feeling, whether question, distrust or actual dislike he could not say. With a strange sensation of awkwardness he sorted Chilcote's letters, waiting for her to speak.

As if divining his thought she turned toward him. "I'm afraid I rather intrude," she said. "If you are busy" His sense of courtesy was touched. He had begun life with a high opinion of women, and the words shook up an echo of the old sentiment. "Don't think that," he said hastily. "I was only looking through—my letters." He was conscious that his tone was hurried, that his words were a little jagged, but he did not appear to notice. Unlike Greening, she took the new manner without surprise. She had known Chilcote for six years.

"I dined with the Fraides tonight," she said. "Mr. Fraide sent you a message." Unconsciously Loder smiled. There was humor in the thought of a message to him from the great Fraide. To hide his amusement he wheeled one of the big lounge chairs forward. "Indeed," he said. "Won't you sit down?"

They were near together now, and he saw her face more fully. Again he was taken aback. Chilcote had spoken of her as successful and intelligent, but never as beautiful. Yet her beauty was "a rare" and uncommon fact. Her hair was black—not a glossy black, but the dusky black that is softer than any brown—her eyes were large and of a peculiarly pure blue, and her eyelashes were black, beautifully curved and of remarkable thickness.

"Won't you sit down?" he said again, cutting short his thoughts with some confusion. "Thank you." She gravely accepted the proffered chair. But he saw that without any ostentation she drew her skirts aside as she passed him. The action displeased him unaccountably.

"Well," he said shortly, "what has Fraide to say?" He walked to the mantelpiece with his customary movement and stood watching her. The instinct toward hiding his face had left him. Her instant and uninterested acceptance of him almost nettled him. His own half contemptuous impression of Chilcote came to him unpleasantly and with it the first desire to assert his own individuality. Stung by the conflicting emotions, he felt in Chilcote's pockets for something to smoke.

Eve saw and interpreted the action. "Are these your cigarettes?" She leaned toward a small table and took up a box made of lizard skin. "Thanks." He took the box from her, and as it passed from one to the other he saw her glance at his rings. The glance was momentary. Her lips parted to express question or surprise, then closed again without comment. More than any spoken words the incident showed him the gulf that separated husband and wife.

"Well," he said again, "what about Fraide?" At his words she sat straighter and looked at him more directly, as if bracing herself to a task. "Mr. Fraide is—is as interested as ever in you," she began.

"Or in you?" Loder made the interruption precisely as he felt Chilcote would have made it. Then instantly he wished the words back. Eve's warm skin colored more deeply. For a second the inscrutable underlying expression that puzzled him showed in her eyes, then she sank back into a corner of the chair.

"Why do you make such a point of sneering at my friends?" she asked quietly. "I overlook it when you are nervous." She halted slightly on the word. "But you are not nervous tonight."

Loder, to his great humiliation, reddened. Except for an occasional outburst on the part of Mrs. Robins, his charwoman, he had not merited a woman's displeasure for years. "The sneer was unintentional," he said.

For the first time Eve showed a personal interest. She looked at him in a puzzled way. "If your apology was meant," she said hesitatingly, "I should be glad to accept it."

Loder, uncertain of how to take the words, moved back to the desk. He carried an unlighted cigarette between his fingers. There was an interval in which neither spoke. Then at last, conscious of its awkwardness, Eve rose. With one hand on the back of her chair she looked at him.

"Mr. Fraide thinks it's such a pity that," she stopped to choose her words—"that you should lose hold on things—lose interest in things—as you are doing. He has been thinking a good deal about you in the last three weeks, ever since the day of your—your illness in the house, and it seems to him"—again she broke off, watching Loder's averted head—"it seems to him that if you made one real effort now, even now, to shake off your restlessness that your health might improve. He thinks that the present crisis would be"—she hesitated—"would give you a tremendous opportunity. Your trade interests, bound up as they are with Persia, would give any opinion you might hold a double weight." Almost imperceptibly,

by a touch of warmth crept into Loder's face. "Mr. Fraide talked very seriously about the beginning of your career. He said that if only the spirit of your first days could come back"— Her tone grew quicker, as though she feared ridicule in Loder's silence. "He asked me to use my influence. I know that I have little—none, perhaps—but I couldn't tell him that, and so—so I promised."

"And have kept the promise?" Loder spoke at random. Her manner and her words had both affected him. There was a sensation of unreality in his brain. "Yes," she answered. "I always want to do what I can."

"As she spoke a sudden realization of the effort she was making struck upon him, and with it his scorn of Chilcote rose in renewed force. "My intention"—he began, turning to her. Then the fatuity of any declaration silenced him. "I shall think over what you say," he added after a minute's wait. "I suppose I can't say more than that."

"Their eyes met and she smiled a little. "I don't believe I expected as much," she said. "I think I'll go now. You she smiled slightly, at the same time extending her hand. The gesture was quite friendly, but in Loder's eyes it held relief as well as friendliness, and when their hands met he noticed that her fingers barely brushed his.

He picked up her cloak and carried it across the room. As he held the door open he laid it quietly across her arm. "I'll think over what you've said," he repeated. Again she glanced at him as if suspecting sarcasm. Then, partly reassured, she paused. "You will always despise your opportunities, and I suppose I shall always envy them," she said. "That's the way with men and women. Good night." With another faint smile she passed out into the corridor.

Loder waited until he heard the outer door close, then he crossed the room thoughtfully and dropped into the chair she had vacated. He sat for a time looking at the hand he had carried in. Then he lifted his head with a characteristic movement. "By Jove," he said aloud, "how cordially she detests him!"

CHAPTER IX.

Loder slept soundly and dreamlessly in Chilcote's canopy bed. To him the big room, with its severe magnificence, suggested nothing of the gloom and solitude that it held in its owner's eyes. The ponderous furniture, the high ceiling, the heavy curtains, unchanged since the days of Chilcote's grandfather, all hinted at a far reaching ownership that stirred him. The ownership was mythical in his regard and the possessions a mirage, but they filled the day and surely sufficient for the day.

What was his frame of mind as he opened his eyes on the following morning and lay appreciative of his comfort, of the surrounding space, even of the light that filtered through the curtain chinks, suggestive of a world re-created. With day all things seemed possible to a healthy man. He stretched his arms luxuriously, delighting in the glossy smoothness of the sheets.

What was Chilcote had said? Better live for a day than exist for a lifetime. That was true, and life had begun. At thirty-six he was to know it for the first time.

He smiled, but without irony. Man is at his best at thirty-six, he mused. He had retained his enthusiasms and shed his exuberances; he had learned what to pick up and what to pass by; he no longer imagines that to drain a cup one must taste the dregs. He closed his eyes and stretched again not his arms only, but his whole body. The pleasure of his mental state insisted on a physical expression. Then, sitting up in bed, he pressed the electric bell.

Chilcote's new valet responded. "Pull those curtains, Renwick," he said. "What's the time?" He had passed the ordeal of Renwick's eyes the night before.

The man was slow, even a little stupid. He drew back the curtains carefully, then looked at the small clock on the dressing table. "Eight o'clock, sir. I didn't expect the bell so early, sir."

Loder felt reproved, and a pause followed. "May I bring your cup of tea, sir?" "No, not just yet. I'll have a bath first."

Renwick showed ponderous uncertainty. "Warn, sir?" he hazarded. "No, cold."

Still perplexed, the man left the room. Loder smiled to himself. The chances of discovery in that quarter were not large. He was inclined to think that Chilcote had even overstepped necessity in the matter of his valet's dullness.

He breakfasted alone, following Chilcote's habit, and after breakfast found his way to the study. As he entered Greening rose with the same conciliatory haste that he had shown the night before. Loder nodded to him. "Early at work?" he said pleasantly. The little man showed instant, almost ridiculous, relief. "Good morning, sir," he said. "You, too, are early. I thought feared your nerves troubled you after I left last night, for I found your letters still unopened this morning. But I am glad to see you look so well."

Loder promptly turned his back to the light and felt his pockets. "Oh, last night's letters!" he said. "To tell you the truth, Greening, my wife's hesitation was very slight—my wife looked me up after you left, and we gossiped. I clean forgot the post." He smiled in an explanatory way as he moved to the desk and picked up the letters.

(To be continued.)

WAR STORIES FROM FRONT

THE ACE OF SPADES

The attitudes of some of the dead were remarkable. I saw a tardy party of five sitting stone dead. Looking at them in the bright moonlight, one was struck by their resemblance to waxwork figures. They were in perfectly natural poses, but the bright yellow of their skin showed the manner of their death—asphyxiation by lyddite. The nearest man sat with a card in his right hand drawn from a number which had fallen from his left. Out of curiosity I looked at it. The ace of spades.

Among the souvenirs found by the British are quite a number of saw bayonets—terribly ugly weapons with a sword edge to the centre and a saw for the rest of the length. They were the ordinary bayonets reversed. I have seen wounds as big as one man's fist made by such bullets.

I saw an Indian pluck off his water-bottle without a moment's hesitation and pour its contents down the throat of a Black Watch man hit in the back of the head. His kindness, alas! was of no avail, for the Highlander died almost immediately in his arms. "Finis," said the Indian with simple but dramatic sympathy.

IRISH FLAG FOR TRENCHES
A non-commissioned officer in an Irish regiment writes: "You'll notice that I've headed this St. Patrick's Day. I'd clean forgotten the fact till at 'stand to' this morning—where such a quantity of it appeared from I can't imagine—and I was able to sport my national plant, too."

About eight o'clock an Irish flag materialized from somewhere and was stuck on top of the parapet amidst a burst of cheering. Shortly afterwards a Union Jack made its appearance and was placed side by side with the green ensign. Every one grew wildly enthusiastic at this, and the whole of those in the trenches burst spontaneously into "God Save the King." It was quite unrehearsed and sounded splendid.

"By this time of course both flags had their share of bullet holes, but so far no German sniper has been smart enough to hit either flagstaff."

WOMEN'S WEAKNESS AND HEALTH PERILS

Anaemia Comes so Gradually That the Victim Scarcely Realizes the Hold the Trouble Has Upon Her. Almost in a Doze.

Women's weakness is more wearing than man's because it lasts almost every waking hour. There is no eight or nine hour day for the breadwinner's wife, and often she toils under the same conditions because her strength is below what it should be. The woman who is indoors all day is very often careless about what she eats and does not keep her blood up to the mark. It becomes thin and poor which makes her weak, headachy, tired, breathless and liable to pains in the back and sides, the scourge of her sex. New blood will do wonders for the woman who is tired out, who aches all over when she arises in the morning and feels unaccountably depressed. She can gain new blood now and drive away the pains and aches and tiredness if she will take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They have worked marvels for other women and will do the same for you if you are weak, tired, depressed or suffering from backaches or sideaches. Mrs. Elmer C. Taylor, Calgary, Alta. says: "I was so run down with anaemia that I could scarcely walk without aid. I had no color, no appetite, and was constantly troubled with headaches, dizzy spells, and a general disinclination to move about or do anything. My friends did not think I would get better, and even the doctor was apprehensive. I was constantly taking medicine, but it did not do me a particle of good. One day a friend asked if I had tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to do so almost as a forlorn hope. After I had used a few boxes there was a decided change for the better, and people began to ask what I was taking, the change was so noticeable. As I continued the Pills my color came back, I could eat my meals regularly, the headaches and dizzy spells ceased. I gained in my weight and took a new interest in life, my cure being complete. I have told many sickly women and girls what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me and urged them to take them, and shall continue to do so, knowing what a splendid medicine they are."

Every weak and ailing woman who will follow Mrs. Taylor's example and give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial will find new health and strength through their use. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SAVED BY DEAD BODIES.
Pte. J. Maxwell, Langholm, Highland Light Infantry, who went out

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that critic with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use For Over 30 Years
The Kind You Have Always Bought
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

"I was in the trenches," says Maxwell, "and our company had just relieved the previous section, and as we were more numerous than those who had left, it was necessary to make some more loopholes in the breastwork of sandbags. Having finished this I was passing along behind the breastwork, when a bullet straying through another loophole found its mark in my face.

"Once I was in a trench when a German shell exploded right in the trench, so that the walls fell in. I was buried alive, and had given quite myself up for lost when my comrades dug me out. Another time I was wounded by the dead bodies of my companions. We were in an advanced trench, and shells were bursting all around. Men were falling everywhere, and a shell exploded quite close to me, knocking me down and killing the fellow next to me, his corpse being across my chest. The chap on the other side was shot, and also lay on me. I quite thought that I would never see light again, and was preparing to die in that dreadful situation. Happily, however, I was extricated. But had I not been under the cover of the corpses, I must have inevitably perished from the shells, which kept on bursting close beside me."

"We got very little bayonet fighting. The Germans do not wait for that sort of thing. They can fire from the trenches, and some of them are very good shots. I have had my rifle shot out of my hands, when only its muzzle could be seen from in front; but when it comes to the bayonet, they prefer to surrender."

CENSURES STRIKERS.
A British Staff Officer in France writes: "We should get on better if those West Coast strikers could be taught a lesson. I never thought of feel ashamed to own that I was bred on the West coast until I read about those strikes. For 2d. an hour! and their own kith and kin fighting out here like heroes, and thousands of lives lost because the munitions of war don't come out quick enough. It is too awful to contemplate, and is the only thing that has shaken my confidence since the war began. But I am proud for another, for our Lowland regiments have proved themselves the toughest fighters in the whole army and from the number of whole regiments that have been sent out here you would think that Scotland was by far the bigger half of Great Britain."

Elijah Donnell, Town Clerk of Barrie for seventeen years, is dead at the age of 70.

After receiving the King he called upon Premier Salandra, who had just formed Giolitti's cabinet, and waited upon his majesty's progress in his efforts to a new ministry which would sent all phases of public already his assent and support of Signor Rissotto of the Socialist Reformist Pantano, a Radical leader nor Barzilai, one of the publicans. It is believed sustained also by Signor Giolitti, that Signor Giolitti will attitude of friendly neutrality.

There is no doubt that one of the most popular cheerers yesterday afternoon driving to the chamber of confer with Signor Marco and their officers joined in the cheering. Prince Scipione head of one of the former of Rome, indicated yesterday favors war when he sent ace to Borghese square.

Portuguese People Troubles Coming More Acute.

By Special Wire to the Courier London, May 15.—A dispatch received here from the Spanish capital informs that a revolutionary movement in Portugal. One report is that a revolutionary committee of the situation a serious movement against the public government of Portugal has been estab-lished. On the reports from this country months past have almost to political disorders.

There has been serious tension with the administration and the government has been characterized as drastic and to an impossible degree; and his advisers have been restless; there has been established, but not known, broad riots at Lisbon, for the proclamation of a republic throughout the republic; been much plotting on the part of the monarchists and the incarceration of numerous leaders; the army and navy suspected in their alleged officers of each branch had been the cause of the so-called "republic of Portugal" under the presidency Barrelo; and there have disorders of a serious nature.

By Special Wire to the Courier Rome, via Paris, May 13. Marcora, entrusted by King cabinet with the task of forming a cabinet to succeed the Salandra cabinet, insisted upon the unanimous support of a veteran, 74 years old. His wide experience in public affairs had declined a request to cabinet. He has served in parliament and has long been the member of the Chamber of Deputies.

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LA EDIT

FORTY-FIVE

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ITALIAN FORM GOALS

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