

## THE COURIER

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Saturday, March 30th, 1918.

## THE SITUATION

The position of affairs on the western front is still serious enough, but speaking generally the outlook may be classed as somewhat better. Enemy attempts in force at Arras and Vimy have met with a severe defeat except in the centre of the line where the Allies have taken steps to strengthen their resistance. The appointment of Gen. Foch as supreme commander, is a highly important move, and has been welcomed both in England and the States. He is spoken of as a strategist of the highest order, and will receive the heartiest co-operation of Field Marshal Haig, and the other commanders. One head is manifestly a great desideratum at the present time. German papers are not nearly so confident as they were, but destruction of British prestige still continues to be their great demand.

Since the present fighting started, the Germans claim to have taken 70,000 prisoners and 1,100 guns, but this is almost certainly an exaggeration.

A good Friday massacre of church worshippers in Paris by means of a shell from the long distance gun, constitutes still one more evidence of Hun atrociousness.

A despatch from England says that the people there fully realize that the present is a time of crisis for England and the Empire, and that all minor differences have been forgotten in the presenting of an undivided and self-sacrificing purpose. A like feeling becomes more and more necessary in Canada.

## STERN MEASURES NEEDED IN QUEBEC

The outbreak in Quebec City in connection with the Military Service Act is simply an illustration of the resentment which prevails more or less openly throughout that province with reference to the measure. The number of men excused there, and the delay with regard to appeals, has developed into a farce, and stern measures are evidently a necessity.

The spectacle, with the war at its crisis and every man needed, is sickening. Without any more to do, Quebec should be brought to time.

## THE HYDRO SUCCESS

When the Whitney Government first decided to embark upon the Hydro Electric project, the idea was to free the people from the monopoly of capitalistic companies in the matter of "white coal" and to reduce the cost of service.

There were dire predictions as to what would happen to the Province and the Municipalities in connection with the undertaking. The private corporation ran first of all declared that the thing could not be done, and then that it would end in financial disaster. As a matter of fact, no more successful enterprise on behalf of the plain people was ever launched anywhere. Hydro has not alone vastly reduced the price of electric lighting and power, but it has also made a magnificent showing on its own account.

The Niagara system showed last year a net profit of \$486,930; the Severn system had a surplus of \$50,469; the Eugenie Falls was \$31,934 ahead; the Waddell Falls system was \$9,551 to the good; the lesser Muskoka systems \$3,063; the St. Lawrence one \$4,602 and the Port Arthur system \$5,277.

What would have been the condition of affairs during these days had the movement so effectively under the administration of Sir Adam Beck not been in the field?

That the project should be backed to the limit for even wider achievements no one doubts, who has the interests of the people at all at heart, and with such an example, public ownership might well be extended in many other directions.

## Car Plunged Over Bridge Boy Drowned

Continued from page one

son had succumbed to his injuries, which is incorrect, for at the hospital he is reported to be making all the progress which can be expected. Need Truck For Boat.

Officials of the fire department point out to The Courier the manner in which the accident emphasizes the need for adequate means of transportation for the lifeboat.

## SIDELIGHTS AT OTTAWA

## H. F. Gadsby's Weekly Letter From the Capital—Interesting Pen Pictures of Union Government Leaders

BY H. F. GADSBY.

Ottawa, March 30.—"That was a ripping good joke Sir George made to-day," said the Hon. Frank Carvell as he came out of the Green Chamber arm-in-arm with the Hon. Dr. Reid.

Just imagine it—Frank Carvell fighting Frank of yore old time, Carvell whom good Conservatives used to regard as the devil's own source, Carvell the thorn in the side of the "Union Government," Carvell the sweet nothing into Dr. Reid's ear and passing compliments to Sir George Foster! Oh these intimacies of the council table! These amazing friendships of Union Government! Truth is indeed stranger than fiction.

Not that Sir George Foster does not deserve all the compliments Frank Carvell can pay him. For some years now I have watched Sir George ripening and mellowing, his mordant satire turning into gentle humor under the sun of brotherly love and one way and another getting as near heaven as a politician can. Sir George looks back over his shoulder at a long, useful life, and he has become very tolerant of his fellow men on both sides of politics. I miss my guess if he was not ready for Union Government a good six months in advance of the rest of his colleagues—such was the mood of amity he had achieved.

And now Sir George is making jokes—jokes which attract the attention and arouse the admiration of that ancient and robustious enemy, Frank Carvell! They must be great jokes—to command the praise of such a truculent critic. But then Sir George can turn the laugh on anybody or anything. Only the other day he had an argument with a Mogul engine at the Union Station in Toronto which sent Sir George to the hospital but which changed the engine's point of view and no doubt broadened Sir George's sense of humor. At all events Sir George did something then to which no other orator in or out of Parliament has ever aspired. But this feat of derring-do was not enough. Lying on the flat of his back, with his hands tied down by his side, Sir George piled up a majority of sixteen thousand. If a man can do that with a majority by means of absent treatment, what can he do when he is up and busy? Some joker is Sir George. No wonder fighting Frank Carvell takes off his hat—he has had many encounters in his life, most of them successful, but he has never yet taken a fall out of a locomotive. All one can wish for Sir George now is that he may live forever.

An interesting conjuncture is the Hon. James Calder and the better known Newton Rowell. They are seat-mates and the Press Gallery has already christened them the Two Mountaches, the contrast being quite as marked as the symbolism. The Hon. Mr. Calder has a monochrome of generous proportions, not as drooping as that of the walrus, nor yet as bristling as that of Frank Oliver, but an impressive ornament just the same, and fairly typical of the breezy western spirit. It is a fact built to resist the weather, and blizzards have raged through it with as little harm to the fabric as the gentle chinook. Mr. Calder's moustache hints to me of spacious skies, wide horizons, and broad opinions well ventilated by the keen air of the prairies. I have a great deal of faith in it.

The Hon. Mr. Rowell's moustache is of an entirely different character. It is black and might be luxuriant if it were allowed to have its own way, but like Mr. Rowell, it is under the strictest moral discipline. Its close-cropped neatness seems to represent all the propriety of the effete east and all the goodness of Toronto. Some day Mr. Rowell will wax that moustache and that day will see him hailed as good fellow and taken to the bosom of the average sterner who has passed through enough fire to become human.

Just here is the place to say that Mr. Rowell has in him the makings of a useful statesman. He is honest, earnest, industrious, and eloquent. Really eloquent—no wind, no padding—the eloquence of compact language, close reasoning, and definite purpose. On the hustings or in Parliament Mr. Rowell makes equally good speeches. He never

When the alarm was first turned in Thursday night, Chief Lewis was summoned from a meeting of the fire and light committee in the city hall, and at once made his way in his car to the scene of the disaster. He was at work in the water upon the arrival of the waggons with the lifeboat.

"And we didn't lose my time," a fireman pointed out. Purchase of a motor truck for the purpose of transporting the lifeboat has already been authorized by the city council and the only delay now is in the selection of the motor truck to be bought. Meanwhile, it is pointed out that the firemen have had two trips to the Murray street bridge this spring, while drowning alarms are often received from points much farther distant, in which case every moment is precious in reaching the scene.

It takes courage and capital to advise it. It takes a prophet eye which foresees the future, instead of a profit eye, which sees only the

make a poor speech because he never trusts to the moment to throw a lot of flub-bub together. He prepares his speeches, midnight-oldest to the last syllable, in which matter he sets an example to our Elder Statesmen, who have long thought that anything was good enough for the crowd. Mr. Rowell's critics, and they are many, have ground that Mr. Rowell matters be earnest, but that he is earnest about only a few things. He is earnest about moral reform, about winning the war, about the greatness and solidarity of the British Empire—the pie of politics—the subjects, that is to say, over which any one with a spiritual side to his nature may smack his lips. But how about the tariff and the other sordid details which make up the daily fare of politics? When will Mr. Rowell show an expert interest in these homely, but necessary, subjects? When does he will cut a much greater figure in politics than he does now.

Meanwhile his task is to conquer a certain unpopularly with the man on the street who would love Mr. Rowell more if he could respect him less. Just one amiable failing—just a little cigarette, smoked in public—any in the lobby of the Chateau—and Mr. Rowell would win many hearts. "What is one mass?" said Henry of Navarre, foregoing for the moment a conviction in order to win Paris. What is one cigarette—we'll let it go at that.

The Hon. Chas. Murphy's remarks about Mr. Rowell continues to reverberate down the corridors of time. Mr. Murphy is Irish, and when he speaks about Mr. Rowell he speaks not only of amors but Connemara. Mr. Murphy is known as the Shillelagh of the Opposition—and a doughty shillelagh he is and deals many a blow. The general opinion was that he certainly did beat up Mr. Rowell, but about the result there were two schools of thought—one that it was bad for Mr. Murphy, because it would create sympathy for Mr. Rowell, the other that it would be good for Mr. Rowell because it would show him the treatment he might expect when he got away from Toronto, where the Globe and the Star and the good people generally are always prepared to give prizes for good conduct. There is a large cold world outside Toronto, and this fact Mr. Murphy has conveyed to Mr. Rowell in language not very delicate. There ought to be a lesson in it for some body. Personally, I believe that Mr. Rowell suffers from the kindness of his newspaper friends, who will insist on painting the lily and crying up the virtues of a public-spirited citizen who would succeed much better on his own feet.

It may interest the gentle reader, and the ungente one likewise, to learn that the Hon. C. C. Ballantyne is a gigantic stakeman, almost as tall as the high tariff he favors. He is remarkably like De Wolfe Hopper in face and figure. One does not know whether his voice has the same hoarse quality as the big comedian's, but if it has it ought to make a big hit with Parliament. One wonders also whether Mr. Ballantyne has the same quality, but I don't see how that can be, because—well, because the tariff is a joke. It is no joke, and yet it is no course—because it is a smooth way of extracting money from a people not ripe yet for the rough, blunt methods of direct taxation.

Even Dr. Michael Clark has modified his views of the tariff to the extent of blaming it for everything except our recent severe winter. This shows how much Union Government has done for the great apostle of free trade. I don't see how we are to get along without, a tariff for some years to come. It will be one of many ways of raising a lot of money. We have one plumber in Parliament, but it will take more than one plumber to solder the leaks in the treasury. We have also one dentist, but it will take more than one dentist to fill the cavity in the revenue. Still, whenever I look at Mr. Ballantyne I remember that De Wolfe Hopper once sang "That elephant ate all night and that elephant ate all day" and somehow or other I think that elephant up with high tariff.

However, nobody reckons to meet that elephant crossing a bridge this session—not even the western members.

H. F. GADSBY.

present. It takes a restless spirit that isn't content with anything but leadership.

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## Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE PHELPS

## CENTERED ROMANCE.

## CHAPTER XVII.

All the romance my life had held was centered around Robert Garrett. Other young men who had paid me careless or semi-careless attentions had counted for nothing at the time; now they were almost forgotten. I had room only in heart, mind and life for one man, my husband.

There was no real friendship possible between Bob's friends and me. Their outlook on life was so radically different, and I was so set in my ideas, my convictions, I was not sufficiently trained in the ways of the world, not wise, nor vicious enough; you never do when you are a companion, more than I cared for them. One always feels these things even though unexpected.

I began to resent Bob's admiration for beautiful, or interesting, or successful women, men or books. This attitude was an unconscious one at first; but gradually I consciously rebelled. I loved him dearly, my very life belonged to him; his should belong to me in the same way, else what meaning had the marriage ceremony?

But when I tried to make Bob see how I felt; tried to explain my convictions, I noticed a growing impatience. This was so slight at first that it was little more than a flash, but both his impatience and my knowledge of it grew daily.

"I do wish you wouldn't be so free, talk so excitedly to people who call; you never do when we are alone." Elmer Root and his wife I did not like her, a silly little blonde musician—had called, and in discussing music, the writers of grand opera, with Mrs. Root, Bob had talked loudly, gesticulated, and in fact grown so excited, talked so fast that neither Mr. Root nor I could speak.

"I don't know what you mean, Margaret! what in the world did I do to-night to displease you?" he replied rather crossly.

"Why you got so terribly excited, and talked so loud. My head quite ached before you finished. No one was interested either only that doll-faced Mrs. Root. I could see her husband was bored to death."

"Mrs. Root may be doll-faced as you call her, but she is a very bright woman, and an authority on musical matters. Her knowledge of written music is wonderful, and makes her very interesting."

"Well I think it terribly bad form to discuss by the hour, something your wife doesn't understand—especially with another woman."

"You play very well—Margaret, I should think you would like to improve yourself and be interested in the technique of music. I really believe you play better than Mrs. Root does."

"Thank you! and as long as I do, why not be satisfied without wanting me to be interested in the history of all the old dead musicians?"

Bob flushed, started to speak, then waited. Finally he said: "These young men have not here you have your ideas about all these things I have mine. As long as we don't agree—and it seems never will, why spend our time talking about them? After we have tried to only talk of the things in which we are mutually interested when we are alone; but I reserve the right to discuss other things—matters in which I alone am interested with my friends—and without unkind, and uncalled for criticism."

"Don't you really believe you should want to please me; Bob?" I asked, tears of anger and disappointment at his attitude filling my eyes. "I'm your wife, you know; and

it seems that you should try to please me, and make me happy. It is so little I ask; just to do the plain everyday wholesome things father and mother do. They are happy."

An impatient exclamation escaped Bob.

"Your father is an old man. Then, too, he probably never cared for the interesting things of life as I do," why, Margaret, I should starve to death—mentally if I did as you evidently would like me to do."

I was about to make a hasty reply, when I noticed the gleam of impatience, almost anger in his eyes. I would say no more now. I would not be impatient. "Home was not built in a day" father used to quote. I would take my time to bring him around to my way of thinking; to reform him. The longer I lived with him, the better I was beginning to understand the task before me. To educate Bob, to teach him to be domestic.

Elsie had said men were big babies, overgrown boys. I would treat him as such. I would be patient, try not to find too much fault; but I would not abate my attempt to bring him to my way of thinking, not for a moment.

I was honest in my desire to be a helpmeet to Bob, I thought I was being just that when I called attention to his faults; when I tried to impress upon him the error of his ways. I had not dreamed he had so many idiosyncrasies of temperament. Elsie had warned me, but I had laughed at her. Well some day I would laugh at Elsie. The day I could show her how I had made Bob over into an image of my own fashioning. A quiet domestic man who loved his wife, his home so well that he had neither time nor thought for anything beyond. Until then I would be as patient as I could, and quietly discourage all those things which annoyed me, all those things Monday—A Last Week End Visit.

## THE GRAND

Good houses were the order of the day afternoon and evening at the Grand yesterday, when the charming religious photo play "Ramona," in keeping with the week, was presented for the first time. The cast of the picture is of unusual merit, and the entire production highly pleasing. The story is laid in California in the days of the olden missions there. The picture will be shown again this afternoon and to-night.

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