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### THE COURIER Published by The Brantford Courier Limi-ited, every afternoon, at Dalhouske Street, Brantford, Canada. Subscription rate: By carrier, 53 a year; by mail to British possessions and the United States, 52 GEMS OF THOUGHT. There is an education that persections and the United States, 52 per salum. BEANI-WREEKLY COURIER-Published on Tuesday and Thursday mornings, at \$1 per year, puyable in advance. To the United States, 50 cents artra for postage. Second Officer Queen City Chambers, 52 Church Street, Toronto. H. E. Smallpeice, Representative. comes to the soul from vital

faith in God and a power for good upon society that abstract right cannot give; that in atheistic or agnostic morality, set upon the pinnacle of altruism, is utterly unable to supply.-George

The good never dies. Evil dies.

Cruelty, oppression, selfishness,

greed-these die, but nobility

love, sacrifice, generosity, truth,

thank God for it small as they

are, difficult as it is to discover

them-these live forever; these

I believe freedom to be the

first condition of moral life. It

needs, however, to be accom-

panied by much instruction. It

is like money in this-that in or-

der to profit by it one must know

how to use it properly .- Julia

BRILLIANTS.

Yet, though my progress be but

And failure oft obscure the

Schall reach the longed for light,

The morns are meeker than they

The nuts are getting brown;

The berry's cheek is plumper;

Show it now.

Make hearts happy, roses grow.

Let the friends around you know

The love you have before they

Show it now.

LEARNING.

The rose is out of town.

-Florence Earle Coates.

-Emily Dickinson.

-Charles M. Skinner.

I, too, victorious at last,

are eternal .- Frank Norris.

A. Gordon.

Ward Howe.

slow

past,

I know!

were:

go-

wealth

place.

move.-Hall.

### Monday, June 29, 1914

### TO-DAY'S CAMPAIGN.

The people for the last few weeks have been pretty well satiated with Ontario politics, but the actual campaign was in reality the shortest on record in this Province. No one will be inclined to grumble over that.

For the Government the main issues have been well defined, continuance of clean administration, endorsation of the Workmen's Compensation Act, English to remain the language of instruction in all public schools, endorsation of Hydro-Electric, prison reform, and so on.

For the Rowellites the main effort has been to drag a moral issue into the party arena for attempted political

gain. This is to be regretted, and will be repudiated. Another deplorable feature has been the use of the pulpits, when the occupants of the same could be so persuaded, as they were in this community perhaps more than any other. A minister should not thus take advantage of a post where there is no chance of objection or questioning. This paper does not doubt what the outcome will be, but that, of course, is a story to be officially told now within a few short hours.

AN OLD WAR HORSE. Y The many friends of Mr. Robert Henry, an ex-M.P. of this riding, will be pleased to know that he has been able to take part in this campaign in Essex.

At a large mass meeting held in Windsor in the interests of Dr. Reaume, Hon. Mr. Hanna wired that he found it utterly impossible to fulfil his promise to speak, and Mr. Robert Henry was asked to fill his place. He did so. The Windsor Record (Liberal), in referring to the incident,

said:

"In place of Hon. Mr. Hanna, the crowd of about 700 that sat through the stifling heat heard Mr. Robert Henry, Sr., former member of Parliament. In bringing Mr. Henry to the platform Dr. Reaume enacted scene similar to the one seen at Mas sey Hall this week. At Toronto, Sin James Whitney, aged and showing the results of a recent illness, was as sisted to the platform, and he deliver d an address that took the gatherin by storm. On this occasion Mr. Hen. ry, aged and showing the effects of his recent illness, was making his first appearance on the platform in this campaign. Both were grand old fighters in their days, and at times flashes of the old-time zeal and energy were shown.

ing. Wit and wisdom are born "His hand resting on the edge of with a man.-Selden. the speaker's table for support, Henry spoke of Mr. J. C. Tolmrie's candidature and expressed his opin-ion in no uncertain manner. "This Instruction does not prevent waste of time or mistakes, and on in no uncertain manner. new riding was created by the Whitmistakes themselves are often ney Government, not for political pur-poses, but with the idea of giving the the best teachers of all.-Froude. people of Windsor, Walkerville and lwich the best there is, and the Government believes is none to good, for Mr. Rowell opposed th LOST LOVE. making of a new constituency and Who wins his love shall lose her. tried hard to prevent it. Then we come along and we see Mr. Tolmic taking advantage in a crevice in the Conservative party and seeking elect Who loses her shall gain, For still the spirit wooes her-A soul without a staintion. I say that Mr. Tolmie would have not been a candidate if Dr. And memory still pursues her, With longings not in vain! Reaume had been the only other can-didate," said Mr. Henry. He loses her who gains her, The balance of the address was in Who watches day by day Mr. Henry's old-time vigorous form The dust of time that stains her, The griefs that leave her gray. and he received great applause in connection with the points he made. The flesh that yet enchains her Whose grace hath passed NOTES AND COMMENTS. away! 1 1 Vote for- Tush, that's all over Oh, happier he who gains not until next time. The love some seem to gain. Once more the royal job has been The joy that custom stains not Shall still with him remain. demonstrated to be just about as dan-The loveliness that wanes not. gerous as aeroplaning. The love that ne'er can wane. \* \* \* There are several gentlemen who at In dreams she grows not older about 6 o'clock to-night will feel that The land of dream among. they didn't want to get into Parlia-Though all the world wax colder, ment, anyway. Though all the songs be sung, This great family journal will now In dreams doth he behold her Still fair and kind and young. be able to turn its attention to the -Andrew Lang. bossing of European affairs and the unravelling of that little difficulty in Mexico. PHILOSOPHICAL. If all our wishes were gratified ALL I HAVE most of our pleasures would be LAY AT destroyed .- Archbishop Whately. YOUR FEET. A man is very apt to complain of the ingratitude of those who THAT'D have risen far above him .- Dr. Johnson. 14-FRED-I If a sparrow cannot fall without God's knowledge, how can an empire rise without his aid?-Benjamin Franklin. GOD GIVE THEE PEACE. God give thee peace today. Happen whate'er there may. On him thy spirit stay As strikes each hour. -Charlotte Murray. George Bowles.

### THE RETURN Uncle Walt

# **The Poet Philosopher**

MOURNFUL MUSINGS. A few short years of grief and airth, and we go back to Mother Copyright 1913 by W. G. Chapman. Earth, our play and labor done, no

more to struggle or to plan, no more to do our fellow man, or hustle for that I shall awaken in a moment to see the mon. An epitaph upon a stone that awful knife descending toward will tell you where we sleep alone, my heart. Kiss me, dear, just once and other things relate; "As I an before I lose my dream forever." now, so you must be, therefore prepare to follow me, and get you invitation. He took the girl he loved shreud on straight." Full soon, my in his strong arms and kissed her not friends, we shall repose, oblivous to uman woes, and all men's transient schemes; ; the clamor of the busy

street, the thundering of countless feet, will not risturb our dreams. Out n the silent resting place, each gent in his own packing case, shall wait the judgment dawn; and he's in luck in living men shall mow the weeds down now and then, and mourn that he is gone. So why be straining and days to get the best of other jays, and pile up stacks of pelf? scratch so bitterly and hard to get in ong green by the yard, why let our god be Self? Oh, let us blow our surplus wealth for others' happiness and health, shell out our miser's heap,

and when we die, some day in June, the stores will close all afternoon, to let employees weep. WALT MASON.

## MEMORIAM (Continued from Page 1)

Wells, F. Vanderbilt, Wm. Pierce,

Thompson, F. K. Nelson, J. W. Patti son, Lucas Lent, A. R. Narroway, Walter Roberts, Maxwell Craig, Robert Park, Geo. Varey, W. J. Beckett, R. Harley, Thos. White, W. Wright, R. S. Schell, A. E. Birkett, M. B. Lavery, Henry Cleator, Thos D. Smith, Jesse Misener, G. W. Dick, Dr. Stinson, killed in San Francisco Earthquake; Walter Hall, B. Jackson W. Swain, Wm. Earon, H. McDonald Stephen A. Sayles, Alex. McSporran, W. E. Booth, Ralph Farrar, W. Nooble, Thos. H. Spence, Chas. E Warner, S. Tomlinson, Henry Berry, Wesley Hill, J. Snider, A. I lliott Dr. Templar, Chas. Norwood, Jame Dewhurst, W. Batters, C. Scan, H. Robinson, Edwin Heasley, J. Bennet, Fred Fisher, Job Wood, H Butterworth, Geo. W. Cronk, S. M Thomson, Alvin Porteous, Wm H Wilson, G. Howie,, Blundell, Harrion Mullin, F. Waugh, F. C. Heath, James Boughnei Chas, Austin, R Read, Thos. Harrison, H. Thompson Wm Laing, Joseph Eagleton, Thos. Callis, Joseph Tilley, Wm. Finlayson, John Muirhead, J. S Dowling. THE ROAD TO FAME.

The road to fame is long and steep. No coward feet can stand it. None but the brave the way can keep: None but the brave command

### THE DAILY COURIER, BRANTFORD, CANADA

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Strong Arms and Kissed Her.

BURROUGHS

"It must be that I am dreaming, and

Tarzan of the Apes needed no second

21

》圖。

lion." She paused suddenly and looked up at him, a questioning light in her eyes. "Tarzan of the Apes," she cried, **OF TARZAN** "it was you who did that thing! It could have been no other." He dropped his eyes, for he was By EDGAR RICE ashamed.

"How could you have gone away and left me?" she cried reproachfully. "Don't, Jane!" he pleaded. "Please don't! You cannot know how I have suffered since for the cruelty of that act or how I suffered then, first in jealous rage and then in bitter resentment against the fate that I had not deserved. I went back to the apes

ter to come up.

handsome face.

Tarzan forced a few drops between the

cracked and swollen lips. He wetted

Presently Clayton opened his eyes.

"It's all right, old fellow," said the

The Englishman shook his head

raised himself upon one elbow.

of Jane Porter.

the end, never fear."

again for a brief moment.

offer for injuring you, but I could not

bear to think of giving you up. I do

not ask your forgiveness. I only wish to do now the thing I should have done

over a year ago." He fumbled in the

pocket of the ulster beneath him for

'tle 'gasp' he' stiffened and was still.

Then Tarzan of the Apes drew a fold

of the ulster across the upturned face.

SCROFULA AND ALL

(To be continued.)

There are many things learned

rom experience and observation

that the older generation should im-

press upon the younger. Among

them is the fact that scrofula and

other humors are most successfully

HUMORS GIVE WAY

the hot forehead and bathed the pitiafter that. Jane, intending never again to see a human being." ful limbs. He told her then of his life since he A faint, shadowy smile lighted his had returned to the jungle-of how he had dropped like a plummet from a countenance as he saw the girl leaning civilized Parisian to a savage Waziri over him. At sight of Tarzan the expression changed to one of wonderwarrior and from there back to the brute that he had been raised. She ment. asked him many questions, and he nar-

rated every detail of his civilized life ape-man. "We've found you in time. to her, omitting nothing, for he felt no Everything will be all right now, and shame since his heart always had been we'll have you on your feet again betrue to her. When he had finished he fore you know it." sat looking at her as though waiting for her judgment and his sentence. weakly. "It's too late," he whispered. "I knew that he was not speaking "But it's just as well. I'd rather die." the truth," she said. "Oh, what a horrible creature he is!"

"You are not angry with me, then?" ne asked. And her reply, though apparently

most irrelevant, was truly feminine. "Is Olga de Coude very beautiful?" she asked. And Tarzan laughed and kissed her

again. "Not one-tenth so beautiful as you, dear," he said. She gave a contented little sigh and let her head rest against his shoulder. beast!" He knew that he was forgiven.

CHAPTER XXIX. The Passing of the Ape-Man. HAT night Tarzan built a snug

little bower high among the swaying branches of a giant tree, and there the tired girl slept, while in a crotch beneath her the ape-man curled, ready, even in

sleep, to protect her. It took them many days to make the long journey to the coast. Where the way was easy. they walked hand in hand beneath the arching bows of the mighty forest, as might in a far gone past have walked their primeval for Where the underbrush was "Am I alive and a reality, or am I bears. tangled he took her in his great arms and bore her lightly through the trees, "If you are not alive, my man," she

and the days were all too short. for answered, "I pray that I may die thus they were very happy. Had it not before I awaken to the terrible realibeen for their anxiety to reach and ties of my last waking moments." succor Claytop they would have drawn For awhile both were silent, gazing out the sweet pleasure of that wonderinto each others' eyes as though each ful journey indefinitely. still questioned the reality of the won-On the last day before they reached

derful happiness that had come to something that he had discovered there the coast Tarzan caught the scent of them. The past, with all its hideous while he lay between the paroxysms men ahead of them-the scent of black disappointments and horrors, was forof fever. Presently he found it-a men. He told the girl and cautioned gotten, the future did not belong to crumbled bit of yellow paper. He them, but the present ah, that was her to maintain silence. "There are handed it to the girl, and as she took theirs. None could take that from few friends in the jungle," he remark It his arm fell limply across his chest. ed dryly. them. It was the gift who first broke his head dropped back, and with a lit-

In half an hour they came stealthil the sweet silence. ...... upon a small party of black warriors "Where are we going, dear?" she filing toward the west. As Tarzan saw asked, "What are we going to do?" "Where would you like best to go?" them he gave a cry of delight. I he asked. "What would you like best | was a band of his own Waziri. Busul was there and others who had accomto do?" "Tolgo where you go, my man; to do panied him to Opar. At sight of him they danced and cried out in exuberant whatever seems best to you," she anjoy. For weeks they had been search swered.

"But Clayton?" he asked. For a moing for him, they told him. The blacks exhibited considerable ment he had forgotten that there exwonderment at the presence of the isted upon the earth other than they white girl with him, and when they "We have forgotten your husfound that she was to be his woman they vied with one another to do her "I am not married, Tarzan of the Apes!" she cried. "Nor am I longer | bonor. With the happy Waziri laughing and dancing about them, they promised in marriage. The day before those awful creatures captured me I came to the rude shelter by the shore.

MONDAY, JUNE 29, 1914



ON NATIONALITY

RTER all, there is only on A nationality and that's the o to which you belong, ain't the right? It does me a sight of go ter see a man proud of his nationality It shows that he believes he is er less of a unit that goes to ma up an impregnable whole lief is strong enough you'll larn that



"Where is M. Thuran?" asked the he don't need his nation half as much as his nation needs him and that's al right too because if he didn't think "He left me after the fever got bad. He is a devil. When I begged for the it nobody else would and thinking a water that I was too weak to get he thing don't hurt anything or anybody drank before me, threw the rest out If ye haven't any nation pick out one and laughed in my face." At the ye think ye'd like ter shout fer and thought of it the man was suddenly start in hollerin', then people will say animated by a spark of vitality. He that your loyal and patriotic. The "Yes,' older ye get the more yer goin' to he almost shouted. "I will live! I will realize what the people think counts live long enough to find and kill that fer a whole lot.

But the brief effort left him weaker than before, and he sank back The German Emperor on hearing again upon the rotting grasses that, news of the Austrian tragedy hurwith his old ulster, had been the bed iedly left the yachting regatta at Kiel.





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MONDAY, JUNE 29.



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Jnnior 4th. to Senior Nelles Silvert Kenzie 601. Lle mond Sutherland Alfred Penn, 67-Ross Wilson 668 667, Ralph William tler 651, Howard Ma Sanderson 611, Mar Frances Mitchell.

> Sr. 3rd. to Jun. 4 Walter Fleming 700

589

729. Lloyd Chapt ley 671, Walter De Chandler 650, Len Frances Harper 60 mer 601, Lola Made Leeming 594, Morto-Bruce Kitchen 580. ( 582, Hector Polloc O'Heron 578, H: David Stratford 573, I. Frank Havnes 568. 548, Becca Morrison 543, Greta O'Heron

G. C. WI From Jr. 3rd. to Sr.

Maximum 900 erine Sweet, 739, Gladys Fleming 717. Charlie Burt 7 liffe 700. Morris Henry Blues 694. 689, Roy Knoephili 65 Brown 680, Walter Kr Bernard Cole 669, Roy Alex Blues 668, Jean M Leeming 667 Annie Howe othy Gibson 660. Georg Edward Smiths 650, Mil 645, Earl Witmer 642. 637, Edith Hornby 636 628, Leroy Pettit 616. 591, Flossie Colwell 585 583, Gladys Peirce 573. 570, Walter Fulcher 550

554. Andrew Brown 540. erell 540 L. A. SHANNON

Jr. 3rd. to Sr. 3rd. Maximum 900. To pas Madgwick 664, Harold Stella Emmett 600. De Mariorie Miller 590. Fr Grace Calbeck 576. Lil

571. Marion Wallace 552.

terson 549, Nelson I

E. GOOL From 2nd. to 3rd.

Maximum 800. To pass Hicks 599. Fred Shaw Ramsay 578, Annie Daw Nellie Butler 565. Edna D vy Pennell 557, Mildred 547. Harry Haves 538. Flos 532, Malcolm Reid 529, I. lock 516. Nettie Butler Digby 513, Louis Jack Street 507, Eldon Aiken

E. GOOD.

Second Bock to Junior : Maximum 800. To pass Fleming 621, Isobel Brews



### Silas Babcock,, W. G. Watson, Chas. L. Smith, John Harrison, W. Hutton P. Excell, Geo. Whitman, J Cruickshanks, Geo. Franklin, A. Harris, Geo. Alderson, Jno. E. Berks, W. F.

Be noble-that is more than Do right-that is more than -George Macdonald. Learning without thought is labor lost. Thought without learning is perilous.-Confucius. He might be a very clever man by nature, for all I know, but he laid so many books upon his head that his brains could not

Histories make men wise: poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; morals, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.-Bacon.

No man is wiser for his learn-

height,

rough,

buff

way

ing.



Lindsay Mutter 608 Ernes Harry Michener 586. Tom 583, Lily Bailey 583, Lily William Groves 576. Wi 576, Gladys Holway 570, Walsh 552, Louise Cute Agnes Milne 541, Rob 540 Iennie Patterse Sparkes 512. Et Everett Pettit 503 **GREAT PICTURE S** For the r Framed sale her prices. If NOTE-WE HAVE ONL' Pickels' Book S 72 COLBORNE STRE Phone 1878 NEILL SI Special

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