

Win-The-War Headquarters

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TEA POT INN

COMMERCIAL BLK.
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Information regarding
Voters Lists, or in connection
with the approaching
elections, cheerfully furnished.

W. F. Cockshutt
Our Win-the-War
Candidate.

UNION COMMITTEE ROOMS

415 1/2 Colborne Street
For Ward 5
All Win-the-War People
Invited

UNION COMMITTEE ROOMS

417 Colborne Street
For Wards 4 and 5
All Win-the-War People
Invited

NOTICE!

On and after Dec. 10th 1917, owing to the high cost of Feed, Shoeing and everything in general, the Team Owners of the City of Brantford have been forced to raise their rates for teaming, carting and moving, etc.

Teaming per day of 9 or 10 Hrs.	\$7.00
Broken time per hour75
All Dray work per hour . . .	1.00
Van per hour	1.25
Extra Help per hour50
Motor Trucks, Large, per hour	3.00
Motor Trucks, small, per hour	1.50
Time included going to and from Stables.	

J. T. Burrows
J. M. Tullock
Hunt & Colter
P. Clansy
Brabbs Bros.
W. T. Holder
Geo. Yake
H. Hull

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

ROAD TO VICTORY ON FRENCH FRONT

Endless Traffic Along Broad Highway in Northern France

Behind British Lines in France, Dec. 15.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press)—There is a broad road which runs like a spinal column across the north of France, which the British private has nicknamed the "Road to Victory." His fondness for this road is perhaps due to the fact that it is broader, better paved, and more direct than most other roads, being one of those highways which Napoleon laid out many generations ago.

Over this "Road to Victory" there moves a never-ending procession of transport of the most varied character. Standing at a cross-road, one sees first a group of four wagons; theirs is a pleasant load, for they carry rations—clean wholesome yellow cheeses, sides of prime bacon, fresh white bread in sacks, chests of tea, sugar, jam, tinned butter and bully-buff, sacks of potatoes and onions, sides of frozen beef and mutton.

Behind the ration carts follow a string of twenty great hooded motor-lorries laden with lumber of various kinds. Each lorry in this group carries its name proudly on its side, the names all taken from Dickens' characters—Daisy Prig, Martin Chuzzlewit, Micawber, Oliver Twist, Mr. Rumble, Salrey Gamp, and others. Some are carrying "duck-boards," which are little sections of skeleton sidewalk for foot traffic over the mud. Others are laden with "turkey trots," little wooden bridges for shell-holes. Still others have long bundles of brush-wood "fascines" for filling in hollow places in roads. Yet others have lengths of beech planking for corduroy roads.

Next in line behind the lorries is a battery of field guns painted in a strange motley of greens, browns and yellows. The horses are in the pink of condition, their coats gleam, their drivers tanned brick-red by exposure. After the guns come long strings of pack mules wearing brown canvas "carriers," from the pockets of which peep the gleaming cases of eighteen-pounder shells, or the squat yellow bodies of field howitzer ammunition. The mule is certainly doing his bit in this war. Plodding and patient, he works his ten or twelve hours a day back and forth between dump and gun position, mostly under shell-fire, always through roads muddy and wet and shell-torn.

So the long column moves onward under the beckoning hand of the military policeman at the cross-roads. More lorries pass, filled with men all singing lustily. Then come two strange looking tractors hauling big howitzers; a labor battalion carrying shovels instead of rifles; more mules; more lorries—an endless procession, always going forward along this great road.

And the road itself, on which traffic never ceases day or night, moves always, pushing further and further forward to the east.

ATTRACTIVE HURRY-UP GIFTS.

Who in this hurried season hata not said to herself at the last moment, "How could I have forgotten Fanny? And where have I mislaid the socks I bought for Bob?" Some such frenzied questions, all of us ask of ourselves at the eleventh hour. What an Utopia this world would be on Christmas eve if we all could have the foresight to buy a few extra gifts, which if not needed might be used later? Oh, why? Oh, why? But with "just living" clear out of bounds, and extra time and extra gifts hard to garner, these few suggestions may stimulate a jaded mind to one last stitch. To save Fanny's feelings.

Sachets of French daintiness are made of a 12-inch square of silk folded into a triangle. Fill with a layer of cotton generously sprinkled with sachet. Edge with a ruffe of the silk, pinked on the edges, and complete with a spray of rosebuds and a bit of green for leaves. Result—charmant!

A breakfast tray set of delft blue linen is bound in white bias seam binding, and lettered in white, Roman block letters. The set consists of a tray cloth 18x14 inches, and a 12-inch napkin.

On the long side of a piece of net

stitch (or whip if you have time) a strokes of the camel's hair brush. Gather, at the place of stitching, over a fine milliner's wire—gather, oh, so slightly. About one and one-half inches from the wire make a small casing, through which run a silk elastic. Sew the short edges together in a fine seam, adown with a chin-strap of ribbon and a bud or so, and you have a very fetching breakfast cap. So. A bag 8 inches square filled with various sized corks and corkcrews should be easily made and unfasten-ly useful even where state-wide is in effect. A remnant of crepe de chine will make an envelope-shaped night gown case, edged with val lace insertion and filled with a covered button and a loop. Most of the new bottles for shampoo are attractively shaped. In extreme need, why not empty one's bottle, have it filled with the prospective owner's favorite toilet water, and dress it up with a skirt of plaid lace applied with gold braid, finished with an apple or two of colored silk? Anybody who has a supply of colored enamels, and most of us have these hectic days, may transform a homely clear can into a glorious humidor by a few well applied

Men and Women of Canada

Do YOU realize the momentous duty, the tremendous opportunity your vote places upon you on Monday, December the seventeenth, nineteen hundred and seventeen? Everything is at stake—everything that your forefathers have fought for—everything that you have lived for—every good thing you have hoped for will stand or fall as you vote on December the seventeenth.

This is not an Election It is a Battle with the Hun

Whose cause will be injured WHEN you cast your vote for the Unionist Candidate?—The Kaiser's.

Whose cause will be supported WHEN you cast your vote for the Unionist Candidate—Canada's and the Allies.

Whose cause will be injured IF you cast your vote for Laurier and Bourassa?—Canada's and the Allies.

Whose cause will be supported IF you cast your vote for Laurier and Bourassa—The Kaiser's

Never before in the history of this great Dominion has such a terrible crisis appeared, and yet it is called an election, and some electors appear not to understand its awful import. Union Government, formed of representative men, both Liberal and Conservative, has realized that in this crisis party affiliation must be cast aside and every energy expended to win the war. One hundred thousand reinforcements are desperately needed by our men in France. Union Government is pledged to raise them under the just provisions of the Military Service Act, 1917.

YOUR DUTY IS CLEAR Support Union Government

Bourassa has joined forces with Laurier as he knows that the Laurier policy can only mean one thing—QUIT—take Canada out of the war—break our pledge to the brave boys in France—drag Canada's fair name in the mud of world opinion—and clear the road for the Kaiser.

Shall Quebec Force Her Will on Canada?

Quebec, who has spurned her duty to Canada in the war, made Conscription necessary. Had the French-Canadian done his duty under the voluntary system of recruiting, the Military Service Act, 1917, would not be in force today.

Are our boys in France and Flanders fighting for the liberties of all the people in Canada, or only for part of the people?

Shall Union Government be returned to power to enforce impartially the Military Service Act and procure the 100,000 reinforcements from ALL of Canada, making each province do its full duty, or shall Laurier and Bourassa annul the Military Service Act?

It rests with you—you have the vote for the Boys—or the Kaiser

Unionist Party Publicity Committee

The Next of Kin

BY NELLIE L. McCLUNG.

This book has another title, "Those Who Wait and Wonder." It deals with the homestayng end of the war. It is intensely interesting and one that many have been waiting for. It is what thousands need to read.

(By the editor of Toronto Star, November 20th.)

ON SALE AT

STEDMAN'S BOOKSTORE

LIMITED
BELL PHONE 569. 160 Colborne Street

Hockey Boots and Hockey Skates

ALL SIZES! ALL PRICES!
Fitted Free.

W. Hawthorne

the tea cups and after a hearty vote of thanks to those who had contributed so much to the afternoon's enjoyment and to the hostess for her kind hospitality, the meeting closed by singing God Save the King.

DAUGHTER OF EX-CZAR ILL
By Courier Leased Wire
Petrograd, Thursday, Dec. 15.—It is reported from Tobolsk, Siberia,

Wood's Peppermint Cure
The Great English Remedy.
It cures all the ailments of the throat, chest, and lungs, such as Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, and all the ailments of the respiratory system. It is a most valuable remedy for all these ailments, and is sold in all the leading druggists and chemists.

our flag before us as we vote." Mrs. W. C. Livingston, presiding the meeting to a close, offering a vote of thanks to Mrs. say.

U. S. WHEAT SURPLUS.
Chicago, Dec. 14.—The wheat surplus of the United States, as estimated by The Daily Trade Bulletin, is 900,000 bushels. This is based on revised crop figures of the government report and consumption of 900,000 bushels less than estimated at the beginning of the war. The basis of present estimated surplus, there is 24,000,000 more bushels of surplus over 37,000,000 bushels have been exported. Recent reports, credited to Food Administrator Hoover made them between 900,000 and 70,000,000.

TOYS
all sorts, description and prices displayed at J. W. Burgess, 44 Colborne street.



THE REST IS EASY !!