

Music and Drama

COLONIAL

The Colonial is the house par-excellence for pictures. Brantford never had such a film service before, and a visit will convince any one of the class of films that are thrown on the screen.

This week has powerful dramatic movies with a wealth of thrilling moments in them, it has mystery stuff such as we have rarely seen, and the acting is real and the staging 'look'...

which one sees in cheaper film company productions, missing. The names of these Colonial brands Universal and Joker Comedy, are household words, and convey an impression which they justly deserve.

The program holds the feature drama of Frances Ford and Grace Gerrard and the fire scene reel of the Mysterious Hand is one of vivid realism. The comedy of the Tailor villain is sidesplitting, and East Lynn in Bugville is one of the finest laugh raisers we have ever seen.

No one can really tire of vaudeville, if vaudeville programmes are chosen with care. That care and judgment is just what is making the selections of the Brant retain their popularity. The opening pictures just seem to intro-

duce in a delightful way all the other splendid items which follow. Mye and Gold are comedy entertainers who entertain with the artistry of able minds and Ed. Linde is a star—and he has a reputation already made with the Honey Boy Evans Minstrels.

Russian dancing and Russian music is essentially different to the uninspired dancing of the methodical Canuck. It is an art entirely its own, and it has its fascinating as well as its peculiar side for local audiences.

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Sir Nigel

By A. Conan Doyle

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"Had it been fair, I, who am a soldier, could have kept them in company. Since it was foul, we looked to the sea, and called a marine to do so. You have not done it. You have lost two of my ships ere the venture is begun."

"Nay, fair sir, I pray you to consider. Enough words!" said Knolles sternly. "Words will not give me back my two hundred men. Unless I find them before I come to Saint-Malo, I swear by Saint Wilfrid of Ripon that it will be an evil day for you! Enough! Go forth and do what you may!"

For five hours with a light breeze behind them they lurched through the heavy fog, the cold rain still making their beards and shirts miserably wet. Sometimes they could see a circle of tossing water for a bowshot or so in each direction, and then the wreaths would crawl in upon them.

Nigel was leaning against the bulwarks, his thoughts away in the dingie at Ostend and again Now he had moved to the other bow; now back to the quarter again! now it was near; and now so far that it was but a faint tinkle on the ear. By this time every man on board, seamen, archers and men-at-arms, were crowded on the sides of the vessel. All round them there were noises in the darkness, and yet the fog lay wet against their very faces. And the noises were such as were strange to their ears, and they were the same high musical clashing.

"Hark, my lord!" said he to Sir Robert. "Is there not a sound in the fog?"

They both listened together with sidelong heads. Then it rang clearly forth once more, but this time in another direction. It had been on the bow; now it was on the quarter. Again it sounded, and again Now it moved to the other bow; now back to the quarter again! now it was near; and now so far that it was but a faint tinkle on the ear. By this time every man on board, seamen, archers and men-at-arms, were crowded on the sides of the vessel. All round them there were noises in the darkness, and yet the fog lay wet against their very faces. And the noises were such as were strange to their ears, and they were the same high musical clashing.

The old shipman shook his head and crossed himself. "In thirty years upon the waters I have never heard the like," said he. "The Devil is ever loose in a fog. Well is he named the Prince of Darkness."

A wave of panic passed over the vessel, and, these rough, and, hardly, the shipman's hand on the wheel, with terror at the shadows of their own minds. They stared into the cloud with blanched faces and fixed eyes, as though each instant some personage shape might break in upon them. And as they stared there came a gust of wind. For a moment the fog-bank rose and a circle of ocean lay before them.

It was covered with vessels. On all sides they lay thick upon its surface. They were huge caravels, high-ended and portly, with red sides and bulwarks carved and crusted with gold. Each had one great sail set and was driving down channel on the same course at the Basiliak. Their decks were thick with men, and from their high poop came the weird clashing which filled the air. For one moment they lay there, this wondrous fleet, surging slowly forward, framed in gray vapor. The next the clouds closed in and they had vanished from view. There was a long hush, and then a buzz of excited voices.

"The Spaniards!" cried a dozen bowmen and sailors. "I should have known it," said the shipman, pointing to the mist on the Hissay Coast how they would clash their cymbals after the fashion of the heathen Moor with whom they fight; but what would you have me do, fair sir? If the fog rises we are all dead men."

"There were thirty ships at the least," said Knolles, with a moody brow. "If we have seen them I trow that they have also seen us. They will lay us aboard."

"Nay, fair sir, it is in my mind that our ship is lighter and faster than theirs. If the fog hold another hour we should be through them."

"Stand to your arms!" yelled Knolles. "Stand to your arms! They are on us!"

The Basiliak had indeed been spied from the Spanish Admiral's ship before the fog closed down. With so light a breeze, and such a fog, he could not hope to find her under sail. But by an evil chance not a bowshot from the great Spanish caravel was a low galley, thin and swift, with oars which could speed her against wind or tide. She also had seen the Basiliak and it was to her that the Spanish leader shouted his orders. For a few minutes she hunted through the fog, and then sprang out of it like a lean and stealthy beast upon its prey. It was the sight of the long dark shadow gliding after them which had brought that wild shout of alarm from the lips of the English knight. In another instant the starboard oars of the galley had been shipped, the sides of the two vessels grated together, and a stream of arrows and red-headed Spanish arrows were swarming up the sides of the Basiliak and dropped with yells of triumph upon her deck.

For a moment it seemed as if the vessel was captured, without a blow being struck, for the men of the English ship had run wildly in all directions to look for their arms. Scores of archers might be seen under the shadow of the forecastle and the poop bending their bows to string them with the cords from their water-proof cases. Others were scrambling over saddles, barrels and cases in wild search of their quivers. Each as he

came upon his arrows pulled out a few to lend to his less fortunate comrades. In men-at-arms the men-at-arms also were feeling and grasping in the dark corners, picking up steel caps which would not fit them, hurling them down on the deck, and snatching eagerly at any sword or spear that came their way.

The centre of the ship was held by the Spaniards, and having slain all who stood before them, they were pressing up to either end before they were made to understand that it was no fat sheep but a most fierce old wolf which they had taken by the ears.

If the lesson was late, it was the more thorough. Attacked on both sides and hopelessly outnumbered, Spaniards, who had never doubted that this little craft was a merchant-ship, were cut off to the last man. It was no fight, but a butchery. In vain the survivors ran screaming prayers to the saints and threw themselves down into the galley alongside. It also had been riddled with arrows from the poop of the Basiliak, and both the crew on the deck and the galley-slaves in the outriggers at either side lay dead in rows under the overwhelming shower from above.

From stem to rudder every foot of her was furred with arrows. It was but a floating coffin piled with dead and dying men, which wallowed in the waves behind them as the Basiliak lurched onward and left her in the fog.

In their first rush on to the Basiliak, the Spaniards had seized six of the crew and four unarmed archers. Their throats had been cut and their bodies tossed overboard. Now the Spaniards who littered the deck, wounded and dead, were thrust over the side in the same fashion. One ran down into the hold and had to be hunted and killed squealing under the bows like a rat in the darkness. Within half an hour no sign was left of this grim meeting in the fog save for the crimson splashes upon bulwarks and deck. The archers, flung and merry, were unstringing their bows once more, for in spite of the water plus the damp air took the strength from the cords. Some were hunting about for arrows which might have stuck aboard, and some trying up the wall of injuries received in the scuffle. But an anxious shadow still lingered upon the face of Sir Robert, and he peered anxiously about him through the fog.

"Go among the archers, Hawthorn," said he to his Squire. "Charge them on their lives to make no sound! You also, Loring, go to the afterguard and say the same to them. We are lost if one of these great ships should spy us."

For an hour with bated breath they stole through the fleet, still hearing the cymbals clashing all round them, for in this way the Spaniards held themselves together. Once the wild music came from above they very prow, and so warned them to change their course. Once also a huge vessel loomed for an instant upon their quarter, but they turned two points away from her, and she blurred and vanished. Soon the cymbals were but a distant tinkling, and at last they died gradually away.

"It is none too soon," said the old shipman, pointing to the Basiliak in the haze above them. "See yonder! It is the sun which wins through. It will be here anon. Ah! said I not so?"

A sickly sun, no larger and far dimmer than the moon, had indeed shown its face, with cloud-wreaths smoking across it. As they look up it waxed larger and brighter before their eyes—a yellow halo spread round it, and a ray broke through, and then a funnel of golden light poured down upon them, widening swiftly at the base. A minute later they were sailing on a clear blue sea with an azure cloud-flecked sky above their heads, and such a scene beneath it as each of them would carry in his memory while memory remained.

(To be Continued.)

The Council of Armentieres has appealed to Washington regarding German atrocities.

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wreck and wreck of the fray; er that thousands crown king of a nation's fad, ay another will reap the field something they never had.

me and the Race of Man; as the beat of heart and pulse, the first dim dawn of their lan; ter the height they keep the crest where their drawn rds gleamed, ay another will storm the more than they ever dreamed. —Grantland Rice.

BERLIN VERSION YORK, Dec. 1.—A cable London to the Herald this says: "The Berlin version events in Poland was made last night in a despatch reaching via The Hague, and which at the presence of the Kaiser and Marshal Von Hindenberg's rters is interpreted as indicating everything is thought to g well."

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