ATRIGHT

LIQUID AIR HAS GREAT COMMERCIAL FUTURE

Kingston, July 10 .- Prof. A. L. of Queen's University, who has ed from Holland, where he n invitation of Prof. H. Kam-Onnes, the famous director eat physics laboratory at University, to investigate into the question of liquifystates that he succeeded in ing more accurately the The results of the foint ments of Professors dings of the Royal Academy sterdam. Prof. Onnes expressopinion that liquid air has mmercial future, and that in twenty-five years it will be ely used in connection with chanical arts. A liquid air ma-Clark, so that he may continu experiments.

DR. W. A. HARVEY DEAD.

Active Citizen of Harriston-Friend of the Poor.

Harriston, July 10-After an illss extending over a year, Dr. W. A. farvey passed away yesterday. The tor had always taken an active art in all things for the welfare of d friend, for he ministered to heir wants with an unselfish hand. was loved and respected by all His wife one son, Fred, and one

and-to-hand fighting continues mong the ruins of the village; but here too, we made an apreciable ad-

Aeroplanes Active. "Despite the cloudy weather our aeroplanes and kite balloons did some ork, taking photographs and directg the fire of the batteries. A large xplosion was caused in one of the nemy's ammunition depots, and combs were dropped on his billets. One of our machines, although dis-abled, sustained a running fight of

With this exception few enemy chines were seen and these were

wenty minutes with three hostile

ronlanes, and afterwards landed



DELATYN TAKEN: **AUSTRO-GERMANS** IN FULL RETREAT

Hustling Back in Great Disorder From Lower Stokhod.

12.000 MEN

ARE CAPTURED

Muscovites Keeping Up Vigorous Drive With Success.

By Special Wire to the Courier. Petrograd, July 9, via London, July 10.—Important gains by the Russians are announced in the war office statement of to-day. In southern Galicia the railway town, Delatyn has been captured. In the drive toward Kovel, the Russians have taken two more villages. On the lower Stokhod, the Austrians and Germans are retiring in great dis-

Petrograd, July 8, via London, July 10 .- Russian forces continue to drive back the enemy along the oner at least 300 officers, including Stokhod River, according to an offitwo regimental commanders, and awful thing that was about to happen. cial statement issued to-night. Two about 12,000 unwounded men. We days fighting between the Styr and also took not less than 45 guns of the Stokhod has resulted in the cap-large and small calibres, about 45 quavering a little with the stress of his feelings, "you member de day dey ture of more than twelve thousand unwounded men. The official state-

"The troops of General Brussiloff are approaching the Stokhod River and everywhere overthrowing the enemy, who are resisting desperate-We dislodged the enemy from

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Readers Going Out of Town

Readers of The Courier may have their paper sent to any address in Canada or the United States during the summer months by merely phoning or sending their new address to Telephone 139, The Courier.

numerous points south of Nobel, on he Pripet River. The enemy is fallng back on the lower Stokhod. Cavalry Charge

"Last night our cavalry charged he enemy infantry and Hungarian hussars in the regions of the vil-lage of Noraya Rouda, situated outhwest of Lesnevka, seven versts (about five miles) from the Stokhod, and south of Troyanovka. They sa-bred numerous hussars and scatter-ghost expanding and escaping into the ed the remainder through the woods. night air. Somehow Uncle Bushrod his morning our valiant troops cap- could barely force his reluctant tongue red a fortified position east of the to the dreadful subject. He stood, illages of Ugly and Navoz, between awkward, shambling, with his feet he Styr and Stokhod, north of So- upon the gravel and fumbling with his kul. They made numerous prisoners and captured three mortars. Many Guns Captured

Afterwards, some of our troops, ressing on the enemy's heels, crossed the Stokhod in the region of the village of Ugly. According to an approximate estimate during the fighting from July 5 to July 7, between the Styr and Stokhod, we took prismachine guns, a large quantity projectiles, cartridges and arms, and de day, suh, dat you win in de ridin' tores of food and forage.

Fighting With Ferocity "On the front of General Evert, esperate fighting has again broken out at many places. On the wide ront east of Baranovchi the acions were marked with unusual fer-The enemy made fierce cuner-attacks. The situation generally unchanged. In other sectors there

BRIG.-GEN. WILLIAMS PRISONER IN GERMANY

official Report From War Office .-Lt. Hugh Fraser is With Him.

been received at the Militia Department from the War Office officially Robert. Seem like so Miss Lucy say reported to be a prisoner with him.

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Marse Robert. 'Tain't goin' to be long tell we gwine to see Miss Lucy and has to give an account of our doin's. De ole nigger man won't be stick. But then, afar off-three miles 'spected to say much mo' dan he done away, at the Jimtown switch-he heard all he could by de fambly dat owned the faint whistle of the coming train, him. But de Weymouths, dey must the one that was to transport the Weysay dey been livin' pure and fearless mouth name into the regions of disand without reproach. Gimme dis honor and shame. All fear left him. valise, Marse Robert-I'm gwine to He took off his hat and faced the chief hab it. I'm gwine to take it back to of the clan he served, the great, royal, the bank and lock it up in de vault. kind, lofty, terrible Weymouth. He bearded him there at the brink of the I'm gwine to do Miss Lucy's biddin'. Turn 'er loose, Marse Robert."

The train was standing at the sta Some men were pushing trucks quavering a little with the stress of along the side. Two or three sleepy passengers got off and wandered away all rode de tunnament at Oak Lawninto the night. The conductor stepped to the gravel, swung his lantern and called: "Hello, Frank!" at some one "Tournament?" said Mr. Robert, taking his cigar from his mouth. "Yes, I

hissed, the conductor drawled:

"Take it back with you, Bushrod

mouth honor. He knew Mr. Robert would return when he said he would.

they embezzled the money in banks.

ther guardianship of Weymouth trus

funds, the old man started for the bank

well, I reckon he is right. Somehow

with the redeemed satchel.

The Weymouths never lied. Nor now, During her residence in Holland she

clasps his first beloved.

Saturday. Good night."

remember very well the-but what the deuce are you talking about tournaments here at midnight for? Go 'long home, Bushrod. I believe you're sleep "Miss Lucy tetch von on de shoulder," continued the old man, never heeding, "wid a s'ord and say: 'I mek you a knight, Suh Robert. Rise up, pure and fearless and widout reproach.' Dat what Miss Lucy say. Dat's been a long time ago, but me nor you ain't forgot it. And den dar's another time we ain't forgot-de time when Miss Lucy lay on her las' bed. She sent for Uncle Bushrod, and she Ottawa, July 10.—A report has say: 'Uncle Bushrod, when I die I

announcing that Brigadier-General -'he listen to you mo' dan to anybody Victor Williams of the 3rd Division else. He apt to be mighty fractious is now a prisoner in Germany. He was wounded in the fighting of June when you try to 'suade him, but he 2nd, but the wound was not serious.
Lieut. Hugh Fraser of Ottawa, Staff to be round wid him. He am like a Officer to General Williams, is also little child sometimes'-so Miss Lucy say, wid her eyes shinin' in her po', thin face-'but he always been'-dem was her words-'my knight, pure and fearless and widout reproach."

and you crown Miss Lucy de queen?"

Mr. Robert began to mask, as was his habit, a tendency to softheartedness with a spurious anger.

"You-you old windbag!" he growled through a cloud of swirling cigar smoke. "I believe you are crazy. I told you to go home, Bushrod. Miss Lucy said that, did she? Well, we haven't kept the escutcheon Two years ago last week, wasn't it, rod, when she died? Confound it! Are you going to stand there all night gabbing like a coffee colored

The train whistled again. Now it was at the water tank, a mile away. "Marse Robert," said Uncle Bushrod, laying his hand on the satchel that the banker held; "for Gawd's sake don' take dis wid you. I knows what's in it. I knows where you got it in de bank. Don' kyar' it wid you. Dey's big trouble in dat value for Miss Lucy and Miss Lucy's child's chillun. Hit's bound to destroy de name of Weymouth and bow down dem dat own it, wid shame and triberlation. Marse Robert, you can kill dis ole nigger ef you will, but don't take away dis 'er' valise. If I ever crosses over de Jordan what I gwine to say to Miss Lucy when she ax me, Uncle Bushrod, wharfo' didn' you take good care of

Mr. Robert?" Robert Weymouth threw away his igar and shook free one arm with that peculiar gesture that always preceded his outbursts of irascibility. Uncle Bushrod bowed his head to the expected storm, but he did not flinch. If he house of Weymouth was to fall he would fall with it. The banker spoke, and Uncle Bushrod blinked with surprise. The storm was there, but it was suppressed to the quietness of a sum-

"Bushrod," said Mr. Robert in a lower voice than be usually employed, "you have overstepped all bounds. You have presumed upon the leniency with which you have been treated to meddle unpardonably. So you know what is in this satchel? Your long and faithful service is some: excuse, but-go home, Bushrod-not another

But Bushrod grasped the satchel with a firmer hand, The headlight of the train was now lightening the shadows about the station. The roar was increasing, and folks were stirring

about at the track side. "Marse Robert, gimme dis 'er' valise, I got a right, suh, to talk to you dis 'er' way. I slaved for you and 'tended to you from a child up. I went th'ough de war yo' body servant tell we whip-

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA NAVAL MEDICAL

Great Results In It Obtained After the Battle of Jutland.

Not since the war began have the resources of the British naval medi-cal service been tested so thoroughly as they were after the great battle off Jutland. According to all accounts the service met the sudden call upon it in a manner which betokened care ful preparation for such an emer gency and a high degree of effi-ciency. That was only what was to be expected, but it is well to place of ecord the fact that the removal he wounded from the ships was efected with all possible speed, and hat when brought ashore their ransference to hospital was carried ut under the best condition

Admirably equipped ambulan trains were available, and though the ummons to proceed to distant naval ases was naturally a very hurried one. They were at their destination irnished with every requirement within the appointed time. In case only an hour was allowed ake in the necessary supplies, but he task was accomplished, and the rain made a round trip of something ike 1,600 miles.

Of the behavior of the wounded i s impossible to speak too highly. In alike had displayed great daring and plendid endurance; in the hour uffering their fortitude won the ad iration of those whose duty it was o tend them. Cases of severe burn and scalds were particularly nun erous, but, whatever the character o the injuries, they were borne withou murmur. A warrant officer who had come off badly in the fight was nuite indignant when his turn came o receive attention after he had been

rought ashore.
"Oh—me," he said: "I'm al Look after some of the oth And this was not the only case that came under observation in which thought for his fellow-sufferers was displayed in the most unsel ish manner by a badly injured man. The wounded were, too, for the cost part in excellent spirits. They were fully satisfied that they had given the German fleet a really good drubbing, and that in itself was a ne tonic. "Thank God, we sank that Dreadnought," were the only words ittered for hours by an officer who was in a semi-conscious state. Thos who talked with the wounded say the same feeling sustained them all—the eeling that the British Navy ha

he finest old shk vervet Bourbon i hat satchel you ever wet your lip

Centuries ago William Buckels, a Hollander of Bierwich, made the then astonishing discovery that salt would invisible. The bell clanged, the brakes preserve fish and that salted fish could be packed and 'exported. Before his time herrings had to be consumed satchel. Uncle Bushrod hugged it to within a few days of their capture. his breast with both arms, as a lover Buckels salted them. In 1386 William Buckels salted the first hundred of packed them in barrels. This exercise said Mr. Robert, thrusting his hands into his pockets. "And let the sub- of common sense resulted in a singuject drop—now mind! You've said quite | lar development of the resources of the enough. I'm going to take this train. country. The English fisheries were Tell Mr. William I will be back on not as prominent 500 years ago as they are now, and Holland had for a The banker climbed the steps of the time almost a monopoly of a market moving train and disappeared in a which she was able to create and to supply. Buckels had not to wait 500 coach. Uncle Bushrod stood motionyears to have his claim to public gratless, still embracing the precious satchel. His eyes were closed and his lips itude recognized. Charles V. had a were moving in thanks to the Master statue erected to the mackerel salter above for the salvation of the Wey- who became the benefactor of his

thank the Lord, could it be said that it, ate a salted herring. Then awake to the necessity for fur-Smelting in Bulacan. A primitive iron smelting industry, evidently of Chinese origin, exists in Three hours from Weymouthville, in Bulacan, a province of the island of the gray dawn, Mr. Robert alighted Luzon. Magnetite and hematite ores, from the train at a lonely flag station. found in the locality, are smelted by Dimly he could see the figure of a man the natives in small bamboo cased waiting on the platform, and the shape blast furnaces of soft clay bricks set of a spring wagon, team and driver. in clay, each furnace being seven and Half a dozen lengthy bamboo fishing one-half feet high and five feet in expoles projected from the wagon's rear. ternal diameter, with a conical inner "You're here, Bob," said Judge cavity, tapering from forty to twenty Archinard, Mr. Robert's old friend and The furnace has a single clay schoolmate. "It's going to be a royal" tuyere and a Chinese double acting why, didn't you bring along the stuff?" hand blower made from a hollow tree day for fishing. I thought you said-The president of the Weymouth bank trunk and fitted with a feather packed took off his hat and rumpled his gray wooden piston. An average charge is fifty-five pounds of ore and ninety-five "Well, Ben, to tell you the truth, of charcoal, no flux being used. The there's an infernally presumptuous old iron made is cast directly into molds nigger belonging in my family that for plowshares and plow points, and broke up the arrangement. He came the product of a furnace is about 500

country. Queen Mary of Hungary, however, paid him even greater honor.

discovered his tomb and, seated upon

down to the depot and vetoed the whole pounds of castings daily. proceeding. He means all right, and-Goron was chief of the Paris police he had found out what I had along, though I hid it in the bank vault and when the following incident took place: sneaked it out at midnight. I reckon Lombroso had written a book in 1888 he has noticed that I've been indulging on criminality among women, so runs a little more than a gentleman should, the story, and when it was finished and he laid for me with some reaching wrote to Goron to send him "forthwith" some portraits of Parisian wom-"I'm going to quit drinking," Mr. en criminals. Anxious to please the Robert concluded. "I've rome to the writer, the package was made up and conclusion that a man can't keep it started on its tour to Italy. up and be quite what he'd like to be the book came out Lombroso sent a -'pure and 'fearless and without re-proach'—that's the way old Bushrod who saw his gift acknowledged on the first page. "It was a scholarly book," "Well, I'll have to admit," said the said the chief, "and would have had a de no'th. I was at yo' weddin', and judge thoughtfully as they climbed into large sale but for an error on my part. I was n' fur away when yo' Miss Letty the wagon, "that the old carkey's arwas it tut away mach, the was to the was bawn. And Miss Letty's chilling gument can't consentiously be over drawer of my desk. They were not criminals at all, but women who had "Still" said Mr Robert, with a ghost applied for hucksters' licenses, and a of a sigh, "there was two quarts of new edition had to be printed to make

good a police mistake."



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