

Prof. Riethdorf Says He Was Driven Away London, Ont., Feb. 27.—Prof. F. W. Riethdorf, the former German officer, who addressed hundreds of patriotic meetings throughout Ontario, writes to the London Advertiser from Scranton, Pa., saying that he has left Canada, and that he was actually driven out of the country because of the objection of certain Canadian politicians to his activities among their constituents. He declares that he has in his possession a letter written by a Canadian publicist to a German-American friend in which apology is offered for the writer's apparent loyalty in Canada. Prof. Riethdorf adds that he was refused permission to serve in the Canadian army.

Good Tools Our Stock of These Includes Calipers Steel Rules Hand Drills Combination Squares Feeler Gauges Thread Gauges Wire Gauges Depth Gauges Hack Saws Diamond Wheel Dressers Diamond Drills HOWIE & FEELY Next to New Post Office

NOTICE TO CREDITORS In THE MATTER of the Estate of Charles E. Amy, deceased. NOTICE is hereby given that all persons having claims of any nature against the estate of Charles E. Amy, late of the Township of Burford, in the County of Brant, Yeoman, deceased, are required to come together with proof of their claims, to the undersigned solicitors, Kestle, Frederick Harris and both Ann Amy the Executrix in the Will of the said later than the Tenth day of 1916, after which date the said executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate, among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have received notice. Dated at Brantford, this Twelfth day of February, A.D. 1916. BREWSTER AND HEYD, Solicitors for Executors.

Funerary Fund of necessity, while we are living and needs regular weekly or monthly contributions to Local or Provincial committees. Monthly A MONTH R. BELGIAN RELIEF FUND Local committees.

Old Superstitious Belief Comes Terribly True

The Hunter Who Kills a White Chamois Dies Within a Year—Archduke Francis Ferdinand Killed One on August 8th, 1913.

Vienna, Feb. 28.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press)—To the Vienna taxidermist who treats specimens intended for the Royal Museum has just been delivered the hide and frame of a white chamois, killed on August 8th, 1913, by the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, while in the company of his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg. The fact recalls the superstition of the Austrian Alpine countries that the hunter who kills a white chamois dies within a year. On the day mentioned the archducal couple were at Castle Bluenbach in the Salzourg Alps. The surroundings of the castle are of rare Alpine beauty, and at one time their forests and rock fastnesses were the habitat of great numbers of game.



Among them the chamois, but these had become a rarity. Great was the surprise, therefore, when a forester of the estate announced that he had seen a white chamois on a rock near the castle. Archduke Francis expressed his desire to hunt the animal. The Duchess insisted that she accompany him. The forester explained what the superstition concerning the killing of a white chamois was. But the archduke said he wanted the rare animal for his collection of hunting trophies in Castle Knopisicht. The hunt was soon over. A bullet sped by the archduke brought down the white chamois. In June, 1914, Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife, the Duchess von Hohenberg, were assassinated.

AMUSEMENTS THE WHITE FEATHER TO RETURN

The eagerly awaited return engagement of "The White Feather" is announced for to-morrow night. There remains but little to be said of this play or its performance; it is realistic as a picture of the life Britains are leading to-day, which has for its charm not more in the life represented than in its representation. It will improve with age, like wine, and public appreciation will grow stronger with longer experience. "The White Feather" is a play, which for many reasons one cannot afford not to have seen. Personally its effect is satisfying, the story is absorbing, its characters fasten themselves upon the credulity and affection that one almost craves for very joy. It is doubtful if a better company has ever been seen on the local boards. Mr. Brown's performance of the British secret service agent is indeed a revelation. His character as the carefree Englishman, who seems to have no other object in life but to take things easy and make himself a general nuisance, is one calling for mighty clever acting. Mr. Brown is ably assisted by Arthur Elliott as the irascible M.P.; Paget Hunter as the recruit; Stapleton Kent as the German spy; John Curkell as Fritz; Geraldine Beck; as his sweetheart; Olive Temple's his able assistant; Louise Muldener as Fraulein Schroeder and Vera Rial as Mrs. Sanderson. And all these brilliant players will again come back to us in these successive parts.



Albert Brown, the gifted young actor, who returns on Tuesday next for another performance of Brent, in "The White Feather," at the Grand. Mr. Brown's marvellous acting still lingers in the memory.

THE DIAMOND FROM THE SKY

\$10,000 For 1,000 Words or Less For an Idea For a Sequel to "THE DIAMOND FROM THE SKY"

The American Film Manufacturing Company's Picturized Romantic Novel in Chapters.

This contest is open to any man, woman or child who is not connected, directly or indirectly, with the Film Company or the newspapers publishing the continued story. No literary ability is necessary to qualify as a contestant.

You are advised to see the continued photo play in the theaters where it will be shown—to read the story as it runs every week, and then send in your suggestion. Contestants must confine their contributions to the sequel to 1,000 words or less. It is the idea that is wanted.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A feud has existed between Colonel Arthur Stanley and his cousin, Judge Lamar Stanley, ever an heirloom, the diamond from the sky, found in a fallen meteorite in an ancestor. Also, the succession to the Stanley earldom in England may come to an American. When a daughter is born to the colonel and the mother dies, the colonel buys a gypsy boy and substitutes him. Three years later the gypsy mother, having had no part in this bargain, steals the girl, Esther, reared in secret, and leaves her son undetected as the heir. The gypsy queen, however, steals the diamond from the sky, and a document with the Stanley secret. Years later Hagar, gypsy queen, returns to Virginia with Esther. Dr. Lee, the late Colonel Stanley's friend, adopts Esther. Arthur Stanley, son of Hagar, falls in love with her, and does his companion and cousin, Blair Stanley, rightful male heir of Stanley. In stealing the diamond Blair causes the death of the doctor and tries later to put the blame on Arthur, who takes the gem. Arthur Stanley studies his pursuers and joins Hagar, who reveals his identity and upbraids him for his wild life. Needing money, he pawns the diamond in Richmond. Vivian Marston, wears the borrowed gem, Luke Lovell, Hagar's spy, steals the diamond. To avoid detection drops it into a mail box. Arthur leaves Richmond and goes to the west. The diamond passes into a mail bag, picked up by Quabba, organ grinder. Quabba's monkey steals the diamond. Hagar takes Esther to Stanley hall.

How You May Throw Away Your Glasses

The statement is made that thousands wear eyeglasses who do not really need them. If you are one of these unfortunate, then these glasses may be thrown away instead of helping them. Those who wear these "windows" can do so with glasses if they will get the following prescription filled at once: Go to any active drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets; fill a two-ounce bottle with warm water and drop in one Bon-Opto tablet. With this harmless liquid solution bathe the eyes two to four times daily, and you are likely to be astonished at the results right from the start. Many have been told that they have astigmatism, eye-strain, cataract, sore eyelids, weak eyes, conjunctivitis and other eye disorders, report wonderful benefits from the use of this prescription. Get this prescription filled and use it; you may so strengthen your eyes that glasses will never be necessary. Thousands who are blind, or nearly so, or who wear glasses might never have required them if they had cared for their eyes in time. Save your eyes before it is too late! Do not become one of these victims of neglect. Revealings are daily like crutches, and every few years they must be changed to fit the ever-increasing weakened condition, so better see if you can, like many others, get clear, healthy, strong magnetic eyes through the prescription here given. The Valmus Drug Co. of Toronto will fill the above prescription by mail, if your druggist cannot.

CHAPTER XXXIX. "The Soul Strangers." KNOWN as John Powell, the spectacular young oil and mining magnate, Arthur Stanley's meteoric career in Los Angeles had attracted considerable attention in newspaper and financial circles. All that was known of him was that he had been engaged in sheep raising, and it was generally supposed to be a Virginia man who had come to the oil fields with some small capital and had made a lucky strike in the Good Hope gusher. His impulsively generous nature and his magnetic personality, coupled with his youth and good looks, had made him a marked man in the small town, in a world of oil and mining men, in which he had in a few months become so important a factor; hence it was the terrible injuries that had befallen him while imposing his mining properties

had been given much space in the newspapers. The reports were meager as to just how his injuries had been sustained save for the fact that his physician, Dr. Frank Durand, a stranger to Los Angeles, had by good fortune been with him at the time of the accident. Dr. Durand had stated to the newspaper reporters that the injuries sustained by Mr. Powell had occurred by the collapse of a building during a drunken riot at the Mammoth mine, which Mr. Powell owned.



Arthur's Business Affairs Are Looked After by Blair.

homecoming to it, a crushed, shattered, unconscious and seemingly dying man. And then the accident ceased to be a three days' wonder, and other sensational happenings and events of interest supplanted it in the papers, and John Powell and his affairs gave no further concern save to those who were personally interested.

Among these was a pretty young woman who lived quietly under the name of Esther Harding at a modest hotel. Esther, after her first rebuff at the portals of the Powell mansion, the day after the injured man was brought back, returned again and again and was persistent in her demands to see the injured man.



Vivian in Her Nurse's Costume.

Esther and Quabba escape while Blair and Luke battle. Powell leaves Los Angeles and Esther Santa Barbara, each headed for the mines. Blair meanwhile has joined Vivian in Los Angeles. Durand, "king of diamonds," a crook known to Vivian, goes to a saloon near the whereabouts of the diamond. There he meets Luke Lovell. Esther, unknowing the place's character, steps in. Arthur appears on the scene. The diamond is lost in a melee. The roof caves in. Under it is Arthur. Esther saves him, badly injured, and he goes to Los Angeles in care of the physician-crook, Durand. Esther follows and is refused admittance to see him. In the meantime Synthe has hid the diamond in a tree. There it is found by a child, who leaves it near a beehive.

Alexandra Day will be celebrated in London, England, this year on June 21.

"You cannot come in here!" she said tensely. "Mr. Powell is at death's door. Any intrusion or excitement would be his death."

Esther faltered. Then the Stanley spirit asserted itself. "Better he die with a true friend by him than live with such as you and your associates ministering to him!" she said scornfully.

Arthur lay with eyes closed, tossing in a fevered sleep. Esther knelt by the bedside, and her hand caressed the poor bandaged arm nearest her. Her gaze was upon the fevered, anguished countenance of Arthur. She kept no heed of Vivian, who passed by the foot of the bed and took a small instrument from the table there. Then Vivian passed softly to the back of the bed between the injured man and the window. She laid a hand, as though soothingly, upon the free arm of the unconscious Arthur. It was in this manner the two women—the one who loved him above all else and the one who loved him not at all—waited in the silence of the sick room.

Then his eyes opened, and he saw her. "Esther!" he murmured. "Is it you, dear?" "Yes," she whispered softly. "It is Esther."



Esther Visits the Injured Man.

Esther's steadfast eyes of Esther so poignantly expressed for a moment stirred some tender memory of youth in the breast of the worldly woman. She was determined to see Arthur. Tactfully she had waited, with the watchful Quabba lingering near, until she had seen Durand and his shadow and accomplice, the dapper Count de Vaux, leave the premises. Blair Stanley she knew was at Arthur's office, already taking charge of his affairs.

Esther was not afraid of them, collectively or singly, but she deemed it best to encounter Vivian Marston, who she learned was in charge of the sick-room alone. Esther had no desire to bring notoriety and ruin perhaps upon the injured man, known here in Los Angeles as John Powell, by any pre-

stature disclosure of his real identity if she could help it. But she was determined to go even to this length were it necessary and were she further obliged to the one in all the world she loved with every fiber of her brave and loyal little heart.

(To be continued.)

SUTHERLAND'S February Sale Come and See! JAMES L. SUTHERLAND

PUSH BRANTFORD-MADE GOODS Show Preference and Talk for Articles Made in Brantford Factories by Brantford Workmen—Your Neighbors and Fellow-Citizens—Who Are Helping to Build Up Brantford. Keep Yourself Familiar With the Following:

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