SATTIRDAY DECEMBER.

Virtue's sentinel is work. Genius has big ears-on the inside

One cannot hold the same level ith a calumny; one is above or below

If a law is vilified by the opposition en before it becomes a law, how it ever be universally obeyed? Every force that man believes he ents is simply a loan from the unirsal movement, and is instantly re-

Excessive civilization is close to barism, as steel is close to rusting. ment's forgetfulness, and the

law cannot be the wish of sofor it must oppose custom in o serve as a barrier or counter-The law proceeds from an innce above the level of society s represented by the greatest It can never be the work

wayward young man, broken was sent to the southwest He was in jail in stealing a hindquarter He wrote home:- "Dear l've picked up some flesh came here, but am still cono my room. Please send me

Rich Red

SARSAPARILLA, which makes the blood normal in red and white corpuscies; relieves pimples, boils, scrofula, salt rheum or eczema, catarrh, rheumatism, dyspepsia, nervousness, that tired feeling.

FREE! 100 Beautiful Bronzed

Clocks will be given away free to each purchaser who makes a cash purchase of \$20.00 or We have a smaller size that we give free with a \$10 cash purchase or over. These Clocks are good value from \$5.00 to \$10.00 each. Remember, that you get one free. This is a good chance to get one a Christmas preswithout any cost to you. We are doing this because we have to get a considerable amount of money between now and Christmas.

Brantford Home Furnishing Company

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A Kick About Coal Quality



F. H. Walsh Coal and Wood Dealer

H. B. Beckett FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER

158 DALHOUSIEST. First-class Equipment and Prompt

Service at Moderate Prices Both 'phones-Bell a3, auto. 23

H S PIERCE.

The Leading Undertaker and Embalmer, 75 Colborne street. Finest equipment in the city. Best service at moderate prices. Attendance day or night. Both 'phones 300.

THE TEA POT INN

'Tea as You Like It."
134 Dalhousie St. Opposite the Market.

THE COURIER, BRANTFORD, CANADA,

DY OUIDA (TOUISE DE LA RAMEE)

1840 ~ 1908

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notions and hopes of the poor and simple. Th hat a large world of readers loved as soon as story in its original commanding position, it has remained a vital, living thing, and the probability torics of the English language.

ATRASCHE was only a dog of Flanders—yellow of hide, large of head and limb, powerful by inheriof muscle from a race that had oiled cruelly in Flanders through many century-slaves of slaves, dogs of the people that strained their noble sinews in harness and broke their noble hearts on the flints of the merciless streets.

When the drunken Brahantols who wned him, had at last driven and beaten and starved Patrasche till the dog fell on the dusty road and lay with wide-open, foaming mouth, the Brabantois gave him final kick and then harnessed himself a dog for the work.

Patrasche, flung into a ditch, was found by a little, bent, lame, miserably clad old nan, who had a little, rosy, fair-haired, lark-eyed child by the hand. The old man was Jehan Daas, who had been a good oldier in the times when war trampled the country as the oxen trample furrows and peace had made soldiers unnecessary. he was thrown aside and permitted t tarve, bit by bit, on the small coins that such a remnant as he could earn. The child was his orphaned grandson

Nello; and old Jehan Daas proved again daily miracle that the strength which not sufficient to support one, by love nade sufficient for two. Jehan Daas and Nello did not share the emish hard-heartedness toward dogs. e old soldier surveyed the creature with

ying eyes. Then he kneeled down and ted the big head. He saw that the dog vas alive, and took him home with much Patrasche lay there, too weak to move, for many days. In all that time he waited for the blow, the kick and the urse that had been his constant portion. But he felt only the soothing caress of old man's hand and heard only the t murmurs of the child's voice. when the great dog roused himself in to life his great, deep eyes had a

mitle grace in them, and his faithful g's heart awoke to a mighty love. Little Nello threw his arms around the neck and hung a chain of marhis hands as they decided to call him

The pity that had made them bear tried to draw it with his teeth. the glories of the Erevation of the Cross.

winter, for he grew too feeble to the load himself. Patrasche, accus-ragged grandson of a crippled old pauper. Baas Colgez went, home troubled in

heir crusts with him was more than rehid now. Patrasche became breadwinner,
soon as he could move again the dog

Nello lifted his head and put his hands shade. Yet there grew, under his untrasche close to him. The great city bells
trained, inspired hands, all the weary,
soon as he could move again the dog

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Nello lifted his head and put his hands shade. Yet there grew, under his untrasche close to him. The great city bells
trained, inspired hands, all the wornout old age, all the sad patience, all
The whisper ran through the picture both, Baas Colgez," said he,
wornout old age, all the sad patience, all here crusts with him was more than repald now. Patrasche became breadwinner.
As soon as he could move again the dog
walked to the little cart that the old man ised to draw each morning to Antwerp
with milk intrusted to him by the neighors. He backed into the shafts, and
hen they hesitated about harnessing him
hen they hesitated about harnessing him
church exacted as the price for booking on

Nello lifted his head and put his hands
be them I would
his back. "Keep your money and
then they hesitated about harnessing him
how any one could make as he went among them, holding Patrasche dose to him. The great city belis
behind his back. "Keep your money and
trasche close to him. The close to him. The present city belis
behind his back. "Keep your money and
the pleture both, Baas Colgez," said he,
simply. "You have been often good to
me."

The whisper are through the village
wornout old age, all the sad patience, all
that Nello had been seen in the mill yard
inher and meditating on the dead tree
with the darkness of a descending night
closing in.

It was made known that the selected
with the darkness of a descending night
closing in.

"I could have seen them with that

Into the soul of Nello, the hungered, them."

T BECAME BITTER

WORK TO CARRY

THE MILK TO

PECIALLY FOR

ONES WERE

GROWING OLD.

ANTWERP-IS

I could not sell her picture-not even for ful.

The property of the control of the c

hour while he worked. His eyes looked son, at the picture and at its creator with such "Thou art cruel to the lad," said the It was not his own!

hen they he sitated about harnessing him church exacted as the price for looking on tried to draw it with his teeth.

The backet here is a wooden data. A mist obscured Nello's seriously with having set the fire; yet the seriously with having

his cheek pallid and his voice quivering.
"It is gone," said he. "We have looked
with lanterns. It is gone—the little maid's portion and all!" His wife put the mo and told him how it had come to her

The man sank trembling into a seat and covered his face, shamed and almost afraid. "I deserved not to have good at the lad's hands," said he at last. Little Alois crept to him and rested her curly head against his cheek. "May not Nello come here again as he used to, father?" she asked.

The miller took her into his arms. "He shall bide here on Christmas Day and any other day he will," replied he. "God help-I will make amends."

It was Christmas Even and the millhouse was warm with oak logs and squares of turf, the atmosphere was rich with cream and honey and good meats, the rafters were hung with evergreen and the chimney was draped with holly. The family tried to coax the dog to the fire and set before him a bit of their own feast. But he would not leave the door.
"He wants the lad!" said Baas Colgez.

"Good dog! Good dog! I will go over to the lad the first thing at day dawn." They did not know that Nello inhabited the hut no longer. So, while Patrasche lay with his nose to the crack of the door, Alois tossed back her yellow hair and sang, thinking of her playmate who would her with moist eyes and spoke of how he with contented, happy face at her spin

When the supper smoked on the table and the voices were loudest, and gladdest, Ratrasche glided out when the door was opened by a visitor. With his weak, ter, black night.

cover any scent in that deep snow. He lost it over and over again, even after he found it; but he sought and trailed and searched all alone through the storm and late old dog seeking the one he loved. It was nearly midnight when Patrasohe at last traced Nello's footsteps over the boundaries of the village and into the road toward Antwerp. Once on the highway, he could follow faster, but when he

reached the town so many divers paths crossed each other that the old dog bad a hard task. But he held grimly to his task though the jagged fce of the armored ger within him began to gnaw like a rate

t was true and it was in a manner beautiful.

As soon as his nose touched the boy's
eager to hold his favor, gave grave looks
Patrasche lay by his side hour after
and cold words to old Jehan Daas's granddrawing raised on high.

As soon as his nose touched the boy's
face he started up and clasped the down
drawing raised on high.

