

DID NOT I GUESS THAT HE WAS PURTY PARTICULAR AS TO WHO HE INVITED?



or Fletcher's
ASTORIA

thought, and which has been as born the signature of his name under his personal supervision since its infancy. One to deceive you in this and "Just-as-good" are but and endanger the health of science against Experiment.

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Hinte for Castor Oil, Pare-Syrups. It is pleasant. It is a reliable and effective remedy for more than thirty years. It is the relief of Constipation, the Stomach and Bowels, the healthy and natural sleep. It is Mother's Friend.

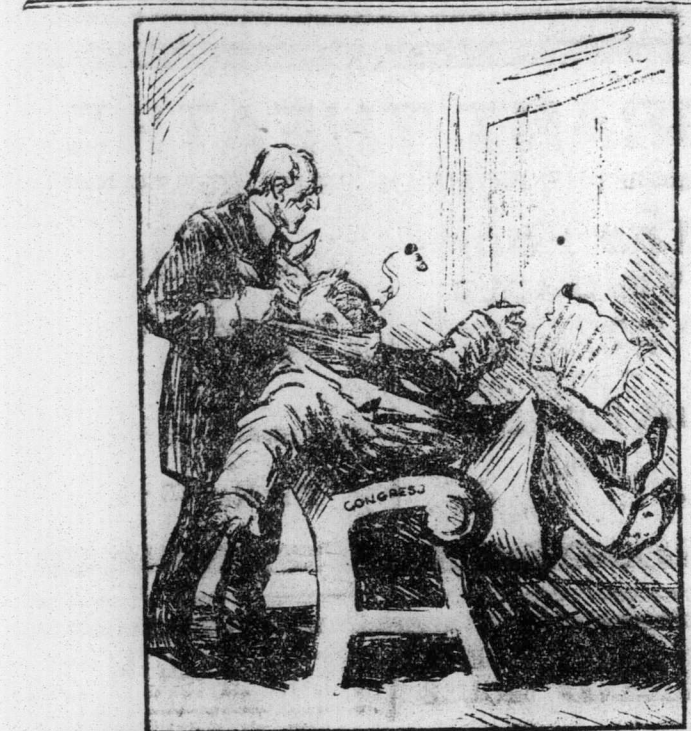
ASTORIA ALWAYS
Signature of
Fletcher's
over 30 Years
Always Bought

Sunday with friends in Brantford.
BEALTON
(From our own Correspondent.)
Mr. A. Norris and Mr. S. Hill of Onondaga and Mr. and Mrs. Davis visited at Mr. R. Magan's on Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Anderson visited their son, Ray, on Thursday.
Miss M. McKelvie of Vanessa, visited her sister, Mrs. Roy Bradshaw part of last week.
Mr. McLaughlin of Toronto, will speak on Sunday morning.
Mr. and Mrs. A. Brooks and Mrs. W. of Springvale, visited at Mr. W. B. Smith's on Sunday.

BREAK A CHILD'S COLD BY GIVING SYRUP OF FIGS

When your child suffers from a cold don't wait; give the little stomach, liver and bowels a gentle, thorough cleansing at once. When cross, peevish, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, eat or act naturally; if breath is bad, stomach sour, give a teaspoonful of California Syrup of Figs, and in a few hours all the clogged-up, constipated, waste, sour bile and undigested food, will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again.
If your child coughs, snuffles and has caught cold or is feverish or has a sore throat give a good dose of California Syrup of Figs to evacuate the bowels no difference what other treatment is given.
Sick children needn't be coaxed to take this harmless "fruit laxative." Millions of mothers keep it handy because they know its action on the stomach, liver and bowels is prompt and sure. They also know a little given to-day saves a sick child to-morrow.
Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains directions for babies, children of all ages, and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeiters sold here. Get the genuine, made by "California Fig Syrup Company."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA



"WORKING MAN"—Yes I might be able to economize on those greedy pigs.—Reynolds Newspaper.

Bosches are Withered [by Their Own Device

"Seventy-fives" Burst Hose for Flaming Liquid and German Soldiers Run Madly Screaming in All Directions—French Use Shields as Protection.

Paris, Mar. 22.—Among the wounded brought to Paris yesterday morning from Verdun was a Territorial Corporal who spent the year 1907-08 in New York. He gives a description of the German flame attacks. "The general effect of the 'flamers' is just the opposite to the effect of water being thrown on the flaming ground. I once saw the New York firemen fighting a fourteen-story warehouse fire. The water spouted up in bright columns whose ends were lost in smoke. The flame jets in the daylight look exactly the same from a distance. One sees little groups holding a hose with a bright jet spurting before them in the rolling billows of smoke. Only this time our trenches were in the midst of the smoke clouds. We carried big oblong shields of interwoven osier, covered with dry clay, against which the flaming liquid fell powerless, but the smell was terrible, almost suffocating, although we were wearing masks.

BOSCHES ADVANCE IN GROUPS.
"Our battalion held the trenches just inside Avocourt Wood. Sunday night's bombardment had scattered them badly, but we were sheltered in the holes, and our artillery so disorganized the enemy when they were massing for the attack that we had time to link up the shell holes with boys fixed wire into our position. About eleven o'clock word came to expect an assault, when suddenly my Lieutenant, peering at the enemy through his glasses, cried: "They are trying that again—we had an experience of flame attack before, near Neville—passed me the glasses, and at the same time ordering the men to get the shields ready. I saw the Boschies running forward in groups of four or five to a series of small mounds in front of their trench and about twenty yards distance from ours. Sheltered by the mounds they stood with their legs wide apart expectantly like the firemen. Then, just as the Lieut. grabbed the glasses, the flame began spurting along the line from north to south. Of course our sharpshooters were firing all the time, but the enemy kept sweeping us with a hail of bullets. After that it was a nightmare of smoke and flame.

"SEVENTY-FIVES" SAVE DAY.
"We could never have held the line—for the enemy charged almost immediately, the flame-throwers advancing with them—except for the seventy-fives, which made utter havoc of that attack. One shell exploded a flame-juice container or tore the hose and the blazing liquid caught a big block of 'Bosches,' who ran madly screaming in all directions. Other flame-throwers fell, turning the hose against their comrades with like result. Then our turn came. We rid-dled their whole line with bullets.

"Really does put bad stomachs in order—'really does' overcome indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, heartburn and sourness in five minutes—that—just that—makes Pape's Diapiesin the largest selling stomach regulator in the world. If what you eat, eats into stubborn lumps, you heigh gas and acid; head is dizzy and aches; breath foul; tongue coated; your insides fill with bile and indigestible waste, remember the moment 'Pape's Diapiesin' comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. It's truly astonishing—almost miraculous, and the joy is its harmlessness. A large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapiesin will give you a hundred dollars' worth of satisfaction or your druggist hands you your money back. It's worth its weight in gold to men and women who can't get their stomachs regulated. It belongs in your home—should always be kept handy in case of a sick, sour, upset stomach during the day or at night, it's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach regulator in the world.

Four Crown
"Ant Alm Breac Dearg" (Gaelic): The Army of the Checkered Tartan (English), MacQuarrie.
Four Crown Scotch Whiskey has an army of friends—not only among those of the "Checkered Tartan," but amongst connoisseurs everywhere.
On sale by all leading Wine and Whiskey Merchants.
J. S. Hamilton & Co.
BRANTFORD
GENERAL AGENTS FOR CANADA

THE DIAMOND FROM THE SKY

A half hour later Esther and Quabba part at the alley entrance that leads to Sankey's stables. Esther does her cloak again to cover her gypsy attire and removes her headress and thus garbed seems a passing shopgirl, nor does she attract undue attention as she slips quietly to her room by the entrance of the hotel on a side street. Quabba stands gazing after his young mistress wistfully until she has turned from the street some blocks away. Then Quabba is roused by a hand upon his shoulder and turns to see the swarthy face of Luke Lovell.

But meanwhile what of the Santiey circus? Santiey, the coarse grained tyrant owner of the show, lies dead in the morgue downtown. Beside him is Splinters, the clown, who killed Santiey and shot himself, and with them is the disfiguree body of La Belle, wife



The Sheriff and His Party Grab the Stieblemann.

of Splinters, the clown, killed by the lion Laucelot. A triple tragedy and all because of a woman's covetous and the diamond from the sky!
The new manager of the circus is "the big blow off," as he calls the tragedy, will be "great press stuff for the show." But the triple tragedy and the panic and riot that followed it have brought the creditors—who are numerous—down upon the show, since it is seized for debt and will be sold at auction. The disconsolate performers and attaches, their salaries long in arrears, realize it is a bad season for the show business and are fully aware the returns from a sheriff's auction will pay little if any of their salaries.

Then Bill Hull, acrobat, remembers the great diamond Santiey gave La Belle before the lion Laucelot killed her—inspired to the deed by the jealous clown Splinters, the show believes. Gossip as to the value of this great gem has been rife about the circus since Williams, the billposter, brought it in from the woods where he said he found it and lost it to Santiey at dice. If this diamond were recovered it would be an asset that would perhaps pay all salaries when sold. Bill Hull, the acrobat, remembers Santiey, the stieblemann, was one who snatched at the diamond. Hull knows Santiey. In a previous season, with a smaller show, some of the animals had been stabled at Sankey's.

The sheriff is informed, and the acrobat, donning an overcoat to hide his tight-fits for the sheriff's seizure has stopped the show—leads the way to Sankey's stable. With the sheriff and the manager of the circus no team.

They have reached the stable yard in an auto just previous to the arrival of Quabba with his monkey and pony and street piano cart that he stables here. White Quabba faces Luke Lovell at the alley's end and faces the sheriff and others are in the stable. Sankey has been in the loft searching vainly for the diamond, where he hid it beneath the hay. He comes down the ladder and faces the sunlight from the open door, and there between him and the daylight, gleaming like a star, dangles from the hay rack over the pony's empty stall the diamond from the sky!

Just as Sankey grasps the diamond from where it had been left unuseful by Quabba in his pony's hay the sheriff and his party are at the door and grab the slinking stieblemann.

Out from the place they struggle, the diamond glittering in the sun, clutched in Sankey's greedy hand, that is in turn clutched by the others. In wrestling it from the desperate stieblemann the diamond is passed almost against the eyes of Quabba and Luke Lovell, who have hurried upon the scene from the alley mouth at the first sounds of the struggle.

How well they know that dazzling jewel! It had been a fortune for them both, a fortune lucrily held and quickly lost! The next day the papers ring with the account of the recovery of the diamond, the aftermath of the great circus tragedy. The value of the diamond can hardly be estimated, the Los Angeles papers say. There is no conflict of stories as to how it came into the possession of the dead circus proprietor. This only is known: It will be sold at sheriff's auction as an asset of the Santiey circus, bankrupt.
Homer Graydon, millionaire, reads the story. Homer Graydon is old in years, but, as he says, "young at heart." Wicked at heart would be the truer saying.

CHAPTER XLVI.
"I Am Not John Powell!"

At her arrival in Los Angeles Vivian Marston attracted the attention of Homer Graydon, a connoisseur of fair women. Since the accident to John Powell, the newly rich young oil and mining man, Homer Graydon has seen little of Vivian Marston, for it seems she is an old friend of Powell and old friend of Blair Stanley, the young capitalist and relative from the east, now in charge of Powell's affairs. She is also an old friend, it would appear, of Dr. Durand, Powell's private physician.

"In fact, Vi," says Graydon to that fair charmer, "you seem to be an old friend to everybody, but me in this town."
Vivian smiled. She has met Graydon in the park by telephone appointment. Now that her charge has recovered Miss Marston, who so capably nursed him, has time for her social engagements again. She must be tactful in social matters, however, as Blair is jealous and Durand suspicious. But Graydon is too good a friend to lose, according to Miss Marston's way of thinking, and unknown to the others concerned she has driven to the park and kept her secret appointment with the old man.

"You have been cruel and neglectful of me, Vi," continues Graydon. "But here is something in the paper that may interest you. You are crazy about diamonds, and I remember your telling me of a wonderful one that broke your heart when it was taken from you by train robbers. It was a wild story, and I cannot say I believed it. But there seem to be strange tragedies about big diamonds. Here, the paper says, is a wonderful one that caused a triple tragedy the other day at the circus."

Vivian paled as she read the newspaper account. "Yes, I know," she said, "I was there. It was a wonderful diamond and"—she faltered—"a dreadful tragedy."

But she does not tell him the diamond was the veritable gem she lost. Homer Graydon was a materialist. He was skeptical of much he saw, and he believed little of what he heard.

"He, he," chuckled the old man. "The papers are full of wild yarns that here circus owners gave the diamond to the lady lion tamer, and the clown, her husband, told his friend, the old lion, the lady was unfaithful. The lion killed the lady; the husband killed the giver of the jewel. Then the lion pawed the hands from the dead woman's neck, and a stieblemann stole it. Romantic, to say the least, eh, what?"

"I was there," repeated Vivian. "I saw it all. The papers speak the truth."
"Well, if you will be a good little girl I'll go to the auction and buy this wonderful diamond for you," chuckled the old bon vivant.

"Will you?" asked Vivian eagerly. "I will if you promise to give up these old friends, who have recently snubbed you. Old friends? Pooh! Never mind old friends. Stick to good friends and you'll wear diamonds."

"I will stick to good friends who get me the diamond," retorted Vivian. "It is well enough to criticize my old friends, as you call them, but they have promised me the diamond too."

"I'll get it for you. I'll outbid them if it costs every cent I have!" cried Graydon excitedly.

Vivian smiled at the thought of the compliment to her charms that several

told them a threatening fellow was hanging around the Powell mansion evidently bent on blackmail.

Another caller at the Powell house was Marmaduke Smythe, legal representative of the Estate of Stanley. He had never met Arthur Stanley, Arthur being a fugitive from Virginia when Smythe had come to notify him he was Earl of Stanley. But Blake, the Richmond detective, had given Smythe a letter to "John Powell" in Los Angeles, Blake's informing Smythe that Powell could tell him something of the missing Arthur Stanley.

As Vivian arrives and after Luke left Smythe has called and has been



"I am not John Powell, but Arthur Stanley of Stanley Hall!"

admitted. Flushed with wine and enlivened with drugs, Arthur is wild and boastful. Smythe produces a newspaper and speaks of the circus tragedy and recovery of the great diamond.

(To be continued.)

The president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of Passaic County, N.J., will investigate a report that students in the Paterson High School have been studying anatomy by the vivisection of animals, principally cats.

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