

SUTHERLAND'S China Sale Is On

During the China Sale we are now having, we have made a lot of remnants, such as Salad Bowls, Cake Plates, Celery Trays, Fruit Sets, Chocolate Pots, etc., as well as a number of odd dozens of plates, all of odd sizes; these we will clear out at Half Off Regular Price.

Remember, all our French China Dinner Sets One Quarter Off.

SEE THE BARGAINS!

JAMES L. SUTHERLAND

IMPORTER OF FINE CHINA

J. S. HAMILTON & CO.

44 and 46 DALHOUSIE STREET

CANADIAN AGENTS

Four Crown Scotch, Pelee Island Wine Co., Henry Thomson & Co.'s Irish, Webb & Harris' Jamaica Rum, Cody's Cocoa Wine.

BRANTFORD AGENTS

Carling's Ale, Porter and Lager, H. Walker & Sons' celebrated Whiskeys, Ross' Sloe Gin, Radnor Water, Crammiller's Ginger Ale, Frontenac Beer.

PROPRIETORS

"St. Augustine" Communion Wine, "L'Empereur" Champagne, J. S. Hamilton & Co.'s Brandy, "Chateau Pelee" Claret.

Our stock of Wines and Liquors is one of the largest and most complete in Canada.

J. S. HAMILTON & CO.

BRANTFORD

Some Bargains

All Copper, Nickel Plated Tea Kettles at Reduced Prices

No. 8 \$1.25 No. 9 \$1.40
No. 9 McCrary's model side cover, the latest in Kettles, regular price, \$2.25 \$1.75



Howie & Feely

Temple Building Next New Post Office

Take a Boat Trip

HAMILTON-TORONTO

Steamers "MODJESKA" and "TURBINIA" leave Hamilton and Toronto 8 a.m., 11.15 a.m., 2.15 p.m., 6.15 p.m. daily (including Sundays)

NIAGARA FALLS, Queenston, Lewiston, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Buffalo

Steamers leave Toronto (Yonge Street Wharf), week days, at 7.30 a.m., 9 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., 3.45 p.m., 5.05 p.m.; Sundays at 8.15 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., 5.05 p.m.

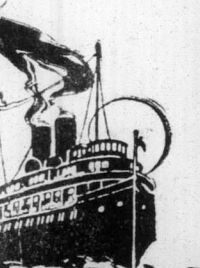
1000 Islands, Montreal, Quebec

the Saguenay. R. & O. Steamers sail from Toronto at 3 p.m., daily, including Sunday.

Low Week-End Rates to 1000 Islands

throughout the summer. Special Saturday-to-Monday return fare, \$5.50, including ramble trip among the islands.

Apply Local Agents, Hamilton Office, or 46 Yonge St., Toronto



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USE "COURIER" WANT ADS.

Underneath The Surface

An Incident That Brought Content to a Dissatisfied Woman.

By ROY RICHARDSON.

"I'm sorry we're invited," observed Mrs. Edmonds to her husband as they dressed to go out. "We shan't have a good time."

"Why?" her husband inquired. "I always liked Ned."

"Yes," responded Mrs. Edmonds. "I like them both, but Will, try as hard as I may, they make me absurdly jealous. They have got so much, they live in such elegant style, give such splendid receptions and entertainments and seem to be getting more and more in the social swim all the time. They certainly do outshine us, and while I know it is not right for me to feel so, I am jealous of them."

Mr. Edmonds grew serious. "The old excuse, Grace. I thought you had outgrown that bad habit. We've got so much that they can never have. There?" he cried, pinching her cheek.

"Let's put it aside. We have each our own, while you know they quarrel. We must have them here some evening soon. You can sing while I juggle the chaffing dish. Ned Constable never could make a decent rabbit. His wife won't let him learn how."

Mrs. Edmonds sighed even at her husband's picture of a pleasant evening at home. "I shall depend upon you," she said as they rang the Constable doorbell, "to keep me contented tonight, Will."

It was quite an affair. Mr. and Mrs. Constable, whatever they might be when alone, were a charming host and hostess.

"How well they do it!" exclaimed Mrs. Edmonds to her husband as they sat eating. Then, with a dangerous tone in her voice, she said, "I wish, oh, so much that you and I—"

"There, there," Edmonds broke in gently. "We're not going to speak of that, dearie. By Jove!" he ejaculated suddenly. "I do believe there's old Tom Goodwin over there all by himself."

"Do you know," Goodwin remarked a few moments later, settling himself beside his new-found friends. "I always promised myself the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Edmonds. And now," and his genial face beamed with good nature. "I see how true it is that an expected pleasure are the keenest."

"Funny thing, Mrs. Edmonds, but I didn't want to come here at all!" said this Edmonds smiled at his wife. "Neither did we. Now we are glad we did," he said. "But, Tom, why haven't you called? You might have found us before this in the directory."

"Oh, yes," Tom rejoined, "but you're such dreadful swells I didn't dare. You see," he explained while Mrs. Edmonds tried to tell him how modest they really were, "I'm just beginning. When you just begin to people don't like you, and mostly you don't take to them, and so I have thought it best to keep away by myself until I had done something worth while."

Goodwin made himself very agreeable, and Mrs. Edmonds liked him. Her husband got deep in debate with a business acquaintance, and the two men presently drifted to the other side of the room, so when the music began in the conservatory Goodwin took Mrs. Edmonds upstairs.

"It's awfully good of you, you know," he said to her as they seated themselves next a dense mass of palms in the ballroom, "not to insist on dancing, but to talk to me. You're so cheerful and seem so contented. Will is a fortunate man, Mrs. Edmonds."

"How odd! I was discontented and blue when I came here tonight," she said, "all because I was—well, I was covetous."

Tom laughed.

"We all get that way at times, I fancy," he remarked. "Look at those De Puysters standing over there, the richest people here. You wouldn't believe it, but they are ridiculously jealous of the Four Hundred. How the Four Hundred fare we never know, but the De Puysters are them as far as they can, while some of us are silly enough to ape the De Puysters. I am glad you are not one of those."

Before Mrs. Edmonds could confess that indeed she was one of them there came to her ear from behind the palms by which they sat the sound of voices. They both recognized the tones of their host and hostess. It was an awkward position, but they could not have escaped without being seen from over the palms.

Constable was evidently remonstrating with his wife. "You can't mean to pretend," he was saying, "to be keeping pace with the De Puysters. One would think you were, to see us tonight. I tell you, Anne, I can't afford it, and that's flat."

"That's what you're always saying—'can't afford this; can't pay for that!'" cried Mrs. Constable, with considerable heat. "Why don't you go into bankruptcy and be done with it? You never used to complain."

"We would look well bankrupt, wouldn't we?" her spouse cut in. "I never used to complain, as you say,

because I was getting rich fast then. It is changed now, and I'm often pinched for money to the verge of desperation. I've told you so, Anne. While I've no objection to your entertaining and having a good time, there's a limit to our means, you know, and where the money for this is coming from I don't see."

"You never told me!" cried Mrs. Constable. "You merely said you were worried. And I'll tell you right now, Ned Constable, I do intend keeping pace with the De Puysters and flatter myself I have done so."

"He struck me on 'change for \$12,000 last week," muttered Constable. "You may be able to keep up the pace, but I can't at that figure, Anne."

There was a pause. "Then he said pacifically, 'You go at it wrong, and, as your husband, I must correct you. Look at Will Edmonds and his wife. They are poor, as the world takes such people, but they are richer and happier than we are.'"

"Yes," exclaimed Mrs. Constable, "and live in a little place where you can hardly turn around and where you meet starved musicians, impecunious actors or authors who hope to startle the world some day. Perhaps you would like to change places with them."

"I may have to," Constable murmured, "before it is all over. Come, Anne; the people are going. We must get downstairs."

Goodwin and Mrs. Edmonds arose, he serious, she trembling.

"Tell me," he asked her, "should we have gone away?"

"Yes and no," she answered. "We couldn't without their knowing." Then putting her hand in his as they came to Mr. Edmonds, she observed seriously: "A little while ago I was jealous of them, Mr. Goodwin. Now I am not, and my little place where you can hardly turn around seems sweet and good to me. Come and see us in it. We will welcome you, and you may get an idea how nice humbly it is. Good night. I think you for being here."

As Grace and Will stood again in their own house later that night she said to him as she kissed him, with tears in her eyes: "I thank the Lord, Will, dearest, for our little place where some people can hardly turn around. Shut your eyes, Will, and say it after me: 'Bless our little place where you can hardly turn around. Amen!'"

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Diminutive Cricket Player and His Mighty Bat.

ENGLAND LOVES THE GAME.

British Lads Take to Cricket as American Boys Do to Baseball. Items of Interest to Small People. Puzzles and Games For Idle Hours.

The game of cricket is as dearly loved by the boys of Great Britain as is our game of baseball by young America. Cricket is played to some extent in the United States, but most boys know little about it. There are eleven players on a side, and an umpire judges the play, as in baseball. The terms used are entirely different from those of baseball. For instance, the pitcher is called bowler, and the catcher is called wicket-keeper.

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Sweating Gold Coins.

Short weight gold coins have made the appearance recently in several of the local banks in considerable quantities. A number of \$5 gold pieces that were 60 cents short were discovered in the treasury, having been sent there by banks which received them from out of town connections. Experts say that the coins have been treated with a bath of nitromuriatic acid, which removes part of the gold in such a manner that only by weighing can the loss be detected.—Philadelphia Record.

England's Fried Fish Shops.

In every English city of any size fried fish shops are established where cooked fish can be had at reasonable prices, and these shops are largely patronized by the poorer classes. Since the outbreak of hostilities the price of fish has steadily advanced until it has now reached a price that is prohibitive as regards a large part of the population, and in other cases fish that under ordinary conditions was freely used is now a luxury.

Feeding Prisoners of War.

The British war office gives to its prisoners of war the following daily ration: Breakfast, one-half pound of biscuits; one pound fresh or cold storage meat, three ounces or preserved meat, half ration; fresh vegetables, eight ounces; butter or margarine, one ounce; condensed milk, one-twentieth of a one pound tin; tea, one-half ounce or coffee, one ounce; sugar, two ounces; salt, one-half ounce.—Nurse.

PRactical Health Hint.

Drinking Distilled Water.

Eliminate the hazards of a naval officer, say the life insurance companies and he is the best risk in the world. Why?

Because simple means are used to prevent him from contracting diseases which cause the arteries to harden. The strength of the navy and marine corps is between 65,000 and 70,000 men.

The report of the surgeon general for 1913 tabulates one death from apoplexy and pieces of arthritis as the least common of all maladies.

"I urge that the rest of the world live as we do, using distilled water, and live on and on, youths at sixty-five," writes Dr. Wedekind, commander of the hospital at Solace, in the Medical Record. "We do not develop arterial degeneration, gout and rheumatism, though not surrounded by home comforts, regular seasons, regular amusements and home life."

In half an hour anybody can make a still large enough for thirst quenching purposes. A tea kettle, a copper coil, a piece of rubber tubing and a glass preserve jar or an ordinary pitcher are the materials required.

One thing in favor of forming the habit of drinking distilled water, as recommended, is that it can never prove harmful, even if no benefit should be derived in certain cases.

Riddles.

1. Entire I am the opposite of fast; behind me, and I am the noise of cattie; curtain me, and I am an exclamation; behind me again, and I am another exclamation. This is done by the body that a mortal cannot exist without me. Yet I am not exclusively of an animal nature, for the earth also owns me. I am to be seen at Vesuvius. You can find me in rivers and in caves of the earth. Not even a cannon is made without me. With all the awful race I am movable, generally noisy and can open or close at will. Answers.—1. Slow, low, lo, O. 2. The mouth.

The Oldest Wrought Iron.

The oldest pieces of wrought iron now are probably the sickle blade found by Belzoni under the base of a sphinx in Karnak, near Thebes; the blade found by Colonel Vyse embedded in the masonry of the great pyramids and the portion of a crosscut saw exhumed at Ninroth by Mr. Layard, all of which are now in the British museum.

The First Telegraph.

The first telegraphic instrument was successfully operated by S. F. B. Morse, the inventor, in 1844, though its utility was not demonstrated to the world until 1842.

Toronto Orangemen held their annual church parade to St. Paul's, Bloor street.

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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Fair's Havana Bouquet Cigar 10 cents straight
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Don't You?

YOU WANT TO KNOW, when you buy or rent, what you are getting for your money—what it is and how much the cost—don't you?

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SOME OF WHAT WE SERVE FROM OUR Ice Berg Fountain

ICE CREAM SODA, ALL FLAVORS
EGG PHOSPHATES, ALL FLAVORS
COCA COLA AND GRAPE JUICE

A partial list of our COMBINATION DISHES and SUNDAES is as follows:

Kitchen's Call.....10c	Tommy Atkins' Smile.....10c
Heavenly Hash.....10c	Coney Island Dream.....10c
Banana Split.....10c	Chop Suey.....10c
Dick Smith.....10c	David Harum.....10c
Jack Canuck.....10c	Chocolate Soldier.....10c
Isle of Pines.....10c	Lovers' Delight.....10c
Allies' Peacemaker.....10c	Buster Brown.....10c
Pride of Canada.....15c	Cleopatra.....15c
Blood Orange Ice.....	Pineapple Ice.....

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From the little craft "Wabigoon" which wanders among the myriads of lakes to the big steel "Hullabird" "Niagara"—all are admirably suited to the routes they serve.

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Weekend Cruise, Toronto to Collingwood—connecting with Grand Trunk from Toronto, to Detroit, Milan, and return. Via Owen Sound, Sea, Port Arthur, Port William and Georgian Bay Harbors. An eight day cruise, \$25.

Orion No. 4—From Toronto via Collingwood connecting with Grand Trunk from Toronto, to Sea, Mackinac Island, to Georgian Bay Harbors. A five-day cruise, \$20.

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