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SHOULD TAKE MORE CARE WITH BOOKS

Report of the Auditors in Connection With the House of Refuge Matters.

The report of Chas. M. Thompson and S. W. Seago, the auditors of the House of Refuge books, has been filed at the City Hall. The auditors report that they thought the books, while in a fairly good condition, a little more care should be exercised in keeping the records, bills, etc. The books show a balance on hand of \$412.02. The city is entitled to a refund of \$402.92 from the County Council for overpayment during the year 1913. The actual cost of up-keep of the institution amounted to \$7,806.83 for the year. Farm products and live stock amounted to \$699.80, were sold during the year. The report contains complete statements of receipts and disbursements in detail, the cost of up-keep and statements of assessments made by the different municipalities and city. The auditors also recommend that the books be closed Dec. 31st, instead of January 31st. The whole report shows that the institution had a profitable year and financially everything was satisfactory.

MANY PETITIONS ARE CIRCULATED FOR THAW

Prisoner Wants the Lawyers' Pay Stopped Who Tried to Get Him Back.

NEW YORK, March 25.—Harry K. Thaw does not want the state of New York to pay the lawyers who have been trying to get him back to Matteawan. Hundreds of petitions have been circulated through the town which, when filled with the signatures of those who believe as he does, will be mailed to the members of the assembly. The petitions call for support of the resolution offered by Assemblyman John B. Golden of the Third assembly district, New York county, denying pay to the special state's attorneys for their services in trying to have Thaw brought back. It seems likely that thousands of signatures will be affixed to the petitions, even if the estimate of one of the men who was circulating them is exaggerated. He said that 100,000 signatures have been obtained. Thaw's lawyers are sending out the petitions, according to the same informant. They have hired a private detective agency to circulate them, and thousands of them have been sent through restaurants, saloons, cigar stores and other places where men congregate in large numbers. Within 60 miles of New York City there are 104 golf courses.

NEW MONARCH ON HIS WAY TO RULE OVER THE ALBANIANS



PRINCE WILLIAM OF WIED AND HIS WIFE

Prince William and Princess Sophie of Albania left Waldenburg, Germany, recently for Albania after paying a farewell call at the Princess' paternal home. The Prince formerly was Prince William of Wied and after being chosen as the new ruler of Albania was invited on February 21 by a delegation of Albanian notables to ascend the throne.

PARIS THE MECCA FOR PRIZE FIGHTERS

What would have become of the prize ring if France had not come to its rescue? This young Georges Carpentier has helped to preserve the ancient and more or less honorable institution from decay. The fact that he was beaten by Joe Jeannette, an American negro, on Saturday, will not lessen his tremendous popularity. Carpentier is a mere youngster, and he will improve, having been successfully fought by a middleweight and a heavyweight champion of France. A few years ago the title would not have been respected as much as that of heavyweight champion of Woodstock. In Carpentier it signifies the championship of Europe and probably the white champion of the world. But even before Carpentier became famous Paris had fallen in love with pugilism. The history of this strange passion is traced by Sterling Heilig, who gives a very interesting account of some Parisian battles in a letter to the Pittsburg Dispatch.

Fortune for McVey
He mentions the fact that Sam McVey, who used to be a mere sparring partner of first-class men in the United States, and who was the first foreign pugilist to profit largely by the boxing boom in Paris, has retired with \$70,000 that he saved in three years. He got the money for the most part by knocking down-and-out wild looking and vicious Frenchmen who attacked him in the ring. Some of it he earned by disposing of less eminent American boxers, who went to France for a better reason than that nobody in the United States would pay to see them perform. Then from the other side of the channel began to come unknown English boxers with battered countenances and hardened consciences. They mingled with each other in alleged prize fights and with McVey and other American bruisers, to the further damage of both consciences and features. Some came with profit to their bank rolls. From Australia came boxers of superior class. Touring American fighters of eminence tarried in Paris to give exhibitions, and steadily the popularity of the new sport grew.

Patronized by Aristocracy
Then followed the most thrilling encounter ever seen in Ax. The gladiators attacked each other with the greatest ferocity. First one, then the other would be hurled to the boards. Blood streamed from their faces, and great discolored patches were visible after each visit to the seconds. One man spat out a couple of teeth, which had been slipped to him by an attendant. So horrible became the struggle, that the chief of police stopped it. Such scenes are being enacted all over France every day, to the great enrichment of broken-down American and English pugilists and actors, but chiefly the actors, for they can put on a much more realistic battle. In Paris, however, the public is more critical. Dukes and fine ladies attend the fights. They are reported in the papers by the regular dueling reporters. Upon the favorites silver and gold and bank notes are showered. Upon other than favorites descend curses, bottles and bricks. This furor, however, is not likely to be permanent. Prize-fighting is a mere exorcism in France. If it does not disappear entirely, it is likely soon to drop to the status that it holds in the United States and England. But at the moment Georges Carpentier is without exception the most popular man in Paris. This would be equally true if Sara Bernhardt happened to be a man.

So that a large number of small parcels can be carried on a motorcycle a California designer has designed a rack to be suspended over and on both sides of the rear wheel. Excellent results have been obtained in Germany by experiments with extinguishing fires with a mixture of solutions of caustic soda and alum, which forms an air excluding foam. To show piano students the correct positions of the fingers and wrists is the purpose of a new stereoscope which carries a number of pictures on a band which passes behind a lens.

Tarzan of The Apes

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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Clayton spoke to the man in English, thanking him for his brave rescue and complimenting him on his wondrous strength and dexterity.

The only answer was a steady stare and a faint shrug of the mighty shoulders, which may have betokened either disparagement of the service rendered or ignorance of the language.

The bow and quiver slung on his back, the wild man once more drew his knife and deftly carved a dozen large strips of meat from the lion's carcass. Then, squatting upon his haunches, he proceeded to eat, motioning Clayton to join him.

The strong white teeth sank into the raw and dripping flesh in apparent relish, but Clayton could not bring himself to share the uncooked meat with his strange host. Instead he watched him, and presently there dawned upon him the conviction that this was Tarzan of the apes, whose notice he had seen posted upon the cabin door that morning.

If so he must speak English. Again Clayton essayed speech with the ape man, but the replies were in a strange tongue, which resembled the chattering of monkeys mingled with the growling of some wild beast.

CHAPTER X. The Forest God.

WHEN Tarzan had finished his repast he rose and, pointing in a very different direction from that which Clayton had been pursuing, started through the jungle toward the point he had indicated.

Clayton, bewildered and confused, hesitated to follow him, for he thought he was being led more deeply into the mazes of the forest, but the ape man returned and, grasping him by the coat, dragged him along until he was convinced that Clayton understood what was required of him and then left him to go on his way.

The Englishman finally concluded that he was a prisoner and saw no alternative but to accompany his captor, and thus they traveled slowly through the jungle while the sable mantle of the impenetrable night of the forest fell about them.

Suddenly Clayton heard the faint report of a firearm—a single shot and then silence.

In the cabin by the beach two thoroughly terrified women clung to each other as they crouched upon the low bench in the gathering darkness.

The negroes, sobbing hysterically, bemoaned the day that had witnessed her departure from her dear Maryland, while the white girl, dry eyed and outwardly calm, was tortured by inward forebodings. She feared not more for herself than for the three men whom she knew to be wandering in the abyssal depths of the jungle, from which now issued the incessant shrieks and roars, barkings and growlings of its terrifying and fearsome inmates.

Now came the sound of a heavy body brushing against the side of the cabin. She could hear the great padded paws upon the ground without. Then for an instant all was silence.

"Hush," the girl whispered. "Hush, Esmeralda!" for the woman's sobs and groans seemed to have attracted the thing that stalked there just beyond the thin wall.

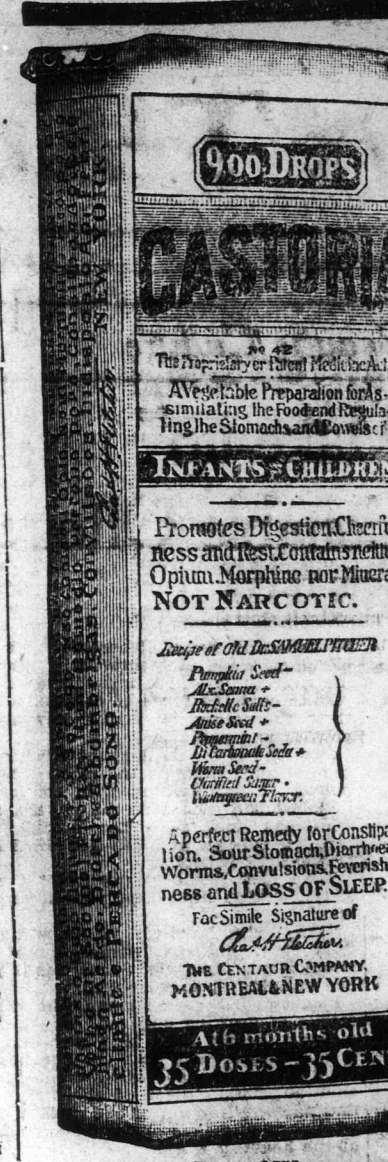
A gentle scratching sound was heard on the door. The brute tried to force an entrance, but presently this ceased, and again she heard the great padded paws creep stealthily around the cabin. Again they stopped—beneath the window, on which the terrified eyes of the girl now glared themselves.

"Heavens!" she murmured, for, silhouetted against the moonlit sky beyond, she saw framed in the tiny square of the latticed window the head of a huge tiger. The gleaming eyes were fixed upon her in tense ferocity.

"Look, Esmeralda!" she whispered. "What shall we do? Look! Quick! The window!"

Esmeralda covered still closer to her mistress and glanced affrighted toward the little square of moonlight just as the tiger emitted a low, savage snarl.

The sight that met the poor black's eyes was too much for the already overstrung nerves.



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"Oh, Gabriel!" she shrieked and slid to the floor, an inert and senseless mass.

For what seemed an eternity the great brute stood with its fore paws upon the sill, glaring into the little room. Presently it tried the strength of the lattice with its great talons.

The girl had almost ceased to breathe when to her relief the head disappeared and she heard the brute's footsteps leaving the window. But now they came to the door again, and once more the scratching commenced, but this time with increasing force until the great beast was tearing at the massive panels in a perfect frenzy of fury.

Could Jane Porter have known the immense strength of that door, bulged piece by piece, she would have felt less fear of the tiger reaching her by this avenue.

For fully twenty minutes the brute alternately snuffed and tore at the door, occasionally giving voice to a cry of baffled rage. At length, however, he gave up the attempt, and Jane Porter heard him returning toward the window, beneath which he paused for an instant and then launched his great weight against the time worn lattice.

The girl heard the wooden rods groan beneath the impact, but they held, and the huge body dropped back to the ground below.

Again and again the tiger repeated these tactics until finally the horrified prisoner within saw a portion of the lattice give way, and in an instant one great paw and the head of the animal were thrust within the room.

Slowly the powerful neck and shoulders were spreading the bars apart, and the huge body came farther and farther into the room.

As in a trance the girl rose, her hand upon her breast, wide eyes staring horror-stricken into the snarling face of the beast scarce ten feet from her. At her feet lay the prostrate form of the negroes.

The girl, standing pale and rigid against the farther wall, sought with increasing terror for some loophole of escape. Suddenly her hand, tight pressed against her bosom, felt the hard outlines of the revolver that Clayton had left with her earlier in the day.

Quickly she snatched it from its hiding place and, leveling it full at the tiger's face, pulled the trigger. There was a flash of flame, the roar of the discharge and an answering roar of pain and anger from the beast.

Jane Porter saw the great form disappear from the window, and then she, too, fainted.

But the tiger was not killed. The bullet had but inflicted a painful wound in one of the great shoulders. In another instant he was back at the lattice and with renewed fury was clawing at the aperture, but with lessened effect, since the wounded member was almost useless.

He saw his prey—two women—lying senseless upon the floor. There was no longer any resistance to be overcome. Sabor had only to worm his way through the lattice to claim it. Slowly he forced his great bulk, inch by inch, through the opening. Now his head was through, now one great fore leg and shoulder.

Carefully he drew up the wounded member to insinuate it gently beyond the tight pressing bars.

A moment more and both shoulders through the long, sinuous body and the narrow hips would glide quickly after.

It was on this sight that Jane Porter again opened her eyes.

(To be continued.)

About the smallest cooking outfit yet designed consists of a six inch electric stove, chafin dish, tea samovar, coffee percolator and nursery equipment, all heated from a single unit.

Midseason

ONLY a few years ago thought of wearing a bonnet before Easter, but like many other all this is changed, and make their appearance upon fashionable streets and avenues of New York almost before the season is quite forgotten. The change is partly due to the stores have to cater to those who go South at Christmas in sweaters and the is so ravishing and alluring women who stay at home resist the temptation to buy no later than the beginning of the season.

The more conservative choose the mid-season of present time, and wait a for the really, truly summer. This year they are wearing hats of silk and hemp looking over the great summer hats could be bro date with very little trouble the owner the price of a new posing the winter one is to wear into the summer.

are about the same as last tricorne, sailor and the also used. Any amateur could take her old straw cover the crown with the draped and plain crown so the decision might rest taste of the wearer and of silk available. The brim can be freshened with cold beer or a rag of warm water and the hat is not so much like the new trimming on the less freakish than former opinion, is no prettier, without style.

to trim the hat with two pompoms, one directly in the other exactly opposite This is when the sharp turned down brim. When turns up, say the brim of crown four times, then at four points created by brim back is secured by of feathery stuff, or a am again "ears," so that when placed upon the head it think of a crown or a big checked out with care, the material deposed.

The net frills seen on winter hats appear again spring models, with very straw is not so effective at face except in youth, and to be harsh, too, so the hat from severity, as much more generally be

ART

THE simple fact of flowers seems so to have very few people real difficulty, or he know how to do it succeed idea of going into it you are fortunate enough and picking at random, as come easiest to hand indoors and putting the it is, into a vase, whose the circumference of the stems, thus holding the mass of mixed color, and ing the whole on some absolute feeling of well done—is a thing of However, to paraphrase that is the way you like range flowers," but if more simple arrangement shown, then perhaps may be done.

To start with, one bun will go much farther, a flower can be used to take that to add another detract from its value and in arranging flowers, a cles and color to itself, ering, if possible, a little When the stems are strength to uphold them no prettier way can be ter placing one of the ma holders, which come in mesh, for different size the flowers in this, ev trying to fill each and e but only enough to leav separate and distinct, a excise leaves and follow possible their natural gr

Different flowers and different settings, so it is many different kinds of bowls. These need not sive, for you never want cle to rival in beauty or ness the flowers themse In early spring, the more charming than a some dull green—blue— tary with Jonquils or d ingly growing out of the flower pot, gracefully its own slender stalk, from all sides its full let two flowers touch, thly possess the value of same flowers are very break, and as a matter is a very generally sale taste for many varieties especially those in yello Sweet peas, lilies of t all look best in low bowls, the level of the

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