BRAVES ARRIVE

AT PHILADELPHIA

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 7.—The Boston National League baseball team, which will meet the Philadelphia Americans for the championship of the world, arrived here last night to prepare for the opening game of the series scheduled for Friday. Despite the injury to third baseman Smith in yesterday's game at Brooklyn, the Boston players continued to express confidence in their ability to defeat the present world's champions. Smith's injury was the more disap-

Smith's injury was the more disap-ointing because it was uncalled for, was the direct result of his fight spirit and the indirect result of his carelessness. Smith was wearing a new pair of shoes, equipped with new pair of shoes, equipped with spikes longer than those to which he had been accustomed. It was quite natural that he should try for second on his long hit to right centre which bunced off the wall for that would have left him on second with the win-ning run and only one out. He might have made second standing up had he kept on after rounding first. But nearing second Smith seemed to hesitate whether or not to slide. He finally decided to hit the dirt when he saw the play would be close. Cutshaw, who covered, swung in toward the runner after taking the throw-in. Smith had begun a hook slide meantime. His right ship struck Cutchen's time. His right shin struck Cutshaw's left leg and the long spike catching the soil threw the full weight of the catapulting body on the ankle joint.
Fred Mitchell, the former American League player, who is now coaching the Boston pitchers, witnessed yesterday's game at the American League grounds here between the Athletics and New York Highlanders.

might weaken the batting strength of the Braves, but that Deal is an equally good fielder. Pitcher Rudolph and Catcher Whaling also arrived here ahead of the rest of the squad, and witnessed the Athletics in action. witnessed the Athletics in action.

Interest in the coming series appears to be greater than in former years. Nearly a thousand boys and men were in line last night awaiting a chance to purchase tickets for the series at the opening. Joseph Banks, the 18-year-old Camden youth who took his place at the entrance to the store where the tickets will be sold store where the tickets will be sol early yesterday morning, retained his position last night, although he was relieved several times by his brother.
Many of those holding places in the

He declared that the loss of Smith







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cushions and lunch, while the mond



DICKY RUDOLPH Who will likely pitch first game for loston Nationals.

********* Football

Tutela, the city champions, who have carried all the football honors of the district before them and their feat is worthy of note; therefore, this brief history will be of interest to al sporting footballers and followers

Tutela . . . 14 10 2 2 43 15 22
This the second season of the Tutela Club has been a very successful one, winning as they have done, each of the three trophies offered for competition mmong the various clubs in the city. Their accomplishment is something to be proud of, as the club and their supporters are. This unique feat, reflects credit on the players and management of the club, who have worked hard and consistently throughout the season. Winning the Brantford and Paris Fotbal league is the feature of their succes Each of the teams with the exception of the P. S. A. have been strong and only by hard and consistent football has their leadership been gain ball has their leadership been gains ed. Tutela have had by no means a walk over, some of the teams pressing them hard for points. The club suffered two reverses as the above record shows. Scots United and the Duffs succeeded in taking the points on their own grounds, while at Tutela only one point has been dropp. tela only one point has been dropped this season, that against Paris, the result being a draw. It will be remembered that in this game, H. Hingley unfortunately broke his leg, and he has been much missed by his team mates. By winning the Courier Cup and J. Hill Charity Cup, Tutela further showed they have a real good bowels are clogged with sour waste.

team mates. By winning the Courief Cup and J. Hill Charity Cup, Tutela further showed they have a real good team. A distinct feature of their season's play has been the combination of the forwards, helping undoubtedly to the team's success. Their defence has been equally good. The team as a whole is one of the best that has been got together in Brant ford and have been fortunate in being able to place practically the same team each week, the players haiving become accustomed to each other's play, thus helping the club to a great extent. In the cup tie games the club has an average of four goals to one, having scored 20, while only 5 were tallied against them. The chief goal scorers have been, Hingley 19, Collett 75, Gore 10, Fisher o Hamilton 4, Tigwell and Roberts 2 each, while Vining and Clark have scored once each. To P. McLeod and J. Hingley belongs the honor of having played in every game but two, while Hamilton and Roberts missed three games each. Tute have several games to play. It is hoped to have

games each. Tutela have several games to play. It is hoped to have

Auto Phone 19

line had provided themselves with the fast Preston team here on Sat-cushions and lunch, while the mono-tony of the long wait was brken by Waitstill

BASEBALL.

Brooklyn. 2.2 Boston
Vew York. 5-0 Philadel
—Wednesday Games
Philadelphia at New York
Boston at Brooklyn.
Final games of season.

Cansas City —Tuesday
Kansas City....1-5
Baltimore....11-1
Buffalo......3



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THE STORY OF Baxter

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN Copyright, 1913 by Kate Douglas

"Don't waste too much time and strength here, my dearest," said Ivory. "Do you suppose for a moment I shall keep you long on this lonely farm? I am ready for admission to the bar or I am fitted to teach in the best school in New England. Nothing has held me here but my mother, and in her present condition of mind we can safely take her anywhere. We will never live where there are so many memories and associations to sadden and hamper us, but go where the best opportunity offers and as soon as may be. My wife will be a pearl of great price," he added fondly, "and I intend to provide a right setting for her!"

Ivory was right. Waitstill Baxter was indeed a jewel of a woman. She had little knowledge but much wisdom, and after all knowledge stands for the leaves on a tree and wisdom

for the leaves on a tree and wisdom for the fruit. There was infinite richness in the girl, a richness that had been growing and ripening through the years that she thought so gray and wasted Those lonely tasks, too hard for a

girl's hands, these unrewarded drudg-eries, those days of faithful labor in and out of doors, those evenings of self sacrifice over the mending basket, the quiet avoidance of all that might vex her father's crusty temper, her pa tience with his miserly exactions, tience with his miseriy exactions, the hourly holding back of the hasty word—all these had played their part; all these had been somehow welded into a strong, sunny, steady life wisdom, there is no better name for it, and so she had unconsciously the best of all harvests to bring up dower to a husband who was worthy of her. band who was worthy of her.

These were quietly happy days at the farm, for Mrs. Boynton took a new if transient hold upon life that deceived even the doctor. Rodman was nearly as ardent a lover as Ivory, bovering about Waitstill and exclaiming: "You never stay to supper, and it's lonesome evenings without you! Wil it never be time for you to come and live with us, Waity, dear? The days crawl so slowly!" At which Ivory would laugh, push him away and draw Waitstill nearer to his own side, say ing, "If you are in a hurry, you your ormorant, what do you think of me?

"We can peyer wait two more days, Rod; let us kidnap ber! Let us take the old bobsled and run over to New Hampshire where one can be married the minute one feels like it. We could do it between sunrise and moonrise and be at home for a late supper Would she be too tired to bake the biscuits for us, do you think? What do you say, Rod, will you be bes man?" And there would be youthful unaccustomed laughter floating out from the kitchen or living room, bring-ing a smile of content to Lois Boyn-ton's face as she lay propped up in bed binds up the broken hearted," she whispered to herself. "He gives unto them a garland for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise

for the spirit of heaviness." The quiet wedding was over. There had been neither feasting nor finery, nor presents nor bridal journey, only a homecoming that meant as deep and

was gray, and suddenly the winte heralds came floating down like scouts seeking for paths and camping places. Waitstill turned Mrs. Boynton's bed so that she could look out of the win-dow. Slope after slope, dazzling in white crust, rose one upon another and vanished as they slipped away into the dark green of the pine forests.

*** there fell from out the skies
A feathery whiteness over all the land;
A strange, soft, spotless something, pure
as light.

It could not be called a storm, for there had been no wind since sunrise, no whirling fury, no drifting, only a still, stendy, solemn fall of crystal flakes, hour after hour, hour after hour.

Mrs. Boynton's book of books was open on the bed, and her finger marked a passage in her favorite Bible

"Here it is, daughter," she whispered. "I have found it, in the same chapter where the morning stars sing foy. The Lord speaks to Job out of the whirlwind and says, 'Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow. It hast thou seen the treasures of the hall?' Sit near me, Waitstill, and look out on the hills. 'Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?' No, not yet, but please God I shall, and into many other treasures soon." and into many other treasures soon," and

TO THE TRANSPORT OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPER

with the glittering army of the snow-fiakes, all day long the snow grew deeper and deeper on the ground, and on the breath of some white winged wonder that passed Lois Boynton's window her white soul forsook its "earth lot" and took flight at last.

They watched beside her, but never knew the moment of her going. Her face was so like an angel's in its shining serenity that the few who loved her best could not look upon her with anything but reverent joy. On earth she had known nothing but the "broken arcs," but in heaven she would find the "perfect round." There at last, on the other side of the stars, she could remember right, poor Lois Boynton!

For weeks afterward the village was shrouded in snow as it had never been before within memory, but in every happy household the home life deepened day by day. The books came out in the long evenings; the grandsires told old tales under the inspiration of the hearth fire; the children gathered on their wooden stools to roast apples and pop corn, and hearts came closer together than when summer called the housemates to wander here and there in fields and woods and beside the river.

Over at Royntons' when the snow

Over at Boyntons', when the snow was whirling and the wind howling round the chimneys of the high gabled old farmhouse, when every window had its frame of ermine and fringe of feicles and the sleet rattled furiously against the glass, then Ivory would throw a great back log on the bank of coals between the firedogs, the kettle would begin to sing and the cat come from some snug corner to curl and

from some snug corner to curl and purr on the braided hearth rug.
School was in session, and Ivory and Rod had their textbooks of an evening, but, oh, what a new and strange joy to study when there was a sweet woman sitting near with her workbasket—a woman wearing a shining braid of hair as if it were a coronet; a woman of clear eyes and tender lips, one who could feel as well as think, one who could feel as well as think, one who could be a man's comrade as well as his dear love! Truly the second heaven, the one on "this side of the stars, by men called home," was very present over at Boyntons'.

Sometimes the broad seated old hair Sometimes the broad seated old hair-cloth sofa would be drawn in front of the fire, and Ivory, laying his pipe and his Greek grammar on the table, would take some lighter book and open it on his knee. Waitstill would lift her eyes from her sewing to meet her husband's glance that spoke longing for her closer glance that spoke longing for her closer companionship and, gladly leaving her work and slipping into the place by his side, she would put her elbow on his shoulder and read with him.

Once Rod from his place at a table on the other side of the room looked and looked at them with a kind of in-

stinct beyond his years and finally crept up to Waitstill and, putting an arm through hers, nestled his curly head on her shoulder with the quaint charm and grace that belonged to him. It was a young and beautiful shoul-

der, Waltstill's, and there had always been and would always be a gracious curve in it where a child's head might lie in comfort. Presently with a shy pressure, Rod whispered: "Shall I sit in the other room, Waitstill and Ivory? Am I in the way?"

Ivory looked up from his book quietly shaking his head, while Wait-still put her arm around the boy and drew him closer. "Our little brother is never in the

way," she said, as she kissed him. On midsummer evenings the win-dows of the old farmhouse over at Boynton's gleam with unaccustomed lights and voices break the stillness. ening the gloom of the long grass grown lane of Lois Boynton's watching in days gone by. On sunny mornings there is a merry babel of chil-dren's chatter, mingled with gentle maternal warnings, for this is a new brood of young things, and the river is calling them as it has called all the others who ever came within the circle of its magic. The fragile hare-bells hanging their blue heads from the crevices of the rocks; the brilliant columbines swaying to and fro on their fall stalks; the patches of gleam-ing sand in shallow places beckening little bare feet to come and tread them; the glint of silver minnows darting hither and thither in some still pool; the tempestuous journey of some weather beaten log, fighting its way downstream-here is life in abundance luring the child to share its risks and

When Waitstill's boys and Patty's girls come back to the farm they play by Saco water as their mothers and their fathers did before them. The paths through the pine woods along the river's brink are trodden smooth the river's brink are trodden smooth by their restless, wandering feet. Their eager, curious eyes search the way-sides for adventure, but their babble and laughter are oftenest heard from the ruins of an old house hidden by great trees. The stones of the cellar, all overgrown with blackberry vines, are still there, and a fragment of the brick chimney, where swallows build their nests from year to year. A wilderness of weeds, tall and luxuriant, springs up to hide the stone over which Jacob Cochrane stepped daily when Jacob Cochrane stepped daily when he issued from his door, and the pol-ished stick with which three-year-old Patty beats a tattoo may be a round from the very chair in which he sat, expounding the Bible according to his own vision. The thickets of sweet clover and red tipped grasses, of waying ferns and young alder bushes hide all of ugliness that belongs to the deserted spot and serve as a miniature forest in whose shade the younglings foreshadow the future at their play of home building and housekeeping. In a far corner, altogether concealed from the passerby there is a secret from the passerby, there is a secret treasure, a wonderful rosebush, its green leaves shining with health and and yet, but please God I shall, and into many other treasures soon," and the closed her eyes.

All day long the air ways were filled the Waitstill Boynton steps cautiously

faults and frailties, has long been peace. On a chill, dreary night was raised from its unhonored resting place, not far from the ruins of his old abode, and borne by three of his disciples far away to another state. The gravestones were replaced, face downward, deep, deep in the earth, and the sod laid back upon them, so that no man thenceforward could mark the place of the prophet's transient burial amid the scenes of his first and only triumphant ministry.

"It is a sad story, Jacob Cochrane's," Waitstill said to her husband whee she first discovered that her children had chosen the deserted spot for their play, "and yet, Ivory, the red rose blooms and blooms in the ruins of the man's house, and perhaps somewhere in the world he has left a message that matches the rose."

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WHITE BREAD SCARCE, RYE FOR THE DUTCH

THE HAGUE, Oct. 5.—Owing to the general scarcity of wheat flour in Holland, white bread is becoming a luxury. At Dordrecht, a town ten miles southeast of Rotterdam, the bakers have announced that begining to-day they will produce nothing

but rye bread.

A despatch received here from Copenhagen states that, upon representation of farmers, the Danish government has prohibited the exportation of all young horses. on of all young horses

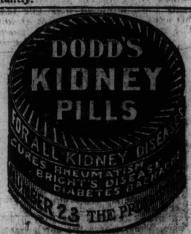
Ravages.

LONDON, Oct. 6— Telegraphing om Epernay, France, the corres-ondent of The Times says "The ebbing of the German invas-ion has left the vine yards virtually undamaged. The labor question in connection with the harvesting of the grapes has been solved by the pres-ence of numerous refugees from the north who are only too glad to earn the good wages offered by the vine-yard owners.

the good wages offered by the vine-yard owners.

"In ordinary times the grapes, as soon as harvested are bought by the big champagne makers for their presses. During the present year, however, this has been impossible owing to lack of transportation facil-ities. The grapes, therefore, are be-ing pressed by the growers them-selves and the juice will be preserved in barrels until its delivery to the wine makers is possible. The weath-er this year has been favorable and it is predicted that the wine this year will be of excellent quality."

QUEBEC, Oct. 6.—At 3 t





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LESSON LEARNED

In Previous War French - In This Camp

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER

Major Darnley, Stuart-S prompted by the news of the ment in which British cavalry rominently, recalls in the "D patch" some famous cavalry Reports that have reached hrough semi-official chann says) state that in the engage Belgium between a brigade eavalry with a similar force enemy's mounted arm, the horsemen "rode down" the troopers and had all the bes

details of this satisfactory el are revealed that our regim-gaged were heavy cavalry. "The Thunder Ride."

From what has transpired u present respecting the con-the German cavalry when op the French mounted troops, appear that the former are living up to the traditions of Tour. That was the memoral sion, it may be recalled, when commencement of the series velotte battles, General von B brigade charged the head of a column of infantry, penetrate through a brigade of French and by doing so led to a codislocation of a French me which was in progress, and ha which was in progress, and had object the detention of a Carmy marching with the P Kine's group of army corps. T ploit is known in military his "The Thunder Ride," and was ed at a greater cost than the

Have Learned Lesson In that same war the super cavalry of the French was u sacrificed at Reichshofen, an on that terrible day of Sedai French cavalry consisting of a plete division under General Ma its, was hurled on an unbroke derman infantry, supported by batteries of field artillery, we result that this huge force of a fiery wave of Gallic value practically destroyed. Barely change been sounded when the real commanding the divisit eral commanding the divisi killed and his place was taken famous general, the Marquis





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