

Pitcher for Ottawa Club

...eats credited to him than in a majority of his games. ...Bramble pitches great ball ...the London club.

FREE FLAGS

...suffered a slight injury, and ...first base for the Athletics. ...er lead is still nine and a ...

No Liberty as Well ...There goes a man who ...obbed you of a fortune, and ...is enjoying his liberty.

...kind of washable cotton ...embroidery is called ...

ep

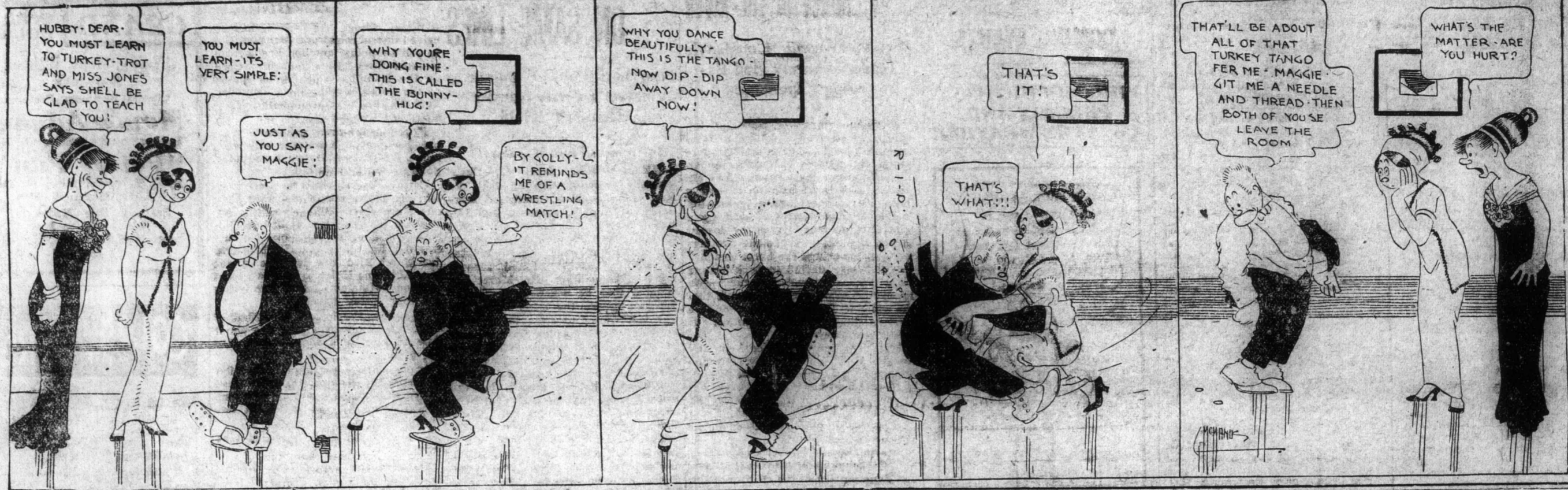
...it. ...prices ...Shoes.

...er school and fall ...Sizes \$1.13 ...deal for school and ...Sizes \$1.33 ...Sizes 8 to 98c ...\$1.08 ...to \$1.18

...During the ...ale ...toes. \$2.68 ...black ...p Sale \$1.48 ...ing shoes. Blucher ...p Sale \$1.98

...to take advantage? ...ST SERVED' ...THE BROOM!!! ...o., Limited

Bringing Up Father



By George McManus

FROM ALL OVER THE GREAT WEST

Come Reports From Women of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Telling of Renewed Health and Fresh Vigor Through Using The Great Canadian Remedy.

OVERLAND, Sask., Sept. 15.—(Special)—From all over this great west are coming statements from women who have found renewed health and fresh vigor through using Dodd's Kidney Pills and in this growing community evidence is not lacking that the great Canadian remedy is daily gaining friends among those on whom the burdens of life fall most heavily.

Women's health depends on the kidneys. If the kidneys are not right the result is weakness and weariness and a burden of pain almost too great to bear.

NEW HARDWARE STORE We are opening at the above address, and will carry a complete and up-to-date line of STOVES, RANGES, and FURNACES.

J. T. BURROWS CARTER and TEAMSTER REMOVED TO 226 - 236 West Street

I am now in a better position than ever to handle all kinds of carting and teaming.

If you require any Carting, Teaming, Storage, Moving Vans, Pianos Moved, Sand, Gravel, or Collars Exceava ed place your order with me and you will be sure of a good job done promptly.

J. T. BURROWS Phone 365 Brantford



Four Crown SCOTCH

BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT The Whiskey of Quality Ask your Wine Merchant, Club or Hotel for it.

J. S. HAMILTON & CO. BRANTFORD GENERAL AGENTS FOR CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

The Jim Jeffries Dope Story Bobs Up With Regularity

If Big Jim Has Any Real Evidence He Should Publish it - Some Fight Gossip.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 18.—Of all the sporting scandals that have vexed the world from time to time, the Jeffries "dope" story is the most tenacious. It is as regular in its appearance as Haley's comet, but it lacks one saving grace the comet possesses. It doesn't stay away worth a cent. It bobs up when least expected.

It is with us again, now, and it is even said that any of Jeffries' townsmen in Los Angeles who peep-pooched the thing when it was first mooted—that is, shortly after the Reno disaster—are beginning to take stock in it.

Some one in New York has revived it and has furnished a few brand new particulars of a notably interesting kind.

It is said that Jeffries hired detectives to run down the story and that the sleuths have placed big Jim in possession of all the sordid facts. If Jeffries cared to tell he could unfold a narrative that for blood curdling effects would cause the ghost's disclosure to Hamlet to sound like a lullaby.

It is claimed that Jeffries has learned to his disgust that it was the men of his camp he trusted most who addressed the drowsy potion to him. Then they went and bet on the other fellow—Jack Johnson. If Jeffries has anything like that up his sleeve he should take the public into his confidence. It isn't right to shield such miscreants.

It would be interesting to learn if the detectives discovered what kind of dope was used. There are so many, you know. There's the good old poppy juice that causes its frail devotees to write checks for millions while under its influence and there are laudanum and chloral and what not.

In the horse racing game there is a slow dope which causes the nags to loiter and a fast dope which impels them to hurry.

Maybe it was none of these, but some other fruit of the deadly poppy.

ped by B. J. Wade, won from A. L. Vanstone's rink and Dave Husband's rink defeated a rink skipped by J. A. Grantham.

In the Scotch doubles, Rev. Woodside and Dr. Gamble beat B. Cromar and E. H. Newman; T. C. Dunbar and R. T. Whitlock won from E. Sweet and W. Lahey; and F. J. Reid and E. Read defeated A. M. Harley and E. E. Tobias.

In the Singles—B. J. Wade defeated A. L. Vanstone and J. S. Howie defeated R. T. Whitlock.

In the Novice Singles—Joe. Maxwell defeated K. W. MacDonald and Arch. Harley won from Geo. Cromar. In the second round J. Maxwell won but from I. Simpson.

JUST WHAT A TYPEWRITER IS A typewriter is one who typewrites on the typewriter, and the typewriter is a machine on which the typewriter who typewrites on the typewriter typewrites on the typewriter until there is no more typewriting to be typewritten by the typewriter, and the typewriter who typewrites on the typewriter typewrites on the typewriter typewrites.

THIS is a HOME DYE that ANYONE can use. DY-O-LA The Guaranteed "ONE DYE" for All Kinds of Cloth.

With Edged Tools

By Henry Seton Merriman, Copyright, 1894, by Harper & Brothers.

Jocelyn folded the morocco case together and handed it back to him. "She is very pretty," she repeated slowly, as if her mind could only reproduce—it was incapable of creation.

When he was gone the girl sat wearily down. "Millicent Chyne," she whispered. "What is to be done?" "Nothing," she answered to herself after awhile. "Nothing. It is not my business. I can do nothing."

Four months elapsed and the excitement created in the small world of western Africa by the first dazzling success of the simiacine expedition began to subside.

Maurice Gordon was in daily expectation of news from that favorite spot, but he never received any. And Jocelyn did not pretend to conceal from herself the hope that Jack Meredith might bring the news in person.

He came upon her one evening when she was sitting slowly home from a mild tea party at the house of a missionary. Hearing footsteps on the sandy soil, she turned and found herself face to face with Durnovo.

"I was coming along to see you," he said, and there was a subtle offense in his tone.

"She did not trouble to tell him that Maurice was away for ten days. She felt that he knew that.

"Almost at once," in a tone that apologized for causing her needless pain. "I must leave tomorrow or the day after. I do not like the idea of Meredith being left too long alone up there with a reduced number of men. Of course, I had to bring a pretty large escort. I brought down 500,000 worth of simiacine."

"Have you had any more sickness among the natives?" she asked at once in a tone of half veiled sarcasm which made him wince.

"No," he answered; "they have been quite all right."

"What time do you start?" she asked. "There are letters for Mr. Meredith at the office. Miss Jones's head clerk will give them to you."

She knew that these letters were from Millicent. She had actually had them in her hand. She had inhaled the faint, refined scent of the paper and envelopes.

They had reached the gate of the house on which she turned and held out her hand in an undeniable manner. He bade her goodby and went his way, wondering vaguely what had happened to them both. The conversation had taken a different turn from what he had expected and intended. But somehow it had gone beyond his control. He had looked forward to a very different ending to the interview. And now he found himself returning somewhat disconsolately to the wretched hotel in Loango—dismissed—sent back. The next day he actually left the little west African coast town, turning his face northward with bad grace. Even at that distance he feared Jack Meredith's half veiled sarcasm. Durnovo had only been allowed to come down to the coast under a promise, gracefully vailed, but distinct enough, that he should only remain twenty hours in Loango.

Jocelyn avoided seeing him again. Four days later she was riding through

the native town of Loango, accompanied by a tidy friend, when she met Victor Durnovo. The sight of him gave her a distinct shock. She knew that he had left Loango three days before with all his men. There was no doubt about that. Moreover, his air was distinctly furtive—almost secret. It was evident that the chance meeting was an undesired by him as it was surprising to her.

"I thought you had left," she said shortly, pulling up her horse with undeniable decision.

"Yes, but I have come back for— for more men."

"Indeed?" she said. "You are not a good starter."

She turned her horse's head, nodded to her friend, bowed coldly to Durnovo and trotted toward home. In the forest she applied the spur, and beneath the whispering trees, over the silent sand, the girl galloped home as fast as her horse could lay legs to ground.

He Knew It. His Daughter—"This paper says that Mr. Millions died intestate. Her Pa—'I expected it the minute I heard them doctors was going to operate on him.'—Puck.

The Lawn Mower Push. "There is nothing in a maid who is not willing to push his way onward." Binks—"Does your wife make you use the lawn mower, too?"—Baltimore American.

A WONDERFUL COLD CURE. Just think of it, a cold cured in ten minutes—that's what happens when you use "Catarrozone." You inhale its soothing balsams and out goes the cold—sniffles are cured—headache is cured—symptoms of catarrh and gripe disappear at once. It's the healing pine essences and powerful antiseptics in Catarrozone that enable it to act so quickly. In a disease of the nose, for irritable throat, bronchitis, coughs and catarrh it's a marvel. Safe even for children. 25c and \$1.00 sizes at all dealers.

FIFTY AGAINST TWO—It is not reasonable to expect two weeks of outing to overcome the effects of fifty weeks of confinement. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla along with you. It refreshes the blood, improves the appetite, makes sleep easy, and restores

Afraid of Appearing Old. She—"These reporters are so careless. This paper says I have been for years one of the handsomest women in society." He—"Well, my dear, what is the objection to that?" She—"Why, I never said anything about years."—Puck.

GO TO THE Royal Cafe

Best Restaurant in the city. First-class service. Prices reasonable. Hours, 10 a.m. to 2 a.m. Sunday hours from 10 to 2 p.m. and from 5 to 12 p.m.

CHAS. & JAMES WONG MANAGER

Leave Hamilton for Toronto—8.00 a.m., 11.15 a.m., 2.15 p.m., 7.00 p.m. Returning leave Toronto—same hours. (Daily except Sunday).

HAMILTON TO TORONTO AND RETURN... 75c

R. & O. TOURIST STEAMERS. "Toronto," "Kingston," "Rochester" Leave Toronto 2.30 p.m., daily, and 6.00 p.m. every Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, 1000 Islands, Montreal, Quebec.

INLAND LINE STEAMERS "Dunbar," "Majestic," "City of Ottawa," "City of Hamilton" Leave Hamilton and Toronto every Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. Montreal and intermediate ports. Low rates, including meals and berth. For tickets, folders, etc., apply to local Agents, or write Hugh D. Patterson, General Agent, Passenger Department, Room 907, Royal Bank Building, Toronto.

Annual Western Excursion Tickets on sale Sept. 11, 12 and 13, valid returning Sept. 29, 1913.

FROM BRANTFORD, ONT. Detroit, Mich. \$ 5.05 Bay City, Mich. 6.80 Grand Rapids 7.85 Saginaw, Mich. 5.80 Chicago, Ill. 10.90 Cleveland, O., via Buffalo and C. 5.95 Cleveland, O., via Detroit and D. and C. Line 8.05 St. Paul or Minneapolis, Minn., via Detroit and Chicago or via C.P.R., Sudbury and Soo \$28.40 via Owen Sound and Soo 31.90 G. C. Martin, H. C. Thomas, G.P.A. Phone 110. Agent

NO DRINKING MAN NEED DESPAIR

The Neal Cure—Greatest of All Modern Discoveries—Offers a Means of Escape from the Curse of Drink. A cure of the Drink Habit is Guaranteed in Three Days no Matter Whether the Patient is a Hard and Constant Drinker, Social Tippler or Goes on Occasional Spree.

There was wandering in the streets of Toronto lately a homeless man, who at one time held a splendid position, but drink was his downfall. To-day his wife, a cultured woman, works out by the day, endeavoring to support herself and little family. Think of it, you wives and mothers, who have homes of comfort and all that makes life worth living, what it would be to you to be deprived of these and forced to face the wash tub for an existence, as this poor wife has to do today?

But this home which was made a hell on earth through strong drink—as every drunkard's is—may be made into a heaven upon earth, as many have been made, as a result of the Neal Treatment. Three days only—the wonder of it—to effect a cure and make the victim of strong drink a new man, physically, morally and mentally.

We undertake to guarantee to effect a cure of the Drink Habit in Three Days, no matter whether the patient is a hard and constant drinker, social tippler, or goes on occasional sprees. Are you interested in a poor fellow going down, down, down, through the curse of drink? Then bring your influence to bear on him and bring him to the Neal Institute for treatment, drunk or sober, and we will undertake to remove the awful appetite for strong drink and deliver him to you a new man.

Here is an opportunity for REFORMATION SOCIETIES for INEBRIATES or any institution for the reformation of the drunkard, to test our ability to change the hard drinker into a new man, physically and mentally, in THREE DAYS' treatment.

We invite these Societies or any institution interested in the poor drunkard and the problem of dealing with him, to send us for treatment any victim of the drink habit, it makes no difference how much enslaved, and we guarantee to effect a cure in each and every case. Can you spend your money to better advantage or in a way that will bring in greater returns than in redeeming these victims of strong drink and giving back to their families kind fathers, brothers, husbands, and to the country most desirable citizens?

Write To-day for Free Book and Copy Bond of Given Every Patient—Address THE NEAL INSTITUTE COMPANY, LTD. 78 St. Albani's Street, TORONTO Phone North 2087