

SPORT

Baseball—Football—Basketball—Bowling—Hockey—Curling—Boxing and Wrestling.

Great Rugby Player

Killed in Dardanelles

London, Eng., Sept. 29.—Bedell S. Wright, one of the greatest Rugby players ever produced by England, has been killed in the Dardanelles.

Tigers Helpless

Before Johnson

Washington, Sept. 29.—Walter Johnson won the second and final game of the series from Detroit yesterday, 3 to 0. Johnson struck out 20 men in the first five innings, fanned the entire side, including Cobb, in the initial round. The score: R.H.E. Detroit 00000000—0 3 0
Washington 0000201X—3 8 4

National League Scores.

Brooklyn, Sept. 29.—The Dodgers rang down the curtain on their home games yesterday with a poorly played game, losing to the Phillies by 6 to 4. Errors helped the coming champions to all except one of their runs. The score: R.H.E. Philadelphia 2020100—6 8 1
Brooklyn 20000101—4 8 4

At Chicago—Chicago made it four straight from Cincinnati yesterday, the locals taking both games of the double header 7 to 3 and 5 to 0. Four home runs, all by Chicago players, were made during the afternoon, two in each game. The scores: R.H.E. First game Cincinnati 01200000—3 7 3
Chicago 4000100X—5 7 0
Second game Cincinnati 00000000—0 7 1
Chicago 4000100X—5 7 0

Chicago Clubs in Series.

Chicago, Sept. 29.—The annual series of baseball games for the championship of Chicago will begin Wednesday October 6th. The first game will be played at the American League grounds.

President Comiskey of the Sox, and President Thomas of the National League arranged the details, and, as was forecasted, ignored the request of the Federal league to make the series three cornered. The schedule provides for seven games.

BASEBALL RECORD

NATIONAL LEAGUE			
	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Philadelphia	86	60	589
Boston	78	66	542
Brooklyn	78	69	531
Pittsburg	71	79	473
Chicago	70	78	473
St. Louis	70	79	470
Cincinnati	69	80	463
New York	67	78	462

Yesterday's Results
Chicago 6, Brooklyn 3-0.
Chicago 7-5, Cincinnati 3-0.

Games To-day
Brooklyn at New York.
Philadelphia at Boston.
Cincinnati at Chicago.

AMERICAN LEAGUE			
	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Boston	89	46	663
Detroit	87	53	647
Chicago	85	61	591
Washington	81	65	555
New York	66	81	449
St. Louis	62	86	419
Chicago	57	92	383
Cleveland	40	105	276

Yesterday's Results
Washington 3, Detroit 0.
Games To-day
Washington at Philadelphia.

If the doctor says "you need a tonic," you will find strength and vigor in

O'Keefe's

Special Extra Mild ALE

MAY BE ORDERED AT 25 COLBORNE ST., BRANTFORD.

LABATT'S STOUT

The very best for use in ill-health and convalescence
Awarded Medal and Highest Points in America at World's Fair, 1893
PURE—SOUND—WHOLESOME
JOHN LABATT, LIMITED, LONDON, CANADA

E. C. Andrich, BRANTFORD DISTRIBUTOR

88 Dalhousie Street
Bell Phone 9 Auto Phone 19

Chicago at Cleveland.

FEDERAL LEAGUE			
	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Pittsburg	84	63	571
St. Louis	85	65	568
Kansas	82	63	568
Chicago	79	69	534
Newark	74	71	511
Buffalo	72	78	480
Brooklyn	68	80	459
Baltimore	69	83	453

Yesterday's Results
Pittsburg 7, Newark 2.
Kansas City 2, Baltimore 2.
Games To-day
Buffalo at Brooklyn.
Chicago at Pittsburg.
Kansas City at St. Louis.

STUPEFIED

(Continued from Page 1)

doubled in intensity, so that the whole of Flanders shook to it. Again at 4 o'clock, still before dawn, the fury of it was intensified, so that our souls quaked at its awful significance. But it was a good sign. Never before in this war have our guns spoken in such loud clamor. This was the work of all those thousands of men in factories at home who have been toiling through the months at furnace and forge. They sent us the guns, and there seemed to be shells enough to blast the enemy out of the trenches. Our chance had come for a real attack.

It began east of Vermelles, south of the La Basse Canal, and in the plain of Lens. Our men were out of their trenches before daylight and at deadly grips with the enemy. They were advancing steadily over the ground, which was no longer barred to them impregnable by the enemy's trenches, upon which they had peered through sandbags and loopholes for many long months. Those trenches had been smashed and crumpled by our artillery fire, and only in the dugouts were the men still living, dazed by the intensity of the bombardments and stupefied into inevitable surrender.

It is too soon yet to give any details of this heroic advance to the outskirts of Hulluch and through the village of Loos to the neighboring mine fields and slopes of Hill 70. No man saw the attack unless he took part in it, and then only his own immediate environment. Battalions disappeared into the fog of smoke from the shells and bombs of every kind. They fought behind a veil from which came only the noise of battle and later the first stream of wounded.

TREMENDOUS HEROISM.

Of the incidents of the casualties, of the heroism which ignored the risk of death, nothing can yet be said, for the fighting still is in progress. Only in a few words one may say the essence of truth. The divisions engaged in the struggle yesterday fought with the spirit of men who knew the Empire's life depended upon them, and they gave their own lives with noble generosity. Among them were battalions of the new army of Lord Kitchener's men, who charged with valor beyond words of praise and with passionate courage which swept away all resistance until the object was attained and the sacrifice consummated.

General French's communique of the first day's attack tells all the facts plainly enough for those who can read the meaning of modern battle, and the gains are considerable. "We captured the enemy's trenches on a front of five miles south of La Basse Canal." That sentence sums up the day's achievements north of the canal. The enemy was able to bring up heavy reserves and check our advance in spite of the desperate fighting. Near Hooge, where there was separate attack north and south of the Menin road, we gained more ground and caught the enemy by surprise, so that many German soldiers were trapped on the other side before they were forced to surrender. The ground captured in this way to the south of the road is held and consolidated, but northwards the enemy retook Belleward's farm and the ridge over which our men swept in the first rush.

MUD CLOGS SOLDIERS.

All day yesterday there was a heavy rain, which made the trenches and fields wet and boggy, and our soldiers, digging themselves into the ground they gained, were clogged with mud and soddened with water red with German blood. Red was the sunset which followed this day of battle, and the tall poplar trees

were in black against its flaming splendor. The rain had ceased and with the night the sky cleared of its storm cloud so the moon shone bright above the battlefields, where for a few hours the bombardment died down except for the booming of single guns, the rattle of machine guns, and the volleys of rifle fire.

To-day, Sunday, while the fight was in progress there was brilliant sunshine and a cloudless blue sky, good for artillery observation. All day there was no cessation to the awful cannonade. Of the results nothing can yet be said until the Commander-in-chief lifts the veil which hides them all. One result, however, was visible. Down the roads but a few miles from this massacre the Flemish citizens in Sunday clothes walked to their village churches to pray God for victory, not knowing yet how many more widows there were, nor how many of their sons lie dead.

The most part they smoked as they drove by with bandaged heads and limbs, and only by the mud, which caked them from head to foot, would one have guessed the things they had endured. The worst among them had to see, and made one curse against the spirit of war and all its hellishness.

Another result of the fighting and a proof of the day's victory was the file of men by the railway line, within sound of battle. Fourteen hundred German prisoners were there, a great mass of slate grey men lying on the grass and waiting entrainment. Nothing of hate could I find for them, now that they were prisoners in our hands, and nothing of hate was in their eyes for the new fresh-faced Tommies who stood on guard among them with fixed bayonets and berets. They were had to see, and made one curse against the spirit of war and all its hellishness.

A HUN SIDNEY

A friend of mine carried a water jar to some of them and held it to their lips. One of them refused. He was still an evil-looking fellow, with

a bloody rag around his head, a typical Hun, I thought, but he pointed to a comrade who lay huddled on the ground, and said in German, "He needs it first." This man never heard of Sir Philip Sidney, but in spite of his evil looks he had some chivalry in his soul. I noticed, too, the care with which these broken men looked after their wounded comrades, changing the dressings for them, and this charity redeemed a little the brutal words with which the non-commissioned officers spoke to their men, and rebuked one's temptation to tar them all with the same brush of brutality. They seemed glad to be prisoners and out of it. One of them waved his hand towards the bombardment which was proceeding violently, and said, "I pity our poor people there." They had been captured in great batches at Loos. One of them said: "The English gave us a great surprise. The first I knew of what was happening was when I saw your soldiers streaming past our trenches. We were surrounded on three sides and our position was hopeless, but we fought until we spent the last cartridge." In another place I had a conversation with two German officers who had just been captured at Hooge. They were Prussians, one a stout Captain with smiling eyes behind his horn spectacles and a jovial manner in spite of the ordeal from which he had just escaped; the other a young, slim fellow, with clean-cut features, who was very nervous, but bowed repeatedly with his heels together, as though in a cafe at Ehrenbreitstein when a high officer comes in. A few hours before he had been buried alive. One of four mines had exploded under him, flinging a heap of earth over him and burying his Captain in the dug-out. They, too, expressed surprise at the suddenness and direction of our attack.

About the war generally they had few opinions to give, but the younger man said they were prepared, down to the last gaiter, for another winter campaign, if need be. He spoke of the British infantry with profound admiration for their stoic courage and fine shooting. He knew their quality.

So strange is this war that eight days ago he was on leave and rowing with his wife on the lake at Potsdam. It was good to see all those prisoners to-day. In spite of the pity one has for them, one is gladdened by these first fruits of victory, and by the thought that the enemy grows less in front of us. Since Friday night Germany has lost whole regiments, and the fields are strewn with her dead. Alas! the brown of our khaki mingles with their grey.

WEATHER HINDERS OBSERVATION

British Headquarters, Monday.—The great battle which began before dawn on Saturday last still continues along the whole front, and where the British are advancing is intensely concentrated along the line between La Basse and Lens, with the French on our right working upwards from the captured town of Souchez.

To-day the weather was bad so artillery observation was difficult for aeroplanes and stationary balloons. From the rising ground to the left of the great ridge of Notre Dame de Lorette, behind the last spur of which the ruins of Souchez are hidden, it was possible to see the great panorama of the battle ground where our troops were fighting, stretching away beyond Vermelles to the aeroplanes and stationary balloons.

AWE-INSPIRING SIGHT

Nevertheless it was enormously impressive and awe-inspiring to sit on the edge of what one may count as one of the greatest battles of history peering through the gloom of the weather and war through the drift of mist and smoke at places where many thousand British soldiers were fighting desperately to-day so that the promise of victory may be fulfilled. One stared across the ruins of Vermelles to the great stretch of mining country where the black snouts of furnace chimneys are thrust up between conical slag heaps. Between two of those black mounds was "Hill 70," around which a deadly struggle was in progress between large bodies of our men who had fought their way through Loos and had now been south of the brickfields at Guinchy. Hour after hour the cannonading continued, and to sit like an ant on the edge of the field of fire was an experience no man could forget. But the human side of it was invisible. None of those Generals or staff officers who were gathered at different parts of the line upon rising ground could see through the veil to where the masses of brave men were fighting and falling and struggling forward in the dreadful business out there. Battalions and brigades went into the smoke and fog, and progress was only known when little voices whispered to men lying out in the far fields at the end of a telephone wire, to which they listened with strained ears. From all parts of the field of battle whistlers came and were passed on to headquarters, where other men were listening. This brigade was doing well, that brigade was hard pressed. The Germans were counter attacking at this or that

point, from behind the mist came news of life and death, revealing things no onlooker could see, things which cannot yet be told. To-day our men were fighting a continual action with varying success at different points, with losses and gains which cannot be summarized or sorted out until the Commander-in-chief has them all in his hands and given us the net result in those short sentences of his which we read as messages of our fate.

HAIL STORM BREAKS

In the afternoon at one of those hours of crisis the sky was darkened and rain clouds broke, and a sharp hail storm swept across that mining country with its tangle of pitheads and slag heaps and railways. It is no longer raining, but the night is very dark and cold, and our imagination is filled with pity for those poor, wounded men, Germans as well as British, who lie in the water pools and keen wind after the battle.

Not yet has a decision been reached. All that can be said of this night is full of hope for British arms. Behind the battle lines there are haunting pictures, and then one sees clearly enough the human side of the war, which is concealed behind the smoke of battle—the movement of troops in bivouac and in the field, the convoys and ambulances bringing down the wounded as the convoys of ammunition go up to meet the guns. Overhead all day long our aeroplanes were flying on reconnaissance duty, peering down through the clouds as shells burst over the great battlefield. Their record during those past three days of battle has been remarkable. Every day they carried out artillery observations in spite of adverse weather conditions, remaining two hours at a time over the enemy's lines at a maximum height of seven thousand feet, owing to the clouds and heavily shelled by the enemy's guns.

Successful attacks were made against the railway lines south of Lille on September 23. A German goods train was wrecked in several places. On the 26th three coaches on a troop train were hit, a goods train damaged and the railway track blown up in four places. On September 24 the railway track was damaged in three places.

TROOP TRAIN WRECKED

On September 26 several coaches on a troop train were wrecked, and the engine and two carriages of another train derailed. The sheds if an important junction were set on fire, and the railway damaged in six places.

There were 27 aerial flights last week, and it is definitely known that one German aeroplane was wrecked. In only one case did the British machine get the worst. This plain record is a splendid tribute to the work of our aerial service upon whose vigilance the accuracy of report and the continual daring of our staff relies for much of its useful information, enabling it to perfect preparations for the great struggle which is now in progress.

But that being said, one's thoughts go back to the infantry line, to all those regimental officers and men who to-day have been fighting in the greatest ordeal which to test the strength and steel of men's hearts to advance through a hell of fire of massed guns.

HOMESEEKERS' SPECIAL TRAIN LEAVES TORONTO

10.45 P.M. EACH TUESDAY.

For the accommodation of Home-seekers' and general tourist traffic to Western Canada, through train carrying Tourist Sleepers and Colonist cars leaves Toronto 10.45 p.m. each Tuesday until further notice, running through to Winnipeg.

Attention is directed to the remarkably low round trip fares in connection with Home-seekers' Excursions to Western Canada via Canadian Pacific Railway. Tickets are on sale each Tuesday until October 26th, inclusive, and are good to return within two months from date of sale.

Apply to any C.P.R. Agent for full particulars or write M. G. Murphy, District Passenger Agent, Toronto, W. Lahey, Agent Brantford.

Isla Tudor, christened in a lion's cage, had her twelfth birthday party with the lions at Baltimore.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
SPECIAL KIDNEY DISEASE
RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE
GRAVEL
DIABETES
SEP. 23 THE PROGRESSIVE

EMERALD LAKE

- (1) Takakkaw Falls, higher than Niagara.
- (2) Emerald Lake Chalet.
- (3) Mount Burgess and Emerald Lake.
- (4) Emerald Lake from Zigzag Trail.
- (5) Snow Peak Avenue, from Field to Emerald Lake.

THE famous Yoho Valley was explored by Jean Habel in 1897, who spent seventeen days there, and returned with such enthusiastic accounts of mountains, lakes and waterfalls, that it was determined to make the valley accessible to tourists. A trail was commenced by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and this portion of the mountains, like the district of Banff, is now a National Park. From the station at Field a beautiful drive through aisles of stately firs and over an excellent wagon road brings one to Emerald Lake, where one finds a comfortable and picturesque chalet, situated on a wooded promontory. The lake is a gem of perfect beauty, its coloring marvellously rich and vivid, and constantly changing under the shifting lights and shades. In its surface are mirrored the ramparts and precipices of Mount Wapta and Mount Burgess, and the snowy glaciers of President Mountain. From Emerald Lake there are a hundred and one beautiful spots for the tourist. Passing along the road winds up the valley with eye-catching views of the mighty peaks on either side. Further along the first glimpse of the glory of the valley, Takakkaw Falls, meaning in Indian lore "It is wonderful." Presently a full view is obtained across the valley—a torrent, issuing from an icy cavern rushes tempestuously down a deep, winding chasm till it gains the verge of an unbroken cliff, leaping forth into sudden wildness for a hundred and fifty feet and then a stupendous column of pure white sparkling water dashing almost a thousand feet into the Yoho Valley. Higher up the valley is the picturesque Laughing Falls or Twin Falls as it is called, where the Upper Yoho leaps down the mountain side. It would indeed be difficult to find anywhere else a more perfect group of the elements of Rocky Mountain scenery—great peaks and glaciers, stately forests, and mountain gorges with wild flowers, and a group of waterfalls as varied in character as they are all so delightfully beautiful.

There's a "SA" something in blending the cleanliness in constitutes the never change, n

SUTHERLAND ROY Note Paper

The great in the m

JAMES BOO

J. S. H
44 AND 46 DA
IS WHE
VALUE

Smooth Fin G Delic

"QUALITY"

J. S. H
44 AND 46 DA

Was in an out of efficient Sell way. Rest Distance is a big business Plan paign. A

The Bell