

HAMILTON TYPOS BEATEN HERE 4-3

Local Printers Will Likely Play a Return Game in The Ambitious City

Hamilton printers, some 25 in number, journeyed to Brantford yesterday afternoon for a real set-to with their Brantford accomplices in crime. In the plot that was laid behind the dyke the visitors were foiled, the score being 4-3 in favor of the Brantford outfit. Afterwards the social amenities of the occasion were observed as only printers know how, and a pleasant time brought to a close.

The feature of course was the seven innings of big league agony, pulled off by Mr. Eddie Pitman occupied a prominent position on the matrix as Brantford pitcher, he was the worst offender. His speed was terrific, blinding and dazzling. Although he was pounded unmercifully by the visitors, it was a masterpiece of good luck that Cassidy, the Brantford catcher, was able to throw out several would-be base stealers. This prevented Hamilton from winning. At that, there were several stolen bases, Cassidy holding the ball at times as if it belonged to him, and not to the club. In the field a catch by McBride was truly wonderful. Archie Shurt played third base, and will doubtless be drafted at once by the Old Cripples' League. Humble, the Brantford short stop, is already billed to manage the O. I. B., while Geo. Brayshaw did so well at second that he has secured a flattering offer to organize the fourth floor against the third floor at the House of Providence. Woodley and Prime did some good hitting. Bill Reeves acted as substitute until he stubbed his toe in centre field and had to retire. He will be laid up for several months. The finest part of all, however, was Pitman's Pitiful Prayerful Pitching. The Hamilton players were as follows: Slaughter, Brantson, Waite, O'Neil, Wood Campbell, Makeal, Allen, Botham.

A return game is being arranged in the Ambitious City. George Zimmerman and Jack Heatley, two former Courier boys were with the bunch. George says the Hamilton sea air don't agree with his constitution, or his hair. It's mostly all gone.

Referees Form An Association

The referees of the Brantford and Paris League met last night in the Y. M. C. A., when they formed an association in connection with the league. C. Smith presided over a very harmonious gathering and the election of officers took place and resulted in the first president being elected as the first president. H. Smith was chosen as vice president and E. A. Hollister was appointed secretary treasurer.

The constitution of the association was framed and delegates Geo. Grouh G. Elliott were selected to represent the association at the meetings of the Brantford and Paris league.

The association has been in the air for some time and it was brought up at the last executive meeting of the Football League and a step in the matter, although late, was advocated immediately. That it has fructified is illustrated by the strong hold the association has taken all the referees of the district being enrolled.

H. Edges has applied for membership and is under consideration.

Mr. and Mrs. John Culter of Braemar, Oxford county, Ont. celebrated their diamond wedding. They were both born in the village of Harmony, in Perth.

Sport Comment

The Red Sox took the cellar yesterday when Hamilton beat St. Thomas and the Senators grabbed off a victory behind the dyke. In the last nine games the Red Sox have won two and it is little wonder the club has ducked into the basement. There was a time when the Red Sox had good pitching, but of late the heaving has been very mediocre. Chase's performance yesterday was not up to standard and his offerings were pie for one or two of the Senators. The Brantford south-paw fell down yesterday, when he had three and two continually on the batter and it was the batter as a rule who came out best. Once with three on bases a smart double play pulled the Sox out of difficulties.

Deneau for some reason or other took the bench yesterday, but there are two or three positions where he might fill in and come across when hits are needed. One thing is certain, first base has never been more capably looked after than it is yesterday by the new man Cosma. The latter got a two year contract with Brantford at a high figure and he looked very good yesterday in his first game. Cosma is a right smart fielder. Johnny Nelson reappeared at third and although he is a trifle weak with the stick, he looked good around the red light corner. One of his plays yesterday was a thriller.

It may be the last appearance today of Big Nickel. The elongated heaver is being sent in to-day either to deliver or go home. In the latter event Deneau will probably start pitching himself. Nickel has pitched both good and bad ball, and like the other Brantford pitchers, the club has failed to make enough runs behind him.

The Ottawa crew consist of the same old collection of raw meat eaters. They are not crabs in the ordinary sense at all. In fact ordinary lions in captivity are tame to the Senatorial outfit and when Shaughnessy barks, all follow suit. Verily, an umpire surrounded by Senators is a worm of the earth, and they say it wins ball games especially in Ottawa and Hull.

Football

Fraternal Day Teams Chosen

The teams to compete in a football match for the sake of charity on Fraternal day during the Old Home Week at Agricultural Park have been selected and are as follows:

The English team—Brier of Paris, Knowles, P.S.A.; Burns, Tutela; Atkinson, Wanderers; E. Roberts, Tutela; Beggs, Duffs, B. Plant, Cockshuts; T. Empert, Tutela; C. Solomon; Holmedale; Johnson, S. O. E.; Collet, Tutela; Reserves—Nevin of Paris, Budd S. O. E., and Charlich, Wanderers.

The Canadian, Scotch, Irish and Welsh team will line up—Magill, Scots; Richards, Cockshuts; Taylor, Scot, A. March, Cockshuts; J. Morris, Scots; T. Forge, Scots; T. Cook, Scots; E. Lynn, Scots; W. Jones, Scots; R. Richardson, Cockshuts and W. Richardson, Reserves—Miller of Wanderers, Richardson and Hutchin of Cockshuts.

The game will take place at 10 o'clock in the morning of August 12. All members chosen are requested to gather at the market square where a parade will commence before the game is due to start.

A margin of seven games separate London and Ottawa to-day. Chief Chavealier of the Hull police force was summarily dismissed for misconduct.

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Clubs	Won	Lost	Pct.
Hampshire	56	32	.636
Boston	51	40	.560
Washington	48	44	.521
Chicago	47	45	.511
St. Louis	46	46	.500
New York	45	47	.489
Cleveland	43	51	.454
St. Paul	39	61	.389

Federal League.			
Clubs	Won	Lost	Pct.
Chicago	50	39	.562
Baltimore	47	39	.547
Indianapolis	47	39	.547
Brooklyn	44	38	.537
Buffalo	42	43	.500
Kansas City	38	49	.438
Pittsburg	36	48	.429
St. Louis	35	52	.402

Canadian League.			
Clubs	Won	Lost	Pct.
London	48	26	.649
Hamilton	47	29	.617
St. Thomas	42	38	.523
Peterboro	37	34	.521
St. Catharines	35	37	.486
Brantford	28	42	.400
Toronto	25	43	.364

A FAST HORSE

Peter Bingle: "I say, don't you know when I bought this horse you said don't you know, that he was fast, and he'er-won't go at all, and he sometimes he was very fast, and so he is—asleep."

DRUGS EXCITE YOUR KIDNEYS, USE SALTS

If Your Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers, Drink Lots of Water.

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore, don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salt which removes the body's urinos waste and stimulates the normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grams of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys will act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grape and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize acids in urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this; also keep up the water drinking and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache.

WORLD'S GREATEST SHORT STORIES

NO. VII. The Story of Richard Doubledick.

BY CHARLES DICKENS

"Stranger!" he repeated. The voice awoke old memories before the days of Private Richard Doubledick. "A stranger now, but not a stranger once," he said in tones that thrilled him. "Richard, dear Richard, lost through so many years, my name!" He cried out her name, "Mary!" and she held him in her arms, and his head lay on her bosom.

"I am not breaking a rash vow, Richard. These are not Mary Marshall's lips that speak. I have another name." She was married. "I have another name, Richard. Did you ever hear it?"

He looked into her face, so pensively beautiful, and wondered at the smile upon it through her tears. "Think again, Richard. Are you sure you never heard my altered name?" "Never!"

"Don't move your head to look at me, dear Richard. Let it lie here while I tell my story. I loved a generous, noble man, loved him with my whole heart, loved him for years and years, loved him faithfully, devotedly, loved him with no hope of return, loved him, knowing nothing of his highest qualities—not even knowing that he was alive. He was a brave soldier. He was honored and beloved by thousands of men, when the mother of his dear friend found me and showed me that in all his triumphs he had never forgotten me. He was wounded in a great battle. He was brought dying here into Brussels. I came to him, and tend him, as I would have joyfully gone with such a purpose to the dearest ends of the earth. When he knew no one else he knew me. When he suffered most he bore his sufferings barely murmuring, content to rest his head where yours rests now. When he lay at the point of death he murmured that he might call me wife before he died. And the name, my name, that I took on that forgotten night."

"I know it now!" he sobbed. "The shadowy remembrance strengthens. It is come back. I thank heaven that my mind is quite restored! My Mary, kiss me. Lull this weary head to rest, or I shall die of gratitude. His parting words were fulfilled. I see home again!"

Well! They were happy. It was a long recovery, but they were happy through it all. The snow had melted on the ground and the birds were singing in the leafless thickets of the early spring when those three were first able to ride out together and when people flocked about the open carriage to cheer and congratulate Captain Richard Doubledick.

But even then it became necessary for the captain, instead of returning to England, to complete his recovery in the climate of southern France. There he found a spot upon the Rhone, within a ride of the old town of Arignon and within view of its broken bridge, which was all they could desire. They lived there together six months, then returned to England. Mrs. Taunton, growing old after three years—though not so old as that her bright, dark eyes were dimmed—and remembering that her strength had been benefited by the change, resolved to go back for a year to those parts. So she went with a faithful servant, who had often carried her son in his arms, and she was to be rejoiced and escorted home at the year's end by Captain Richard Doubledick.

She wrote regularly to her childer (as she called them now), and they to her. She went to the neighborhood of Aix, and there, in their own chateau near the farmer's house she rented, she grew into intimacy with a family belonging to that part of France. The intimacy began in her often meetings among the vineyards a pretty child, a girl with a most compassionate heart who was never tired of listening to the solitary English lady's stories of her poor son and the cruel wars. The family were as gentle as the child, and at length she came to know them so well that she accepted their invitation to pass the last month of her residence abroad under their roof. All this intelligence she wrote home, piecemeal as it came about, from time to time, and at last inclosed a polite note from the head of the chateau soliciting, on the occasion of his approaching mission to that neighborhood, the honor of the company of cet homme si justement celebre, M. le Capitaine Richard Doubledick.

Captain Doubledick, now a hardy handsome man in the full vigor of life, broader across the chest and shoulders than he had ever been before, dispatched a courteous reply and followed it in person. Traveling through all that extent of country after three years of peace, he blessed the better days on which the world had fallen. The corr was golden, not drenched in unattractive red; was bound in sheaves for food, not trodden underfoot by men in more fatal fight. The smoke rose up from peaceful hearths, not blazing ruins. In a softened spirit he reached the old chateau near Aix upon a deep blue evening.

It was a large chateau of the genuine old ghostly kind, with round towers and extinguishers and a high leaden roof and more windows than Aladdin's palace. The lattice blinds were

all thrown open after the heat of the day, and there were glimpses of rambling walls and corridors within. Then there were immense out-buildings fallen into partial decay, masses of dark trees, terrace gardens, balustrades, tanks of water too weak to play and too dirty to work, statues weedy and thickets of iron railing that seemed to have overgrown themselves like the shrubberies and to have branched out in all manner of wild shapes. The entrance doors stood open, and the captain walked in.

He walked into a lofty stone hall, refreshingly cool and gloomy after the glare of the southern day's travel. Extending along the four sides of this hall was a gallery leading to suits of rooms, and it was lighted from the top. Still no bell was to be seen.

"Faith," said the captain, halting, "this is a ghostly beginning!" He started back and felt his face turn white. In the gallery looking down at him stood the French officer—the officer whose picture he had carried in his mind so long and so far. Compared with the remembered original at last—in every lineament how like it was!

He moved and disappeared, and Captain Richard Doubledick heard his steps coming quickly down into the hall. He entered through an archway. There was a bright, sudden look upon his face, much such a look as it had worn in that fatal moment at Badajos.

M. le Capitaine Richard Doubledick? Enchanted to receive him! A thousand apologies! The servants were all out in the air. "There was a little fête among them in the garden. In effect it was the fête day of my daughter, the little cherished and protected of Mme. Taunton."

He was so gracious and so frank that M. le Capitaine Richard Doubledick could not withhold his hand. "It is the hand of a brave Englishman," said the French officer, retaining it while he spoke. "I could respect a brave Englishman even as my foe, how much more as my friend! I also am a soldier."

"He has not remembered me as I have remembered him. He did not take such note of my face that day as I took of his," thought Captain Richard Doubledick. "How shall I tell him?"

The French officer, conducted his guest into a garden and presented him to his wife, an engaging and beautiful woman, sitting with Mrs. Taunton in a whimsical old-fashioned pavilion. His daughter, her fair young face beaming with joy, came running to embrace him, and there was a boy baby to tumble down among the orange trees on the broad steps in making for his father's legs. A multitude of children visitors were dancing to sprightly music, and all the servants and peasants about the chateau were dancing too. It was a scene of innocent happiness that might have been invented for the climax of the scenes of peace which had scouted the captain's journey.

He looked on, greatly troubled in his mind, until a resounding bell rang, and the French officer begged to show him his rooms. They went upstairs into the gallery from which the officer had looked down, and M. le Capitaine Richard Doubledick was cordially welcomed to a grand outer chamber and a smaller one within, all clocks and draperies and hearths and brazen dogs and tiles and cool devices and elegance and vastness.

"You were at Waterloo?" said the French officer. "I was," said Captain Richard Doubledick. "And at Badajos?"

Left alone with the sound of his own stern voice in his ears, he sat down to consider. What shall I do and how shall I tell him? At that time unhappy many many deplorable duels had been fought between English and French officers arising out of the recent war, and these duels and how to avoid this officer's hospitality were the uppermost thought in Captain Richard Doubledick's mind.

He was thinking and letting the time run out in which he should have dressed for dinner when Mrs. Taunton spoke to him outside the door asking if he could give her the letter he had brought from Mary. "His mother, above all," the captain thought. "How shall I tell her?"

"You will form a friendship with your host, I hope," said Mrs. Taunton, whom he hurriedly admitted, "that will last for life. He is so true hearted and so generous, Richard, that you can hardly fail to esteem one another. If he had been spared"—she kissed, not without tears, the locket in which she wore his hair—"he would have appreciated him with his own magnanimity, and would have been truly happy that the evil days were past which made such a man his enemy."

She left the room, and the captain walked first to one window, whence he could see the dancing in the garden, then to another window, whence he could see the smiling prospect and the peaceful vineyards.

"Spirit of my departed friend," said he, "is it through thee these better thoughts are rising in my mind? Is it thou who hast shown me, all the way I have been drawn to meet this man, the blessings of the altered time? Is it thou who hast sent thy stricken mother to me, to stay my angry hand? Is it from thee the whisper comes that this man did his duty as thou didst—and as I did, through thy guidance, which has wholly saved me here on earth—and that he did no more?"

He sat down with his head buried in his hands and, when he rose up, made the second strong resolution of his life—that neither to the French officer nor to the mother of his departed friend, nor to any soul, while either of the two was living, would he breathe the what only French officer's glass with his own that day at dinner he secretly forgave him in the name of the Divine Forgiver of injuries.

The time has since come when the son of Major Richard Doubledick and the son of that French officer, friends as their fathers were before them, fought side by side in one cause, with their respective nations, like long divided brothers whom the better times have brought together, fast united.

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