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## BRANTFORD DAILY COURIER.

SECOND SECTION

BRANTFORD, CANADA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1913

PAGES SEVEN TO TEN

## THE COURIER'S COMPLETE SPORTING PAGE

## Gray Hairs

By WALT MASON

"Go up, thou baldhead" cried the boys, who jeered the prophet, shy of hairs; that prophet, weary of their noise, called up his private troupe of bears; the bruins fell upon the lads and ate them down, as crows eat hay, suspenders, boots and liver pads; the prophet smiled and went his way. The prophets of these modern times don't take their string of bears along; but boys must pay for all their crimes, must still atone for every wrong. There's nothing meaner than to jeer the ancient man whose steps are slow, who soon will end his journey here, and to the silent twilight go. I used to do it in the days when I was young, and life was sweet; I used to hoot the hoary jays who toiled along the village street. They'd turn around sometimes and cry: "The day will come when you'll regret, with aching heart and streaming eye, this foolishness, already yet!" And now I'm old and bent and sore, and as I through the village walk, the children soak me in the car with snowballs harder than a rock. They do not reverence gray hairs, and every time they play a trick I wish I had a hundred bears all traitted to jump when I say "Sic!"

Copyright, 1912, by  
George Nathan Adams. Black MammPitcher Fred Herbert May  
Make A Place With Leafs

Canadian League Right-Hander, Has Shown Manager Joe  
Kelley Something in Practice. Ex-Ottawa Twirler  
Has a Long, Free Swing to His Delivery.

MACON, March 26.—The left-handed bugaboo is bothering Joe Kelley again. The last man to join the squad here, "Hub" Northern, the former Brooklyn outfielder, is a left-handed thrower and batter. The players now in camp who hit from the first base side of the platter are McConnell, O'Hara, Shaw, Northern, Lush, Herbert, Kuchler, Branigan, Kubat, and Hearne. Kelley is using all the influence at his command to land an infielder, now with a major league club. Should he join the Toronto club he will be a further addition to the outside batsmen.

Herbert May Make A Place  
Fred Herbert and Frank Kubat are both Chicago boys and where one is there also can the other be found. The Canadian league youngsters are inseparable. Kubat learned the game at the cottage from which he graduated in civil engineering.  
Kelley says that he would not be surprised should Herbert catch a place on the regular flinging staff. The Ottawa is a six-footer, with a striking facial resemblance to Taylor, the Toronto semi-pro player. He has been buzzing the ball through with tremendous speed and says he has never had a sore arm. The manager warned him against using so much speed in training but Herbert seemingly cannot refrain from the use of steam. He is the first of the pitchers to curve the Spaulding. His delivery is a long free swing like Maxwell's and Bob Spade's. He is twenty-one years of age, a reserved sensible chap with all the car-marks of a high class twirler.  
Kubat, who is also a youngster, has been exercising more care and has not been asked to show his wares as yet.

Kaiser for J. J. Shaw  
Kelley is not very favorably disposed to the trade of Kaiser for Shaw suggested by Manager Stallings, of the Boston Nationals. The only advantage in such a swap from a Toronto standpoint would be that the Leafs would be getting a right-handed hitter for a left-hander. Kaiser was with Indianapolis a part of last season and hit .268 in 56 games. Only nine of his 53 hits were for extra bases. He stole ten times.  
Shaw was in one hundred and thirty-five games and hit .315. His batting was for a total of 230 bases, including fifteen home runs, six triples and twenty-seven doubles. His ten bases numbered twenty-nine. It will readily be seen that an even trade of Shaw for Kaiser would be a bad business. Shaw's best performances last year were against the Buf-

falco Club and Stallings saw him to the best possible advantage.  
Northern Another Slugger  
"Hub" Northern is destined to be a popular player at the Island Stadium. In stature he bears a great resemblance to George Schirm, the former Buffalo outfielder. Northern is a younger man who covers much territory in the outfield and who can throw like a rifle shot. He stands close to the plate and steps straight into the ball; his long hard swing usually meets the ball fairly and drives it a great distance. Opposing outfielders will have to back up against the right field bleachers for him at the Island Stadium.  
With Brooklyn last season he was in 118 games, batting for the excellent average of .282. He had twenty-six doubles, six triples and two home runs, with eight stolen bases. He drew forty-one bases on balls and struck out forty-six times. He held .950.  
Northern should prove a capable substitute for Benny Meyer.

MILAN NOT AFTER  
RECORD THIS YEAR

Washington Player Declares  
He Will Work for In-  
terest of Team First.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., March 26.—Clyde "Milan" champion base runner of the American league last season, has no ambition to equal or excel the mark he set in the last campaign.

Milan does not believe that it is just to his team to have such an ambition, for to run bases for the sole purpose of establishing a record might prove detrimental to the best interests of his team.

"I hope to steal a lot of bases, but I am not going to try for a record," said he. "If it made no difference whether we won or lost I would be able to take a lot of chances, and, of course roll up a great base-stealing record. That might be pleasant for me, but I want to play the game to win, and you can't do that by running wild. I shall certainly take advantage of every opening to steal a base if conditions justify my so doing."

(Continued on Page 8)

## ROYAL CAFE

15 QUEEN STREET

The newest and most up-to-date restaurant in Brantford is now open from 10:00 a. m. to 2:00 a. m. Everything of the highest class.

Frank Wong, Proprietor

## SPORTING COMMENT

By FREE LANCE

Ambrose Kane.  
He does not kick on strike or ball.  
He does not halt the game.  
To lift his gentle voice and call  
The ump's a naughty name.  
He never registers a kick  
Or sings his crabbed song.  
He must be deaf, or dumb or sick—  
There sure is something wrong.

Ode to the Spring.  
It gives me pain  
To see the rain.

There is a certain park in this city which was donated by the Ontario Government for use as a playground. A big piece of this park has been either expropriated or appropriated by a number of grown-ups for bowling purposes, and the kids were chased off the grass because it was complained, they made too much noise for the quiet and peace-loving neighborhood round about. We refer to Dufferin Park. Our contention is that the kids should not be chased away, but kept right on the open lots as long as they desire to linger, despite the protests of the surrounding neighborhood. If they make too much noise they should be supervised, not chased into the streets where all kinds of dangers lurk, speed autoists, etc. Until room was found for the North ward kids on a good sized open patch of the Dufferin Park, we contend the Parks Board made a grievous mistake by handing over the rights of the park to any incorporated bowling club of grown-ups who are well able to pay for their sport, and would be willing to do so, if they had to. The youngsters are the hope of the city, and of this country, and should be given every chance. No doubt there will be some who will disagree with our remarks. At the same time, we wish to point out to the Parks Board that the only way to get square with this mistake already committed, is to get additional ground at the O. I. B., enlarge Dufferin Park, and hand it over to the kids. Don't take it away from them, for goodness sake. If they are not there, they will be at the river, or on the street, heaven knows where, and all the worry of their mothers at home. Let's get broad enough to realize that the kids like sport, and need it for the development of their frame and muscles, and let's provide room for them to grow, if they do holler, and shout. Don't take their only chance away to enjoy themselves in a good safe place by giving—yes, giving the land to an incorporated club of professional men, well able to meet their way apparently in any other direction except their favorite pastime—bowling.

This is the view point of one who has heard complaints of boys chased from the park on St. Paul's Avenue, because some had uttered a "cuss" word one night and offended the neighbors. It's a mighty poor way to bring up the boy by driving him away to the open street or to secluded spots to get rid of his high spirits and energy.

Come on, Mr. Park Commissioners, there's some food for thought in this question. Get the land and give it to the boy.

A letter from McDougall of the Tecumseh received in the city, tells how before he left Vancouver Con. Jones called his players together and told the lacrosse would be on the co-operative plan this year, he retaining a certain percentage of the gates for expenses of management. Naturally the ultimatum did not arouse any enthusiasm. In fact Harry Pickering and Micky Ions are said to be possessed of a huge hanker to come back east. McDougall, who is now on his Northwest farm, will probably be here to play with the Indians.

The beating of Bobby Byrne by Joe Wood recalls the wonder that a campaign could ever drift by without at least one ball player being pushed into the League of Last Sleep by one pitched ball.

In the major leagues alone each season there is an average of 1200 ball games played—800 in each circuit.

In these 1,200 games each slaban averages about 115 pitched balls to the game, or 230 for both clubs.

This adds up about 276,000 pitched balls a season, and just why some

contender in front of this mighty fusillade isn't killed is one of the marvels of the profession.

Any number have been badly hurt, but in the last ten years, with over 2,000,000 pitched balls to face, no big leaguer has suffered a mishap.

The Wood-Byrne mishap isn't likely to increase the effectiveness of either player. Byrne, as game as he is, will be an exception if he isn't gunshy for some time to come.

Wood, in his most serene moments is a trifle nervous, with a high-geared personality, and as he happens to be a clean-cut, conscientious young citizen, he is likely to suffer as much as Byrne in the way of depressing effect.

Some time back Russ Ford beamed Corhan, of the White Sox, and the Yankee premier has never been within 30 per cent of his standard since. From that date on he skidded back along the trail, although Corhan recovered shortly afterwards.

It's all "in the game" of course, but it brings no buoyant feeling in a friendly battle to know that you have come within inches of snuffing out a career.

Charlie Carr and Danny Hoffman were both .300 batsmen. Harry Nickens of Nashville, in an exhibition game tore Carr's nose loose with a fast one, and the Tiger star soon faded from the big coral. Hoffman was also wounded in the Dome of Thought and never recovered from the shock.

Neither Wood nor Byrne is likely to be affected to that extent, but the full effect can only be discovered later on.

After a long interval of love taps and no-inflection bouts the old fashioned K.O. seems to be creaking back into the job.

The air is full of flying swings and husky uppercuts bearing the Dreamland Message. No one year in history has ever opened with such a flurry of sleep producers as the pugilistic seismograph records for 1913.

Within the last month no less than four knockouts among prominent citizens of the ring have been recorded. Rivers dropped Brown. Cross knocked out Mandot; Smith dismantled Wells and Attell started back by dropping Kirk.

The punch is either returning to its own or the human jaw is growing effete, not to say brittle.

Science still may rule the profession, but the Old Kick is not to be despised.

The New York Yacht Club has suddenly discovered that riding a technicality into popularity is quite an enterprise. The real reason for declining the Lipton challenge may have been and probably was from a feeling that the challenger was looking for the advertisement of a certain beverage more than for any trophy. In either case the N.Y.Y.C. has uncovered a terrific panning all over the map. The general impression intended to be conveyed is that the N.Y.Y.C. doesn't represent the sportive spirit of America.

Why is it anyway, that one club should control the destinies of an international championship. And if no one else is to have a say in the matter except an exclusive few, how can such a contest be representative of the country at large.

1913 will be a year of test for Russ Ford: The Yankee premier after two great seasons, slipped back in 1911 and almost went to seed in 1912. The old hop to his fast one faded out and another bad year would push him from out of the circle of first rank.

Murphy says that he was offered \$35,000 and two good ball players for Bresnahan. To refuse \$35,000 for one catcher and to refuse to pay a still better catcher a fair enough salary to get him back is a fairly concrete example of Murphy's wisdom as a (Continued on Page 8)

TROUBLES OF  
HAMILTON CLUB

Games This Year Will Be  
Played on the Cricket  
Grounds.

(The Spectator)

At a meeting of the owners of the Hamilton baseball club held yesterday it was decided to lease the cricket field for the coming season with the result that the local scene of Canadian league operations will be transferred from Britannia Park to the west end. Manager Knotty Lee was greatly in favor of transferring the club to the cricket field and in this he was supported by John Burns. Exception to the move was taken by M. M. Robinson who did not believe that the change would prove beneficial. However the other two members of the club were fully convinced of the wisdom of the change, and it went through, although Britannia park could have been secured at a very reasonable figure. The club is paying \$500 more for the cricket field than was paid for Britannia park last year, and in return only secures every other Saturday and also loses July 1, while it would have been possible to have Britannia park for all holidays and all Saturdays, if so desired. Arrangements for the coming season were completed yesterday. Manager Lee will again be at the helm and will take up his residence here next week. The players will report on April 25 which will give them two full weeks training before the season opens. Exhibition games will be arranged. Although he has some fifteen players under contract at the present time, Manager Lee is unable to tell what kind of a team he will have as he expects to secure three or four players from the Baltimore International league club. He is counting on these to fill up the holes in the infield. Six pitchers are under contract and four catchers. New road uniforms have been ordered while the old white uniforms will again be used in the home games.

And yet if they matched Jeffries and Johnson again at \$25 a game, what odds are you giving that the residents of the Dreamland Message? No one year in history has ever opened with such a flurry of sleep producers as the pugilistic seismograph records for 1913.

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Mystery Concerning the  
Weight of M'Farland

Claims to Be Able to Make 133 at 3 P. M. for Willie Ritchie.  
Leach Cross as a "Champion"—Bud Anderson a  
Comer—"Gunboat" and Wells-Dundee and  
Kilbane in the Limelight.

(By James J. Corbett)

Can Packey M'Farland do 133 pounds at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and give a good account of himself in a 20-round bout at a crack in the evening? Packey says he can, and to prove it has accepted Willie Ritchie's challenge. But McFarland adds that he will make weight for nobody but the champion.

Packey's weight has been one of the great mysteries of professional pugilism for several years. He agreed to 133 to get a match with Ad Wolgast when that young man held the title, but as the bout was called off the public remained sceptical of his ability to make it and be in condition to put up a good argument. Evidently McFarland knows just what he can do and his willingness to accept Ritchie's proposal without a kick or protest of any kind will act as a silencer on the critics who have insisted that he is no longer eligible to fight in the lightweight division.

At that I doubt if Packey and Willie ever meet. They would make the ideal match, much better than the proposed Ritchie-Wolgast match or Wolgast-McFarland affair. Both boys are clever and of practically the same school and represent the best there is in scientific boxing. But Billy Nolan is too shrewd to pit Ritchie against a chance to corral an easy purse or two, which is recognized nowadays as one of the privileges to which a new champion is entitled. There are any number of lightweights whose easier than the peerless Packey and as Nolan knows the ropes pretty well he will no doubt find some plausible excuse for shuffling the match off. And never comes to showdown. And between you and me, one can't blame him very much from a business point of view.

Think Cross Champion.  
Each Cross' admirers are now twisting him for the lightweight championship. There is no denying that as a result of the recent victory over Joe Mandot his stock has boomed. But Leach will never become a champion in the first place I doubt if his heart is in the right place. He is alike many another "near champion." Give him a mark and he boxes

like a world beater, but put him in front of a good man and he fights more like a dub. If any one will take the trouble to look in the dope books he will find Cross has not been the most consistent boxer in the world. The detailed reports of the Cross-Mandot bout do not make Leach out the great fighter. His press agents represent him. He was on the losing end until a lucky one connected with Mandot's jaw. Of Leach's hitting power there is not the slightest doubt. He packs a lefty punch, and let him once get the other fellow going and he sails in for keeps, or who has followed the sport closely knows that the element of luck frequently figures prominently in a boxing match, and I judge Leach to have been a fortunate young man in the Mandot encounter. Many a boy has had victory within easy grasp only to lose through carelessness and over-confidence.

Cross will be put to the test in a few weeks when he takes on Joe Rivers in a return ten round bout. I rather fancy Rivers will do even better this time although he put up a corking good battle on the other occasion considering the handicap he was under in lack of familiarity with the rules in a "vogue" here. Mandot while a fairly clever boxer is not a hard hitter. Rivers is a combative youngster who can give and take the hardest knocks, and answer the bell for more. He can hit harder, if anything, than Cross, although Leach punches hard enough to bring home the bacon. Joe is not imprudent. He can be knocked out as Johnny Kilbane showed us, but I imagine he is a big too hard a proposition for New York's famous lightweight. If Leach does dole out his punches in the right place, he needs in defeating Rivers. If he does that, he is a contender for the title. He is a right sort, but a little misanthropic and having seen him in some of his hard-fought battles, am inclined to regard his latest victory in the light of a good fluke. Concentrating Anderson's efforts on the subject of lightweight, and to and championship possibilities, if in fact might not be amiss to call attention to Bud Anderson, the young western phenom who gave such a splendid (Continued on Page 8)



## Hungry time!

Fresh golden loaves of bread—mother's masterpiece.  
Can't you almost hear them say: "We'll have to cut some more, Mother!"

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