

# News of Sport.

## FITZ ON DECK WITH CHALLENGE TO JEFF.

The Lanky One Thinks He Can Still Whip the Champion and is Eager to Try---Montreal Still in Eastern League---General Sport.

### THE RING.

#### A Limit Fight

Little Rock, Ark. Dec. 22.—George Monroe of New York has been given the decision over Tommy Gilfeather of New York after 15 rounds of fast fighting. The bout went to the limit and both men were fresh at the finish. The men weighed in at 121 pounds.

#### Fitz, Bobbing Up Again.

Bob Fitzsimmons has bobbed to the surface at Wilmington, Del., with another challenge to fight Jeffries for the championship. Fitzsimmons says that in spite of two signal defeats at the hands of the big champion, he wants to try again. Fitz says he was "doped" in his first encounter with Jeffries while in the second he was suffering from a weak hand. In another battle the Cornishman insists that he would be neither "doped" nor weak as to his "mawleys." Robert declares the statement that he is too old for a fight is a fabrication, for, he says, he never "felt so young in his life." In hurling defiance at the boilemaker, Fitz further says:

"If he wants to fight, why here's the chance. I really believe I've got a chance and am willing to try. Surely, I can beat any of those fellows who are talking of a match with Jeffries. I could have knocked Monroe out in a punch and I can beat Corbett, Sharkey, Ruhlman, Hart, Gardner, O'Brien, Ryan, McCoy and in fact any heavy-weight that one may name. I've inflicted more real punishment on Jeff than anybody and I think, with my hands well again I can show him the old punch that put so many away. My fight with Gardner convinced me that my hands needed only a long rest for I couldn't punch at all in that affair. But now they are like iron, and I'm after Jeff hot foot. He needn't pine away because he has nobody else to tackle, for old Fitz is willing. I want to hear from him at once, for if he will accept I'll guarantee to get in wonderful shape inside of six or eight weeks."

#### Terry McGovern Talks.

"I would like to bet on Terry McGovern, to beat either Britt or Nelson at 133 lbs., or any old weight," said a wealthy sporting man yesterday.

cher in the country will try to use this puzzling ball next season."

#### Montreal Will Be in It.

Montreal will not lose its franchise in the Eastern League. The despatch that was sent out from Detroit last week to the effect that Ed. Barrow stated that President Kreitner would transfer the Montreal franchise to Richmond, Va., was a fake. Kreitner says so, and Barrow says so, and they ought to know.

Both deny that they are dissatisfied with Montreal, and Kreitner, on the contrary, says that Montreal is a good ball town and thoroughly all right.

Since the cheese-cloth special was sent out from Detroit there have been some weird stories published concerning Montreal's base-ball prospects. These may well be forgotten in view of the statements to The Herald's correspondent by Kreitner and Stallings.

In answer to a query from The Herald, its correspondent in Buffalo wired this morning:—

Montreal will remain in the Eastern League. President Kreitner, of the Royals, was in Buffalo for a few hours Sunday and stated that he had announced no intention of giving up the club.

"Montreal is a good baseball city," he said. "The people like the game and I am satisfied. Richmond, Va., would never do for a city for baseball. That city is dead as far as the game is concerned."

The following telegram was received by Manager Stallings, of the Buffalo team, this afternoon:—

"Please deny that I said anything about Montreal quitting the Eastern League. I was in Indianapolis all last week, and therefore the story of Detroit date is made out of whole cloth."

The message was signed Ed. Barrow.

### BASEBALL.

#### Great Back Stop.

One of the best catchers in America is Louis Criger of the Boston Americans. He caught ninety-seven games last season and says that for the first time in his career he wound up the campaign with hands due wholly to the much talked of "spit ball." "It is a terror to any catcher," said Criger recently. "How is it thrown? Well, that is hard to explain. The first two fingers are moistened, and when it is delivered it goes toward the batsman like a slow, straight ball, until it gets where he imagines he can knock it into China. Then it takes a downward shoot, and even the catcher has to look sharp to escape having a passed ball. Chesbro is the inventor of it, but Gibson of the Bostonians had it down fine before the past season was half over. The spit ball decided the American League championship this year. In the deciding game with the New Yorks it was to 0 against until the eighth inning. When we tied the score. In the ninth I beat out an infield hit and finally reached third with two out. Then Chesbro let go a spit ball, and as he did not control it properly it went over the catcher's head, which enabled me to score the deciding run. Every pitcher in the country will try to use this puzzling ball next season."

### ATHLETIC.

#### Tug-of-War.

The Hazen Campbell team are anxious to have another go with the police team and hereby challenge them for another pull for \$50, a side.

#### Police Sports.

The "cops" will hold their annual sports at the Victoria rink January 13. All the speedy skaters will take part. It is also the intention of the police to ask the firemen to compete in a hose reel race.

### CURLING.

#### The Roaring Game.

The ice at all the curling rinks is in perfect condition. Xmas and New Years day all the clubs will hold special matches. The first annual match between the Thistle and St. Andrew's club will probably take place early next month, and is looked forward to with great interest.

### HOCKEY

#### Doing Team Work.

The New Brunswick hockey league teams are getting ready for their game. The cold snap has made good ice at the rinks, and some of the players are getting into condition at Lily Lake doing team work.

### SKATING.

#### Getting Ready.

All the speed skaters are putting in good practice at present.

Ned Dalton and Fred Logan will meet at the Arctic rink, Fredericton. Bart Duffy is looking after someone's scalp. Billy Merritt is open for any one; Mike Walsh will be fit as a fiddle.

### THE TURF.

#### Fancy Trotter.

Mr. A. B. Kitchen has turned his big grey Red Glen mare, Maud, over to Harvey McCoy to get into shape for the winter and it would not be surprising to see the grey mare come pretty close to cleaning out the green class in the holiday racing. The mare has been clipped and with the hoppers on she looks like a sure winner. Harvey is a great hand to get hold of a green one and bring out its speed. He is getting to be one of the finest drivers that the east has turned out for some time.

### A LOOSE ENGINE

By Mrs. Heron---Maxwell in the Sketch.

The little station at Clatworth had wakened from its usual noontide siesta for the advent of the important trains of the day—one from Anderson Junction, bringing passengers from the London express; the other from remote country towns, conveying those who desired to catch the up train at the junction for Waterloo.

A man who had alighted from the down train looked around him with a smile of dawning recollection. Clatworth again after five years! Curious that chance should have obliged him to get out here, on his way south, and return to the Junction to retrieve an important package he had left behind there.

A feeling of satisfaction stole over him at the difference between his past and present self. In those days when his commercial traveling had necessitated a fortnight's sojourn at this dead-alive village, he had been of little account either in his own or any other world.

Then his chance had come and he had taken it. Five years of rough-and-tumble life in every quarter of the globe, with a success at the end of it that landed him high and dry on the level of prosperity had nearly effaced all remembrance of Clatworth.

As he crossed the line to the strip of geranium-bordered gravel that formed the up platform, odds and ends of reminiscences began to piece themselves in kaleidoscopic fashion through his brain. There was the stretch of dusty road that led to the pond and the mill; across the fields rose the tower of the old church, embowered in trees.

He was about to overtake some recollection that evaded him, when the

train came in, the engine pulling up just opposite to him; and as he moved toward the carriages he was suddenly arrested by a face that brought back vividly, like a bolt from the blue, the most unpleasant experience of his career.

The engine driver, leaning a little over his brake, was looking him full in the face with astonishment and uneasy recognition, and, as the traveler took in the sunburned features, the dark, menacing eyes, the strong, brown hand that seemed to twitch toward him, he remembered everything.

There had been a quarrel between this man and himself over a girl—Eppie, the village belle. The young commercial had interfered with their courting had captured Eppie's truant fancy with his affectation of superiority and town ways, and, after persuading her to throw the other over, had played fast and loose with her himself.

It had been a fortnight's interlude of mock sentiment and passion to him, a lifetime of love and desperate grief to her. When he said good bye to her in the mill lane, and she realized that he had failed her, she gave one bitter cry, and, in answer to it, some one had run across the adjoining hedge, and had struck him down with one swift, savage blow.

He had picked himself up and gone away with a curse in his heart not daring to risk a fight, for the discarded lover was mad with jealousy. And now, for the first time, they were face to face again.

For an instant both were silent; then the engine driver said, hoarsely "What are you doing here?" And the other, with a contemptuous smile, said, "How's Eppie?"

The driver's furious gaze flickered, and the traveler intuitively looked past the engine, across the station yard to a patch of green, where, at a cottage door, a woman, young and comely, stood with a child in her arms.

The blazing sunlight shone full on their faces, glinting in the gold of their hair, enhancing the clear white and red of their cheeks; they looked the embodiment of spring and summer of childhood's and womanhood's health, mental and physical in its perfection.

And, looking back into the driver's eyes, the traveler read the intolerable suspicion and jealous fear that flashed into them, and understanding what had happened in those five years. His moment of revenge had come; he had neither waited for it, nor counted on it, but he would take advantage of it to the full.

"It was coming along to the Junction," he said, "but I'll wait for the next train. Then I can have a talk with Eppie about old times." And he deliberately turned his gaze toward the cottage door on the green.

The driver's hand fell like a sledge hammer on the brake, and he seemed as if he would leap from the engine; but the guard had given the signal of departure, and the train glided slowly out of Clatworth, while the words "Curse you!" smote the air like the lash of a red-hot whip.

The traveler smiled, carried his bag along the Parcels Office, and stayed for a word or two of converse with the porter, reminding him of their acquaintance five years back.

"I remember the old place well," he said. "It looks just the same as it used to—little changed, any more than the people."

And he went toward the level-crossing, where the gates still barred the footway from road passengers, though no train was due.

"What's the matter with your boss?" said the station master at the Junction to the stoker of the Clatworth train. "He seems to have gone queer—says he must get home for a bit, and he'll be back to take the five-fifteen out even if he has to run the whole way. It is—?" with a significant pause.

"It's to do with his wife," said the stoker, slowly. "He sets great store by her and he thinks there's trouble up. But he'll keep his word sure enough and be back in time for her." And he nodded toward the engine.

Meanwhile the driver had made his way to the "goods" just starting for Clatworth. It seemed an eternity to him until his cottage came in sight, and he stumbled out of the van like a man who has had too much strong drink; but the porter laid a detaining hand on him and pointed toward the waiting room, round the door of which a group of people clustered, peering and whispering.

"What's up?" said the driver, huskily.

"You remember that commercial chap as was hanging round here five years since or thereabouts? He came back this afternoon and missed his train somehow, so he went across to the Parcels Office and put his bag in, and stepped there along of me, it might have been a couple of minutes or more. I never thought to warn him of the loose engine as follows you up to the Junction—twas as if he was a stranger; he must 'a' known well enough. He could see the gates was back. He was looming over his shoulder as he set his foot on the line, and I shouted out to him then, for I could see the engine round the bend, and he nodded back, with something I couldn't catch; and then before I could get to him—it was all over!"

The man lowered his voice. "He was cut right in two," he said, "and he's in there. Best not look at him. I think—he hesitated—"I think Eppie's wanting you. She saw it happen and ran across here to know who 'twas. And I wouldn't tell her. You'd best tell her yourself. She said it made her feel rare and nervous about you, and she'd be glad when the five-fifteen brought you back. She'll be main glad to see you before your time."

The engine driver, shaking like a leaf, went across the green to the cottage door.

It opened as he reached it, and Eppie's arms were around his neck. "Oh Jim," she said, "if it had been you! Thank God it wasn't you."

SUGGESTIONS BY READERS FOR INTERESTING FEATURES OF THE TIMES WILL BE WELCOMED AND GIVEN FULL CONSIDERATION.

Spavin—I wonder you never take any chances on the turf. You probably know more about horse racing than any man in town. Withers—That's the season I never bet on the races.



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