

News of Sport.

LOCAL CURLERS ENJOYED

KEEN SPORT YESTERDAY.

Presidents vs. Vice Presidents Match on Thistle Ice---Horse Racing at Loch Lomond---A Few Fights Last Night---Something About Rose.

CURLING.

Yesterday's Games.

At the Thistle curling rink yesterday, the annual President vs. Vice-President, match took place with the following results:

Morning.
 Presidents. Vice-Presidents.
 W. E. Raymond, 15 J. W. Holly 12
 J. F. Shaw, 5 D. R. Willett 16
 A. Malcolm, 13 A. W. Sharp 18
Afternoon.
 A. W. Machum, 16 R. S. Orchard 15
 Jas. Kennedy, 9 Jas. Knox, 17
 F. McAndrews 21 C. L. McDonald 11
Evening.
 R. A. Courtney 10 J. S. Malcolm 19
 W. M. Rivers 13 W. A. Shaw, 16
 Presidents won 3: Vice-Presidents 4, tied, 1.

At St. Andrew's and Carleton rink the members had good games all day.

THE TURF.

Loch Lomond Races.

A large number of sports went to Loch Lomond yesterday, to witness the horse races on the ice. The sleighing was good and on arrival at the Lake they found an excellent Christmas dinner and a warm welcome at the Ben Lomond House, from the hosts, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Barker.

During the afternoon the annual Christmas races were entered on the lake track. The track was heavy and although the speeding might have been more, lively the racing was greatly enjoyed. There was only one race, the best three heats in five, and it resulted in James Stephenson's horse taking first prize; Walter Campbell's second, and Dr. Baxter's third. The best time was 2.38. It is expected that another race will be held on the lake next Monday.

Fine Horseflesh.

C. K. G. Billings has more than \$300,000 invested in fine horseflesh. The cost of maintaining these horses is placed at \$100,000 a year. He owns among others Lou Dillon (2.01), queen of the trotting turf. Major Delmar (2.01), world's champion gelding; The Monk and Equity, world's trotting record to pole (2.07); Chas.

and Murphy will be released on \$4,000 bail. Nelson and Murphy both say that an amicable settlement can be reached.

Knock Out Fight.

Portland, Me., Dec. 26.—'Willie' Lewis, of New York, defeated Martin Canole, of Fall River, in nine rounds tonight. Lewis had had the best of it. In the first round Canole was sent to the floor three times but recovered well. In the third Lewis went down but claimed a foul. In the ninth, the New Yorker caught Canole a hard jolt at the point of the chin which nearly finished him. Canole staggered about the ring, pursued by Lewis until the referee gave the fight to Lewis.

After Young Corbett.

"The little story from the East that Joe Bernstein is looking for a fight with Young Corbett recalls the period when the Denver boy was at his best," says a writer in The Denver Times. "Corbett met Bernstein the first time in Denver on Jan. 18, 1901, and beat him in seven rounds. That was almost a year before he won the championship. Bernstein came here with the idea that he had a cinch in sight and did most of his training on the cushioned seats of the Oxford Hotel.

"He was unlucky enough to catch the Denver boy at one of his good times and the way Corbett waded through him was fine to see. There was none of the wild swinging that characterized so many of Corbett's fights.

"All his blows were well timed. He had a perfect idea of distance and when he let go there was plenty of steam back of them. In the seventh round he worked the double shift on Bernstein and the New York fighter was coming back thinking that the storm had blown over just as he was copped on the jaw by a fearful right swing.

"He threw his hands up in the air as though he had been killed, claimed that his jaw was broken and the doctors began to crawl through the ropes to fix him. He rounded to all right and the only trouble was that he had stopped one of the kind of punches that made Corbett champion.

"He thought Corbett had sneaked a sledge into the ring and landed on him with it. After that Corbett fought his way to the front very rapidly but he has never been any better than he was that night, not even when he beat Terry McGovern."

He Could Eat Jeff.

A few months ago Rose startled the athletic world by making a statement that he would be the next heavyweight champion fighter. He made the statement just after Jeffries had polished off Jack Munroe, the Butte miner, and at that time the pugilistic world was looking around in vain for a man who on size, weight and strength seemed to have a chance with the giant boiler-maker. Rose's challenge, for such it actually was, was grabbed at by sporting men all over the country who wanted to see Jeffries pitted against a man somewhere near his

own size, a man who could match him in strength and who was big enough to stand up under the enormous weight he throws upon his opponents. Rose looked to be the man and sporting men were figuring on the best way to fit him for the fray. Then the Michigan giant came out with a denial, he said he had never thought of fighting for the world's title. In spite of this, however, it is a fact that he did at one time think he would have a chance to beat the champion scrapper, and did not mind his words when he was talking of his chances. His statement that he would kill Jeffries if he ever hit him on the neck shows pretty conclusively how much he thought of his ability and strength.

Whether or not Rose has the grit to stand a grueling game of any sort has not been proved. With his giant strength and wonderful physique he should, when a few years older and at the height of his power, be able to cope with any man in the world in any contest where strength and size are important factors. If he has heart—courage, grit—will in the world should be able to beat him, even at the game at which Jim Jeffries is supreme.

MEASUREMENTS OF THE PERFECT MAN.

Height ... 6 ft. 3 in.
 Weight ... 246 lbs.
 Shoulders ... 18.8 in.
 Chest (traverse) ... 13.4 in.
 Chest and posterior ... 10.4 in.
 Chest (muscular) ... 46.6 in.
 Chest (natural) ... 44.5 in.
 Waist ... 39 in.
 Neck (girth) ... 25.9 in.
 Hips ... 45.1 in.
 Right arm (down) ... 14 in.
 Right arm (up) ... 15 in.
 Right forearm ... 12.6 in.
 Left arm (down) ... 13.6 in.
 Left arm (up) ... 14.5 in.
 Left forearm ... 12.1 in.
 Right thigh ... 29.9 in.
 Right calf ... 16.8 in.
 Left thigh ... 25.6 in.
 Left calf ... 17 in.
 Lung capacity ... 375

A Fifteen Round Draw.

Gloucester Mass., Dec. 26.—Guy Ashley, of Fall River, and "Blink" McCloskey, of Philadelphia, fought fifteen rounds to a draw before four hundred spectators at the Gloucester Athletic Club today. In the last round McCloskey broke a tendon above the wrist of his right arm.

Did Not Last Long.

Salem Mass., Dec. 26.—Jimmy Walsh of Boston knocked out Harry Brodigan of London in the first round today before the Apollo Athletic Club. The pair seemed on even terms for a couple of minutes, when Walsh broke loose and swung a terrific right hander to Brodigan's jaw. The Englishman went down like a piece of wood after two minutes and thirty seconds of actual fighting.

ATHLETIC.

Reinstated.

At a meeting of the M. P. A. A. held at Halifax recently, Wm. Cain, Edgar Dennison, Fred W. Smith, Wm. McConaghy, Bent Fullerton of the Crescent Hockey

Club, Marysville, N. B., suspended by Bulletin No. 220, have been reinstated as amateurs from the 22nd inst.

BASEBALL.

The Other "Tip"

Tip O'Neil is mentioned in connection with the Western league presidency. O'Neil was a famous catcher in the big league, began his career as manager of the Pacific coast when he handled the San Francisco club in 1894, and later gave the Oakland club two pennants. In 1902 he was an umpire in the American association. He is now living in Oakland, Cal.

An Old Time Yarn.

"If baseball continues to be the popular American game for the next 10,000 years a duplicate of Eddie Beatin's third strike on Harry Stovey, in 1887 or '88, will never be seen," said Eddie McKean to Elmer Bates, the Cleveland Press base ball expert, on Thursday. "There was never anything like it happened before; there never will anything like it happen again.

"Beatin, a little man, not as heavy as Willie Sudholt—had the most astonishing slow ball that was ever offered up to a batter. I have heard pitchers like Cy Young, Clark Griffith and Kid Nichols say they would give \$5,000 to know how Beatin ever got that ball up to the plate—it was so tantalizingly deliberate. And the way he delivered it! The batter could never tell whether the ball was coming like an automobile or a messenger boy.

"The Cleveland team was playing the Athletics in Philadelphia this day, and we had the game, 3 to 1 in the eighth inning. In the ninth, with two men out, the Athletics managed to get three runners on the bases. Then came Harry.

"Stovey was a grand batter, a lightning fast base runner, and a superb all-round player. A single meant a tie game; a double a victory for the Athletics.

"Beatin had his nerve with him and put a fast one straight across. 'Strike,' yelled the umpire.

"Beatin grinned from ear to ear as he posed for the next delivery. It was an in-shoot, and Stovey let it go.

"Two strikes!" was the verdict. "Well all expected Eddie would waste the next one—give Stovey a ball out of his reach, to keep him guessing—but Eddie had a plan of his own.

"With exactly the same motion with which he had shot the first strike over the plate, he offered up one of those marvelously slow teasers. The ball seemed to jugs hang in the air like a whiff of smoke.

"When Stovey thought the ball ought to be somewhere near him, he made a terrific swing at it, missing it a mile or less, for the ball was still a long way from the plate.

"Then something funny happened. Just as the umpire started his cry—'three strikes!' Stovey drew back his bat and swung again at the ball. This time he hit to centre, and two men came dashing in.

"But the umpire said nay, called Stovey out and the game was over.

with the score 3 to 1 in our favor. An awful uproar followed. "Why doesn't that hit count? Why doesn't it?" yelled Stovey in a fine frenzy.

"Because, Harry," said the umpire, quietly, "there is no rule allowing you two strikes at the same ball. You were out a full second before you made that hit!"

THE FINEST DINNER

A Snip Snail and Puppy Dog Tale Out of the East.

Lieutenant Colonel Newnham-Davies is descanting on the finest dinner he ever ate. Among them he classes a native dinner in Hong-Kong.

"First on our menu came the little oysters which cling to the bamboo stems in the salt water marshes of upper China. They are, I should fancy, the smallest and sweetest oysters in the world. Birds' nest soup followed, prepared as it should be. I fancy that a chicken broth was the liquid to which the nest gave its peculiar and attractive taste of the sea at our feast, and the combination was excellent. Trepang, which we know as beche-de-mer, followed. It is the sea-slug from the Loochoo Islands, and served as an entree it tastes very much like turtle fat, though richer. To counteract its richness a great china bowl full of boiled bamboo shoots was handed round with it.

"Next came a very small roast. I thought at first it was a tiny sucking pig, but it had no crackling, and the flesh was like that of an agneau de lait. The little lambs whose meat is snow white. It was one of the Cantonese puppies of a particular kind, who are doomed from birth to take their place on the roasting spit, and who are fed on rice and milk only. I looked down the table and saw that my friend was eating with zest, so for the first time in my life I ate dog and liked it exceedingly. With this puppy were served all the vegetables in season, and a salad which has the taste of young nasturtium leaf as its strongest flavor. Rice birds followed. They are smaller than ortolans, each tiny plump creature being but a mouthful, but they are the most delicious eating of all the feathered small fry.

"Nanking eggs were next brought round. They had been buried for 50 years, and a Chinaman detects some special flavor in them. To me they tasted just like an ordinary hard-boiled egg, and their appearance, being almost black, was not inviting.

"They were, in my opinion, the one failure of the dinner. The sideboard had been spread with a variety of cold viands, among them the pheasants and game pies from Shanghai and a Kobe round of spiced beef. Baskets of fruit were brought in, and little orange trees in pots, from which we were invited to pluck the fruit. We drank well iced champagne, Claret of a vintage year, at dinner, and with the coffee we tried, as a curiosity, some native liquors which came from Peking, one being not unlike Maraschino."—St. James' Gazette.

THE TIMES AIMS TO BECOME THE BEST AFTERNOON NEWS-PAPER EAST OF MONTREAL.

IMPORTANCE OF THE FIRST STEP

Dyspeptics Should Begin Right by Using Smith's Triple Cure.

The first point in the treatment of dyspepsia is to remove the cause—to cure the catarrh which causes the dyspeptic condition. When your stomach is strained from overwork, when you eat too much and too often, you must provide relief by removing the burden. Chronic dyspepsia or indigestion in the majority of cases is due to catarrh of the stomach. Smith's Triple Cure cures dyspepsia because it cures catarrh wherever located. Its use is the first step toward a cure. Begin right by first removing the cause. Smith's Triple Cure will always do this because it takes off the strain; it puts the stomach and digestive organs in a healthy condition. It cleans the mucous membrane and keeps them healthy, so that catarrh cannot start or find lodgment. The mucous membranes protect the interior of the body just as the skin protects the outside. As long as the mucous membranes are healthy and clean everything works right—digestion and assimilation are normal. Now, suppose the mucous membranes become congested, ulcerated, cankered and covered with foul secretions. You know the gastric glands and functions would soon become diseased. Catarrh and dyspepsia would soon rob your system of vigor and your nerves of strength. Now use Smith's Triple Cure and note the change. The mucous membranes soon lose their congested, angry and thickened appearance and the ulcers and canker heal. That's the first step toward curing dyspepsia and catarrh. Smith's Triple Cure will do this for a dyspeptic or catarrhal stomach, will remove the cause, make the digestion natural and healthy, enrich the blood and establish harmonious action of the digestive organs. All dealers sell Smith's Triple Cure, price 50 cents, each package a full two weeks' treatment, containing four separate preparations, the greatest value for the money ever offered. If your druggist won't supply you, send us 25 two-cent stamps and we will send it postpaid and guarantee safe delivery. Address W. F. Smith Co., 185 St. James St., Montreal.

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