

SEASONABLE SPORTS.

A Peep Into the World of Base Ball, Racing, Golf Bowling and Athletic Sports Generally.

BASE BALL.

BETTER GAME THAN BUNTING.

Just the way the Chicago White Sox array of talent, should get away with so many runs on so few hits has been a mystery to many, writes "Fogel," in The Philadelphia Evening Times. It isn't because they are fast people on the bats, for, as a matter of fact, they are not nearly as speedy as several other aggregations in the American League. There are so many leading base crackers in their line up and more than one outfit has been backed off the boards in regard to fast men.

The secret is simply this: With a runner on first and second in place of having one of the leading swatsmen like Jiggs Donahoe sacrifice, they spring the hit and run attack, which is more liable to move the sprinter around without wasting a good batsman in the effort. Sacrificing is a noble and mainly art when you have a weak hitter and good runner at bat. But with a fairly sure swatsman up the only play to pull off is the work the hit slower than a palbeater, he should land second even if the hit and run attempt goes to the outfield. Of course, no play will work every time. The theory has always been that in every inning the first man to hit reaches his base and the next one up sacrifices, you kill nine of your own men, hence as many chances, and the other side has only to put out the remaining eighteen. Of course, everyone believes in sacrificing to a certain extent—when you have your weak hitters up, when the man called upon to sacrifice knows how to bunt and is followed by a good hitter, or in the close innings of a game in which the pitching is effective and a run is needed to tie the score and win the game. But I am not a believer in sacrificing in the early part of the game, when, I say, take chances on the basis and hit the ball so as to get as many runs and as big a lead as possible on the other fellows because you can never tell what may happen, especially to your own pitcher in the closing innings, or an error creep in to give the opposing team a few runs and beat you out.

MACK LIKES COOMBS.

Manager Mack was well pleased with John Coombs in his first game in the box for the Athletics for he has scheduled him to take his turn with the other pitchers hereafter. In a letter to a Portland friend, Coombs says that "Dr." Powers will be his backstop for the rest of the season. "He is a dandy man," says Coombs, "and does all the work. All a pitcher has to do is to put the ball where he wants it." Coombs says that Bender is laid up with malaria fever and Coakley has weak lungs. He is impressed with the swell work the team is demonstrating and is particularly strong in praising Monte Cross and Dwyer. He had his drop ball in his first game and it was a puzzle. It was a severe test for the recruit as Manager Mack told him that Washington was about the hardest team in the league for Philadelphia, as Dave Cross, the former Athletic, had coached the Senators carefully on all the weak points of his former mates. Thousands of Maine fans are watching with great interest the career of the Colby man and are hopeful that he will have the best of success.

THE RING.

BREAKERS AHEAD FOR WILLIE LEWIS.

There's another bugaboo in the ring now. Joe Walcott has come back. When he shot himself through the hand in Boston, the wound left one of his fingers sticking out in such a way that he couldn't close his fist, and, as the doctors had refused, for some reason known to themselves, to chop off the finger, Walcott's fighting record had the end mark tacked to it.

That is, so it seemed. But not exactly yet. With Walcott back it makes a change in the welterweight layout. Joe Gans had been tacitly acknowledged the champion in that division by his defeat of Twin Sullivan.

But if Gans wants it now he will have to give his brother dinger a go for it. A laugh wrinkles the face of things when all this talk of the color line goes sashaying down the alleyways. The world, or that part of it which follows the fortunes of the prize ring, must acknowledge that the one great triumvirate, the big boss trio of the game not excepting the idol, John L. Sullivan, nor Bob Fitzsimmons, were niggers.

Walcott, Gans, Dixon. Incidentally, there was also Peter Jackson, whom Sullivan always refused to fight.

All the other lights go out when these three names go up on the black board.

Dixon is done for, Gans is backing and filling and no can tell just where he is headed. Walcott is here. Nature built two men for the specific purpose of beating their fellow men with their fists—Bob Fitzsimmons and Joe Walcott—but along with totally different lines. The white man was tall and long peaked, the black, short and solidly packed together in a bunch.

Walcott has no more neck than a shad. His shoulders begin at his ears. From this point his head runs up like an egg, the small end at top. When matched with Joe Chonksy, Frankie Dwyer said to Walcott: "He's too big for you, Joe. He has too much height and reach."

"Doan yo let dat worry yo' sleep, Mr. Dwyer," Walcott calls everyone Mister. "The taller they come the better I likes 'em. I cut 'em down to my size."

And this was the effect. Tall men were a pipe with the ends soldered for this demon. There isn't the slightest doubt in his alleged thickeny that had Walcott fought Jim Corbett when that gentleman was the champion, the smoke would have anticipated Fitz.

And it's just here where Willie Lewis is up against it.

Willie is tall, four acres in a play with the gloves, except when Walcott is sitting in.

There is as much sensible endeavor in trying to hit Walcott on the jaw as there would be in paddling a canoe with a fork. Walcott hasn't any jaw when in the ring. There is always a fence of shoulder around the head. Did you ever try to hit a turtle's coco with a bedslat? The only place to get this black is in the middle works, and there's so close to the ground that you can hardly reach them with a kick.

Lewis' oven will be on a plane with Joe's shoulder. Joe has the wickedest left swing for the wind box that ever flattened a mitt. That's the wallop that has won for him most of his fights. There is no use to block that swing. It has such force and it goes through any guard I ever seen. The only way to avoid it is not to be there when it is coming.

Lewis is clever. He will need to burnish up all he knows when he meets this one. I consider Walcott a tougher proposition for Willie than Gans. One thing is pretty sure—there won't be all that yawn about the other end of the sketch not trying with Lewis this time.

Not that Walcott has a snowwhite record for honesty. He's been as crooked as Gans, and that's the last word on that subject, but now there is no object for Joe to be otherwise than on the level. And, besides, he has not temper behind him, as has Gans.

If Lewis beats Walcott there will be no crab in halting the white man pitcher in the closing innings, or an error creep in to give the opposing team a few runs and beat you out.

WANTS BOSTON BOXERS.

Boston, July 17.—Billy Roche of San Francisco and one of the fight promoters of the Pacific coast is putting in a few days in Boston, and while here may arrange with one or two of the local boxers for trans-continental trips. He has his eye upon at least two boys, who, he believes, would be drawing carols at the coast, and, unless they have rather too high ideas of what their services are worth, he will place them upon his staff for work a little later in the year.

Roche, who is the official referee for the famous fight trust of the west, controlled by Gus Clark, just outside of Frisco, and will have his next fight there early in August, when he will put on as the attraction Eddie Hanlon and Dick Hylands, to be followed a little later by Keyes and Britt. Speaking of a Montreal Hered, in last night, Roche said that he thought the outlook of the fighting game on the Pacific coast was most excellent, particularly if the San Francisco insurance companies meet their claims caused by the earthquake.

Indications, he said, pointed to two fights a month, until the end of the year. Permits for twelve nights a year. Permits for twelve granted by the municipal authorities, but, as there has been none there since March, he believes it will be possible to work in two a month for the balance of the year.

Beware of Mercury.

You May be Using this Harmful Drug and Not Know It.

A favorite method of administering this deleterious drug is in cathartic pills. Beware of "quick-result" articles, they may do more harm than good.

Drastic cathartics will weaken the strongest. With old people they are a positive menace to life. Merely to restore normal bowel action and gently stimulate the liver is all that the wise physician recommends.

To keep the system pure and clean, nothing is so efficacious as the vegetable pills of Dr. Hamilton, which are composed of such herbs as mandrake, butterbur and dandelion; they contain not an atom of any substance that could injure even an infant.

By their certain action on the Liver Dr. Hamilton's Pills cause bile to be secreted which forms the stimulus that moves the bowels; this is nature's own method and the best one.

Mr. R. Hamly, of French River, Ont., writes as follows: "I was inclined to bilious attacks and frequently was too ill to work. Most remedies purged and weakened my bowels, but Dr. Hamilton's Pills gently stimulated my liver, and by strengthening the stomach made a perfect cure. My health has been just splendid since I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills."

Get Dr. Hamilton's Pills from your druggist or storekeeper, 25c. per box or five boxes for \$1.00. By mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., or Kingston, Ont.

Percy—I am tired of this life of ease. I want a life of toil, danger, excitement, and adventure! "Oh, this is so sudden but you may ask papa."

PHOSPHORIZED SCARE CROWS.

Foxes That Shone Frightened Others From Civilization. Novel Plan of City Farmer.

Patton, Me., July 17.—W. Bryce Hilliard, of Boston, is no longer slurringly referred to hereabouts as "dude." He is spoken of by the natives as "Mister" Hilliard and when a newcomer gets gay and makes fun of him because he parts his hair and his name in the middle, and wears patent leather shoes with white cloth tops, he is given a quiet call down and told to take off his hat.

Folks about here, though, didn't always feel the way they do now about Hilliard. When he came here early in the spring to start farming if for pleasure he carried his head pretty high and never asked a word of advice from the neighbors and chickens from the oldest inhabitant. The neighbors felt slighted and the oldest inhabitant was sorer than a raw bowl.

Hilliard just went about doing things his own way. He had once attended an agricultural college and he planted corn, set out tomato plants and sowed oats by rule. He said his ways were scientific; the folk declared they were astonishingly foolish. Everyone prophesied he would not have enough crops to feed a pig, but all his stuff seemed to be just bound out of the earth and wax strong and healthy. Then the oldest inhabitant was sorer than three raw bowls set in a row.

Just about this time the crows and foxes and skunks came up from Molokus way, and it began to look as though the neighborhood chickens of every one, including Hilliard, would go into the maws of the invaders. There had been a fire in the Molokus woods and that sent up the scared and hungry foxes and skunks. The crows followed along out of general curiosity, and for no one ever saw skunks or foxes so thick and it was a shame the way that they laid it on the fat fowls of the furious farmers. Elmer Purdy counted sixteen foxes around his hen coop the night after the last chicken had been stolen and as for the skunks—well, you just couldn't live outdoors after dark. Young gals were forced to give up calling on their best girls or wear rubber coats going to and fro.

Deacon Turrell ventured out and had to bury his best suit of clothes, and Hank White, who had a pet collie that had a skunk mania, it was simply wicked the way they hopped up unsuspected and made themselves known.

As for the crows, they were the flint. No one around here knew there were so many. They came by the thousand and stayed. At night they would post their sentinels and sit on a clump of trees on Whipple Hill until the old monarchs dropped with the weight of them. In the day time they would spread over the fields in black undulating masses, and when they rose the ground looked as though locusts had devastated the region. Nothing did the slightest good. Then up rose Hilliard.

He modestly told the oldest inhabitant that he thought he knew a way out of the dilemma. The way before the venerable settler would have stuck up his nose in decision, but the night before a skunk had invaded his pantry and his nose was already up as high as it would go. Moreover, he had suffered in purse and pride, was mentally crushed and physically exhausted. So he told Hilliard to go ahead and suggest anything he wanted to, for as things stood, he couldn't possibly hurt the town.

"I'm not going to suggest anything. I'm going to act," said the scientific farmer. "You send some of the boys out and catch a dozen foxes and as many skunks, and I'll do the rest. I want twenty crows, but I'll catch those myself."

The oldest inhabitant sniffed but he called in some of the neighbors, and they set to trapping foxes and skunks. It wasn't very difficult for most everything had been eaten up and they would accept any kind of bait.

Hilliard had equally good luck and caught twenty-four crows by sprinkling bird line on the branches of trees on Whipple Hill. It was a new trick the crows, were not on to and they set foot in the line without fear. Once in they stuck fast and Hilliard picked them off next morning.

When the men with the skunks and foxes showed up Hilliard was dressed in rubber boots, coat, gloves and hat and was ready for them. Out of a hat he took several pounds of yellowish paste and smeared each animal from his nose to his tail. Then he muzzled and chained them to poles driven deep in the soil of a five acre lot. The crows he dyed a deep crimson and immediately liberated.

The effect was magical. The flock was headed for their brethren than the flocks startled, appalled, amazed rose in the air, cawed vociferously, and departed, hiding the sun as they flew westward, pursued by the red devils of their kind.

It was stupendous, gratifying and exciting to the townfolk, and Hilliard's stock went up 50 per cent.

The neighbors wanted to know how the paste was going to effect the skunks and foxes. Hilliard told them to go home and wash up and come back at dark and see. They hid, chickens when they returned a strange sight met their gaze. Out in the middle of the five acre field there appeared to be a score of giant pinwheels lying flat on the ground and sizzling and sparkling. Now and then one wheel would stop and the observers would see what appeared to be a small animal made of yellow fire hopping or rolling about. Sounds of barking and grunting verified the fact that the golden light was emitted from animate objects.

"It's all right," Hilliard assured the startled farmers. "There are the skunks and foxes. They had this afternoon, I smeared them with phosphorescent paste and they will stay illuminated for some time. Now, you stick here while I liberate them, and we'll see what happens."

About five minutes later the fields and woods were swarmed with lines of intermittently fire darting here and there, merging, separating and merging again as the bedaubed animals sought out their families. Ahead of each scudded a score or more of sniveling, frightened, fleeing relatives, cawing from an unexplainable and unexpected horror. Next morning not a fox, skunk or crow was to be seen in the township.

This is why W. Bryce Hilliard, scientific farmer, with parted name and hair, is hero of a community that scuffed at him only a few weeks ago.

TO CURE FEVER, CHILLS, AGUE

We know no remedy so reliable as Nerviline. Twenty drops taken in hot water three times daily not only stops the chills but destroys the disease completely. Nerviline has a direct action on ague and chills and removes their exciting causes. In stomach and bowel disorders Nerviline has held first place for nearly fifty years. It is powerful, swift to act, thorough and perfectly safe. Believing to taste, it's popular with everybody. Your druggists sell Polson's Nerviline in large 25c. bottles, satisfaction guaranteed.

She—Isn't a railroad wreck a terrible thing? He—Yes, it is—especially when you happen to own stock in the railroad.

Mr. Robert Scott was a passenger to St. John by this morning's train.

Entries Close Aug. 20

BEST FAIR IN EASTERN CANADA

Prize List for Asking

OPENS SEPTEMBER 1st.

The Amusements and Attractions of

ST. JOHN EXHIBITION

are the Biggest ever shown in Canada.

Here are some of them

Barlow's Trick Elephants from the New York Hippodrome.

Wormwood's Animal Theatre, Direct from Europe.

Montague's Cockatoo Circus, this season's feature at Atlantic City.

DIDA, The "Mystery of Mysteries" from Hammerstein's, New York.

Helman, the Magician, Moving Pictures &c.

The Best Display of Fireworks ever seen at St. John

Marconi Wireless Telegraphy.

Leading Ladies' Band.

HAVE YOU GOT

"IS IT WARM ENOUGH FOR YOU."

One of the latest catchy waltz songs and very seasonable. We have it in Columbia disc records.

BARRETT'S.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONES.

EDISON PHONOGRAPHS

GOING AWAY

For Your HOLIDAYS?

HAVE YOU GOT YOUR

Travelling OUTFIT?

DO YOU NEED A

TRUNK, DRESS-SUIT CASE, HANDBAG, GRIP,

SHAWL STRAPS, etc.? WE CAN MAKE IT COMFORTABLE FOR YOU.

A FRESH SUPPLY OF THE ABOVE JUST IN. Our Prices are the Lowest.

If you are in doubt, come in and we'll talk it over.

OUR JULY

CHEAP SALE!

NOW IN FULL SWING.

Every Article in our Store now Selling at REDUCTIONS, from 10c., 20c., 25c., 30c., to 50c. off the Dollar.

See our GOODS, marked in plain figures,—in our Windows,—and within.

M. FICKLER & CO.

Head to Foot Clothiers.

A Gin Pill Reason

Many people are veritable human interrogation points. They invariably want to know why?

They ask why **Gin Pills**

are superior to other Kidney remedies. One reason is that Gin Pills are antiseptic in their action, cleansing, healing, purifying from the start, thereby effecting a speedy and more certain cure. The effect is immediate. All Druggists, 50c. per box, 6 boxes for \$2.50 or direct from

THE BOLE DRUG CO., WINNIPEG, MAN.

YOUR MONEY BACK IF GIN PILLS DO NOT CURE.

If you are planning an outing this summer arrange to spend a week on the Miramichi, and take in

CHATHAM'S BIG FAIR

Sept. 17th to the 21st.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS ON ALL RAILROADS. A great display of Industrial and Agricultural Products! Excellent Premiums, Good Music, Amusements of all Kinds, and something doing all the time.

TWO DAYS RACING on Chatham driving Park adjoining Exhibition grounds, \$2000.00 in premiums. Purses divided as follows, Free-for-All, \$500.00, 2.15 class \$500.00, 2.19 class \$400.00, 2.24 class \$300.00, 2.30 class \$300.00. See programmes, prize-list and other printed matter for particulars.

Geo. E. Fisher, Secretary, Hon. L. J. Tweedie, President.