

SEASONABLE SPORTS.

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

BASE BALL.

BUCK EWING DYING.

Buck Ewing, considered by many baseball experts the best catcher that ever stood behind the bat, is dangerously ill at his home in Cincinnati. Ewing has been a sufferer from Bright's disease for a number of years, but his rugged constitution kept him on his feet until recently, when he broke down completely. The physicians say he cannot recover.

Ewing was a popular idol among baseball fans when he was captain of the New York world's champions in 1888 and 1889. He was the regular catcher, handling the curves of Keefe, Welch, Crane, O'Day and others with superb skill. His throwing to bases has never been excelled, while he was a terrific batsman and a crafty, speedy base runner.

Ewing was a natural ball player, for besides catching he was able to play any other position on the team. On several occasions he even entered the pitcher's box to help out. In those days there were only two catchers who approached Ewing in point of ability. Charley Bennett of the Bostonians and Mike Kelly. But Ewing was a more finished artist than either, and was also a captain of the greatest ball team of the period. Ewing never knew what it meant to be incapacitated until one day in the spring of 1892 he went up into the wilds of Connecticut to play an exhibition game with New York. It was snowing and the wind was cold and raw. Ewing made a quick throw to second base and some thing snapped in his shoulder. He left the game, thinking that he had wrenched his arm, but he never fully recovered the use of "the whip" afterward, which practically put him on the shelf. When he got through here he went to Cincinnati, where he had fair success as the manager of the team under John T. Brush. But, like other Cincinnati managers, he soon threw up the job and retired, his health then beginning to fail.

Ewing received \$6,000 salary at one time and during the Brotherhood revolt in 1880 he declined an offer of \$10,000 made to him by John B. Day and Joseph Gordon. He has property in the West and is not in need of assistance.

THE TURF.

"RINGING" MICROBE IN SOUTH.

New Orleans, Jan. 30.—Every horseman quartered here is talking about "ringers." The substitution microbe is in the air and if every story told recently in regard to the big winnings on toe horse, Friendless and Northwind were true many of the poolrooms would be out of business instead of in a flourishing condition.

The stewards of the Crescent City Jockey Club, who are restless and won a race last week, are investigating a report that he is a "ringer." So far there has been no evidence to prove that he is other than the horse claimed—Friendless by Du Bois—Good Friend. Friendless has a hip down and looks exactly like the horse of that name, bred by Tom Ryan, on his farm, near Champaign, Ill.

Ryan, when asked for a description of the horse, telegraphed to the officials here exactly the markings and conformation of Friendless, the so-called "ringer." Some of the alarmists declared that the horse was Birdslayer. But this was disproved by the fact that the real Birdslayer is here and is the property of Kirby Orr.

The foundation of the story that Friendless was a "ringer" was due to the presence of E. E. Farley, who backed the horse both here and in the out-of-town pool-rooms. Farley was ruled off the turf three years ago for complicity in "ringing" the mare Aimless, under the name of Mary Black.

Previous to the victory of Friendless here, he raced well with Lauretta, one of the fastest local sprinters. The horse was in poor company subsequently, and allowing for the improvement of form it was not natural that he should have heavy support in the betting inasmuch as the odds against him were large. This backing was the basis of the story that he was a ringer. If he is it is a very neat job, for the men in the deal have been able to dig up a horse in every respect his double. As there are very few race horses with one hip down, like Friendless, that can race fast, no one believes that the horse is a ringer. The officials declare that the horse has not been proved to be other than the one represented.

If Northwind ever was a ringer, which nobody believes now except a few scandal mongers, his powers as a race horse were safely hidden away before he won at 100 to 1. This horse started several times here and showed fair speed on all occasions. He beat a poor field by a "fluke." The fact that he has been permitted to

\$1,000 REWARD.

For a Case of Incurable Constipation.

To a person who can't be cured of constipation by Dr. Hamilton's Pills, the above reward will be paid. No cathartic medicine gives such lasting satisfaction, or effects such marvellous cures as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Relief immediately follows for headache, biliousness and stomach disorders. No gripping pains, no burning sensations, nothing but the most pleasant relief attends the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills—others not so good. Price 25c. a box at all dealers.

start since he won is a guarantee that the officials are satisfied that he is not a ringer.

BOWLING.

SOME GREAT SCORES.

John Koster, one of Gotham's star bowlers, was responsible for the hanging up of a new world's record for a three-men team in a game at the Harlem Circle Alleys, New York, a few days ago.

Koster was practising his game in the Greater New York individual championship and had rolled several games with a partner. A strong team was picked to work with him, composed of Billy Helms, and Joe Loeher. They rolled three games. While good scores were made in the first two the games showed nothing remarkable. It was the final game that the new record was made. Helms rolled 220, Loeher's total was 238 and Koster rolled a perfect score of 300, making the full ten strikes.

This is the second perfect score that has been made in Greater New York this year, and both have been made on these alleys. The other was made by Charlie Starr.

Koster's effort is all the more remarkable because the alleys were newly coated with shellac and the pins were brand new, weighing three pounds, four ounces.

AUTOMOBILING.

A GREAT RECORD.

The Fastest Speed Ever Attained by Man.

Ormond, Fla., Jan. 29.—The greatest speed ever attained by man has been made by Fred Marriott and not even the most hopeful of the speed enthusiasts at the automobile races here can look for anything better in many years. The last word in time clipping was said yesterday when this American driver in his American built Stanley tore off a mile over the brown sea beach in 28 1-5 seconds. It was at a rate of 127.6 miles an hour, faster than the fiercest wind whose speed has ever been measured.

Those who saw the feat will never forget it. At that time they could not realize what it meant, for they might as well have tried to estimate the speed of a comet flashing across the sky. Only by the most delicately adjusted automatic arrangement and the use of nine stop-watches controlled electrically was the result recorded. This means that at last man has come to a point where he can hurl himself from one point to another so rapidly that he no longer can estimate his own rate.

And like a comet was the great event. The crowd saw the red canoe-like steamer pass slowly up to the beach to the starting point. With its low body and sharp pointed ends and its great wheels it looked like some vicious red sea monster crawling along the sand. In the middle of its back was a slit, whence peered a begoggled and masked head. It was seemingly a part of the whole. The begoggled person was Marriott, the American chauffeur, whose feats to then had not been noted beyond those of other men trailing along behind the reputation of the famous French and Italian speed-eaters.

The crowd cheered, for this was to be another attempt to shave down the record to two miles a minute. They watched the red thing pass up beyond the starting far up the beach until it was a crimson dot against the brown. The sand was wet and somewhat soft, and there was conjecture as to whether Marriott would draw out the best there was in his car.

The crowd waited, watching the little spot on the beach. Then it began to move, they thought. In another second there was no mistaking it. The dot had grown the size of a man's hand. There was no more chance to estimate. Like some apparition seen in a dream it flashed forth into a great blur of red seen through haze dimly visible in a cloud of steam and flying sand. With a humming noise that grew into a roar the cloud was past the crowd and past the judges' stand, where the signal rang out that the mile had begun. Almost before the signal had ceased the shot from the automatic pistol at the finish line told that the mile was over. And far below the finish line the blurring cloud with its throbbing heart of red was fading from sight like a shooting star.

The crowd gasped. They were afraid there might be some mistake in the automatic signals. Those present had witnessed some fine paring of speed records, but never before did it seem the start and finish came so close together.

And then the judges made the announcement. In all the excitement of cheering they realized that they had witnessed a wonderful thing. The question is now: How much faster can man propel himself? Even the speed mad French chauffeurs admit that it will be a long time before the record is beaten.

And then back over the course came the red beetle, this time slowly, for the man at the wheel was getting the breath he had lost in his toss with death and time. The spectators crowded around the car. Marriott had taken off his mask and his face was white and drawn. About a thousand little wrinkles seemed to have gathered in the dash of two minutes.

"I thought the top of my head was being torn away," he said. "My eyes were turning to water. From the time I started until I slowed down I had no sense of distance or time. I did not know when I passed the judges' stand, nor did I hear the

pistol at the finish. I expected it would be this way when I laid out my course as if I were aiming a gun. Then I clung to the wheel and was carried on.

"I might just as well have been riding in a projectile for all I knew of my speed. I guessed I must have passed the finish line and then I began to slow down.

And so the crowd cheered and today they are wondering whether at another trial the Stanley steamer, with Marriott at the wheel, will be able to pare off still another second or two from the record.

THIS MEDICINE IS BREATHED.

This is why it is sure to cure Catarrh. You see it gets direct to the source of the disease—it's healing vapor repairs the damage caused by catarrhal inflammation. "Catarrh-zone" always cures because it goes into those tiny cells and passages that ordinary remedies can't reach, goes where the disease actually is. Impossible for "Catarrh-zone" to fail, as the doctor will tell you. Don't be misled into thinking that there is anything as good as Catarrh-zone—use it and you'll soon say good-bye to catarrh.

NEW WAY TO HEAR MUSIC.

One of the Delights of Being Hanged.

New York, Feb. 1.—The Journal has the following, under a Jackson, Miss., date: The Rev. J. T. Mann, an ex-Confederate, enjoys the distinction of being the only soldier of the southern army who was hanged for a spy and still lives to tell the story.

In April, 1864, Mr. Mann, who was then with Company C, 2nd Louisiana Battalion, at Barrantras, Fla., volunteered to set fire to a powder magazine of the Federal troops, in order that the Confederate besieging forces could make a surprise attack during the confusion. Mann was chased by the Federal sentinels and captured. When carried to camp the infuriated troops, who had been aware of the narrow escape from being blown to atoms, made haste to hang him. A noose was placed about his neck, one end of the rope thrown over the projecting joist of a building, and the prisoner hoisted in the air. When life was apparently extinct a Vermont officer ordered the body cut down.

A controversy then arose among the troops, some claiming that the wrong man had been hanged, and an effort was made to resuscitate Mann. After working diligently for two hours the prisoner was brought back to life and kept in custody until the close of the war.

Mann still bears scars on his knee showing where the flesh was torn by the rope, and in describing the awful ordeal he says that his first sensation felt when jerked from the ground was akin to standing near a steam boiler explosion. Afterward the sensation of frightful pain passed away, and before lapsing into unconsciousness he began to hear sounds of the most entrancing music.

BOILS ALL OVER HIS FACE AND NECK

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS DID FOR HIM WHAT FOUR DOCTORS FAILED TO DO

KEEWATIN, ONT., July 23rd, 1905.
MESSRS. THE T. MILBURN CO., LTD., TORONTO, ONT.

DEAR SIR:—I am writing to let you know what Burdock Blood Bitters has done for me. I am a young man, twenty years old, and a year ago last March I began to feel dull and sick, and was greatly troubled with boils coming out on my face and neck, mostly on the latter. I would no sooner get rid of one than I would have, perhaps, two or three more appear.

I had four doctors trying to cure me but they had very little success. They would stop them for a month or six weeks and then they would be as bad as ever again.

Almost every patent medicine, advertised to cure boils, I could get hold of, I tried, but still without success. At last one day, last spring, someone happened to say: "Why not try taking Burdock Blood Bitters for the blood?" I was willing to try anything and immediately sent for a bottle, but at the time was doubtful if it would be of any use. However, I used that bottle and while I was taking it I began to feel better, although I still kept having a few boils but not nearly such bad ones. I did not miss any work, while otherwise, I used to miss, sometimes, a week out of every month. I kept on taking the medicine until I had taken six bottles, and needless to say, I was not sorry I did so when I tell you I have not had a boil appear for the past three months. Everybody was surprised when they heard that Burdock Blood Bitters had done for me what four doctors failed to do. If any sufferers are afflicted with boils, I would strongly advise them to use B.B.B. It makes you feel like a new man. I always keep a bottle in the house, now, as I think it is a medicine that should be in every household.

Yours truly,
HENRY A. SMITH.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

PURE AND WHOLESOME.
ONE POUND CAN 25c

E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.

Ask for them!

When you go into a shop to buy rubbers always ask for **GRANBY RUBBERS** or the dealer may by mistake give you some other kind not so good.

For style, comfort and good honest qualities, get **GRANBYS**

EASY TO WEAR, HARD TO WEAR OUT

WOULD TAX ALL CHURCHES.

Toronto Controllers Discuss Abolition of Exemptions.

Toronto Globe: For the first time this year the Board of Control yesterday discussed tavern and liquor licenses. The two by-laws for the reduction of licenses were summer at the last meeting of Council. Controller Hubbard reviewed the general question and moved that some legislation be obtained at the next session to enable the municipality to fix the license fees for taverns and liquor shops. He said that the present fee was ridiculously out of proportion to the value of licenses. The city was also entitled to more than one-third of the fee. "I would also be in favor of legislation that would permit us to grade the fee. A man keeping a small hotel in some obscure section of the city should not

be required to pay as much as a great place like the King Edward.

"We have an honest government now," said the Mayor, "and it will not be hard to obtain good legislation."

"Strange what confidences Kingston people showed in that government yesterday," observed Controller Ward, acidly. The resolution passed.

ABOLISH TAX EXEMPTIONS.

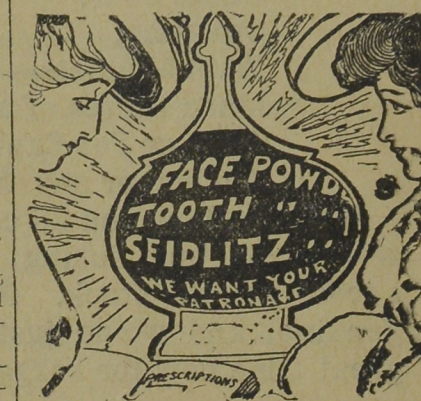
Mayor Coatsworth proposed that the tax exemption enjoyed by churches and educational institutions should be removed. "The amount of exemptions in the city now totals twenty-five or thirty million dollars," said his Worship. "We have come to a point now where we should put a limit on the extensions. For myself, I am a church member, but I cannot see why all those churches permit us to grade the fee. A man keeping a small hotel in some obscure section of the city should not

churches, but look at the educational institutions," said Controller Hubbard. "Many of them are purely business undertakings." "Nothing but business undertakings," said Controller Ward.

"So Shooks married his stenographer? Well, she doesn't have to work any more." "Well—she doesn't draw wages any more."

THAT PALE, TIRED GIRL.

She is in society, business, at home, everywhere you see her, but always worn and fatigued. She has not heard of Ferrozone or she would be perfectly well. How quickly it strengthens—what an appetite it gives—what a glow it brings to pallid cheeks! The nutrient contained in Ferrozone puts strength in anybody. Laughing eyes, rosy lips, bright, quick movements, all tell of the vitality Ferrozone produces. Thousands of attractive happy women use Ferrozone—Why not you? A box of fifty chocolate coated tablets costs fifty cents at any drug store.



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PURITY

and freshness are absolutely necessary qualities of the drugs you use if they are to be of the service required. This applies with few exceptions to toilet preparations also.

YOU CAN DEPEND ON

every article we sell as being of standard quality and full strength. To household remedies of proven value we give particular attention and our prescription department has but one motto: "Absolute fidelity and accuracy." And low prices are a feature of every department.

Alonzo Staples
York Street Drug Store

WAIT FOR OUR SALE!

We are getting ready for a BIG SALE to take place early next month. Particulars in a day or so. It will pay you to wait for our sale. We have the kind of goods you need, and our prices are always the lowest. Watch this space.

M. FICKLER & CO.