

SEASONABLE SPORTS.

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

HOCKEY.

MORE ROUGH HOCKEY.

Everything is quiet in hockey circles in P. E. Island at present. In the Prince Edward Island league service, so far four matches have been played. There are three clubs in the league—Abegweits and Victorias of Charlottetown, and the Crystals of Summerside. The Abegweits have won two matches, defeating the Victorias and the Crystals, the latter having got game as yet to their credit, except the fourth, which was awarded them by default. This game started in Summerside, between the Abegweits and the Crystals. At the outset it was marked by very rough playing. One of the Summerside players in a fit of temper—struck an opponent over the head with a hockey stick, temporarily putting him out of business. Another Abegweits player also received a knock out blow, and the captain—thinking it dangerous to pursue the game—declined to play further, so they left the ice in the middle of the first half, with the goal 2-0 in favor of the Crystals. A good deal of bad feeling has been caused over the incident, and it is doubtful if Summerside will play a return game. So far the date fixed which was between the Crystals and the Victorias has passed with no game.

THE RING

JOHN L. IN NEW YORK.

Still on the Water Wagon—Doing Well and Drawing Crows.

After all, the two Johns—John D. and John L.—are in New York. John D. for finance and John L. for fighting.

And both these great men wax old. Yet, and strange, like all things are strange that concern Manhattan, where most of the natives are foreign, John D.'s home is in Cleveland and John L.'s in Boston.

John L. is back in town at this writing, and John D. has had to give away \$32,000 of this week to divide attention with him.

Yet of these two, how easy to differentiate between them when asked: "Do you love this old man?"

John L. is sparring with a burlesque show. He is as fat and gray. But he has been abstemious for nearly two years, and his complexion is clear and he is husky and hearty.

John L. Sullivan means a great deal to New York. This man made him famous. He could do as he pleased with it, and he did.

Think of a fighter of today, even Jeffries, appearing before a crowded packed, jammed audience at Madison Square Garden and begging to be excused from sparring, as he had been drinking and was sick from it!

And yet John L. Sullivan "got away with it." There was no cry of "money back." And he and Charlie Mitchell, who hadn't been drinking and who wasn't sick, divided \$18,000. Charlie Mitchell has his share yet. John L.'s was spent before morning.

To this town in 1880 came John L. Sullivan, "the Boston Strong Boy." All the claim to fame he had was that he was a willing scrapper and had defeated old Joe Gans in an exhibition contest.

In this town he sparred for small sums in various places, even in Harry Hill's, and then being matched to fight John Flood on a barge in the Hudson, made a short fight of it by knocking Mr. Flood over the ropes and into the river.

From this on Boston may have claimed him as a citizen, but he was a New Yorker for all that.

He has been here broke, he has been here flush and spending freely. He has been here looking forth at Gilsey House as champion of champions, he has been evicted from his little saloon, and down and out, his diamond studded championship belt has been hawked through half the pawnshops of New York; but there never was a time he hadn't the help and handshake of everybody.

He has fought in New York, lectured here, had saloons here, acted here and now he is back again after an absence of three years, once more on the stage.

He has been an attraction with a dozen shows, from playing the hero blacksmith in "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands," to the thankless role of Legere in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

What hasn't he done? Didn't he refuse to meet the King of England, then the Prince of Wales, when the Prince's retinue wanted to make it a matter of etiquette and refused admission to the rest of John L.'s party.

Sullivan never spoke in parable. His first words when he met defeat, for the first time at Corbett's hands, down in New Orleans were:

"Gents, rum done it!"

"I am glad the title goes to an American," was the afterthought.

Even yesterday he spoke as one having authority and said:

"The world is getting wiser and weaker."

This was in Montreal, where he was fighting with "The Night Owls."

New York crowds used to see him as old. But Boston has left its mark upon John L. He uses excellent grammar in his old age, and in his choice of diction employs the broad "a," saying "bawth" for "bath."

He likes to tell Irish stories and he tells them well.

"I spend my spare time in good company now," said the great John L. "I do not read many books, but I read newspapers a great deal. I read editorials especially."

Whatever he had read, his mind has certainly broadened. He is almost high brow and can discourse entertainingly on the world's progress, and the world's electrical progress, and

says that he will live to see the wheels of all the world turned by this hidden force.

What doesn't he say, what hasn't he said? Lives there a man who can not tell a dozen anecdotes of the great John L. showing the character of the man?

But what anecdote is there that shows an insight into the character of the great John D.?

And yet the great John L. is tolerant of the great John D. The great John L. is no "muck-raker."

"It would be a rational calamity if Rockefeller was to withdraw his money from the enterprises he has invested in," said the great John L. yesterday. "Give the old man a square deal, he might be worse."

With increasing years philosophy has made him human. He was a good friend and a hot enemy in the old days, but he says he has no old enemy that is not a good friend today.

The only fighter he ever met better than himself was Charlie Mitchell, a bitterness was Charlie Mitchell.

Now Mitchell and he are warm friends.

"He ran over to see me in Boston a year ago when I was sick," said the great John L. "When he saw me in bed, wearing spectacles and reading a Bernard Shaw play, he almost threw a fit."

BASE BALL.

GREAT PITCHERS OF THE PAST

Since the days when pitchers used the old side arm underhand swing, the seemingly endless battle between the pitcher and the batsman has been going on with varying success. As early as 1876, when the National League was organized, the authorities had in mind the curbing of the pitcher. At intervals it was found necessary to allow the twirler more latitude, then to check him once more. Finally came the adoption of the foul strike rule, the rule that has kept a twirler in the game that would have been a "has been" without it, says an exchange.

The great pitchers that have used their arms and wits against their foes at the home plate since the inauguration of base ball make an imposing array. Young Creighton pitched for the Excelsiors of Brooklyn, in the early '80s, was the first notable twirler. On October 21, 1881, Creighton pitched for the picked nine of Brooklyn against a picked nine of New York at Hoboken. Brooklyn won by its runs to 0. Creighton died at an early age as the result of over-exertion in running the bases. Following Creighton came George Zettlein of the Athletics of Philadelphia. "Dick," McBride of the Athletics of Philadelphia. "Phony" Martin of the Eckfords of Brooklyn. In 1887 Arthur "Candy" Cummings pitched for the Stars of Brooklyn. By common consent Cummings is given the credit of being the original curve pitcher.

In 1879 Ward was the star of the leagues, and pitched the Providence club into the championship, to the surprise of the baseball public. "Jim" McCormick of Cleveland, came to the front in this year.

THE TURF.

CHAMPION OF CHICAGO.

Horse Formerly Owned by Hon. C. W. Robinson, Doing Good Work.

Moreton Transcript.)

Scamp, the little black pacer owned at one time by Hon. C. W. Robinson of this city, is doing some fine work this winter in Chicago, where she is now owned.

Mr. A. J. Main of Victoria, B. C., who bred and owned Scamp until the horse was over five years old, has received a letter and a clipping of the Daily News from a friend in Chicago, stating that Scamp had qualified on Saturday, the 9th instant at the Garfield Park Speedway by heating all the west side pacers. On the following Tuesday the former Moncton horse administered the same dose to the south side pacers at the Grand Boulevard Speedway race, a feat seldom of ever accompanied by any other horse. By virtue of these victories Scamp now wears the title of the Champion Chicago Winter Speedway Pacer, and as a result his owner, Mr. Browning now wears the \$150 overcoat offered as the prize.

Mr. Maine has a half-brother of Scamp which he is breaking in this winter and which promises to give a good account of himself in the future.

TO TRY HIS RECORD.

This season will see another attempt by Dan Patch, the great pacer, to break his record of 1:55. H. C. Hersey, his trainer, is confident that the feat can be accomplished. The greatest care is being taken of Dan and he is being watched and coaxed like a baby.

GOOD REASONS FOR ITS SUCCESS.

The majority of catarrh remedies are useless. But one that does cure is "Catarrhazone." It clears the head of all mucous discharge. Putrid matter in the nostrils, phlegm in the throat, and disease germs are completely swept away. The cause of the disease is destroyed, its results are destroyed, and the system so thoroughly cleansed of catarrhal poison that cure is permanent. All types of catarrh, throat and bronchial trouble, colds and coughs are more certainly cured by Catarrhazone than any thing else. Two sizes, 25c. and \$1.00 at all dealers.

His Horse's Finish.

"Dear me, cabby," said an old lady as she alighted from a four wheeler at Liverpool street station, "your horse's knees are bad."

"Don't you go and think it's becoss 'e's got into a silly 'abit of tryin' to stand on 'is 'ead in the street, ma'am, 'cos it ain't," was the reply. "That there 'oss is a serious thinkin' 'oss, 'e is, ma'am. A werry prayerful animal 'e is too. 'E's been prayin' this last six year as 'ow 'is pore old master'll one of these days come across a kind 'earted party what'll give 'im a copper or two over 'is bare fare, but, Lor' bless yer, ma'am," he added as he looked at the shilling the old lady had handed him, "'e's losin' faith fast, and unless somethin' soon 'appens 'e'll die a bloomin' hinfidel."—London Tit-Bits.

How We Do Change!

"Aha!" exclaimed Mr. Jellus. "Been treasuring another man's picture all these years, hey?"

"Not exactly," answered his better half. "That's a photo taken of you, dear, when you had hair."

Brought Home to Him.

Crusht—After all, right doesn't always make might, does it? Frankman—I don't know about that. The matrimonial rite seems to have made a mite of you.

Hear, Hear!

"Pa."

"Well?"

"What's women's rights?"

"Everything they want. Run away."—Cleveland Leader.

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GRAY'S SYRUP does that one thing, and does it well. It's no "cure-all," but a CURE for all throat and lung troubles. GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM stops the irritating tickle—takes away the soreness—soothes and heals the throat—and CURES COUGHS to stay cured. None the less effective because it is pleasant to take. 25 cts. bottle.

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Gold Dust Washing Powder

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BOSTON'S LACK OF HUMOR.

An English View of the Landmark of the "Bluh."

I have said that Boston loves relics. The relics which it loves best are the relics of England's discomfiture. The stately portraits of Copley are of small account compared to the memorials of what was nothing else than a civil war. Faneuil hall, the Covent Garden of Boston, presented to the city by Peter Faneuil some thirty years before the birth of "Liberty," is now but an emblem of revolt. The Old South meeting place is endeared to the citizens of Boston as "the sanctuary of freedom."

A vast monument, erected a mere quarter of a century ago, commemorates the "Boston massacre." And wherever you turn you are reminded of an episode which might easily be forgotten. To an Englishman these historical landmarks are inoffensive. The dispute which they recall aroused far less emotion on our side of the ocean than on the other, and long ago we saw the events of the Revolution in a fair perspective. In truth, this insistence on the past is not wholly creditable to Boston's sense of humor. The passionate pacemakers which Otis and his friends sang to liberty were irrelevant. Liberty was never for a moment in danger. If liberty, indeed, be a thing of fact and not of watchwords. The leaders of the Revolution wrote and spoke as though it was their duty to throw off the yoke of the foreigner—a joke

as heavy as that which Catholic Spain cast upon Protestant Holland.

But there was no yoke to be thrown off, because no yoke was ever imposed, and Boston might have celebrated greater events in her history than that which an American statesman has wisely called "the glittering and sounding generalities of natural right."—Charles Whitney in Blackwood's Magazine.

IMITATIVE WOMAN.

A Cynical English View of Feminine Human Nature.

Decidedly women are an imitative class. From her earliest age the small girl apes the doings of her elders and, had she her own way, would be a miniature epitome of fashion. Such entertainments as she is permitted to witness in her mother's drawing room she imitates, with dolls and nurses for company, in the nursery. In her school days she invariably "forms" herself on some special friend whom she elects as a model of feminine perfection. And at a certain stage of their lives girls are as much alike as peas in a pod. As they mature and develop they may perhaps show some signs of individuality, but in all the main issues of life they continue to be more imitative than original.

Fashions, housekeeping and entertaining are all more or less conducted on the same lines, and the only true sign of friendship that is shown to the young married woman is to beg her to order her life and her home on her friend's principles. Any departure from these principles or any symptom of individual taste or strength of mind will sound the first challenge of unpopularity for the budding matron. Her mother and her mother's friends will alike desire imitation of their methods as the "sincerest form of flattery," and every decline from the original system will be pronounced wrong or injudicious.—Rita in London Mail.

Too Rapid Growth.

The minister's six-year-old son is of a very critical, literal turn of mind, and his father's sermons sometimes puzzle him sorely. He regards his father as the embodiment of truth and wisdom, but he has difficulty in harmonizing the dominion's pulpit utterances with the world as it really is. His parents encourage him to express his opinions and clear up his doubts as much as possible. So one Sunday at dinner, after a long period of thought, they were not surprised when he said gravely, "Papa, you said one thing in your sermon today that I don't think is so at all."

"Well, what's that, my boy?" asked the clergyman.

"Why, papa, you said 'The boy of today is the man of tomorrow.' That's too soon."

Incredulous.

"Cousin Henry's seasickness that time he crossed the water must have touched his head a bit."

"Why so?"

"Well, here he wrote in his diary: 'June 14.—Most everybody seasick, including myself. Saw two spoutin' whales.'"

"Don't see anything very loony about that."

"Why, Abner Dobbs! Do you mean to tell me that you believe that any of them passengers had ever swallowed a whale?"—Life.

British Military Inventors.

The war office has long been proverbial for its discouragement of inventors in general, but they seem to reserve a special brand of ill treatment for an inventor who is unlucky enough to wear a soldier's coat. General Shrapnell, the inventor of the formidable projectile which bears his name to this day, died a poor man after spending thousands of pounds on his invention.—London Regiment.

To the Point.

Little Fred—Uncle John, did you ever hear the story about the good little boy who had a nice uncle? Uncle John—No. Tell it to me. Little Fred—Well, the nice uncle gave the good little boy a quarter. That's all.—Exchange.

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