

SEASONABLE SPORTS.

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

HOCKEY

PHILLIPS WITH OTTAWA

OTTAWA, Ontario, December 18.—A sensation was created here last night, when it was announced that the news had been received from J. P. Dickson, the secretary of the Ottawa Hockey Club, who went west a few days ago, that he was coming back with Tom Phillips and a signed contract.

The Ottawa executive have been dead anxious to sign Phillips ever since the beginning of the season and when it was known that the Wanderers had a tentative proposition from Phillips, the locals immediately decided to go one better and send an official west with a higher bid for the Kenora star.

It was known pretty well what figure Phillips was after, said now to be \$1,500 and the money was raised in a few hours. Mr. Dickson packed his grip and left on Thursday, presumably for Cobalt, but really for Kenora, with instructions to sign Phillips and to make an instalment on the contract. Before he had done this, however, he was not to make any communication to Ottawa. The communication that Mr. Dickson's mission had been successful came in the form of a telegram this afternoon stating that Phillips was starting east immediately.

QUEBEC NOT AGREEABLE

QUEBEC, December 17.—At a meeting of the Quebec Hockey Club this evening the request of the Wanderers to postpone the match with Quebec on the 25th of January, was not granted, but the request was not granted. At this evening's practice four teen members turned out and did some good work, the play being witnessed by a large number of spectators. The team which will probably represent Quebec this season will be composed as follows: Goal, P. Moran; point, S. McDougall; cover-point, Jos. Power (captain); centre, Jordan rover, Power; left wing, Hogan; right wing, McDonald. Other players on the ice to-night were: Doddridge, Love, Duchesnay, Ramsay, McDermott and Staveland.

THE RING

BOXING.

Speaking at a meeting of the Royal Yacht Club at Victoria, Sir John Madden, the Lieutenant-Governor and Chief Justice, said people were taking to games of a less strenuous nature in order to have training. He added: "What a game is boxing, and where is the harm in it, so long as it is carried out in a gentlemanly manner? Why, a bucket of water will soon restore a man to condition in which he would be presentable to his best girl, though the girl might perhaps find his lips a little bigger than usual." He remarked there was not so much boxing as in times past.

Here is a forecast of the Burns-Palmer tragedy if it ever comes off: Round 1—Burns rushes out of his corner and accidentally strikes Palmer on the knee. Palmer goes down

and out and does not regain consciousness for three weeks.

After the Gunner Moir fight was over Tommy was surrounded in his corner by a large number of friends. One gentleman took the diamond ring from his finger and thrust it into the gloved hand of the pugilist, with the remark: "Tommy, wear this for the sake of the O.I.A. Society." Burns took it with a smile, and when asked how it felt to be champion of the world merely "Good," and smiled.

DONOHUE WON IN FIFTH ROUND.

Montreal, Dec. 18.—Last night's fight at the National Club house between Young Donohue of Boston, and Young Keating of New York, proved to be a very tame affair, the boy from Boston getting the decision in the fifth round, when Keating's seconds threw up the sponge to save his man from further punishment, and probably from a knockout.

Young Donohue during the preliminary rounds of what was to have been a fifteen round go, contented himself with merely outpointing his man. It was not until the third round that he commenced to administer any considerable punishment, but from the round Keating was a badly beaten boxer.

Of the two, Donohue, was palpably in the better condition, while the ring side preliminaries were being conducted. Keating looked nervous and also appeared to be suffering with a cold.

From the first tap of the going Keating sailed in to mix things up, but he never found his way through Donohue's guard with any thing left to the blow. Donohue got in some lightning like jabs to the jaw, but they were apparently calculated to get the length of his adversary than anything else.

The second round saw things going at a little bit faster clip. Donohue getting in some stiff body punches. Keating's tactics seemed to be to rush and clinch, but he failed to break clean.

Clinches in the third round were plentiful and Donohue started in to hit hard. Under severe punishment Keating could only save himself by clinching, and on three occasions took the count.

The fourth round saw the New Yorker outboxed and outfought. Donohue's foot work was fine, but the match was too uneven for the need of much display. Before the end of the round, Keating was clearly going and before a minute of the fifth had elapsed his seconds threw up the sponge.

Disappointing as the main bout was, the crowded house, had a good exhibition in the preliminary six round bout between Strachan, of Point St. Charles, and O'Malley, of Montreal. From start to finish this was a hot set-to.

For the first two rounds fighting against a disadvantage of weight, Strachan got rather the worse of the exchanges. In the last four rounds, however, it was Strachan all the way his condition making up for his lack of weight.

O'Malley, game as a bantam, rushed into all sorts of punishment, and came out smiling all the time. The last round, however, he was about all in, and Strachan got the decision.

FAMOUS NAVAL ANCHORAGE.

Some Account of Spithead, Great Britain's Principal Harbor.

Along the sea wall between Ryde and Sea View there is a keen breeze blowing that whips the waters below into an unending procession of white horses. Although it is a misty day, the sun passing along the wall may discern Portsmouth and Southsea beyond on the mainland. In what the painters call the middle distance are the forts that dominate the entrance to our premier war harbor. Ponderous and inert amid the restless seas, they offer a vivid contrast to the long low line, with its pennon of murky smoke that marks the trail of a destroyer creeping out to the west. The waters that this little greyhound among ships flags back contemptuously from its bows, are the waters of an historic anchorage; the assembly ground of the world's navies, Spithead.

They have not always met upon peaceful missions, these warrior ambassadors of the powers. At the very dawn of naval warfare, Spithead was the scene of a conflict between the fleet of Henry VIII., under Lord Lisle, and the fleet of Francis of France, under d'Annebault. Inconclusive in its results that battle was yet marked by a great disaster, the loss of the Mary Rose. Sir Edward Howard had once described this ship as "the noblest ship of sail at this hour that I row be in Christendom." But she had a fault; her lower deck ports were too near the water-line. Tacking in a strong breeze, with the ports open, and the guns cast loose, she took in an enormous quantity of water, was brought over on her beam ends, and rapidly sank. Her captain and all her complement but 35 went down with her. To-day, in the museum of the Royal United Service Institution, are a few relics of the ship, all that is left to remind us of one of the earliest of the great naval disasters in our history. And in that same museum are relics of another catastrophe similar in many respects—the loss of the Royal George at her moorings at Spithead.

The story of the sad event is best told in the simple words of the monument in the churchyard at Portsea: "On the 29th day of August, 1782, his majesty's ship, the Royal George being on the heel at Spithead, over-set and sank, by which fatal accident about 900 persons were instantly launched into eternity, among whom was that brave and experienced officer, Rear-Admiral Kempenfeldt. Nine days after many bodies of the unfortunate floated, 35 of whom were buried in one grave near this monument, which is erected by the parish of Portsea as a grateful tribute to the memory of that great commander and his fellow sufferers."

During the last half-century Spithead has seen many famous naval gatherings. In the early days of iron-clads there was a visit from the French fleet under Count Bouet-Willamez, and a review at Spithead when such historic vessels as the Black Prince, the Hector, and the Defence lay in the line, and were all the topic of conversation among professional men.

The two jubilee reviews and the coronation review brought together three wonderful assemblies of the warships of the world. In 1887 there were 109 British pennants flying, 26 armored ships and 83 others, besides foreign visitors. In 1897 there were 165 ships, and in 1902 there were 130.

The mere figures give very little idea of the scene to those who were not actually present. Nor do they constitute a record, for at the great naval review in 1814 at Spithead, in honor of the allied sovereigns, the Prince-Regent of Britain, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia inspected a fleet of over two hundred vessels.

There is one last scene in the story of Spithead that no Englishman can leave out of account—the passing of Queen Victoria.

The Alberta, with the white ensign at half-mast, and all the assembled warships in similar mourning, the dull, slow booming of the minute guns, the grey-hued clouds of smoke that hung listlessly over the face of the waters; these were the aspects of the great anchorage on a day when it did not rejoice.

Found Perpetual Motion?

David Uniapen, a full-blooded native of the northern territory, is 34 years of age, speaks English fluently, and has combined a genius for mathematics with a passion for music. The man's claim to special notice now rests on the fact that he has invented a machine which, he claims, will secure perpetual motion. At the time of writing he is in Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, seeking the means of testing the feasibility of his mechanism.

Chatting on his prospects with an Adelaide reporter, David Uniapen explained that the forces by which he proposed to bring about the results he had in view were gravitation and momentum, and he had come to Adelaide to seek the assistance of the aborigines department in procuring certain mechanical parts in the shape of four beveled wheels, a spindle, a tube, and so on. He is confident that when he has got these requisites he can put together a machine which will bring perpetual motion appreciably nearer.

Stolen Trade Secret.

The manufacture of tinware in England originated in a stolen secret. Few readers need to be informed that tinware is simply thin sheet-iron, plated with tin by being dipped into the molten metal. In theory it is an easy matter to clean the surface of iron. Dip the iron in a bath of boiling tin and remove it enveloped in a silvery metal to a place of cooling.

In practice, however, the process is one of the most difficult of arts. It was discovered in Holland, and guarded from publicity with the utmost vigilance for nearly half a century. England tried to discover the secret in vain until James Sharman, a Cornish miner, crossed the Channel, insinuated himself surreptitiously into a tinplate manufactory, made himself master of the secret and brought it home.

Examine Your Tongue

Is It Coated?

Call the doctor—what does he do first?

Examines your tongue. If it's pale, flabby and coated he knows the activity of your stomach is lowered.

Your overworked stomach is on strike. It refuses to secrete pepsin enough to act upon the food. Refuses also to secrete acid enough to enable the secretion to do its work.

What's the result—dyspepsia, headache, sick all over.

How do you expect to be well, to look well, to sleep well, if your system is impaired?

Better patch up the weak spot. Give to the stomach what assistance it requires—or in other words, try Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which cure more weak stomachs than do any other medicine you know of.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills put the kind of life into a weak stomach that enables it to digest and assimilate all kinds of food.

No medicine could do more than Dr. Hamilton's Pills did for William Martin, a well known lumberman of Parry Sound, Ontario, who says: "I consider that Dr. Hamilton's Pills make the best all round medicine. My stomach got disordered and all kinds of complications set in. My blood grew thin, my color got pale and I had the worst kind of headaches. The food I ate all disagreed with me and I was constantly bilious and suffering from acute dyspepsia. A wonderful change took place when I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they gave me appetite and strong digestion. I had no more bad dreams, no more sick stomachache, I was in fact like a new man, and will always recommend Dr. Hamilton's Pills."

It's the people who feel half-sick—sort of tired and depressed, for those who have any ailment of the stomach, kidneys or liver that Dr. Hamilton's Pills are sure to benefit at once. Try them, 25c. per box at all dealers, and insist on having only Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. In yellow boxes only.

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MUST GIVE UP GIRL

OR \$10,000 FARM.

Grandfather's Will Places Young Man in a very trying Position

BLOOMINGTON, IND., Dec. 18.—Few men have been placed in a more trying position than Dick Morgan, a student at the Indiana University, who will sooner or later have to elect between a \$10,000 farm and the affections of Miss Helen Trayley. The terms of a will make it imperative.

Morgan's grandfather, Ralph Morgan, a well-known politician of these parts, knew that his light hearted, handsome nephew loved the dainty girl student and he opposed the match. The old man was a farmer. Young Morgan would naturally succeed to the estate, and the elder man did not think that a pretty, fragile college girl could make a farmer's wife, so he formed the will so that

should Dick Morgan ask Miss Trayley to wed, the young man must forfeit the state.

While Morgan has not as yet committed himself, it is said that he is strongly of the opinion that the girl is worth more than the farm lands which the grandfather has said will belong to the young man if he follows out the terms of the will.

In the meantime Miss Trayley is the idol of her classmates. She is referred to as the \$30,000 beauty. Her popularity increased at a bound, with the coming to light of the eccentric old politician's will. All the college awaits with bated breath the decision of Morgan, and the betting is generally with the girl's side of the question.

BAND OF SIXTY ROBBERS.

Derailed Mail Train Running Between Tiflis and Baku.

TIFLIS, Transcaucasia, Dec. 16.—A band of sixty robbers attacked and derailed the mail train running between Tiflis and Baku last night, near the station of Salakhlu. The train was carrying a large sum of money. The train guard repulsed the robbers after a fight in which many passengers and soldiers were wounded. The bandits finally retreated, leaving four dead behind them.

The attack was daringly conceived and carried out. Thirty yards of track on a down-grade had been torn up, and the train, running at full speed, plunged its way over the ties. Both locomotives and most of the cars were derailed. The robbers, who were in hiding nearby, immediately came

out and advanced on the train guards and passengers. They threw eight bombs and opened a heavy fire on the confused travellers. The train guards returned the fire from behind the mass of wreckage. They held their ground until the robbers were driven off, carrying their wounded.

The Rev. Mr. Freuder of Philadelphia tells this story of himself.

Some time ago he was invited to dine at the house of a friend, whose wife went into her kitchen to give some final orders. Incidentally, she added to the servant, "we are to have a Jewish rabbi to dinner today." For a moment the maid surveyed her mistress in grim silence. Then she spoke with decision, "All I have to say is," she announced, "if you have a Jewish rabbi for dinner, you will cook it yourself."