In The WORLD of SPORT and RECREATION

SOME FINE SPORT AT RACES LAST NIGHT

Logan Did Not Skate and Outside Men Arrived Late — Ernie Wright, Murray Bell and Hilton Belyea Did Best Work in Senior Events.

Though marred by the inability of Walter Evans or Len Coleman, of St. John, or P. Bouche or Davidson, of Springhill, to compete and the failure of Fred Logan to start, the second ice meet under the auspices of the Marathon Athletic Club in the Victoria rink last night was very successful.

Bouche and Davidson captured first place in an hour race in the Charlottetown Arena on Wednesday night and the St. John team finished second. The quartette were expected last evening at 5.35 but as the boat to Pictou was delayed they were unable to connect with the train. However, William McDonald, a veteran Westville (N. S.) skater and Gordon Thompson, of Springhill, added to the interest in the sports. Another disappointing feature was the refusal of Ernie Wright and Hilton Belyea to participate in the five lap special event to decide the third point winner in the city championship series. Each of the skaters expressed himself as preferring to leave it a tie.

After twenty-one of the twenty-three events had been decided Mayor Bullock mounted a chair on the ice and in a happy address presented to Fred Logan, who had arrived at that time, the cup he won by virtue of his lead in points in the city championship. His worship said it afforded him great pleasure to present the trophy in recognition of a pastime that was a purely Canadian winter sport. He referred to St. John's place in ice skating. His worship suggested that St. John should broaden its athletic scope.

After the presentation Logan thanked His Worship and the president of the club. Mayor Bullock then presented a gold medal to Elmer Ingraham who won the senior boy event at the Montreal championships.

Wright won the third heat of the 220 in 20 3-5 seconds, the best time for the distance last night, and the final in 22 1-5 seconds. Wright, Belyea, Wm. Bell, McDonald, Riley and Whitebone lined up for the final. Whitebone jumped into the van at the start and maintained a slight lead until three feet from the finish line. Wright was pocketed throughout and his frequent attempts to extract himself were futile, but, however, he succeeded in getting his shoulder on the inside of Whitebone in the last few inches of the event.

Wright also captured the 440, with Belyea second. Wright withdrew from the half-mile and mile, Belyea winning the former and Murray Bell the latter. Belyea had the mile easily until the twelfth lap when he fell and lost half a lap. He recovered his lost ground and made a garrison finish, but did not have sufficient strength to pass Bell.

The best time in the 440 was 42 seconds, made in two preliminary heats, and in the 880 the final was the fastest, the time recorded being 1.28 3-5, by Belyea. The mile was skated in 3 minutes and two and one-fifth seconds.

Thompson claimed a foul in the third lap of the 220 but it was not recognized. Neither he nor McDonald was a factor in any of the events, and both withdrew from the mile.

The ice was in good condition but the attendance at what was probably the final of the season's speed skating, was not up to expectations. Summary:

220 yards—1st heat won by Riley, McDonald second; time 23 seconds; 2nd heat won by Whitebone, Wm. Bell second; time 22 seconds; 3rd heat won by Wright, Belyea second; time 20 3-5 seconds; final heat won by Wright, Whitebone second, Riley third; time 22 1-5 seconds.

440 yards—1st heat won by Campbell, Riley second; time 44 seconds; 2nd heat won by Tracey, Belyea second; time 42 seconds; 3rd heat won by Wright, McDonald second; final heat won by Wright, Belyea second, Riley third, McDonald fourth; time 43 seconds.

880 yards—1st heat won by M. Bell, McDonald second; time 1.37 1-5; 2nd heat won by Thompson, Tracey second; time 1.42 1-5; 3rd heat won by Wm. Bell, Belyea second; final heat won by Belyea, Tracey second, M. Bell third; time 1.28 3-5.

Mile—Won by Murray Bell, Belyea second, Tracey third; time 3.02 3-5.

Senior Boys' One Mile—Won by Robert Belyea, Elmer Ingraham second, Campbell third; time 3.33.

Junior Boys' Half-Mile—1st heat won by Garnett, McGrath second; time 1.37 1-5; 2nd heat, Cunningham and Elliott in dead heat; final heat won by Garnett, Cunningham second; time 1.54 2-5.

Small Boys' Half-Mile—1st and 2nd heats won by Boyer and Gorman respectively; final won by Gorman, Silliphant second, Boyer third; time 2.12 2-5.

Painters' Race, No. 1, half-mile—McGowan and Garnett tie, Stentiford third; time, 1.45 3-5.

Painters' Race, No. 2, half-mile—Won by Steeves, Connell second; time 2.05.

Bakers' Race, half-mile—Won by Day, McBeath second; time 2.07.

Harry Garnett, winner of the junior boys' event, has the earmarks of a speedy skater.

GANS GETS THE BEST OF WHITE

English Champion Fought Last Seven Rounds With Practically But One Arm.

National Athletic Club, New York, March 12—Joe Gans, former lightweight champion of the world easily defeated Jabez White, the English lightweight champion, in a ten-round bout at the National Athletic Club tonight. It was a tame exhibition and the big crowd was disappointed, for the men were slow and many of their blows lacked force. White used his left cleverly in the first two rounds, but in the third he changed his tactics, relying mainly on his right. Two rounds later the cause of this shift was apparent. He broke his left arm some time ago in England and he hurt it early in the third round tonight.

White was knocked down once in the sixth round, twice in the seventh, when the bell saved him by one second, and once in the eighth. Gans was far from being the Gans of even two years ago, for he missed several blows, misjudged distances and failed to take advantage of many opportunities.

The bout brought a great crowd of spectators to the National A. C. tonight. The men were matched to go ten rounds at 135 pounds and they weighed in at 3 o'clock. Gans weighed in at 132½ and White was just 135.

A SURE SIGN.

Kitty—She's certainly getting old.

Peggy—So I'm told.

Kitty—Yes, she's beginning to complain that the styles of the spring bonnets and gowns this year are not as pretty as they used to be.

A Tonic Free from Alcohol

Talk with your doctor about Ayer's non-alcoholic Sarsaparilla. Ask him if he prescribes it for pale, delicate children. Ask him if he recommends it when the blood is thin and impure, and when the nerves are weak and unsteady. Ask him if it aids nature in building up the general health.

J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

SOME STURDY BOXERS WHO NEVER FOUGHT A BATTLE IN THE SQUARED CIRCLE

"There's many a husky fellow chopping down big trees in the backwoods all winter who could wallop the life out of Jack Johnson, the coon champion, or big Jim Jeffries, if cornered by either of these professional pugilists," said the old sport while talking of days gone by the other evening. "I tell you the woods are full of great fighting men and so are the cities, but they won't come out in the limelight because they do not care for the notoriety of the prize ring, also the element with whom they'd have to mix.

"In my days I've known a number of good, clever boxers among the best class of citizens who enjoyed fistiana in private with their friends. There was the noblest Roman of them all, Sen. Roscoe Conkling, who lost his life in the great blizzard of 1888. He was a mighty handy man with his dukes, and could more than hold his own when it came to a pinch. When Conkling was in the senate at Washington he nexer took water from any fellow-members and was always held in high esteem. Conkling was a magnificent man physically, standing over six feet, as straight as an arrow, with the proportions of a Roman gladiator. One night in Washington Conkling gave a stag supper to a few intimate friends and associates in the senate. After the coffee and cigars, Conkling produced a set of boxing gloves and offered to spar any man in the room. Sen. Zach Chandrel, who also was of gigantic proportions and perhaps 50 pounds heavier, accepted the challenge. So they donned the gloves and the fun began.

"Conkling soon proved himself to be the more scientific and proceeded to land a few smart blows on Chandler's paunch. The latter, very red in the face, did not relish this at all, and quickly sailed in to get square. There was a warm mix-up, and Conkling, finding his opponent was getting a bit rough, crossed him with his right. The blow was a pippin, too, for Chandler found himself in a heap in the corner of the room. Everybody laughed, including Chandler, but that ended the boxing part of the entertainment.

"A month or so after this affair Sen. Chandler gave a little tea party, and Conkling, of course, was invited. Among the other guests was a black-haired man who was introduced as Mr. Brown, of New York. He was a very quiet fellow, who scarcely uttered a word, but seemed to enjoy himself in his own way. It was noticed, however, that when 'Mr. Brown' said anything to anybody his accent was decidedly English. It was not until Senator Chandler's guests were smoking big cigars that the mysterious stranger came to the foreground. Chandler proposed that some gentlemen put on the gloves with Senator Conkling. Nobody seemed anxious to respond, and as a last resort, 'Mr. Brown' was induced to accept the honor of boxing with the leading Senator of the United States.

"Everybody smiled as the two men removed their coats and prepared for the bout. The complete annihilation of 'Brown' was, of course, looked for. Conkling towered fully five inches over his stocky opponent and smiled mercifully as he gazed down at the latter. In the first round not a blow landed. It was all beautiful, scientific boxing, and the senator was supposed to be letting up on 'Brown,' who seemed to be satisfied with stopping and stepping away. The second round was another fancy exhibition, although Conkling appeared to be serious and also anxious to land on 'Brown,' who was quick on his feet and clever at ducking with his head.

"As 'Mrown' came up for the third round it was noticed that Sen. Chandler whispered something in his ear, which 'Brown' answered with a nod. Cronkling then let go his right and left in quick order, as the men toed the mark, but both blows missed the mark. Suddenly 'Brown' tapped Cronkling with a stinger on the top of the nose, and the senator looked both puzzled and astonished. He made a wild rush at 'Brown,' who neatly sidestepped and then floored the senator with a right hand smash on the jaw. Cronkling was up quickly and went after his man, hammer and tongs. 'Brown' nimbly got away, and before the senator recovered from his headlong rush 'Brown' landed another right hander that sent his distinguished rival to the carpet, flat on his back.

"'That will do!' cried Chandler, as he jumped in and pushed 'Brown' into a chair. Conkling arose slowly and with much injured dignity demanded to know who 'Mr. Brown' really was.

"'It's all right, senator!' said Chandler, bursting into a laugh. 'I'm square with you now for the punching you gave me the other evening over in your rooms.'

"'But who is this man? Why, he's the cleverest boxer I ever met in my life!' exclaimed Conkling. Then Chandler, after another good laugh, said:

"'Senator, let me introduce to you Mr. Sem Mace, the heavyweight champion of England!' Conkling appreciated the joke, and, shaking Mace by the hand, complimented him highly on his skill.

"Do you know there are many clergymen we never hear about who are good boxers? For illustration, there is Fr. W. H. Reaney, the chaplain of the receiving ship Columbia, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, who, it is said, defeated Tom Sharkey in a boxing bout when the latter was in the service. Fr. Reaney encourages scientific boxing among the boys as long as they do not get too rough at the game. He believes it's a good, healthy sport, and he has turned out some clever, manly fellows who can box with marked ability. There are many other clergymen about New York who can box as well as some of our best professionals, but they keep their fistic skill to themselves, away from the outside world.

"If Edwin Forrest, the greatest actor this country ever knew, had followed the prize ring instead of the stage he would probably have been champion of the world. Forrest had a wonderful physique. He was a natural athlete, a finished boxer, fencer and wrestler, and always prided himself on his condition. Why, there's not a man in the ring today who could show the muscular development that Forrest had. I remember that when he appeared in England before the footlights the newspapers accused him of padding his limbs. This so enraged Forrest that he walked to the front of the stage one night and deliberately pricked his leg with a sharp-pointed sword until the blood trickled down into his shoe. It was rather a painful proof of real flesh and blood, but it caught the London gallery gods, who always hailed Forrest thereafter as an American hero.

"One night after a long, tiresome performance, Forrest started out to take the air alone. He roamed away from the highways into the byways of old London, when suddenly three footpads jumped out of a dark alley and grabbed the actor in a desperate manner. There was a short struggle in which Forrest shook the thieves like so many rats, and with his heavy cane and ready fists he soon had them wallowing in the gutter. Then he used his cane freely as they tried to regain their feet, and also astonished the London bobby, who finally came to the rescue.

"'Take them away, officer! I'll make no charge!' thundered Forrest, as he walked off in a most dignified manner. With his deep, sub-cellar voice and stately carriage, Forrest was often thought to be unapproachable, but a more kind-hearted man never lived.

"Another great athletic actor, a generation ago, was John McCullough, who came to this country in 1853. He began reading Shakespeare while making chairs in Philadelphia. McCullough and Forrest became fast friends and traveled as partners for many years. The prize-ring of today could not produce such wonderful specimens of manhood as they were.

"Maurice Barrymore, another noted actor, who died a few years ago, was an accomplished boxer, and many a cabman or rowdy bore evidence of his prowess. The late John Richmond Glenroy, 'the man with the green gloves' as he was known on the vaudeville stage, was another noted expert with his fists. Nat Goodwin and Bob Hilliard have also proved on numerous occasions that they possess fistic skill.

"George Gould in his younger days was quite a boxer. So was his friend, Giovanni P. Morosini, the banker, who died about a year ago. Both received boxing lessons from Billy Madden years ago and also took many a good punching in private to prove themselves game and willing. Prof. Mike Donovan, the boxing instructor of the New York Athletic Club has taught hundreds of rich men—many of them millionaires—the art of self-defence. The late Herman Oelrichs was one of the cleverest men with his hands I ever saw. He boxed privately with many professionals and always held his own.

Over in England among the nobility there are many clever fellows with or without gloves. The Marquis of Queensbury, who was the author of the boxing rules under which modern prize fights are held, could go some himself, and during his erratic career he had many encounters in public places that demonstrated his boxing skill. This remarkable little man at one time offered to fight his second son anywhere in the world for $50,000 a side.

"Another millionaire Englishman who created a sensation both here and abroad was George A. Baird, better known as 'Squire Abington.' He was a noted amateur boxer who liked to indulge in impromptu scraps so that he could show how he could fight. Under the influence of liquor the squire indulged in wild orgies and often took part in desperate mix-ups. One night he and Charley Mitchell, the retired boxing champion of England, were walking down one of London's foggy streets when they ran into an old man. The squire, without a word of warning, hit out and landed the stranger on the pavement. A copper arrested Mitchell and Abington, and in court the prize fighter in order to save the squire, pleaded guilty to assault. Mitchell was sent to jail for a year, but because of this act of friendship Abington gave him $100,000 in cold cash. In 1893 Mitchell and Abington came to this country to attend the fight between Jim Hall and Bob Fitzsimmons at New Orleans. The squire had a pot of money to bet on Hall and insisted on being his chief second. Abington contracted a cold just then and died of pneumonia after being ill three days.

"The king of England himself was handy with the gloves in his younger days and even now takes much interest in prize fighting. So anxious was he to see John L. Sullivan perform that he had the champion give a private exhibition with his sparring partner Jack Ashton, before a select party of friends. Lord Lonsdale, at one time the president of the National Sporting club of London, is a skilled boxer and has taken an active part in the fighting game on the other side of the Atlantic. He spent $50,000 to test the law regarding boxing in Great Britain. He carried the case to the highest courts, and won out after a long legal battle in which the greatest lawyers in England took part.

"President Roosevelt is a rugged, clever boxer even now. He has always taken deep interest in pugilistic affairs and when police commissioner in New York city he enthused over the Maher-Choyniski fight at the old Broadway A. C. As the latter was knocked out Mr. Roosevelt said:

"'That's nothing. I was knocked out worse than that at Harvard!'

"I believe boxing should be taught in the public schools all over America. It is great exercise and makes healthy boys develop into powerful, courageous men. Give me a fellow that can protect himself and also hand out a wallop every time! He's the one that gets up in the world because he isn't chicken-hearted."

FIVE MILE ROAD RACE WAS WON BY BARRETT

James Barrett and George Gamble ran from the Haymarket Square to the Three Mile House and return on Thursday night, a distance of about five miles. The race was interesting. Barrett won and Gamble collapsed 100 yards from the finish line. The roads were in only fair condition for running and good time was made. Barrett turned on the homeward course first. At the end both were fatigued. They may meet again in another race.

BUCTOUCHE RACE MEET

Moncton, March 12—(Special)—The last ice races at Buctouche were so successful that at a meeting of horsemen at that place today it was decided to hold another race on March 17. The classes will include 2.30 and three minute, for which good purses have been offered.

WHEN SULLIVAN STOPPED BIG MAORI

Ex-Champion Tells How He Smashed Huge Australian Through the Ropes—What Happened.

(By John L. Sullivan)

I have been asked to tell of some of the picturesque fights of my career. Picturesque may be a good word as far as the spectators of the contests are concerned, but I was too busy in most of them to take stock of the picturesque nature of the affair. One of the most spectacular ring contests I ever took part in was my fight with Slade, the big Maori, who was imported to beat me after I had defeated practically all the white fighters in sight.

There was a great blowing of Herbert Slade's bazoo when the Maori half-breed was imported to give me the lullaby. A gent in New York who was scraping the earth with a fine-tooth comb to get a man to lick me was the cause of taking Slade from his happy home in Australia, and we met in Madison Square Garden, New York, in August, 1884.

"This is the time the wind comes out of your sails, and you'll go back to Boston in an ice-box," was one of the messages handed to me by the gent referred to. That was before taking Slade on.

There was a crowd there to make your head swim. Slade looked fit for his part, with 6 feet 1 3-8 inches, carrying 236 pounds of beef. He couldn't handle himself well, knew how to box, and entered the ring cock-sure of doing me up. He looked as good as any man I ever faced, and the crowd was ready to see assault and battery, rough house, explosions, and so forth.

In the first round, after sparring a few seconds, I felt for him with a smash full in the face, following it up with another in the neck. Then I floored him with another. When he got up, we met like a couple of bulls and I handed him a punch that smashed him through the ropes and off the platform, head first, into the crowd. In the second round I walloped him all over the ring. The third round was short and Slade went down and out.

Captain Williams, with his famous side-whiskers, led the police into the ring to stop the fight, but there wasn't any fight to stop, the importation being busy dreaming of home. I afterward took Slade in my party on a tour of the country. He stayed with us till we struck Utah, where he joined the Mormons, and he's there yet I guess.

WHEN HOGAN FLOORED ME.

Jack Hogan, of Providence, was one of the few-and-far-between men to knock me down in a bout. I ran into his fist, but I didn't explain just why Jack got the chance to get me off my guard. It was very early in my career, when I had few friends to open the way to exhibit my punch, and it wasn't so easy to butt into the game. Hearing that there were boxing matches pulled off every week in the Theatre Comique, in Providence, I got Billy Mahoney to give me a letter of introduction to Denis O'Reilly, a man of prominence in that city. Mr. O'Reilly was as good a sport and as fine a gentleman as his namesake, Boyle O'Reilly, of Boston.

I found Mr. O'Rielly in a big dry goods store in Providence, where he was manager. Pushing my letter to him, I asked him to help me get an engagement. That evening he took me to the manager of the theatre, and I was put on through Mr. O'Reilly's influence. That was a real start for me and I owe a great deal to Mr. O'Reilly, for he was a friend when I needed one. He had a better idea of what I could do than any of the others, and although Hogan was the champion of Providence, and the best man they had down there, O'Reilly asked me to go easy with him. Everybody else thought I was a cinch for Hogan.

When I ran into Hogan's fist and was knocked down, I forgot my promise to O'Reilly and smashed Jack on the nose, sending him into the wings of the stage. O'Reilly came over to me and reminded me that I had promised to be easy, and after that we finished the bout in a light way. We looked at Hogan's nose after the bout and found that it was broken. I felt sorry that I had been so strenuous as Jack was a good fellow, and me and O'Reilly took him in a hack to Dr. Gardiner's office, where the bum beak was set and put in a plaster cast.

WITH THE CURLERS

McCaffrey Match Postponed Because of Poor Ice.

It was hoped that the McCaffrey trophy match between St. Andrew's and Carleton curlers would be played last night, but the ice was not good enough.

North End curlers may organize in the near future, and next season open a curling rink in that part of the city. The new club would be known as the North End Curling Club. The building formerly occupied by Price & Shaw as a carriage factory has been mentioned.

The last points competition of the season in the ladies St. Andrew's curling club, postponed from yesterday, will be played off at 10 o'clock today.

NATURALLY

Joax—His life is full of trials.

Hoax—Indeed!

Joax—Yes; he's a lawyer.

Catarrh

CURED OR GET YOUR MONEY BACK

HYOMEI

(PRONOUNCED HIGH-O-ME)

The makers of Hyomei absolutely guarantee it to cure catarrh or money back. No dosing the stomach, just breathe in Hyomei through a neat pocket inhaler, and the balsamic and antiseptic air will cure the catarrh germs promptly. Complete outfit only $1.00 at Chas. R. Wasson, druggist, 100 King street.

EVERY WEAK MAN

Can be Made Strong



It is pitiable to think of the vast number of people who go from day to day suffering mental and physical torture as a result of their weakness, while right at their doors other men are being cured of the same disease. One who has not known it himself cannot realize the feelings of a man in the advanced stage of the nervous debility, nor does he hear it, for these men do not talk of their troubles. And yet I have thousands upon thousands of grateful patients who are willing to testify to their cures.

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt

is an absolutely positive cure for all forms of nervous debility, loss of memory, varicocele, weak stomach, and all those physical and vital weaknesses, confusion of ideas, kidney and allied complaints, rheumatism, sciatica, etc., etc.

It has cured thousands every year after every other known remedy has failed. The fact is medicines cannot cure these complaints, as you will know when you have tried them. Electricity—which is nerve force—is the power that has been drained from the system, and, to cure, it must be replaced. This Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt will do. It is the crowning triumph in electrical science, and its cost is within the reach of every sufferer.

If you haven't confidence in electricity let me treat you at my risk. I will give you the Belt on trial, without one cent of risk to yourself. Give me reasonable security and I will take your case, and

If I Don't Cure You, Will Ask for no Pay

The Dr. McLaughlin Electric Belt is a cure for all signs of Breakdown in Men and Women. The Vitality of the body is Electricity—the force in the Nerve Cells. My Electric Belt will give you back this power and enable you to fight on in the Battle of Life!

The Dr. McLaughlin Electric Belt cures Neurasthenia, Hypochondria, Nervous Prostration or Nervous Weakness, Headache, Sleeplessness, Stomach Trouble, Indigestion, Constipation, Weakness of the Kidneys, Lame Back, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Poor Circulation, Urinal Trouble, Weakness of the Organs, Night Losses, all evidences of Premature Decay.

My Belt Has Made a Man of Him

Chester, N.S., Jan. 15, 1909.

Dear Sir, — I write these few lines to tell you what good I have received from your wonderful Belt. I am looking and feeling much better. Your Belt has saved my life and has made a man of me. Many of my friends remark how well I look. My rosy cheeks have come back again, my nerves are strong, and I feel better in every way. I give your Belt the highest praise to everyone I meet. Wishing you every success in your good work, and thanking you for all you have done for me, I remain,

Yours respectfully,
WILLIAM FREDA.

Cured of Physical Weakness

Placentia, Dunvillia, Nfld., Jan. 11, '09.

Dear Sir, — I regret keeping you waiting so long for the recommendation that you so richly deserve in praise of your Belt. I must say that it is a God-send to anyone in need of it. It will cure anything, and for Physical Weakness it is far ahead of all drugs. Anything I can do in the way of recommending your Belt I will do to the best of my ability. You can refer anyone to me that may be in doubt about your Belt.

Yours very truly,
PATRICK TREMBLET.

Nervousness—Sleeplessness—Run Down

South Bay, Aug. 13, 1908.

Dear Sir,—One year ago last February I was taken with Nervous Exhaustion (the doctors pronounced it). I suffered all the tortures of that disease; was all run down, so weak I could hardly do anything at all. Since I began to use your Belt there has been a marked improvement in my condition in the different ways mentioned. I have slept well every night since wearing your Belt, which is one of the greatest blessings of mankind. I have a great deal more ambition; work used to seem such a mountain; now it seems more a pleasure; more strength and vim, memory better, digestion better, constipation about gone, which I was bothered with a great deal; head feels better and I feel better in every way. Yours truly,

NELSON ROSE.

TO YOU WHO ARE WEAK and want to regain your youth, who want to feel like you did when you were young, I offer a book which will show you the road to happiness—book of 80 pages, which is brimful of the things you like to read, which will give you courage and enlighten you as to the cause and cure of your troubles. It will point out the pitfalls and guide you safely to a future of strength and vitality. It is beautifully illustrated. It tells what others have suffered and how they have cured themselves. It is free. I will send it closely sealed, without marks, if you will send this coupon. If you are not what you ought to be SEND FOR IT TO-DAY.

CALL TO-DAY

FREE BOOK

If you can't call send coupon for free book.

M. C. McLAUGHLIN, 214 St. James St., Montreal, Can.

Dear Sir,—Please forward me one of your Books, as advertised.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Office Hours—9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Wednesday and Saturday until 8.30 p.m. Write plainly.

CRICKETERS MAKE PLANS FOR SEASON

St. John Cricket Club Organized and Looks for Successful Year.

The St. John Cricket Club, at a recent meeting, elected officers and a managing committee for the coming season and plans for a tour in Nova Scotia in July are already well advanced. Arrangements have been made with the Every Day Club for the use of the Victoria grounds for home matches and the indications are that the good old English game will be more prominent among the sports played in St. John than has been the case for many years.

The club is under the patronage of Bishop Richardson, Hon. J. D. Hazen, Senator Ellis and Col. George West Jones, each of whom has written to the secretary expressing his pleasure at the prospect of a revival of cricket. Col. Jones intimating that he would take an active part during the coming season.

The officers and managing committee of the club are:

President, Chas. E. Macmichael.
Vice-president, Rev. R. A. Armstrong.
Secretary, G. Mc. A. Blizard.
Treasurer, Murray M. Jarvis.
Captain, Frank R. Fairweather.
Managing committee, Jas. Brydon, Hugh Cannell, R. E. Walker, H. D. Forbes and H. E. C. Sturdee.

The fee for membership has been fixed at $2. Applications should be made either to Mr. Blizard, 65 Prince William street, or to Mr. Jarvis, 74 Prince William street.

WITH THE BOWLERS

Clerks Lead Now in the Commercial League Series — Grocers Won Last Night.

The Grocers won three points of the four in a bowling match on Black's alleys last night with the J. M. Humphrey Company's quintette. The next game will probably be on Tuesday. The score was:

Grocers—No. 11.

Belyea	77	87	81	245	81⅔
F. Bailey	89	84	88	261	87
Mack	88	68	88	244	81⅓
A. Bailey	94	87	102	283	94⅓
W. Demmings	68	91	82	241	80⅓
	416	417	441	1274	

J. M. Humphrey—No. 5.

Roberts	81	89	68	238	79⅓
Crosby	85	71	79	235	78⅓
Crawford	100	70	71	241	80⅓
Gamblin	78	100	94	272	90⅔
Cochran	84	73	81	238	79⅓
	428	403	393	1224	

The standing in the Commercial League to date is:

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Clerks	17	3	850
Accountants	23	5	821
Dunlap Rubber Co.	15	9	625
Brokers	15	9	625
S. Hayward Co.	17	11	607
Electrics	17	11	607
Insurance	14	10	583
Grocers	13	11	541
O. H. Warwick Co.	10	14	416
J. M. Humphrey	10	18	357
Ames Holden Co.	6	18	250
McAvity (King stret)	5	19	208
Canadian Rubber Co.	3	13	187
McAvity (Foundry)	3	17	150

FRED LOGAN DINED

After the sports last night some of Logan's enthusiastic admirers made him the guest of honor at a dinner in Wannamaker's restaurant. It was an enjoyable affair and the champion's health was drunk heartily out of the cup which he had just won. He was warmly congratulated and the best wishes were extended to him for future victories.

NO USE FOR THEM

Mrs. Newpop—I wonder wha't the best powder for babies?

Her Brother (an old bachelor)—Gunpowder.

NEWS AND VIEWS OF SPORT

On Thursday Bobby Wilson, the Canadian light-weight champion, after taking a fierce lacing, was able toward the end of the eighth round, to send over a knockout punch on Kid Mercier. Up to that time Mercier had been able to score the most of the blows, and in the sixth had Wilson groggy and weak. When Wilson was able to lead, however, he worked havoc with Mercier. The blow that won the fight, which was held at the Unity Club Lawrence, Mass., was a right uppercut, delivered in one of the fierce mix-ups while the two men were battling on the ropes. Mercier is from Lawrence.

* * *

"Cy" Young pays this compliment to Lou Criger: "Lou Criger can catch anywhere. There isn't a man living who can pitch too hard or too fast for him. I do not care how wild a pitcher is, how much speed he has or how he uses the 'spit' ball, Lou Criger will catch everything he has to offer and make a good job of it. He is one of the grandest men behind the bat I evr knew and he is far from being at the end of his career. He can go out and get them all. There is no earthly reason why he should not be as effective at St. Louis as he was in Boston."

* * *

Bat Nelson left Chicago on Thursday for New York. "I am going to get McFarland the first things if he wants to fight 10 or 40 rounds he can have it," said Nelson, "in New York or anywhere else."

* * *

The Arkansas House killed the Bouic Whittington racing bill which provided for racing at Hot Springs under the direction of a commission. The vote was 54 to 14.

* * *

"While good old Jim McGuire, is a grand old gent," says Jimmy Slagle, "it is a cinch that the infielders are delighted to see him lay down the glove and assume other duties. For the Deacon threw, all through those 25 years of play, the hardest, heaviest, meanest ball on record. It came to you heavy as lead, and crashed into the hands like a ball of iron. Then, as if that wasn't enough, it twisted and screwed right out of your grip, almost pulling your glove off. It was a strange ball, and a dozen infielders have told me of its terrors."

* * *

Jack Sullivan has signed articles of agreement for a 10-round contest with Sailor Burke at the Marathon A. C. Brooklyn, March 22.

* * *

Comiskey gave his Chicago Americans a fierce talking to on Thursday for playing such a dead game Wednesday against the Oakland Pacific coast leaguers at San Francisco, and promised if they didn't show a big improvement there would be several sent to the second team. The Sox won yesterday against the same team, 9 to 3, the Sox making 17 hits.

* * *

Bouts on Thursday night were:

New York—Frankie Madden of South Brooklyn outpointed Kid Sullivan of Washington in 10 rounds at the Whirlwind, A. C.

Akron, O—Johnny Kilbane of Cleveland put it all over Frank Le Master, the Akron feather-weight, in eight rounds.

Philadelphia Pa.—Danny Dougherty was knocked out in the fourth round by Kid Beebe at the Broadway, A. C.

* * *

George Moriarity, the Detroit third baseman is one of the few major league ball players who never played in a minor league.

* * *

Bill McKinnon and Jimmy Gardner, who engaged in a great boxing match two weeks ago, have agreed on a return match at Boston for Tuesday, April 6. They will box at catchweights.

* * *

George Winter is a versatile fellow. He plays baseball, runs a farm in New Providence, Pa., and is a partner in dry goods business in Burlington, Vt.

The proposed Marathon among the members of the Pawtucket, R. I. police department now seems to be an assured fact, and it is expected that the race will be run on the morning of St. Patrick's day.

* * *

Lajoie is drilling the Cleveland team in bunting, so that every man may be proficient in this style of play. The old champion Baltimores had every one beaten at this game.

WORLD'S PACING KINGS MATCHED

Dan Patch and Minor Heir to Meet on Detroit Track Sept. 9

Detroit, March 12—Dan Patch, 1.55, and Minor Heir, 1.59 1-2, will meet in a race of one mile heats on the big Woodward avenue track September 9, during the state fair. It will be the greatest event of the sort ever arranged, and promises to overshadow the enormous crowd Dan Patch day of last fall.

The world's race record for one mile is 2.00 1-2, held jointly by Star Pointer and Minor Heir. The last-named horse made it last fall at Lexington when he beat The Eel, the wonderful grey horse bred at Deerfield, Mich., and owned in Canada. Dan Patch was taken from regular racing before he showed ability to step that fast in company with his own, but he has been so many miles better than two minutes that it is thought that the pair can shade the two-minute mark on the track like that at the Michigan state fair grounds.

Howe—I'm looking for a cold March.

Wise—Well, why don't you go to Greenland?



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