

# THE FIELD OF SPORT

What is Occurring in the Town and District, and Sporting Circles Generally.

## BASEBALL

### SYLVESTER'S 3, ORIENTALS 2

After all the Orientals are but humes, and as much liable to defeat as the other collections of sports that compose the Town League, they bumped into their Jonah last Tuesday and took their defeat gracefully.

The Sylvester team—so disorganized and listless in the preceding game—were re-animated by the reappearance of Pony Workman. Pony cheered their drooping spirits by getting into the box and playing havoc with the Oddfellows' batting averages. They all went after his high scoots with vigor, much to their discomfort.

In the cool and dusky last innings they commenced their usual heart-breaking garrison finish. The leather was swatted hard, and a couple of errors besides Lochie's silder's two-bagger, which he stretched into three, brought in two runs. Farther than that they could not go in spite of desperate efforts, and they left the field with their second defeat of the season.

The Iron Men started in early and banged Suggit hard in the first innings. The full team had a crack at him, and three runs were scored. This was just enough to take the heart out of the leaders, and the green and reds had the kibosh on them. But that last innings—wasn't that the heart-breaking moment? One hardly dare breathe while the two teams struggled for the laurels so dear to all. That lovely drive of Calder and Anderson's tally raised the hopes of the Oriental following, only to dash them to earth again when "Pete" Bateau came along and easily cut Thompson out of two batters by a neat catch of a high fly. The rest was easy.

### PETERBORO JUNIORS WON

The Maybes of the Lindsay junior league suffered a bad defeat in Peterboro Thursday at the hands of the Lallies, of the Peterboro intermediate league. The game was played on the Oval. A beautiful athletic grounds on the outskirts of the city. The diamond is very grassy, but fairly fast. The score was 15-7. The visitors appeared to have stage fright. The pitcher misdirected the ball on occasions. The Peterboro team was composed of husky youngsters, evidently the pick of the intermediates. They played fair ball and got away to a good start. The Lindsay boys had throughout the game. "Bodey" Starr, for Lindsay, was really the pick of the pitchers, although "Curly" Bellingham pitched a good game.

### A BASE-RUNNING FEAT

Hendon tells of a case of base-running by McGraw and Keeler in the old Oriole days which must have been a wonder. With McGraw on first, Keeler hit a liner to left, which went to the field on the fly. McGraw never stopped at second, keeping right on to third at full tilt. Nor did he stop at third. Bill Joyce was playing that bag, and by the time he had dug the ball out of the dirt and swung around for McGraw, the latter was on his way home. He reached the plate when the ball did, knocked the ball out of McGraw's mitt, and before McGraw could recover it, Keeler, too, was over the plate.

### FROM PETERBORO'S SIDE

Regarding the recent Little-Maybo game in Peterboro the Examiner has the following to say: This home team was strengthened by Bellemore of the Excelsors, and Curtis, Kincaid and Wilson of the Strathcons. They deserved their victory. Starr, who pitched for the Maybes, put up some fast ones and had five strike-outs to his credit, while Bellemore made six errors. The Lindsay catcher played a steady game throughout, but the battery's support on bases was not up to the standard. See, on the initial sock, was one of the best of the visitors.

### BLOOMFIELD BEATEN

Petcon Times: On Thursday last Wellington trimmed Bloomfield on the latter's by the score of 3-2 in a league game. The contest was fast from start to finish, and very exciting all through. The two pitchers were in good form and mixed up their offerings. Quinlan was steadier than Hekey, and had the Indian sign on the Bloomfield batters all the way. He has shown rare form, is very heady and cool in tight places, and from what we have seen in the last two games that he has pitched and won for us, soon should be in the Eastern League.

### FOR THE FANS

The Barrie baseball team have written for a game here.

"Young" Rantam and Anderson and "Booley" Starr compose a clever battery.

Big Cy Young, of the Boston Americans, has won more games than five pitchers of his club.

"Corney" Burns heads the batting list among the Peterboro players. "Corney" hits at a .390 clip.

Harold Anderson, Norman Starr, J. Fee, W. Gray, S. Touchburn, Clement Cunningham, Ed. Hopkins, T. Perry and O. Stewart comprised the baseball team that journeyed to Peterboro Thursday. "Peggy" Murphy and "Happy" Roberts were the mascots, and kept everybody cheery. The latter did several buck and wing

AND THAT'S GOING SOME

Farago, N. D., July 30.—Barney Childfield at the Fargo Inter-State Fair Monday, broke two world's automobile records on a half-mile track, going the first mile of a three-mile race in 1:15.1-2, and the three miles in 2:51. His mile record beat that made by himself at Winnipeg ten days ago, by four and a half seconds, and his three-mile record was 13 seconds faster than that of his Winnipeg record.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Stearns*

# AS TOLD IN THE POETS' CORNER.

DON'T FORGET TO SMILE.

"I'm a preachin' of a doctrin," says old shoemaker said.  
"A doctrine of religion good for livin', not for dead."  
"A doctrine I've lived up to for many years;  
It is smiling, smiling, smiling, with no time for tears.

"Trouble comes to everybody somewhere on the weary way.  
An' it's my experience theu's the time for you to pray;  
When you've done yer job o' prayin', there is nothin' else to say.  
Jest rise up an' smile quite freely, watch yer troubles slip away.

"Oh, it's smiling, smiling, smiling, that will lift the weary load.  
Smooth out all the roughest places, take all pebbles off yer road;  
You kin travel on in comfort, ever' thing will seem worth while,  
If you'll only keep a goin', friend, an' don't forget to smile."

"I've pezzed away at this old berrin' der fifty year, an' more,  
An' I've never yet found out the use o' broodin' troubles o'er;  
All this broodin', broodin', broodin', sours yer soul an' turns things black.  
An' jest as like as not'll settye on the backward track.

"You can't afford to be a cynic, wearin' that Satanist grin,  
Good Saint Peter will disowva you, will not let you enter in;  
There's no room in heav'n for cynics nor for those who scoff an' sneer,  
It's the one who smile like sunshin' that will wear the golden crown.

"Trouble hits my wagon often, but I jest keep goin' on—  
A-smilin', smilin', smilin' an' a singin' of a song;  
An' I know jest where I'm goin', knowed it fer this good long way.  
You kin go there, too, my dear one, if you don't forget to smile."  
—Anonymous.

## FISHING.

Do you know the charm of fishing on the lake,  
With a rod that's like and limber,  
In the shadow of tall timber,  
And the pools of gloom that sitting suns forsake?

Do you know the hush of trolling for the pike,  
Through the waters softly gliding  
And in peace and hope abiding—  
The ting that foregoethers with a strike?

Do you know the fret of feeling for big trout  
In deep caverns dark and hollow,  
Till you feel the sudden fallow  
Of the monster, as he strikes and goes about?

Do you know the pride of landing twenty pounds,  
The moments tense with feeling,  
As you slowly keep on reelin',  
And the mind foretells the story that astounds?

Do you know the wistful waiting for a bite,  
Till the sun grows low and mellow,  
And at last, above the yellow,  
You perceive a limp lantern of the night?

Do you know the spell that fishing really weaves  
In the pause it gives to thinking,  
And the way it takes of linking  
The soul of man to water, clouds and leaves?

Have you heard the shore-born breezes as they break  
Into hings soft and winning,  
Like far distant mandolins,  
Drifting down the rippling reaches of the lake?

Has the thought of crowded cities crossed your mind,  
Where the tired ones are panting,  
While the sunset gleams are slanting  
Down behind you solemn hills so cool and kind?

Then thank God for Izaak Walton and his book—  
For to him first came the vision  
In this vale of infelision,  
How to solve this life's equation with a hook.  
—Alfred L. Donaldson, in The Outlook.

### \$100 REWARD, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dread disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

## IT WAS A MISTAKE.

Town Bell Rang at 11 O'clock Friday Instead of 12.—The Reason.  
Evening Post, of Aug. 9.  
Clang! Clang! Clang! tolled out the market bell this morning about 11 o'clock, and at once everyone within hearing distance, thinking it was a fire alarm, gathered to see the blaze. The firemen, coats off and arms bare, as they left work hurriedly, came up on the run to catch the fire wagon. At the hall, however, everything was peace and quietness, and no signs of an alarm were evident.  
The explanation of the occurrence is that Caretaker Wilson's chronometer took a crazy fit—heat, probably—and was fully an hour fast. Glancing at the incorrect timepiece which told him it was twelve o'clock, he hurried to ring the bell, with the above results. A jeweller is now diagnosing the trouble.

# BOARD OF HEALTH TALKED BUSINESS.

Cost of Smallpox Outbreak—M.H.O. Thinks Town Should Foot All Bills—Sanitary Inspector Douglas Taken to Task—Rumors of Kent-St. Plumbing Belig Defective—Other Matters.

Evening Post of Aug. 7.  
The report of smallpox and the subsequent long list of expenses, was the important feature of the Board of Health meeting last evening in the Council chamber. The communication from the town Council, complaining of Sanitary Inspector Douglas' unsatisfactory work, and the analytical reports of samples of a couple of town wells, also received the Board's attention.

There were present Mr. A. Horn, chairman, Mayor Vrooman, and Messrs. J. Keith and Gop. Mills—barely a quorum. Health Officer Dr. McAlpine and Sanitary Inspector Douglas were also present. The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.

### COUNCIL COMPLAINS.

Clerk Knowlson read a communication from the town Council, complaining of the condition of the lanes and yards behind Kent-st. stores. Mayor Vrooman explained the Council's attitude, and the probability of fire from such a source.

Sanitary Inspector Douglas said that paper and inflammable material did not come under his jurisdiction. The Fire Warden has to deal with such accumulations.  
"At the same time," said the Mayor, "many yards were in an unsanitary condition in the spring."  
"Were all the wells cleaned out before July 1st, as the by-law provides?" broke in Mr. Keith.

Mr. Douglas said he had put out notices twice, and was now going to prosecute those who had failed to comply with the regulations.  
Mr. Mills advanced the theory that scavengers should make regular calls and garbage barrels be located at certain points.

### WILL INSPECT PLUMBING.

"Do you inspect the plumbing, Mr. Douglas?" inquired Mayor Vrooman. Mr. Douglas said all plumbing was inspected when it was being put in, but not after.

The Mayor said he had heard rumors of Kent-st. closets being in a disgraceful condition. He then moved, seconded by Mr. Keith, that the Sanitary Inspector be instructed to visit all stores and places of business where employees worked, and inspect the closets.—Carried.

### A CURIOUS CASE.

The case of Mrs. Jackson, the east ward woman who had been keeping a dead cow in her cellar, was next brought up. She had not been sent to the House of Refuge as ordered by the Board.  
"The most curious case I ever met," said Dr. Vrooman, "she actually thrives on dirt." The Mayor went on to explain that the old woman had been sent to the Ross Hospital, but the change in the conditions of life, and the pure air and food nearly proved fatal to her. She was taken back home and is now thriving in health and perfectly happy. She will be left alone in future.

A communication from Inspector Douglas, relative to paying of Miss Davey, one of the smallpox patients, \$5 for reimbursement for quilts, pillows, etc., used, aroused considerable discussion as to whether the town should pay for such things or not. Mayor Vrooman said the town was not forced to pay for

any expenses incurred in this way. Only charity cases should be financially assisted. The town had been "robbed" in times past on this plea, merely because cases had been isolated. It seems truly absurd, added the Mayor, that we should have to pay everything, even to the doctor's bills.

Dr. McAlpine favored the payment of all expenses in such cases by the town. It was for the town's benefit, he said, and we should go farther and pay the patients' salaries. A motion was put to pay the account, but no recorder could be got, so the matter will stand.

### CHEMICAL POLLUTION.

Samples of water from wells belonging to Mr. Gungie and Mr. Westcott had been sent to the Provincial Board of Health analysts, Toronto. Their report was far from satisfactory. The analyst says in his report that both samples show considerable chemical pollution. They are infected with bacteria of intestinal origin, and the water should be previously boiled before using. These wells had been cleaned out since the samples were submitted, and later samples had been sent in.

Moved by Mayor Vrooman, seconded by Mr. Keith, that in the event of the water again proving unsanitary, that the wells be closed.—Carried.

### INSPECTOR DOUGLAS' REPORT.

The report of Sanitary Inspector Douglas was then read. One case of diphtheria and three of smallpox had taken place within the last two months. All the patients were better now, and the isolation tents had been pulled down and fumigated. The notices for the cleaning out of wells had been put up. A ditch at the corner of Williams and Pottinger-st. was in bad condition and should be repaired. In the south ward a ditch along Durham and Albert-sts. was in an unsanitary condition. This has since been remedied. The house of one Piero, on Wellington-st., behind Skitch's wagon works had been examined and found to be uninhabitable.

The report was taken up clause by clause.  
Moved by Mr. Keith, seconded by Mr. Mills, that the attention of the Council be drawn to the condition of the ditch at the corner of Williams and Pottinger-sts.—Carried.

The condition of the man Piero's residence was said to be disgraceful. It was unsanitary and attended other credit for human residence. Moved by Mayor Vrooman, seconded by Mr. Keith, that this Board condemn the house for habitation.—Carried.

### A BATCH OF ACCOUNTS.

A big batch of accounts were then read, principally connected with the recent smallpox case. An account from H. Pugh, one of the patients, for coat, vest and other clothes, \$10.85, was not entertained; J. Kerr, carting ..... \$ 2.75  
McGahy, carting ..... 1.25  
H. McDonald, carting ..... 5.8  
J. G. Edwards, wire ..... 2.88  
Victoria Meat Market ..... 2.98  
W. G. Coppert, rent for tent ..... 9.00  
J. McCarty, carting ..... 3.36  
W. R. Key, carting ..... 4.25  
B. Gunkle, buggy ..... 1.09  
W. E. Stewart, milk ..... 3.10  
W. J. Tompkins, work done ..... 3.25  
Mrs. W. J. Tompkins, milk ..... 3.58  
Dr. W. C. Jeffers ..... 47.50  
Geo. Foster ..... 99.00  
A. Hinzenthorn ..... 37.00  
McLennan & Co. ..... 37.00  
F. Armstrong ..... 4.25  
J. Carew ..... 15.05  
W. M. Robson ..... 36.12

These accounts, with a few exceptions which were not certified, were passed. Chairman Horn was then, on motion, reimbursed for \$3 difference in the purchasing of tents. (The Board then adjourned.)

# Summer is on the Wane

And we place on sale the remainder of our stock of unsold Cotton Suits, Shirt Waists in Lawn, Muslins and Cottons. We'll sell Shirt Waists from 25c upwards. We are not going to carry over any of these goods to next season; so whoever comes along first is going to get the chance of a lifetime in the bargain line.

Every article of summer wear is to have a great come-down. This will include many fine remnants of every kind of Dress Goods, etc. Ladies, we know the heated season has an enervating influence on every one, but while averse to active exercise, we must not forget that the school season is swiftly coming 'round, and there will be a thousand and one things to be made or bought for September.

Come now while business is not so strenuous as later on. You'll be surprised how much you'll save in that way.

The next few days for cash reductions. Next month for regular prices and regular profits. You know "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good," and it may be to you the good will come.

## O'Loughlin & McIntyre's.

CASH AND ONE PRICE.

## Our Home-Made Yarns Stump the World.

There are none better, few as good. Why not ask your dealer for Horn's yarn? It costs no more than inferior makes.

We have some working men's two-ply Socks, a stitch dropped or some slight imperfection in knitting, selling at 20c per pair.

Light weight Blankets in soft grey wool, will wash and wear well. Retail at \$2.50.

# THE HORN BROS. WOOLLEN CO., LIMITED

### NEW DOCKS ON TRENT CANAL

Improvements of Benefit to the City—Traffic is Increasing.

Peterboro Review: The dredge Emmerston has completed, or nearly so, the work at Gore's Landing. Both outside and inside the dock, the channel has been dredged to a depth of nine feet, making this one of the best docks on the Trent Canal. Boats can go in behind the dock and load with grain and hogs, no matter how severe a storm may be raging, and there is a great quantity of grain and large numbers of hogs shipped from Northumberland county to Peterboro. The dredge will next come up the river to Smithson dock and dredge a small harbor, making it better for the boats to land. The material taken out will be thrown on the bank for the purpose of widening the approach to the dock, so that farmers can bring down their grain without any trouble. As soon as this work is done the dredge will return to Dandfield, where it has been cutting a new channel for the purpose of straightening out the river and making navigation easier and safer.

The new dock at Hall's Landing, and the end of the Bensford road, will be finished early next week. It is fifty feet long and the Farmers of South Monaghan will soon be using it for shipping grain and hogs to the city market. The new dock at Hale's bridge, started last week, will be ready for use early next week.

The new dock at Indian Village on Chemong lake has been finished. All these new docks are of benefit to the city of Peterboro. The better the shipping facilities are on the Trent Canal the more produce will be sent here instead of being sold to outside buyers and shipped to other centers. Every year the Trent Canal is of greater benefit to this city and the amount of traffic upon it is rapidly increasing. This fall promises to be a record breaker.

The Post has no desire to be importunate, but we would suggest that a new wharf at Sturgeon Point, at which steamers could land in all weathers without danger, would be greatly appreciated. Then, to revert to an old grievance, we would like to see some effort made to remove the sunken logs from the river channel, and we may be permitted to suggest that if we might have the use of the

### TO CRUISE THE KAWARTHAS.

Party of Buffalo and New York Continentals Left Monday.

Evening Post of Aug. 12  
Mr. Fred Robson, of Toronto, son of Mr. Wm. Robson, town, spent yesterday under the parental roof, departing with him Mr. Ralph W. Ashcroft, of New York, a well known lecturer, and a bosom friend of Mark Twain, the great humorist.

The letter was invited by a party of Buffalo literary gentlemen to join them in a two weeks' tour of the Kawartha Lakes on a houseboat, not important business engagements interfering, he asked and received permission to send Mr. Ashcroft as his deputy. The other members of the party arrived in town this morning, and a couple of hours later all went on board a Stony Lake houseboat, rented from Mr. R. B. Rogers, former superintendent of the Trent Canal and left for Cobocook in tow of a yacht.

### Crans as Well as Lift Locks Needed

Weekly Sun, Toronto: Almost coincident with the report of the opening of the Trent Valley canal to Lake Simcoe, there comes the statement that a portion of the water-way, long since opened, is no longer safe for navigation even by the smallest boats. Not only has there been filling in by sand, but sunken logs from which the knots have not been removed are threatening danger to the hulls of the ships that pass either by day or by night.

The recently opened Kirkfield lift lock is all very well in its way, but what appears to be called for is a succession of crans, placed at convenient points, to lift canal steamers over the obstructions that have been created—that is, at least, when the dew fall is not heavy enough to raise the canal level to high water mark.

**CASTORIA.**  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Stearns*

## The Old Log Cabin.

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."  
Forget not the days when our fathers were ruder  
Their throats of axes, through woods rich and rare;  
Remember the cabins where others were singing,  
With hope in their hearts and their hands full of care.  
Like incense the voices of sons and daughters  
Arise with the smoke from the clearing to Him,  
Whose Garden of Maples, bore the sweet waters,  
He gave us, and blessed our path up to the brim.  
The dearest of homes was a cot in the wild wood;  
No palace nor castle in Eland nor France  
Could ever compare with the glens of childhood—  
Now its shadow recedes like an exquisite trance.  
At "barn" or at "corners," hey met their good neighbors;  
They talked of old lands 'n' a trembling voice;  
And they gallantly shured w' their oxen the labors,  
Of heaving out homes in th'land of their choice.  
A shot from the door, bred a buck to the table,  
A spear thrust in water 'trod 'tunge' to the fire;  
Wild pigeons in millions o'ced' were no fable,  
And Nimrod found here at their hearts could desire.  
Say, Memory, where are th'Johnny-oakes' tribes?  
Give back the molasses o-naples distilled;  
With panache of buckwheat and such divine dishes,  
(That kings, to obtain them, houses would build)  
What tongue has the power t'el of their sorrows?  
What pen has recorded their joys gone before?  
Their bitter to-days, and the coking to-morrows?  
And joys in that sacred heritage of yore?  
The noble old stock in their graves now lie thicker,  
And children forget where their grandfathers die;  
The forest and cabins fade farther and quicker—  
Oh, let not their virtues in us ever die.  
Young Canada sports his white ewes and high collars,  
But gleans other spoils at his father's hat worn,  
Remember, you boys, set with diamonds and dollars,  
(That in the dear old log cabins our nation was born.  
O, forest-bred children, wild Nature's possessors  
Gave you the hard bone, and the brown, and the brain.  
Her sanctarium's most secret recesses  
Were found to Log Temple by God's golden chain.  
—William H. Taylor.

### A Gentle Remark.

The office boy had pied the first flight of stairs. "I wish," murmured the gentle editor, "that you had broken en the news more gently."