

Sporting News

BRITISH SPORT HAS GIVEN GREATLY TO THE CAUSE

Despatches from London, Eng., indicate how greatly British sport is represented in the latest list issued with the casualties on the Somme, champions of hockey, boxing, swimming, rowing and football having been killed or wounded in action. Wilfrid G. Vint, killed, was a famous coxswain and created a record at Shrewsbury by steering the eight to victory against Bedford Grammar School five years running, 1900 to 1904, also coxed the winning boat in the university trial eights in 1905, and his college crew in the summer eights in 1907. Lieut. Lionel E. King-Stephens, killed, was the well-known hockey player of the Teddington Club, for whom he acted as secretary for several years. He also played many times in the representative games for the South against the North of England. Swimming lost a splendid champion in Edward (Ted) Wickham, who has also made the big sacrifice. Wickham scored many of his successes in Australia, notably the Australian 100 yards championship, in 59 seconds, at Melbourne, in February, 1913, when A. W. Barry was second and W. Longworth third. In the New South Wales championship, held the month before, he was beaten by Longworth in the 100 yards in 57 4-5 seconds, but won the 220 yards breast stroke in 3 minutes 19 and 1-5 seconds. The death is also reported of Sergt. F. Glennon, the famous middleweight boxer, of the Royal Irish Constabulary, and the Irish navy and army champion. Sergt. Nolan Evans, the well-known Clapton Orient soccer player, has been badly wounded, and is at present in hospital at Blackburn. Two operations have been performed upon his knee, but it is feared his football days are over. Sergt. Baker of the Plymouth Argyle Club, and Oscar Hinkson of Manchester United, both of the footballers' battalion, have fallen in action.

The 228th senior hockey team that started the season looking like a sure and easy winner, has lately fallen down to near the bottom of the N.H.A.

The 228th Juniors have played so many winning games that it might be well for the 228th Seniors to get a few pointers from them on how to keep on winning hockey games.

NOTED HOCKEY PLAYER HOME AFTER EVENTFUL SOLDIERING LIFE

Horace Gaul, of the Winnipeg "Little Black Devils," Invalided Home.

Horace Gaul, a well-known Ottawa athlete, who joined the "Little Black Devils," a Winnipeg regiment now famous for its exploits in this war, has been invalided home to Canada after spending two strenuous years overseas. His career in this war shows that a career in athletic sports does not interfere with the right spirit in a man, but rather adds power to will. Horace Gaul went overseas a few months after the outbreak of the war. He was with the first Canadian troops who crossed the English Channel and entered the trenches in Flanders and in France. He took part in several of the big battles, being seriously wounded by shrapnel fire. A piece of a shell entered his right jaw and for many weeks Gaul lay between life and death. Several operations had to be performed and he was finally pulled through. For the past year Gaul has been attached to the staff of the Canadian Pay and Record Office, London. He arrived at Quebec two weeks ago, and has been there awaiting his discharge.

According to Ottawa despatches he appears in fair shape, though his jaw is still swollen as a result of his wounds and the operations. He carries a cane and is still in khaki. Gaul will be under treatment at Ottawa for some time. He was anxious to get back to the front, but physicians would not entertain his suggestions. His battalion suffered heavily on the western front, many having been left behind. However, the "Little Black Devils" acquitted themselves with glory.

Gaul was a member of the Capital Lacrosse team, which won the Minto Cup and the world's championship in 1906, touring England with the Senators the following year. He was one of the greatest stick-handlers in lacrosse. Gaul also played hockey in the N. H. A. with the Ottawas, Temusels, Haileybury and the Ontarios.

Disgusted with the treatment given some of the players, a number of professional hockeyists are talking of forming a professional Hockey Players' Association on the lines of the Baseball Players' Fraternity, which after at present is worrying the ball magnates by the threats of an organized strike.

After Every Meal

WRIGLEYS

The Flavor Lasts

GOLD BOUND A STORY OF ALASKAN GOLD COUNTRY

(Continued from last week)

off the attempt on Ned Forster's life. Out of regard for the crowd which had gathered, the commissioner moved for the occasion into the district court-room, the seating capacity of which was taxed.

That, after so long a delay, the preliminary examination of the man who was considered the principal member of the conspiracy should have been called the day before Christmas presaged some new development of importance. About town the district attorney had hinted at such a state of facts, only to grow mysterious when pressed for details. The oratorical effort of his opening address showed the motive of this. The district attorney liked a full audience.

"As you know, Mr. Commissioner," he began, after Duane had been brought in, "I have delayed the arraignment of this prisoner, not from any lack of evidence, but because of the continued incapacity of the witness, Forster, whose life was attempted in as dastardly a fashion as soils the crime pages of this rich land of stout hearts and strong hearts. Mr. Forster is not yet able to leave the hospital, and, owing to the injury to the muscles of his eyes, could not identify his would-be assassin if he did come."

Duane's face showed vital disappointment. He had been so sure that the call to court signalled Forster's recovery. He held the strong hope that the old miner would fail to identify him.

"Two reasons move me to a formal arraignment at this time," continued the prosecutor. "One is that the delay seems to give color in the mind of the public to the prisoner's flimsy protestations of innocence. And not alone in the public mind, but in the mind of his jailers. Only yesterday he was permitted by a misguided deputy, whose sympathy he has gained, to traipse the streets on a Christmas shopping expedition."

"They let him out of prison unguarded!" demanded the commissioner, drawing down his beetling brows.

"Oh, the deputy was with him, I'm told, but, none the less, the impression upon the public was bad. My other reason for acting at this time—"

He paused while the crowd of curious leaned forward, nearly as interested as was Duane. "My other reason will develop in the course of this examination."

Hector Young was the first witness called. He told of finding the letter signed by Keating and Jensen. The prosecutor halted him while he read the missive, ostensibly to the commissioner, but really for the benefit of the crowd.

Young was then permitted to recite in detail all that followed up to the time of his return with the prisoners. With his statement, Duane could find no dissatisfaction. It included the accused's statement that he had taken the letter to Yukona Grey at the Widow McKinney's; that he and the girl had set out together to warn Forster; and that she had returned to seek the letter lost on the trail. Young also dwelt on the fact that no recognition had passed between the three when they were first brought together at Circle Ford. Masters followed him to the stand, and showed the same friendly spirit toward Duane, though he did not let this cause him to forget any of the points against him.

Sam Timmons, of the Gold Digger Hotel, was the third witness, and a more than willing one. The prosecutor failed utterly to hold him to matters of importance, the inkeeper's one idea seeming to be to impress the crowd with his own prowess as a posse member. Finding that the crowd had too keen a relish for this unexpected comedy element, the jealous official quickly shooed him from the stand.

"The testimony shows that this Duane offered but one germ of defence

in all his talk with his captors," the district attorney went on. "I refer to his wild story about going to Yukona Grey with the letter, and setting out over the trail with her. With one witness, whose sterling honesty no man in all Alaska may question, I will lay this germ forever to rest. Call Mrs. McKinney to the stand."

The widow had dressed for the occasion in her finest silk and richest furs. One glance at her would have convinced the most hardened scoufer that keeping boarding house pays—in Alaska.

"Mrs. McKinney, did you ever before see this defendant?" "I most certainly did, and I suspected him at once." The widow's severe gaze was upon Duane, and her voice gave assurance that those in the far corner of the room would not have to lean forward to hear her.

"Will you state the occasion—the time, place, object?"

"He came to my home two nights before the last boat went out. Said he had word from Mr. Forster for Miss Grey, and asked to see her."

"As I say, I suspected him from the first, but I put it up to Yukona. She's free, white, and twenty-one. She saw and talked with him."

"After he had gone, did Miss Grey say anything to you about a letter threatening Forster?"

"Not a word about a letter. She said it was just a social call, and calls meant nothing to her; she had too many of them freestone companions always hanging around."

"Did Miss Grey to your knowledge ever set out on a trail trip with Duane?"

"With him?" The widow threw up her hands to indicate her horror. "To my knowledge she certainly did not. Yukona Grey didn't go traipsing around the tundra with folks she didn't know. I won't have you insinuating—"

"Nothing could be farther from my purpose, Mrs. McKinney," soothed the prosecutor. "All Nome is proud of Miss Grey, and jealous of her reputation. Just one more question: Where is Miss Grey at the present time?"

"She is with her grandmother back East, where she ought to be, with her wealth and looks. She caught the last boat by the skin of her teeth, but that's no matter so long as she caught it."

Duane watched her leave the stand, his face bewildered. So that was what had become of his golden girl! He could not believe it. Still, if it was true, and no one else seemed to doubt it, he didn't care whether they held him for trial or not.

"One other matter before I get to my second reason for the present action," said the attorney, who knew the value of suspended interest in a play that was for one performance only. "Duane mentioned the Eskimo, Eap-Nuk. In the past he has been employed by Miss Grey and her father, but not this season. I have made inquiry among his relatives over on the Snake, and he departed for the Kotzebue country some time before this crime was attempted."

"And now—we will call—"

His pauses for effect were tantalizing. "Let me see." He examined the papers on the table in front of him. "We will call James Keating!"

The district attorney had won his point in so far as springing a genuine surprise was concerned. Even Duane started at the name, though the next moment he chided himself for not having been warned what to expect by the swarthy miner's behavior of the previous day. It was clear now that Keating had confessed in the hope of making lighter his own punishment. Anything might be expected from the man, but at the moment Duane did not much care what came out.

Keating came in almost furtively, eyes sweeping the crowd as though

(Continued in next issue.)

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