

The Final Phonograph

With the Ultona Sound Box Plays Any Record Made Better.

At the Toronto Exhibition crowds stood around the exhibit of Brunswick Phonographs and were absolutely astonished at the clearness and naturalness of the Brunswick with the Ultona Sound Box, playing Brunswick, Edison, Pathe, Victor and Columbia records with changing to any different parts or pieces. This makes

THE LAST WORD

In phonographs as you have all the records of all manufacturers at your disposal to pick and choose, and your Brunswick will play them better than the machine they were originally made for.

Why?

Because it is made by the old wood working institutions in this country who have been making cabinets for leading phonograph makers for years. They pick out the best ideas from all these different machines and place them in one.

FINAL PHONOGRAPH

For you. Is this not what you want. Come into our store and see and hear this wonderful machine.

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SPORTING GOODS CO. Kingston
Phone 529

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5c Poet Cigar 5c

Look for Silk Thread on Tip of Each Cigar.
S. OBERNDORFFER, Maker, Kingston.

MONUMENTS!

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The McCallum Granite Company, Ltd.
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How War Affects Athletics.
How seriously the war has cut its way into the athletic activities is well illustrated by the fact that, of the football eleven which represented the University of Illinois last fall, only one veteran remains to begin the 1918 campaign. The sole survivor of the 1917 eleven is Ingwersen, who played centre. He is still under 21 and will probably not be called in the draft until after the football season. All the other players are in the service. Forty wounded Yankee soldiers, who returned from France on Monday, saw the fifth game of the World's Series at Boston.

In the World of Sport

BALL PLAYING IN FRANCE

A GAME RECENTLY STAGED UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The Soldiers Behind the Line Had No Equipment, But Made It—It Was "Some Ball."

The greatest game of ball ever played in the world recently was "pulled off" at one of the American base ports in France. So far as the degree of mechanical perfection exhibited by the participants was concerned it probably was one of the worst games. The fans whose appetite is whetted to a feather edge by world's series combats might have found it more amusing than impressive, but nevertheless it was a great contest. Also it pointed the fact that when an American soldier wants to play baseball he is going to play it, in spite of Hades and high water.

Sixty thousand men were in this port the day the game was played, an unusual number and one that completely swamped the existing athletic facilities. The Y. M. C. A. which furnishes most of the baseball paraphernalia in France, dug up every last bat, ball and glove that could be found, including some gloves that even Donie would have scorned, and Donie, you know, uses a glove until there is nothing left but the strap, and then rescues another that somebody else is about to throw on the ash heap.

The soldiers weren't even half satisfied after the red Triangle huts had been stripped of everything that could be used in a ball game. Those that hadn't been lucky enough to get in on the distribution decided that the small matter of having no equipment wasn't going to stop them. If nobody would lend them any—there was none to be bought—they would make some. They did.

It Was "Some Ball."
The ball was a fearful and wonderful thing, absolutely guiltless of any infringement of the Spalding and Reach patents. A round stone, picked up on the beach, formed its core. Around this unyielding missile were wrapped some rags, and over this tire tape. Surrounding all this was a piece of canvas, roughly stitched. It was the hardest and the "deadest" ball ever used in competition. A giant could not have hit over 100 feet with a telegraph pole, and it took a good lick to

drive it even as far as the pitcher. Still it was a ball.

The heroes who volunteered to act as catchers in this strange contest refused to face the camouflaged boulder without some protection, and they made themselves a glove. The strange contrivance had no fingers but was held in place by binding it on the hands with twine. Nobody but the catcher boasted a glove. The infielders and outfielders used their bare hands, and the first baseman, who had to handle swift throws without protection, will never be the same again. Their "dukes" now resemble Chicago hams.

For bats these ingenious soldiers cut down some saplings and sawed them into the desired lengths, shaping the handles with jackknives. Every time the ball was hit with one of these green sticks the wood flew in showers all over the infield and the sap deluged the fielders.

Not So Fastidious.

There was one ex-leaguer in this queer game, a fellow that used to be fastidious about his bats. He had to have them made to order to his own particular model from the best seasoned wood. Every time he got into a hitting slump he would write a letter to the bat factory and complain about the inferior materials and design of the sticks being furnished him. His admirers in the bleachers would have had some trouble in recognizing him as the young man that picked up the first sapling that came handy, and threw out his chest when he succeeded in hitting the ball all the way to the shortstop.

For all the handicaps in the way of material it was an exciting battle and the men seemed to have just as much fun playing it as though they had been provided with the best possible implements. They yelled, roared the umpire and argued among themselves, just as they used to do at home when things were more convenient. And after it was all over the losers asserted that the winners were "lucky stiff."

The Y.M.C.A. is doing its best to make it unnecessary for American soldiers to demonstrate that one can play baseball with nothing but enthusiasm as a starter, but the army as a whole is growing so fast that in France is growing so fast that sometimes the facilities at the Red Triangle's disposal are overtaxed. Some time ago arrangements were made with a French factory to turn out bats of a very satisfactory quality for the Y, and recently good gloves have been made in another place here. So far the efforts of

mitt have not been a glittering success, but they are persistent, these the French to imitate the catcher's Frenchmen, and some day they hope to make gloves that Ray Chaik would be proud to call his own.

TY COBB RETIRES

From the Baseball Game—Greatest Player Game Produced.

Ty Cobb has said good-by. The famous Georgian has played his last game. He has announced his retirement with the close of the baseball season, and has been commissioned as a captain in the Chemical Warfare Service of the United States army.

Cobb is unquestionably the greatest ball player that ever trod the diamond. Even the most prejudiced old timer will admit that much. The fiery Tiger retires with the championship. After fourteen seasons Ty still leads. His last batting figures showed that he was still hitting as of yore with a mark around .380.

Ty excelled in every branch of the game and leaves records that will probably never be broken. His great diamond deeds have long since become a matter of course, and he has basked so long in the bright rays of publicity that it seems impossible to add anything yet unsaid of this wonderful player.

Here are a few of the performances of the dashing Detroit:

He led the American League in batting on eleven different occasions, nine seasons in succession. He hit over .400 twice—in 1911 he batted .420 and made 248 hits, scored 147 runs, and stole 83 bases. Ty cracked out over 200 hits in seven different seasons. He has scored over 100 runs in seven different seasons. Cobb led the league in singles five times; two-baggers four times; three-baggers, four times; home runs, once; stolen bases, six times.

Here is Cobb's complete batting record for his entire career of fourteen years:

Grand	
G. A. B. R. H. S. B. Av.	
1,797 770 1,315 2,508 726 .372	

A RED CROSS DRIVE.

Canadian Golfers Plan This For Thanksgiving Day.

Monday, Oct. 14th, has been set apart by the Dominion Government as a general day of thanksgiving, and the directors of the Royal Canadian Golf Association think that this affords a most opportune and appropriate occasion for the golfers of Canada to show their thanks for a bountiful harvest and material blessings without number and for the greatly improved war conditions generally by observing this national Thanksgiving holiday on the links by a great "drive" in aid of the Red Cross.

They have therefore decided to ask every golf club in Canada affiliated with the R.C.G.A. to devote Monday, October 14th to patriotic events.

Hoppe's Cue Held Essential.
The appeal of William Hoppe, balk-line billiard champion, against being placed in Class 1A of the draft under the "work or fight" rule, was upheld by the District Board of New York. Hoppe will soon start on an exhibition tour for the benefit of the Red Cross.

"Duke" Kahanamoku has been placed in class one by his draft board. "Duke" will probably be used as a sub-chaser, and thus "another ship is added to the U. S. fleet."

PROMINENT IN THE WORLD SERIES



Right Fielder Hooper of Red Sox.

A GOOD RED Rental BATTERY

When your battery needs repairs, bring it around to us. We'll install a good red rental battery that will spin your motor with a wallop every time you put your foot on the starting pedal.

Good Red Rental Batteries are not for sale. We rent them to you while we are repairing your old battery. They are not re-built, resurrected junk, but brand, new, husky Philadelphia Diamond Grid Batteries. You can depend upon them. They are not the sort to leave you stalled on a railroad crossing. When you need a new battery, remember we have a

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When You Can Get

MILO 3 for 25c

Stand by Your Local Manufacturer.

SUN BRIAR'S NEW RECORD.

Lowered the Mark for a Mile Made by Roamer.

At Saratoga Springs, N.Y., Sun Briar, from the stable of Willis Sharpe Kilmer, of Binghamton, raced against time on Wednesday, mak-

ing the mile in 1.54 and slipping two-fifths of a second off the track record. The time was only four-fifths of a second slower than the world's record made by Caiman in England in 1900. The race was sanctioned by the Jockey Club and timed by that body.

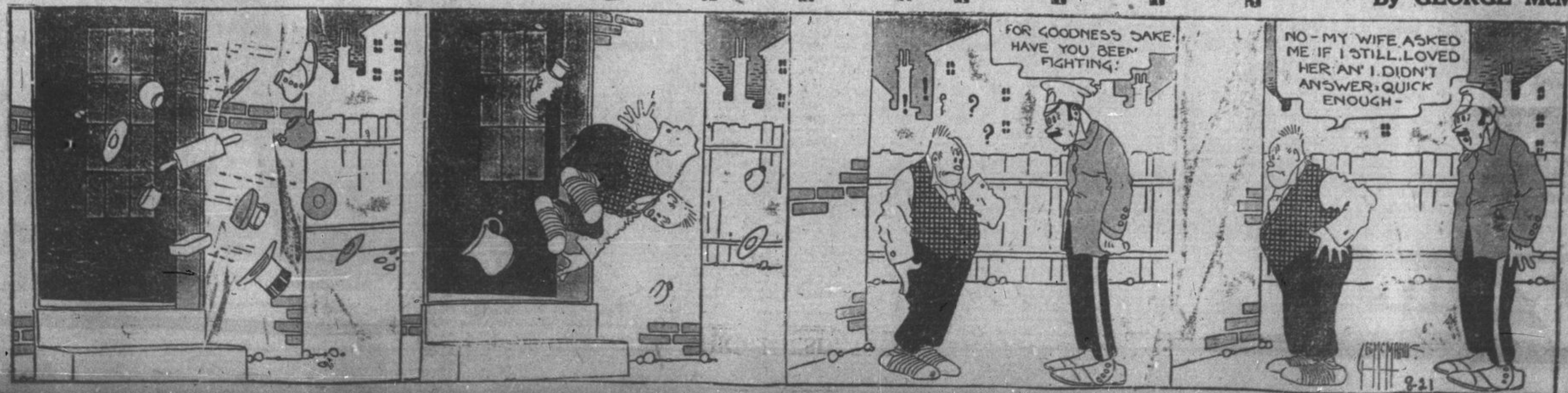
WILSON'S "The National Smoke"

BACHELOR

The fragrant aroma of clear Havana leaf—the uniform quality that comes of careful selection—therein lies the superiority of the Bachelor cigar. 3 for 25¢

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By GEORGE McMANUS.