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ALTROCK'S ANTICS AMUSE WHOLE LEAGUE

Washington Club's Comedian Provides Laughs for Fans Over American Circuit.

Nick Altrock never appeared to better advantage on the coaching lines than during the late Washington series here, says John C. Manning in the Detroit News. Especially refreshing were his drolleries when the big lead of the Tigers made scientific coaching unnecessary. Nick seemed irrefragable. His grotesque antics had the crowd rolling in mirth through every inning. On the face of things it appeared the gnarled veteran must never have a thought aside from his inimitable buffoonery.

But despite these appearances, Nick takes baseball most seriously. In fact, of the ball field it is very difficult to induce him to discuss any save the technical phases of the game. He is particularly loath to talk about the clowning. And he insists he is a comedian merely through accident.

His debut as a professional fun-maker resulted from a monstrous bluff, he explained before leaving Detroit.

Starts In 1912.
"I never went in much for this balmy stuff when I was pitching regularly," said Nick. "In Chicago I had a gang of about 2,000 boys from the stock yards who used to sit behind third base and do whatever I told them to. I had a lot of fun with those lads, but that was purely incidental to my serious work in the box. I started this other line of work after I had gone to the Washington club in 1912, for the second time.

"I joined the club in Cleveland, and the day I reported Veon Gregg for the Indians was making our team look like babies. Through five innings he had held them to one hit, and Cleveland was out ahead with three runs. Clark Griffith was sitting beside me on our bench. He said 'I don't know why I hired you, you big Jinx.'"

"I didn't have any comeback, but just as a stall, I boasted I could step out and break up the ball game. He took me up and ordered me to the coaching lines.

Makes A League Laugh.
"I started for third base without a thought in my head. I felt I had made an ass of myself. And then suddenly I remembered a moving picture I had seen a couple of nights previously in which Johnny Kilbane, the boxer, was showing doing some clever shadow boxing. I decided to burlesque this boxing exhibition. And I went out there on third base and did so in the most ridiculous manner possible.

"The fans ate it up and so did the Cleveland players. Veon Gregg was so interested that he unconsciously

ceased up and we grabbed four runs. And between innings Veon came to me with tears in his eyes and begged me to repeat the burlesque. He said it was worth four runs any time. After that I drifted into the comedy stuff until it became a regular part of my work."

TY COBB CLINCHES THE BATTING CROWN

Detroit Player Leads League With Average of .381—Rousch Tops National.

Ty Cobb, whose appearance at the plate is about as welcome to opposing pitchers as the league of nations is to the Senate foreign relations committee, has practically clinched the batting crown of the American League again this year.

Gaining ten points last week, Cobb is rated at .381, according to the latest averages, and stands some thirty points ahead of Joe Jackson, his rival slugger, the hope of the White Sox fans. With only two weeks to go, Cobb should have no trouble in holding his lead. Babe Ruth, with ninety-five, leads in runs, twenty-six of which were home runs.

Rousch, of the Reds, maintains his lead in the National, but he has not as yet clinched his honors. He is hitting .319 and is being pressed for the hitting honors by Groh, a fellow player, and Hornsby, of the Cardinals.

Eddie Cicotte, of the White Sox and Slim Sallee, of the Reds, the two pitchers who are likely to clash in the opening game of the world's series, are leading pitchers to date.

SOME DISGRUNTLED FANS.

Cincinnati Baseball Club Accused of Profiteering.
The prosecuting attorney of Cincinnati has been asked by fans to proceed against the owners of the Reds for alleged profiteering in arranging for reserved seats at the world's series games in that city. One of the protesting fans has written this letter to the authorities:

"It is evident that profiteering is now going on in the advance sale of tickets. The prices are 400 per cent higher than those charged for the regular games.

"The idea in the plan of drawing lots ought to be the subject of a grand jury investigation. I regard it as a prohibitive scheme for the man of ordinary means. The fans are being 'gouged' by profiteers of the Cincinnati Club.

"This matter has not been handled by the National Commission, but by the Cincinnati Club."

WHITE SOX KEEP UP PACE.
With the Reds and the White Sox close to "sure things" as the season's pennants winners, dopsters are watching the work of the two teams in the final stretch to get a line on the world's prospects.

If the work of the two leaders the past week is to be taken as an indication of the cash of the doubtful ones will lean toward the White Sox.

Maybe Moran is easing up his boys in the stretch, perhaps the absence of Heinie Groh has upset the club. But the Reds slumped badly last week. Their batting was "way off form with the poorest stick work of the league. Out of the seven games they won only four.

On the other hand, Gleason kept up his whirlwind pace. In six games the White Sox won five. The club week and was brilliant. In the field, only one error. Their work for the week was not only the best in the American League, but outshone anything in the older organization.

Fame of the Racehorses,

Like That of Mankind, Often Ends in Tragedy

THE news that Wool-Winder, who won the St. Leger a dozen years ago, is to-day pulling a barge on a Bordeaux canal, recalls the fate of many another famous racehorse whose career has ended in tragedy or eclipse, says Answer.

St. Claude, winner of the Grand Steeplechase at Auteuil in 1890, ended his days at the Pasterie stables, where he was used for the production of serum; and George Frederick, after winning the Derby, proved a hopeless failure at the stud, lost his sight, and spent his closing years on a Canadian farm.

Silvio, winner of the "Blue Ribband" in 1877, had the misfortune to break a leg in his sixteenth year, and a merciful bullet put him out of his misery; and Klarikoff, for whom Lord Vincent paid \$5,000, in the conviction that he would win the Derby, was returning to his training quarters at Malton when a spark from the engine set fire to his box, and he was burned to death.

Blue Gown, hero of the 1868 Derby, after changing hands for \$5,000, was sold for \$4,000 to an American owner, and was started on his voyage across the Atlantic. But he never reached the other side, for he died in mid-ocean—a fate which also overtook Kingcraft, winner of the Derby two years later.

Fitzroy, for a half-share in whom Sir Frederick Johnstone paid \$4,000, broke down so badly in a race at Newmarket that he had to be destroyed; and the great Donovan after winning the enormous sum of £55,153 in stakes for the Duke of Portland, injured himself so seriously, by dashing into a tree while running loose in his paddock, that Mr. H. Moore ordered his destruction.

Ambush, II., who won the Grand National for the Prince of Wales in 1909, dropped dead after galloping exercise at the Curragh; and Victor Wild, after a career of unexampled popularity, was attacked by paralysis, which compelled his owner to put an end to his sufferings.

But while some race horses thus reach the pinnacle of equine fame, only to end in tragedy and disgrace, there are many others who rise from obscurity to brilliant careers, and close their days with an honorable and honored old age.

Godolphin, ancestor of the famous Eclipse, spent his early years between the shafts of a Paris watercart; and Flying Childers, the finest horse of his century in the opinion of many, was rescued to fame from the shafts of a country mail-cart, in which he had been doing useful, if obscure, work for years.

Chandler, hero of the Grand National of 1848, was bought from the stable of a small farmer, who was glad to get rid of the "ugly brute" for a few pounds; and Salamander, winner in 1865, was discovered "in a wretched condition in an Irish hotel."

Deadlock, dam of the famous Inglass, was taken by Capt. Macell from the shafts of a farmer's gig, in exchange for a cart-colt; and Throthe, who defeated Ladas so sensationally in the St. Leger, was born with a thick film over his eyes; and, after being refused as a race-gig by a friend of his owner, Lord Arlington, was ordered to be shot, a sentence which happily was not carried out.

Teddington, who was destined to win the Derby, was picked up as a three months' foal in a village blacksmith's stable; and Queen of the Roses, before coming into the hands of the Duke of Beaufort, was exchanged in her early years—once for a bag of corn, and again for a rick of hay.

Salamander, who put £30,000 in Mr. Stud's pocket by winning the Grand National, was hawked about to one country fair after another, until at last a purchaser was willing to risk £35 on him; and The Widow, who romped away with the Cambridgeshire, and won £40,000 in bets for her owner, Mr. Leigh, was so little thought of by her first owner that he made a present of her to his bailiff, who was delighted when he succeeded in exchanging her for a £10-note.

Capt. George B. Little was chosen as the U.F.O. candidate for East York.

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YES, WE ALL HAVE A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH THE CENSOR.

By Bud Fisher

THAT'S STRANGE! IN THIS NOTE MOTHER SAYS SHE DIDN'T RECEIVE ANY LETTER FROM ME LAST WEEK. SHE SAYS SHE'S WORRIED AND THINKS I MUST BE ILL. BUT MOTHER, I DID WRITE.

LET ME THINK! WHAT DID I WRITE ABOUT IN THAT LETTER? OH, YES, I SAID OUR AIRMEN WERE GOING TO RAID COLOGNE EVERY NIGHT WEEK AFTER NEXT. I'VE SINCE LEARNED THAT WE MUST NOT GIVE ANY MILITARY INFORMATION IN OUR LETTERS OR THEY WILL BE CENSORED. NOW I KNOW WHY MOTHER DIDN'T GET THAT LETTER!

GIVE DORRINY MY REGARDS, JEFF!

I'M WRITING TO MY MOTHER, MUTT. I'M EXPLAINING TO HER WHY SHE FAILED TO HEAR FROM ME LAST WEEK. I GAVE OUT SOME MILITARY INFORMATION. SO I'M RE-WRITING HER!

MILITARY INFORMATION? YOU SIMP, THE CENSOR STOPPED YOUR LETTER, OF COURSE!

HERE'S WHAT I'VE WRITTEN! Dear Mother: The reason you didn't get my letter last week was because I wrote you some military information, and we mustn't do that.

I said our airmen were going to raid Cologne every night week after next. Mother, I shouldn't have mentioned that at all. Now—