

CRAPS TO CRICKET

SPORTING

RUMMY TO RUGBY

NEWS

BADMINTON TO BOXING

LIVE WIRES AND IRISHMEN DRAW

Rare Contests at Arena Saturday Night—R.C.A. Defeated A.O.H. by Odd Goal.

Well, well—if the old senior city league teams didn't go right at it again on Saturday night and dish up two more close and exciting games. That was expected and that was just what happened, bearing out the old hope that the city loop is the strongest and most evenly matched in years.

Here is what happened. In the first game, the Hibernians and Artillerymen fought rings around each other resulting in a 5 to 4 win for the soldiers; while in the second contest—and golly what a battle it was—the Young Irishmen and Live Wires struggled for thirty minutes overtime, ending in a 4 all draw. Such a wonderful night of hockey has never been equalled in this old town, though the two games of Saturday night, January 13th, must be rated a close second. At this earlier date, the Irishmen beat the A.O.H. by the odd goal after thirty minutes of overtime, and Live Wires defeated the R.C.A., also by the odd goal, in an exceptionally fast game, which merely escaped from going into extra sessions by the width of a hair. If these games are not worthy of the name of real hockey as played by the best, will somebody please step up and let's know what the Sam Hill is?

Say, if you weren't at the big double-header on Saturday night, you more than missed a real treat. The fans were on their hind legs all the time, while the players were putting every ounce of energy they had into the game, not just in periodic flashes, but all the time, from gong to gong. This keen and fast play resulted in a number of casualties, and the old doctor had to be on the job most of the night. The injuries received included a badly lacerated mouth and a knock-out, in the latter case, the player was taken to the hospital. These casualties were all unfortunate, but were not caused by intentional rough play, the reason lying in the eagerness and general all-round excitement of the players.

Before going any farther, special mention must be made of the very satisfactory increase in attendance, and with the memory of these close games fresh in their minds, every fan and fanette will surely be a walking advertisement for the games, billed on Saturday night next. There are still hundreds of fans who are passing up these offerings of the city league, and they would do well to get wise to themselves right now before the 1929 season is history. The games are fast, clean and close, the prices are right, and no fan will go wrong who invests two bits in the next double-header. The bill for next Saturday night is as follows: R.C.A. vs. Live Wires and Irishmen vs. A.O.H.

Fast and Furious.

In the curtain-raiser, the men of the R.C.A. nosed out a hard-earned victory over the Hibernians by 5 to 4. The A.O.H. puck-chasers, although trailing in the first two periods, came back with a great rush in the final session and almost pulled out a win. The Artillerymen rose to the occasion, however, and were able to stall off their opponents in the dying moments of the game, without playing for time, a disagreeable feature of many supposedly "superior" games witnessed during the past few years, and by carrying the old rubber disc right into the enemy territory.

Early in the game, Williams, the clever A.O.H. defence man, was badly

Entirely New Treatment for Bronchitis, Catarrh, No Internal Medicine To Take

Years ago the profession fought Catarrh by internal dosing. This upset the stomach and didn't remove the trouble. The modern treatment consists of breathing the healing, soothing essence of Catarrhose, which goes instantly to the source and the trouble. Catarrhose is successful because it penetrates where liquid medicines can't go. The balsamic vapor of Catarrhose drives out the germs, soothes the irritation, relieves the cough, makes Catarrh troubles disappear quickly. For bad throat, coughs, bronchitis, Catarrhose is a wonder. Two weeks' treatment one dollar. Small size, 50c. Sold everywhere or The Catarrhose Co., Montreal.

SANTAL MIDY CAPSULES. Easy to Take—Quick to Relieve. CATARRH of the BLADDER. Each Capsule bears name MIDY. Dispensed by Chemists.

SORE THROAT. IS A COMMON AILMENT WHICH UNDER PROPER TREATMENT MAY LEAD TO A BRONCHITIS. DR. THOMAS' ECLECTIC OIL.

hurt, and had to be carried off the ice. This weakened the Hibernians a lot, although Whytock, who replaced him, played a nice game. The soldiers pressed from the first face off and were rewarded early in the session, when in a scramble in front of the nets, the puck glanced off a skate and fooled Taucher for the first time. This encouraged the artillerymen greatly, and they were never headed from then on. Taucher had an off-night in the nets, J. Lawless, Lanos and Emery starred for A.O.H., while Brownfield, Panet, Dougall and Pugh carried the brunt of the work for the winners.

The teams: R.C.A.—LeSage, goal; Brownfield and Panet, defence; Dougall, centre; Southwell and Pugh, wings; McGrath and Daybell, subs.

A.O.H.—Taucher, goal; Emery and Williams, defence; Lanos, centre; Lawless and James, wings; Whytock and Moore, subs. Referee—Joe Smith.

Another Hot Battle.

Staging a regular garrison finish on two occasions, the Irishmen were forced into overtime by the Live Wires in the second game of the bill, after everything pointed to a safe odd-goal lead. This little affair of evening up the score happened in the last two minutes of the regular third period, Dunlop being the hero of the hour from the standpoint of the Live Wires and the spectators. Nothing was more desirable from a railbird's point of view, and almost everybody except the green and white players, who have been most unlucky this year in regard to the number of overtime games they have played, were tickled to death to see the battle roll merrily on.

In the first extra session, Fred Brown raced down to tally for Irishmen in the first minute, and the teams then fought doggedly until Bellringer evened the count just before the gong was to end the game. Two more fast and furious periods were staged, but neither team could obtain an advantage over the other. Both teams were satisfied with the outcome, as a loss would have been heart-breaking to either, while the fans—well, there couldn't have been more noise at the Arena if the championship of Canada, and the world, had been at stake.

McCarthy, T. Angrove, Terry Millan and Brown stood out for the Irishmen, while Benny Morris, Watts, Bellringer and Bullock were the best on the other side. It was a grand old game, and every man on the ice was a shining star.

The teams: Live Wires—Morris, goal; Dunlop and Bellringer, defence; Bullock, centre; Watts and Sugel, wings; Barrett, Lawlor and Brooks (goal), subs. Young Irishmen—McCarthy, goal; Angrove and Dungan, defence; F. Brown, centre; N. Millan and Devlin, wings; J. Millan, sub.

SENIOR LEAGUE STANDING.

Table with 3 columns: Group, W, L, D. Group "A" includes Irishmen (2-0-1), Live Wires (1-1-1), A.O.H. (1-2-0), R.C.A. (1-2-0). Group "B" includes Granites (1-0-0), Circle Six (0-1-0).

THINK TREMAINE

CAN WHIP LYNCH

Carl Tremaine, the Cleveland bantamweight, will be the favorite if he contrives a match with Joe Lynch, bantamweight champion, as he is now trying to do. Every ringsider who saw Tremaine stop Mike Ballerina in two rounds at the Garden last Friday night decided that the Cleveland boy could whip and might knock out the champion.

Lynch has taken shrewdly care of his physical condition since he stopped Johnny Buff and regained the title last spring. He recently had to go to Hot Springs, Ark., to boil out. All the best bantams have shown in the Garden or in nearby Jersey rings recently, and the ringside jury has had a chance to make comparisons, which place Tremaine at the top.

John Wilmans, of San Francisco, holds the United States amateur heavyweight title.

There are some men who possess every gift except the gift of the power to use them.

LONGEST SINGLE WAS A BONE PLAY

Harry Niles Kept His Head So High That He Couldn't See Who He Passed.

Keep your head up has long been a pet slogan in baseball. In most cases, it is a mighty fine bunch to play. You seldom go wrong working along that theory.

However, I well recall a game in which keeping the head up proved very costly. In making that statement, I am taking the "heads up" slogan literally.

A great many fast runners, once they get into their stride, run with the head tilted slightly upward. Harry Niles, one of the fastest men I have ever seen in the majors, was that type of runner.

Niles, because of his "heads up" style of running produced one of the most unusual situations I have ever seen on the ball field.

He made a home run that in reality proved to be nothing more than one of the longest singles ever recorded in the history of the game.

Niles was with the Boston club and the game was played in Washington. On the Boston club, at the time, was a recruit first sacker by the name of Danzig, who also played a part in the episode.

With Boston two runs behind, late in the game, Danzig reached first base with Niles up. Niles hit a hard liner to right field. Danzig, on first, believed there was a chance that the ball would be caught. He played it safe by going half way between first and second.

Niles, who hit the ball, early made up his mind that the ball was not going to be caught. When he rounded first base he was going to full speed, carrying his head high in the air. He passed Danzig, like an express ship by a freight on a side track.

The ball was played to the plate, and Niles, with a nice slide beat the relay by a comfortable margin. It was not until he reached the bench that he was aware that he had passed Danzig between first and second, and, of course, was automatically out the moment he went by a preceding runner.

Danzig, in the meantime up in the air because of the action of Niles in passing him, went on to second and stayed there until the confusion cleared.

Unquestionably the near home run of Niles was the longest single I have ever seen in baseball.

TO BE SOME RACE!

It is just as well for the Yankees that the operation on Babe Ruth's finger wasn't serious. They are going to need the Babe in the best possible condition. And they are going to need all their other players. It looks as if the race in the American League would be a hot one from the jump.

The Yanks didn't have any more margin than they needed over St. Louis last season. If Sisler had been in every game the Browns might that pity.

Made a World's Record. Willie Ritola, a Finn, the speediest runner to invade America since the record-breaking tour of Hannes Kolehmainen, erased from the record book a mark which has been standing since 1910 and held by George Bonham when he covered four miles in New York in the sensational time of 19:27 4-5, twelve seconds faster than the old record.

When you know enough about the other man's condition to pity him it is time to get some old mixed with that pity.

have made even a better showing. They will have to be considered this year.

Why stand ye idle all the day. Are your straits indeed so dire? When there are men with gold to pay For the good that ye desire? "It is one thing, Teddy," said Uncle Frank, "to stand at a street corner with a bunch of ribbons in your cap, and another thing to go looking for men in out-of-the-way villages, where a white man has never been seen before. The life of a recruiter is not a bed of roses, but someone has to go and get the boys to work on the plantations. Of course, Teddy, there are places where he would simply be killed and eaten if he were fool enough to take a chance, but there are lots of places where he can take a chance. There are men who do nothing else but recruit, and some of the planters recruit their own boys. We started those plantations on the Bauboguna River with the boys we recruited. There was more than one adventure in the game."

"Please—tell me about one of them, anyhow, Uncle. It must be exciting when the natives turn nasty?" "It is, Teddy, but still there is always something in these adventures that makes one laugh about it afterwards. I remember that about the first village I visited was a place called Bomboga. The village was on an island close to that pirate island I told you about. It was built on the top of a hill, and the approach to the hill was over a marsh which one crossed by climbing along slippery tree trunks. The branches had been cut in such a way to the trunks that they were so many sharp spikes sticking up. If you slipped or fell, the chances are you would be impaled on one of them, Teddy. It was slow going for me, but the nubile natives fairly ran across. They were used to that sort of thing.

"We got up to the village safely, and all apparently went well. The boys I had with me knew the language and explained what we wanted. The chief and the sorcerer retired for a consultation, and I sat down on a tree stump. I was still there when a big, handsome native came and sat near me. He took no notice of me, but he whispered:

"Taubada—get to the end of the village. Go slowly—give that old hag a cigarette as you pass, and then, Taubada—run for your life to the boat."

"Uncle, I bet you sprinted. How did you manage over the spikes? What happened?" asked Teddy, who was jumping with excitement.

"Well, Teddy, I did not stop to see what happened. The last arrow I saw, hit the boat just as we pulled away. I picked up my rifle, but the handsome boy smiled and said: "No good, Taubada—all finish now—no good kill—by and by you see—we wait here."

"Presently a big canoe pulled out from the other side of the island, and our boys cheered as they pulled to meet it. It was full of young men. It appeared that the chief was against the boys going, and so that they might escape they deliberately planned that I should draw the older men

out of the village on the far side so that they could slip away unnoticed. They were fine boys, and in about a week's time the chief came to see me. I gave him presents of tobacco and knives, and he was very friendly after that. I gave the sorcerer several packets of Epsom Salts, but I do not know what devilry he worked with them."

"Gee, Uncle, I should have liked to see you run."

"Come here, and be spanked," said Uncle Frank.

"Tomorrow's tale is about some bad natives."

"Jack Dempsey won the title from me on a sneak punch."

That is the latest alibi offered by Jess Willard, former heavyweight champion. Sounds rather reasonable. The surprising thing is that Jess didn't figure it out sooner.

"Dempsey slammed me on the chin as we were coming out of a clinch, after we had been ordered to break clean. His act was contrary to the rules of the Toledo commission.

"After that sneak punch I was through. I didn't know a thing from then on. I was practically helpless. I had dropped my arms to step back clean, when Dempsey put over the illegal punch that decided the championship in his favor."

National Hunt Jockeys. J. R. Anthony heads the list of British winning jockeys for the year under National Hunt rules with 78 wins. But for being kept out of the saddle for a time, he would probably have beaten the record of his brother Ivor, who scored 73 wins in 1912. There was a big gap between first and second, the next group being F. Ross, 47; L. Rees, 46; G. Duller, 45; and F. Wootton, 42.

The honor of heading the list among amateur riders belongs to H. A. Brown, who rode 30 winners, Capt. G. N. Bennett coming next with 23.

A gloom in steeplechase circles has been created by the fatal accident to G. Aylin, who was killed in Leopardstown. This, so quickly following the fatality to Hawkins in France, would suggest the game very dangerous, though actually fatal accidents are rare.

RECRUITING IN PAPUA.

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DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS FOR HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, KIDNEYS, LIVER, BOWELS.

Scene from "The Young Rajah," with Rodolph Valentino, at the Strand Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

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BRINGING UP FATHER

Comic strip panels by GEORGE McMANUS. Panel 1: "SO THIS IS LONDON—IT'S NICE TO GET TO A PLACE WHERE YOU CAN UNDERSTAND EVERY ONE." Panel 2: "ARE YOU THERE? Y-AS-I'M FEELING QUITE SWANKY-OLD TOP-RIGHTO." Panel 3: "YES—THAT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT—BLI-ME! YOU JOLLY WELL KNOW IT—CHEERIO—CHEERIO!" Panel 4: "SO! THIS IS LONDON!!!"

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1871-1923. M. Poincare: "Take this, Master Boche. Your father gave me a receipt in '71." From the News of the World.