

LATEST LOCAL

SPORTING

GENERAL REVIEWS

NEWS

TIMELY COMMENTS

NAPANEE GETS BIG FEATURE TO-MORROW

Brockville and Peterboro to Play Off for Eastern Intermediate Title.

Napanee will have a big attraction tomorrow when the Brockville and Peterboro teams will play their final game for the eastern title in the intermediate O.B.A.A. both these teams having eliminated all opponents in their path.

Under the energetic management of Jack Adams, the grounds at the Napanee park have been put into fine shape and a stand erected for the occasion.

The umpires for the game will be Howard, of Ottawa, and Skitch, of Cobourg, two men who should give complete satisfaction.

Napanee is very fortunate in securing this playoff, though it is in some ways rather difficult to see why Kingston did not get it.

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FOOTBALL RETURNS

OF THE

Queen's vs. McGill Game

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PLAY THIS PLAYFULLY



It will awaken greater interest in Napanee in baseball and help things along there generally and Kingston organizations as a whole are pleased that the smaller centre will get the benefits of the match.

Both Peterboro and Brockville carry fast teams and it should certainly be a game worth watching.

PAGE J. F. MACDONALD.

Most of Us Fail to Get Ottawa Scribe's Drift Here.

Here is an effusion from one of the Ottawa papers. We understand the first part perfectly, but the second goes away over our heads.

Argonauts, one of the most famous rugby clubs in Canadian football history, and one that has stood in the forefront for the past four years, is facing the rebuilding process.

With new half backs trying to fill the big shoes left by Conacher, and a smart half in Munroe, they face extinction in the Big Four race almost before they start.

That tie by Tigers has shaken the Argo confidence. They face their next game against the maddened Ottawas, who will throw everything but the goalposts at them in the next game.

This Ottawa team will be as mad as a flock of bulls impaled on a barb wire entanglement. They are ready to eat Argonauts entire. Argos will be ready to bite back pretty savagely, so the whole affair should be the premier sporting attraction of the season.

The rush to get a glance of this attraction should be one of the biggest crushes of the autumn. In the past the shores of opportunity have been lined with the wrecks of Ottawa's rugby aspirations, and on Saturday it looked as though another boat freighted with a cargo of dreams was going to ride an aimless bulk into the harbor of vanished hopes.

The atmosphere has changed, however, and there is a settled conviction that they will have to whip the Argos. They have no illusions, they know that the City/Ottawa expects them to win. The Rubicon is ahead! The bridge is narrow, and only one team can cross the gap that leads to a place in the race.

The swollen current is the place for the Argos.

PENNOCK GREAT HELP TO YANKS

His Work Has Made Flag Winning Easy for New York.

Left handers with control are put to no more trouble finding a place on a major league staff than a \$20 bill has of locating a pair of hands.

Last winter when Herb Pennock was sold by the Red Sox to New York, no repetition of Armistice day in Gotham followed.

In fact, some of the world-painters there expressed doubt how Herb was going to help the Yankees, after they painted out his skinny victory bag with the tallenders in 1922.

One of the first to burst out and say that something better than a jar of pickles had been sent from Boston to Baltimore was a tall gentleman bearing the entitlements of C. McGillicuddy.

"That's a wonderful stroke of the Yanks, and the A's have lost the pennant already. Pennock, with the Yanks, will be the best southpaw in the American league. No southpaw still above the sod has better control, and he knows as much about American league hitters as the K.K.K.s do about white goods.

Why should we go to Montgomery now?" Mr. Mack was right, Pennock has been one of Huggin's most dependable winners this season. He was just the added kick the Yank staff needed to win the pennant without any headaches in the closing days.

Pennock, with a record of 16 victories, is the pitcher who made the 1923 pennant campaign a pushover for Miller Huggins.

There are southpaws clogging Pullman aisles and weakening the arms of hotel waiters today who have more speed, more stuff than Pennock, but their names are not found on as many winning score sheets mailed to B. B. Johnson in Chicago. They haven't Herb's control, brains, confidence and knowledge of hitters.

The control's the thing, as W. Shakespeare did not dictate between shows to his stenographer. Take Pennock last Labor day. Went through nine innings and gave only one pass. Stuck the ball wherever he wanted. Had the Macks roped and tied all day. That was pitching.

Plank had control, and he was a winner. So had Nap. Rucker, of Brooklyn. Rube Waddell was another. Pittsburgh today has a southpaw in Cooper who is as steady as the keeper of a lighthouse.

The same description applies to Art Nehf. Give Wallberg, now with the Macks, control and he will be more dangerous than a swig of hooch.

Ovengros, of the White Sox, a wee fellow, is skittish, but once acquiring control he will win games for Willie Gleason, the boy manager.

Big league owners spend thousands all the time looking for that

FROM THE OUTSIDE—LOOKING IN.

Says the Hamilton Spectator: "If our fellow-townsmen, Robert Eber, expects to enjoy the prestige during the coming season that he has in former years, he will have to change his method of training, for he was away off color last night. Giving Young Mack all the credit that is due him for his progress, there is no getting away from the fact he is not in Eber's class and was lucky to get a draw last night, had as Eber looked. There is talk of Eber meeting Tremaine in the near future, but he had better steer shy of Jimmy Dunn's whirlwind if he does not do better than he did last night. And, incidentally, he might do well to reconsider his decision to part company with Walter Obernesser, who conditioned him and handled him in all his important bouts. He was never better than when under Walter's care and he did plenty of road work, something he has done very little of lately." There's a little good advice from home.

Toronto Globe: "Duke" McGarry, of Parkdale C.C., will leave for Queen's University this morning. Gee, says the small boy, every second guy in Toronto is "Duke" somebody.

With Toronto planning a baseball park in the city for next summer harried business men will not want to send office boys out on errands during the afternoon.

Old Jack Johnson is still in the ring and still smiling. After all, it must take a mighty spirit to come down from a world's title and go through a second-rate barnstorming tour with a smile. There have been worse champions than Johnson.

Couple of Montreal Journals are having a little fun at the expense of another over misplaced names under two illustrations. That's bad enough in Ontario, but the scribes up this way think that they'd be a little sociable if they lived in Montreal.

left-hander with control or will have it in a season or two, and he is always worth the money when found.

CLOUDS GATHER OVER SELECTION OF U.S. HORSE

Row Arises Between Admirers of Zev and My Own.

Eyes of the Jockey Club, a committee of which has to select the American three year old that will carry the national colors against Papyrus, the English Derby winner in the international race at Belmont Park, began to see something that looked like storm clouds in the sky.

The row between the admirers of Zev, the Sinclair colt and My Own, the dashing youngster owned by Admiral Grayson, has crept beyond the bounds of the racing fraternity and is becoming almost a national issue. A letter of Brigadier General Mitchell, head of the United States Air Service, to August Belmont, president of the Jockey Club and sponsor of the race, demanding, in effect, a square deal for My Own, showed the extent to which the race has become of general and national interest.

In making a selection of the American entry the Jockey Club is in a position "they will be darned if they do and just as darned if they don't." General Mitchell voiced the sentiment of all the partisans of My Own, when he suggested that if the owners of Zev refused to consent to a match race with My Own, that the Grayson colt be selected to carry the American standard against the British thoroughbred.

Zev, according to Sam Hildreth, his trainer, threw frog in his last start and for that reason he was said to be unable to run in the match race which was proposed as a means of deciding which was the better of the two leaders of the year.

Zev won every one of his starts this season with the exception of the Preakness and Hildreth claims that he is the champion of his class on that record alone. Admirers of My Own maintain that Zev does not rate the honor merely because he showed such fine form in the early season.

Officials of the Jockey Club do things without announcing reasons and when Hildreth refused to accept several offers for a match race, on the grounds that he could not get Zev ready for an earlier test and have him retain his form for the big international race, the selection committee said that it would have to do the best it could, under the circumstances.

Vancouver Buys Bostrom. Helge Bostrom, substitute defence man of the Edmonton Eskimo Hockey Club, has been sold to Frank Patrick's Vancouver Millionaires, according to an announcement made by Manager Kenny McKenzie. The purchase price was not made public.

Skunks Overrun Pembroke. Pembroke, Oct. 4.—This town is having a plague of skunks. In all parts of the town the little striped animals that no one wants to meet may be seen leisurely winding their way at dusk to the different poultry yards. The market place itself is re-dolent with their presence.

Tell the Lord your frailties, but keep them from men, lest advantage is taken of you.

As a general thing the self-satisfied individual is not satisfied with mankind in general. You can take it for granted that you never have to dun the man who owes you a grudge.

GREAT BRITAIN PREPARES FOR THE OLYMPIC GAMES John Bull: "Righto, Father. We shall not disappoint you when the bell rings."

The man with too candid opinion is a friend loser instead of a friend gainer.

Evil communications may also land a man behind the bars as well as corrupt his morals.

JACK JOHNSON HAD HIS POCKET PICKED

And He Also Toyed With Battling Siki in Exhibition at Quebec.

At Quebec on Monday evening Jack Johnson and "Battling" Siki, former world's champions in the heavyweight and light heavyweight divisions, made their Canadian debut by giving a six round exhibition at the Arena before a crowd of some three thousand people.

The exhibition was a pretty one to watch. Johnson's skill and cleverness being an outstanding feature. Time and time again he would tie Siki up after the Seneguese had tried to bombard him with rights and lefts, and would then smile upon the crowd, while when he jabbed his left into his opponent's face, even though there was no steam behind the blow, Siki recoiled a couple of feet.

Siki appeared to be on the verge of losing his temper on at least one occasion in every round when he would dance round like a dervish and let loose everything in his repertoire for about a minute in each round. Johnson let him hit with all his power, but would not take any of the blows on his face. He took the majority of them on his arms or gloves, and those that he didn't take he let glide harmlessly by.

The men went through six rounds that were fast, and there was a great deal of hard punching done, all by Siki, for Johnson did not once swing at his man with any steam behind it. Had he done so, he would have lifted Siki out of the ring.

Johnson complained after the exhibition that his pockets had been picked and the sum of \$600 taken.

Yankees Favorites. The New York Yankees, despite their defeats at the hands of the Giants in the last two world's series, have been established as slight favorites in financial circles for the 1923 diamond classic. Several wagers were recorded in Wall Street at odds of 10 to 5 and 11 to 10 on the American League champions.

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The Daily British Whig YOU all have heard, or heard of, these celebrated sing-song rhymesters. Most of you know the haunting ditty with which they won their place among the greatest of all "big time" theatrical hits. "Mr. GALLAGHER & Mr. SHEAN" have been re-created in cartoon form by Jo Swerling, and they're guaranteed—under iron clad contract—to shoot "Gloom" full of holes!

Don't miss "Mr. GALLAGHER & Mr. SHEAN" By Jo Swerling

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