

PRIZE FIGHTERS POSSESS COURAGE

In Excitement of Battle Blows
Not Felt as Much as On-
lookers Suppose.

A correspondent of an American paper wants to know who is the gamier man in the prize ring. This is rather a difficult question. Most prize fighters are gamier. There have been some exceptions—among the negroes, particularly. Fighting is a trade, gameness is part of its training, and—ergo, fighters are gamier.

In the excitement of battle blows are not felt so much as the spectators may suppose. The knockout is rarely felt at all. The most stinging punch is not a damaging one. This is a rap on the bridge of the nose.

Gameness is own brother to courage, but gameness in the ring is hardly a very high order of it. Mysterious Billy Smith was the roughest thing that ever drew on a pair of mitts, says Lynn Bagley, in the New York Mail. No one ever thought of calling him anything other than the gamier of the game. He was training for a fight in Camden, N. J. He did his indoor work in the local athletic club. Some of the boys kidded him about the house in which the club was situated, telling him that it was haunted.

"Just before the lamps are lit," said Leslie Pierce, "the ghost of a man who turned himself in the second story comes out and wanders through the rooms."

WHEN GAME ONES QUIT. That settled it for Billy. You could not drag him into that house with a rope made of hundred dollar bills. Everybody knows what a tough proposition George McFadden was in the ring. He never went through the ropes without having a prayer book in his corner. One night one of his seconds stole the book. When McFadden discovered his loss he quit like a yellow pup.

Tom Sharkey was so full of ring gameness that he became a proverb. Yet he quit to Bob Fitzsimmons. But here no one blamed him. It was Tom's second fight with Fitz at Coney Island. Sharkey knew deep down in his loathers that Fitz had it on him and that he was going to get hunk for the robbery in 'Frisco.

In the second round Fitz worked the shift on Tom and dropped him with that awful left to the stomach. Sharkey got up and tried to stall, but Fitz got the shift on him again and Tom was sent down.

He fell to his hands and knees. He wasn't out. He looked up at Fitz standing over him ready for another of those wallops. Sharkey came to the conclusion that he would be the dippest kind of a dope to get up and he caved in again. So he stayed down for the full count.

Had he been unconscious he would have rolled over. But he knew what he was doing.

KILLED A MAN, LOST HIS NERVE. Leslie Pierce was the coming light-weight champion when Jack McAuliffe held that title. Leslie was being framed for a battle with McAuliffe and had any met there would have been a change in the ring directory. Jack knew this himself.

But Pierce killed a man in a fight—Billy Vernon, at Athens, Pa. His next go was with Billy Ernst, at Maspeth, N. Y. He was a big, strong Dutchman, clumsy as a rhinoceros seeing a button on his pants. He was the easiest kind of a mark for Pierce. But as the rounds went on it was plainly seen that there was something wrong with Leslie.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Dan McConnel, who was in Leslie's corner. "Why don't you put that guy away?"

"I can't," replied Pierce, in a frightened whisper. "I'm afraid to hit him."

"Afraid to hit him?" echoed Dan. "Are you crazy?"

"Maybe," said Pierce. "I see Vernon before me all the time. I can't let go. I might kill this fellow, too."

Ernst knocked Pierce out in the next round. And that was the last time Pierce ever went into the ring. He is tending bar now in Philadelphia.

BOWKER'S COMING IS AROUSING AN INTEREST

The Advent of the Little Englishman
Will Be a Feature in the
American Boxing Circles.

New York, Dec. 2.—The announcement that when Charles Mitchell, just departed for England, returns to America he will bring with him Jim Bowker, the little fighter who won from Frankie Neil in London last year, has aroused a lot of interest in the bantam champion. When England has a boxer of ability the Britons regard him with a fondness apt to arouse patrons of pugilism in this country. Mitchell, Jim Carney, Dick Burgh and Ted Palmer have all basked in the light of British favor and have been petted and fawned upon in true British fashion.

Now they have passed out of the limelight and the center of the stage is occupied by a new idol. Bowker, who as bantam champion of England did something that no other British champion has ever accomplished, and

that is to beat the American champion for the world's title.

Englishmen had a good opinion of Bowker previous to that event, but when he beat Frankie Neil decisively for the championship of the world, everybody in the little island simply went mad over Bowker. He cemented the high opinion of his admirers when he easily disposed of Pinky Evans, a challenger for the title.

But Bowker was steadily getting heavier, and soon found it impossible to make the bantam limit of 116 pounds. Then he was compelled to relinquish the title and turn his attention to the next class. He frankly confessed that he had outgrown the bantam class and came out as the claimant of the feather-weight championship of England.

His first challenger was Spike Robson, an English featherweight of some class, whom Bowker beat after a rather good battle. Bowker notes a resting on his laurels, and his next battle may be with Attel, who claims the featherweight title of America. If they do meet it will not be before next spring, as Bowker intends to take a rest. He was married recently, and according to the custom of the successful British pugilist, he has started a public house.

In style of fighting Bowker, who is generally and erroneously called Joe (his name being Joe), is much like the typical British boxer. He is shifter than the average Englishman, and uses his feet to better purpose, as most Britons stand on the flat of their feet. He is a good, stiff puncher, as was proven by the condition of Frankie Neil's face when he got back to New York two weeks after the bout. Although Neil is a heavy hitter and has put many clever fellows down for the count, he was utterly unable to land on Bowker with effect. In fact, at the close of the bout the Briton did not have a mark on him, while the American was badly out and bruised.

There is a general opinion in this country that Attel will prove too clever for Bowker and will easily defeat him. This is an age of surprises in things pugilistic, however, and Attel may not run away with the long end of the purse.

SIX MONTHS' IN PRISON FOR FOOTBALL FRAUD

Represented Himself as a Celebrated
Player and Secured Money—Most
Impudent, Said Court.

London, Dec. 4.—Thomas Arthur Gee, a Barnsley miner, has provided a story with a moral.

He went to the officials of the Darfield Football Club and told them that he was Thomas Lee Ostik, formerly a well-known member of the Bolton Wanderers Football Team. Upon the strength of this statement the officials at a fair wage, members of the club collected £2.50 for him, and he was picked to play in the Darfield team last Saturday.

On Saturday morning, in company with the secretary of the club, who believed him to be Ostik, he went to the house of Mr. Turtton, the treasurer, and told Mrs. Turtton that her husband had authorized him to draw a government from her. This was duly paid him.

Then he made his great mistake. He went into the field with the local team. Their hopes ran high, for they expected great things of such a well-known player.

But Gee could no longer keep up the deception. His football was more than below the reputation of that of the man he was impersonating. He could hardly play at all.

At half-back he stopped the ball with his hands. The referee ordered him off the field, and the sorely disappointed treasurer to the club at once gave him into custody.

The court found that the making of the club if we got a man like Ostik, said the deluded treasurer sadly when the case was tried before the West Riding Magistrates, "and this man was an absolute fraud."

The Bench said it was the most impudent fraud that had come to its notice, and sentenced Gee to six months' hard labor.

BASKETBALL.

WESTERN LEAGUE SCHEDULE. Stratford, Dec. 3.—At the meeting held here a schedule was drawn up for the Western Ontario Y. M. C. A. Intermediate Basketball League. The schedule will be submitted to the London association before being finally adopted. Mr. George McLaren, of London, was unable to be present at the meeting, but representatives were present from Berlin and Stratford. It is the intention to have the first game at Berlin about Dec. 13.

BASEBALL.

EASTERN LEAGUE MEN SIGNED. Below will be found the first public bulletin sent out by Harry L. Taylor, president of the Eastern League. It contains the names of players that have signed contracts for the season of 1906 with the following clubs: Baltimore—William O'Hara and F. Hunter.

Newark—H. C. Bronkle, W. F. Conners, Thomas Ford and J. C. Cockstahler.

Rochester—William Clancy, T. S. G. McLean, John Manning, Jos. W. Nelson, Leo Comerford and H. Ostick.

CANUCKS NEAR THE TOP. Charles Hearnall, who once played with the old Canadian League, is the leader of the American Association, with a batting average of .394. He also led the number of hits, with 204 to his credit. Billy Congalton, an old Gaelic hero, is ninth, with an average of .314. Billy gets up in the big ring the coming season, and his many friends are pulling for him to get a good place. Eddie Siever, formerly of London, is also in the list of 20 batters, with an average of .302. Eddie expects to have a good season in the box with Detroit.

GETTING READY FOR 1906. Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 2.—The Philadelphia National League club looks forward to the 1906 baseball season in a most hopeful manner. Beside the regulars who finished up the season last fall for the Phillies, they have also drafted McCloskey, of Omaha; Hoff and Kane, of Savannah, Moren, of Atlanta; Lush, of Williamsport, Sentell, of Macon, Brady and Ward, of Clayton, N. J.; Charles Johnson, of Atlantic City, and C. A. Christ, of Cincinnati.

No matter how homely a man may be, he can always find satisfaction in thinking of the good things his mother said about him when he was a boy. Some women seem to think that the brilliancy of their diamonds is all that

TERRY M'GOVERN CRIED LIKE BABY

He Meets Young Corbett on
Broadway—Recalls Fatal
Thanksgiving Day.

New York, Dec. 2.—Terry McGovern and Young Corbett met in the rotunda of the Rosemont yesterday. The meeting recalled another meeting four years ago. It was on Thanksgiving Day at Hartford that the feather-weight championship changed from Terry to Corbett.

Everybody will remember what a surprise it was. No one thought Corbett had any more chance than a snow ball would have in a Russian bath. There was no betting. This morning a man named Reardon approached Honest John Kelly and offered to bet him \$1,500 to \$200 on Corbett.

Kelly hesitated a moment. "I'm making you a present of \$300," he said. "But as a professional gambler, I can't overlook those odds. You're on."

That's how much of a betting proposition that fight was. After it had happened Corbett had so many prospective managers around him that he was nearly smothered.

"Get me out of this, will you?" he said to me, "I'm in the air. Want to see Terry?"

I managed to get him through the mob and up to Terry's room. The defeated champion was seated on the edge of the bed. He was alone. Sam Harris was attending to some money business. Terry had not really begun to realize what he had lost.

Corbett sat down beside him. He put his arm around his neck. "Don't feel blue, old man," he said. "It comes to all of us. I'll get it some day."

Terry burst out crying. The smash on the jaw couldn't even make him wince, but that touch of sympathy turned on the water.

I didn't think it any place for me, so I left those two kids together.

Jimmy Gardner's stock has taken a slide down the mountain. Even so, wise a fight doper as Jim Coffroth said before Jimmy's go with Tim Sullivan that Gardner was the best of the lightweights and could put it on either Nelson or Britt.

It doesn't look so now. His defeat was a surprise, as those who know, or think they do, couldn't see where the boy had gone so cleverly through Buddy Ryan, Rafe Turner and others of class would lose to a man who had not shown much form.

But while it puts Gardner back in the running with such lads as Nelson and Britt, the same does not push Sullivan forward to any alarming extent. For such are the vagaries of the prize ring. Sullivan cannot be expected to make the 123-pound limit. He is rather a welter-weight.

Willie Lewis' win over Fred Douglas does not seem to be set with brilliant. To win on a foul when you are dropped is certainly a consolation. Tached thereto that do not put any halos around the brow. What's the matter with Lewis getting on with Twin Sullivan? He is a welter-weight, giving us a line on his real self? That fight would come pretty near to determining the championship.

NATURE'S PANACEA

Seek Rest in the Green Dells, Says
Poet Laureate.

London, Dec. 4.—Nature's panacea for modern fatigue was the subject of an address delivered by Alfred Austin, poet laureate, before a meeting of the national trust for the preservation of historic interest and public beauty.

In support of the proposed purchase of Gowerbarrow Fell, Cumberland, he had said these words: "I would understand what the purchase would mean to the people in all ages. He said nature had been a source of rest and refreshment to men and women, fabled, depressed and nerve-wrecked by exhausting toil in cities, but never before was there such a need as now for the healing change and restoring influence she provides in some of her green dells, the silent majesty of her mountains, and the melody of her brooks and waterfalls."

When those who have sought it return to the crowded urban existence, how many times they will feel and say like Wordsworth felt and wrote, "The music in my heart I bore long after it was heard no more."

HOCKEY.

SMITH'S FALLS IN FAST COMPANY. Montreal, Dec. 3.—The Federal Hockey League held its annual meeting at the Savoy Hotel last night. The chief business transacted was the discussion as to whether the new teams applying for admission to the league be admitted or not.

As it turned out Smith's Falls gained admission to senior company, but Morrisburg was left out of the fold. Brockville complained at having to pay \$50 to Ottawa every time the latter team played a match with them at Brockville, but the league decided that this must be done.

It was decided to put the double referee system in force. The referee to have general charge of the game, while his assistant should have equal authority in the matter of rough play only.

A motion was made and carried also whereby all clubs in the Federal League who have not a properly lighted rink for the matches shall lose their franchise.

The following officers were elected: President, J. P. Dickson, of Ottawa; first vice-president, Mr. Geo. A. Stiles, of Cornwall; second vice-president, Mr. L. R. Cossey, of Brockville; secretary-treasurer, J. A. Strachan, of Windsor; executive, J. W. Washburn, of Smith's Falls; Mr. Bissonnette, of Montclair. From this list it will be seen that each team has a representative in the management.

THE OUTLOOK AT BELLEVILLE. Belleville, Dec. 3.—The junior team will commence practice on Monday. There is plenty of material to choose a fast team from, and the prospects are very bright for the youngsters' district.

It's a hard matter to tell whether a man obeys his wife just to please her, or does it because he has to. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin. Other touches dissolve friendships.

Slott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians who have tried their painless home treatment for cancer in all parts of the body. Some of the cures are simply marvelous.

CANCER OF THE BREAST

Slott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians who have tried their painless home treatment for cancer in all parts of the body. Some of the cures are simply marvelous.

TOO LAZY TO DELIVER

A Postman Is Caught in the Act of
Burning Circulars.

Toronto, Dec. 2.—Amos North, a letter carrier, was caught burning circulars in the furnace of the branch postoffice on Spadina avenue on Saturday afternoon. He was immediately taken to Inspector Henderson, who caused him to be arrested on a charge of destroying mail.

Suspicion has for some time rested on North. Circular letters sent out by the large advertisers to addresses on Major and Robert streets, and part of Front street, which is his "walk," failed to reach their destination. Inspector Henderson sent a number of decoy letters which did not arrive at the addresses. Early Saturday morning a man was secreted in the basement of the branch office to which North is attached, and in a short time he came downstairs and threw some letters into the furnace. The spy jumped up and succeeded in rescuing some of the letters.

One of them is marked "cannot be found." This should have been returned to the Central office. Another was a circular letter sent out by Mr. Henderson. It is thought that the postman, to save himself trouble of delivering or returning letters, burnt them.

He is 28 years of age, and was married only a short time ago. He lives at 139 Lippincott street.

SO POPULAR IS Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup as a medicine in the treatment of colds and coughs or ailments of the throat, due to exposure, to draughts, or sudden changes of temperature, that druggists and all dealers in patent medicines keep supplies on hand to meet the demand. It is pleasant to take, and the use of it guarantees freedom from throat and lung diseases.

We never could understand how a man could be such a lion in the office, and such a lamb in the presence of his wife.

Many a man who thinks himself a born leader, meekly renders the job to his wife shortly after marriage. It is necessary.

Many a man who thinks himself a born leader, meekly renders the job to his wife shortly after marriage. It is necessary.

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Curie's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.

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MOUSQUETAIRE SUEDE GLOVES, black and white. Elbow length.....\$1.50

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FINE GLACE KID GLOVES. Black, elbow length.....\$1.75

White, elbow length.....\$1.50

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