

SNAP-SHOTS AT VARIOUS SPORTS.

The New Zealand football team are returning to their native land via Canada. If only the Tigers had not retired into the caves of the bluff, they would have shown the Kangaroos how the game should be played. It is they will adopt the O. R. F. U. game when they see Frank Wood-drawings, showing how 'tis played.

Toledo wrestler has jumped his chosen profession to become a policeman. He says wrestling in faking. Wonder how he found it out so soon?

Noah Brusso is matched to fight Tommy Ryan for the middleweight championship. It ought to be a good go.

All the American League teams have decided upon southern training quarters. The New Yorks will go to Birmingham, the Bostons to Macon, the St. Louis to Dallas, the Philadelphias to Montgomery, the Chicagos to New Orleans, the Clevelanders to Atlanta, the Detroiters to Augusta, and the Washingtons to Charlottesville. All will get busy between the 1st and 15th of March.

Cully Robertson, in the Toronto Telegram, has some fun with Ethel Barrymore, as follows:

The New York Telegraph is authority for the statement that Ethel Barrymore is waiting anxiously for the coming of the Fitz-O'Brien fight pictures. Now while Miss Barrymore's father had a well-known penchant for the gloves, yet it is hard for us to believe his Madonna-faced offspring would inherit the old man's liking for the game. Picture to yourself that sweet-faced girl in the character of "Sunday," and then drag her down to the level of a piker's seat in the orchestra watching the cinematograph work.

Can you picture that without your orbs welling up with tears? Ethel Barrymore at fight pictures? Ye gods, no! Them eyes; those nose; never; banish the thought! We'd soon expect to see that well-known vaudeville favorite, Carry Nation, wrap her fair self 'round a Rhine wine and seltzer.

The secretary of last year's Toronto club was named Brick, but he was not a relative of the fifteen gold bricks that were on the payroll of that club.

It is said that Samuel E. Hyde, Fall River, Mass., has refused an offer of \$15,000 for the 3-year-old colt Silence, by Chimes, out of Whisper, 2:08½.

The New York National League ball club reported profits of \$110,000 for 1935.

It is said that the now popular fox-terrier was scarcely known a hundred years ago, and then he was a very different animal from the fox-terrier of today. His actual origin is unknown, although some authorities claim he comes from a cross of an ordinary terrier with a beagle. Many remember when he was found with enormous ears, frequently reaching almost to the ground, as a King Charles spaniel might do.

COVERPOINT.

TONIGHT'S HOCKEY MATCH POSTPONED; NO ICE

Seaforth and Seventh Regiment Unable to Play at Princess Rink, Owing to Mild Weather.

The weather man did not behave himself yesterday, and the game scheduled for tonight at the Princess Rink, between the Seventh Regiment and Seaforth, will be postponed. It was thought yesterday that the storm would bring colder weather, but it did not. The Seventh are getting much better in their schedule, as the northern teams are playing right along. Seaforth now has won a couple of games, and is getting in good condition.

The other games scheduled for tonight in the different groups are as follows:

Senior—St. George's at Woodstock.
Intermediate—Cobourg at Peterboro;
Uxbridge at Markham; Welland at St. Catharines; Galt at Berlin; Brantford at Ingersoll; Stratford at Paris; Hensall at Goderich.
Junior—Guelph at Brantford.
Not all of them will be played, as the ice is not good in many places.

REOPENING WAS MARKED BY A ONE-SIDED GAME

"G" Company Defeats "D" at Armories by a Score of 36 to 6—Teams Tied for First Place.

After a holiday of a couple of weeks the basketball season reopened last night, when G Company of the Seventh defeated D Company in a one-sided game by a score of 36 to 6. Some of D Company's best men were absent, and this made some difference in the score. The line-up was:

G Company—Clarke, Canfield, forwards; Marshall, center; Gaudier and Spay, defense.
D Company—Corrin and Blair, forwards; Martin, center; Hilbert and Fortner, defense.

Referee—D. Whitton.
The schedule will be run off as arranged with the exception of the games allotted to the Battery team, who have withdrawn. The captains of the different teams are urged to get their men on the floor promptly, as there will be no delay in the games. The championship is an open question as yet, no team being much in the lead. The standing now is:

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
H Company	3	0	1.000
G Company	2	0	1.000
O Company	4	1	.800
E Company	3	2	.600
A Company	1	1	.500
Uxbridge Band	1	3	.333
Uxbridge	1	3	.250
Uxbridge	0	2	.000
Uxbridge	0	4	.000

WILL BECOME OUTLAWS.

Ontario, Jan. 4.—Law Rapp and Louis Carr, of the Toronto Club, will, it is said, play the coming season with the outlaw Altoona Club, which is managed by Arthur Irwin. Carr figured in a trade for Meek, an infielder of Sioux City, and in any event, would not have returned to Toronto. Rapp's defection is more serious. He was counted upon to play one of the outfielders or first base for Toronto next summer, and Manager Barrow expected him to prove a star.

CAPT. HURLEY IS IN VERY BAD SHAPE NOW

Harvard's Crack Football Leader Has Blood Clot on Brain, Result of Injuries.

New York, Jan. 4.—A Boston dispatch to the World says: Capt. Daniel J. Hurley, of the Harvard Varsity eleven, who was seriously injured in the latter part of the football season, returned home Tuesday from a sojourn in the mountains, where he was sent after two weeks' treatment at the City Hospital. Capt. Hurley is not a well man by any means, and it looks now as though he would have to give up his cherished ambition to become a surgeon, owing to the severity of the injury.

Capt. Hurley was forced to go to the hospital a few days before the game with Yale on account of a blood clot on the brain. At the time it was thought he would be out in a few days, but the young man has failed to recover his strength and must exercise the greatest care in the future.

His family has been very anxious to put "Dan" through the Harvard medical school, but the surgeons at the hospital are very much averse to his determination to study and they will not consent to his returning to the medical school until a more complete examination is made of his injury.

In the fall of 1901 Capt. Hurley, severely injured his head and was laid up for a week. The old hurt bothered him on and off during the last four years and in the game with the Carlisle Indians this fall he suffered two more bad knocks, which resulted in a blood clot on the brain. The result of the surgeon's examination is awaited with much anxiety by Harvard men in general, who regard Capt. Hurley as one of the best football men ever developed at Cambridge.

BASEBALL WANTS FOUR DELEHANTY BOYS.

Cleveland, O., Jan. 4.—Arthur Irwin, who will manage the Altoona "outlaw" League team next season, was in Cleveland today endeavoring to secure the signatures of the four Delehanty boys to contracts for his team. The brothers are Joe, of the Buffalo team; Tom, of Pueblo; Frank, of the New York Americans; and Jim, of the Boston National League Club. None of them has signed a contract with his club as yet. Irwin also said he would have Freeman and Dineen of the Boston Americans next season. Both players are dissatisfied with the figures offered by the Boston club, and, according to Irwin, will come to the Tri-State League club. He left tonight for Syracuse and expects to get Dineen's name to a contract tomorrow.

OUTLAWS WANT WILLIS. Boston, Jan. 4.—There may be a fight for the services of Vic Willis. The Tri-State League is making claims, which members of it declare they will fight for in the courts. The Altoona club has laid claim to the services of Willis for 1936. President Dreyfuss, of the Pittsburgh club, has been informed that Willis during last spring refused to sign with the Boston Nationals. He wanted more salary. He then decided to play in the outlaw league, and signed with Altoona, Pa., to play for the season. The Boston Nationals gave him the money he demanded, and signed the contract with the Boston club. The Altoona club claims that if he is released by the Boston Nationals legally belongs to Altoona, as he had signed to play and had not filled his contract, but Boston having a prior claim, he was legally entitled to fill that contract. The Altoona club will go into the courts and ask to have Willis enjoined from playing with the Pittsburgh club.

WOODSTOCK SENIORS' DEBUT.

Woodstock, Jan. 4.—The Woodstock Hockey Club will make their first appearance in senior hockey tomorrow night, when they play their opening championship match with the St. George's, of Toronto. The locals have not yet had a practice on the ice, but their opponents will not have much advantage over them in this respect, owing to the scarcity of ice throughout the province. Woodstock team will line up as follows: Goal, Airey; point, McLennan; coverpoint, Foley; rover, McEay, center, Montgomery; right wing, Richardson; left wing, Lalonde.

DEFEATED, BUT PLEASED. Ingersoll, Jan. 4.—Although defeated by a score of 10 to 6, the showing made by the local intermediate team at Stratford Tuesday night was very pleasing to their admirers. The team is composed of strictly "home brews," and the manner in which they made the Indians hustle is proof positive that they have a good chance of winning the district championship.

The spread work of the players was all the more satisfactory because of the fact that they had not had a single rink practice or gymnasium exercise.

The hockey season will open here on Friday night, when the intermediates will cross sticks with the Brantford seven. A keen contest is certain. The locals look forward to turning the tables on Stratford when they meet here.

FOOTBALL EXPECTS A SPLIT.

Lincoln, Neb., Jan. 4.—Prof. James T. Lees, who attended the New York football conference as a representative of Nebraska University, returned today. Prof. Lees is one of the seven members of the new committee to frame new rules, and does not believe the old committee will consent to act with the new one. "They have had the running of the game so long, I should be surprised if they should indicate a willingness to surrender any of that power now," he said. "They treated us fairly in our conference with them in Philadelphia, but they seemed to discover all of a sudden that they had no authority to act with us before, and are sulking their colleges. If they should not consent to act with us in revising the rules, the new committee will go ahead of its own accord."

Heaven may be the home of praise; but it will do no harm to let a few cheers loose here.

Some men think that they are doing a great deal toward remedying this world's wrongs by reciting them.

DEPEND ON YOUR PUNCH---NELSON. STRATEGY BRINGS SUCCESS---BRITT

Two Great Lightweights Take Diametrically Opposite Views of What Earns Championship Laurels in the Ring, and Each Backs His Opinions With Sound Arguments.

Britt and Nelson, who are certain sooner or later to meet again in the ring represent diametrically opposite schools of fighting, and, despite the outcome of their great open-air contest a few months ago, each holds that his system is the best for practical purposes.

On their first meeting, a battle of twenty rounds, Britt got the decision on points. Nelson won the open-air unlimited contest at Colma by a knock-out in the eighteenth round.

Nelson represents the slugging class, men who can punch hard and who are always ready to take a blow in order to land one. He depends on stamina alone to win, and his only plan is to keep boring in, allowing nothing to stop him.

Britt is a game, clever fighter of the Jim Corbett type, although heavier built than Corbett, proportionately. He can hit hard, but his blows lack the power of Nelson's. He can rough it when necessary, but depends more on science than slugging to wear down his antagonist. He plans his fights carefully and gets all the knowledge of an opponent he can before entering the ring.

Both Nelson and Britt have good arguments in defense of their mode of battling. Here is what they say:

By Battling Nelson.

I think the fellow with the wallop is the one to be feared. By that I mean the pugilist that wins his victories by the knockout route. This style of fighter has many advantages over the clever boxer, who invariably obtains the decision at the end of the bout by his cleverness. In the first place, the fighter always has the boxer on the retreat, and always has to step backward to get away, while the fighter is steadily advancing in the natural way, and he just covers half the ground. This is one of the main reasons that the so-called clever fellows appear to be so tired after a long battle.

In my recent battle with Jimmy Britt, I will venture to say that he covered at least twice the ground that I did in backing from side to side. The boxer, or what is termed the clever man, has one advantage over the fighter. That is only when the bout is a short one. Send him the distance and there is just one ending, the latter will invariably win, just the same as the thoroughbred, when you match a stake horse with a sprinter, over the Derby route.

To be successful in the fighting game, you must be a fighter and have a punch. When you once establish the name of putting up a bruising battle, all of the fight promoters want you. Regardless of what is said about the clever fighters, the public want to see the fighters who finish their arguments by a sleep producer and leave no ground for argument. I found Herrera and Young Corbett to be the hardest punchers and Abe Attel the cleverest. Britt is as game as any of them, but never had any steam behind his blows.

My next battle is with Terry McGovern, and you will see more fighting in those six rounds than in many 20-round bouts, as Terry will mix in from the jump, and there is bound to be a finish in that time.

ANOTHER DELEHANTY COMES TO THE FRONT

Willie the Latest of Celebrated Baseball Family to Seek Fame on the Diamond.

Baseball stars fade and are forgotten, but there is one family name that will always live in memory because it has given no less than six members to the national game. Willis Delehanty is the latest of that famous family to seek fame and advancement from the minor leagues. He is the youngest of the boys, and has followed precedent in his family by signing with the Montgomery Club of the Southern League.

First and foremost in achievements on the diamond in this great family of ball players was Ed Delehanty, the giant slugger of the Philadelphia and Washington teams. He was accidentally drowned two years ago. "Del," as he was known everywhere, was a great batter of the type that is fast passing. He ranked with Lajoie among American League hitters, and held the batting championship of the league at the time of his death. He was a much bigger man than any of his brothers, and could hit a ball with terrific force. In Chicago one day he got four home runs off Adonis Terry, but still his team was defeated.

The youngest brother played with a fast independent team in Ohio last year. He possesses all the earmarks of a hitter who will be in the big leagues in a few years. If there is anything in a name he should. The family resides at Cleveland, Ohio.

The other Delehanty boys are scattered throughout different leagues. Jim has played the outfield for the Boston Nationals for two years. Frank played in the Southern League last year and joined the New York Americans toward the close of the season. He will be with the Western League next season, and Joe was a member of the Buffalo team.

THE TURF.

YESTERDAY'S WINNERS. At New Orleans, Fair Grounds—Usury 7 to 2, Paul Clifford 7 to 1, Hyacinth 6 to 5, Gold Enamel 10 to 1. Excitement 16 to 5, Charlie Thompson even.

STAKES WILL BE ADDED.

Windsor, Jan. 4.—It is stated by Mr. Hendrie, who holds a controlling interest in the Windsor Driving Park Association, that the meeting of the association late this month will result in two or more first-class stakes being named for the regular summer driving meeting, together with an increase of the established stakes. This means that Detroiters will not miss their annual trotting and pacing events for big stakes, even though the affairs of the Grosbe Point track fail to be straightened out.

THE RING.

WHAT IGNORANCE.

Louisville, Ky., Jan. 3.—Heywood Allen, who left Louisville eleven weeks ago with a set of Battling Nelson-Jimmy Britt fight pictures for a nine weeks' engagement in the south, has returned home because, as he says, "the southern people need education in the art of pugilism."

"The northern business was all right," said Allen, "but I found people in the south in the last two weeks who had not heard of Battling Nelson or Jimmy Britt. The finish came at Salisbury, N. C., where the gross receipts amounted to \$675. When I wired to New York the amount of business done I was asked if I had the correct figures."

STRANGER WRITES OF THE HABITANT

What Was Seen During a Drive Below Montreal.

FRENCH-CANADIAN HAMLETS

Not to Mention the Ancient Hills So Old as To Be the Oldest in the World.

Maud Goring writes in the New York Post: A line of telegraph poles stalked gauntly across a flat expanse, and faded into an all-encompassing blur of twilight, mist and rain.

Beside them, buried in mud, lay the road from the St. Lawrence River to the Laurentian Hills. A long-suffering French horse, which seemed to have learned from habitation masters the plodding patience of a peasant raven, splashed fetlock-deep into puddle after puddle. The French driver, with the drizzle beating into his eyes, murmured a muffled malediction.

In level pastures to right and left soaked sheep huddled up to tall fences, seeking shelter and finding none. We, looking pensively forth beneath the hood of our ramshackle "voiture" considered our most recent folly and repented thereof. We wondered why we had left—for this—the allurement of Society—with a capital S—and the creature comforts of an effete civilization, and bethought ourselves how easily, should it become worth while, our neglected heirs-at-law might prove us mad.

Yet the jaunt now nearing its end had been by no means without interest. The morning sun shone hazily, but cheerily, when we set forth from Berthier-en-haut, a little country town on the river's brink, forty miles below Montreal. All the river country between Montreal and Three Rivers is at level as the sea. Here and there, on an illimitable plain, which is peacock, olive, gray, or purple, according to the season and the hour, are gleaming clusters of white barns and cottages, faintly suggesting groups of sails glimpsed far off at sea. Here and there shines a metal-sheathed spire. These belong to parish churches, which have given to the surrounding villages their musical and hallowed names. St. Cathbert, St. Barthelmy, St. Felix de Valois, and St. Elizabeth.

Wear and Tear of Time.

And far to the northward, etched against the sky, is a line of hills, part of the oldest geological formation in the world. The rocks which form their underpinning, and often their surface, too, are all tilted and twisted, scorped by ice, and changed by fire. Towards these incalculably ancient hills we set forth in a calculatedly ancient voiture with a rakishly tilted top. We had a camera, a borrowed umbrella, a pile of frowzy rugs, and an old French driver, wiry and chirpy as a cricket, and no stranger, apparently to whisky blanc.

A la bonheur! For ten miles north of Berthier the country is unsurpassed in fertility in all the Province of Quebec, and it supports a large, though scattered, population. "What village is this?" we again and again ask our driver, as we pass cluster after cluster of barns and dwellings, and he has always the same laconic answer: "No name, just the country." The houses are all alike with one story below the curving roof, so that the projecting eaves almost overhang the entrance door.

Outside each is a well, with its primitive sweep. Many of the houses have thatched barns with white walls and with doors painted red or black. Most of the households, for reasons which baffle the intuition of the tourist, have out-door ovens made of clay, and inclosed in little structures of brick. Here and there one may see hanks of homespun and home-dyed wool hung up on the fence to dry.

Sheep and cattle browse in the level fields, which are crisscrossed by ditches, lest standing water should rot the grass. At every few miles the wayfarer finds a little cheese factory, with primitive methods and machinery. Rock fences bound the pastures. No rock appears anywhere, and one sees neither thickets, woodland, nor hedge; but here and there stands a great solitary meadow elm as graceful as those of New England.

A Geographical Study.

From these rich, flat pastures one passes "in the twinkling of an eye" into the rugged desolation of the hills. Great sheets of bare rock appear, heaving up like billows from beneath the surface soil. Great boulders are strewn everywhere.

The road begins to climb and dip, and dense thickets of mountain shrubs, aflame with the last glories of autumn, hide the river country from our sight.

In the most barren spot, apparently, of all this barren region, some brave souls have tried to make a village. Thirty years ago this hamlet—St. Northbert—had two sawmills and a population of two hundred souls, but when the mountain woods had fallen before the axe the occupation of the villagers was gone. "Not good for farming," said our driver, indicating a field wherein were only rocks, mullein stalks, and the palpitant birches which are often the last effort of worn-out land.

Many of the children born into this village have left their country for their own good, and sought the hospitality of Uncle Sam. In some cases the old parents have followed their children, leaving their little houses desolate. But some cling to their homes to the last. "They seem to be all old here," said my companion, watching the white-haired man at work "banking" a cottage wall against the winter, subject to the advice and criticism of a white-haired woman, weaving, just inside an open door. Some have clung to the very last, as we know by the three or four black crosses bearing their heads above the brambles in the neglected garden-plots.

Partly Deserted.

More than half the dwellings in this

village are now empty. Boards are nailed over their darkened windows, and unused doors, and in their garden-plots vegetables are making a last stand against invading brats and weeds. At the top of the long, stony hill up which the village straggles, a great cross lifts its head against the sky. This commemorates a ceremony observed in spring in the villages of French Canada—the blessing of the fields. A parish mass is held in the open air to invoke the benediction of God upon the seeds about to be cast into the ground.

Sometimes one member of a parish arranges for a special mass to bring down a blessing upon his own fields, and if the parishioners be devout and well-to-do, several such masses may be provided for in a parish, and announced on one Sunday. After the ceremony is over, a cross is erected on the spot where the officiating priest had stood. Masses are also offered in rural French Canada for rain, for fair weather, and for relief from epidemics. For every mass the parish bell is rung. When a member of a parish dies it tolls forth the number of his years, and three times every day it rings the Angelus.

What the gate was to a Hebrew town the door of the parish church is to a village of French Canada. The life of the little community is focused around it. After the close of morning mass and before the congregation has dispersed, the bailiff, standing in the church door or on a platform erected before it, reads all manner of public and business notices. Among the sheriff's sales, recorded from time to time in Montreal papers, one finds such notices, and it is to be said that at the door of the parish church of St.—"anything you will. On all days of the week one may see affixed to the side posts of the church door a motley collection of weather-stained placards, usually in French. Whoever has property to sell will advertise it here, and here are posted notices of auctions, of public meetings, and of live stock "lost, strayed, or stolen." Here also some local authority affixes the fish and game laws of the province.

Even Signs Are Few.

A French village is generally profusely illustrated with signs. The custom, like the inn signs of the middle ages, is probably a concession to the needs of a population whereof a large proportion cannot read print. But he who runs can read these, and the wayfarer, though he sign his name with a cross, cannot miss them. A great window shows you one of countrymen, and the window behind which your own can be tested. The "ferblanterie" displays a kettle of gigantic proportions atop of a tall pole. The saddler is known by a great wooden horse collar swinging above his door. The "boulanger" hangs out a picture of a loaf and a roll, both of appetizing puffiness, and the undertaker of funeral pious displays an elaborately pictured coffin, with handles and name plate complete.

But the signs, like the shops, are few and poor at St. Northbert, and soon we leave the half-deserted village behind, and enter a rocky wilderness, where scattered dwellings, short commons of the white-stemmed birches, those dwellers in stony and sterile places. And lo! at a turn in a long downward slope the smoke of trains and factories, and the great gleaming spires of a parish church. A puffing and snorting of engines and a whirling of wheels—a railroad hotel, where we dine—and the end of our exploring.

No Opium in Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

There is not the least danger of giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to small children, as it contains no opium or other harmful drug. It has an established reputation of more than 30 years as the most successful medicine in use for colds, coughs, and whooping cough. It always cures and is pleasant to take. Children like it. Sold by all druggists.

New Route to Southern California.

The opening of traffic of the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railroad, between Salt Lake City and Los Angeles, makes available a most desirable short line to Southern California. This will doubtless be of great interest to the ever-increasing number of people who journey each winter to this sunny clime.

In anticipation of a large volume of this class of traffic a handsome equipment of modern vestibule trains has been placed in service in connection with the Overland Limited train of the Chicago, Burlington and Northern western line, the most luxurious train in the world. This forms a new and interesting route by which first class tourists can reach the sunshine and flowers of Southern California, traveling on fast schedules and in luxurious comfort. Rates, folders and full information can be obtained from B. H. Bennett, general agent, 2 East King Street, Toronto, Ont. 89-n-v.

THE TURF.

RACING ON THE ICE.

Orillia, Jan. 4.—The Orillia annual race began today on the ice of Lake Couchiching. There was a good attendance and the best lot of horses that were ever here on such an occasion. The weather was fine and the track in good condition. The races resulted as follows:

2:20 class—First, Miss Applebee, S. Passmore; second, Lady Guthard, J. Nevill; Peterboro; third, Maybe, E. Laidley, Cookstown. Time, 2:30½, 2:23½, 2:30½.

2:35 class—First, Minnie Bell, G. Powell, Orillia; second, Miss Paisley, H. Cook, Peterboro; third, Birnie Hayes, H. Laidley, Cookstown; fourth, Commodore, K. D. Dennison, Coldwater. Time, 2:24, 2:23 and 2:27.

