

# THE STANDARD'S PAGE OF SPORTS

## CORBETT-CHONYSKI BATTLE ON BARGE ONE OF FIERCEST

(By TAD.)  
Billy Delaney, the most famous hander of fighters in the country today, the man who brought both Jeffries and Corbett from oblivion to the top of the pugilistic ladder, is the writer of today's story.

He picks as the greatest fight he ever saw the grudge fight between Corbett and Chonyski, which took place on a barge in California 22 years ago.



JAMES J. CORBETT.

We might stick in a few words ourselves as a sort of appetizer to corroborate Delaney's story.

Jim Corbett slapped Chonyski's brother across the face with a glove during an argument in a cafe on Market street one evening, and the brother called Joe up on the phone to tell him of the insult. Joe came down in a rush and the battle came within an inch of being pulled off in the cafe then and there.

They did meet in a barn at Fairfax, Cal., as Delaney tells, and the battle was stopped. Interest at that time was at fever heat, so the sports and backers of each man agreed to have a barge beat the police interference and have the thing to a finish.

On the day of the battle both sides met at a certain place with the gloves and the money, and up the bay they started. On the way one of the Chonyski brothers tied a rock to Joe's gloves and threw them overboard. He wanted a bare knuckle fight.

When he heard of the trick Corbett said that he was very well satisfied, and allowed Chonyski to wear a pair of tough driving gloves with laces down the back. Corbett himself wore the regulation skin tight gloves.

Delaney's story of the battle to the writer follows:

You asked me what the greatest fight I ever saw, and I'm going to

tell you that barge fight between Corbett and Chonyski was the toughest I have seen a lead to a finish and it was there, yet the shorter was tipped off in some manner and after four rounds of fighting the go was stopped and all hands came back to San Francisco.

A few days later the thing was fixed up and they met on a barge anchored in the Straits of Carquinez. It proved to be the toughest battle than ever took place in the west.

No championship battle that was ever billed in the west created more excitement than this fight did.

They started fighting like two bull dogs at the call of time and never once did either give an inch until the battle was over.

With the murderous little gloves they cut one another into ribbons, but instead of slowing up the loss of blood seemed to make them more vicious. In the tenth round there was so much blood and both lads were so cut and bruised that many of the spectators turned away in disgust. In the fourteenth the referee came over to Jim and asked him if he wasn't willing to have the thing called a draw.

"Not on your life," replied Corbett. "I'll be to the centre every round if I have to drag myself to the scratch."

In the next round the referee, Patay Hogan, tried to have Chonyski agree to a draw, but Joe told him that if he wasn't satisfied to stick it out that they'd get another referee. Joe told him it was a battle to a finish and it must end with a win for one or the other. Neither man would stand for a draw, but insisted upon fighting, when, as a matter of fact, neither had anything left but confidence. Up to this time there was no shade either way. It was first one then the other, and at any time could have ended with a strip of the other.

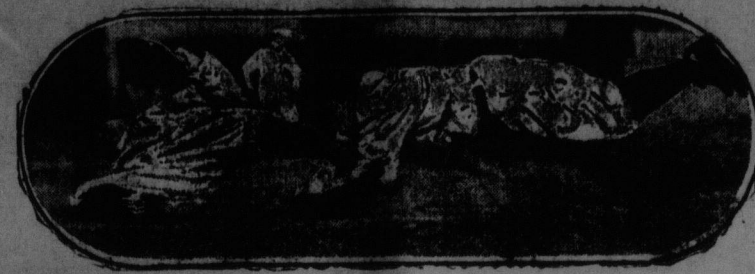
In the eighteenth Joe was bleeding like a stuck pig. His mouth, nose and eyes were pouring forth blood. Corbett himself was bleeding from the mouth and nose, but his continual jabbing had Chonyski worse off, and they couldn't stop the flow of blood. Chonyski was doing his best to get anything left but confidence. Up to Corbett's hands were broken at this time, he couldn't do much more than bull his way along.

In the twenty-eighth and last round, with both weak as kittens, Corbett palmed Joe with his left hand flush on the face. The jar stood Chonyski up stiff, then he fell over on his back, and the fight was over. He didn't move after hitting the floor. At the count of ten Corbett collapsed completely himself. When he did come to he was a strip of the other.

I never did up to that time, and never have since, seen so much evidence of endurance and manhood displayed as I did in that bloody battle, and this goes for both of them.

BILLY DELANEY.

## REMARKABLE PICTURE OF ODD PLAY



In a recent game at Cleveland between the Tigers and Naps, Donnie Bush tried to score on Cobb's double and tagged Bush on the leg in time to put him out.

## DONOVAN PASSING AS PITCHER; RESULTS SHOULD MAKE SPLENDID MANAGER OF THE BIG LEAGUES



"WILD BILL" DONOVAN.

(By Tip Wright.)  
Ranking with the lamented Adrian Jones as a popular player, Pitcher William Donovan of the Detroit Club is destined to become manager of an American league club within the next two years.

The chances are that at the close of the 1911 season "Wild Bill" will make his debut as a manager in 1912. But Donovan will not step into the shoes of the Detroit Yankees as manager of the Tigers. The handwriting on the wall was noticed when the clubs were in the south. Donovan acted as manager of the Detroit Yankees and made a hit not only with the owners of the Detroit club but with owners

of other clubs in the same league. I do not hesitate to say positively that when the Detroit club no longer requires the services of Donovan on the mound—and this I think will be the next season—he will be employed as manager by another club.

I know that this matter has been talked over by the owners of the Detroit club and the men who want Donovan as manager, and that an amicable arrangement has been made whereby Donovan will be permitted to go to the club in question.

The day of Donovan as a star pitcher is passing. Even now he is held in reserve by Jennings until the warm weather arrives.

American League.

At Cleveland, O.—Score—	
Cleveland . . . . .	9 10 11—3 12 2
New York . . . . .	6 9 9 1
Batteries—Blanding and Fisher; Ford and Sweeney.	
At Detroit, Mich.—Score—	
Boston . . . . .	4 9 2
Detroit . . . . .	5 10 1
Batteries—Wood and Numanaker; Covington and Stanges.	
At Chicago, Ill.—Score—	
Chicago . . . . .	6 8 0
Philadelphia . . . . .	2 11 2
Batteries—Olstead and Sullivan; Coombs and Lapp.	
At St. Louis, Mo.—Score—	
St. Louis . . . . .	8 11 0
Washington . . . . .	3 2 2
Batteries—Powell and Stephens; Sherry and Henry.	

American League Standing.

	Won	Lost	P.C.
Detroit . . . . .	24	5	.828
Boston . . . . .	15	12	.556
Philadelphia . . . . .	12	11	.524
Chicago . . . . .	13	12	.520
New York . . . . .	12	13	.480
Washington . . . . .	10	14	.417
Cleveland . . . . .	11	18	.379
St. Louis . . . . .	7	20	.259

National League.

At Chicago, Ill.—Score—	
Chicago . . . . .	6 5 1
Brooklyn . . . . .	2 6 4
Batteries—Reulbach, Brown and Archer; Olstead and Stanges.	
At Boston, Mass.—Score—	
Boston . . . . .	11 10 12 6
Pittsburg . . . . .	12 16 3
Batteries—Olstead and Stanges; Camnitz, Nagle, Perry and Limon.	
At New York.	
St. Louis . . . . .	6 11 1
New York . . . . .	10 12 1
Batteries—Golden, Zmich and Brennan; Drucke and Myers, Wilson.	
At Philadelphia.	
Cincinnati . . . . .	5 10 5
Philadelphia . . . . .	21 21 4
Batteries—Gaspard, McQuillan, Schreiber and McLean; Humphrey and Dooin.	

National League Standing.

	Won	Lost	P.C.
Philadelphia . . . . .	21	6	.778
Pittsburg . . . . .	16	9	.640
New York . . . . .	16	9	.640
Chicago . . . . .	15	11	.577
Cincinnati . . . . .	11	10	.524
St. Louis . . . . .	7	15	.318
Boston . . . . .	8	20	.288
Brooklyn . . . . .	6	20	.231

Eastern League.

At Toronto.	
Newark . . . . .	1 6 0
Toronto . . . . .	9 14 2
Batteries—Lee, Johnson, Jenkins and Cady; Teezure and Kocher.	
At Buffalo.	
Buffalo . . . . .	4 6 0
Providence . . . . .	7 6 0
Batteries—Piez, Malarkey and Beckendorf; Fitzgerald, Doyle and Fitzgerald.	
At Rochester.	
Rochester . . . . .	6 7 4
Baltimore . . . . .	5 8 0
Batteries—Holmes, Deasau, Wilhelm and Osborn, Kalkbrenner; Dyggert and Vickers.	
At Montreal; Jersey City-Montreal game postponed, wet grounds.	

Eastern League Standing.

	Won	Lost	P.C.
Rochester . . . . .	18	3	.857
Toronto . . . . .	14	7	.667
Buffalo . . . . .	11	10	.524
Providence . . . . .	8	13	.381
Newark . . . . .	8	14	.364
Montreal . . . . .	7	14	.333
Jersey City . . . . .	5	13	.278

## ABLES' HANDS BIGGER THAN ANY PLAYER'S

Harry Ables, the giant southpaw pitcher of the Yankees, has the most impressive set of hands ever seen in professional baseball.

The team's Honus Wagner calls the hands "hooks" of the big new portlander from Texas. Not only are Ables' hands exceptionally large, but his fingers are exceptionally long. The digits are so long that Ables can hide a regulation baseball in the palm of his hand. A regulation baseball, by the way, is 9 inches in circumference.

On the east side baseball grounds last evening the Roses went down to defeat at the hands of that terrific slugging bunch, the East St. Johns. When the curtain dropped on the final act the score was 8 to 1. For the first three innings there were little to choose between the teams, but in the 4th the east sliders lifted the cushions and Carney came in with one of his old time swats to right field for three bases. Then the slugging began in earnest, and when the agony ceased the score stood 8 to 1.

Ables has as much natural "stuff" as any pitcher who has ever been in himself. Most pitchers hold the ball for a fast one, well in the hand, depending on a wrist motion to give the sphere the necessary spin. Ables, for this delivery lets the ball rest almost at the extreme ends of his fingers. With his vice-like grip and a wrist he can get all the stuff on the ball without a strain.

It looked as if the score might be tied when the Roses came to bat, for with the bases full and McLaughlin at bat they had a chance. A star one handed scoop by Elliott resulted in a double play, and Perley scored on the throw home.

Ables believes that his big hands and long fingers give him natural advantages possessed by no other major league pitcher. His hands and arms are powerful and his wrist strong. His curve ball breaks almost as sharply as his "splitter," which he uses only on rare occasions. The big fellow is as strong as an ox and has not trouble at all in steaming up.

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Alexander . . . . .	Catcher . . . . . Stewart
Sterling . . . . .	Pitcher . . . . . Perley
Myles . . . . .	First Base . . . . . Beckwith
Carney . . . . .	Second Base . . . . . Penny
Elliott . . . . .	Third Base . . . . . McLaughlin
Willis . . . . .	Short Stop . . . . . Perley
Gigley . . . . .	Left Field . . . . . Thorne
Letty . . . . .	Centre Field . . . . . Alexander
Cromwell . . . . .	Right Field . . . . . Elliott
Jerry Stubbs . . . . .	Bellevue

Sterling To Amherst.

Ernest Sterling of this city will leave for Amherst on Monday next to take part in the Hamblers A. C. athletic meet, on May 24. Sterling has won the trophy for the long distance event two years in succession, and if he wins this year, it will become his property. He has been doing quite a lot of training of late and is in the best of condition, and expects to win.

## TY COBB'S QUICKNESS IS WHAT MAKES HIM A WINNER

(W. S. FARNSWORTH in Boston American).  
Ty Cobb is the greatest base stealer in the game. There is no getting away from it, although many will claim that Eddie Collins, the fleet-footed athlete, is his superior. Last season Collins, slightly outplundered the speedy Tiger, but Cobb ran him a first close second. One year's work alone cannot earn Collins the crown. Wait until he has played as long as the "Georgia Peach" and then see if his base-stealing record totals as high as Hughie Jennings' basebat.

The elements of Cobb's success as a run getter are several. In the first place, of course, he is a wonderful hitter. Only one man in the American League outhit him last season, and that was Joe Jackson of the Cleveland club, who performed in only twenty games near the end of the season.

Jackson hit .387, while Cobb's final average was .385. It seems a cinch that, if the Nap had played in as many games, his mark would not have been as high.

There were many others who hit nearly as hard as Cobb and yet didn't steal half as many bases. Cobb's wonderful ability to pilfer is due to his consummate nerve in advancing each step on his journey after making his start.

Cobb's fame came to him early on account of his introduction of new and original methods of base running. In sharp contrast to the old style of advancing.

Most clubs still rely mainly on signals between the manager, the batter and the base runner. The runner must wait for his signal and then make his combination with the batter. This is the modern scientific method, and it is the most effective when dealing with the average base runner, who needs help from the batter in making his way around the sacks.



TY COBB.

But Cobb, while he is ready to play a team game when it looks like the best thing to do, does not depend to any great extent on assistance in going his way. He is a very fast man and a remarkably quick starter. More important still, he is a quick thinker and capable of outguessing the average opponent more than half the time.

The opposition has little chance to outguess him, for when once he gets on, he is always ready to advance and does not tip off what move he is going to make.

Cobb takes a big lead off any base he may be occupying, and it is always a source of great worry and annoyance to the opposing team, especially the pitcher and catcher. The instant he gets on he has everybody up to the air. No one knows just when he is going to make a dash for the next cushion.

paratively easy out at that. The pitcher, however, hurried, as a man always does when Cobb is marching around, and threw slightly wild.

"The first baseman reached out for the ball and partially stopped it, but could not quite hold on. It cartwheeled off his glove a few feet. Cobb just kept on going, making the turn at full speed and heading for second. Again there were owners of time to nail him, but the first sacker in his haste tossed high. The shortstop, who covered second, had to jump for the ball. It bounded off his finger tips and kicked into left-centre field for three or four yards.

"Cobb kept on going, never slackening his speed, and dashing for third base with all his might. The plate was quickly recovered, and once again there seemed a certainty of putting him out with a good play.

"But all the infielders were now up in the air, and none was sure of his aim. The shortstop's throw to third was low, the ball bounced off the glove of the third baseman and rolled into foul ground. Cobb kept right on going. He rounded third, still at the limit of his speed, and rushed along for the plate.

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Speed and Boldness Count.

His tremendous speed is always in his favor and his boldness in executing his moves is extraordinary. He can slide in any style, and he can get into a bag with a rush that is terrifying to the guardian of the sack, accompanied as it is by the flashing of polished spikes in the air.

Cobb has been called a "dirty player," but only by players who have failed to head off his wild dashes around the bases. There is nothing vicious or dirty in his playing. He simply sets out to gain his point and his position must make way for him or suffer the consequences. He runs the bases without thought of injury to himself or others, and so he draws five times the salary of the cautious athlete who is always getting out of somebody's way.

Cobb is the cause of more wild throws than any other player in the game today. He takes such a big lead that it always looks as though there was a chance to get him, but the throw must be hurried to nail the

He had made the complete circuit and talked on a slow trot to the box, on which he should have been thrown out at first. Opportunities had been offered to get him at every base, including the plate, but his dash and daring had rattled the team in the field to such an extent that no one of the fielders made the play perfectly, and Cobb took advantage of the momentous wild throws and muffs to get a run on an infield grasser.

This instance is a good illustration of the style of Cobb on the bases and explains why he invariably leads his league in the art of scoring runs. He is simply in a class by himself as a negotiator of the distance from plate to home. Combining a keen eye at the bat with wonderful speed and intelligence and nerve to take every chance the instant that it is offered, he shines above the average cautious and mechanical player, like an arc light above a candle.

## M'AVITYS' WON FIRST OF SERIES

The first of the three matches between teams from T. McAvity & Sons and the I.C.R. for the Commercial league championship, was played on Black's alleys last evening. The former won the game, but good work was done by McDonald of the I. C. R. The score:

T. McAvity & Sons.  
O'Shay . . . 99 80 78 267—53 23  
O'Brien . . . 81 87 79 249—82 12  
Littlejohn . . . 80 84 101 275—87 13  
Foshee . . . 77 83 103 263—87 23  
Harrison . . . 87 89 84 260—86 23  
401 447 430 1278

I. C. R.  
Nicholls . . . 79 86 74 239—79 23  
Nugent . . . 83 89 77 249—82 23  
Stevens . . . 80 84 101 275—87 23  
McDonald . . . 83 104 89 276—92  
Garnett . . . 66 84 89 239—79 23  
401 447 430 1278

These teams will play again this evening.

Weekly Roll Off.  
Geo. Gambin won the weekly roll off at Black's alleys last evening with a score of 94.

## TENNIS WILL HAVE A BOOM IN CHATHAM

Chatham, N. B., May 15.—The annual meeting of the Chatham Lawn Tennis Club was held Wednesday evening in the town hall and the following officers and committees were elected for the year:

President—Geo. E. Fisher.  
Sec. Treas.—J. D. K. MacNaughton.  
Ladies Managing Committee—Mrs. L. J. Tweede, Mrs. H. B. McDonald, Mrs. E. M. Tweede, Mrs. William Dine, Mrs. Geoffrey Stead, Mrs. F. E. Neale, Miss Beveridge, Mrs. H. A. Marvin.

Men's Committee—Jos. P. Wood, F. E. Jordan, L. J. Logkie, G. T. O'Brien, G. E. Martin, Rev. George Wood.

The courts are now being put in condition and they will be in the best shape that the club has ever had them. A new top clay dressing has been put on and they have been thoroughly rolled and drained.

The club's membership at present is a little above the fifty mark.

Duck Cove Post Office.  
The summer post office at Duck Cove will be opened about the first of June. Mrs. Mary Keene will be the postmistress. This will be a great convenience to the people living in a score of 94.

## ABLES' HANDS BIGGER THAN ANY PLAYER'S

Harry Ables, the giant southpaw pitcher of the Yankees, has the most impressive set of hands ever seen in professional baseball.

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## FROM SANDLOTS TO MINOR STAR

Sydney, N. S. W., May 12.—"Bill" Lang, the Australian heavyweight, was given the decision over Jack Lester of Cleburn, Washington, today, when the latter was disqualified in the 6th round for kneeling. Lester had a slight lead when he dropped to his knees. He had not been hit at the moment, and explained that he had twisted his arm.

Fifteen thousand persons saw the fight. Lang weighed in at 192 pounds and Lester at 175.

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## BOOTS THIS WEEK

Tonight.  
Al Delmont vs. Jimmy Walsh; Kid Scalar vs. Tom Foley; Harold Walker vs. Johnny Munice, and M. Mucabey vs. Young Roche, Armory A. A.  
Al Benedict vs. Larry English, Waberville, N. Y.  
Jeff Smith vs. Dick Nelson, New York.  
Jack White vs. Eddie Dennis, St. Joseph.

Wednesday.  
Ted Nelson vs. J. Mitchem, New York.  
Phil Cross vs. Mart Brown, New York.

Thursday.  
Tommy Rawson vs. Nap Dufresne, Adams.  
Phil Schlossberg vs. Unknown, Hammond, Ind.  
Young Jasper vs. Johnny Gallant, Lowell.  
Johnny Stewart vs. Eddie Shelving, Ellis sanborn vs. Kid Fleming, Augusta, Me.

Friday.  
Morris Harris vs. Jim Smith, New York.  
Joe Rivers vs. George Kirkwood, San Francisco.  
Johnny Coulon vs. Harry Forbes, Toronto.  
Morris Bloom vs. Spike Kelly, Niles, Mich.

## LITTLE NEMO NEIBOLD.

From the obscurity of the Detroit sandlots to the biggest find of the season in the American association is the story of "Little Nemo" Leibold of the Milwaukee team.

For the past three years Leibold, who is now 19, has been playing in the Detroit trolley league until discovered by Jimmy Barrett, the ex-Tiger. This season he was taken on the spring trip of the Brewers and already he has set the fans of the circuit talking by his wonderful work.

Leibold is a natural ball player and his hitting has been timely, while his fielding is of the sensational order. Twice this season he has figured in ninth-inning rallies, batting in the winning run.

This little sandlotter can bat both left and right handed and can also throw with either hand.

## S. S. ATHLETIC LEAGUE.

The first meet of the above league will be held this evening at 7 o'clock in front of the Y. M. C. A. building. The following events will be run off: Running high jump for ages fifteen and sixteen. Fifty yard dash for ages twelve to fourteen. Boys taking part in the meet will be allowed the use of the Y. M. C. A. dressing rooms and swimming tank. Boys are required to bring their own soap and towel. Application blanks can be obtained at the Y. M. C. A. building and will be completed and handed in before six o'clock.

Next Month At The Opera House.

Among the entertainments booked for next month is "The Lost Paradise." It will be presented June 5th and 6th by the members of the Irish Literary and Benevolent Society. John R. Pauley is instructing the members of the cast. There will be a couple of specialties, and Mr. M. F. Kelly is the musical director. Although the advance tickets are out only a few days, many of them have already changed hands, and the indications are two crowded houses will greet the performers.

**D. & J. McCallum's**  
*Perfection*  
**WHISKY**  
THE BEST "SCOTCH"

FOR FLAVOUR AND FRAGRANCE, RICH AND WHOLESOME TASTE, B. & J. McCallum's "PERFECTION" SCOTCH WHISKY HAS BEEN RECOMMENDED BY THE MOST DISTINGUISHED QUALITY PHYSICIANS AND RECOMMENDED BY THE MOST WHOLESOME AND RESPONSIBLE STIMULANT KNOWLEDGE ON SALE AT ALL BARS.

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St. John, N. B., Agents