

All Latest Sporting News and Gossip

PARIS SIX TO LONDONS TWO IN FIRST CARLING CUP GAME

Local Team Minus Its Regular Forward Line Outplayed By the Parisians in Poor Exhibition of Hockey
—Second Contest on Friday

Paris 6, London 2.
The above score tells more than two columns of writing could do—but there is yet something to be said about the first game of the Carling Cup series, played last night in the Parisian icehouse.

Excuses from a losing town are in bad form. However, it is only fair to London to state that, with the exception of Abram, and Wagner, who have played several games with the locals, the forward line was a new one. Orr could not get away for some reason or another, and Bole decided to go at the last moment—and as a consequence missed the train.

Without Bole, its scoring machine, the London forward line was lost, and the Parisians had little to do most of the time but to shoot.

Little Combination.
The game, while fast, was almost totally devoid of combination plays, and what little that was done in that line was performed by Paris.

Both teams checked hard and close, but although London had the advantage in weight, Paris broke through in a manner which at times was most discouraging to the local defense, which worked like trojans.

However, Collins on right wing, was nailed hard and fast throughout the contest by Little Gill, while Wagner was seldom dangerous on the other wing after the first half. Abram checked back, and broke up combinations in his usual clever manner, but could not get shaped right for a shot. Munroe worked hard, but was hugged so close that he was nearly suffocated. This boy looks like a possible comer, though and that settled London's scoring chances.

Occasionally Casselman or Thompson cleared—but only for a moment, then they were either tripped or checked up short.

One noticeable feature of the game was the total absence of dirty work on the part of the London players, not one of them being ruled off, while several of the Parisians took the count for tripping and slashing.

The game, on the whole, was fairly fast, although there were moments when one could fancy himself at a London City League contest without undue exertion.

London Starts Fast.
For the first five minutes London kept the Paris defense on the jump. Then the Parisians awakened and getting away on a two-men combination, laced one straight at Pearson, and scored on a follow-up when the shot was blocked. Time 5 minutes.

A minute later London tied when Casselman rushed and passed to Collins, who returned to Wagner, a few feet off the net. 1-1.

A Peculiar Play.
London drew blood on a rather peculiar, but nevertheless heady play. Thompson cleared, and took a shot ten feet out. The puck went high, struck the boards back of the net, and bounced out on the ice again, and Wagner came up with a rush and scored. 2-1.

Things now looked bright for the Londoners, and the three or four odd rosters who accompanied the team cheered up.

It was not for long, though, for London scored no more, although it came within a hair of it on several occasions.

Kenny forced the rubber up the ice by sheer pluck, but lost it in mid-ice and before he got back Paris had worked a couple of short, jerky passes and scored. 2-2. Time, 11 minutes.

Sporting Jottings From Scissors, Pen and Wire What Is Doing in Local and Foreign Athletics

The advent of the balmy spring breezes and the tiny rivers trickling down our streets, prompts us to bid a mournful farewell to the strenuous winter, with its memorable hockey season. The robin red breast comes and already numbers of the local sports have visions of "dry diamonds" and baseball games.—Stratford Herald.

THE HANDBOOKS.

According to the illustrious "Jim" Stephen, Toronto has rid itself of the octopus, to wit, the handbook man. And yet the papers are full of printers' ink pictures of great wealth and how a two dollar note parlayed will win a king's ransom, if perchance you follow the tips of Mike McGukin. Properly run and limited as to dates, the rascaille is not the worst place in the world, that is as it is run by the O. J. C., for instance. The mischief comes from the handbook gentry, who lay in wait for the man with a large family, who cannot afford admission money and plays the ponies on the sneak.

The handbooks, when they were rampant about town undoubtedly supplied the lubricating oil that sent many the young man down the chute, not to mention those who held out on the cash register. Is Toronto com-

ing to this again, and is the handbook man to be again allowed to rise up and put his paw in the pockets of the poor critter who by the sweat of his brow draws down twelve dollars per week? The time seems ripe for the gun-shod sleuth.—Toronto Telegram.

CAME IS OFF.

The Wanderers have protested three of the Toronto professional team, Tyner, Young and Morrison. Geo. G. Gales, the secretary of the Wanderers, says: "The Stanley Cup trustees have announced that they will not allow any one to play on any team that plays against us who has played on any team in this league. That is the reason we are protesting them." Tyner and Young have played with Morrison and have played with the Shamrocks, on more than one occasion.

THROUGH BLUE GLASSES.
Says the Toronto World:

Those owners down at the Woodbine and along the Kingston road who have been served in for a few months, got the family almanac from behind the kitchen clock yesterday and tried to get their bearings. They had learned that the meeting of the New Niagara Jockey Club to be held at Fort Erie might be broken up into two

Shiny in the Second.
Shiny was the order of almost the entire second half, and slashing was indulged in frequently.

London couldn't get even a symptom of combination going in this session, and although the boys all worked hard, there was no stopping the Parisians, who played a mixture of rough and ready hockey, combined with plenty of slashing and tripping.

Jay Thompson nearly scored a point for Paris by accident, giving the puck a shove in the wrong direction.

Then, after twelve minutes of fairly even play, Lovett passed to Fraser, who made the score stand 4 to 2.

Thicknell, on a clear rush, repeated a minute later. Score, 5 to 2.

Paris' last point was landed via a hole in the side of the net, being shot at an impossible angle by Lovett, who was as much surprised as anyone, when the disk went through. However, the London defense empire did not catch the play, and it went.

Paris was having much the best of the argument when the final whistle put a stop to things.

Fraser and Gill were off during the half.

Much credit is due the London defense for keeping the score down as low as it was, for Paris had its regular team on the ice—and, well, every body around these days designs remembering the two attacks of heart failure the Parisians gave us when they played here and at Paris in the district series.

The game was witnessed by approximately 250 people, who yelled themselves hoarse at the pleasure of seeing the much-feared Londoners taken into camp.

An effort was made at half-time to get the consent of Paris for the return game at London, on account of the financial prospects, but a deaf ear was turned to all proposals, and the next contest will be played at Paris Friday night.

The line-ups: Paris, Pearson.....Goal..... Peebles Casselman.....Point..... L. Fraser Thompson.....Cover.....A. Kuhlman Abram.....Rover.....A. D. Fraser Munroe.....Center..... J. Tinnick Collins.....R. Wing..... Lovett Wagner.....L. Wing..... W. Gill Referee—Duff Adams, Brantford.

Notes of the Game.
Both Collins and Wagner scored goals; which the referee decided were on outside plays.

As one oldtime Paris hockey fan put it after the game: "It served us blooming right." It takes the regular team all it can do to take the Parisians into camp, and a pickup

team has no business monkeying around such hardened veterans as the Carling Cup holders.

Fraser and Thompson had all kinds of fun out of the game. Every time they got within reaching distance of one another or the other would go into the other full tilt, and say "This is rugby."

Gill, for his weight, is a wonder, and he is the candy infant in the eyes of the Paris rosters, who seemed to take an especial delight in seeing Gill and Casselman come together on the boards. Gill weighs about 110 in his hockey impudence, while Cass' tips the meat bar at 185 at least.

Tinnick missed Davy Bole. Dave used to get real mad when the little white top slammed him across the shins, while Munroe took it all as a matter of fact, having doubtless grown used to it in the city league.

The natives of Paris fairly shrieked themselves hoarse over the "great" victory. "Those dogged cockneys got it at last from our boys," they yelled in unison after the affair was over, and when the multitude was leaving the rink everybody took the opportunity to yell in the London dressing room: "How do you like the Carling Cup?"

Jack Abram was not feeling in the best of trim before the game, and tried to get Secretary Powell to go on in his place. "Nix," said George. "Likewise, nay."

At half-time it was found necessary to appoint a second penalty time-keeper on account of an apparent shortage in the time some of the Paris "Cut-ups" were off the ice. One man—Fraser—was off exactly ten seconds by the writer's watch in the first half, when he had been given a minute by the man with the whistle.

Paris did not appear to play the game it is capable of, but its jerky passes were bothersome all the same, and kept the London defense guessing every time the opposing forwards came down the ice.

Next Friday, of course, the local intend—or rather expect—to reverse the order of things. If the regular team—that is the one which defeated Hamilton is on, there should be a decided drop in Parisian conceit.

DAVE BOLE



London's fast center man, who was sadly missed at Paris last night, Dave has promised to turn out Friday night for the second game of the Carling Cup series, and if he does there will doubtless be a different tale to tell on Saturday morning. Bole's equal as a center has not been seen around here in the intermediate ranks in years.

Bole's chief ability does not, as some people fancy, lie alone in the fact that he is a sure shot, but in that, by superior stickwork, he is able to place himself in a position from which a shot counts.

CORRECT.

Boss Sullivan, of the A. A. U., is fast dropping into the class of that other great orator of the Sullivan family, John L. In other words, he's headed for the has-beens. The press of the United States is getting on his trail, his sporting goods house, and there is a deep conspiracy to oust his appointment as manager of the Olympic. It looks like the obit column for the Boss.—Telegram.

NOT AS GOOD AS LONDON.

The gate at Midland Friday night was about \$50. The O. H. A. and the two clubs will each get about \$10. This is just about \$5 more than the gate at Collingwood.

THE DECIDING GAME.

The deciding game for the intermediate championship of the O. H. A. between Collingwood and Midland will be played in Orillia tonight. Midland wanted to play in Orillia, while Collingwood preferred Barrie. A coin was tossed, and the selection of Orillia was the result of the arbitrament of chance. "Sport" Smith was agreed on as referee.

Waterloos Are City League Champions Romp Away From Varsity Seven

Hermits Defeat St. Johns and Get In Second Honors.

The Waterloos trimmed the Western University team last evening by the score of 12 to 5 in the city league series, incidentally winning the championship of the league by so doing. The Hermits finished bang-up second by defeating the St. John's team 4 to 1. There was a much better crowd present than is usually the case, and the games created considerable interest.

The first session brought together the Waterloos and the Western University team. This game was the better game for in it there was some real hockey. The Waterloos had a forward line that was working like a well-oiled machine, and when they needed goals they merely let out a link and the rest was easy. The Rah-Rah boys were not good, at least most of the time, although he it said they were as industrious as a chorister at a champagne banquet.

Bernhardt.

The bright shining light of the Waterloos was one Bernhardt. This is not the Divine Sarah—not yet, for he is not long on sylph-like figures, but he was busier than a blonde at a summer resort. Be it remarked he played coverpoint and almost every other place. For covering ground he made a flea look like a sloth. Bernhardt was the best shown last evening. That is saying something, for Bobby Hague never played a better game of hockey than he did last evening. He scored many goals, and his attention to combination work helped to a number of other goals. Davy Bole was there or thereabouts most of the session, and played his usual strong, steady and winning game. Jimmy Orr was brilliant under a disadvantage at times. Knott was not up to form. Rob Orr in goal was steady and Hayward was a worker.

For the losers Eichenberger, in goal, played a swell game. He stopped them from all angles, and at all times. McGuffin played a good game at point. George, on the wing line, was fast and a good stick handler, while Pugh made some splendid rushes. "Our old college chum, Dead-Eye" Turner was brilliant in spots, mostly as a conversationalist. The others were only fair.

A Wide Open Game.

The game was as wide open as a Western town on a fair day. The Waterloos had most of their men on the forward line all the time, and when the other fellows broke through a score generally resulted. They did not break through the Waterloo defense, however. The sterling combination work of the Waterloos

kept them well to the front all the way. The half-time score was 7 to 2 in favor of Waterloo, and the full-time score 12 to 5. The thin red line of the Waterloos practically scored whenever the fevered fevered up as follows: Waterloos—Goal, R. Orr; point, Knott; cover, Bernhardt; rover, Bole; center, Hague; left wing, J. Orr; right wing, Pugh.

Western University—Goal, Eichenberger; point, McGuffin; cover, Turner; rover, Featherstone; center, J. Wagner; left wing, George; right wing, Pugh.

Hermits Take the Other.
The second game went to the Hermits. There was as much energy wasted in this game to make a son of rest drop dead of pure fright. Both teams were willing workers, and they were given every opportunity. They sailed in from the drop of the hat, and whooped it up until ten bells. It was not a hockey game exactly, but it was full of exciting climaxes and hair-breadth escapes. The Hermits had some the better of the play. Their defense was much stronger, and their forward line worked with better purpose.

The best player on the Hermit team was Dickson on the wing. He skated very fast, and handled a stick very effectively. His work was the feature. Another youngster who was not far away was Producers, of the St. Johns. This auburn-haired boy is coming, and coming fast. He's a game lad, handles a stick well and shoots accurately. He has the size and will be tough medicine shortly. Producers was the best on the losers' team. The Hermits defence played steadily and held the opposing forwards well. Nichol, of the Saints, on point, played a good steady, hard game. He pulled off a stunt in the checking line, however, that should have netted him a half hour rest. It was bad. Lackie was not at home on cover. Legg worked hard. Callahan and Woolley were also industrious. Youngs, Turner and MacArthur played hard.

The Hermits were in the lead all the way. They got an early start when Dickson shot a goal, to be followed in a few minutes by Turner. Producers got the Saints only goal by a pretty shot from the wing. MacArthur and Dickson got away nicely and made the score 3 to 1 in favor of the Hermits at half time.

Youngs scored the only goal for the winners in the second half. Jack Brown refereed both games satisfactorily. He had few penalties to hand out, although he should have given one or two players longer than one minute on the penitent bench.

The teams lined up as follows: Hermits—Goal, Hodge; point, Livingston; cover, Fetterly; rover, Turner; center, MacArthur; left, Youngs; right, Dickson.

St. Johns—Goal, Parkinson; point, Nichol; cover, Lackie; rover, Legg; center, T. Woolley; left, Producers; right, A. Callahan.

Ward 3.
Ward 3 bowlers won three games straight from Capt. Millson's ward 1 rollers last night in the Liberal Club series. Capt. James Murray had his boys working well last evening, and there was no trouble in getting away with the games.

Jack McKay was the real Cincinnati trundler last evening, getting high individual, 222 in his first frame, and 520 for his aggregate. Tommy Dewan was there with the hook ball in the 154 136 114—404.

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Fox 133 101 127—361
Wright 147 177 174—498
Black 162 114 115—391
McKay 736 659 663 2,058

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