

Latest News From  
Far and Near

## IN THE WIDE WORLD OF SPORT

Well-Written and  
Breezy Gossip

## AROUND THE SPORTING CIRCUIT

THOSE WHO ARE INCLINED to feel vexed with the English crowd for refusing to let Tommy Burns explain his nationality, should remember that while the champion was born in Canada, and was a Canadian even so lately as last winter, when he visited his former home, he became a good Yankee on his return to the United States, and promised to stay that way. He reminds one of a prominent Government official in a rural district who was whooping it up for the Government candidate during a general election. A friend thought it well to reason with him. "Go slow, old man," he said. "There may be a change of government." "Let it come," was the reply. "The Government can't change any quicker than I can."

THESE DAYS OF ATHLETIC DISCUSSION are furnishing a rich and rare lot of amateur rules, but the richest and rarest of the bundle has just been adopted by the City League of Ottawa, Ont. It provides that everyone is an amateur who has not played three games in the Pennsylvania Leagues, the E. C. H. A., the Ottawa Valley and the Federal. The rule also reinstates one Jack Ryan, but gives due notice that reinstatements begin and end with that distinguished person. This rule is definite, anyway, and admits of no wrong interpretation. In that respect it has some advantages over some of the others.

THE WINNIPEG CLUB HAS DETERMINED to "stay amateur" rather than play test matches with the Maple Leafs, to see which will be admitted to the western pro. league. What a fine amateur spirit this is! It would go professional if it could step into the pro. ranks without let or hindrance, but with a fine outburst of true sportsmanship refuses to take a chance of "staying amateur" because it is not good enough to catch a place in pro. company.

HOWEVER, THE PEGS WILL PROBABLY not stay amateur, anyway. They won the championship of a little corner-let league in Winnipeg last winter and earned the right to challenge for the Stanley cup. They challenged for it, their challenge has been accepted and they are coming east. And after they have played their Stanley cup games they may still continue to keep out of the pro. league, but they'll have to quit "staying amateur."—Toronto Telegram.

ACCORDING TO THE REVIEW, Fred McGrath, of Peterboro, has been invited to come to Toronto and become actively identified with the Irish-Canadians. Mr. Creed, of Ireland, has also sailed for Canada, and it is generally understood that he will join Tom Flanagan's club when he finally makes up his mind just exactly where he will settle in this fair Dominion. He will have till next June to make Canada his home, and be eligible for a place on the Canadian team for the Olympic games.

NOW THE INVITATION GAME reminds one of the New York A. C., and as that body has always been held under a certain amount of suspicion by Canadian amateurs, it is liable to cause doubts to arise among other people. For you know it grows. Even now the Hamilton papers are denying reports that Bobbie Kerr, Canada's greatest sprinter, intends to leave his happy home under the mountain to see city life under Tom Flanagan's own Irish-Canadians.

WHY ALL THOSE IMPORTATIONS, movings and rumors of movings? Well, you know the Olympic games and the selection of the teams therefore is bound to boom athletics next spring. The team will probably sail about the middle of June, and test meets at various points will be necessary to pick members of that team. Consequently as an authority argues that every man in Canada is a Canadian and eligible, certain people who shall be members appear to be getting stables of athletes ready to take in the grand parade. This may be within the amateur law, but there are those who doubt that it is in keeping with the true amateur spirit.

R. T. BARNES, OF THIS CITY, has bought the broodmare, Esther Bee, dam of Barnes' Hall, 2:16 1/4. She was bred to Hal Dillard, 2:04 1/2, on April 20.

BARNES' PATCH, ANOTHER of Mr. Barnes' speedy yearling colts, is one of the most liberally staked colts in Canada. This fast colt by Joe Patchen, 2:01 1/4, dam Esther Bee, is entered in the Kentucky Futurity and a number of other good stakes.

AND THE HERMITS took another knocking last night. Cheer up, fellows, the hockey season will soon be here.

TOMMY BURNS' MOTHER wants him to retire from the ring. Doubtless Gunner Moir's mother feels the same way about her boy.

FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS for the United States Olympic team! The Canadian Olympic committee will be content with \$25,000.

LORD DESBOROUGH, secretary of the British Olympic committee, has notified the United States that a decision has been reached regarding the nationality of contestants, which rules that American contestants must be American citizens. The ruling was made in the case of Con Leahy and Dennis Murray, Irish athletes, who desired to register, from the United States.

IF TOMMY BURNS did not persist in calling himself a Canadian sporting writer in the United States would concede him a great fighter.

HIGH PRICES WERE PAID for seats for the Burns-Moir fight before the National Sporting Club, an average of \$25 being a fair estimate of what was spent by the general run of patrons to witness the encounter.

A CORRESPONDENT asks what is the resemblance between the Lusitania and Canada's fastest runner, and answers it himself as follows: "Because they are both Long-boats." Silent cheers.

JIM JEFFRIES CALLS Tommy Burns "A Canadian shrimp," which will probably induce Tommy to say that "It's better to be a Canadian shrimp than a fat-headed American lobster." Jeffries will know what that means, too.

IT MUST BE AMUSING TO Tommy Burns to hear himself classed as a "third-rater" by pugilists whom he could whip with his hands tied. Jim Jeffries, absent from the ring for three or four years, and now a round saloonkeeper, also ridicules Burns' pretensions to the championship, yet the big fellow declares himself out of the running for the honor. Burns is the best heavyweight in sight, and clearly entitled to the title of "champion of the world."

LOOKS AS IF THE OLYMPIC COMMITTEE should establish a residence rule. No one should be eligible for a place on the team who has not been a resident of Canada for at least ten days.

AN OTTAWA PAPER COMES out with the statement that a lacrosse team will be part of the Olympic outfit, and that the Toronto Junction Shamrocks will probably be the team selected. Of course, this is only a guess, and not a very good one, either, for why should the Shamrocks go? They are not amateur champions, for, lo! the Elora Rocks took their affidavits neatly and the champion trophy along with it. Nor can the Shamrocks claim to have whiter wings than the Maltrands, who walloped them, or Young Toronto, who should have walloped Elora. When it comes to a showdown, and it is proved that the financial stringency has not affected the subscription list, the lacrosse team will probably be a selected one, though the selection will hardly be like unto that made by King John Miller for his "round the world bunch."

How Burns Trained for Big Scrap  
Played Lacrosse, Skipped Rope, BoxedTrainer Weighed 540 Pounds—  
Proud of the Fact—Will  
Meet Jack Johnson.

A letter from Tommy Burns, just received in Toronto, describes how the Canadian pugilist prepared for his battle with Moir. He says: "After boxing I indulge in a little rope-skipping, and then take a rest-fresher in the form of a shower bath, after which gentle massage. I do not believe in the vigorous rough massage, which a lot of fighters go in for. I think it better to simply knead the flesh for about half an hour and then rub off with alcohol."

"Very often in the afternoon the work is varied by a game of lacrosse. I began my athletic career as a lacrosse player at Hanover, Ontario, where I was born in 1881. In this country they play a somewhat more gentlemanly game than they do in Canada or the States. When we were playing in the match the other day between Hampstead and Leam—the score of which, by the way, was 5 to 5—they did not seem to like my heavy work, and some of them thought I was a little too rough. But I was only playing the game as it is played where I come from. I got one of my fingers smashed in that game, but it is nothing serious. It will be O. K. after the fight."

"After dark I generally turn in pretty early. Out in the country we keep regular hours. I have not been up to London scarcely any since coming over. I shall leave that until after the fight, when I have won the championship. I think it better to work now. The play will come afterward."

"That pretty well describes how I spend the time while in training. As to my future plans—when this fight is over, I shall immediately arrange to meet Jim Roche, the Irish champion. After that—the Roche fight might come off about Christmas—I shall rest and take things easy. I would like to see Europe before I return, and I propose to take in the whole show. That is why I am leaving now and not doing anything else but attend to biz."

"When I return to America the first man I shall look for will be Jack Johnson. Burns trained at Wembley Park, a short distance outside of London. Wembley House is an old mansion dating back 600 years, and is now owned by 'Jumbo' Ecclestone, an all-round sporting character who has amassed a fortune, and who purchased the old place. He takes great pride in training boxers, and superintends the active work himself. He weighs 540 pounds. He prides himself on this fact and claims to be the heaviest man in the world."

## SPORTING GOSSIP

BY SOUTHPAW

Everything is light talk now. The one match which the sporting public would like to see above all others at the present time is one between Burns and Johnson. Burns says he is willing. Johnson is willing. The promoters will offer a good purse, so there seems to be nothing in the way of the contest.

The local hockey teams are getting some practice on the river these nights, and should soon be in shape for the coming season. The City League will hold a meeting in the Hermitage, Masonic Temple, on Wednesday evening next.

There are letters at this office for George Crispin and Harry Atkinson.

London is out of the running. There isn't even one walking club organized.

TAYLOR STAR OF  
HOCKEY WORLDThe Former Junior O. H. A.  
Player Now a Star of  
Professional Arena.

Who is this man Fred Taylor, of whom nearly all the hockey world is talking now?

He is a native of Listowel, Ontario, and those who are acquainted with the history of his early hockey experiences can well understand how it is that he is now fitting about like a hummingbird from place to place, evidently undecided as to where he can gather the greatest quantities of honey.

Taylor's name was first heard outside his own little hamlet in Western Ontario, when he played with the Listowel Junior O. H. A. team four years ago. He made a creditable record then as a hockey player. He will be remembered as participating in the final game for the championship at the Mutual street rink between Frontenac-Beechgroves of Kingston and Listowel, when the Listowel City aggregation, with Herb and Hal Clarke and Van Horne on the line-up, defeated Listowel by a score of 9 to 5. Taylor had quite a reputation then as a rusher, but did not do anything wonderful in this particular game.

Three winters ago he was heard of in Thessalon, a short time before the opening of the playing season. Grindy Forrester, of past greatness, had taken up his abode there, and the sports of the little lumber town held visions of an O. H. A. championship, but received a rude jolt when the O. H. A. refused to grant a change of residence permit to Taylor, his movements having come under their notice. But despite the fact that he received several offers from International League teams, Taylor remained at Thessalon all through that winter.

LIBERAL CLUB WHIST  
LAST NIGHT'S SCORES

The whist match at the Liberal Club last night brought out a good crowd of players. The results were as follows:

COMPASS.  
Mazze and Doggerell, plus 7.  
Doyle and Maguire, plus 7.  
Benson and Lister, plus 5.  
Sanders and Grant, plus 4.  
Andrews and Smith, plus 3.  
McMurphy and Treblecock, plus 1.

PROGRESSIVE.  
Worrall, 31 up.  
Anderson, 30 up.

Mr. Midzushima, the principal of the Kobe (Japan) Higher Commercial School, is making a tour of Europe for the purpose of investigating the methods of commercial education. He will first visit England, and subsequently proceed to Germany, France, Austria, Italy and Belgium, returning via America.

here, while in Toronto the street cars are said to be rapidly going out of business. Weston is not popular with the street car magnates.

The London Bowling and Rowing Club will hold a smoker in the Masonic Temple on Wednesday next. The affair is in the hands of a very strong committee, and it promises to be one of the most successful ever held in the city. Mr. V. W. Meek, the secretary, is working hard on it, and his efforts are resulting in considerable success.

Don't miss the big bowling match Saturday afternoon on the Ideal alley between the "Tiger and Free Press" teams. The yellow journalists from Richmond street have been popping off for some time, and a good trimming will do them good.

CANADIANS WILL  
REQUIRE \$20,000The Olympic Committee Need  
That Sum To Send Athletes  
To England.

Ottawa, Ont., Dec. 4.—The selection of athletes to represent Canada at the Olympic games in London next year is not likely to be started until next spring, outside of perhaps two or three crack skaters.

The first move after the central committee is in shape will be to devise means to raise the necessary fund to send the Canadian contingent of athletes over to the games. The idea now is that about \$20,000 will be required, and this will be the amount that the committee will attempt to raise.

The central committee will consist of simply three representatives of the C. A. A. U. and three from the Federation of Athletes and the three representatives of the Olympic committee for Canada. This committee will have power to add to its number only upon the unanimous vote of the entire nine members.

The Olympic committee representation in Canada, Col. Hanbury-Williams and Mr. P. D. Ross, have not selected the third member to assist them.

JIM JEFFRIES  
IN UGLY MOOD

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 4.—Jim Jeffries, retired heavyweight champion, was evidently in a huff when he was interviewed regarding the Burns-Moir battle, and a battle between himself and Burns, which resulted in the following dialogue:

"What are your views regarding the Burns-Moir fight?" was asked Jeff, who replied:

"Oh, that fellow Moir is a dub. I don't regard the battle as having any significance."

It was suggested to Jeff that a match between him and Burns could be arranged, to which Jeffries replied:

"Nothing doing; I'm out of the game." "But," insisted the interviewer, "the public is liable to insist on your defending the title."

"They can go to —" Jeff replied. "But," said the interviewer, "maybe they'll say you're afraid to fight them."

"They can go to —" I am through with the game," persisted Jeffries, and the interview terminated abruptly.

FANS WHO MAKE  
PLAYERS UNHAPPYHow the "Bug" Who Seeks  
the Limelight Works Stars  
Against Each Other

The one class of fans the ball players hate is the fellow who wants to be familiar on short acquaintance. He is the dufer who grasps the pitcher by the hand and holds it for an hour while he tells him the story of his life; of how his grandmother died of pneumonia because the doctor arrived fifteen minutes too late; and how his uncle grabbed all the insurance money. The ball player listens to more hard luck stories than any other human being on earth.

When the team was in Washington, a golden-haired man of 35 or so joined them. He talked to everybody; he told the ball players he was with the newspaper boys and he told the newspaper boys he was with the ball players. He borrowed cigarette papers and talked very loud. Everybody thought he was somebody. He boarded the train on the way to St. Louis and was in the ball players' car. Whether he had a ticket is not known—he said he had, but as he was in the special car, the conductor never asked him for it. From St. Louis, he went to Chicago, to see the world series. That man was a most wonderful talker. He could get more words out of his system without saying anything than anybody on record. He could talk about nothing for hours at a time.

"I'm with the ball club," he said at the hotel in Chicago. So they included him in the party. When the series was over he left and then it was learned that he didn't really know anybody. The hotel was stung right. He dropped out of sight after traveling half way across the country on his nerve. Nobody would say anything against him because he always made out very clearly that he was the friend of this or that player.

Bill Donovan and the writer were sitting at the grill room of the Euclid Hotel in Cleveland one night. Bill, with a temperance man's avidity, was drinking one of the refreshing, invigorating glasses of lithia water. A well-dressed stranger leaned heavily against the table.

"Mis'r Don'yan," he said, "I'm awful fix. See, 'M from Detroit. Great mixer of you. Got into argument over here and said I knew you, see what I mean? Called bluff on me. Told me you sat over here. Come on over and back me up, will yuh, huh? Just let me interdooce yuh, will yuh?"

To Bill it was funny. He grinned and followed the inebriated gentleman. A moment later a loud voice that penetrated every corner of the place was heard.

"Let me introduce you to m' ol' friend, Bill Donovan, famous pitcher of the Tigers. Man' rip snortin' of time Bill, and I've had, huh, Bill? Great old pal, isn't yuh, huh, Bill?"

Bill couldn't very well deny the acquaintance, but he bowed to the party at the table and hurried away.

He returned to his seat and a few minutes later the fellow was back.

"Rich obliged, Bill," he said, "yer good fel, but gee, yer drunk!"

Bill gulped down his lithia and hustled out with a groan. It would not have been so funny if Bill ever did drink. But he has never touched a drop of anything in his life.

The crowd was sitting around the Copley Square Hotel in Boston one night when one of the "bugs" came in and began talking away as though paid space rates.

"Great ol' lunch they used t' have on that team," he said, talking about the famous Boston National Club. "Many a time I've rounded up the crowd and taken them out for a good time. We'd be out until daylight. There was —"

"You never did anything of the kind!" said a quiet little man from the depth of a big chair.

"I guess I know what I did." "Then yer lyin'!"

"Who is that?" he asked of one of the crowd as he moved away, angry. "Who, that? Oh, that's Bobbie Lowe. He's one of that 'grand ol' bunch,' you used to have so much fun with."

The average baseball manager is very cross with the bothersome "bug." Clark Griffith will usually tell him to get out of the way before he is kicked out. Fielder Jones will assume his Napoleon pose and ignore the intruder. Connie Mack puts them off with that gentle smile and Larry Lajoie usually blurts out: "I don't know," to any old question the wild-eyed one puts to him. Joe Cantillon has fun with the nuisance. He borrows a cigar, then a match, then anything else the man may happen to possess. It's always a cinch that the ardent of the fan will wane before the cigar limit has been passed.

Jennings is the one man with the patience to stand them. He answers all questions as best he can, smiles, shakes hands and hands out his "Yes, indeed," as though he really enjoyed it all. Hughie was born to be a politician, not a baseball manager.

On the road he has a favorite trick in getting rid of those who want to ask questions.

"Ah, yes," he gurgles, "you're Mr. Blinks, are you? Why Mr. So-and-So was just asking me if I had seen you. He wants to talk to you. Yes, he's up in room 14."

The bug always bites and hunts up the victim. Now Mr. So-and-So gets rid of him matters little to Jennings.

The saloonkeepers of Macon, Ga., have been given permission to keep open an hour later at night in order to work off their stocks before the prohibition law goes into effect.

BURNS MAY REST  
ON NEW LAURELSSays He May Yield to His  
Family's Wish and Never  
Fight Again.

New York, Dec. 4.—A cable dispatch from London says Tommy Burns, victor over Boxer Gunner Moir, late last night said to a representative of one of the American newspapers:

"I got what I came over here after—the world's heavyweight title—and I stand ready to defend it. I think I am entitled to a rest now, however, and will be in no rush to sign for my next battle. If I yield to my family's wishes I will never fight again, and I may yield. I feel like Jeffries, though—will never let the title go outside the United States if I can help it."

HORTONS TRIM  
THE HERMITS

The Hortons were there with their bowling lamps on, and as a consequence the Hermits took the count, losing three straight on the Ideal alleys last night.

R. Graham was high man all around, with J. Wilson a close second. Charley Clarke bowled a good game for the losers. Summary:

Hortons.			
A. Wagner	122	118	127-367
R. Graham	147	142	289-289
C. Burgess	155	153	308-442
J. Abram	138	160	177-475
J. Wilson	148	199	322-479
Totals	707	772	1774-2353

Hermits.			
W. Craig	115	3109	129-355
W. Murray	115	117	112-344
W. Casselman	145	174	144-463
C. Gunn	154	114	140-409
C. Clarke	139	169	169-470
Totals	670	683	4687-2940

## STANDING.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Midgets	12	5	.800
Cubs	11	4	.733
Hortons	10	5	.667
Kilders	8	7	.533
Derbys	4	11	.267
Hermits	0	15	.000

The London Statist says that the total value of the exports of Australasia in the period from 1906 to 1907, inclusive, apart from any further expansion after the end of 1907, will amount to about \$1,875,000,000, or, if no drought, probably more than \$2,000,000,000, in contrast to only \$865,000,000 in the five years from 1886 to 1890, a growth in only twenty years of from 150 to 180 per cent.

It is estimated that 100,000,000 bushels of wheat will be available for export from the northwestern provinces of Canada at the close of this year's harvest.

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