

# LONDON MAKES IT THREE STRAIGHT FROM ST. THOMAS

### Eric and Hamilton Divide a Double Bill, While Peterboro Beat the Ottawa Senators 4-1.

ST. THOMAS, July 23.—Bobby Heck's marvelous pitching enabled London to make a clean sweep of the series here yesterday, when he out-pitched Vern Hughley in one of the closest battles of the season, which was decided by the score of 3 to 1. A big week-day crowd was in attendance at Pinafore Park, with a considerable sprinkling of fans from the Forest City.

Both hurlers were in splendid form, but once the lid was pried open with two gone in the ninth the old ball game looked almost within the grasp of the locals, when McNeil's muffed up an easy grounder from Reid's bat and this, coupled with an infield hit, saw the blowing up of the whole Saint works.

### Saints Lose Three in Row

The winning of three straight games right in the midst of the London club's most prolific enemy, who had the better of the Tecumsehs in games played so far this season in some achievement. By the outcome of this series has placed Manager Reising's pennant chasers to the good with seven victories in 13 games played.

Heck would have been credited with a shutout had it not been for a misplay on the part of Catcher Snyder when he threw to Reising with

### BLACK DIAMONDS At 137 West Street

Did you ever hear of the new black diamonds?

At 137 West Street The National Coal Company are putting in forty carloads of the brightest and best quality of Scranton Coal that money can buy. We have arranged that all of our coal is picked by an expert, giving you the benefit of his experience.

Scranton Coal is largely used by big manufacturers. Because the modern factory must obtain its light, heat and power from the most economical source, National Coal is selected, not by a mere guess, but by actual test at the mines.

### NEXT SEASON'S coal ordered now gives you the double advantage of economy and freedom from worry. Our prices are lowest now just to advertise, and getting your coal in now saves you inconvenience and extra cost later on.

Our Motto: **FAIR AND SQUARE**

### NATIONAL COAL COMPANY

137 WEST STREET, CITY Both Phone 219 A trial will be appreciated.

Hadley on third and Kading at first, which resulted in a well executed double steal with Hadley the notcher of the only St. Thomas run.

The score:  
London . . . . . 011 000 001—2 5 0  
St. Thomas . . . . . 001 000 000—1 4 3

### ERIC WINS AND LOSES

HAMILTON, July 23.—The Athletics broke into the win column once again by taking the second game of the double header with Eric by a 3 to 2 score. The first game resulted in their receiving a severe drubbing at the hands of Gye's crew to the tune of 12 to 3. As in the former games of the series, it was a case of Eric scoring their runs after two men had been retired. Errors were again responsible for the first defeat, there being no less than six chalked up against the home team. Eric played errorless ball during the series until the fifth session of the second game, when Carney threw a high one to first base. At that it is not bad going. Four games with only one miscue, while the local crew had no less than 23 bingles credited them in the series.

Gilhooley, who just recently had his suspension raised, after three weeks of absence from the game, was again indefinitely suspended after his action in the sixth inning of the first game. He appeared to be sulking all through the game, and in the sixth stanza he let a grounder get past him and then went after it in an I-don't-care-what-happens style. Manager Jack White immediately benched him, sending Dnahue to finish the game in the right garden. Ted Baldwin played the position during the second game, and will likely continue for a few days at least.

In the first game Eric hit Hamilton's pitchers hard, securing 13 bingles, while Hamilton was only able to connect safely five times. Extra base hitting featured both games, while in the first three nice double plays were pulled off by Eric and by Hamilton once in the last game. The scores:

First game:—  
Eric . . . . . 225,000 010—12 13 0  
Hamilton . . . . . 200,000 001—13 5 6

Second game:—  
Eric . . . . . 000 002 0—2 6 1  
Hamilton . . . . . 000 200 1—3 7 4

### SCHETTLETTER OTTAWA'S JINX

PETERBORO, July 23.—The Petes and Senators closed the series yesterday with an interesting battle from which the locals emerged with a 4 to 1 victory, as they hit opportunistly and Schettler was too good. With perfect fielding the visitors would not have scored. The local slabman fanned eight and did not allow a hit after the second. The score:  
Peterboro . . . . . 110 001 01x—4 8 3  
Ottawa . . . . . 100 000 000—1 3 2

### Sport Comment

Some wise acre over on the Expositor is after the scalp of the official scorer, Mr. W. E. Hartman. Inasmuch as no previous complaint has been made about Mr. Hartman's work we suspect it is the same party who applied once for the job of official scorer, and was turned down. Mr. Hartman shouldn't let his judgments be affected by any wild ravings from the Cupalo.

They do say up in London that Tom McPhail's rink showed a brilliant performance in the semi-finals. Yesterday was a tough one, however, on Brantford in a sporting way. The ball team got two wallpings, the lacrosse team got theirs at St. Marys, and the bowlers got nosed out after a sensational battle. The whole town seems to be under a jinx.

The ball games yesterday were wonderfully satisfactory as far as the exhibition of the great pastime was concerned, but as far as results went they were tremendously disappointing to the splendid crowd on hand. Both games were beautiful contests, containing many fine plays and very few misplays. The first affair was an unusual one having three home runs, all of which came with nobody on bases. In this regard commend as to Mr. Snell of Toronto. With two strikes on him on two occasions he had the third one left and he hit it hard enough to beat the centre field barrier. Outside of these two wallpings Gero pitched as nice a game as Auld in every respect. It should be remembered, however, that Auld is the best pitcher in the Canadian League to date and is a hard one to beat any time. He had yesterday a beautiful curve ball and a fast one with real hop to it. In Kirley and Auld the Beavers have two fine young pitchers.

According to pitching averages just issued including games up to July 15 Gero has won 9 and lost 7 contests. Chase has won 6 and lost 7, Taylor won 6 and lost 9, and Nickel won 2 and lost 4.

There was some kicking about Umpire Miller's work yesterday. It is true the umpire didn't give the Red Sox any close ones but he gave the plays as he saw them, regardless of the feeling of the home crowd. It is just Brantford's luck to get a real honest umpire at home and when the club is on the road to get somebody like Bedford who will reverse a decision if necessary to appease the feelings of the homesters.

Guess that Brantford with a near tail ender cannot be considered a bad ball town after yesterday's fine crowd. What this town would be with a winner is easy to guess.

Local fans seemed to be satisfied with the trade of Ivers for Barrett and Dudley. The two Hamilton players fill up holes on the Red Sox lineup while as far as fielding was concerned Gabby Ivers was only in the way. At Hamilton yesterday, Ivers in two games got a three-bagger and a single. His record was:

A. B. R. H. O. A. E.	2	1	1	8	0	1
Dudley	2	0	1	9	1	0

The record was not a bad one at all. The record of the two players secured in exchange for Gabby was:

A. B. R. H. O. A. E.	4	1	1	2	0	0
Dudley	3	0	0	1	0	0
Barrett	3	0	0	2	1	0

If Toronto displayed a superiority over Brantford in the five games played it was at the bat. That made the Red Sox pitchers look somewhat inferior, but a little better clouting would have turned two defeats with victory. Good hitters are a great asset to a team.

### WORLD'S GREATEST SHORT STORIES

### The Man Who Would Be King

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

### PART III.

I CAN'T tell all we did for the next six months, because Dravot did a lot I couldn't see the hang of, and he learned the lingo in a way I never could.

"They were afraid of me and the army, but they loved Dan. He was the best of friends with the priests and the chiefs, but any one could come across the hills with a complaint, and Dravot would hear him out fair and call four priests together and say what was to be done. They sent me with forty men and twenty rifles, and sixty men carrying turquoises into the Ghordan country to buy those handsome Martini rifles that come out of the ameer's workshops at Kakul, from one of the ameer's Herati regiments that would have sold the very teeth out of their mouths for turquoises. We got more than 100 handmade Martinis, 100 good Kobat jezails that'll throw to 600 yards, and 40 manloads of very bad ammunition for the rifles.

"Dravot was too busy to attend to those things, but the old army that we first made helped me, and we turned out 500 men that could drill and 200 that knew how to hold arms pretty straight. Even those corkscrewed-hand-made guns was a miracle to them. Dravot talked big about powder shops and factories, walking up and down in the pine wood when the winter was coming on.

"I won't make a nation," says he. "I'll make an empire! These men aren't niggers; they're English! Look at their eyes, look at their mouths. Look at the way they stand up. They sit on chairs in their own houses. There isn't a fair 2,000,000 of 'em in these hills. The villages are full of little children. Two-and-a-half million fighting men—and all English! When everything is shipshape I'll hand over the crown—this crown I'm wearing now—to Queen Victoria on my knees, and she'll say, 'Rise up, Sir Daniel Dravot.' Oh, it's big! It's big, I tell you! But there's so much to be done in every place—Baskhal, Khawak, Shu and everywhere else. It's a big country, and somebody you can't help me, Peachey, in the way I want to be helped.

"Go to your blasted priests then! I said, and I was sorry when I made that remark, but it did hurt me sore to see Daniel talking so superior when I'd drilled all the men and done all he told me.

"Don't let's quarrel, Peachey," says Daniel without cursing. "You're a king, you, but can't you see, Peachey, we want cleverer men than us now—three or four of 'em, that we can scatter about for our deputies. There's another thing, too. The winter's coming and these people won't be giving much trouble any more with an English Martini and a drilled three-bagger in a line. The valley was full of shouting, bowing creatures, and every soul was shrieking, 'Not a God nor a devil, but a man!' I was all taken aback, for a priest cut at me in front, and the army behind began firing into the Baskhal men.

"I tried to give some sort of orders to my men—the men of the regular army—but it was no use, so I fired into the crowd of 'em with an English Martini and drilled three-beggars in a line. The valley was full of shouting, bowing creatures, and every soul was shrieking, 'Not a God nor a devil, but a man!' I was all taken aback, for a priest cut at me in front, and the army behind began firing into the Baskhal men.

"We can't stand," says Billy Fish. "Make a run for it down the valley. This place is against us." There wasn't more than six men, not counting Dan, Billy Fish and me, that came down to the bottom of the valley alive. "My own notion is that Dan began to go mad in his head from that hour. He started up and down like a stuck pig. Then he was all for walking back alone and killing the priests with his bare hands, which he could have done. 'An emperor am I,' says Daniel, and next year I shall be a knight of the Queen.

"All right, Dan," says I, "but come along now while there's time."

"It's your fault," says he, "for not looking after your army better." I was too heartless to care, though it was all his foolishness that brought the smash. "I'm sorry, Dan," says I, "but there's no accounting for natives. This business is out fifty-seven. Maybe we'll make something out of it yet, when we've got to Baskhal."

"Let's get to Baskhal then," says Dan, "and when I come back here again I'll sweep the valley so there isn't a bug in a blanket left."

"We walked all that day, and all that night Dan was stamping up and down on the snow, chewing his beard and muttering to himself.

"There's no hope of getting clear," said Billy Fish. "The priests will have sent runners to the villages to say that you are only men. Why didn't you stick on as gods till things were more settled? I'm a dead man," says Billy Fish, and he throws himself down on the snow and begins to pray to his gods.

"Next morning we was in a cruel bad country—all up and down, no level ground at all and no food either. The six Baskhal men looked at Billy Fish hungrywise as if they wanted to ask something, but they said never a word. At noon we came to the top of a flat mountain all covered with snow, and when we climbed up into it, behold, there was an army in position waiting in the middle!

"The runners have been very quick," says Billy Fish, with a little bit of a laugh. "They are waiting for us."

"We're done for," says Dan.

the bit of a gun so that you'll never want to be heartened again."

"I got up very early in the morning while Dravot was asleep, and I saw the priests talking together in whispers and the chiefs talking together, too, and they looked at me out of the corners of their eyes.

"What is up, Fish?" I says to the Baskhal man, who was wrapped up in his furs and looking splendid to behold. "I can't rightly say," says he, "but if you can induce the king to drop all this nonsense about marriage you'll be doing him and me—and yourself a great service."

"That I do believe," says I. "But sure, you know, Billy, as well as me, having fought against and for us, that the king and me are nothing more than two of the finest men that God Almighty ever made. 'Nothing more, I do assure you.'"

"That may be," says Billy Fish, "and yet I should be sorry if it was." He sinks his head upon his great fur cloak for a minute and thinks. "King," says he, "be you man or god or devil, I'll stick by you today, and I have twenty of my men with me, and they will follow me. We'll go to Baskhal until the storm blows over."

"A little snow had fallen in the night and everything was white except the greasy fat clouds that blew down and down from the north. Dravot came out with his crown on his head, swinging his arms and stamping his feet and looking more pleased than Punch.

"In the last time, drop it, Dan," says I in a whisper. "Billy Fish here says there will be a row."

"A row among my people?" says Dravot. "Not much. Peachey, you're a fool not to get a wife too. Where's the girl?" says he with a voice as loud as the braying of a jackass. "Call up all the chiefs and priests and let the emperor see if his wife suits him."

"There was no need to call any one. They were all there leaning on their guns and spears round the clearing in the center of the pine wood. A deputation of priests went down to the little temple to bring up the girl, and the horns blew up to it to wake the dead. Billy Fish saunters round and gets as close to Daniel as he could, and behind him stood his twenty men with matchlocks, not a man of them under six feet. I was next to Dravot, and behind me was twenty men of the regular army. Up comes the girl, and a silver and turquoise, but white as death and looking back every minute at the priests.

"She'll do," said Dan, looking her over. "What's to be afraid of, lass? Come and kiss me." He puts his arm round her. She shuts her eyes, gives a bit of a squeak, and down goes her face in the side of Dan's flaming red beard.

"The girl's bitten me!" says he, clapping his hand to his neck, and sure enough his hand was red with blood. Billy Fish and two of his matchlocks catches hold of Dan by the shoulders and drags him into the Baskhal lot, while the priests howl in their lingo. "Neither God nor devil, but a man!" I was all taken aback, for a priest cut at me in front, and the army behind began firing into the Baskhal men.

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"Go!" says I. "I'm with you here, Billy Fish, you clear out, and we two will meet those folk."

"I'm a chief," says Billy Fish, quite quiet. "I stay with you. My men can go."

"The Baskhal fellows didn't wait for a second word, but ran off. It was cold-awful cold. I've got that cold in the back of my head now. There's a lump of it there."

"Carnehann was shivering, and I feared that his mind might go. I wiped my face, took a fresh grip of the pitiously mangled hands and said, 'What happened after that?'

"What was you pleased to say?" whined Carnehann. "They took them without any sound. Not a little whisper all along the snow, not though the king knocked down the first man that set hand on him—not though old Peachey fired his last cartridge into the brown of 'em. There was a man called Billy Fish, a good friend of us all, and they cut his throat, sir, then and there, like a pig; and the king kicks up the bloody snow and says, 'We've had a dashed fine run for our money. What's coming next? But Peachey—Peachey! Tell me, I tell you, sir, in confidence as betwixt two friends—he lost his king, sir. No, he didn't neither. The king lost his head, so he did, all along of one of those chinning rope bridges. Kindly let me have the paper cutter, sir. It fitted this way. They marched him across that snow to a rope bridge over a ravine with a river at the bottom. You may have seen such. They prodded him behind like an ox. 'D—your eyes!' says the king. 'D'you suppose I can't die like a gentleman?' He turns to Peachey—'Peachey, that was crying like a child. 'I've brought you to this of your happy life to be killed in Kaf-tristan, where you was late commander-in-chief of the emperor's forces. Say you forgive me, Peachey.' I do," says Peachey. "Shake hands, Peachey," says he. 'I'm going now.' Out he goes, looking neither right nor left, and when he was plumb in the middle of those dizzy dancing ropes, 'Cut, you beggars!' he shouts. And they cut, and old Dan fell, turning round and round and round, 20,000 miles, for he took half an hour to fall off! He struck the water, and I could see his body caught on a rock with the gold crown close beside.

"But do you know what they did to Peachey between two pine trees? They crucified him, sir, as Peachey's hand will show. They used wooden pegs for his hands and his feet; and he didn't die. He hung there and screamed, and they took him down next day and said it was a miracle that he wasn't dead. They took his bones, poor old Peachey, that hadn't done them any harm—that hadn't done them any—"

He rocked to and fro and wept bitterly, wiping his eyes with the back of his scarred hands and moaning like a child for some ten minutes.

"They was cruel enough to feed him up in the temple, because they said he was more of god than old Daniel that was a man. Then they turned him out on the snow and told him to go home, and Peachey came home in about a year, begging along the roads quite safe, for Daniel Dravot he walked before and said: 'Come along, Peachey. It's a big thing we're doing.' The mountains they danced at sight, and

the mountains they tried to fall on Peachey's head, but Dan be held on his hand, and Peachey came along, bent double. He never let go of Dan's hand, and he never let go of Dan's hand. They gave it to him as a present in the temple, to remind him not to come again, and though the crown was pure gold and Peachey was wearing, never would Peachey sell the same. You knew Right Worshipping Brother Dravot. Look at him now!"

He fumbled in the mass of snow around his bent waist, brought out a black horsehair bag embroidered with silver thread and shook therefrom on to my table the dried, withered hand of Daniel Dravot! The morning sun struck the red beard and blind, sunken eyes; struck, too, a heavy circle of gold studded with raw turquoises, that Carnehann placed tenderly on the table, under the temple.

"You behold now," said Carnehann, "the emperor in his habit as he lived—the king of Kaftristan with his crown upon his head. Poor old Daniel, that was a monarch once!"

I shuddered, for, in spite of definitions manifold, I recognized the hand of the man of Marwar Junction. Carnehann rose to go. I attempted to stop him. He was not fit to walk abroad. "Let me take away the whitey," and give me a little money," he gasped. "I was a king once, I'll go to the deputy commissioner and have to sit in the postoffice till I get my health. No, thank you, I can't walk all you set a carriage for me. I've urgent private affairs—in the south."

He shambled out of the office and departed in the direction of the deputy commissioner's house. That day at noon I had occasion to go down the blinding hot wall, and I saw a crooked man crawling along the white dust of the roadside, his hat in his hand, quavering dolorously after the fashion of street singers at home. There was not a soul in sight and he was out of all possible earshot of the houses, and he sang through his nose, turning his head from right to left—

"The son of man goes forth to war. His blood-red banner streams afar. Who follows in his train?"

I waited to hear no more, but got the poor wretch into my carriage and drove him off to the nearest mission, for my eventual transfer to the capital. He repeated the hymn twice. While he was with me, whom he did not in the least recognize, and I felt him singing it to the missionary.

Two days later I inquired after the welfare of the superintendent of the asylum. "He was admitted suffering from sunstroke. He died early yesterday morning," said the superintendent. "Is it true that he was half an hour bareheaded in the sun at midday?"

"Yes," said I, "but do you happen to know if he had any money on him when he died?"

"Not to my knowledge," said the superintendent.

And there the matter rests.

Mr. H. C. Cox was elected President of the Canada Life Assurance Company.

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"The Baskhal fellows didn't wait for a second word, but ran off. It was cold-awful cold. I've got that cold in the back of my head now. There's a lump of it there."

"Carnehann was shivering, and I feared that his mind might go. I wiped my face, took a fresh grip of the pitiously mangled hands and said, 'What happened after that?'

"What was you pleased to say?" whined Carnehann. "They took them without any sound. Not a little whisper all along the snow, not though the king knocked down the first man that set hand on him—not though old Peachey fired his last cartridge into the brown of 'em. There was a man called Billy Fish, a good friend of us all, and they cut his throat, sir, then and there, like a pig; and the king kicks up the bloody snow and says, 'We've had a dashed fine run for our money. What's coming next? But Peachey—Peachey! Tell me, I tell you, sir, in confidence as betwixt two friends—he lost his king, sir. No, he didn't neither. The king lost his head, so he did, all along of one of those chinning rope bridges. Kindly let me have the paper cutter, sir. It fitted this way. They marched him across that snow to a