

Sporting News

Sporting Comment

(By Free Lance.)

The junior O. H. A. team will play Woodstock in Woodstock on Friday.

President Nelson and Roy Brown, the owners of the Red Sox are greatly pleased that the Canadian League this year will be without Guelph and Berlin. Eric and Toronto will displace the two smaller towns and the league will have a bigger classification. This will doubtless mean faster ball than ever, and it will mean a better financial basis for the clubs all round to work upon.

What's the matter with the intermediates? The team hasn't won a game this season. Beaten by Paris 4 to 3, London 9 to 5, and 9 to 1. The team will play in Paris for the first time to-night, and it is to be hoped that the hoodoo will be shaken. Even though the team has not been successful, thus far, the fans are with the players, and will witness the game this evening in goodly numbers.

Pete Cancella, fired as trainer of the Intermediate Hockey Team is now refusing to be interviewed. Pete's only comment was to the effect that he would like to know how much he owed the team, as he had given his services free for the good of the cause, and had paid his own way and the way of his friends in to witness the game. "Now," says Pete, "how much do I owe that bunch and the Manager thereof?"

Now that the League matter has been straightened away, the Brantford magnates will immediately begin a hunt for a competent manager, so much depending upon the securing of a good team here for next year. If Brantford can produce anything like a winner, it will mean that Brantford will remain in the league permanently. If the same results are achieved in 1914 as in 1913, then it is just possible the Telephone City will get the same way as Guelph and Berlin.

The youth arrested at the Alfred St. rink on Thursday evening, and who is said to have received such unfair treatment after arrest, will appear in the police court tomorrow morning to face a charge of trespass. In conversation with Free Lance, he told of his actions on the night in question. Accompanied by a citizen the youth crossed the canal with the intention of climbing the bank to Alfred street. By crossing the canal the rink could be reached more quickly. Owing to the belief that the ice would be soft for the hockey game, he put his head in at a partially open door through which the cleanings from the ice are got rid of. While in this act he was pounced upon by the constable, who was not there upon a request made by the local or Woodstock juniors. Once under arrest, the handcuffs were placed upon his wrists, a call sent in for the patrol and he was made to stand there while the crowd looked on. He further says that he was hit with the constable's baton, his clothes torn and damage sustained to one of his shoes. He was only released when Manager Slattery of the local juniors intervened, and submitted that as 50 per

cent only of the gate receipts went to the rink management, the playing teams had as much say as the manager of the rink whether or no the youth should remain under arrest. Why should he wish to steal into the rink when he possessed an O.H.A. certificate? That would admit him. Because he is a member of the club he will be given assistance in fighting the charge originating. There is a very strong feeling throughout the city over the arrest of the youth, who bears an excellent reputation.

Sporting Com. by Free Lance DPH The postponed junior O. H. A. game with Paris, which was to have been played on December 29, will be played in Paris Wednesday night.

The Brantford hockey team need encouragement, more practice, wider goal nets and a string of uninterrupted victories to bring any O. H. A. championship here. Outside of that the boys are alright.

A meeting of the Echo Place Silk Sox hockey club will be held to-night at the residence of Morley Myers, Hamilton Road. All members are requested to attend. Manager James Hanley has arranged for a game with the Expositor team, the date to be decided later.

The local rink manager says it is funny how many reporters there are, or rather fake artists posing as pencil pushers at every game, just for the purpose of avoiding two-bit payment at the gate. The fellow who climbs the roof and bores a hole through is just as honest.

WILL NOT DESERT.

(Exclusive to Spectator.)

NEW YORK, Jan. 12.—Jake Daubert, captain of the Brooklyn Superbas, will not be a deserter. It is true that he received an offer of a "small fortune" from President Dabour, of the Pittsburgh Federal League, to sign with that organization for three years, but after carefully considering the proposition decided to decline.

In a letter to Edward J. McKeever, first vice-president of the Brooklyn club, during the absence of President Charles H. Ebbets, who is in Porto Rico, and is not expected home before Jan. 17, Daubert says: "I deem it my duty to notify you that I have received a telegram from John B. Barbour, president of the Pittsburgh Federal League team, asking me to wire my best terms to play and manage the Pittsburgh Federal League team, and I have sent him this answer, 'John B. Barbour, president Federal League, Pittsburgh: Your telegram received, asking for best terms to manage Pittsburgh Federal League team. Repeating would say that I will not play outside of organized baseball."

"Wishing you all success for the coming season. (Signed) Jake E. Daubert." At his home in Brooklyn Saturday morning Daubert said he was perfectly satisfied with the terms of his contract with the Brooklyn club, which has to the end of the 1915 season to run. The royalty of the Brooklyn fans, Daubert added, was another matter of importance to consider, and he expected the Brooklyn team to make a far better showing in 1914 than it did last season.

World's Skating Marks Shattered on Sunday.

CHRISTIANIA, Jan. 12.—Oscar Mathieson yesterday set two new world's skating records. He covered 500 metres in 43 7-10 seconds, and 1,500 metres in 2 minutes 19 1-2 seconds. The previous records were 44 1-5 sec., and 2 minutes 20 3-5 seconds respectively.

A cold snap has settled over Canada, and the temperature may yet be lower.

PLAYERS MAY GET INTO HOT WATER

OTTAWA, Jan. 12.—Several of the players who took part in the Ottawa-Toronto game Saturday will likely find themselves in hot water as the result of their rough work. Referee Brennan, who was in Ottawa yesterday on his way home to Montreal, said that he intended to report the savage work to President Quinn with recommendations for hockey punishment to the offenders. McGiffin, of the Torontos, refused to go off at one stage, and threatened to use his stick on Brennan. He is likely to be severely dealt with. Davidson will also be reported for cross-checking Darragh near the close of the game.

Brennan, in discussing the game, said that he favored a complete return to the old rules. He does not think that the fines frightens the players and believes that if the officials were permitted to banish a man for the game if they saw him losing his head, play would be much cleaner. He says officials have little or no chance to check rowdiness under the present system.

Wanderers filed a kick last week about Harry Westwick's work as referee and he was replaced last Saturday night by Ernie Butterworth. The Ottawas think that Sam Lichtenhein is trying to run the league and will ask that Westwick be reappointed, as other clubs had expressed themselves as satisfied with his work.

The Ottawas are loud in their praise of Lawson Whitehead's worth in Saturday's game at Toronto. "What wild goose chase are you on now?" Elsie demanded sternly. Captain Charlie blushed to his leathery little ears, but his mouth was obstinate. "I'm going to the sunny south," he announced defiantly. "You can come along, too, if you want to."

HOCKEY RESULTS

- O. H. A. Senior. University of Toronto 5, Kingston 3. O. H. A. Intermediate. Preston 11, Guelph 1. O. H. A. Junior. Univ. of Toronto 14, Aurora 3. Interprovincial Union. New Edinburgh 5, Aberdeens 3. Mines League. Cobalt 3, Nipissing 2. Ottawa Valley League. Brockville 5, Perth 3. Pembroke 3, Carleton Place 2. Renfrew 6, Almonte 1. Hull 5, Rockland 2. N. H. A. Ottawas 3, Torontos 2. Canadiens 8, Wanderers 2. Juebec 6, Ontarios 1. Exhibition. Boston A. A. 3, Montreal Vics. 2. Argonauts 6, Syracuse 2. *Played Friday.

Privilege of Hunting Dog

When David Hackett, of Egham, (Surrey) was summoned at Feltham, on Monday, for allowing a dog to be at large without a collar bearing the name and address of its owner, the magistrates, stating that the animal was a puppy belonging to a recognized pack of hounds and so was exempt. Mr. Hackett: It requires no license or collar or even a bit of string for a lead.

Inspector Smith drew attention to a case in the High Court in which it was stated that a hunting dog was not exempt unless it was with the pack. The magistrates dismissed the case.

Remarkable Prayer Habit

At an inquest at Derry Asylum on a patient named Thomas Clarke, fifty-four, it was stated that the deceased was in the habit at times of dropping on his knees to pray. On one occasion he attempted this while on a wall, and fell off. Dr. Herington stated on the present occasion, the man must have jumped on the covering of a large boiler of scalding water to say his prayers, but the boards giving way he fell into the receptacle. He was immediately removed to hospital, but died six hours later.

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The Treasure of Tu'penny Cay

It Wasn't Quite What They Expected

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"Elsie," said Captain Charlie Bunce as he stumped into the house one bleak November morning, "I believe I've got a cold on my lung." He uttered a hollow cough.

"Hem!" commented his sharp-tongued wife. "Which lung?" Captain Charlie coughed again, ending with an alarming strangle that required a vigorous pounding on the back from the stout fast of Mrs. Bunce. Incidentally Elsie appeared to derive much satisfaction from this robust treatment of her little husband.

"Avast there!" roared the captain at last. Elsie ceased her efforts. A thin smile curled her lips. "Your lungs ain't suffering none," she remarked dryly as she returned to her pumpkin pie. "By all signs I got to look out for myself," he said, with dignity, when he got his breath. "Being as there's no one to take no interest in my health, I can go and seek a balmy climate all alone."

"What wild goose chase are you on now?" Elsie demanded sternly. Captain Charlie blushed to his leathery little ears, but his mouth was obstinate.

"I'm going to the sunny south," he announced defiantly. "You can come along, too, if you want to." "Oh, thank you," retorted Elsie sarcastically. "I guess I'll stay at home and not go and catch malaria and yellow fever. I might as well be a widder woman as to be deserted off and on whenever you and Lem Peters take it into your head to fit out the schooner and take a voyage."

"Me and Lem Peters has earned many a dollar carrying freights on the Rosy Dawn," replied Captain Charlie. "This time I'm carrying a load of potatoes or coals or oysters."

"I thought maybe I'd get to the truth of your lung trouble," said Elsie dryly. "Where you off to now?" Given this opening, Captain Charlie launched forth into an enthusiastic description of a certain island among the Florida keys—Tu'penny cay it was called down there—where bubbled the traditional fountain of youth, the one described by Ponce de Leon, and it developed that it was the firm intention of Messrs. Bunce and Peters to sail the schooner Rosy Dawn down to Tu'penny cay and fill innumerable bottles with the precious liquid, which was to be brewed up and sold at a fabulous price to those who desired the boon of eternal youth.

"And you believe all that trash?" demanded Mrs. Bunce, ignoring the fact that her pies were burning to a crisp. "I certainly do," was Captain Charlie's firm reply. "I got so much faith in it I'm willing to risk \$50 on the venture, and Lem Peters he's going to do the same."

"Good thing that Lem's wife is a popular dressmaker," cut in Elsie. Two weeks later Captain Charlie sailed away, with Lem Peters and a negro boy as mate and crew of the Rosy Dawn. The name of the old schooner perhaps implied the many hopes cherished by her owner and master, for since his retirement from the sea Captain Bunce had led many a vain search in quest of fortune.

He had not told Elsie the most incredible part of his story. She heard it from Sadie Peters after the Rosy Dawn had sailed toward the southward. Besides the fountain of youth, Tu'penny cay was said to be the repository of golden treasure buried by that famous pirate, Black Duffy, just before he made his last appearance in the sensational act of walking the plank.

So the indignant Elsie wrote a letter to Captain Charlie—such a letter as that redoubtable sailor had never before received in his adventurous life—and she sent it to Savannah, which was to be the Rosy Dawn's first port of call.

Weeks passed and no word came to the two women, although Elsie subscribed to the Herald and read every word of the shipping news. Christmas came and went, and Elsie Bunce and Sadie Peters spent it together. It was not strange that the two women became very intimate, for it was their mutual desire to keep a secret hidden from their neighbors in Little Bay—the secret of their quarrels with their respective husbands and the fact that they did not correspond with them.

"So long as they was bound to go, anyway, I guess I might as well have let Lem go in peace," worried Sadie Peters one January day. "If I didn't have great faith in Charlie's seamanship I'd get worried," remarked Elsie, her needles flashing dizzily.

"I'd go down myself if I hadn't said what I did to Lem," admitted Sadie. Elsie Bunce said nothing, but now she knitted so fast and so incessantly that her wool came hopelessly tangled, which might be a token that Captain Charlie's wife was in "a state of mind."

January on Tu'penny cay. Overhead a cloudless blue sky and below a snow white coral island lapped by a blue sea. Feathery palms rustled in the spice laden breeze, and a few bright colored birds flitted among the trees. Half hidden in a tiny lagoon was the schooner Rosy Dawn, her sails neatly

furled and smoke curling from her galley stack. Sitting on the beach smoking morosely were two men. One was Captain Charlie Bunce, and the other was Lemuel Peters.

"How much did you pay that Portuguese for the information?" growled Captain Charlie after awhile. "My job in the shipyard," admitted Lem Peters sheepishly.

There was a long silence, broken after awhile by the little captain. "Seems like that that Portuguese sailor or his got the best of the bargain," was his remark.

"I ain't got a word to say," said Lem humbly. There wasn't much to say from the point of view of the two adventurers. They had arrived at the tiny island full of enthusiasm. The hold of the Rosy Dawn was freighted with empty gallon bottles to receive the golden flood of youth from the immortal fountain.

But unfortunately the fountain could not be located. Some inhabitants of an adjoining island laughed rudely when guardedly questioned and said the reason the little island received its disparaging name was because it was a "tu'penny sort of island." The swamp in the middle was malarious, indeed, and as for Black Duffy's treasure, that had been found fifty years ago by an Englishman who had the ingratitude to bestow the ignominious title upon the bit of coral rock which had made him rich.

So with the original \$100 investment reduced to \$20 in cash, with supplies running low and two angry women waiting there in that Long Island village for their inglorious return, it is no wonder that Captain Charlie Bunce and his companion were depressed.

Suddenly a shout came from the schooner. It was the negro boy, Frank.

"Dinner," said Captain Charlie without enthusiasm as he rose and went toward the landing plank.

They sat down at the table in the cabin. "Beans again!" moaned Lem Peters as Frank passed him the steaming dish. "I wish I knew the man who invented canned beans!"

"It would be justifiable homicide if anything happened to that fellow!" growled the captain, making a wry face at the concoction of hot beans and tomato sauce.

"It's only 'cause you eat 'em free times a day, Cap'n Charlie," soothed Frank. "I reckon you all can eat some canned peaches. I made a batch of griddlecakes to eat wiv 'em."

"All right," said the captain, tasting his weak coffee. "Seems like I'd rather have my coffee strong once in a day, Frank, than for you to spin it out so weak like to last three meals," he complained.

"All right, cap'n," was Frank's cheerful reply. "Elsie was baking punkin pies when I left home," observed the captain gloomily.

"Dried apple pies are my favorite," said Lem Peters sadly. "I don't ever expect to see no more punkin pies," lamented Captain Charlie. "Then, with a sudden burst of confidence, he added, 'Elsie, she wrote me a letter, and she dared me to come home ag'in without that there treasure!'"

"Seems like Sadie said something similar to that remark," mused Lem. Absorbed in the gloomy meal, neither one had heard the chug, chug, of an approaching steam launch. Neither had they heard the sounds of an arrival on board. So they were quite unprepared for what followed Captain Bunce's next remark.

"So it looks like we'll not be wanted back there in Little Bay," he said gloomily. Then it was that some one laughed uncertainly, and a large, yellow pumpkin pie was placed on the table before the astonished treasure hunters. From the other side of the table another hand placed a dried apple pie, baked in a square tin, beside the first one.

"Elsie!" yelled Captain Charlie, jumping up to receive his wife in his arms. "Sadie Peters!" choked Lem as his wife flung her arms around his lean neck. The two women cried over their unfortunate adventures.

"We was worried to death," confessed the redoubtable Elsie, wiping away some tears. "So I took the money I'd been saving for a plush coat next winter, and Sadie she had a streak of luck with her Cousin Benjamin leaving her a bit of money, so we come down to see where you was, and we found you. We just come over from the mainland. You're going to take us home on the Rosy Dawn."

"We ain't found no fountain of youth and no treasure," confessed the treasure seekers in unhappy union. Across their disconsolate heads Elsie Bunce and Sadie Peters smiled understandingly at one another. It was Elsie who spoke.

"Oh, yes; I guess you found the hidden treasure, all right. But 'twasn't just what you thought it would be. Guess you've found there ain't no place like home. That's a treasure some folks never find out."

And the two hardy treasure hunters meekly assented that it was so, and they believed it. But the blood of adventurers ran strong in their veins, and no one would be surprised, their wives least of all, if some day they set forth on another wild goose chase in the Rosy Dawn.

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Gener Boxing Canadian To B International Franchise aid Circuit

HAMILTON, Jan. 12.—President James H. McCaffrey of the Toronto Canadian League, a league has been granted territory by the National and that the Guelph and the Berlin are transferred there, made the sensational announcement that the name of Mr. Pe purchased the Berlin.

For the benefit of he said that Percy tary of the Toronto League baseball club understanding is, he chased the Berlin onto club, which into franchise in Toronto Island Stadium, which international club is decision to take this hastened by reason of the Federal League.

Toronto owners held Canadian League and the advantage to fight the in the Queen City. President Fitzgerald if this was true or to repeat that Percy chased the Berlin franchise for that city the deal, he would be pressed for an explanation's activity in the general, would only say, "it looks that way, that it looked as if the would be taken to this is a fact is only is supported by the which appeared in Globe."

"The Toronto Federation still very much in the positive statement will be represented in and the vague suggestion are letting me do is nothing doing."

"The Federals and promoters are confer establishment of a joint club, and have secured by the motor Greenwood avenue. Scarborough Beach is the centre of the city's pose."

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