



CAPTAIN TOM MITCHELL, veteran member of the Canadian Bisley team, shooting at the Ontario Rifle Association matches at Long Branch, Ont.

## Lost Ship's Fate Still In Doubt

SCORE LEFT PUGET SOUND IN THE LAST TWELVE YEARS AND HAVE NOT BEEN HEARD OF SINCE.

Seattle, Sept. 10.—The steamship Mackinaw brought news from the Behring sea this week of the discovery of a bulk of an unidentified vessel imbedded on the ice-bound shores of Hershel Island in the Arctic regions north of Alaska. There was nothing about the hull of the ship to give a clue to her fate, and her name was rubbed from the bow by the grinding of the ice.

Maritime men here, however, believe that the vessel is the schooner Pioneer, which left Puget Sound for Behring sea in the spring of 1901, and which was never seen or heard from after passing Cape Flattery.

More than a score of vessels have left Puget Sound in the past dozen years and have disappeared without the slightest clue as to how they met disaster. A great number of these disappearances can be attributed to disasters in one form or another, but not all. Vessels loaded with nitrates or other combustible cargoes are often victims of fire or explosion, and others have probably gone down before the terrific storms that swept the North Pacific.

**The Lord Spencer's Fate.**

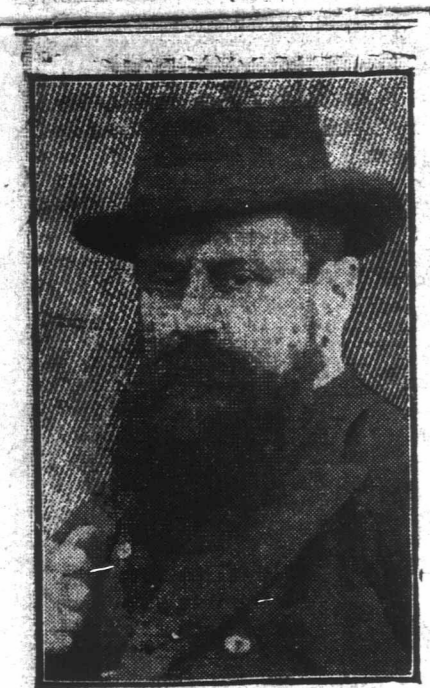
The British ship, Lord Spencer, Capt. Leahy, left here with a cargo of wheat eight years ago. No word ever came of her. A yarn as weird as that which the Ancient Mariner spun into the reluctant ears of the belated wedding guest may recount her fate some time, but as far as maritime history is concerned she has been tossed onto the rocky shores and left to rot.

The Lamorna, a grain carrier, left Columbia river one night in 1906 and passed out into the blackness to be heard of no more. The Artemis, a German ship, was lost somewhere in mid-Pacific and the insurance has long ago been paid.

## Pierre Lotis New Play Attracts Him to New York

Paris, Sept. 9.—Pierre Lotis is to cross the Atlantic at the behest of dramatic art. Not long ago I saw "Pierre Lotis"—whose real name is Jean Vian—playing "pelote basque" at Hendaye. This agile young man of sixty had no difficulty in keeping his opponents busy. He has followed the sea for forty years, and time has dealt lightly with him. But he is a dreamer by nature, and there is something of the mystery of the deep sea about him.

Those who are familiar with his books say that he is the most original, visionary and intuitive writer of our times, and the French are not indulgent critics. His great drama, "The Daughter of Heaven," which will be presented at the New York Century theatre in October will give Americans an opportunity of appreciating his genius.



THE DUKE OF NORFOLK who was a prominent figure at the big Unionist rally at Blenheim palace, the seat of the Duke of Marlborough.

It has been eight years since the Forest Queen left here with a party of thirty-nine gold seekers, and for the Yukon river.

On Queen Charlotte island this party company of gold hunters must have been wrecked and the foundering ship covered by the waves. Then there were the City of Philadelphia, the American Girl, the Bedoman, the Gowanburn, the whaler Nevarch, which was believed to have been carried away into the Arctic ocean by a great ice floe, the steamer Lincoln, bound for Alaska, and several others which left Puget Sound ports of whose fates the world yet awaits the news.

**A Ship Which Found Herself.**

An unusual experience befell the mail steamer, Rover, serving numerous island towns in Alaska. The Rover left Ketchikan, Alaska, one spring morning for island settlements, but for two months from May 3, 1906 to July 1, nothing was heard of the vessel nor her crew. Then, as if before a spirit wind, the ship returned to Ketchikan with her crew alive and the mail safe. The captain explained that he had been enveloped in a fog for weeks and that once off his bearings he was unable to right his course.

The ship drifted among the islands and in the bays and gulfs lay anchored day after day while the crew sought to find charted landmarks along the shores. Two months rolled away and provisions were exhausted so that wild game and fish had to be sought for food. The Rover at last got out of the fog and located herself.

The shores of the Pacific are dotted here and there with the bleaching wrecks of ships that have been tossed onto the rocky shores and left to rot.

The coast of Alaska is well marked with wrecked ships, the hulls of which lie as monuments to a neglected country where adequate aids to navigation which would safeguard hundreds of lives with every storm or fog are missing.

proclaimed. Anyone who has lived in China, as I have, knew that the end of the dynasty was near. Besides, we have not written a work of imagination. How did I collaborate with Mme. Gautier? Well, it was this way. She was in Paris, and I was in Constantinople. We each wrote on our own account and sent the results to each other. My correspondence was friendly and there was plenty of criticism.

But Loti dislikes to talk about himself and his work, and turns the conversation into other channels as soon as he can politely do so. A reference to the war between Turkey and Italy brought a blaze of indignation into the little man's soft blue eyes.

"I was astonished," he said, "to read in an American review that my article in defense of Turkey had wounded public opinion in France. On the contrary, I have received hundreds of letters approving my condemnation of Italy's inhuman and unjust action. Do you think French sympathy is on the side of Germany's ally?"

I asked him why he had given up travelling now he had left the navy?

"Well," he said, a little sadly, "I have seen all the countries of the globe, and there are none that I want to see again. Civilization has destroyed everything that was picturesque in the countries I once loved. What a horrible thing it would be to see China and Japan covered with telegraph posts and modern villas! And I will write no more. All I want now is peace and solitude. My little house at Rochefort is quite inaccessible, and I intend to end my days there."

But New York, perhaps, will persuade Loti that he is too young to be a hermit just yet.

## Yiddish Theatre Not Popular

ALL ATTEMPTS TO RUN ONE SO FAR HAVE FAILED—MONEY WANTED.

London, Sept. 7.—Though London has a big Hebrew colony, it is curious that all attempts to run a Yiddish theatre have failed. The latest concern, which started with a flourish of trumpets in Shoreditch a few months ago, has just closed its doors.

There were initial difficulties, but the promoters were buoyed up with the expectation that the cosy little playhouses and the really artistic productions would have the effect of bringing financial aid. A titled lady,



CHARLIE QUERRIE playing manager of the Tecumseh lacrosse team, Toronto. Although winners last year it looks as if the Tecumshs would be the tail-enders of the "Big Four" this season.



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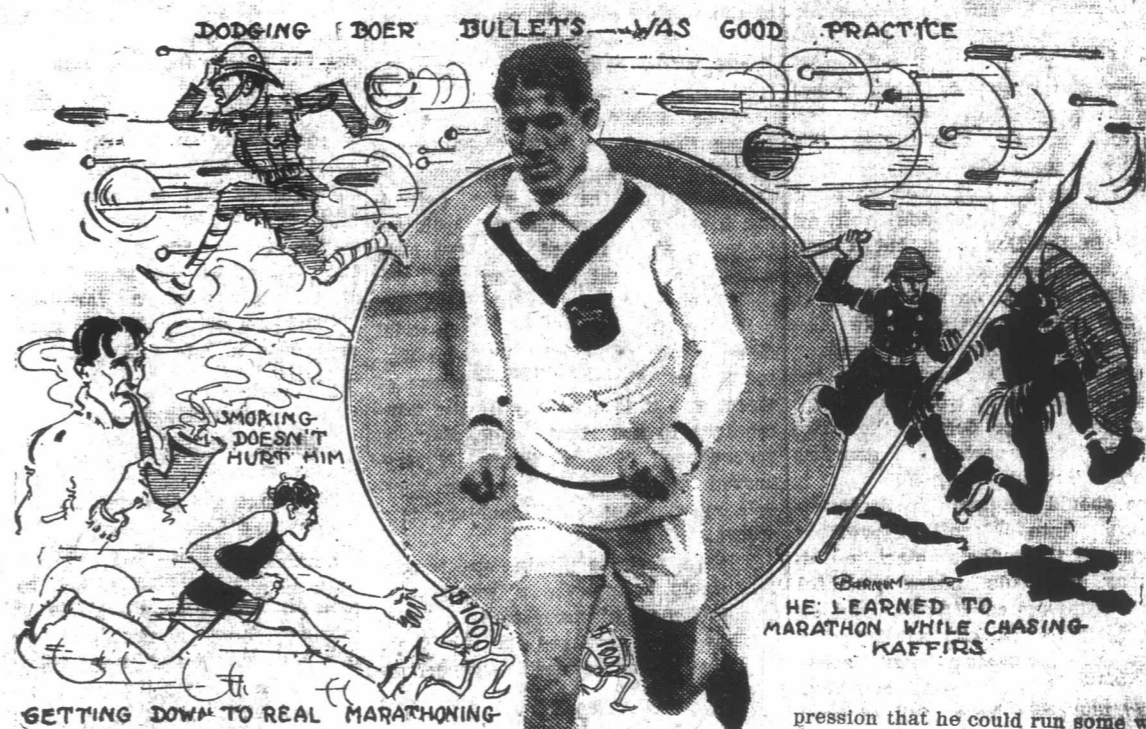
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## South African Cop Who Won Marathon Will Do Some Fancy Marathoning For American Dollars



GETTING DOWN TO REAL MARATHONING

SNAPSHOT OF KENNEDY K. McARTHUR, WITH A FEW ARTISTIC SIDELIGHTS.

Kennedy Kane McArthur, winner of the Olympic Marathon at Stockholm, will, of course, come to America to show his prowess. He hasn't as yet announced the date of his coming, but who ever heard of a policeman turning down a chance to grab 10,000 "simoleons" with little or no work, especially when there is no chance for a sequel in the form of a Whitman investigation?

Then, too, this fellow McArthur is no "boob." Any fellow who can go and cop a marathon is good enough for us. But he is better yet when he turns this trick after his friends try to dissuade him from making the try; after they tell him he hasn't the build for a marathon runner—that he is too old—and whisper other such cheering words of encouragement in his ears.

McArthur has heard of the easy money that Dorando picked up here four years ago, and likewise he remembers that Dorando wasn't even a Marathon winner, that he collapsed before the finish. He hasn't overlooked with what ease Hackenschmidt, Mafmout, Zbyzsko and other foreign wrestlers raked in the coin, while on American soil. Finally he still has in mind the fact that Bombardier Walls, Owen Moran, Matt Wells and other English pugs have found this a mighty easy field for their operations.

Already McArthur is flirting with American promoters. A New York

syndicate has offered him \$10,000 for a "feeler," and negotiations are now on which are expected to bring him here.

The new Marathon champion, an Irishman by birth, a South African by residence, a policeman by profession, and a runner for diversion, has had an interesting career.

He was born 30 years ago in Derrnook, County Antrim, Ireland. He is six feet tall and weighs 165 pounds, thus smashing all precedents regarding a Marathon runner. He went to South Africa during the Boer war, and liked the looks of the country so well that he has since lived there, becoming a mounted police officer soon after the close of the war. His beat is on the veldt, some 6,000 miles above the sea level, and in patrolling it he has to remain in the saddle many hours a day.

McArthur is always in shape. As a matter of fact he has no opportunity to get out of condition. The im-

pression that he could run some which he gained while dodging Boer bullets became self-confidence when he found it no trick at all to run down fleet Kaffir thieves when pursuit on horse back became impossible.

Association football first put him in the notion of becoming an amateur runner, a notion which wasn't shattered when he lost his first race of 100 yards. Instead of quitting, he changed the distance to half a mile, won easily, and it wasn't very long before he was trimming all comers at all distances. In 1908 he defeated Hefferon in the South African Marathon trials, but the judges thought that the result a fluke and McArthur wasn't built for a distance runner. Hefferon was picked, and finished second to Hayes. Had McArthur been picked for those games, there might have been a different story to tell.

In a Nutshell.

McArthur was born in Derrnook, County Antrim, Ireland.

Found smoking not injurious while training.

Doesn't drink, and eats plain food.

Found he could run by dodging Boer bullets, kept in shape by running down Kaffirs, and became a marathon runner when his friends insisted he couldn't make good.

Has received an offer of \$10,000 to come to America.