

WILCOX BROS.

Men's Canadian
Tweed Suits, single or
double breasted, \$6.50

Men's Striped Tweed
Suits, all desirable
shades, \$6.50, \$7.50.

Men's English
Striped Worsted Suits,
latest styles and best
make, \$10.50.

Men's Outing Suits,
two piece, nice striped
tweeds, \$5.50; regular
price, \$7.50.

Men's Best English
Clay Worsted Suits,
black or blue, double
or single breasted, only
\$10.50.

Serge Suits for men,
\$6.50 to \$10.50.

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Worsted Pants, \$1.75
to \$3.00.

Balbriggan Shirts
and Drawers, 25c.

All-Wool Shirts and
Drawers, summer
weight, 50c. each.

3 Pairs Black Cot-
ton Hose, 25c.

26 Inch Extension
Cases, \$1.25.

28 Inch Embossed
Metal Trunks, with hat
box, \$1.75.

Solid Leather Club
Bags, \$1.25 to \$5.00.

**MONEY
BACK
WHEN
WANTED.**

WILCOX Bros.,
54 and 56
DOCK STREET

THE BIGGEST TIGER IN INDIA.

Brought Down by an American Girl
—Some stories of Exciting Hunts.

The largest tiger ever killed in India has been brought down by an American girl.

It measured 10 feet 8 inches in length and was killed on a dead run by one shot.

This fearless and sharpshooting huntress is Mrs. Donnet, wife of an English army officer in India, and the daughter of John H. Whitehouse, of Irvington-on-the-Hudson.

With her husband and a party of friends, Mrs. Donnet spent December and January in the Chanda jungle of northern India, where big game and savage beasts abound.

Here she established a wonderful record. Unaided she killed two tigers, four panthers, four bears, eight boars and several other beasts of less ferocity. Her second tiger was over eight feet long. In a letter dated January 12, Mrs. Donnet graphically describes the circumstances of her record shot.

"I am the proud slayer of the largest tiger ever shot in India," she exclaims with great enthusiasm, "and he fell at my first shot. He measured ten feet eight inches, has a perfect coat and teeth two inches long. It took sixteen men to carry him to camp and I did it all myself and it was such a difficult shot! But I must settle down and tell you all about it. I am sort of a big bug in camp now."

"The natives bow down and kiss the hem of my dress, for I am the first lady who has ever shot in these great jungles. Ah, I am a lucky beggar. So, just listen while I tell you all about it."

"We heard a tiger had killed a lot of deer in a piece of bamboo jungle about six miles off, so Timmins (her husband) and I got forty beaters together and took up our positions near an open space, while the beaters went into the jungle with drums and horns, driving six buffaloes in front of them, and made hideous noises."

"After about an hour, when the beat was nearly up to my tree, I saw what I first took for a deer gliding through the high grass and bamboo, when suddenly an opening revealed a huge tiger to my astonished gaze. He was going full gallop, so I saw it was a case of then or never, and although it was a very blind shot, I let blaze at the vanishing stripes as they flashed through the bamboos."

"A roar and a rush told me the monster was hit, but I could see nothing, as the jungle was so dense. When the shikar came up I told him where I had fired and got down, and with loaded rifles we approached the spot where, about ten yards from where I fired, lay the very finest monster I ever saw, and his great striped body did look like a slain king of the forest."

"The shikar and I all but hurred in our excitement, and when the beaters came up our hurrahs and jubilant exclamations brought Timmins tumbling down out of his tree and his joy and pride quite touched me. The monster was indeed glorious with his ten feet eight inches spread out to their full, his gums rolled up, showing his enormous teeth, and his skin in all its prime, and, oh! so beautifully yellow and black."

"I had already shot three bears, two panthers, and a tiger, besides all sorts of deer and other smaller beasts, and when I saw that monster lying there slain by my own hands it was the proudest and happiest moment of my life, and I shall never get over the feeling of exultation."

On the 23rd of January Mrs. Donnet writes of further triumphs. "I shot another tiger and had such an exciting time; but let me tell you all about it in as quiet and collected a way as possible to narrate so thrilling a tale. Well, word was brought in that a tigress had killed a cow and had made an attempt on a man's life, but he had avoided her charge."

"We went to the scene at once and took up our places and the beat had just begun when I heard a roar after roar. I thought it was going to Timmins, and was rejoicing, as the poor old boy has had no luck and mine has been the lucky gun of the camp. Suddenly with no warning out she jumped about ten yards from me, and she did look a picture of grand fury as she stood lashing her tail and snarling."

"It was too easy a shot to be really easy; also, having a huge creature at my feet breathing in my face, seemed to mesmerize me in a way, and I felt myself trembling all over and unable to move my eyes from her hard green ones."

"When I fired she made a grand spring into a clump of bamboos and was lost to sight, and she never uttered a sound. When the coast seemed clear I blew my whistle, the others came up and we found fresh drops of blood. The grasses and bamboos were smeared with blood about a foot from the ground, which showed I had hit her low in the stomach."

"Well, we formed up a line, and inch by inch advanced into the jungle, with a man always ahead. We were just thinking she must be dead, and had gone about 150 yards when a man in a tree yelled, 'Zira gisy,' which means, 'she is charging.' In a moment every one was trying to save himself."

"The tigress gave a roar and charged past and out by our flank and did not hurt anyone. When all was quiet again, we crawled out, but as it was dark we made for camp and left her in the jungle."

"Next day a searching party went out and found her dead about 300 yards off."

INCUBATOR FOR CROWS.

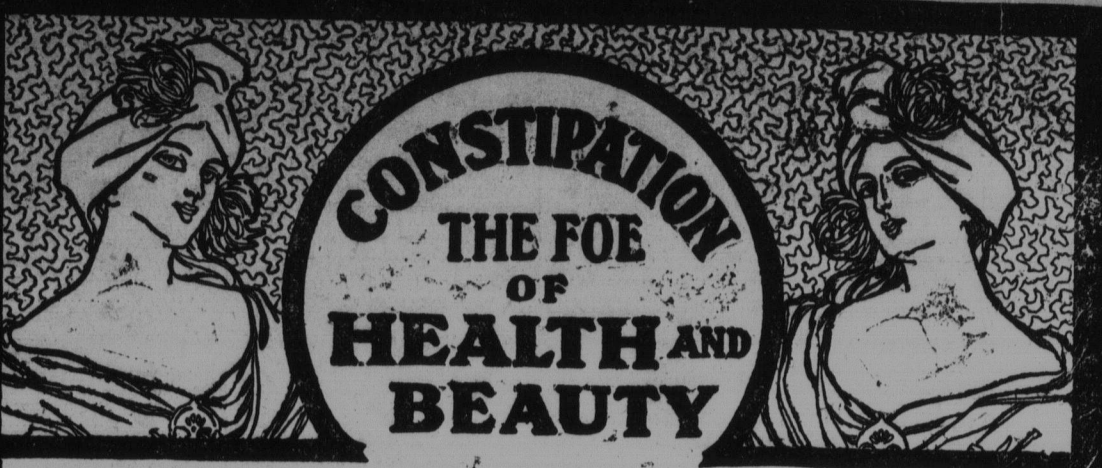
(Susquehanna News.)

Farmer Billings of Brookdale has taken a contract to furnish a Chicago miller with crow heads at 5c. apiece. It costs something to get a dead crow, because it is an elusive bird, and ammunition costs something.

Billings, however, is an enterprising speculator. He has devised a machine by which a maximum number of crow's heads can be obtained at small expense. He has set up a chicken incubator, in which are placed, as fast as laid, the eggs of about 100 hen crows that have been trapped, with perhaps a dozen cock crows.

Within fifteen days the little creatures are hatched, and a fortnight later they are ready to be banded. It is understood that the head of a crow chick is worth just as much as that of the oldest of the same species.

At the uniform rate of four for a dollar dead, they will pay the producer. Farmer Billings has the only crow hatchery in the world, and he is justly proud of it.



It is quite likely you are doctoring for the wrong thing. Or perhaps you are taking medicine for a trouble you really have but which has been brought on by that common ailment—constipation.

Whatever your trouble, do you find it stubborn to treat? Do you wonder why you do not get cured? Are you sometimes almost discouraged?

Try doctoring your bowels. Don't imagine because you seem regular, or maybe once a day for a time, then a day skipped, and so on, that you have healthy bowels. Everybody needs a gentle laxative occasionally. Where you think you may be all right, you may be all wrong. Likely as not it is the cause of something else you are suffering from.

LAXA-CARA TABLETS

do not purge or strain. One after each meal acts upon the intestinal canal gently but surely, cleaning it out completely. This gives every other bodily function a free and healthy action. It allows Nature to take her course, where she has been obstructed before. Even though you are what you imagine reasonably regular, that is no sign you do not need LAXA-CARA TABLETS.

Try them and know that there is one sensible and effective cure for clogged bowels. The chances are that is the cause of the trouble you are suffering from. They will do you good, anyway, and will probably show you the truth of some things.

YOUR DRUGGISTS SELL LAXA-CARA TABLETS FOR 35 CENTS PER BOX, OR SENT POSTPAID ON RECEIPT OF PRICE

FRANK WHEATON, FOLLY VILLAGE, N. S.

SOLE AGENT FOR CANADA

The World of Sport

BASE BALL.

One beauty about base ball is that it is an open game, and the plays are plain to the spectators. Yet there are times when the play is so fast that the spectator must have a quick discerning eye to follow it and tell just what is going on. Moreover, old as the game is and well understood as it is by the general run of patrons, plays frequently arise which are puzzling, and which also go to show that there are players that are not too well acquainted with the rules. Players would do well to get a book of rules and study them thoroughly. Even umpires may go astray, as was shown in the now famous Holiday decision in the matter of a player battering out of turn in the Yale-Princeton game. There was good excuse for Holiday, however, as the play had not come up before. Besides, the rules are not always lucid in their wordings. Such as they are, umpires seem to have studied, which was thought them out much better than some of the players who question their decisions.

A good deal of dispute has arisen regarding the right of a batter to stop between the home plate and first base. In a local amateur game not long ago the batter stopped before he got to first base, and the first baseman in trying to get him held on to the ball long enough to have studied, which was thought them out much better than some of the players who question their decisions.

Here is a play that came up in a big league last year: A was on third base, B on second, and one out. The batter sent a fly to right field, which was caught. A held his base until the ball was caught, and then started for home. B, however, had left second base too soon, thinking the fly would fall safe. The rightfielder threw the ball over to second base and B was caught before he could get back to second, completing a double play. But A, before B was doubled up, crossed the plate. The umpire ruled that A's run counted, since there was no force-out, but his decision was revoked by the head of the organization, who decided that the run did not count. The original decision was right, according to two expert umpires, and the run should have been allowed. Even had A left third base before the ball was caught in right field, with B doubled up on the play the run would have counted; otherwise A would be the fourth man out in the inning were the ball thrown over to third and the out allowed there after the double play. Three put-outs end an inning. The play for the right fielder in such instances would be to throw the ball to third and double up A—that is, if A's run would have amounted to anything in the result.

The following was recently submitted for decision by an umpire: Runners occupied first and second bases, and delivering the ball to the batter the pitcher made a deliberate balk by standing outside his position and then stepping in and throwing the ball. I at once called the balk, but the batter hit the ball to the first baseman and was fielded out. I gave the two base runners a base each on the balk, and holding the balk to have been an illegal delivery of the ball, I sent the batter back and had him bat again.

When the batter hit the ball the penalty for the balk was nullified. There is nothing in the rules saying so, but the National League umpires and President Fullam so agreed at their conference at Old Point Comfort. Also, if the batter had struck at the balk delivery, the penalty would have been wiped out. If a home run had been

made it would have been counted, as would a double play. When the batter hit the ball delivery it is all off so far as penalty is concerned. If the batter had not hit at the ball the two base runners could have advanced a base each; otherwise not. Another point: If there is nobody on base there can be no balk; in such cases an illegal delivery becomes a ball.

THE RING.

RYAN TO TRAIN CORBETT.

Without a doubt the most important announcement made in connection with the Jeffries-Corbett heavyweight championship battle last week was that Tommy Ryan was to assist the former champion in his final preparations for the big mill. It is the general opinion that Corbett, always acknowledged to be the cleverest manipulator in the prize ring, has made a wise move in securing the clever middle weight champion as sparring partner.

Not alone will Ryan be a valuable addition to the Corbett camp as a sparring partner, but also for his knowledge of Jeffries' tactics and training methods. No one knows more about Jeffries than does Ryan, for the latter trained him and assisted him in winning the championship from Bob Fitzsimmons at Coney Island. Not only that, but Ryan took the big boiler maker when he was awkward, and showed him the science of the game, and it is Ryan who is said to be responsible for the champion's peculiar defence—crouching attitude—which has made it a difficult matter for any of his opponents to reach his stomach, which is considered to be his only weak point.

It is said that Jeffries is not at all pleased with the turn of affairs and he believes that Ryan is trying to get square with him for the things he has said. At one time the best of friends, Ryan and Jeffries are now the bitterest of enemies, and nothing would suit Ryan better than to see him defeated by Corbett. Since their falling out, Ryan has claimed all the credit for the champion's early coaching, but Jeffries has belittled his efforts, claiming that Ryan acted only as an assistant.

Ryan, however, as every one knows, is one of the cleverest men in the world, and as a ring general he has no equal unless it is Corbett himself. He has wonderful speed, and his science and clever footwork as well as his great hitting powers have won him many important battles.

The fact that Ryan will join Corbett is evidence that the former champion is leaving no stone unturned to enable him to win the coming championship contest, which is scheduled to take place before the Yosemite club in San Francisco on Aug. 14.

Despite rumors to the contrary, Corbett is said to be in good condition, and judging from his own statements he is confident of winning. There is no reason why Corbett should not endeavor to win back the championship, for he has everything to gain by a victory over his conqueror. Corbett has longed to regain his lost laurels, which were won from him at Carson in 1897 by Fitzsimmons.

Besides the mere fact of winning back the championship, a victory would mean great financial return for Corbett. When Corbett went west to complete his training for the mill he took with him manuscripts of two or three plays. While training he occupies his leisure moments by studying, so in case of victory he will at once be prepared to resume the role of actor. His first play will probably be the "Naval Cadet," which vehicle he used after he had defeated Sullivan.

While Corbett is plugging along in the most persistent manner, Jeffries is saying nothing, but "saying word." Jeffries might be termed the "silent man" of the ring, for the champion has

little to say regarding his plans or of the man he is to meet.

JEFFRIES REVENGEFUL.

Ordinarily the champion would prefer to talk about some other topic than fighting, but tell him some caustic remark that has been passed by his opponent and he loses no time in expressing his opinion. And it is needless to say that he does not forget it when he enters the ring.

After Fitzsimmons had been hounding him for a return match for many months Jeffries announced that if he ever met the Cornishman in the ring again he would give him more punishment than he ever received in any of his previous ring engagements.

"I will not finish him right off," said the champion. "I will let him stay to take the punishment until he can stand it no longer."

The result of the battle is well known. Jeffries gave Fitzsimmons an awful beating, until finally the latter fell to the floor in a helpless heap.

It is known that Jeffries has no love for Corbett, and is anxious to make short work of him, because Corbett has gained so much credit for staying 23 rounds with him at Coney Island.

Fitzsimmons has reached the Jeffries training camp and has already got the champion in his stride. The Cornishman believes in plenty of road work and while training the champion, he is incidentally getting into fine condition himself, and will be prepared to enter the ring in the near future.

In the training camps it will be a battle between Fitzsimmons and Ryan, themselves two rivals for middleweight honors, in preparing their proteges for the coming battle.

THE TURF.

By trotting a mile to wagon in 2:04 3/4 at the meeting of the Cleveland Driving Club, on June 29, Lou Dillon has suddenly flashed to the fore as one of the most remarkable harness horses ever foaled and as a prospective holder of the world's record. No other trotter ever developed such extraordinary speed so rapidly as this fair Californian has done, and none—not even Creesus, 2:02 1/4—ever turned a mile track at such a clip in the month of June. Sober, experienced horsemen, who have watched the trotters long enough to recognize a champion when they see one are predicting that Lou Dillon will dethrone Creesus before the season ends. Be that as it may, she is certainly a wonder, and every move in her future career will be followed with all the interest that surrounds an equine queen.

To every one excepting a few regulars of the trotting turf Lou Dillon was unknown until a few weeks ago, and the general public never heard of her until a few days ago, when the wires flashed from Cleveland the report that she had lowered the world's record for trotters to wagon.

PERFORMANCES NOT RECORDS.

Right here it may be said that as yet she has not lowered this record nor any other, for the reason that her performances, brilliant as they have been, and made in the presence of thousands of spectators, with regularly appointed judges and timers in the stand, do not constitute technical records, according to the rules of the National Trotting Association, no money prize having been competed for, no admission fees having been collected at the track and no pool selling or other public betting having been permitted at the meeting where her performances took place. She is still eligible to start in a race for horses of the 3:00 class.

The new star in the harness racing firmament is a dark chestnut mare, scant 15.2 hands high, marked with a star and snip and her left hind leg white half way to the hock. She is rather dainty than rugged in conformation, but her lines are so graceful and speedlike as to make her appear more delicate than she really is. Her coat is like satin. Her eyes are as large and expressive as those of a gazelle, and her countenance reveals rare intelligence and docility.

She is a natural trotter if ever there was one, wearing six ounce shoes and

light quarter boots forward, three shoes with felt skin boots behind, and going without check or maffing.

Lou Dillon was foaled in 1898, and was bred at the Santa Rosa Stock Farm by Ira Pierce and his brother, the late Henry Pierce, of San Francisco, who was one of the forty-niners and one of the leading business men of California when he died, last January. The Pierce brothers were the owners also of the sensational trotting mare, Anzella, 2:06 1/4, that nearly swept the board in the Grand Circuit last season.

MR. BILLINGS OUTRIDS MR. SMATHERS.

When Henry Pierce died, in January, the promising mare was consigned to the Fasig-Tipton auction sale, held at Cleveland in May. C. K. G. Billings, her present owner, bought her there for \$12,500. E. E. Smathers was among the contending bidders, but offered \$11,000, notwithstanding the fact that she had trotted half a mile in 1:50 3/4 on the day before the sale.

The low price for which Lou Dillon was struck off can be attributed to a very general belief among horse men that with all her speed she is not to be relied on for racing. Right or wrong, this opinion was held by many about followers who saw her work last season. (However, she must have brought \$25,000 or more under the hammer.)

Of the track she is a perfect model of deportment. "Tommy" Waugh, her caretaker, rides her everywhere with only a blower to guide her and control her, and Smathers' six-year-old boy often climbs on her back when someone is leading her. Her stable name, Lovely, speaks plainly of the affection which the stable boys have for her, and it suits the bloodlike, beautiful little mare to a nicety.

That the tiger is in her she has shown time and again when aroused. Her spirit is so high and her ambition so great when on the track that it takes patience and skill to control her marvellous speed. How well Mr. Billings gets along with her is evidenced by the fact that she has not yet made a break with him.

In his management of Lou Dillon, her owner has given new proof of the kind of sportsman he is. Like the late Robert Bonner, whose mantle seems to have fallen on his shoulders, Mr. Billings buys fast horses for the pleasure of driving them and never starts them in races for money prizes. When he purchases a horse, this latest and greatest trotter she was eligible to stakes aggregating \$35,000, to be competed for in the Grand Circuit this year. He promptly cancelled her engagements and announced that he intended to drive her at the meetings of the amateur riders in Cleveland, and perhaps point her for an attempt to lower the trotting record if she continued to improve until success seemed probable or possible.

It is said that racing men have lately offered \$25,000 for the mare, with a view to campaigning her, but Mr. Billings is not likely to sell her at any price.

GETTING THERE.

"So Billings is forging ahead, eh?" "Well, I wouldn't say forging, exactly; casting would be the proper word."

"I don't catch."

"No? Why, he is making a death mask of the late celebrated Professor Foundtha Link."—Baltimore News.

Millidgeville Ferry

LEAVE MILLIDGEVILLE daily, except Saturday and Sunday at 6:45 and 9:30 a. m., and 2, 4 and 6 p. m.

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SATURDAY—6:45 and 9:30 a. m. and 2, 4, 6 and 7 p. m.

RETURNING—5:30, 7:00 and 10:15 a. m. and 3:45, 5:45 and 7:45 p. m.

SUNDAYS—9 and 10:30 a. m. and 2:30 and 5:30 p. m.

RETURNING—9:45 and 11:15 a. m. and 5:00 and 7:00 p. m.

JOHN McGOULDRIE, Agent. Telephone 222a.