

WHAT IS GOING ON TO-DAY IN THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RESERVED SEATS HAVE ALL BEEN SOLD.

Continual Flow of Fans at Stanley Mills' This Morning in a Fruitless Effort to Get Seats—New Stand to be Erected.

All the reserved seats for the Tiger-Ottawa game next Saturday at the Cricket Grounds were sold out yesterday with the exception of about two hundred. Before 9 o'clock this morning all the seats had been sold. Hundreds of people were turned away from Stanley Mills' this morning. The advance sale of seats for this game has broken all previous records, and no doubt the attendance will outnumber that at any former game. To accommodate the hundreds who still want reserved seats the executive has decided to continue the north stand to the fence. The sale of seats for these sections will open to-morrow.

The Rooters' Club will meet to-night at the Ramblers' Club to hold their first practice. A section has been reserved for their accommodation in the north stand, and the tickets will be sold at the club to-night.

The Tigers held two good practices yesterday afternoon and evening. Davey Tope was out for the first time this year, and Cotton Top demonstrated that he has still got a good game left in him. Frank Harvey was also out, and it is altogether likely that the intermediate captain will be found on the line up of the senior team on Saturday. Particular attention is being paid to tackling, and the team has improved greatly in this department in the last week.

The team will likely line up as follows:

Full-back—George Smith.
Halves—Ben Simpson, Frank Harvey, Art Moore.

Quarter—George Awey.
Scrimmage—Brammer, Pfeiffer, Craig, Wingo, Turner, Ishester, Barron, Gray, Wigle and Marriott.

The line up as given above makes one of the best teams the Tigers ever put on the field. Don Lyon will not likely play on Saturday as his wrist is still weak, and it is thought that he will be needed more in the play off and the game with Varsity, than on Saturday.

"I think that the Tigers are in the strongest condition that they have been in this year," says Dr. Thompson. "There's one thing which, to me, seems a strong argument in favor of our winning out on Saturday against Ottawa and that is this. With the exception

of Lyon all our men have been back in the game for weeks and have had the advantage of two good games and three weeks' practice. Ottawa has Vaughan, McAnn, Williams and Stronach on the partially retired list, and while these men may have been recovering from their injuries, they cannot have been practising as well. Ottawa is no better than they are. I am an expert in comparison of the two teams. Certainly their showing against Montreal and Argos indicates that they have gone back. Now, it cannot be gained, but that we are stronger and in form should be won."

Toronto Telegram writer's opinion: If the Tigers do not beat Ottawa, and beat them good, at Hamilton on the coming Saturday, it will be the biggest surprise that has ever been handed out on a Rugby field in Canada.

A comparison of the two teams on the games they have played shows that the Tigers have beaten (with the exception of Ottawa) their opponents by far bigger scores than have Ottawa, and you have only to compare the games that the Tigers allowed only one point to be scored against them while they were getting a total of twenty-four. On this showing, what chance will Ottawa have to beat Tigers either in Hamilton or wherever the play-off will be?

Argonauts, by using their heads in the last game with Ottawa, would have surely beaten Ottawa. A kick of the ball to the dead line on one or two occasions would have done the trick, and if the kick to the dead line had developed, Ottawa's chances for the championship would have gone glimmering at Hamilton on Saturday; but that being not there here now, there is on the score and the play-off, with Hamilton eventually winning out, seems the one best bet.

Johnson added that he was going to do hard training throughout, for the match with Jeffries.

"Even on my theatrical tour I'll get plenty of exercise in boxing," he said, "and while I haven't picked my final training quarters, they may be somewhere around here. I will put in at least five months of good, hard work, doing nothing but training in the open air, before I meet Jeffries. I won't take any theatrical dates in that time."

Johnson's remarks followed a dispatch from Boston yesterday in which Joe Woodman, manager of Langford, is quoted as saying that he had responsible backing for \$10,000 and that he would prove it to-day, but that he was unable to get the money yesterday, that being a bank holiday in Boston.

Johnson showed his teeth in a gleaming smile when told of this.

"That money, if it's posted at all, is going to be posted right yea in Chicago," he said with conviction.

Of course there is the game here between Hamilton and Argos, but then the odds are not shown sufficient form to predict a win for the local team.

Thinks Sam Is Advertising.

Johnson Says Langford Will Have to Bet \$10,000.

"Sam Langford doesn't want to meet me. He's only trying for a little advertising. But if he really posts his forfeit of \$10,000 as a side bet to-morrow, I'll make him come to Chicago to sign articles—and he'll have to let the winner take everything."

This, says the Chicago Record-Herald, was the statement made last night by Jack Johnson, who is bound for Detroit, where he has a theatrical engagement.

"I'm going to fill out the engagement," he said, "but I'll come right back to Chicago in case Langford really means business. One point hasn't been brought out yet—that the winner has got to take all, side bet and purse."

"The only reason I've insisted on a bigger side bet than I did with Jeffries is because I don't think a bout between Langford and myself will draw a purse or a house worth boxing for. If I can pick up some money out of it by stowing him away, I'll do it gladly. But I'm not going to let him make big capital out of the thing in advertising and then have him pull down a big loser's end."

"In case he don't make arrangements for a meeting here, I'll come back to Chicago, then go to Indianapolis, where I have theatrical engagements. From there I will go to Pittsburgh and Buffalo and then go to New York."

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MAY MAKE TOUR, MEET ALL-COMERS.

Plan Favored by Jeffries as a Training Stunt—Offers to Stop Two Boxers—Britt Died of a Broken Heart.

New York, Nov. 4.—"Just as soon as the matter of the bids is settled Jeffries will tour the country with a company, offering to knock two men out at each performance." So said Manager Sam Berger Monday night. "We are simply swamped with offers for short bouts, and several startling propositions have come from Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. Jeff and I have talked it over, and he wants to prove to the public that he is thoroughly capable of fitting himself to take up the white man's cause."

"Jeff isn't against trying his hand at some of the six-round bouts with an of the good heavyweights now clamoring for recognition. Particularly does he favor the idea of going on the road with an athletic-theatrical show, with an offer to stop two men at each performance. In that way he hopes to regain his confidence."

"Now, mind you, that doesn't mean that Jeff has lost heart. Nothing of the sort. This sort of work would be rather to work off the strangeness that is bound to follow an extended absence from the ring. A man loses distance, and it doesn't follow that he is going to pick it up in the gym or on the road. Only actual contests—bouts in which you can count on the unexpected from the fellow in front of you—will be beneficial. Simply sparring with a partner doesn't mean anything more than to bolster up your wind."

"John L. Sullivan, Bob Fitzsimmons and other great fighters kept in shape between fights by going about the country."

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"Hold on," said he, quickly. "I'm a fighter. Maybe I ought not to have any opinions about football. It isn't my game. I'm not supposed to know anything about it. Well, y-e-s, I've been reading the papers. Tell me, on the level, have they killed seven boys already this year? That's serious. No joke about that kind of a game, I guess. Now then."

"You can say that I'm against any game that kills seven boys while it's only warming up, you might say. That sort of a game isn't worth while. No game that kills men as a regular thing is worth while."

WOMEN ABHOR PRIZEFIGHTERS.

"There have always been a lot of men in this country who stand up on their hind legs and roar about the brutality of the boxing game. Their women will pull their skirts away from a prizefighter, as if he was some sort of an animal, yet those same people go out to a football game and yell themselves black in the face at an exhibition that's too rough for men who fight for a living."

"They can send all the telegrams of condolence they want to, but that doesn't bring him back. They piled the whole line on him and they did it when they knew he was weak and not in shape. They did it BECAUSE he was weak! Why, I'd be ashamed to smash a man as hard as I could when

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"Football is all right, eh? It's a fashionable game. Society stands for it, yet in the old bare knuckle days, when men picked their hands in brine for weeks before a fight, there was never anything to compare with the roughness and the brutality of this new, social game."

"This will make a lot of people sore, but I'll tell you why I think football is more brutal than boxing—yes, you can call it prize fighting if you want to. When a man goes into the ring he knows he has only got to whip one man—only got to fight one man. The odds are fair. In this football business you've got eleven men against you. WENT DOWN FOR THE COUNT."

"I saw in the paper this afternoon that just before this poor cadet was hurt he had been in a smash-up and went down for the count. He was weak, and he got up again and went to his place. What did they do? They directed the attack against the weak place," the paper says. In other words, all those big, husky fellows smashed into this boy, who was still groggy. And they got him."

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try bowling over all comers. If we adopt that measure we will go through with it no matter who looms up in the audience and signifies a willingness to try for the substantial reward that will be given to the man who is able to walk off the stage after Jeff gets through with him."

"It would be funny if Al Kaufmann, Jack O'Brien, Jim Flynn or any of that crowd should bob up in some jerkywater town and demand a crack at little Jim. Well, they'll be accommodated."

"Jeff never shirked an issue—not even a big thing now in his mind. It would be a sort of preliminary dash before he took up real training camp work. People sniffed when he accepted twenty weeks of theatrical work at a fancy price before announcing his intentions in regard to boxing. They didn't realize that Jeff was being paid an immense sum for training."

"We used to laugh many a time to ourselves back of the scenes after a hard bout and a workout. Jeff was being paid for getting into condition, and he enjoyed the joke of the thing many a time. I suppose they will talk about his going on the road beating farmers and the like, but he will be getting into shape with every set-to."

"That boy died of a broken heart," said Jim Coffroth when told of the death of William Britt, Stanley Ketchel's little manager, at Trison Saturday. "He was heart and soul with Ketchel in his fight with Johnson, and when the champ dropped his man in the twelfth, it was too much for him. He went on a spree which ended in his death."

BOXING LESS BRUTAL THAN FOOTBALL, SAYS JEFF.

"In the Ring You've Only Got to Fight One Man, on the Gridiron It's Eleven."—The Big Fellow Discusses Bryce's Fate.

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Canada is developing her art with the development of her vast natural resources.

Climatic conditions enforce certain styles of dress—and the Canadian Ulster is a garment peculiarly designed for the climate of Canada. The high close-fitting collar is a weather protector.

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You need feel under no obligation to buy when you come to see the range we can show you.

Semi-ready Tailoring

Joseph McClung, 46 James St. North

I knew he was nearly out. I'd ask the referee to stop the fight before I'd do that.

"Here's another reason why football is a bad business. In a fight, if a man gets a clip on the jaw and goes down and can't get up again in ten seconds, he's done. He doesn't have to take any more punishment. In a football game they give a man two minutes to come back. If they had had some such rule as we have in the ring, this cadet would have been out of the game when he was stunned the first time."

RISK EVERYTHING FOR NOTHING

"Here's another thing that strikes me. Most of the boys who play football are only kids. They haven't their growth or their full strength. They go in there and get slammed around, and they cannot stand it. They don't get a thing out of it if they win. Do you suppose all the rah-rah business in the world could make up the loss of one boy—to his folks? They risk everything for nothing."

"Let 'em holler about fighting being brutal. I'll tell you something: If prize-fighting should kill 15 men in one year every Legislature in the country would put the game out of business. And that isn't all they'd do. They'd hang a few of the winners. This talk about boxing being brutal and football being a fine game makes me sick. If I had son I'd send him into the ring to fight one man at a time before I'd let him take his chances with eleven fellows. Yes, and he'd lose a decision to me the first time he began to talk football."

There seems to be no question about the way Jim Jeffries stands on the question of college football.

The biggest cornstalks and the greatest ears known are found in the Province of Jalisco, Mexico.

JACK JOHNSON WILL BEAT JIM JEFFRIES.

Health Culture Expert Picks Negro to Win—Reasons For This Opinion—Johnson Will Play His Man Out.

W. R. C. Latson, B. S., M. D., editor of Health Culture Magazine, who viewed the fighters, picks Johnson to win on physical form. He says:

As a student having no race feeling—as one who is interested, not in the men, but in the perfect physical development of men—I prophesy Johnson. In the ring you can never tell. Once there was a fellow by the name of Monroe—but everybody knows that story.

I am not a prophet—or the son of a prophet. But I have watched both men in action—watched them as a student of physical action. Which man beats the other one does not matter to me in the least; how he does it is the question.

Jeffries is invincible if he knows exactly when and where the other fellow is going to hit him. But Johnson never tells. He only smiles—or rather grins—and slides off. He may even pretend to fall down.

I don't think for a moment that the elusive Afro-American will go for his opponent as that prince of pugilists, John L. Sullivan, used to go at his man. I anticipate rather seeing Johnson as I have seen him—never there. "Every time you hit him you miss him," said an Irishman. And that is Johnson.

With his bulk, his strength, and the firmness which somebody told me he had acquired by vaudeville stunts and other means, Jeffries is not by any means an easy proposition. Physically, as we all know, he is a wonder. Johnson has the ease and the freedom of youth and the reserve which marks the master of modern ring tactics. To him the "prize fight" as it was once called, is a very simple game. To him it will be play.

To the burly builder it will be a serious matter.

Pugilism seems to the outsider a physical encounter—an affair in which both contestants are most horribly in earnest. As a matter of fact it is nothing of the kind. It is a trial of strength, in which the man who is strongest physically, spiritually, will in time tire another man until he gasps—until he breathes breathlessly. That irreducibility of breathing is the other fellow's chance. A gasp means that the muscles about the abdomen—

the most powerful in the body—are for the moment relaxed.

For that moment of relaxation, for that gasp, the master