

LOOK! BIG HOLIDAY PROGRAMME TO-DAY!

The Little Indian Model. A Pathe play, with the ever popular Betty Gray in lead
The Spend Thrift's Reform. Story deals with a domestic problem and is presented in striking style

The Price of Jealousy. An exciting and remarkably well-acted war picture
The Gunfighter's Son. The kind of Western picture you would like, full of action

Williamson's News

The popular film, telling the news in the language of pictures

RUDOLPH L. KOCH, Lyric Tenor, FAREWELL WEEK.

THE NICKEL! ALWAYS GOOD. RECOGNIZED THE BEST.

The Daily Mail Sporting Section

News Of Sport At Home And Abroad.

COLLEGE BOYS DEFEATED IN HALF HOUR OF OVERTIME.

A Great Game of Hockey at the Rink Last Night--'Nix' Hunt Gave Record Exhibition of Good Play.

THE TEAMS

Victorias	Feildians
C. Hunt	N. Hunt
Morison	F. Rendell
Parsons	C. Strong
Ford	Treble
Brien	C. Rendell
Tobin	Winter
Shortall	Parnell

Referee—W. J. Higgins.
 Timers—C. Ellis, W. J. Martin.
 Penalty—N. Vinnicombe.

GOALS

1st Half	
Feildians (Winter)	5 min.
Victorias (Tobin)	23 min.
2nd Half	
Victorias (Brien)	9 min.
Feildians (Rendell)	13 min.
Feildians (Rendell)	23 min.
Victorias (Shortall)	26 min.

Overtime

Victorias (Shortall)	32 min.
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PENALTIES

1st Half	
Strong (Feildians)	2 min.
Ford (Victorias)	2 min.
Strong (Feildians)	4 min.
2nd Half (None)	
Overtime	
Winter (Feildians)	2 min.
Tobin (Victorias)	2 min.
Shortall (Victorias)	2 min.
Morison (Victorias)	2 min.

After graping thirty-two minutes overtime for a winning goal, victory fell to the Victorias in their game with the Feildians last night, in what

may be called the very best exhibition of hockey ever seen in the Prince's Rink.

Handicapped

The Feildians went on the ice beaten, in the opinion of their supporters, for they were minus their captain, Pinsent and White, both of whom are able players, but the game was not long in progress before it was evident that they would give the Vics a run for their money. As time progressed it looked as if the Feildians would be winners, or to more correctly size up the situation, it seemed as if the Vics would not be winners, for they must have had nearly a hundred shots for goal before the winning notch was recorded, and that was due more to chance than good luck.

The Victoria's shooting was not erratic either; their being held at bay so long was due to the marvellous defence of the college boys, principally Hunt. All the other goalers in St. John's will we think, raise their hats to 'Nixie' after last night. His display of goal tending was one of the most classical quality, and nothing like it had ever been seen here before.

Couldn't Get Past Him

No matter how the Vics tried, they could not get past him. They shot from the wings and centre, they tried long shots and also at close range; they rushed him and did everything else permitted by the rules, but to no purpose, and for forty-five minutes he kept his goal as secure as if a stonewall blocked it. But for his efforts the result would have been decided at the end of the second half.

Play did not start until 7.45. The Feildians took control of the puck and called on Cecil Hunt, the Victoria goaler, but were assily repulsed

and the next moment saw the puck at the other end. The Vics rushed but could not get past Strong.

First Goal

After five minutes hard work, Winter broke the first ice and landed the disc in the Vic's goal.
 Play waxed warm and somewhat reckless; Strong was sent to the box twice and Ford once. After 23 minutes hard play Tobin banged in the equalizer. No further scoring was done in this half.

The Feildians resumed play in an aggressive manner, but the Vics cleared and called on N. Hunt, but could not get past him. Once more the college boys called on Hunt Jr., and tried a couple of shots, they missed.

Second Score

The second Vic goal was notched up by Brien after a pretty display by the forwards. Shots were exchanged until C. Rendell dashed up the wing and balanced the score again. Five minutes later Rendell repeated the trick.

Although the Vics were behind in goals they were now playing the better game, and nothing but the splendid defence of the Feildians saved the boys in blue from a big defeat. The Vics tried all kinds of shots, which were either saved or missed the goal by a narrow margin.

Towards the end of the second period Shortall succeeded in getting past Hunt and when the gong sounded the score was 3 all.

Overtime

The game was continued and three ten minute periods followed. Shortly after commencing the fourth Shortall shot and was successful. The second ten minutes was a lively one and it saw Winter, Tobin, Shortall and Morison all on the fence.

The result of last night's game means that the Crescents and Vics will likely have to play off for the championship.

Puckering

Morison cover and Parsons on the left would be a good change.

They all worked hard and very little fault could be found with either. Parsons and Morison were very effective.

The Vics were deserving of victory in the second half, and had they not played against luck would have won by two or three goals.

The necessity of competent goal judges was apparent again last night as after 25 minutes overtime Morison found the net from a wing shot, but the goal judge did not give it.

The Lost Years

On the night of February 23rd, two years ago, Francis Washburn, a painter and glazier, of the American town of Allegheny, was sitting in his comfortable parlour by the fire. He had not been very well lately, having suffered from his liver. But now he was rapidly recovering, and he dozed by the fire, enjoying the genial warmth.

The lamp was not burning very well. Elsa, his nine-year-old daughter, got up to attend to it. She tried to move the chimney, burnt her fingers, and down went the glass with a sharp crash at her father's feet.

The result of this trifling accident was amazing. Washburn shot out of his chair, flinging up his hands. "My head!" he screamed, and fell flat upon the floor.

It was the following morning before he came to himself. His wife and a doctor named Small were in the room. "Am I much hurt? Are there many killed?" exclaimed Washburn anxiously.

"The others, thinking he was still wandering, tried to soothe him. But he would not be quiet. "What hospital is this?" he continued.

"You're in Washburn's hospital, and you're all right" replied Dr. Small smilingly.

"Stop that foolery!" ordered the patient. "What right have you to make fun of a man who has been

Rendell, on the wing did splendidly. In fact the whole team were in trim, and considering that they were minus two of their regulars, their showing was all the more praiseworthy.

Rendell who was inclined to play forward too much last night kept his place. He is not a graceful player, but he is effective, and being young in the game we expect to see him do well in the future.

The most prominent feature was the goal tending of N. Hunt, who was a different player altogether from his exhibition against the Bell Islanders. The Feildian Point and Cover also played a good defence.

Many of the fans affirm that Morison should be on the city team, and we agree with them. He would make an ideal 'cover,' and his runs for which he has no superior here, would keep the forwards going.

hurt like me? Tell me about the accident."

The doctor looked bewildered. Mrs. Washburn came across to her husband and took his hand.

"Who are you?" demanded Washburn. "A Nurse?"

The poor woman recoiled. Dr. Small came to the bedside. "She's your wife, man. Don't you know her?"

Washburn stared, then laughed. "My wife! That's a good one. You'll be telling me next that I've got a family!"

"So you have, my friend. Four children."

This seemed to stagger Washburn. "What's it all mean?" he asked piteously.

The truth began to dawn upon the doctor. He asked questions, many of them. By degrees he found that Washburn's last memory was of a bad railway accident between Chicago and Denver, where he had gone to claim some property which had been left to him.

"How old were you then?" questioned the doctor.

"I'm twenty-four," was the reply. Gradually the doctor broke it to Washburn that seventeen years had passed since that time, that during all those years which were now a blank to him he had been living the life of a sane, sober, and respectable citizen, that he had married, and followed his trade, and had four children.

It was the strangest situation. One man telling another the latter's life, or all he knew of it. For a time Washburn evidently believed that the doctor was hoaxing him. At last, putting his hand to his face, he felt his beard, and started. Then he asked for a looking-glass. The sight of his own face was plainly another severe shock, and he stared long and hard at himself.

"It's true, then, after all," he muttered at last.

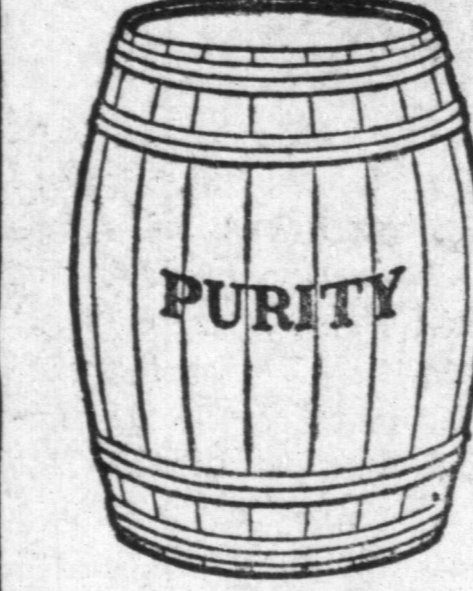
Washburn's case was what medical men term amnesia, but it has features which make it almost unique. Many persons have lost their minds from injuries to the head and have had to be educated all over again, beginning, as it were, a second childhood. But Washburn's hurt had a different effect in that it left him perfectly sane, able to read, write, and behave himself exactly like any other responsible being, yet apparently started his per-

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