SPORT

Baseball—Football—Basketball—Bowling—Hockey—Curling—Boxing and Wrestling.

FORMER STARS NOW WITH SOLDIERS

Members of Canadian Championship Teams Are Still in the Game.

The following players have been playing Rugby for the Kingston Battery this year:

C. G. Armstrong, P.C.I. football team.

R. J. Gregory rowed Argos eight at Henley, England, for the Grand Challenge 1912-13, also boxed at the Argos.

R. J. Dibble, champion sculler of Canada and United States for four years, 1912-3-4-5, played in Argonauts champions 1914-15; played for Dons hockey team 1915.

Major Robt. F. Massie.

Lieut. W. E. V. Shaw, Sydney, Australia. Varsity Rugby team 1906-7-8; won the intercollegiate championship in swimming 1906-7-8-9.

J. R. Jamieson. Played with Tigers (Hamilton) 1898 until 1902; was secretary and treasurer of club during this time.

F. C. Barker, captain Hydo-Electric Cicil Service champions hockey 1914-15.

Lieut. Morgan A. Johnston. Played for McGill Rugby team 1912, and holder of several padding championships.

S. M. McWhinney. Triple color U. C.C. 1914-5; captain of football team.

R. L. Smith, Parkdale Canoe Club football team; Varsity intercollegiate hockey team and Toronto City baseball team, champions 1915.

J. Y. Lepper, Argonaut Club; U. C. C. football.

K. G. Douglas, R.C.Y.C. Sailing Ex. St. Andrew's cricket captain and football player.

B. L. Batten, Aura Lee junior O.H. A. hockey; Varsity II. football team 1914.

H. H. Wallace graduate of Varsity and a member of staff Ridley College, also played on Varsity team.

V. M. Knowlson, holder of several Canadian paddling championships.

Lieut. Howard Webster, Varsity Rugby team 1912; Varsity hockey 1911-2-3; Argonaut hockey team 1914.

Lieut. W. J. E. Steacy, Ridley College football team, 1914.

W. H. Reid, holder of several Canadian paddling championships; was fourth in 200 mile canoe race, 1915.

G. B. Mollard; played in Technical School football team 1913-4.

Lieut. J. Williams, played for Limestones O.R.F.U. championship team; 1904 Queen's Intercollegiate championship; 1906 Ottawa captain Rough Riders; 1900 captain Rough Riders, and won Interprovincial championship.

L. Wright, captain of 34th Battery, C.E.F. football team; triple color St. Andrew's College, 1913-14, and captain of Rugby team.

Lieut. W. W. ("Gamey") Stratton. Played 1914 Varsity Rugby team, and a member of junior O.H.A. champions 1915.

B. R. Lepper. Spare outside wing Argos 1914, Dominion champions; Argos tack weight eight champions 1915.

The Toronto Soldiers are well supplied for Rugby talent in their camp. In the back division they have Jack Maynard, formerly of Varsity; 'Tout' Leckie, the former Queen's, Tiger and Argo player, and George Bickle, who played on the back division for Argos and Parkdale, and who is sought by A.R. and A.A. On the line they have "Monty" Clarkson and Adelard, two former Varsity players, for outside wings, while Frank Knight, now with Argos, will be used at flying wing, and Alex MacFarlane, with the Tigers will be played at one of the middle wing positions. Of the other players, they have Clerk, of the Argos; Duff, also of Argos and Varsity, and Duff Wood, a former Varsity quarter. Then there is the veteran Jack Lash, who played for Varsity the year they beat Ottawa at Rosedale for the Canadian championship; Henderson, another Varsity player, and a number of men whose names are not familiar to fandom.

Baseball

Barney Dreyfuss, of the Pittsburg club, expects to make a lot of changes in his team before the next season opens. Dreyfuss conferred with several National league managers during the recent world's series, and he is convinced that he will be able to make some advantageous trades this Winter.

"I have reason to believe that there will be an interesting announcement or two forthcoming in the near future," said the Pittsburg magnate. "It may be that the negotiations will not be closed much before the National League meeting is in progress. There is a chance, though, that the news will break before that time.

Asked whether these "negotiations" had to do with additions to the Pirate roster, Col. Barney replied:—

"There will probably be some additions and subtractions, too," indicating that whatever men are to go to Pittsburg will go via the trade route. Nothing could be learned, however, as to the identity of the men sought or the positions filled by them. It is believed that one of the newcomers will be a catcher, and the guess that a new second baseman is being sought would not, it is held, be much out of the way. If a hard-hitting third sacker could be hooked there is more than a chance that Baird would go to the bench.

"I am not ready yet," said the Bucco magnate, "to discuss the question of Clarke's successor. I have not, up to this time, decided on the man. For the time being I am taking matters easy and am not worrying over next year. It will be a simple task to name a manager, and when the time comes I will do so."

CITY BONDS

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"THE GODDESS"

UNIQUE SERIAL STORY

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

For a long time Barclay kept on hoping against hope, and attributed Tommy's failures and wrong-headed principles to his youth and high spirits. Then one day there appeared an interview which Tommy had given a reporter, between the chuckers of a polo game, and Barclay threw up his hands.

Talking with the wild carelessness of youth. Tommy had given it as his opinion that in the great coal mine strike in Western Pennsylvania, then at its height, the miners were really fighting for their existence, and that the owners were oppressing them.

To Barclay such opinions uttered by his adopted son amounted to treason. And he had the impulse to abandon all those hopes which he had entertained for the boy's future, and he had abandoned them.

First he sent for his nephew, Carlton Fitch. To this one he made no elaborate explanation of his changed attitude. He said, "Carlton, I want to see you married and settled down. You are said to be in love with Mary Blackstone."

A light seemed to glitter in Fitch's eyes.

"Im afraid her father doesn't like me, uncle," he said, "and there is some one whom I think she likes more."

"Tommy."

Fitch nodded and Barclay smiled grimly.

"I will take care of Blackstone and Tommy," he said, "You take care of the girl."

Then he sent for Tommy. "Tommy," he said, "I'm fond of you and you have been a bitter disappointment to me."

"I know it," said Tommy. 'I can't help it. I'm made that way, but I'm awfully sorry."

"The bulk of my property," said Barclay, "will have to go to some one with more respect for property."

"Yes, sir, I see that."

"But you will always have plenty."

"Thank you, sir."

"That is because I'm fond of you, and because it is only just."

"Even if you are disappointed in me," said Tommy, "please don't stop liking me."

There was something very wistful and manly about the boy, and Barclay was more deeply moved than he cared to admit.

"I shall always be fond of you, Tommy," he said.

Ten minutes later the great man wrote a few direct dictatorial sentences on a sheet of notepaper, and sent them by special messenger to Mary Blackstone's father.

Senator Blackstone, a man with a large mouth, hook-nosed face, and white side whiskers, frowned heavily after reading Barclay's note; frowned heavily, heavily paced the floor of his library, gave vent to defiant mutterings, and then suddenly collapsed into a deep chair, as if very tired, and read the note again:

Dear Blackstone—Don't by any chance allow your daughter to throw herself away on my adopted son. She belongs to the aristocracy of wealth. That aristocracy may one day become a nobility. Mary is fitted to wear the purple and to share the throne of the world's greatest empire. The world in which we live is pregnant with great events. And the weak will go under. Destroy this.

Yours in haste. "Barclay."

Mary Blackstone sat for a very long time staring into space. She didn't want to give up Tommy. She didn't want to give up all those wonderful possibilities that her father had talked about so solemnly after exacting from her a solemn promise of secrecy. Could it be true that the old order of things, a president catering to this vote and that, a congress continually throwing obstacles in the way of enterprise and efficiency, was to change all of a sudden? Her father said so. The people would begin to clamor for efficiency in high places instead of buffoonery, for trained men instead of demagogues. They would clamor to be not flotsam and jetsam in a sea of politics and incompetence, but integral parts of such a machine as the Standard Oil or the Steel trust, with some one at the head of it that would see to the comfort, cleanliness, and efficiency of everyone of those integral parts. Instead of taxes to pay the people, would clamor for dividends to spend, and they would get them. Her father said so.

"They have ground down the Trusts," he said, "only to find that they have ground themselves down at the same time."

"Now the pendulum is swinging the other way. Gradually the trusts will regain what they have lost. What is the next step? Greater trusts Yes, but beyond that, staggering belief, a trust of trusts. A trust in whose hands will be all the trusts of business of a whole continent and whose stockholders shall be the inhabitants of that continent. Poverty and degradation will cease to exist. The head of that trust may be called chairman, a president, dictator, perhaps he will be called king. And already the powers who believe in this coming change have such a man in their eye. He will not be the first king; he is very young, but he will be the second. After him, who? Why, a son of his body, trained from birth to fill that great position. And you, my dear, if you wished, might be, that son's mother, and wear a diadem."

And so she sat, staring into space. And for the first time in her life she found that ambition is stronger than the mere wish to exist and have a good time.

Suddenly, with an excited laugh, she caught up a great piece of gorgeous ancient church embroidery that lay across the back of a sofa, and dropped it skillfully so that it hung from her shoulders to her feet like some royal robe; still laughing she darted to one of those glass topped tables in which things curious and rare are often kept. From this she took a gold crown that had been taken from the grave of some old Egyptian queen—two gold snakes their heads and tails twisted together. As she put this upon her head and went and stood in front of a long mirror. Then she began to play-act—to look very haughty and dignified or very gracious and condescending, to extend her hand to be kissed by imaginary courtiers; she was half in earnest, half laughing.

She heard a soft footstep; there was no time to discard the crown and the robe. Blushing crimson and feeling very ridiculous, she turned and saw one of the footman.

His wooden face showed no surprise at her eccentric costume; he did not even appear to see it: He carried a small silver tray on which was a white card.

"Who is it, Bentadge?"

"Mr. Barclay, madam."

Her impulse was to run to the great hall stair and call down to Tommy. But she hesitated. Then her eye roved once more, and she caught a glimpse of herself in the long mirror."

"Tell him," she said, "that I am not at home."

Tommy, sure of his welcome, had been told that Miss Blackstone was at home, and had leisurely followed the footman upstairs to the door of the little sitting room.

When he heard her say coolly, even coldly, "Tell him that I am not at home," he felt as if he had been struck between the eyes. And then anger seized him. For she had promised that she would be at home on that particular afternoon, and now here she was saying that she wasn't.

Of course there was nothing that he could do but turn and go. And of course, he did these things.

When he was in the open air he drew a long breath.

"I'll get out of this blasted city," he said, "and if she happens to want me for anything she'll find that I'm the one that's not at home.'

Like many other rich men, Barclay owned a hunting preserve in the Adirondacks, and seldom went near it. But the five granite mountains surrounded by dense forests thickly sprinkled with lakes was one of Tommy's favorite stamping grounds. It wasn't so much that he enjoyed killing animals or seeing how many fish he could catch as that once in a while he liked to be alone, and to keep alive and comfortable by his own exercises.

The preserve was real wilderness. One dirt road led from the railroad station at Four Corners to the main camp at the head of the biggest lake but othewise the region boasted only a few narrow trails. And you had to make your way from one landmark to another as best you could. And either you had to take plenty of condensed food in tins or trust to your skill with rod and rifle to keep you from going hungry.

Tommy would leave the train at Four Corners, hire a team and get himself put down somewhere along the road leading to the main camp. He would then chose a direction almost at random, walk until he was tired, build a low lean-to shelter, have supper or not, according to luck, make a workmanlike fire to keep his feet warm, curl up in his blanket, and pass a luxurious night. Waking at daylight, bruised, sore, cold, and for some reason known only to those who love the woods, perfectly happy and contented.

His kit on these trips consisted of a blanket, a frying pan, a kettle, a change of underclothes, a very light 22-calibre rifle, a 4-oz. fly rod, a compass, a pipe, tobacco, and a few other odds and ends, such as matches and salt, and a pair of field glasses, and an Oxford book of verse.

One night a few days after Mary Blackstone had treated him so cavalierly, Tommy camped on high ground by the head waters of a brook.

Just back of his shelter of balsam boughs a knob of granite stood up clear above the surrounding forest. Tommy always called it the hub, becauser it was almost the exact centre of the great ring, traced roughly by the five mountains, and afforded glorious views of them, and of the low country, lakes, forest and swamp that intervened. It was Tommy's favorite camping ground. He would sit for hours on the top of the hub his legs hanging over into space, gazing and dreaming.

On the particular night in question he climbed the hub after a fine supper of trout and ruffled grouse, filled a pipe and watched the day fade and the stars come out. What he enjoyed most was the sense of solitude; civilization, of course, was within reasonable reach in any direction, but Tommy did not feel as if it was. He felt as if there wasn't another human being within hundreds of miles.

Presently the moon began to rise, and that always made Tommy mournful and sentimental. If he had been a dog he would have thrown back his head and howled. Being a young man, he sighed, and began to imagine that he and she (a romantic edition of Mary Blackstone with better manners and less worldliness) had come to this wilderness to escape from the outside world and to make their home. What fun it would be! How he would work to make her happy and comfortable! How easy it would be for them to get along without anybody else to bother them.

(To be Continued.)

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WHERE TO SEE THE PICTURES THIS WEEK

The motion pictures of The Goddess may be seen at the Brant Theatre last half of this week, beginning Thursday, Nov. 4th.

HOT STUFF FROM PAPER IN LEIPZIG

Says Hyphenated Americans Should Follow Germany, Even if Civil War Result.

Berlin, Nov. 3—The Neueste Nachrichten of Leipzig appeals to German diplomacy to save the United States from the blunder of its friendship with England, even if the cost be civil war in America. This paper says:

"It is high time that German diplomacy step in with every particle of force which is at its command to put a stop to England's machinations to convert the United States into one of her satrapes.

"The German-American is conscious of his right to enlighten his home with all that is best in the German spirit. He has long tolerated with mixed feelings the despicable attitude of his English-thinking and feeling fellow-citizens in their efforts to rob him of those rights. The idea, however, that his own children should, through England's cunning, be forcibly Anglicized and converted into enemies of his Fatherland, is more than he can bear.

"To this characteristic English perfidy the German-American longs to put an end. He is, of course, well aware, whither any active opposition on his part will lead, namely, to an ominous civil war in America, but even that grim prospect would not scare him should it really come. That responsibility will rest solely with the blinded fools who have sold themselves body and soul to the English devil.

"Our Government should no longer hesitate to take the most drastic steps consistent with our quasi-state of peace between the two countries to come to the assistance of our German kindred across the Atlantic, even though civil war be the outcome of the step."

Spring training trips are to be materially shortened by the major league clubs next Spring. The National League teams were not allowed to report at their training camps until March 1, and this rule will not be abrogated. It is the general belief that the American League will adopt similar legislation at the annual meeting next month, and that the change will meet with general favor. The magnates are tired of exhibition games in small cities, which are played at a loss. They seem to favor four weeks of hard work at the camps, to be followed by a bee-line trip back to their own grounds. Expenses must be curtailed.

It is only a question of a short time when the New York American League club will give official notice of its site for its own ball park. The park, it is understod, will be built in the borough of Queens. Architects already are drawing plans for the new plant, which is to have a seating capacity as large as, if not larger than, Braves' Field in Boston. The Yankee management has a lease on the Pole Grounds for next season, but it will make every effort to open its season on its own grounds, and work on the park will be pushed with this in view.

A telegram received in London last night from Bigwood, Nipissing, announces the accidental drowning in the French River of Phillip Maylard, of 149 Kent street, Western Ontario traveller for the Lake of the Woods Milling Company.

Wood's Phosphodine, *The Great English Remedy.* Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. *Cures Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory.* Price $1 per box, six for $5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. *Neat pamphlet mailed free.* THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

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Particulars from Canadian Pacific ticket agents, or write M. G. Murphy, District Passenger Agent, Toronto. W. Lahey, agent, Brantford.

Cleveland is building a new detention home at a cost of $90,000.

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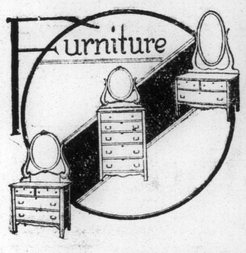

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