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Prince Albert Coats

SPECIAL $30.00

Made in latest London style—grey or black—heavy silk facings—correct dress for Race Meets, Horse Shows, etc.

BOXING A WEEK FROM TO-NIGHT

Tom Couhig and Martin Duffy Will Furnish the 20-Round Wind-Up.

THEY HAVE FOUGHT BEFORE

Chicago Man Confident of Reversing the Decision in Longer Bout.

A week from to-night at the Mutual Street Rink, under the auspices of the Crescent Athletic Club, Tom Couhig of Dunkirk, N.Y., and Martin Duffy of Chicago will meet in a twenty-round contest at 140 pounds. This should prove one of the best bouts ever pulled off in Toronto. Both men are young and clever, and at the top of the class. They met at Chicago recently in a six-round contest, when Couhig got the decision, which Duffy hopes to reverse at the weight and at the greater distance. Otto Selloff beat Duffy once and next time Martin turned the tables on him.

Admirers of Couhig state that he can whip all the Frank Ernes that ever entered the ring, and sporting men look upon Duffy as the logical opponent of Joe Gans, the new lightweight champion. Duffy's record is appended:

Knocked Out.

Name.	No. Rds.	At
"Kid" Manos.....	1	Chicago.
Paul Connors.	4	Chicago.
Jack McKillopp ..	4	Chicago.
"Young" Rielly...	2	Milwaukee, Wis.
Peter Leach..	1	Chicago.
Harry Reddy... ..	4	Chicago.
"Kid" Brown.....	4	Chicago.
Jack Kelley..	2	Chicago.
Jack Ryan.....	5	Springfield, Ill.
Jack Kelley..	5	Chicago.
Joe McCaffery....	3	Chicago.
Jack Simms..... ..	5	Kansas City, Mo.
Danny Duane.. ..	3	Toronto.
Joe Curtin.....	1	Chicago.
Dave Barry.	4	Chicago.

Decisions Over.

Name.	No. Rds.	At
Jack Kelley (2)...	6	Chicago.
Fred Reed.....	6	Chicago.
Geo. Washington.	6	Chicago.
Adam Ryan (2)..	6	Chicago.
Jack Carrig.....	6	Chicago.
Jack Lewis.....	6	Chicago.
Perry Queenan...	8	Appleton, Wis.
Dave Barry.....	6	Chicago.
Otto Selloff	6	Chicago.
Perry Queenan...12		Appleton, Wis.
Tim Kearns.....11		Toronto.
Art. Simms.....10		Detroit.
Otto Selloff...	8	Oshkosh.
Easton Judge.. ..	6	Chicago.
Art. Simms.. 15		Detroit.
Matty Matthews..	6	Chicago.

Draws With.

Name.	No. Rds.	At
Larry Gleason....	6	Chicago.
Mickey Reilly.. ..	6	Milwaukee, Wis.
"Young" Kenny..	6	Chicago.

Lost Decision To.

Name.	No. Rds.	At
Otto Selloff	8	Chicago.
Tom Couhig	6	Chicago.

The preliminary bouts are of great local interest. Eli Gibson, who gave Lou Scholes such a stiff argument in the city championships, will meet Johnny Jackson, the Canadian heavyweight champion, in the first preliminary. Jimmy Smith and Billy McCarthy are billed as the principals in the second contest, and it should be a great punching contest.

OPTIMISTIC NED HANLAN.

New York, May 16.—Coach Ned Hanlan announced yesterday that the crews of the Columbia University would leave for Poughkeepsie on June 15th. Mr. Hanlan was never more sanguine in his life over the outcome of the big race on the Hudson. He thinks that, barring accident, Columbia will surely win the Varsity race and stands an excellent chance of taking the Freshman contest. He said yesterday that the Varsity of this year was many seconds faster over a four-mile course than the Varsity of 1901.

TO RECEIVE LACROSSE CLUB.

A sub-committee of the Reception Committee met to-day to consider arrangements for a reception to the victorious touring lacrosse team.

Wells' Business College,
Corner Yonge and Bloor Sts., is the healthiest and best school for you to attend. Day and evening sessions. Arithmetic, penmanship, typewriting.
SHORTHAND BOOKKEEPING

PRESIDENT POWERS AS JUDGE.

Newark and Jersey City Eastern League Clubs Have a Dispute Over a Player.

Newark, May 16.—The Doolin affair is now in the hands of President Powers, who has been furnished all the evidence, and a decision is looked for at an early date. That the verdict will be in favor of Newark securing the player there is little doubt. The youngster accepted terms from Burnham, and promised to report in this city about June 1. Meanwhile, he signed a contract with Manager Reilly of Jersey City, under the nom-de-plume of "Mack," by the terms of which he was offered $75 a month more than the sum Mr. Burnham had agreed to pay him. The Jersey City team must have known Doolin had been doing business with Newark, for his name appeared in the bulletin issued by Secretary Farrell of the National Association. In these days of contract jumping, it is bad enough to be fighting outlawed leagues, without having the clubs of the Eastern League quarrelling over the services of players.

JONES DISPLACES CONGALTON.

Chicago, May 16.—Centerfielder Jones has jumped the St. Louis American League team, and joined the Chicago Nationals. He has displaced Billy Congalton, the hard-hitting Canadian in center field.

A CHANGE AT JERSEY CITY.

Jersey City, May 16.—Jersey City was ordered by the board of arbitration of the National Association of Professional Leagues to return first baseman Connor to Springfield. Connor left to-day and Woods covered the bag. Watson of the University of Michigan has been signed by Jersey City.

FRASER JOINS DUGGLEBY.

Philadelphia, May 16.—Chick Fraser, one of the enjoined players of the Philadelphia League club, returned to the Philadelphia National League club to-day. He will join the team in the west.

A YACHT RACE WITH PADDLES.

Finish Was In the Dark and Both Crews Used the Blades—The Stakeholder Disappeared.

Queen City Yacht Club members are having a great deal of amusement over a race between the knockabout Enid, owned by Wadell and Salmon, and the yawl Nada, owned by William Edward, which took place Thursday night. The stakes were left with A. J. Phillips, the official starter. The race was started at 7.20, with Nada in the lead. The wind was light, and it took the contestants an hour and a half to make the first buoy off Ward's Island. Nada had the lead there. Under cover of darkness, both crews commenced paddling. Enid's crew were better equipped with paddles, and caught Nada on the line. They seized Ward's craft, and thrust her bodily astern, winning by 45 seconds. When they landed, they found that the stakes had disappeared.

Another race will be sailed, and all paddles will be left at the club house.

MIMICO ASYLUM CRICKETERS.

Mrs. Jas. Corcoran Elected President of the Club—Record For Last Season.

The annual meeting of the Mimico Asylum Cricket Club was held on Wednesday evening, when the following officers were elected: Hon. President, Hon. J. R. Stratton; Hon. Vice-President, W. J. Hill, Esq.; President, James Corcoran, Esq.; First Vice-President, Dr. W. C. Barber; Second Vice-President, Dr P. MacNaughton; Captain and Secretary, Dr. N. H. Beemer; Scorer and Treasurer, R. Elkin, Esq. Committee of Management, Messrs. J. Ruttan, P. Colvin, J. Bannon, W. Whittaker, A. T. Hargrave, J. Blackburn, and T. W. Terry.

It was decided to reserve Saturday afternoons as far as possible throughout the season for the Institution matches between teams made up of patients and employes.

Touring teams will always be welcome, and matches with them can generally be arranged on short notice.

Owing to inclement weather on fixture days the club was only able to play nine matches during the past season, losing three and winning six. Below are given averages for the season of 1901:

	Inn.	Total Runs.	Highest in Inn.	Ave.
George Lyon	1	47	46	47
A. A. Beemer	2	80	63	40
W. R. Wadsworth..	1	26	26	26
W. H. Cooper	1	19	19	19
W. Wright	4	72	34	18
A. T. Hargrave .. 12		183	69	18
C. Steen 11		121	47	15
W. Whittaker 9		113	33	13
Dr. Beemer 9		100	37	11
J. Couch 3		10	8	10
S. Durham 12		76	16	6
J. Bannon 10		51	17	6
W. Abernethy 9		50	12	6
C. Douglas 11		40	10	4
J. Ruttan 11		31	13	3
P. Colvin 6		8	4	2
George Cook 9		12	4	1

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is paid for by an irritable condition of body and mind, by exhausted energy, poor digestion, unstrung nerves, and broken sleep. If you must and will live the killing pace, better keep in mind the sustaining powers of Ferrozone, a wonderful tonic and reconstructor. Ferrozone is a blood maker, a nerve strengthener, a heart and brain invigorator. It creates appetite, insures perfect digestion and undisturbed sleep, restores the vitality and strength lost by excessive living very quickly. Ferrozone will do you unestimable good; try it. Price 50c per box, or six boxes for $2.50, at Druggists, or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills cure Headache.

JUMPING RACES AT THE WOODBINE

Steeplechasers Promise Some Rare Sport at Next Week's O. J. C. Meeting.

WORK OF TIMBER-TOPPERS

Horses That Have Shown Good Form in Their Performances While Training.

The steeplechases at Woodbine are always big features of the racing, and the jumping races on the card at the O.J.C. meeting, which begins next Thursday, promise some rare sport through the field. Woodbine steeplechase course is one of the best in America. This year it is in better condition than ever. The turf has been exceedingly well-kept, and the jumps, which are much higher than at western tracks, are built up in preparation for race day.

From any point of view a steeplechase at Woodbine is a most interesting spectacle. The scene from the top of the members' stand is particularly picturesque, but the horses can be followed without glasses from any place at the track.

The Royal Canadian Steeplechase is one of the features of the first day. It is for horses that have never won a hurdle race or a steeplechase, and it is probable that all of the 14 entries will face the starter. Most of them have been schooling at Woodbine. Mr. Maloney's Expelled and Mr. Ivan Fox's Maxillan have not yet arrived here, while Charlie Gates has Odd Genius at the Little York track. The local maidens are a likely lot. In Livonian Mr. Davies has a big, powerful fellow, who jumps well, and seems to like the work. Geo Mattocks has Bromo going along splendidly, and he expects to pull down the purse. Dr. Smith's Chairman will have the benefit of Pat Gallagher's riding. Mr. Clay's Gray Bill Higgins has schooled fairly well, and Faddadeen, an Ottawa giant, runs well through the field, and raises very high at the jumps. Mr. Cook's Mango has all kinds of speed on the flat, but is a little green at the jumping game. Mr. Laughlin's Rising Sun is a fine-looking chestnut, who has made a good impression on the rail-birds. Mr. Marshall's Dick Warren is a promising steeplechaser, while Mr. Phelan's Mayor Gilroy, the old-time crack sprinter, doesn't seem to care a lot about going over the jumps. Messrs. Ross' and Roach's Verna K. is a splendid performer by herself, and if she gets off to a good start she will be hard to beat. Mr. Johnson's Arion is a Southern horse, and his owner fancies that he will have a chance in his race. He is only eligible for jumping events.

The Hunters' Steeplechase, to be run on Victoria Day, should furnish a great race, with St. Sulpice, Hero, Momentum, Higbie, Mayor Gilroy, and Wellington J. as the contestants. The last-named is the pick of the crites. He is a great horse this spring, as a result of Andy Moxley's careful handling. He has all kinds of speed, and is an excellent fencer. Ben Pope has Higbie in fine condition, and few horses have schooled better through the field. Nat Ray has a promising candidate in St. Sulpice, but the other two seem to hold him safe.

If Mr. Maloney brings George W. Jenkins from New York he will be a hard horse to beat in the Street Railway and Woodbine Steeplechases. The Montreal horses, Arquebus and Burnap, are tried and true steeplechasers, and Trainer Jenkins has them in fine condition to go the journey. Johnny Flynn has a most useful "lepper" in Jack Carey, who was almost unbeatable at Hamilton last year. Andy Moxley has Tate's Creek looking as fit as a fiddle, and Daryl is a winner at Memphis this year.

Every patron of Woodbine will remember "Umbrella Bill" McGuigan. His ruddy face and verdant whiskers may have been forgotten, but that green umbrella he carried was never forgotten when once gazed upon.

Bill carried it rain or shine, throughout the day, and slept with it beside him at night. If he wanted to show the good points of a horse he pointed them out with the umbrella; if he liked a favorite brand of wet goods all the bar tender need do was to get a line on the parachute. It was part of him, and he often said he would rather lose a race horse than his green-hued, old-fashioned relic of past decades.

McGuigan had a good string of race horses at Woodbine one year. Bannockburn was in his prime; Boanerges could take care of most of the long-distance horses in the West; and Lord Zeni had nearly all the selling platers safe. Just about that time it was a case of coronation ceremonies for Bill.

But his luck changed, and another equally well-known character, Rod McMahon, was the cause of it.

McGuigan did not bet much money, being content to go for the purses, but on this particular day he strolled into the betting ring and saw Lord Zeni 2 to 1. He thought the price might have been larger, and standing in front of McMahon's book, was discussing the matter and pointing at the board with his umbrella. Everyone who knows McMahon will appreciate what happened next.

Reaching down quickly, the bookmaker grabbed the sacred rainstick.

"Two umbrellas to one, Lord Zeni," said he, and threw the mascot in beside the cash box. Lord Zeni lost, and he would not give it back.

From that day forth McGuigan's luck changed. His star performer Bannockburn went lame; Boanerges bowed a tendon; and Lord Zeni was claimed.

Bill went back to Arkansas and is now running a saw mill there, but he will be heard from some day. No one who loved horses as he did can keep away from the game for very long.

The ex-flat jockey, who is now riding over the jumps, gave the following additional instances of the rough dealings at the outlaw tracks. He said:

"It was a lovely game, Iron Hill, but Wheeling was a lovelier. I rode at Wheeling during that weird ice-yachting season there—well, it was as much like ice-yachting as anything I've ever mixed up with.

"The track was frozen stiff most of the time, and all a horse with smooth racing plates had to do was to keep himself broadside on to the wind if he got off first, and the wind 'ud blow him to the wire without his taking his hoofs off the ground at all.

"Outside of the daily bunch of regulars that jogged over from Pittsburg, most of the Wheeling talent consisted of coal miners, and if the horse that they played didn't win they'd throw coal at the jockey. I came so close to losing my life during that meeting that there wasn't any fun in it.

"I was booked to ride the best dog in the race, and the bituminous diggers went to him to a man, beating the price down with their one and two-dollar bets from 3 to 1 to even money. The horse seemed kind o' sluggish under me as I took him to the post, but I didn't think anything of that until the break.

"Then my horse plowed away a rank last, buck-jumped for a quarter of a mile, and stopped like a brewery horse in front of a mixed-ale parlor, while the rest of the field swept on, a rank, unplayed outsider getting the money. I gave my mutt the spurs and cantered him around to the stand, and one of the black stable hands grabbed him.

"Now, I didn't know until the close of the meeting how it was done, but then the black stable hand told me. In reaching for the bridle he deftly syringed some harmless red liquid into the horse's nostrils and also squirted some of the red juice over my jacket.

"'De' ol' hoss he done bleed!' exclaimed the stable hand to the owner, who looked as surprised as he could, and, sure enough, there was the red fluid coming from the horse's nostrils and the stuff on my colors, to boot. I thought it was on the level, although it seemed queer to me that I hadn't felt the blood flecking my face when the horse stopped.

"'Boy,' said the judge to me when I was called into the stand, 'what ailed that mount of yours?'

"'He bled,' said I, and the judges examined the skate.

"Sure enough, there were the signs of the horse's bleeding, and that let me out as far as the authorities were concerned. But the coal miners couldn't see it, and they hopped the rail and took after me as I made my way to the paddock gate, and it was me for the hottest run of my life. I got into the jockey room just in time to have the door slammed and barred behind me, but if they'd got me they'd have made me look like a four-cent Chatham Square beef stew.

"They had never heard of the bleeding business in connection with race horses, but when one of the Wheeling papers explained it they took stock in it, and so when I went on to ride the next day it was all right and they didn't yell for my life. The reason why the horse had stopped, as the coon stablehand told me after the meeting, was because he had had a couple of pailfuls of nice spring water right before saddling-up time.

After a pause the ex-jockey continued as follows:

"I won out with the pick-axe delvers before the close of that Wheeling meeting. I took the leg up one day on a nag that was just as much of a favorite among the coal miners as old Saragossa used to be among the long-yell rootres on the track here.

"I'd no sooner boarded the horse than I saw that he was rigged to do a you-lose turn, with the diggers for victims. The owner had stuffed about four of the hurry-up pellets into the animal just before saddling time, and even before I started to the post with him the dope was beginning to make him crazy.

"I knew that the run-quick pellets had been given to the horse in an overdose for the purpose of making him run away before the start, thus ruining his chances to win, and I did my best as I kicked him out onto the track to hold him in. I might just as well have tried to lasso a runaway freight on a down grade with a little girls skipping rope.

"He got the snaffle between his molars the instant he struck the track, and away he went like a yellow dog with a can to his tail. It wasn't any use trying to saw on his mouth, and the best I could do was to try to sit still and hang on, for I hadn't started to grow fast then, and, although strong, I wasn't any Sandow.

"The old horse had gone around the track twice at a dead gallop before he let the bit get out of his teeth for a second to get a fresh hold, and then I grabbed him and pulled him up. Of course I felt that he didn't have a chance then, and I could see those coal miners dividing my colors up as souvenirs of the burning at the stake and the little white headstone in the hill cemetery.

"My mutt was still pretty gay as I headed him to where the rest of the field were waiting at the post, and when the starters 'Come on!' broke out and the old horse hopped out in front I almost fell off, I was so surprised. The dope hadn't all worn out of him, and after that long and swift runaway he led from the drop of the ribbon and won pulled to a walk, while the owner stood in the infield and jumped on his hat in rage.

"I was the handy ace with those Wheeling coal miners for the rest of the meeting. But when Wheeling's game was over I had enough of the Jesse Jamesers, and even as a rider over the jumps on the legitimate tracks I've never had to take such chances on being suddenly wiped out as I did as a tallow-headed youngster on the old outlaw tracks."

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ARE VALUABLE.

BALL TEAM HOME ON THURSDAY NEXT

Jack Thielman Will Pitch for the Torontos in the Opening Game.

BAND AND STREET PARADE

Rochester Club, the Locals' Opponents, Has Several Familiar Faces.

The local opening of the championship season of the Eastern League will take place at Diamond Park—enlarged and beautified—on Thursday afternoon next, with the Rochester team as the opponents of the Torontos.

The game will be called at 3.30 o'clock, and it is expected that a record crowd will be in attendance to welcome home Manager Barrow's fine aggregation of ball players. Jack Thielman has been selected by Mr. Barrow to pitch the opening game, and with him on the rubber Toronto can be expected to get off to a good start.

Previous to the game there will be some interesting ceremonies, not the least of which will be a street parade of the players in uniform in tally-hos, with the Queen's Own Band leading the procession. President Ed. Mack and his directors will also figure in the parade, along with civic dignitaries and representatives of the press.

Superintendent Charlie Maddocks has the grounds looking in splendid shape, and the addition to the eastern end gives the park a much larger appearance than it had before. There will be a chance for some fine fielding in left garden this season.

The fans are anxious to see the Torontos at play, as Mr. Barrow's men have made a most creditable showing on the road. The Rochester team will bring along three old-time Toronto players in Reddy Grey, Herky-Gerky Horton, and Jack Hayden. Hayden is the batting sensation of the Eastern League, having been mainly responsible for most of Rochester's victories. The Rochester Herald comments thusly on the team:

Well, we're going some.

McKean is pretty steady with the stick.

Guess Francis isn't playing a nice game at short field.

"Florodora" Hayden seems to keep up the good work.

"Big Bill" Massey is more than making good with Toronto.

Let us see, that Toronto team has not broken up the league yet.

Read the summaries of the last few games, and notice Kellogg's base running.

Looks as though the team would be in the first division when it returns home.

Kellogg seems to be filling that gap at second to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Buffalo looked strange in first place, but outside our own team there is none the local fans would rather see up there.

Even without its famous infield, and, in fact, a majority of last year's team, Rochester stays up there. There's something in the name.

The Chicago Record-Herald reports a peculiar play in a game with Brooklyn and Chicago on Wednesday. It says:

"It will be news to a lot of fans to learn that Chicago was shut out, for the score board man was deceived, along with twelve-tenths of the crowd, by a peculiar play which seemingly gave the Colts a run in the seventh. The situation requires 'eggsblanationfings.' With two out in the seventh, Chance at third and Lowe at first, O'Hagan was called out on strikes by Emslie. On the third strike, which O'Hagan let go by, Lowe started to steal second. The ball was thrown to second, and, while the visitors, unaware that the side was retired, were busy running Capt. Bobby down on the lines, Chance sprinted across the plate. The fans were celebrating the advent of the supposed run so joyously that the situation did not dawn on them even when O'Hagan failed to come to bat in the following inning."

Billy Sunday, the former Chicago outfielder, who in his day was the fleetest man on bases in the world, has for a number of years been a traveling evangelist. He has just closed a four weeks' series of meetings at Fairmount, Ind., securing in all 609 converts in that time. A large tabernacle was erected for his use, and between 1,200 and 1,500 people heard him speak every afternoon and evening. Sunday is not paid a regular salary for his work, but is given the collections taken up on the last day. Last Sunday he received $1,600 for his work in Fairmount. Four hundred dollars a week as a preacher is better than being a Lejole.

The irrepressible Arlie Latham is umpiring in the Western League, and in a recent game at Peoria one of the Milwaukee players knocked down the Peoria shortstop while he was trying to field the ball. Latham immediately called the runner out. Manager Duffy of the Milwaukees came running out and demanded to know why the man had been called out.

"For knocking over the shortstop," replied Latham.

"But he didn't see the man," answered Duffy.

"Oh, didn't he?" said Lath, with a sneer. "Well, please to understand that we are playing the glorious game of baseball and not blind man's buff," and the decision went.

Jack Toft, the catcher of the Torontos, tells of a game he played in at Stoughton, Wis., in 1892:

"We were playing the Cambridge team a little way from Stoughton. They didn't pay enough for a catcher, so I refused to go behind the bat, and played in the suburbs. The game was started about 10.30 in the morning, and when the whistle blew for 12 we were in the eighth inning. The Cambridge boys threw down their bats and gloves when the whistle blew and left the field. They said they never played after 12 o'clock, and, do what we would, we could not get them to finish that game. And they were one run to the good, too—that was the worst of it.

In an article contributed to the Philadelphia Post, James A. Hart, president of the Chicago National League Club, pays the following tribute to John Clarkson, the old-time Chicago star, now a prominent business man of Bay City, Michigan:

"John Clarkson was a true general in the box, and believed in making the batsman hit the ball when the bases were occupied, trusting to his fielders to retire the batsman. With a man on first base and no player out, he would invariably attempt to make the next batter hit the ball so that there would be a chance for a double play or the retirement of one of the opponents. Clarkson had what is called a 'jump' ball—that is, the ball would be delivered so that when it reached the batsman it would apparently rise from its course, causing the batsman to strike under the ball, raising it in the air and making it a fly, which the players could usually capture. As this ball required great strength, he did not use it until, in the parlance of the players, he was in the hole, or when the players were getting dangerously close to the plate."

TOM JENKINS BEAT JIM PARR.

Cleveland Wrestler Threw the Englishman Twice, According to Contract.

Cleveland, May 16.—Before a large crowd in Central Armory last night Jim Parr went down to defeat before Tom Jenkins, the latter taking two falls within one hour, as he had contracted to do. It was as clever an exhibition as a person would care to see. Jenkins took the first fall in 31 minutes and the second in 19 1-2 minutes.

Jenkins used hammerlocks, and appeared to damage Jim's right arm in the first bout. Parr winced, but kept doing fast work.

In the second bout Jenkins continued to work on the arm, and finally secured the second fall in 19 1-2 minutes.

The betting on the match was brisk, with Jenkins a strong favorite. Parr's Buffalo friends lost heavily on his defeat, and they left for home feeling sore.

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