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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 Seiloff 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:

Name	No. Rds.	At
"Kid" Manos.....	1	Chicago.
Paul Connors.....	4	Chicago.
Jack McKillop.....	4	Chicago.
"Young" Reilly.....	2	Milwaukee, Wis.
Peter Leach.....	1	Chicago.
Harry Roddy.....	4	Chicago.
"Kid" Brown.....	4	Chicago.
Jack Kelly.....	2	Chicago.
Jack Ryan.....	5	Springfield, Ill.
Jack Kelly.....	5	Chicago.
Joe McCaffery.....	3	Chicago.
Jack Simms.....	5	Kansas City, Mo.
Benny Duane.....	9	Toronto.
Joe Curtin.....	1	Chicago.
Dave Barry.....	4	Chicago.

Decisions Over.

Name	No. Rds.	At
Jack Kelly (2).....	6	Chicago.
Ed. 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 Seiloff.....	6	Chicago.
Perry Queenan.....	12	Appleton, Wis.
Tom Kearns.....	11	Toronto.
Art Simms.....	10	Detroit.
Otto Seiloff.....	5	Oshkosh.
Easton Judge.....	6	Detroit.
Art Simms.....	15	Detroit.
Matty Matthews.....	6	Chicago.

Draws With.

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

Lost Decision To.

Name	No. Rds.	At
Otto Seiloff.....	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 heavy-weight champion, in the first preliminary Jimmy Smith and Billy McCarty 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 crew 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.

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SHORTHAND BOOKKEEPING

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 steeplechasers 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 Maximilian have not yet arrived here, while Charlie Gates has Odd Gentils at the Little York track. The local maidens are a likely lot. In January Mr. Davies sent a big, powerful colt, 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 Falkadeen, an Ottawa pacer, 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 Verma 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. Sulphur, Hero, Momentum, Hicbia, Mayor Gilroy, and Wellington J. as the contestants. The last-named is the pick of the critics. 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 Hicbia in fine condition, and few horses have schooled better through the field. Nat Ray has a promising candidate in St. Sulphur, but the other two seem to hold him fast. 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, Argebus 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 "pepper" in Jack Carey, who was almost unbeatable at Hamilton, last year. Andy Moxley has Tatt'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-headed, old-fashioned relic of past decades.

McGuigan had a good string of race horses at Woodbine one year. Ban-nockburn was in his prime; Boanerges could take care of most of the long-distance horses in the West; and Lord Zent had nearly all the selling plates 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. McMahon did not bet much money, being content to go for the purse, but on this particular day he strolled into the betting ring and saw Lord Zent 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 book-maker grabbed the sacred rainstick. "Two umbrellas to one, Lord Zent," said he, and threw the mascot in beside the cash box. Lord Zent lost, and he would not give it back. From that day forth McGuigan's name was never mentioned in the bookmaker's den, and Lord Zent was clipped.

Bill went back to Arkansas and he 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-fact 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 2 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 played away a rank last, buck-jumped for a quarter of a mile, and stopped like a brewery horse in front of a mixed-up pavior, while the rest of the field swept on, a rank, unplayed outsider getting the money. I gave my mitt 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 horse he deftly syringed some harmless red liquid into the horse's nostrils and also squirted some of the red juice over my jacket. "Do '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 liquid 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 all that about 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 stev. "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 constable 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 rig that was just as much of a favorite among the coal miners as old Saragossa used to be among the long-yell rooters 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 nostrils the instant he struck the track, and away he went like a yellow dog with a can in his tail. It wasn't any trying to saw on his mouth, and the track I could do was to try to sit still and let on, for I hadn't started to grow fast, then, and, although strong, I wasn't any game around. "The old boss 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 mitt 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 was 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 Jameses, 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 top-banded youngster on the old outlaw tracks."

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 taily-bos, 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 'explanation.' With two out in the seventh, Chance at third and Lowe at first, O'Hagan was called out on strikes by Elmsh. 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 fastest man on bases in the world, has for a number of years been a travelling evangelist. He has just closed a four-week series of meetings at Fairmount, Ind., securing in all 669 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 Milwaukee 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 men's bluff," and the decision went.

Jack Toft, the catcher of the Torontos, tells of a game he played in at Stoughton, Wis., in 1892. "I was playing the Cambridge team a little while 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

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