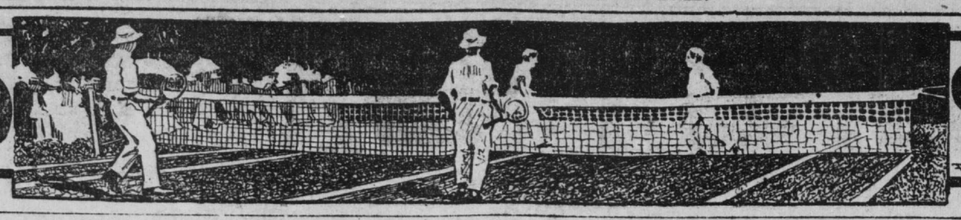
The WORLD of SPORT



IDEAL SPOT TO FISH

Where Almost Every Cast Brought a Beautiful Trout.

THEY WOULD BITE ON ANYTHING

The Desire of a Detroit Doctor of Divinity Satisfied for the Time.

Port Arthur, Ont., Can., Sept. 2.—It was a well known D. D. D.—which, interpreted, means a "Detroit Doctor of Divinity"—who wrote to his good friend in Port Arthur something in this wise:

Dear Niel: I like to fish. I like to fish where other people fish, when there are fish to fish for. But don't you suppose you could take me to a place this year where nobody goes to fish; some place away from the world, you know, even if we have to do some tramping?

These were not the words of his letter, but the spirit.

The place was found. It fulfilled all requirements. It was inaccessible enough to suit an aboriginal, in fact, aborigines were about the only ones that had ever fished in the beautiful lake. I was invited to be one of the party and I can attest that all the requirements of the Detroit D. D. were fulfilled to the letter.

Here is the composition of the party that on an August morning after a four hours' wait for the Canadian Pacific "Aggravation"—sometimes known as the accommodation—left a siding forty miles down the line for a trip inland to the lake which should not be too near civilization:

Heading the list in point of years the doctor of divinity, a hale man, in the prime of life intellectually, and though somewhat past the period when most men find pleasure in fighting their way through the Canadian bush, able to hold his own without a kick.

The chief of the expedition, the "Niel" to whom the letter had been addressed, a dominion government officer, one of the type of men whose physique is proof that the heroic age of the world is not yet passed, whose mind and heart and muscle are of the form that gives one fresh confidence in the virility of the race.

Captain Ross, the champion pancake-maker of Canada, long inured to the hardships of the trail; a capital cook and always ungrudgingly willing to do his share.

Mr. Hay, the owner of the only team of horses in a vast provincial region, and who can drive them safely over roads that would balk a less gritty individual.

John, the ever kindly, with the soft touch in his tongue that makes his speech delightful, most faithful of men, one who has packed over the trail almost from the time he was born, away up in the desolate regions of the great Hudson Bay country, and who, though slight in stature, can bear a load fit for a giant's back.

The writer was also there.

Twice, or possibly three times, in the course of five or six years, a wagon had passed over the made road. It ran out to an old mine through swamps of larch and tamarack by a "farm" which one hardy settler was opening, over corduroy roads and bridges with brown trout streams laughing below, up a mountain pass from the top of which ten men could fight a thousand to a finish, over stretches where the stones were as plentiful as the luscious scarlet thimble berries or their blue friends up the mountain, the delicious blueberries that never taste quite so fine as when you gather them in handfuls from the bush—the road was a Jordan "hard to trabbel."

The Man Who Snores.

Night fell and camp was made below a mighty palisaded cliff with the stars in the rare Canadian sky and not a sound in the air save some northland night bird or the far cry of a loon,—that is, no sound until somewhere in the mid o' night when the doctor of divinity cut loose on a series of booming snores that woke the very echoes of the mountains. The chief of the expedition was awakened and started for the ax, but bearing in mind the fact that he had promised himself later the pleasure of chopping off the doctor's clerical coattails as unbecoming a man of the forest, he refrained. In the lower tent the captain took up the snoring strain. Their duo was one of the most exciting events of the journey. When the night is still and the air is splendidly cool, and the stars make even your tent roof luminous, and the soft noises of the wild insect life soothe and the lullaby of a brown trout stream in the distance, or the stilly, blue-black waters of a beautiful lake hidden away from the world in the fastnesses of the mountains come up before your vision in somnolent graciousness, while your whole nature falls into delicious tune with the gentle harmonies of the splendid night of the northland,—then, I say, dodgast a man who snores!

Before us in the distance, when the morning broke in tears, spread out a magnificent panorama, far, green mountains, long valleys between, with here and there a blue lake nestling amidst the quivering aspens and the many birch; but interesting far more was a narrow trail which led out of the camping place high up the near-by mountain, on over the next ridge and on and on to a blue lake, where the trout had seldom seen the bait of man.

The chief of the expedition was kind, and the packers were as kind, for they relieved the tenderfeet of their burdens, and, more used to the almost impenetrable bush and the stiff climbs of the mountains, packed the camp with celerity. It is something quite beyond belief what an experienced packsack man can handle, but when he is long years on the trail and disdains a packsack, but wants only a wide sheet of cloth and a strap and all the truck you can heap upon him, and will then let you pile your packsack upon his own cleverly established pack, if you think he has not gotten enough of it yet,—then he becomes a steadily increasing wonder to you.

The trail had been blazed in the spring and the packers found no trouble in following it, save when on the side of the mountain where there was an open of bare rocks and scanty undergrowth, it sometimes took a little time to pick it up on the far side.

Some Stiffish Climbing.

It was stiffish climbing and before the two or three hours of travel up and down the mountain sides was over the doctor of divinity was quite ready to concede that he was getting what he wanted,—a place where not many people went.

The lake, which was reached at last, lies beneath a great cliff pallasaded like the Hudson. The moment its blue waters shone in the sunlight the eyes of the doctor of divinity brightened, but when Hay the team driver and packer, who had made on ahead, caught a grasshopper, fixed it to his hook on the end of a line, tied to a birch sapling, and hauled out a twelve-inch trout,—and when he lifted up this trout in the sunlight, the doctor's eyes were aglow and he forgot the stones and the fallen logs and the bruised shins and the stiff mountain climbing, and in a twinkling he was unlimbering his tackle.

A Virgin Lake.

Very few white men had ever fished this water over one another, if needs be, to hook themselves.

Late in the afternoon of one day the commander-in-chief and the writer climbed the side of the low mountain, a stiff climb, too, for it was almost perpendicular at that point, and made over the trail to a smaller lake lying low between two fine mountains.

We picked out one not especially inviting place, for we did not have time in the face of an on-coming rain to circle the lake for the deeper places. Standing waist high in the dull green leaves of the Labrador tea plant and bending over, for the little arm of the lake was in plain sight, and the water less than ten inches deep, every cast brought a beautiful trout. In less than a half hour the big basket of the commander-in-chief was so full the cover would hardly shut. The trout were smaller, from 8 to 10 inches, but game as their bigger brethren in the larger lake, while the novelty of the fishing made it in a sense even more fascinating.

The tramp campward through a driving rain storm, ended a day of splendid sport; no, not quite ended it, for the doctor of divinity carefully paddled by Captain Ross, brought home a fine catch from the lake, casting as the twilight faded over the age-worn hills and the stars shone like diamonds.

A floor of cedar boughs, rubber coats below to keep out the dampness and thick blankets to protect from the sharp nights, a water-tight tent if the rain descended, a tired body and a dreamless sleep, sleep no matter how loud the doctor of divinity turned on the sonorous snore stop, an early rise and a dash of the cold lake, the pole again and the whiz of the line and the magnificent struggle; breakfast — deliciously-cooked trout, mealy potatoes, sweet bacon, pancakes that you couldn't match on Broadway, a taste of the inevitable, and the fine, Canadian marmalade, with sweet butter and home-made bread—then more fishing until the day, like an elusive sprite, had vanished and the stars were once more in the sky.

And so went the days.

The outward tramp over the trail was not so fatiguing for it was down the mountain nearly all the way. Ahead were the packers laden like pack horses, then the giant form of the commander-in-chief with a generous girth of pack sack upon his back, the writer following, and, bringing up the rear, the doctor of divinity, all going well; when a sudden exclamation of pain and the good doctor lies prone on the rocks, his heels above his head. He had fallen down a steepish place that would sorely test the footing of a younger man. His face was trickling blood, his finger was out of joint and his hand was swelling fast. There were skinned places on his knees, but in a trice he was up again, the finger was pulled into place, the bruised nose given a dose of turpentine to stop the bleeding and help heal the wound, and off again on the trail—you can't down a D. D. from Detroit.

It was nightfall as we rode over the corduroy and stones again, eight miles in four hours. The strike on the Canadian Pacific was still on and the trains were running at all sorts of hours. On the floor of a frame shanty at the "siding" the nearest approach to a hotel lay the doctor of divinity, the commander-in-chief and the undersigned, with a wisp of hay below them and thick blankets over them and sleep heavy on their lids. Suddenly somebody outside, either the soft-voiced John or the captain, yells,

"All aboard!"

A train is rumbling in the distance, bound Port Arthur way; Hay holds up a lantern covered with the D. D.'s red bandanna handkerchief to stop the train; there is a tremendous scramble for packsacks, tents, fishing rods and baskets; the white eye of the train shows far in the right; the engine dashes by the shed; the train slows down obedient to the danger signal; it stops; there is a swift rush to get on, and the obliging man at the throttle pulls out again, leaving the disgusted crowd still waiting on the platform. This thing is repeated at intervals through the night but at 8 in the morning a train is condescending enough to stop long enough to take the party on.

It was a rare week of sport in a wild region, not a trip for a dress suit, but such a trip as any man may take who is not afraid of a stiff climb, who loves the most magnificent trout fishing, who finds somewhere in his heart a dominant note in full harmony with the deep tones of savage life. —W. S. H.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN A CONTEMPLATIVE MOOD.

JOHN, THE MAN WHO NEVER GETS TIRED AND ALWAYS HAS ROOM FOR ANOTHER SACK.

THE START ON THE TRAIL.

Yankee May Be Sent Abroad.

New York, Sept. 2.—Yankee, the winner of the futurity stakes, and owned jointly by John E. Madden and Wm. C. Whitney, is entered for next year's derby, and it is now thought to be highly probably that he will be sent over to take part in the great classic of the English turf.

Middle States Regatta.

New York, Sept. 2.—The twelfth annual meet of the Middle States Regatta association was held to-day on the speedway course of the Harlem river. The events were all one mile straightaway, and the quality of the entries was excellent. The star event of the day is expected to be the senior singles at one mile, which will be rowed at 5 p. m. The crack scullers, Mehrhoff, Titus and Marsh, the Canadian, are the factors of this contest, and it may be a record-breaker in time, as the race will be rowed with the tide.

Chicken Hunters at Large.

Baggage cars out of Minneapolis Saturday night were full of dogs and guns. Among those who left town Saturday night were: Thomas Hansen and C. A. Quist, who were bound for Rochester; Burt McNamee and C. E. Anderson, of the Chamber of Commerce, who went out on the Milwaukee; George Sherer and G. J. Heinrich, who were bound for Waubay; Mart Whitcomb, whose destination was Clark county, South Dakota; Horace Myers and W. A. Merriam, Tyler, Minn.; August Zimmerman, Long Prairie; R. R. Rand, J. O. Wheelwright and Ed Nelson.

Stetson's Mandolins

At Metropolitan Music Co., 41-43 6th st S.

Carey roofing sheds water like a duck. See W. S. Nott Co. Telephone 376.

A RELEASE OR TWO

It Would Be Good Medicine for the Millers.

SO THE FANS SAY, AT LEAST

A Chance Yet to Show Lovers of Baseball Some Very Good Sport.

There are rumors that the Minneapolis baseball team will be given a radical overhauling before the last twin city series opens. They are all nice, clean boys, but it is feared that some of them think it beneath the dignity of such nice boy to work hard and really try to win. Making due allowance for the crippled condition of the team, bad umpiring and general hard luck, it must be patent to all that certain members of the team have not done their full duty by Mr. Beall and the town which they represent.

A good shaking up, started by the release of two or three players who have acquired the tired, indolent or indifferent habit, with the introduction of some fresh red blood, could not hurt the team any and the fans would all flock to see the games.

There is no reason why a team of capable players should be crowded down among the tail enders by inferior teams just because some of the men occupy so much time in worrying over their personal fancies that they forget the game. Live players are wanted and Mr. Beall only needs about two such to brace up the team.

Of course the millers cannot land the pennant, but with the addition of a couple of new men they can win many games and give the "slabtown rooters," as they are called over in St. Paul, a chance to be in and around when St. Paul's team is humbled after their dizzy reception and banquet. Then Mr. Beall can also get rid of the ingrates and record players, who are taking his good money and not making adequate returns. It isn't right after what Mr. Beall has done for the team to "throw him down," to use a sporting expression, and the fans will not be sorry to see some of the players handed their walking papers unless they get down to work and show that they are entitled to some consideration.

THOUGHTS BY WARD

Criticizes National League for Abrogating Agreement.

New York Sun Special Service

New York, Sept. 2.—John N. Ward in discussing the announced suspension of the national agreement by the National league after Sept. 30, said: "It is a mystifying move to me and I cannot understand it. It is just the opposite of what I would expect with the National league having a fight on its hands. On the face of it it looks to be a bad move, but the magnates of the league ought to be shrewd enough to know what they are about. They may have some plan in reserve that has not been guessed at, and I personally am as much in the dark as any other outsider. It may be, as has been suggested, that it is a protective measure against the Ameican league, permitting the National to go after minor league players and get them ahead of the rival league, but it seems to me that the loss of the premier position and the prestige in baseball which comes from being the party of the first part to the agreement arising from abrogating the agreement, would more than offset any advantage that could accrue from securing a few players free from minor leagues. Comparatively few players are had from the minor leagues each year who come up to the National league requirements and these could be had by draft or purchase as heretofore."

THE HUNTING DOG—II

How the Youngster May Be Taught to Appreciate His Responsibilities and Do His "Work."

The proper training of a hunting dog, in the opinion of sportsmen is one of the fine arts, and the successful trainer is looked up to with feelings akin to awe; for the training of a dog is important, and difficult. To begin with, a dog, if he has it not already, must have a love for hunting drilled into him. He must be interested in his work, otherwise he will never be a success in the field. That attained the work of yard breaking is begun, and finally the dog is taken into the field for practical work in front of a gun.

A good hunting dog instinctively works against the wind without instruction, and a well bred animal usually is endowed with that quality which sportsmen term "bird-sense;" that is he will hunt in likely places and will avoid spots where birds are unlikely to be found. Careful ranging, however, so managed as to leave uncovered no likely places is a matter of education, most dogs being inclined to make long, straightaway casts, unless they have been thoroughly trained to avoid this fault.

Many trainers employ an old dog to help them instruct their puppies. This simplifies matters considerably, and shortens the period of training. "Bob" Mullen, now dead, use to tell a good story in this connection. "Bob" was one of the best known sportsmen in the city, and he always trained his own dogs. He started out, one day, to give a puppy his first field experience, and, as usal, took an old dog with him. The older dog began to zig-zag across the field with the puppy close at his heels, and on the first point "Bob" was overjoyed to see the youngster back up his mate, as he should do. Naturally the puppy flushed his bird too soon, but "Bob" felt highly encouraged. Then, on a turn, the youngster took the lead, and a few minutes later came to a point on his own account. Of course the old dog backed him up, and just as Mullen arrived on the scene a gayly painted butterfly rose clumsily from a blade of grass, not two feet from the pup's nose, and the younger dog went tearing after it, yelping in delight.

"Then," Bob would say, in telling the story, "the older dog simply ran over him, threw him to the ground, and proceeded to box his ears first with his right paw and then with his left, the little fellow lying there with all four paws in the air, protesting vociferously. That was the last time the pup ever pointed at anything but a bird. He had learned his first lesson."

The number of times a dog points or barks in the field does not necessarily indicate his worth. In field trials the judges consider the quality of a performance, rather than the frequency of its occurrence. They take into account the dog's "bird sense," the intelligent and useful beating out of the ground within proper limits; roading and pointing, ability to find, obedience and work to the gun, speed, range, nose and endurance. Long, straightaway casts are always regarded as faulty work, if available sections are left uncovered, and such casts are habitual. Swinging around repeatedly behind the handler at the end of a cast, working the same ground over frequently, leaving repeatedly good ground unworked, frittering away time on bare, unpromising ground, running with no purpose of finding, and looking much after the handler, are faults which the trainer must strive to obviate.

Nowadays dogs are trained never to flush their birds, that being reserved for the hunter. Formerly the dog was taught to flush on command, but that method has now been pretty generally discarded. Retreiving is another duty which has been taken from the dog. In field trials it is no longer considered.

Among the leading trainers of the country few are better known than is Frank Richards, whose home is right here in Minnesota. Mr. Richards says of his own methods of breaking: "I have no peculiar receipt or secret method of breaking dags. I find that hard work is one of the most essential things in bringing my dogs up to the proper standard of work. Dogs are not to be hurried along by any hard and fast rules of breaking, but must be carried on by giving them plenty of opportunity to develop. Kindness and patience are very essential to this end.

"In order to successfully develop a puppy it is necessary to adopt a special course of work for each dog, as it has been my experience that no two puppies can be trained by exactly the same method, although some general rules are applicable to all dogs. Puppies vary so much in disposition that this must be taken into account in training. Besides, when the dispositions are similar there is still a difference in the ability to stand work. Some dogs keep up their enthusiasm longer than others, because they do not tire so quickly, and as long as the dog enjoys the work within a reasonable amount, there is little danger of doing him an injury. But a tired young dog cannot work with any advantage to himself. In fact, to attempt to force a young dog out when he has either lost heart in his work or is tired is to run the risk of doing him serious harm.

"I prefer to start my puppies in training as soon as they show a disposition to hunt for game. I try to encourage them to take an interest in this work by letting them have their own way and making them feel they will get no instructions nor directions how they should hunt. I aim in this way simply to permit the natural qualities of the dog to develop. After they get an intense liking for this work I begin to make them familiar with the words of command used in the field. These I teach in the field instead of in the yard. After the young dog has learned how to search for game I begin training, teaching him the things I want him to do and restraining him from doing the things he should not do. There are many ways that might be mentioned of making the dog steady, but the one to be chosen depends upon the dog's disposition. Kindness is, with me, of first importance. Whenever I find it necessary to use force I endeavor to select that method of correction which will prove most effective. Dogs acquire the same fault in different ways and the cause has to be considered in any effort to remove it. Real abuse is never necessary. Even the most wilful, headstrong dog can be brought to terms without severe treatment."

Few trainers rank higher than D. E. Rose who excells most trainers in the matter of conditioning his dogs. He gives them a great deal of work and yet does not overwork them nor allow them to become stale. He keeps them always on edge and never permits them to loose interest in their work. For this reason, as well as because he treats them kindly, his dogs do not get sour. In the open, even in a rough country, Mr. Rose's dogs range freely and kindly, and while they are disposed to make wild casts and cover a lot of territory, they do not range too far. In cover, on single birds, his dogs are quick but not wild. They handle easily and work as kindly at close range as they do in the open. There is one fault with Mr. Rose's dogs. His younger hunters are apt to be overcautious on foot scent. They are always staunch and steady to wing, but stop too readily at foot scent. His old dogs, however, make a nicer distinction between foot scent and body scent.

"As to my method of handling," says Mr. Rose, "it would require a great deal of space to explain it. Briefly, it may be said, in the first place, that no man can be successful as a handler who attempts to follow out set rules. If he happens to have a dog his rules fit he can train him, if not he will fail. I have no particular method mapped out for a dog. I first take him out and turn him loose, and try to get the speed, range and desire to hunt in him. If he shows good natural qualities and takes an interest in his work I begin yard breaking. In this good judgment is necessary not to carry it too far and hurt the dog. Too much handling has done more to ruin high-strung, nervous dogs than all the other foolish things incompetent handlers do.

"One of the features of my training is keeping my dogs in good condition. I dearned long ago that condition cuts a very big figure with a dog, and I am proud to say that no one ever saw me with a mangy dog at a field trial."

Captain C. E. McMurdo, a well-known trainer who has devoted himself exclusively to the training of pointers, says: "My method of handling aims at teaching dogs to range with as much method as is practicable in the rough country over which I usually hunt. In other words, I teach my dogs to hunt to the gun, ranging wide or close, according to the ground, never allowing them to work behind the gun. In the matter of ranging I make the best possible use of the wind.

"Inasmuch as ranging comes under the head of what might be called natural qualities, it is, therefore, more a matter of breeding than education. I aim, however, to get all of the speed and range out of a dog that there is in him. During the past fifteen years or more my experience has been confined almost entirely to handling and breeding pointers. I notice a decided increase in the number of good ones bred. The improvement is chiefly shown in range and style in hunting. The general average of these dogs is better, and individual specimens have shown exceptional qualities. Altogether, the pointers in America, as they have come under my notice, have been greatly improved during that time."

Northland Inn

Is the place to spend your vacation at Minnetonka.

In Local Horsedom

To-morrow is Minneapolis Day at the State Fair and a highly attractive program is on for the afternoon. The event that attracts lovers of fine horses, however, is the $5,000 purse guaranteed by flour city citizens each year. There are fifteen entries in the big event this year, and among the number several steeds that have reduced their records many seconds since the entries closed. Among them may be mentioned Meta Arthur, 2:14¼; Dorothy Redmond, 2:12¾; Victoria Phallas, 2:15½; Ed Hooker, 2:14; and Tom P., W. F. Steele's New York entry, which promises to surprise the starters. Those guaranteeing the Minneapolis purse are not interested in racing other than to aid the state fair, but they have gallantly indorsed the guarantee for the last six years and feel well repaid by the manner in which the people have patronized the track stands during the afternoon of its performance. Fololwing is a list of the guarantors of the purse.

C. G. Goodrich (for Twin City Rapid Transit company), Boutell Bros., Wm. Donaldson & Co., New England Furniture and Carpet company, S. E. Olson company, Minneapolis Furniture company, Shevlin, Carpenter & Co., The Palace Clothing company, John A. Schlener & Co., C. H. Ganglehoff, George E. Higgins, Minneapolis Paper company, Winston, Harper, Fisher & Co., W. S. Nott company, Janney, Semple, Hill & Co., International Food company, Deere & Webber company, The Plymouth Clothing company, Yerxa Bros. & Co., Shattuck & Wood, Browning, King & Co., Evans, Munzer, Pickering & Co., West Hotel company, James S. Bell, North Star Woolen Mill company, Pauly House, R. R. Rand, Dodson, Fisher, Brockman & Co., Wyman, Pardridge & Co.

The inaugural exhibition of the Interurban Horse Show association closed Saturday night and was a most successful affair. The attendance Saturday was the best of the week, but at that was not what the attractions warranted. Many fine horses and their attractive appointments and vehicles were shown and the real horse show enthusiasts were well pleased, as a rule, by the results. While the exhibit lasted but three days, there were no more horses shown than appeared at the Minneapolis show at 'Haha in July, but the number shown were exhibited in more classes. Minneapolis won a majority of the first prizes of the three days, and the flour city owners feel quite elated. The judging of the three days by Messrs. Undergraff and his assistants was well received and it may be taken as a vindication of the expert rulings of C. D. Velie, Philip Hunt and Dr. J. Warren Little at the Minnehaha show, for in nearly every class, the first prizes were awarded by the St. Paul judges to the winners scoring under the Minneapolis judges in July.

The crest accompanying is a realistic representation of that handsome and speedy pacer, Dick Turpin, 2:09½, the property of W. G. Carling of St. Paul. Dick Turpin is only one of twenty-eight entries for the St. Paul Day $5,000 purse for 2:13 pacers at the state fair, but he is the big one of the bunch and promises to make the fight of the race if he does not succeed in capturing the capital prize.

FRESHMEN TO MEET

Football Teams of Wisconsin and Minnesota to Play at Madison

SAME DAY AS THE VARSITY GAME

Wisconsin 'Varsity Eleven Has Car Loads of Material to Draw From.

Special to The Journal.

Madison, Wis., Sept. 2.—About forty candidates for the Wisconsin football team have written Coach Phil King, in response to invitations, that they will be on hand for practice Sept. 14, and the number will probably reach sixty by the time practice begins. Twenty-five of those heard from are new men, principally high school players who are coming to the university, while not all of the members of last year's team who are expected have been heard from. There is a report that Larson, the star half-back, may not be here. Eddie Cochems, who has played a fast game at end, will be at the university, and may play if he is needed, but says he would rather not, as he needs his time for school work. Bradley, who has played quarter-back, is to be assistant instructor in the gymnasium, and while he would probably be welcomed back to his old place, he is not apt to apply for it.

"Slam" Anderson will assist King in the coaching, and Jerry Riordan will help break the new men in during the first three or four days of practice, but then goes to catch the Milwaukee Medics. The other assistant coaches have not been decided on. King left yesterday for the South Dakota prairies to shoot prairie chickens, but will be back before practice opens.

A new feature this year will be a freshman eleven, and a game for them has been scheduled with the Minneapolis freshmen, to be played here the same day as the 'varsity game. A game will also probably be arranged between them and the freshmen of Chicago university.

FARGO GOLFERS

They Are Playing With Enthusiasm—Barnes Cup Play.

Fargo, N. D., Sept. 2.—With the ideal fall weather, has come a revival of interest in golf and daily, now, crowds of golf players can be seen wending their way out to the links in the afternoon after the closing of the banks and offices. A golf contest for the Barnes cup was played off Saturday. The scores showed as follows:

	Gross.	Hdc.	Net.
W. F. Ball	113	27	86
J. A. Montgomery	106	8	98
C. A. Wheelock	112	12	100
E. H. Stranhan	119	4	115
F. E. Ball	156	40	116
E. W. Christianson	148	20	128
Howard Montgomery	191	60	131

The "blind bogy" was 87, and Colonel W. F. Ball came nearest to it and won the cup.

Struck the Winner.

Frank Hughes and Carl Struck, two oarsmen at the lake, rowed a race Friday evening to settle a contested race of several days pr ious. The course was across Excelsior bay to the Blue Line pavilion, Struck winning by seven lengths.

Scrofula

THE OFFSPRING OF HEREDITARY BLOOD TAINT.

Scrofula is but a modified form of Blood Poison and Consumption. The parent who is tainted by either will see in the child the same disease manifesting itself in the form of swollen glands of the neck and throat, catarrh, weak eyes, offensive sores and abscesses and oftentimes white swelling—sure signs of Scrofula. There may be no external signs for a long time, for the disease develops slowly in some cases, but the poison is in the blood and will break out at the first favorable opportunity. S. S. S. cures this wasting, destructive disease by first purifying and building up the blood and stimulating and invigorating the whole system.

J. M. Seals, 115 Public Square, Nashville, Tenn., says: "Ten years ago my daughter fell and cut her forehead. From this wound the glands on the side of her face became swollen and bursted. Some of the best doctors here and elsewhere attended her without any benefit. We decided to try S. S. S., and a few bottles cured her entirely."

SSS makes new and pure blood to nourish and strengthen the body, and is a positive and safe cure for Scrofula. It overcomes all forms of blood poison, whether inherited or acquired, and no remedy so thoroughly and effectively cleanses the blood. If you have any blood trouble, or your child has inherited some blood taint, take S. S. S. and get the blood in good condition and prevent the disease doing further damage.

Send for our free book and write our physicians about your case. We make no charge whatever for medical advice.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

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