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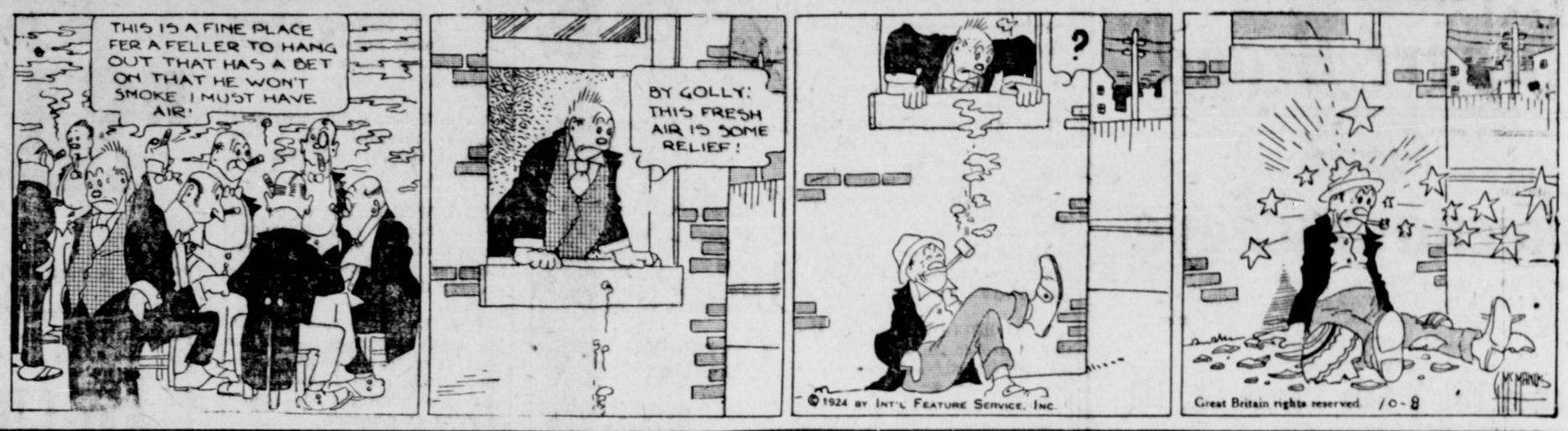
HER STYLE OF BEAUTY

"What sort of looking girl is Miss De Rocques?"

"Well, she has the sort of face that makes it absolutely necessary for its owner to be wealthy or a good cook."—Farm Life.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



SPORT NEWS OF THE DAY HERE AND EVERYWHERE

BASEBALL BOXING LACROSSE — FOOTBALL TENNIS HUNTING

ORGANIZING FOR BILLIARD SEASON

Competitions This Winter Will be Divided Into Two Sections — Entries to be Made Next Week

At a meeting of the City Billiard League last night in the G. W. V. A. rooms, President J. Watson, in the chair, it was decided to devide the forthcoming winter's competitions into two divisions, first and second, which will really constitute senior and intermediate classes. A special committee consisting of Ben Self, Fred Pyle, Bert Morgan, M. M. MacLachlan and Joe Brown was appointed to draw up rules. Entries will be received at a meeting to be held next Tuesday night.

GOSLIN ACCOUNTED FOR FIVE RUNS IN YESTERDAY'S GAME

Four Hits in as Many Times at Bat and Got Second Home Run of Series

NEW YORK , Oct. 8. — The Washington Senator's win over New York Giants yesterlay was the most decisive of the series. Leon Goslin, slugging pride of the visitors, accounted for five runs. He hammered out four hits in as many times at the bat, including his second home run of the series, which scored two runs ahead of him in the third inning. This gave Washington a lead which it never relinquished.

BRITISH BIG GAME HUNTER RETURNS

Major P. M. Stewart Arrived from Cassiar Country this Afternoon and Will Visit Jasper

Major P. M. Stewart, noted big game hunter and author of London, England, returned to the city on the Princess Alice yesterday after spending six weeks in the Cassiar country and connected with the five o'clock Canadian National train for Jasper Park where he will hunt. From Jasper he will proceed to Vancouver and, being joined by Mrs. Stewart will sail on October 23 for Australia.

Effective with the sailing tonight, C.N.R. steamers southbound on Wednesdays will in future call at Ocean Falls. This means that both Wednesday and Saturday boats out of here will make this call southbound.

Advertise in the Daily News.

PRINCE RUPERT TIDES

Wednesday, October 8

High	10:24 a.m.	18.5 ft
	22:29 p.m.	19.0 "
Low	3:46 a.m.	5.4 "
	16:22 p.m.	7.8 "

Thursday, October 9.

High	11:12 a.m.	19.5 ft.
	23:24 p.m.	19.8 "
Low	4:49 a.m.	5.0 "
	17:23 p.m.	6.4 "

Sport Chat

Probably one of the most astounding bits of news with a sporting tinge, that filtered through the regular news channels of the Canadian press is that which tells of how Jack Johnson, the negro pugilist, has "got religion," and set himself up as a revivalist. Johnson's last public appearance in Canada was a pitiful exhibition of fighting which he gave in the St. Denis Theatre, Montreal, with Home Smith this spring, and which alienated the good feeling which many people there still had of him, notwithstanding his peculiar career. It is understood that he tried to make his Canadian debut as a revivalist in Hamilton, Ont., but that some of the congregation of the colored church there strongly opposed his appearance as such in their pulpit.

The current issue of the Saturday Evening Post carries an article which should be of interest to all hunters and of particular value to the less experienced. It is entitled "When the Half Hunter Takes the Field." It deals with hunting accidents and how they may be prevented. Special reference is made to the safe handling of rifles and shotguns and rules that should be observed in the woods. The author, in the course of the article, declares that, of 1000 hunting fatalities he had looked into, he had decided that at least fifty per cent were the result of carelessness and might have been avoided. He also explains that laws prohibiting the shooting of does and shooting in the dark were devised as much for safety of hunters as for game conservation. When a hunter is required to look for horns on the animal he is shooting it is pointed out there is less danger of shooting something that may not really be a deer. He urges the use of bright colors by hunters while in the woods and the making of noise by those packing out deer so they may not be mistaken. The most prolific cause of self-inflicted hunting fatalities, he says, are caused by handling the gun by the barrel instead of the stock.

OUT AFTER DUCKS

—:o:—

Little Account of a Sunday Trip Illustrating the Difference Between Sport and Work.

—:o:—

(By H. F. Pullen).

The difference between sport and work is all in the mental attitude. Any of us would object to getting up in the middle of the night to work unless he were a doctor and then he could charge enough for the service to make it worth while. Those of us to whom a dollar an hour looks big would kick like steers if we were asked to get down to the office at four o'clock in the morning. Yet in the name of sport four o'clock is quite an attractive time to turn out. Five is rather late and six is only the hour at which amateurs at the game would think of showing up.

Just as an illustration let me tell you about our little jaunt. It took place last Sunday. We had been up rather late the night before and it was one o'clock when we finally decided that we would turn out at four and see what we could do among the ducks around Duncan Bay. Bill and Tommy and I parted then with the promise on their part that they would give me a call at four, a few minutes later we would meet at the Boston Grill and then we could leave the float by five.

Sharp on Time

It was quarter to two before I finally climbed between the sheets, tired after a somewhat strenuous evening. At four the alarm sounded and as I did not hear from the others I gave Tommy a ring. He stuttered a little but said he'd be there and on time we met at the eats joint. Bill had not been heard from. Tommy went to fetch him and found that he had set his alarm for five instead of four. He capitulated, however, and soon arrived to join in the slaughter of the hot cakes.

Then there was the question of the gun. I had arranged to borrow one and the good lady who lent it said she would put it outside in the hall. It was not there so what was I to do but call her out of bed at that unearthly hour and have her get the gun for me.

Arriving at the boat house we could see another party wandering around in the dark getting a boat under way. This was cheering. We were not the only fools in town and we told them so, much to their amusement.

Two Officers

At the boat Bill undertook the work of chief engineer and Tommy was helmsman, but as Bill was chief, I started the engine while he manipulated the needle valve. That worked pretty well and soon we were heading out into a thin fogbank and as we looked at our watches we saw that it was just half past five and the day before us. Bill relinquished his post at the engine and Tommy gave up the tiller, and I, being older and only an A.B., while they were officers, tried to get a course by the city lights behind, and later by a lone star that pierced the fog from overhead. The boys had been dancing all evening and naturally were rather tired and two hours it must be admitted is rather short for a night's rest.

Approaching Metlakatla the dawn was breaking and we could see an occasional flock of ducks passing. We were all wide awake now and looking at the guns and thinking of Duncan Bay, and visions of flocks of mallards and perhaps a goose or two.

Stalking the Duck

Arriving we decided to leave the boat and they would remain at the bay while I walked along the beach to Swamp Island where they would later pick me up. We set off bravely and pretty soon I heard a couple of shots and could hardly keep myself from returning to see what they had. There were ducks in the water all along the beach but too far off. Then I saw a lone duck near shore and, getting a rock between him and me I commenced to stalk him. He was a little suspicious and as I approached I saw him dive. That was my opportunity. I rushed forward without hiding and by the time he came up, was well within gunshot. Without giving him a chance to rise from the water I fired and killed him with the first shot. Unfortunately, however, the tide carried him away from shore and I never recovered the game.

That was the first of four that I killed and later I found that Bill had three. There was other shooting, however. Rounding a corner a crow came close overhead. The first shot made him dodge and the second brought him volplaning to the beach where I found him dead when I came up. There were a number of other attempts to slaughter the birds but they seemed to fly away, frightened by the noise doubtless.

Lunch

At Swamp Island there was little sign of birds. After wandering for some time, I kindled a fire and almost before I knew it was sound asleep alongside. But not for long. In ten minutes I was awakened by intense heat and found my pants leg afire but not seriously damaged. Again I slept and enjoyed a rest until half past eleven, when I began to feel that lunch would be the right thing. Unhappily it was in the boat and the boat was not in sight. It was noon before I spied the little craft moving in the distance and heard the pleasant chug chug of the engine. It was a pleasant sound and brought cheerful thoughts of lunch but not until we had returned to Duncan Bay did we eat and then we had to fetch water and boil the kettle. However, everything comes to those who wait. If lunch was delayed, it was all in the name of sport. We were enjoying ourselves, not working. Work on Sunday would be a hideous thing to do. None of us would be guilty of such a thing except under extreme provocation, but sport is different.

What I Saw

What did I see? I saw dozens of song sparrows. No matter where one stopped on the beach there was always a pair of these birds around, flitting under the logs or among the low bushes. There were ducks and grebes and murrelets and now and then a guillemot, but most of the guillemots, which were so plentiful in the early summer, seemed to have departed. One little yellow warbler was seen at Swamp Island, a few eagles, a number of crows, an occasional kingfisher, a flock or two of small plover or snipe, gulls galore, a few geese and a couple of western winter wrens. There were deer tracks on the beach at one place but I did not see any animal of any kind.

The Killers

Our bag was small but we had plenty of good exercise. Also we were part of the army of killers who go out every Sunday in the autumn, ready to shoot at ducks or geese or deer or any kind of animal fit for food. We had reverted to type. We may have been murderers but we slept the sleep of the just that night. A long sleep and sound.

Mr and Mrs. Gordon J. Reading, who are moving to Seattle, will sail for the south on the Prince Rupert tonight.

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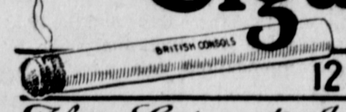

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LOST

LOST.—Between Fisheries office and Cardena, yesterday, pair of ladies' horned rimmed glasses. Phone Blue 204.

FOUND

FOUND.—Ladies' felt hat. Owner can obtain same upon identifying and paying for this advertisement at the Daily News office.

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FOR SALE or Lease, Royal Cafe.

FOR SALE. — Kitchen cabinet, dressing table and chair, both new. Apply No. 6 Besner Apartments.

FOR SALE. — Rooming house, furnished. Apply 929 Ambrose Avenue.

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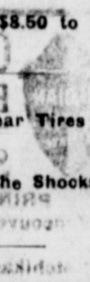

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