

# Latest News

## ICE SPORTS HOCKEY AND BOWLING

# In Realm

## BASKET BALL BOXING AND OTHER EVENTS

# Of Sport

### CANADIENS TAKE ROUGH GAME FROM VANCOUVER 2 TO 1

#### And Win Play-off For the Right to Meet Calgary in Final—Ice Was Soft and Going Hard Throughout—Joliat and Duncan Mix Things Up—Hard Feeling Prevailed Between Players.

(Special to the Guardian) MONTREAL, Mar. 20.—The Canadiens won the right to meet the Calgary Tigers Monday night in the first game of the play-off series, by again defeating the Vancouver "Maroons" by the close score of 2 goals to 1.

The "Tigers" are a fast and sturdy bunch of hockeyists and some dopsters are already predicting the fall of the eastern Canadian champions when they meet their western foes.

The same series of games, best two out of three, will govern the final play-off.

Last night's game was on heavy ice, with the Canadiens having the better of territory play in the first two periods and fell back to a wonderful exhibition of four-man defence in the final stanza. The game was played under western hockey league rules which included kicking and carrying puck on logs and pads; even at this game the Canadiens eschewed.

Young Joliat was the outstanding star on the winners line tonight and even on a slushy and watery ice surface, his speed and stick handling was phenomenal and his efforts were well rewarded.

### JIMMY GARDNER WARNS CANADIENS NOT TO UNDER-ESTIMATE CALGARY

MONTREAL, March 20.—"Jimmy" Gardner, one of the great players of over a decade ago, and latterly looked upon as a most efficient referee, returned from the west with the teams that arrived to play for the Stanley Cup.

He has been acting as referee for the Prairie League and cannot speak too highly of the people in charge of that league and more especially President Richardson.

He seems to think that the Calgary team had better not be under-estimated by the Canadiens, or it might spring a surprise on them, even though some of its members are looked upon as veterans on account of the length of time their names have appeared in the line-ups of the Big League.

### RECEIVES 1923 SHIELD FOR BIKE RACE

#### George Walker, Maritime Bike Champion Well Pleased With Herald and Mail Trophy Won Last Year.

George Walker, local around athlete and Maritime long distance bike champion received a beautiful shield Tuesday from the Herald and Mail, Halifax, in recognition of his remarkable performance last fall capturing once more the 45 mile Herald and Mail bicycle event.

The "Shield" which is mounted on a solid oak base is 15 by 18 inches. In the centre is a Sterling silver plate bearing the inscription "Herald and Mail Bike Race 1923," and on a smaller plate directly below is another inscription which reads "Won By G. Walker." On either side of the larger plate, are decorated laurel wreaths of grey silver and on the top, silver ribbons artistically entwined top off a trophy that one might well be proud of possessing.

Walker has won this annual bike event for three consecutive years and it is a safe bet if he competes this fall, the honors will again come to Prince Edward Island.

### MADISONS VS P. W. C. TONIGHT

The drawn game between the Madisons and P. W. C's will be played all over again tonight, and although soft ice is expected the battle will certainly be worth attending.

It will be remembered the last set-to between these sextettes was hard fought and exciting throughout and although 75 minutes of hockey was played the line-ups were forced to leave the ice as they had started—on even terms.

Considering the outcome of tonight's fixture, that is, if the Madisons win, a three cornered tie in the league will result, but if the P. W. C's quit on the long end of the scoring, the championship is theirs.

### HOCKEY MATCH A LA "WOOLLY"

#### Many Thrills Provided for Boston Fans In Recent Game

Impressions gained at the Victoria-Boston College recent game at the Arena, if painted with the brush of a futurist artist, would probably include a mass of waving legs, arms and hockey sticks, a sprinkling of "blue coats" with fat clubs, acrobatic officials, and a flock of pugnacious and wild-eyed spectators, says the Boston Transcript.

On looking back through the maze of incidents that filled the evening at the St. Botolph Street Ice Palace, one has difficulty in finding any previous game to compare with it.

The game last night was hardly under way before it became evident that something unusual was about to happen. Play gradually became rough. It looked as though the Canadians, used to the "inside tricks" of the game in vogue across the border, were trying to crowd the collegians. The Boston College players, easily aroused, headed back all that came their way. Throughout the first period, replete with some brilliant hockey, the trouble brewed.

There was no open demonstration, however, until the middle of the second period, when Referee Scott, who, by the way when not officiating is regular goal tend for the Montreal Victorias, put Muldowney of B. C. off the ice.

Muldowney seemed to think, and with some justice, that he did not deserve banishment and was inclined to argue. He even waved his open hand across the visage of the Canadian official. The fight was officially on. Players from both teams gathered and waved sticks threateningly. Several Victoria substitutes skated out to get a hand in matters. Spectators stood on the seats and an air of expectancy filled the Arena.

That little crisis was passed successfully, however, and, after a verbal barrage, the game was resumed. But from that time on play passed from the merely rough stage into a riot in which every known art, and some that were invented on the moment, of misuse of stick and skate were employed.

Penalties to the extent of twelve were handed out and at one time in the third period both teams were reduced to three players on a side.

It was then that the spectators did take a hand in things. The six players in the penalty box began to mix things and the spectators, with a yearning to aid their friends, leaned over and "swiped" at the nearest face. Fortunately the "blue coats" were plentiful enough to quell the row before it spread too far.

There was plenty of good hockey mixed in with the "fire works." The Victoria team would have had an easy evening of it if they had C. R. Kieley.

Total—2417.

### THE CUP CANADIENS, CALGARY AND VANCOUVER ARE SEEKING

#### Just a Battered Old Bit of Pewter, But Holds Rare History—Garlanded With Tradition and Steeped With Hockey Sentiment The Stanley Cup is Symbolic of All That Makes Hockey the Premier Sport in Canada.

OTTAWA, Mar. 20.—Just a battered old bit of pewter, but it holds a rare history. Garlanded with tradition and steeped in hockey sentiment the Stanley Cup is symbolic of all that makes hockey the premier sport attraction in Canada. Its value is negligible, but its associations are priceless. If it could speak what an interesting story the old mug could tell. Tales of titanic battles of yesteryear, incidents that have echoed down the corridors of time, and anecdotes that would revive anew the old-time glories of heroes of other days.

The tales of the old "Silver Seven", and the recent wonderful victories of the "Super Six" still fresh in mind would be revived. That night of nights in 1905 when Rat Portage, led by the gifted Phillips, shook every river that fastened it to its then perpetual moorings would be brought back to mind, and every detail of that historic game revived to again make the eyes of old-time fans sparkle. Ottawa would be the word of the moment, and the prowess of the Old Winnipeg Vics, the Montreal Little Men of Iron, those hurdling dashes of Lester Patrick that quivered the heart strings of thousands, of fans, and the wonderful prowess of the old Wanderers would be recalled.

Going back a little the cup could tell of the tricky rushes of the great Shamrock team led by the inimitable Harry Trihey. One would see again in sweeping formation the Silver Seven storming the opponents' nets, led by grim Alf Smith, the suave and polished Billy Gilmour, nonchalant Rat Westwick, and the gifted McFee, greatest sharpshooter of them all.

### A Priceless Pewter

Such a story would be a word panorama of hockey unfolded through thirty-two years of storm and strife. The cup has travelled east and west, but its place of abode has mostly been here. Old banquets would be brought to view again, incidents humorous and gay would be retold. Names that held vast audiences spell-bound would hold their spell again. Hod Stuart, the peerless defence player; Blackford, the tactician; skilful Ernie Russell, and Pud Glass, first to use the now universal poke check; Art Ross, as graceful a stickhandler as ever carried a puck; Fred Taylor, Bruce Stuart, the skating wonder man; Si Griffis, McGinis, and the cool, and calculating Geroux. Goalkeepers too, would be extolled, and John Bower, the graceful guardian; peerless Percy Lesieur, and the same old Chicoutimi Icicle Vein would come in for their meed of praise.

In our present day the names of Gerard, Nighbor, Gerodict, Denny, Broadbent, Boucher, et al, and their exploits would often be reviewed. Other countries and other games have their trophies, but none are so rich and fragrant with all that goes to make up what is intended by the true meaning of sport as the Stanley Cup. As the red, white and black colors are unfurled from it, and the carmine and blue draped round it for the time being, Ottawa fans bid the famous bowl a short but none the less a lingering adieu.

### BOSTON PLANS WELCOME FOR SUSSEX TEAM

BOSTON, March 20.—Greater Boston appreciating the fact that for the first time in history of indoor hockey in this section a Canadian team will visit here wearing a triple crown, is arranging to give the Sussex, N. B. team which plays the Maples at the Arena Friday night and the B. A. A. Saturday night, a royal welcome. In addition to a special reception arranged by the local hockey organization and the Arena management, the city is planning to render the sextet an official welcome.

Boston has successfully staged hockey seasons that are unequalled in this section of the country and the fans have been more than eager to greet Canadian sextets. Therefore the coming of the Sussex team, with its wonderful record, is eagerly awaited. As Mayor Curley put it this afternoon, "we want to show these remarkable players that we not only realize but appreciate their worth. They surely must be welcomed as champions should be welcomed."

### BOWLING

Major F. B. McRae returned last night from Camp Hill Hospital, Halifax where he had been undergoing treatment for the past ten days.

L. of C. Alley

Joe MacIsaac	130	90	162
Ed. Flynn	200	167	128
Roy Steele	120	197	117
Joe Ranahan	120	133	140
Jack Lund	130	194	108
Total	724	782	655

Post Office

W. Crockett	176	155	168
W. Essory	147	127	176
M. Gallant	112	128	208
W. Horton	124	157	194
L. Arsenault	162	142	144
Total	721	709	890

March 21st C. N. R. and Bankers. Total—1557.



GEORGE WALKER A 1923 photograph of Walker snapped by a Herald and Mail photographer a minute or so after he crossed the line a winner.

In 1920 the first event of this kind to be held in Halifax, a rider by the name of Coakley established a record for the distance, 3 hrs 5 minutes. In 1921, Walker, after competing in the Herald 10 mile marathon road race on one Saturday decided to take a crack at the grand on the following Sat. his hunch proved correct for he not only won easily but hung up a new Maritime record, covering the distance in 2 hrs. 43 min, beating Coakley's time by 22 minutes. He repeated the win again in 1922 and this time succeeded in smashing his own record by 10 minutes, going the 45 miles in 2 hrs. 33 min.

By virtue of his past achievements and just previous to the 1923 grind, he was a 10 to 1 favorite for first honors. The "dope" proved correct as George once more led the field to the finish in the fast time of 2 hrs. 14 min., again breaking his record, on this occasion by 19 minutes.

Comparing the first record of 3 hrs. 5 minutes with the present one of 2 hrs. 14 minutes, a difference of 51 minutes over the same distance, it looks as though Walker's record, providing he don't ride himself, will stand for a goodly number of years, probably longer than that.

Walker who is at present employed at the "Y" as assistant secretary, keeps himself in the pink of physical condition and it is hoped that he will again ride this fall when the call goes out.

The Shield mentioned above is

LADIES CITY BOWLING LEAGUE

In the Ladies City Bowling League last night on the "Y" Alleys the Eureka won out by a large majority from the C. B. C's.

In winning the game the Eureka broke the ladies record for the league by over 100 pins.

For the Eureka Miss Finlayson bowled an excellent game totaling 476 pins in the three games.

For the C. B. C's Miss McInnis and Miss Sterns were high.

Tonight the Hopefuls bowl the "Y" girls.

EUREKAS

H. Stewart	149	104	124
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a second of its kind won by Walker, together with a beautiful cup for his splendid performance in the Herald and Mail's annual long distance bike event.

CITY CHURCH LEAGUE ON "Y" ALLEYS

The ninth game of the City Church League was played on the "Y" Alleys last night between Zion and Baptist, the former winning the game by a large majority of 336 pins.

ZION

E. Walker	145	186	144
F. Nicholson	191	165	206
J. Senter	131	163	140
R. LePage	133	134	197
C. R. Kieley	169	196	117
Total	2417		

BAPTIST

R. Eaton	126	155	140
G. Parks	146	82	164
A. Arfick	150	140	158
R. Forsythe	121	140	143
N. Robinson	117	182	157
Total	2081		

Central Christian and St. James Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, tonight at 7 p. m.

Overworked muscles

Stiff and sore

You can take out ache and stiffness quickly with Sloan's Liniment. Just put it on gently. You don't have to rub it in. The lameness will begin to pass away at once. Get a bottle at your druggist's today—35 cents.

Sloan's Liniment—kills pain!



Sloan's Liniment—kills pain!

**ACTION STUFF**  
By Robert Welles Ritchie

**A Real Colorful Story**

Every time Thanksgiving swings around I think of Perth Amboy and the fine terror that may be found in its environs under certain conditions. For the liveliest Thanksgiving I ever spent was in and around this New Jersey City.

For the benefit of people not enjoying acquaintance with Perth Amboy, let it be said that the town is the center of the terra cotta industry of the Atlantic seaboard. Up and down the Kill von Kull, a salt water stream separating the Jersey shore from Staten Island, are the terra cotta clay banks, kilns for baking fire brick, a smoky welter of factories and waste lands and marshes scarred by the haggling and burrowing of men. An American No-man's Land stretching for twenty miles either side of a city boasting the most cosmopolitan population west of Suez. Perth Amboy has—unless a great change has come over its population—every tribe under the sun except the Eskimo, with a preponderance of eastern-European folk passing under the generic name of "Hunkies."

This Thanksgiving of vivid memory happened to come at a time when a general strike among the Poles, Hungarians and Montenegrins composing the labor in the pits and kilns had reached the acute stage of knifings, clubbings and midnight murders. The county authorities had appealed to the Governor of New Jersey to send the National Guard down to Perth Amboy to restore order. His Excellency was debating the propriety of making such a step. Throughout kilns things had come to about as lawless a pass as one could imagine.

My city editor in New York decided at this juncture to give me a real Thanksgiving holiday; he sent me down to Perth Amboy to get what he called "a real colorful story" of the situation there. He detached from the staff a new reporter—a fine chap just out of Yale and yearning to see life in the "leg-man." A "leg-man," it must be explained to the uninitiate, is an unfortunate who is selected to do all the running around and report to his lordly star reporter what he may learn.

Noyes—that was his name—and I went to Perth Amboy, sorrowfully putting behind us visions of turkey in the midst of family reunions. When we got off the train we found the city and all its dreary out-country wrapped in an impenetrable fog. We had no been a half hour in the town when he heard of two murders wrought that afternoon somewhere out in the most burdened clay pits; the Hunkies were having their playful war with strike breakers. More than that, the low-browed men of direct action from Balkans had fortified themselves, so we were told, in one of the labor centers outside of town—my memory prompts that Keasby was the name of the settlement—and were prepared to shoot anybody approaching.

A "real colorful story" lay there for the getting. Being both young and foolish, Noyes and I decided to go to Keasby.

We rode on a trolley as far as the car went and there, with the conciliatory warning beating upon our ears, we started afoot across country to find Keasby—a country pitted with excavations wherein dank water lay in neat traps to drown a man. A country bandaged with

**AFTER ALL There's Nothing To Equal Zam-Buk FOR THE SKIN!**

BRINGING UP FATHER

BY GOLLY I NEVER FELT BETTER IN MY LIFE BUT I SURE WAS A SICK MAN! JUST THINK I WAS DELIRIOUS TWO DAYS AGO!

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IT'S FROM THE MILLINER'S MRS JIGGS FIFTY DOLLARS COLLECT!

!?!\*

WAIT TILL I GO UP STAIRS I'LL ASK MR JIGGS TO WRITE OUT A CHECK FOR IT!

OH! SEE 'OH! SEE THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL HOUSE!

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