

**SPORTING.**

— The Ogdensburgh Rifle Club beat the Ottawa at 1,000 yds. range recently.

— The Shamrocks play the Montreal Lacrosse Club to-day for the championship.

— The Caledonian Societies will hold a grand international meeting in this city on the 21st prox.

— "Village girl" won the 20 mile trotting race on Wednesday at Lepine Park. In the 240 class "Bonneville Boy" won.

— Frank Edwards won the 6 days walking match which ended on the 15th inst. at San Francisco with a score of 371 miles, and received \$1000 and a diamond pin valued at \$1500. P. McIntyre came in second and received \$750 in coin.

The Longueuil yacht race on Saturday was rather tame owing to the lack of wind. The Iona, Captain McIntosh, vice-commander, came in first; the Water Witch, captain Lewis, second; Maud, commander Dr. Brewster, third. Mr. Henry McIntosh managed the winning craft.

Larry Rush and John Doche P. Docherty, local pugilists, were matched to fight for the light-weight championship of Scotland and a stake of £20. The "mill" was arranged to come off on Tuesday morning, June 17, at Provenhall, about five miles from Glasgow, and fully 1,000 spectators were present. The stakes were pitched and the ring formed, when the police appeared and the principals and unlookers stampeded with a rush. The weather was wretched, rain falling heavily, and the crowd afterwards returned to Glasgow. After arriving at headquarters fresh arrangements were made to fight at Lambhill at twelve o'clock, and so dark was the venue kept that only two hundred spectators were present. Ropes were captured by the police in the morning, and the ring was formed by spectators without such aid. A referee being appointed, the men entered the ring, shook hands as usual, and the fight began. Rush led off, and after some close and desperate fighting drew first blood, Docherty down. Round after round followed in quick succession, Rush, from his size and length of arm, having the advantage over his game little opponent, whom he gradually wore down. He inflicted terrible punishment upon Docherty's face and head, until he was scarcely recognizable. After the thirtieth Docherty showed great weakness, and any odds were offered on Rush. After the fiftieth round Rush dealt Docherty such a fearful blow on the chin that he was dashed some yards back on his head, which sank in the grass. Though almost knocked out of time, he quickly responded to the call, and for another round stood up to receive punishment. The referee was convinced that Rush had won the battle, the sponge was thrown up, and stakes awarded to Rush, after fighting fifty-one rounds in about an hour. Thus ended one of the gamest battles fought in the vicinity of Glasgow. Larry Rush was an untried man, though a good boxer and winner of Tom Allen's medal this year, while Docherty may be almost described as the hero of a hundred fights. He seems to have been born a boxer, and fought and won his first battle when scarcely fifteen years of age, defeating McMahon in four rounds, which lasted three-quarters of an hour. His next fight of note was with the celebrated John Hilley, pupil of Tom Quin—who never trained a loser—the then light-weight champion of Scotland. In this fight he was defeated after a gallant struggle of fully forty minutes; he fought a half-inch glove encounter with Jack McLaughlin, which lasted two hours and twenty minutes, ending in a draw. Some other minor battles were all decided in his favor, and his last victory was over Joe Kitchen in Melbourne, Australia, three years ago. The light-weight championship of Scotland has not been contested for years, since Hilley and young McKendrick met near Lanark. After fighting for an hour and a quarter, slightly in favor of Hilley, the police interfered, and the battle was adjourned till the end of the same week. As McKendrick did not enter, Hilley was awarded the stakes.

Cockers of Buffalo, N. Y., invaded the Dominion July 4 to enjoy a good day's sport with their Canadian neighbors. Many birds were shown by both sides, but only nine battles were fought, because the Buffalo fraternity were compelled to return early in the evening, as the accommodation to and from the place was very poor. The birds shown by the Hill boys were crossed from the celebrated Lawman muffs of Little York, Courtland County, this State—rapid fighters, sharp billers, and hard and determined hitters. The betting on the various fights was about even. The first fight was between a Dominick (Wilson) and a blackred (Hill boys), each weighing 4lb 4oz., and was won by the latter in seven minutes. The next was between a blackred (Skipper's) and a blackred (Dean's), each weighing 4lb 4oz., and was won by the

latter in eight minutes. The third was between a Dominick (Wilson), 5lb 2oz., and a Susquehanna (Shea), 5lb 4oz., which was won by the latter in eleven minutes. The fourth fight was won by a 4lb 11oz., blackred (Hill boys), defeating a 4lb 10oz. henny (Skipper). This lasted only four minutes. The next was between a 4lb 4oz. blackred muff (Wilson) and a henny (Skipper). After fighting a short time the henny showed the white feather, and the fight was awarded to the muff. The sixth fight showed a 4lb 4oz. pyle (Wilson) and a 4lb 3oz. blackred (Hill boys), in which the pyle came off the victor. In the following battle Skipper showed another henny, weighing 4lb 8oz., and Shea another Susquehanna of like weight, in which the henny came second best in eleven minutes. In the eighth fight Dean showed a 4lb 9oz. blackgray and the Hill boys a blackred. The blackred proved himself the superior bird. Now came the ninth and last fight, and by far the best of the day. It lasted seventeen minutes, and was stubbornly contested, inch by inch, by a 4lb 5oz. Dominick (Wilson) and another henny (Skipper's), weighing 4lb 7oz. Finally the Dominick was declared the winner, and so ended a good day's sport. The entire party then dispersed in different directions, only regretting that the sport could not be kept up to a later hour, on account of the trouble above mentioned.—*New York Clipper.*

**The New York Clipper says:**

As promised last week, Johnny Dwyer has left with us the following card in reply to the challenge and communication from Paddy Ryan, in whose earnestness of purpose the Brooklynite don't seem to take much stock; and as he (Dwyer) don't propose to again train or fight for as small a sum as he did before, he has concluded to relinquish the title which he won when he defeated Elliott, but says that if the Trojan can find friends to put up for him he will, upon his return from the Golden Gate, once more enter the ring for a big stake. It will be remembered that when Dwyer made the match with Elliott he declared that, win or lose, he would never afterwards enter the ring as a principal, and he cannot, therefore, be blamed for taking this action:

BROOKLYN, May 14 1879.

EDITOR, NEW YORK CLIPPER.—Dear Sir: In your issue of July 5 I noticed a letter from Paddy Ryan of Troy, challenging me to fight him for one thousand dollars aside and the championship; also stating that if I did not accept he would claim the title. Now, Mr. Editor, as far as I am concerned, and also so far as I am concerned in regard to the title, he can have it with pleasure. I will also contribute towards a leather belt, the same to be presented to Mr. Ryan, whom I may call the "Would-be Champion of the World." Now, Mr. Editor, I want to state, right here, that at my exhibition in Brooklyn (previously to my fight with Mr. Elliott) he (Ryan) was offered one hundred dollars to spar with me; also that after my fight with Mr. Elliott he was offered one hundred and fifty dollars and his expenses, which fact I can prove by a gentleman in New York, whose reputation is unquestioned, as the said Ryan knows. Again Mr. Ryan says that I retired from the ring without ever putting foot in it. That was not my fault, as neither Ryan nor anyone else would fight me. When I challenged Tom Allen he was in this country, and to show that I meant business, I left five hundred dollars in your office for some six weeks. Another thing I want to remind Ryan of is, that when a mere boy I fought and defeated one of the best men in the country at that time. I have spured and held my own with all of the best men of the day, and I have trained and seconded some of the best men who ever went into a ring—a place Mr. Ryan has yet to see for the first time in any way. Another thing is, that I do not intend that Mr. Ryan shall travel giving exhibitions on the strength of my reputation. In regard to our late farce—not match—Mr. Ryan's backer, Judge Griffith of Troy, sent for his money on July 18, when we were to have fought between the 15th and 25th. I left my money at your office until Aug. 1. Now, Mr. Editor, I am making preparations to go to California, and do not think it proper to enter into any agreement with anyone just now. Ryan's sole object is, not to fight, but to go about giving sparring shows on the strength of having made a match with me. I had made up my mind never to re-enter the ring, but I now say that upon my return from California I will be ready to make a match to fight Mr. Ryan for from three to five thousand dollars a side. I shall not pay attention to any more paper-talk from this looking-glass fighter, Paddy Ryan, so that he may just as well save himself the trouble of writing letters.

Yours respectfully,  
JOHN J. DWYER.

**NOTICE.**—The Office of the Police News has been removed to 28 St. Vincent Street, nearly opposite the Richelieu Hotel.

**BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.**

"You will observe by this notice," said the melancholy man, "that Joseph Thompson is dead."

"Ah," said the News reporter, "that's too bad. Poor Thomp. By the way, who is Joseph Thompson?"

"Why, sir," said the melancholy man, removing his handkerchief from his eyes long enough to exhibit a stare of surprise, "Mr. Thompson kept the well-known establishment on Blank street. He was a good man, a kind father."

"Poor Thomp.!" repeated the reporter, thoughtfully. "I'm so sorry. But what did he do in his establishment?"

"Really," said the melancholy man, "you surprise me! It was a junk-shop in the higher branches of that art. It did a nice business, as you must be aware."

"No, I don't think I am aware," quietly said the reporter.

"Well, well, never mind," said the melancholy man, pausing a moment for the purpose of sobbing, "it's of no consequence. He was a thoroughly conscientious man, and the idol of his family. Nobody ever came begging to his door and went away empty-handed. Nobody ever sought his advice without getting it. He was a man of stern inflexibility, or rather of perfectly pure motives, and all his actions were devoid of guile."

"Joseph Thompson," said the reporter, musingly. "Somehow I can't place this man."

"Yes, yes," said the melancholy man, "Joseph Thompson. None knew him but to love him. His business will be continued by his widow at the old stand."

"See here," said the reporter suddenly, "did Joseph Thompson advertise?"

"N-no," said the melancholy man, "but then—"

"Get out!" said the reporter with extreme animation. "Go to! Go to the deuce! Go to the counting-room! That's where you want to go, without climbing an extra pair of stairs in order to bore me with your infernal corpse. I never knew Joseph Thompson. I don't want to know anything about him. In point of fact Joseph Thompson was a fraud, and if he were not dead I should hope he might be hanged."

**MONTREAL BY GAS-LIGHT.**

HE THOUGHT HE COULD DO IT.—AMERICAN GROWS APACE.—RAILROAD EUCHRE AND OTHER GAMES.—(Founded on fact.)

Comparisons are odious, and our fair city of churches shall not be injured by being compared or contrasted with those frightful holes of iniquity known as fast towns on the other side of 45. It is only the short history of Mr. Snooks that will be told exactly as it is.—He was an orphan and inherited \$1,500. Like all young men of sense he placed his money in a saving bank and threw up his sit. "\$1,500," he soliloquized, "well invested, will make me my own boss; let me see, I will start a wood yard." By the time he had finished constructing his airy castles he had reached a saloon on Craig street, into which he walked. "Yes, I am pretty certain to make the thing pay," he said to himself as he entered the temple of Bacchus.

"Hallo Snooks" cried a voice "how do you feel?"

"Is that you, why Bob, I have not seen you since the last time, what will you have?"

"Half and half."

"I'll have brandy and soda" says Snooks. After getting outside of their respective beverages, Snooks says to Bob: "Look here, let us sit down, I want to tell you something." They go into a side room and having sat down Snooks rings the table gong and remarks to Bob "what's yours?" "Same as last."

The poison having been put before them, Snooks says: "Look here, I am going to start a wood yard, do you know anything about the business?"

Bob who can't tell maple from tamarac, "Yes, if I can be of any use to you, I am there."

"Well," says Snooks, "I'm going up the Ottawa to-morrow to see what I can do. I can get a vacant lot cheap, and by October I guess I can get a couple of hundred cords of mixed wood which will realize over one hundred per cent by next spring."

"If you know your bis, you're all right" quietly put in Bob, and as I said before, Snooks, I'll do what I can for you. I know something about cord wood.

"I say I'd treat but I'm dead broke."

"Never mind, I'll do the handsome, what's to be?"

"Same all round."

"You say you've got no tin, well lets play a game of euchre."

Bob: "I'll play a game for love as my name is not good here." This was an intentional distortion of facts.

Snooks: "What do you say; I'll pony up, money is no object."

Bob won the deal and was turning up a Jack when a young man known by the name of "Sport" (his true name is Jack) came in and removing his cigar from his potato trap observed. "Can I join in?"

"Let's begin over" replies Snooks, and a shuffle is made.

Snooks wins the deal and asks "what will it be, the assisting game?"

"Let's play cut throat with a blank card, first seven."

This being agreed to, the game goes on and Snooks gets euchred on the right bower, the ace and the king of clubs and the ace and king of spades.

Bob and Jack telegraph to each other and Snooks gets put in and takes a brandy and soda.

The next deal is Jack's. He takes seven cards and gives six to Bob, and five to Snooks who picks them up only to find that he has no trump.

"I pass he says."

"So I don't" remarks Jack, and having discarded three cards, he plays to let Bob out and then saws off with Snooks. Having won the deal he suggests that besides the drinks 25 cents might be bet to make the game more interesting.

"Keno" says Snooks, and in the course of the afternoon he loses \$5, besides the drinks which foot up about two more.

Brandy and soda being lighter than beef-steaks, they rose to Snooks' no-dle and brought his imaginative faculties into play. "I've half an idea to go round the mountain," what do you say?

No sooner said than done, and hailing a cab off they went.

At one in the morning, Snooks might have been seen taking both sides of the side-walk on his way home, and saying: "I'll buy a cord of wood you bet (hic) and rent the Champ de Mars; euchre be hanged; I don't care if I did loose five dollars. I'm going to Ottawa to-morrow. What kind of wood is soft maple; ah yes, it's like elm or spruce (hic) that's so."

Having reached his house he opened the door after looking for the key hole for ten minutes and went to bed with his boots on.

(To be continued.)

**FOR SALE.**—A brindle Bull-terrier pup (bitch). Apply at this Office.

**THE LOVERS** of the ivory and green cloth may spend a pleasant hour at MR. ALPHONSE MERCIER'S BILLIARD ROOMS, corner Notre Dame and St. Gabriel Streets. Pin-Pool, pocket tables, etc., at the disposal of patrons.

**THE OREANA**  
A. TRUTEAU, Proprietor, corner Craig St. and Perrault Lane.

MR. TRUTEAU take this opportunity of thanking his friends for the liberal patronage extended to him during the last ten years at St. Vincent-de-Paul and will continue to keep the choicest liquors, cigars, &c., at his new place. He invites his friends and the public generally to give him a call in remembrance of old times.

**ARMY & NAVY CIGAR STORE,** Corner Notre Dame and St. Gabriel Sts., J. G. McLORME, Proprietor. Boys you should not pass the ARMY AND NAVY as we have the choicest stock of Cigars, Pipes and Tobacco in the City. Give us a trial anyway.

**CURIOSITY SHOP.**—The establishment of Chs. McKiernan [Joe Beef] continues as in the past to draw a large number of strangers who have heard of Joe's fame in all parts of the continent.

**WANTED.**—A Canvasser of good address is wanted for this paper. None but a responsible person, who is thoroughly acquainted with the City, need apply.

**CANADA HOTEL.**  
This first class hotel has been thoroughly refurnished. The table leaves nothing to be desired. Busses connect with all Railway Stations and Steamboats.  
A. BELIVEAU, Prop.

**E. W. BURGESS,** No. 170 Notre-Dame street, opposite the Court House, is the place where a lover of sand Porter, cool Lager Beer, choice Liquors and Cigars, may suit himself. Mr. E. W. Burgess, the obliging proprietor, will be glad to receive his friends. Great improvements have been made in his establishment which will be enlarged by the addition of a well-fitted room.

**COSMOPOLITAN WINE AND LUNCH ROOMS.**  
COB. CRAIG AND ALEXANDER STREETS.  
Scientific Compounders of Echliralt'g Beverages.