

The Sporting Life.

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ADVICES from English racing centres show that all the cracks are taking easy work, and that only "Platers" are running. With no big three-year-old event on, most of the flyers have been eased off. Indeed it is hardly likely that Donovan will be seen again before Doncaster. Melanion is altogether out of form, and it is more than likely may never do hard work again. El Dorado is getting ready for Goodwood, and unless Ayrshire be in his very finest form he cannot beat the sterling colt for the Eclipse stakes, at weight, for age. El Dorado is not in the St Leger, and, therefore, will be run out for his engagements; and, as he is one of the soundest three-year-olds on the track, in spite of his uneven temper he should be a good investment. Antibes has done well, and that sister to seabreeze has not been heard of for the last time. There seems to be no "dark horse" in the field at all. A pale chestnut with a white off hind stocking and a blaze face, called St. Alyre, by Alyre, out of St. Gaten's dam, is a good deal talked of; but at present he has done nothing upon which to base an opinion, although his seven pound maiden allowance may give him a chance.

THE once famous Northumberland cup, formerly known as the "Pitman's Derby," seems to have gone utterly to pieces. In old days locomotion in Newcastle was almost blocked by the excited throng which crowded in the streets, ever eager for a bit of "latest," and the great event. The gilded youth of the coal pits hustled and hustled the more refined visitor from the South, and thousands swarmed out to the Town Moor to see the race come off. Now not even the Chester cup has lost so much ground: although the stake guaranteed is still \$5,000. Only a few "crocks" contested for the once classical event on the 26th, and now that the course has been moved to Gosforth Park the pitmen were conspicuous by their absence. The famous Northumberland cup has sunk into a "plating" event, and the runners, who once delighted the sons of the Coaly Tyne, now confine themselves strictly to Newmarket and Goodwood.



THERE are certainly some advantages attached to being a lord, even on this side of the Atlantic. Because he is a lord, Lord Dunraven can frankly say that he is too poor to put up a huge stake for a contest between the Valkyrie and an American yacht, and this, too, without feeling in any way humbled or ashamed thereat. In a fair, manly, letter he says that whether he races for the America's cup, or for any other prize, or for nothing at all, it is all the same thing to him. What he wants is

to see what the Valkyrie can do, and to have the relative merits of the American and English types fairly demonstrated. For this purpose he suggests a trophy to cost, say \$500, the value of the America cup, to be given to the winner, not as an inducement to race, but merely as a souvenir of the contest. Surely there are some American yachtsmen willing to meet the Valkyrie on these grounds without resorting to the miserable quibbles of the new deed of gift. There must be some who are ready to sail their craft on their own merits instead of trying to win the match beforehand in the club room. If there are, we shall see a genuine contest for the pure glory of winning. If not, Lord Dunraven had better remain at home and sail against clubs who depend more on seamanship and less on legal technicalities.



THERE seems to be considerable misunderstanding as to the definition of an amateur insisted upon by the A. A. U. It is as follows:—

"One who has not entered in an open competition: or for either a stake, public or admission money or entrance fee; or under a fictitious name: or has not competed with or against a professional for any prize or where admission fee is charged: or who has not instructed, pursued or assisted in the pursuit of athletic exercises as a means of livelihood, or for gain or any emolument; or whose membership of any athletic club of any kind was not brought about, or does not continue, because of any mutual understanding, express or implied, whereby his becoming or continuing a member of such club would be of any pecuniary benefit to him whatever, direct or indirect and who shall in other and all respects conform to the rules and regulations of this organization."

No one clause of this definition is more binding than any other, and each has equal force. A man who breaks any of the rules or regulations of the A. A. U. has forfeited his amateur standing, exactly as if he had committed one of the more commonly understood crimes against the amateur law. The athletes who are debarred from participation in the games of the A. A. U., because they have violated the Travers Island rule, have no better amateur standing under the amateur definition of the A. A. U. than if they had competed for money or against professionals. Is this fair? Is it not really a boycott of the members of any other association who may chance to have violated one of the petty regulations of the A. A. U.? What right have the A. A. U. to add such a clause to the definition of an amateur? We hold that they have none; and that in their effort to confine the honorable title of amateur purely to their own members they have simply rendered themselves ridiculous in the eyes of all genuine amateur athletes.

THE Gazette is in error in stating that Barry, of Queen's College, Cork, beat the world's amateur record by throwing a 16-lb hammer 130 feet. I. S. Mitchell, of New York, made a similar throw from a seven foot circle, without follow, in November, 1888; and until Barry beats this he cannot claim a record. Tindall's record at the same meeting of 48 1/2 seconds for the quarter mile, and 1 min. 56 2/5 sec. for the half mile do not amount to beams. Baker did the same distance at Boston in 1886 in 47 3/4 sec., and Frank Hewitt covered the half mile in Australia, in 1871, in 1.53 1/2. There is nothing to brag about over these performances. They are good average amateur work; but they break no records, and are, therefore, hardly worth publication.



Now that the great fight is over we may fairly discuss one or two points that at first seemed somewhat suspicious. There are not wanting those who assert that the whole affair was fixed, and that Sullivan, by refusing to allow Kilrain to

win, as had been previously agreed upon, in reality worked the double cross. This we may fairly consider is all bosh. If Sullivan ever did agree to lose the first battle to Kilrain, as these wise-acres would have us believe, he evidently changed his mind long before the battle. When he stepped into the ring he evidently intended to win if possible, and his surprise and anger when Kilrain backbited him in the first round were far too genuine to be merely acting

THAT Kilrain was drugged or hounded in any way we do not believe. Every beaten man likes to find excuses for his defeat, and it is only natural that when Jake found he could not hurt Sullivan, he should describe his lack of punishing to the effect of medicine. The real fact is that Kilrain never was a heavy hitter, and never will be. Although he hit Sullivan over a hundred blows during the seventy-five rounds he stood up, the big fellow exhibited no signs of punishment, or even of distress; for the fact that he vomited during the battle, may be ascribed as much to the heat and exercise as to the few blows Kilrain put in under the belt. But to say that Kilrain was drugged, is simply absurd. Charley Mitchell is as crooked a man as ever stepped into a ring, but he would hardly do that: simply because he had everything to lose and nothing to gain by Kilrain's defeat. The hatred Sullivan has for Mitchell is too deep for any arrangement for a "divvy" to be come to between the two men, and, therefore, Charley had no inducement whatsoever to "throw" his man. It seems straight and clear enough that Kilrain was licked on his merits. He was pale and frightened when he entered the ring, and fought on the defence throughout. Sullivan, on the other hand, was bold and confident, and forced the fighting from start to finish. Had he been able to make Kilrain stand up he would have thrashed him long before he did.

CONSIDERABLE comment has been made over the fact that the referee allowed Sullivan to "step up" upon his fallen opponent in the 42nd round. The World's account says:

Round 42—Kilrain retreating as usual, came back, led at Sullivan, who countered, and Kilrain ran away. Kilrain fell from a light blow. Sullivan standing over and stamping on Kilrain. Kilrain's second claimed a foul, amid a scene of great excitement, which was not allowed. Time, 2 1/2 in.

Out of this incident considerable capital has been made, and it has been insinuated that the referee had money on Sullivan, and, therefore, allowed him to win by any means he chose. But if this was the case, why did he not give him the match in the third round, when Kilrain struck the big fellow six or seven palpably foul blows? He could have done so, had he chosen, with perfect justice. The fact that he did not, shows that he wanted to see the two men fight it out to a finish and not to make it a referee's battle. As to the stamping alleged to have been done, we very much doubt if it was any more than a stumble resulting from following Kilrain up while falling. If he had really stamped on him his spiked shoes must have wounded Kilrain's ribs so dreadfully that no one could have mistaken it. Now we don't hear of Kilrain showing any spike marks on the body, and, therefore, must deduce from this that Sullivan kicked him with the toe of his boot either in following him up or in a stumble.

His friends do not like the insulting manner in which Sullivan refused to entertain any challenge from the colored boxer, Jackson. His statement that it was too degrading for a white man to place himself on an equality with a negro by fighting him, is as absurd as it is vulgar. A man who is not ashamed to slug his own wife need not be afraid of degrading himself any further by fighting such a man as Jackson. Not that we believe that Jackson is any more a match for Sullivan (when in condition) than Kilrain was; but, considering that, even in the old slavery days, the giants of the English ring were not too good to meet Molyneux, Sullivan might have refrained from insulting a fellow-pugilist simply on account of his color. The challenges of Charley Mitchell and Jem Smith may be looked upon simply as advertising fakes, and Sullivan is quite right in disregarding them. But Jack-

son really wants to fight, and as no one believes Sullivan will retire from the ring just yet, the big fellow should certainly meet him in the ring no matter whether his skin is white or ebony.

To Muldoon certainly belongs the chief credit of Sullivan's victory. He took hold of the big fellow when he was a physical wreck, and when the attendant physicians pronounced that he could never be got in prime condition again; and in less than two months turned him out fit to fight for his life. This stamps him as a trainer of the highest skill. Sullivan is at no time an obedient pupil, and was at first obstinate and fretful to an exasperating degree; but Muldoon never lost heart. He soothed, coaxed and bullied John until he succeeded in making him as docile and obedient to his trainer as such a man could be. He trained him just enough, and not too much; thereby avoiding the mistake into which Charley Mitchell fell. Had Jake been equally well handled he might have had a better show than he did. In his case every particle of strength and courage appeared to have been trained out of him.

WE learn, although it is hard to believe it true, that Mitchell's treatment of Kilrain was little short of scandalous. It is said that as soon as Mitchell found that no money was to be made out of Kilrain he neglected him shamefully. Kilrain had no breakfast the morning of the fight, and Mike Donovan says that but for him Mitchell would have abandoned Kilrain during the battle. Surely this cannot be true? Kilrain is too well "fixed" not to be able to get what meals he required, and we cannot believe he went hungry into the ring. At all events it is said, on good authority, that Frank Stevenson will not pay Charley Mitchell any share of the excursion money of the Sullivan-Kilrain fight, and that there is going to be a nice washing of dirty pugilistic linen when Mitchell and Stevenson arrive in New York. So much the better. When professional backers fall out the public get a chance of learning the truth.



THE six and a quarter mile bicycle race, for the championship of Europe, was run at Berlin and resulted in a second victory for Lehr, of Frankfurt on the Main, who covered the distance in 19 min. 8 4/5 sec. This is well under the record; W. A. Rowe having ridden six miles in 16 min. 12 3/5 sec., and seven miles in 18 59. The English competitor only finished third. At Paddington, however, W. C. Jones covered two miles on a safety in 5 min. 26 3/5 seconds, and Edge and Archer, on a tandem tricycle, made a quarter mile in 35 1/4 sec., nearly equalling Rowe's record of 35 1-5 for the same distance on a bicycle.

LILLIE LANGTRY is very ill, and it is believed her stage career is drawing to a close. Fortunately she has made hay while the sun shone, and is really as wealthy an actress as there is to-day. Her catarrh has ended in an affection of the lungs, and consumption is now feared. She is only the wreck of her former self. Those who saw her when she first came to this country would hardly know her as the same woman now. She looked like a blooming young English Hebe then; her complexion fresh and peachy and her figure willowy and superb. She looks old now, her eyes are dull, the crows have come to stay, her face is colorless, and her complexion like that of all actresses after years of excitement and late nights and stage paint. Above all she has grown fat and flabby. Fancy the Jersey Lily a flabby old woman of forty! And yet such is the case; disguise it how we will. Well! the pill is well gilded in her instance, and if she really is now on the shelf, she can afford to have velvet cushions upon it.

LAST week five members of the Montreal Swimming Club swam from the Island to Longueuil; all making the trip safely. Yesterday the same five at-

tempted to swim to Longue Pointe. But why should there be only five? Nothing is more useful than the ability to swim a mile in fresh water; why then should not fifteen, or fifty, in place of five have essayed the feat? Considering that the swimmers are always accompanied by boats, there is comparatively little risk in making the attempt; while the confidence a successful effort would give to every contestant, might possibly be the means of saving his own life in an emergency, if not those of others. Let us then see a larger number of participants in the next long distance swim, and thus increase the number of men in this city who can not only look after their own lives in the event of a sudden catastrophe, but may also be the means of rescuing others from a sudden and perhaps agonizing death.



CORNWALLS VS. SHAMROCKS. There must have been fully five thousand spectators present at the match between the Cornwallis and Shamrocks on Saturday afternoon. The grand stand at the Shamrock grounds was packed from end to end and every fence was fringed with excited on-lookers. Rarely has any lacrosse match aroused greater interest or had a larger sum of money wagered on its result. So confident indeed were the Cornwall men of victory that 2 to 1 was freely offered by them, and although the odds had dropped to 10 to 7 on the afternoon of the game there was more money offered than there were takers, and the Shamrock backers had their hands full. The Cornwall men must have gone home with a pot of money for the Shamrocks had hosts of friends and there were very few of them who had not invested a little on the chance of their favorites.

When the two teams came out upon the field the disparity in their size was most noticeable. The Cornwall players were nearly all big and powerful men, and the Shamrocks looked puny and weak beside them. They had all the confidence of veteran players and were evidently in the pink of condition. It was hoped at first that the size and weight of the Cornwall would render them slower than their opponents, and that the Shamrocks might be able to score by superior speed and celerity; but the Cornwall men were as swift as they were strong, and as they played a fine team game together as well, it was soon evident that they must score. Still their victory was no walk over. The Shamrock team, although it had nine juniors upon it, played a splendid game throughout and the Cornwall men had to hustle for all they were worth before they could score. In fact in the first game the Cornwall's seemed to be fairly rattled, and they certainly made a very poor fight compared with their slashing play in the earlier games. The Shamrocks did splendidly throughout. In fact far better than their most sanguine admirers anticipated. But they had an old veteran team, versed in every little intricacy of lacrosse, to content with, and it was hardly to be expected that a comparatively young team would prove victorious.

The game commenced sharp on time. At precisely half-past three the players lined out as follows:—

Shamrock.	Position.	Cornwall.
Reddy	Goal	Carpenter
Brophy	Point	Adams
McKenna	Cover Point	Crites
Dwyer	Defence	Riviere
Flynn	"	Ellis
Murray	"	Leroux
Ahorn	Centre	Hughes
McVey	Home	Lacey
Cafferty	"	McGintie
Cregan	"	Tudhope
Tansey	Outside	Watson
Kennedy	Inside	Black
M. J. Polan	Captain	F. Lally
Umpires—	Ross McKenzie, F. Larmouth.	
Referee—	W. L. Maltby.	

The first game was the fastest piece of lacrosse we have seen this year. So close was the checking that runs were out of the question. No player could hold the ball an instant, and at one time it was barely possible to throw. Lacey got the ball at the face, but Murray was on him like a flash. Back and forward it went, every man playing for all he was worth. At last Cregan got a chance, and after a clever check and run he succeeded in scoring the first game in a little less than three minutes. This game was a genuine surprise to the Cornwallis and raised the hopes of the Shamrock supporters to the highest pitch.

After the usual interval the game commenced again; and this time it was the turn of the Shamrocks to be rattled. The Cornwallis ran the ball down to their goal and kept it there. Never once was it allowed to pass centre field. The Cornwall field fed their lightning home with a constant succession of balls, and although Reddy contrived to avert a eat more than once, Lacey finally got the ball and sent it to Watson who rushed it through after less than two minutes play.

The third game saw the Shamrocks wake up again. Dwyer got the ball and threw neatly to Ahorn. The "baby" took it down