John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain Battled in Ring For Three Hours

It Was a Bloody Fight, But New the Jeff-Johnson Fight is for $101,000.

The proposed fight between Jeffries and Johnson for a purse of $101,000 recalls the days of other battles and the emoluments the participants received for pounding each other into insensibility or a state approaching unconsciousness with bare knuckles or with hands encased in small gloves.

The stake for which John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain fought at Richburg, 22 years ago was not more than one fifth of the amount which will be hung up for Jeffries and his dusky opponent, and the old timers who are now doing a boxing turn on the burlesque stage must smile when they read the newspapers with their daily bids from all parts of the country. The approaching contest calls for 45 rounds with gloves; quite a different test from that called for at Richburg when Sullivan and Kilrain fought with bare knuckles for three hours under the blistering summer sun.

It was the last fight held in America under the rules of the London prizering, and it was the bloodiest and most theatric that veterans can recall. Sullivan, then in his prime, was the ideal fighting man. He had returned from England after his unsatisfactory battle with Charlie Mitchell, and when his friends, Jimmy Wakely and Chas. Johnson, proposed backing him to meet Kilrain, a strong, stalwart oarsman of Baltimore, the Boston boy was only too eager for the fray.

Money melted like snow under April rains, and tho he made it fast Sullivan was well nigh crippled financially when the articles of agreement were signed. His temper, ugly in those days, was not improved when he learned that Mitchell was coming from England to prepare Kilrain for the battle, and Liney Tracy and the others engaged to spar with the big fellow in his preparation were hammered right and left by the mighty Bostonian, who, when his hands were up, forgot sometimes that it was a friend he was confronting. Like certain great actors he became so realistic and earnest in his work that his companions were on more than one occasion forced to flee to save their skins.

Grim Preparations.

For many weeks before the battle the hands of both Sullivan and Kilrain were treated with a pickle to make them tough and hard until they were most formidable weapons of offense and defense. Some of the pampered darlings of the ring to-day who eagerly inquire about the loser's end of a purse before they will agree to spar with pillowlike coverings on their hands would faint if they had seen the grim preparations for the Sullivan-Kilrain mill.

For the sake of those who have never seen a battle under London rules it may be stated that the code calls for bare knuckles and the contestants are naked except for a breech-clout or short trunks. The feet are, of course, shod with tightly laced shoes of leather, with spikes in the soles to prevent slipping, and short sox extending just above the shoetops are considered necessary. Thus equipped the men battled on the turf in a ring twenty feet square.

In contests under these rules it was permissable to wrestle, and it was also considered no violation of the ethics to punch in clinches—in fact, it was at this style of fighting that Sullivan was a past master. A round ended when either man was knocked down or thrown, and the seconds of the fallen man were permitted to carry him to his corner. The rests between rounds were one minute in duration. So brutal were fights under the London rules that they were virtually superseded by those reputed to have been framed by the Marquis of Queensberry, but the spirit of the game was so strong that whenever the best representatives met for the championship the older rules were chosen. They furnished a more severe test of the men, and as they permitted wrestling it was considered the only true standard by which the merits of contestants might be measured.

There was a tremendous clamor when the articles calling for a contest between Sullivan and Kilrain were signed and one state after another thruout the greater part of the Union announced that the barbarous display would not take place within its confines. The late Frank Stevenson was commissioned to seek a battleground, and after consultation with some of the leading sportsmen of Louisiana it was given out that the fight would take place within 200 miles of New Orleans, and that quaint old city at once became the mecca of thousands of admirers of the manly art from the United States and Canada.

One Eye a Diplomat.

Among others, Mr. One Eye Connolly of Boston, who was more or less of a soldier of fortune, left his northern home a month before the appointed time and thrilled the railroad-men who came to put him off the blind baggage en route, with wonderful tales of how his friend Jawn L. had "put his lamp on the blink one Sunday afternoon when they were playing hockey from Sunday school." Mr. One Eye scorned to wear a patch, and in the spot where a good optic once reposed a glass eye looked moistly upon a cruel world which was always questioning a gent's intentions. Mr. One Eye was something of a diplomat and he never failed to reach his destination, so that long before the gladiators had reached New Orleans he had many times perpetrated his little joke of removing his glass eye and place it in the lap of a stranger, remarking, "Buy something; I've got my eye on you."

But Mr. One Eye Connolly was not the only celebrity who looked at Henry Clay's statue in Canal-street and wanted to know "who that guy fought." There was Mr. Steve Brodie, from New York, with a yellow diamond as large as a hickory nut in his shirt front, "an' it's got a nut and bolt on it dat's fastened between me shoulders," volunteered the man who had won fame by saying that he had jumped from the Brooklyn bridge, when he found a few of Chicago's ablest pick-pockets following him about.

Then, too, there was Brooklyn Jimmy Carroll, who had played a cruel joke on Mr. Brodie on the way from New York. It was a special train containing as choice an assortment of sports as ever left New York, and Brodie, who was reared on the Bowery and could not stand water after jumping into it, had brought along a few crates of champagne with which to stake his thirst en route. It was a blistering morning when the special pulled out of Cleveland and Brodie was among the missing. At Springfield Carroll received a telegram from Brodie reading thus:

"Please take care of my champagne.
"Steve."

Carroll gathered a few boon companions and the way to Cincinnati was punctured with bottles; in fact, it was said that the section hands along the way had the time of their lives doging the missles that came hurling from the train as it passed.

There were gunfighters, too, some of them looking the part, but most of them as mild mannered and soft voiced as a Sunday school superintendent. One of the latter variety with a record was breakfasting in the St. Charles hotel one morning with the writer as his vis-a-vis. Two sporting writers, one representing a Cincinnati daily and the other a New York newspaper, bustled in, took places at the same table and over their figs and cream discussed the news of the morning.

"I see," said the Cincinnatian, as he smoothed out his newspaper, "that that killer—has arrived in town."

"Yes," responded the New Yorker, glancing over the top of his paper. "I suppose he'll be starting a private graveyard of his own here shortly!"

Vivisected the Gunfighter.

Then they gently vivisected the gunfighter in the most approved manner. The writer happened to catch the eye of the stranger across the table and it was emitting danger signals. After breakfast he was followed from the room by the stranger, who, hat in hand, said with the politeness of a Chesterfield:

"Beg pardon, but who are your friends?"

The writer intuitively knew that the subject of the "rolling" was before him, and not caring to make trouble hesitated about giving their names.

"I mean them no harm. I only want to show them that they're wrong," said the stranger.

That being the situation and realizing the dramatic possibilities the arrival of the unsuspecting correspondents was awaited in the big marble rotunda, which had been the scene of many historic encounters in antebellum days. Only the day before four men, two of them prizefighters, had pummeled each other vigorously all over the place, and the quartet had finally in a clinch rolled down the score of stone steps and out into the then open gutter, which existed in most of the New Orleans streets.

"Mr.——, I want you to know my friends, Mr. —— of Cincinnati and Mr. —— of New York," went the form of introduction.

The faces of both men paled, but before either could speak the stranger began:

"I'm sorry you saw fit to speak of me as you did in there a few minutes ago, but I think it's because you don't know the facts. I have killed men, but never except in the performance of my duty as a peace officer, when it was a case of kill or be killed. I assure you that I'm not proud of it and I hope you'll never go after another man till you know the facts."

Both of the correspondents are long dead, but while they lived they were warm friends and admirers of the man whose acquaintance they made that August morning in the old Saint Charles Hotel. This is the first time the little incident has ever appeared in print. Space could be taken up almost indefinitely in description of the celebrities that thronged New Orleans for days before the battle. The authorities of Louisiana was determined that the fight should not be held within its borders, and the neighboring states of Texas and Mississippi were equally alert.

Tickets Bring $20 Per.

The air was surcharged with excitement and word was quietly passed one Sunday to be prepared to leave that evening for the battleground. Tickets, including admission to the arena, were sold at the headquarters of the promoters of the battle for $20 and all were instructed to be at a certain point at the given hour without fail.

The cars, more than twoscore of them, had been standing in the yards all day long, gathering heat until they fairly pulsated, and nobody who passed thru that night will ever forget the suffering undergone during the wait of more than three hours which ensued before the trains pulled out over the Northeastern Railroad. The trains were in charge of a band of Texas Rangers expressly imported to preserve order and the platform of every car had a slouch hatted individual who looked as tho he understood how to handle the short rifle he carried in the hollow of his left arm.

The cars were thronged with men in every walk of life. Planters had left their growing crops, lawyers their briefs and business-men their daily associations to see what promised to be the greatest fight ever fought on American soil. Gamblers, fighters and sports of every degree sat cheek by jowl with men bearing the best names in the southland, all in shirt sleeves panting for air in the stifling atmosphere.

There was some relief when the trains were in motion. None but the promoters of the battle and those in their confidence knew the scene of the fight, and there was much speculation among the crowd as to whether it would be pulled off in Louisiana or Mississippi. Texas they knew was out of the question, as they were traveling away from that state.

Car Tops Crowded.

At the outskirts of New Orleans it was discovered that the tops of the cars were thronged with impecunious sports who were not going to be left behind, and the trains were halted while the rangers routed the re-passers. Several shots were fired and hand-to-hand conflicts were numerous before the journey was resumed.

The heavy laden trains moved slowly and when day dawned the border line of Mississippi had only been reached. Looking from the windows of the cars a strange sight as brought to view. Scores of the more daring freebooters who had been dislodged from the car tops the previous night were clinging to the hog chains or from braces which run the length of the cars. Their coattails were floating in the breeze and they were braving death to see two men pound each other with bare knuckles until one of them could respond no more to the call of "time."

A halt was made at a point on the road where a ditch was filled with water. The riders of the hog chains and car trucks scuttled like rats to wash the grime and dust from their [illegible] of their number, evidently to see if his pistol hand had lost its cunning, produced a "gun" and fired a few shots at the "blaze" on a pine tree where it had been scarred for turpentine.

It was almost 8 o'clock when the battleground was reached on the Mississippi line not far from the village of Richburg in the pine woods at Charles Rich, after whom the town was called. Rich's sawmill, closed for the day, was in plain view from the arena, a rough board four-sided affair, with seats rising sharply from the roped in square of ground where the men were to fight.

Both the contestants and their seconds were on the ground early and after a few minutes wrangling the various officials were chosen, and the sun was giving a sample of his powers when the men stepped into the ring. Sullivan, low browed and determined looking, was savage as he sat in his corner and looked from beneath his whispering adviser Mitchell while his attendance were rubbing his arms and legs.

Sullivan Like Gladiator.

Kilrain was serious, as betokened the occasion, for it would give the stoutest hearted man that ever trod the squared circle a few tremors to face such an adversary as Sullivan was that day.

Sullivan's coal black hair was cropped closely with the exception of that portion above the brow, which was probably half an ich long. His mustache was gray and his face was that of the typical gladiator. There wasn't a vestige of flesh upon it that didn't belong there. The skin upon his body was milky white and he opened and closed his huge hands, dyed a dark brown by the stain put upon them to toughen them, as tho eager to get to work.

Kilrain, who was a trifle taller and not quite so sturdily built as his dread rival was trained to the minute. Mitchell, who had fought Sullivan twice and who was one of the greatest masters in the art of condition, had been sure of that. Now while waiting the call of time, with his arm around Kilrain's shoulder, he poured out a volume of injunctions on how to lay the champion low. Like Sullivan, Kilrain was clean shaven and his hair very closely cut.

The scene when John Fitzpatrick, the mayor of New Orleans, who acted as referee, called the men to the centre of the ring was never to be forgotten by those who were present. The contestants, and their seconds formed a maltese cross, clasping each other's hands for a brief moment and at the call of time, the seconds ran to their respective quarters and gladiators faced each other with hands in position.

There never lived a man who could stand toe to toe with Sullivan and exchange blow for blow, and Kilrain knew this. Mitchell knew it, too, and he had schooled his protege to be wary of the sledgehammer tactics with which Sullivan had conquered the world. An expert at wrestling, he was urged to try for a fall whenever the occasion afforded itself, and it was therefore no surprise after one or two trifling exchanges to see Kilrain duck under Sullivan's guard seize him about the waist and come crashing to the earth with his elbow in Sullivan's stomach.

The fall brought a storm of cheers from the Kilrain camp. Sullivan was nauseated by the impact of the fall, but in a moment he was after Kilrain like a lion, and for the balance of the battle, which, for severity, has had few parallels, he was constantly on the offensive. His tremendous blows to the body, whether delivered at long range or in the clinches, when back and kidneys were pummeled, sounded like the assaults of a cooper on a barrel. Kilrain fought Sullivan's bull-like rushes, and time after time he was hurled to the earth.

Mitchell Hurls Taunts.

Mitchell never for a moment was riled. He taunted Sullivan, calling to Kilrain, "Go at him, Jake! He can't fight! You've got him, lad!" Sullivan was infuriated, and he hurled defiance at Mitchell, saying that when he finished Kilrain he would lick him (Mitchell) in the same ring.

Sullivan, always the idol of the sporting element, won the admiration of all at the ringside by his fair tactics in this battle. Kilrain spiked the big fellow severely in one of the clinches. The big champion let it pass, but when the thing occurred a second time and the blood welled thru the soles in his shoe as he stepped forward to deliver a blow his only remark of remonstrance was:

"Don't do that. Fight like a man, Jake."

The crowd cheered itself hoarse, and there was no more spiking or anything that savored of unfairness.

The heat became intolerable as the sun mounted the heavens. The tall pines afforded very little shade and it is a matter of record that the mercury registered 107 when the battle was at its height.

The bodies of the men, burnt by the sun, were torn where the knuckles plowed furrows in glancing blows, and the suffering of the contestants must have been extreme. The tortures of the spectators were not imaginary either, for the majority of them had had no food since the previous evening, and there was not a drop of water to be had for love or money. Then, too, there was the broiling heat, and all wished for an early finish of the fight and a quick trip back to town.

Pitiable Spectacle.

Kilrain was a pitiable spectacle at the end of the 56th round, and time after time he dropped to the earth to save punishment. Under a strict interpretation of London prize-ring rules this would have lost him the battle, but the referee, who had the confidence of everybody and who stood so high in the estimation of his fellow-townsmen that they had elected him mayor, was not thoroly posted on this point, and the men fought on.

Mitchell was a madman, and it was only after the repeated urgings of his friends, who did not want to see a game man cut into ribbons, that the Englishman consented to throw up the sponge, and it was almost noon when Kilrain was carried to his corner for the last time.

Sullivan, standing in the centre of the ring his face bruised and swollen, shouted to Mitchell to "come on and get what was coming to you," but the Englishman was already on his way to the train with the crowd, which broke and ran, thoroly sated with blood for the nonce.

In New Orleans that evening, when clean clothing had been donned after refreshing baths, Sullivan was toasted in magnums as the greatest fighter the world had ever seen. Kilrain was praised for his gameness, and while the glasses were brimming he was tossing in pain under the care of a physician as the result o fthe terrific beating he had received. It was days before he could leave his bed to travel to his home in the north.

Sullivan's share of the spoils lasted only a few months, and now Jim Jeffries and a negro, Jack Johnson, are to fight 45 rounds with five-ounce gloves for something less than a million. No wonder the old-timers smile with scorn.

As Brady Sees Fight

"The Johnson-Jeffries fight will be the slowest contest ever fought for the world's championship in pugilism," said Bill Brady to a reporter for The Cincinnati Enquirer. "What is more," continued Brady, "I don't think they will fight on the Fourth of July. Jim Jeffries will fight on no day but Friday and as the Fourth comes on a Monday I think he will balk on that date, as he is very supertitious."

"Who do you think will win?"

"I am not picking winners."

"Can Jeffries come back?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"Is Johnson as good a fighter as some people say he is?"

"You bet he is. He could have fought Jim Corbett 25 rounds to a draw the best day Corbett ever saw, and you know I regard Corbett as the greatest boxer of them all. Corbett was not himself when he fought Jeffries at Coney Island, yet he went 23 rounds with Jeff. For eleven rounds my heart was in my mouth. Jeff could not put a glove on him, and I was behind Jeff."

"Do you think dissipation has ruined Jeff's chances?"

"No, I do not. Was there ever a man who went a faster pace than Corbett? Look how long he lasted. Jeff did not see half the merry clip that Corbett did."

"Where do you think the big fight will take place?"

"Either Frisco or Salt Lake. The promoters know what they are doing. That will all be settled amicably."

"What makes you say it will be a slow fight?"

"I have good reasons. Just figure it out for yourself. Jeff will not lead. Neither will Johnson, whom I consider the greatest defensive fighter of the age. They will fight cautious, and it will be a test of endurance. Jeff will not take any chances, and the black has been on the defense in all of his contests so it is an easy matter to picture in your mind what kind of a bout it is going to be."

"In your opinion is Jack Johnson a game man?"

"They haven't showed me anything to the contrary."

"Do you think he will be influenced by the threats of the crowd?"

"Nothing can influence Johnson or make him quit in this fight. That $101,000 purse will make him fight as he never fought before, and he will stick to the last, even if he is torn to pieces."

"What are Johnson's best points?"

"He is another man such as Kid McCoy. He hits harder than Corbett and can land a blow from any position. I don't know where he got his start, but he is the most perfect fighting machine you ever saw, and I am not overlooking those flat feet of his, either."

"You know a great deal about Jeffries' habits. Do you belive that his age and past life are against him."

"No, I do not. Jeff is not an old man. He might have dissipated some, but not enough to hurt him. Didn't he whip Bob Fitzsimmons when he was hardly better than a novice in the game, and at the time Fitz was considered unbeatable by many of the best judges in the boxing game?"

"Does a man need to be an expert boxer to become a champion?"

"I should say not. Who taught Jeffries? Where did Johnson learn that wonderful defense of his? Who gave Tom Sharkey lessons? It is all natural with them. Johnson has reached perfection in the art of boxing and has a level head on him. He is a cunning, crafty ring general, and has a pair of arms equal to those of Bob Fitzsimmons. He is the real goods, all in one nice package."

"If Jeff should get Johnson cornered do you think he could outfight Johnson at close range?"

"No, I do not think so. This Johnson is a terrible infighter, and so is Jeff, but—he does not go to it like he ought. He is too cautious in this respect."

Jacksonville Card for Monday.

JACKSONVILLE, Feb. 5.—(Special.)—The following are the Jacksonville entries for Monday:

FIRST RACE, selling, 2-year-olds, 3 furlongs:

Sunny Wood	94	New Star	x96
Sylvan Dell	99	Abe Attell	101
Flora2Bryan	101	Vallonio	106
Kentucky Rose	105	Yuletide	108
Red Bob	108	Rusticana	109
White Wool	109	Jack Ryan	110
Decency	109		

SECOND RACE, maiden 3-year-olds, 5½ furlongs:

Gray Goose	102	Herdsman	104
Keen Trying	102	Fay O.	107
Marie Hyde	107	Katherine Van	107
Amyl	107	Capt. Crawford	109
Martin May	109	Universe	112
Mazarin	109	Briareus	112
Pilain	112	Vreeland	112
Pearl F.	102		

Also eligible to start in the order named, should any of the above declare: Zymole, Tom O'Donnell, Star Glenn.

THIRD RACE, selling, 3-year-olds, 6 furlongs:

Cetrotte	*97	Abrasion	107
Inflexion	102	Golden Butterfly	100
Miss Sly	105	Deerook	109
Clrdy	105	Star Board	105
St. Deniol	106	Eva Tahguay	105
Collis Ormsby	105	Lotta Creed	107
Sticker	108	Frank G. Hogan	111
Edentata	104		

FOURTH RACE, purse, 3-year-olds and up, 7 furlongs:

El Fall	104	Eye Bright	104
T.M.Green	106	Rostrum	106
Jack Parker	109		

FIFTH RACE, selling, 3-year-olds and up, 6 furlongs:

Regman	103	Grande Dame	z104
Roseburg II	104	Rubia Grandia	104
Patriot	106	Cunning	106
Geo. W. Lebolt	102	Turn Coat	107
St Jeanne	108	Sally Preston	109
Grenadd	113	Waponoca	110

SIXTH RACE, selling, 4-year-olds and up, 1⅛ miles:

Elgin	102	Belleview	102
Oberon	*104	Quagga	105
Warfield	106	Hooray	107
Edwin L.	109		

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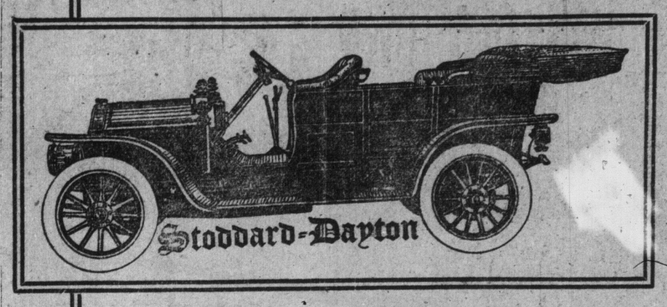

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BOWLING LEAGUE RECORDS.

The following is the standing of the various bowling leagues:

—Toronto.—

	Won.	Lost.
Queen Citys	12	3
Americans	13	5
Tigers	13	5
Dominions	10	5
Stanleys	9	9
Merchants	6	9
Ibsenites	6	9
Mineralites	5	10
The Cubs	2	7
Olympias	2	16

—Business Men.—

	Won.	Lost.
Canadian Gen. Elec.	3	0
H. Murby Co.	4	2
Sellers-Gough	2	1
John Macdonalds	2	1
Burroughs Add. M. Co.	3	3
Eatonias	3	3
Adams Furniture	3	3
National Cash Reg.	1	2
Ryrie Bros.	1	2
James Langmuir	1	2
Emmett Shoes	1	5
Toronto Gen. Trusts	0	0

—Morning Printers.—

	Won.	Lost.
The Mail	27	15
Sunday World	19	23
Daily World	17	25

—Evening Printers.—

	Won.	Lost.
McLean Pub. Co.	28	11
The News	23	10
The Star	23	13
Miln & Bingham	19	14
Toronto Typesetting	19	20
Hunter-Rose	16	23
Murray Printing Co.	9	27

—Two-Man. City.—

	Won.	Lost.
Parkdale	8	3
Athenaeums	8	4
Gladstones	6	4
Dominions	6	5
Royal Canadians	5	4
Paynes	5	6
Brunswicks	4	7
College	1	10

—Central.—

	Won.	Lost.
Hunters	35	7
Brunswicks	34	11
Night Hawks	33	12
G Co., Grenadiers	31	14
D Co., Grenadiers	25	20
Blackhalls	22	25
Crown Bowlers	16	32
General Brass	14	34
Shamrocks	12	36
Fishing Club	10	38

—Gladstones.—

	Won.	Lost.
Maple Leafs	29	7
Pastimes	30	11
Brownies	27	12
Diamonds	18	15
Canadas	19	23
Gladstones	12	26
Brockton Colts	13	29
Parkdales	4	29

—Kodak.—

	Won.	Lost.
Wenos	12	2
Assemblers	9	2
Teters	9	3
Premos	4	8
Speeds	3	9
Van Dykes	1	14

—City Association—Class A.—

	Won.	Lost.
Athenaeum	2	1
Brunswick	2	1
Parkdale	4	2
Paynes	4	2
Royals	4	2
Gladstones	3	3
Dominions	2	4
Beaches	0	6

—Class B.—

	Won.	Lost.
Royal Colts	6	0
Royal Riverdales	5	1
Athenaeum	4	2
Aberdeen	3	3
Brunswick	3	3
Gladstone	3	3
Dominions	0	6
Royal Nationals	0	6

—Class C.—

	Won.	Lost.
Parkdale	11	1
Royal Bachelors	5	1
Royal Benedicts	10	5
McLaughlins	4	2
Acmes	6	6
Brunswicks	6	6
Rickeys	5	4
Strathconas	4	3
Royal Giants	1	2
Tecos	4	11
Beavers	1	5
Dominions	0	9

—A.O.U.W. League.—

	Won.	Lost.
Trinity A	9	0
Capital	9	3
Queen City	5	7
Trinity B	5	4
Granite	2	7
Past Masters	0	9

—City Hall League.—

	Won.	Lost.
Roadway B	16	2
Electric	10	8
Roadway A	6	11
Main Drainage	3	14

BOWLING GAMES THIS WEEK.

The following are the bowling games scheduled this week:

Monday.

Toronto—Mineralites v. Americans.
Business—H. Murby v. Eatonias.
A. O. U. W.—Past Masters v. Queen City.
Class B, Oddfellows—Social v. Integrity.
Hotel—Jersey v. McKinney.
Parkdale—Red Sox v. Sunnysides.
Central—Gen. Brass v. G. Co. Grenadiers.
Gladstones—Brownes v. Maple Leafs.
Two Man—Paynes at Royal Canadians.
Beaches—Waverleys v. Woodbine B.
Printers—Mail v. Sunday World, News v. Toronto Typesetting Co.
Class C, City—Tecos at Royal Giants, Brunswick C. at Strathconas, Beavers at Dominion C.

Tuesday.

Toronto—Ibsenites v. Stanleys.
Business—National Cash v. Sellers-Gough.
Class A, City—Beaches at Paynes, Brunswick at Gladstones, Parkdale at Athenaeums, Dominions at Royals.
Orrs—Victorias v. Indians, Electrics v. Pickups.
Printers—McLean Pub. Co. v. Star, Beaches—Kenilworth B. v. Royals.
Class B, Oddfellows—Floral v. Rosedale, Laurel A v. Laurel B.
Central Fishing Club v. D. Co. Grenadiers.
Parkdale—Athletics v. Aquatics.

Wednesday.

Toronto—Queen Citys v. Merchants.
Business—Adams v. John McDonald.
Hotel—Cook v. Cameron.
Central—Hunters v. Brunswicks.
Parkdale—Tigers v. Buckeyes.
A. O. U. W.—Trinity B. v. Granite.
Gladstone—Canadas v. Parkdales.
Class B, Oddfellows—Brunswicks v. Canton No. 7.
Two Man—Brunswick v. Paynes.
Orrs—Havelocks v. Thistles, Tigers v. Atkin's Colts.

Thursday.

Toronto—Dominions v. Tigers.
Business—Emmett Shoe Co. v. White & Company.
Orrs—Maple Leafs v. Orr Bros.
Class B, City—Aberdeens at Dominion B, Gladstone B. at Brunswick B., Royal Nationals at Royal Colts, Royal Riverdales at Athenaeum B.
Two Man—Royals at Gladstones.
Class B, Oddfellows—Central v. The Toronto.
Gladstone—Brockton Colts v. Gladstones.
Parkdale—Pirates v. Parkdale C.
Central—Blackhalls v. Night Hawks.
Printers—Murray v. Hunter Rose.

Friday.

Toronto—Cubs v. Olympias.
Business—Burroughs v. Langmuirs.
Central—Shamrocks v. D. Co. Grenadiers.
Parkdale—Benedicts v. Athenaeum.
A. O. U. W.—Trinity A. v. Capital.
Gladstone Pastimes v. Diamonds.
Class B, Oddfellows—York v. Prospect.
Two Man—Parkdale at College.
Class C, City—Royal Bachelors at Royal Benedicts, McLaughlin's at Acmes, Parkdale C. at Tecos.

Saturday.

Business—Can. Gen. Electric v. Toronto Gen. Trust.
Hotel—Clyde v. Aberdeen.

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Brantford Curlers Win.

BRANTFORD, Feb. 5.—(Special.)—The Brantford Club won the Macdonald Robertson Trophy here last night from the Guelph local city club by 61 to 58 shots. The score was:

Guelph—		Brantford—	
Dillon, skip	16	Spence, skip	14
Mahoney, skip	13	B. J. Wade, skip	15
C. R. Crowe, sk.	12	T. Woodott, sk.	15
W. A. Knowles, s.	16	H. R. Howie, sk.	16
Total	58	Total	61

Majority for Brantford, 3.

Mrs. P. W. Campbell, 585 Bathurst-street, will receive on the second Thursday in February and March and not again this season.

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