

THE SPORTING WORLD

SNOWSHOEING.

The annual snowshoe races of the Montreal Club will take place on Saturday, February 13th. The following is the programme:

100 yards open, handicap—Two prizes.
Quarter mile, open to boys under fifteen years—Silver medal and snowshoes.

Half mile, open, handicap—Two prizes.
120 yards hurdle, open, handicap—Two prizes.

One mile, open, handicap—Two prizes.
Two miles, club cup—Club cup and silver medal.

Life members' race, over virgin snow—One prize.

Half mile, green, open, in uniform—Gold and silver medal.

Valuable prizes in kind will be given for all open events.

The Emerald snowshoe club held their usual weekly tramp to Catudal's hotel, Notre Dame de Grace, on Monday night, some forty members taking advantage of the good snowshoe weather. On arrival at the rendezvous the usual good time was spent. Messrs. O'Neil, Jones, Kearns, Booth, Crowe and Grant's songs were received in good style, and Mr. Ed. Egan danced an Irish jig in first class shape. During the evening Mr. McGee, the president of the Lachine snowshoe club, was introduced and he was bounced in good old Emerald style. The Emeralds will hold their annual green and open club steeplechase on Monday night.

THE RING.

About 500 persons were at the Victoria Armory Tuesday evening to witness the eight-round glove contest between Jimmy Hurst, formerly of Montreal, and Billy Frazier, of Boston. The evening's entertainment opened with a bout between Dick Guthrie and Dan Cookley, and three rounds were fought. Next came a three-round tussel between Dan Sheehan and Galarneau, after which the principal event was announced. Messrs. McManus, of Montreal, and Duane, of Troy, N. Y., were named timekeepers. Hurst was seconded by his brother Bob and Geo. Koester, and Frazier by Mike Lucie and Jack Fitzpatrick. No heavy punching was indulged in, and both men displayed very good science. At the conclusion of the eighth round the referee declared the contest a draw, a decision which was received with some marks of disapproval, the majority of those present being of the opinion that Frazier had the best of it by a long chalk.

The much talked-of fight between Jack McAuliffe and the champion lightweight pugilist of the world, Billy Meyer, of Streator, Ill., has been arranged. According to agreement McAuliffe is to fight Meyer before the Olympic Athletic Club, of New Orleans, at 140 pounds, for a purse of \$10,000, the winner to take all. The event will take place next month. Myer and McAuliffe are bitter enemies, and sporting men everywhere will be pleased to learn the match has been made, for they know that a great battle will be the result.

An intimate friend of Jim Corbett in Philadelphia writes to a New York sporting man that Jim Corbett is a sick man. "He contracted malaria some months ago," says the writer, "and he appears to be worse off now than he was when he first came East. It is doubtful if he will engage in any contests this year."

Mike Lucie, again in Montreal, is anxious to arrange a match with Billy Hawkins, of Ottawa.

ROWING.

Wm. O'Connor and Fred Plaisted have returned from Boston. The American champion reports that arrangements are being completed for the double scull race between himself and Haplan and Hosmer and Teemer, for \$2,000. The date has been fixed for June 16 at Point au Pines, which is within eight miles of Boston. The Beantown reporters stated that O'Connor received a letter from Stanbury, which declared that the world's champion would leave Australia for America about March 1. O'Connor has had no correspondence with Stanbury? but he expects the Antipodean to come to Canada in the spring.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The New York Athletic Club distributed \$4,100 to the club employees as Christmas presents.

Mike Murphy, of the Detroit Athletic Club, and the trainer of Henry Jewet and John W. Owens, will go east shortly to accept an engagement as trainer.

James A. Donoghue, the younger brother of Joseph J. Donoghue, the champion skater of the world, promises to rival his brother in time. Last week he defeated Elmer Simpson in a mile race in 3 minutes 21 seconds.

The Manhattan Athletic Club is trying to put cross country running on its former basis. The department is under the direction of A. B. George and he expects before long to put a first class pack over hill and

dale. The Manhattan Athletic Club has lost several of its best harriers, but has still a few left that can make a creditable showing.

The talk of reinstating the athletics who were disqualified for taking part in the recent games of the Seventh Regiment is causing much comment among members of the smaller clubs. The majority of the board of managers of the A. A. U. are against such a course. Secretary Sullivan says the latter body must stand by its laws and regulations or it will go to smash.

Chas. G. Kilpatrick, the one-legged trick bicyclist, gave an exhibition at the State Penitentiary at Lincoln, Neb., on Christmas morning. It was the first time many of the convicts had ever seen a bicycle, and the wonderful exhibition given by Kilpatrick was greatly enjoyed.

The Pacific Athletic Club of San Francisco, Saturday asked Johnny Van Heest by wire whether he would meet George Dixon for a purse of \$8,000. An affirmative answer was sent in reply conditional upon the improbability of a larger purse being offered.

LOCATING THE TRAITOR.

One bitterly cold winter's evening five men were seated together in a small room in a house situated in the Jewish quarter of a busy and largely populated Russian city. The appearance of the room was as wretched as the external aspect of the house itself. The solitary window was totally concealed by a heavy faded curtain, depending from the roof, and as the wind moaned dismally through the broken panes of glass its sibilant folds swayed to and fro. The inmates of this mournful den were seated around the table, smoking their pipes and talking, as if furtively, in whispers. As the feeble rays of the candle fell fitfully upon the company they revealed the youthful faces of four students. The chief spokesman, however, was a much older man, apparently about 50, with a short, pointed beard, shaggy brows, and keen penetrating eyes of the darkest hue. The others deferentially addressed the speaker as "professor," and such, indeed, he was, at that time, at a well-known school of medicine in Russia.

On the present occasion, however, he was speaking, not of science, but of the terrible doctrine of assassination.

Prof. V. was a nihilist, a reputed Colossus of craft in the dissemination of revolutionary doctrines, and on the particular evening in question he was engaged in advocating with fiery eloquence the assassination of a certain colonel who had lately been promoted to the rank of chief commissioner of the secret police. As the night wore on their whispered conversation was suddenly interrupted by a low knocking at the outer door. In a moment the conspirators sprang noiselessly to their feet and listened with bated breath. The sound was repeated—a peculiar whistle was heard from without, and the listeners exchanged significant glances and quietly resumed their seats. Presently cautious footsteps were heard in an outer room, the door was opened, and a young man hastily entered. His face was pale, his manner agitated, and as he returned his companions' salutations he regarded them with a fixed and angry stare.

"You have kept us waiting, comrade," exclaimed the professor, puffing calmly at his pipe. "Ugh! we are almost frozen, for the air of this wretched apartment is quite Siberian. But now to business. We will warm ourselves with talk, and fire our minds with the prospect of revenge."

There was a murmur of approval. It was noticed, however, that the young man who had just appeared upon the scene took his seat in silence, and resting his elbows upon the table, slowly scrutinized the faces of his comrades.

"My dear professor," he said at length, "we can not possibly proceed at present with this business."

"Why not?" was unanimously asked.

"Because," replied the latest comer, as he quietly snuffed a candle—"because one of us is a traitor."

"A traitor!" exclaimed the men, starting to their feet.

"Yes comrades we are betrayed; and as no one knows of this plot of ours except ourselves, it is plain, I think, that one of us has turned informant."

"You are mad to say so," hoarsely exclaimed the professor; "but in heaven's name what has happened? Come, tell us quickly, this is no jesting matter."

"Listen then. On my way hither, comrades, I entered a cafe de Paris to sip a cup of tea and smoke a cigarette. I happened to sit by two officers of the secret police, and as one of them was somewhat tipsy, I could distinctly hear his conversation. I found it rather interesting. He told his companion that he was under orders to surround this old, deserted house at midnight—it was near 11 now—and to arrest all persons found within. He mentioned, moreover, all our names, and added, with a maudlin laugh, that a certain person to whom the administration is eternally indebted, would be found in our midst playing the part of conspirator. Now, comrades, I have done. What shall we do?"

The men looked at each other in dismay.

A dead silence filled the room, for a mere suspicion of treachery among the men who had solemnly dedicated their lives to the sacred cause of liberty seemed to hold them dumb. Such villainy in their very midst—among men banded together in sacred brotherhood—was a greater crime than the merciless acts of a despot and his minions.

"If this is true," said the professor, in a voice of suppressed rage, "then I will no longer believe in human fidelity, or the future of our cause. But—death! if the story is true. Which of us is the informer?" added the speaker, staring fiercely at the pale faces of his companions.

"Bah! it is useless to ask that, my dear professor," exclaimed Ivan—such was the name of the youth who had brought the strange intelligence—as he advanced to the door of the room, locked it, and placed the key in his pocket. "Every one will assert his innocence, of course. But, comrades, suppose we endeavor to find him out? Let us search each other. The traitor, whoever he may be, must doubtless have in his possession some proof of his guilt. At least the experiment is worth trying. What say you?"

"Agreed! agreed!" exclaimed the nihilists, as with one accord they sprang convulsively to their feet. One of the students—a tall, lank youth, with a somewhat foppish appearance—objected, however to the proposal.

"But why?" hotly demanded the professor, who seemed all eagerness to begin the investigation.

"Because," was the hesitating rejoinder, "honor ought to be enough. Besides there is something degrading in the idea of searching one another, as if, indeed, we were a lot of pickpockets. So let us break up the meeting. This excitement is absurd, and renders the discussion of our plot impossible. As for the story told by the cafe, I don't believe a word of it."

These words produced an angry murmur among the excited conspirators. The protest seemed so ridiculous: and as the clamor increased Ivan turned to the speaker and warmly exclaimed: "Very well; we shall abstain from searching you, since you wish it; but remember this, that if we fail to find a clew to the informant among those who willingly submit to the examination we shall then know upon whom to fix our suspicions. Now, comrades, search me first; I am ready."

In a moment the speaker's pockets were emptied of their contents, and even the lining of his clothes was carefully searched, but beyond a few old love letters, some political pamphlets, and an English newspaper with a paragraph obliterated with lampblack nothing of an incriminating character was found. A second student readily submitted to the test—if test it was—with similar results. Then a third stepped forward and placed himself in the hands of his companions. But at that moment a curious incident occurred. An invisible hand suddenly extinguished the light of the candle, and in a second the room was plunged in utter darkness.

What did it mean? Who had quenched the light? For a moment the nihilists remained motionless, as if rooted to the spot. As they listened in alarm they heard a strange, creaking sound in the direction of the curtained window.

Suddenly the voice of Ivan exclaimed in the darkness: "Comrades, this is a trick! Listen! Some one is endeavoring to escape by the window! It is the traitor at last. His attempt to escape betrays his guilt. Stand back! I know how to deal with him!"

In an instant the reports of three revolver shots rang out through the room and were followed by an agonizing yell as some one fell heavily upon the floor.

A profound silence then ensued.

It was an awful situation.

At length Ivan spoke to his terrified companions.

"Strike a light now," he said in a trembling voice, "and let us look upon the face of a traitor. Will no one move. Are you all afraid to gaze upon the dead body of a miscreant, who has betrayed us to our enemies? Come, professor, where are the matches? You had them last. But hush! What sound is that? Listen! By heavens, comrades, the police are upon us already. The house is surrounded! Quick! here is a trapdoor known only to myself. It leads to the main sewer and is our only hope of escape. Follow me."

Groping hand in hand in the dark, the affrighted men followed the speaker's directions, and after some momentary confusion disappeared into a noisome abyss. None to soon. In another instant the door of the room was battered to pieces, and a company of gendarmes entered. Lights were now flashed in every direction, but it was obvious to all that the conspirators had escaped. The officer in charge swore long and deep, and ordered the men to search the house from top to bottom. Then advancing toward the window, he stumbled over a human body.

"What's this?" he exclaimed, examining the dead man's features with a lantern. "Hal! so they have caught you at last, my friend, have they? Well, you played the spy long and well, but it always comes to this in the end."

And tearing down the window curtain the officer threw it over the rigid body of—the professor.—Fall Mall Budget.

Another Antique Invention.

A Scotchman has invented an ingenious and useful addition to the clock for the purpose of warning its owner that the time of an engagement has arrived. At the top of the clock is a disk or drum in which are 48 slots representing the hours and quarters of the day, the whole arrangement being driven by the clock so as to make a complete revolution in 12 hours. Tablets of ivory, one and a half inches long by three quarters of an inch wide, fit into the slots of the disk.

To use the device, the engagement is written on a tablet which is placed in the slot representing the hour and fraction at which the engagement is to be fulfilled. The moment the time arrives, the tablet drops automatically into a box in front of the clock, while an alarm bell rings 16 times to call attention to the tablet. As there are 48 slots, it is possible to make the clock warn for an engagement every 15 minutes.

The device will, it is said, become popular with business men who have subordinates with short memories, while to insure the proper administration of medicine, at stated intervals, the apparatus will find a useful place.

Mr. Bachelor (to house agent)—I thought you said there was a charming view from the front windows? Why, there are only houses to be seen. House Agent—So there is a charming view, sir. In the house opposite lives the most beautiful young widow you ever clapped eyes on, and she's always at the window.

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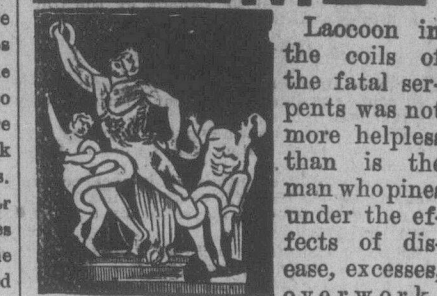
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