

THE SPORTING WORLD

THE TUG OF WAR.

The Garrison team have accepted the challenge from Sergt. Loye, Captain of the Police team and the pull will take place shortly.

THE RING.

There is a rumor about town that John L. Sullivan is going to Farmington to be treated at the Keeley institute. He was expected on Saturday, and consequently a large crowd was present at the depot to welcome the great knocker out but were disappointed.

W. B. Renaud's "Unknown" pugilist has arrived in Ottawa, and in the course of the next week it is expected he will have a match on with Gus Lambert, the heavy weight of Montreal. He is a likely looking young man of about 30 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches in height and fights at 164 pounds.

Bob Fitzsimmons and Jimmy Carrol arrived in New Orleans on Wednesday from Bay St. Louis. Fitzsimmons is looking for a match, and has come to the conclusion that no one in the middle-weight class wants to fight him. He said to-night that he was willing to meet either Maher or Mitchell. When a by-stander remarked that Maher was a very clever boxer Fitzsimmons smiled and said that Mitchell was also a good one. In all likelihood the Olympic club will make Maher or Mitchell an offer shortly.

Billy Baker the Buffalo pugilist, who some time ago was shot by ruffians because he was protecting a girl from insult, is in a critical condition. After the shooting Baker was taken to the General hospital, but was on his feet again a few days afterwards apparently as well as ever beyond weakness. The bullet was not extracted. Saturday night he complained of pains in his legs, and Dr. Parmenter was called in. An examination showed that the poisoned flesh lay along the course of the bullet. It was decided to hold an operation. This was done late on Saturday night and the poisoned flesh removed. Another operation was performed to-day and more poisoned flesh taken out. The bullet is still there.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cornell College has 58 candidates for its new crew.

Having defeated Cardiff, McAuliffe, the heavyweight, wants to get on a match with Goddard, the Australian.

Herbert E. Laurie, the English racing man who competed in the American tournament in 1890, is again in America.

In the hatchery at Swan Lake, Me., there are now 500,000 brook trout eggs, which are to be hatched out the coming spring.

Mr. F. H. Francis, of Belfast, Me., has proved that under favorable conditions salmon trout will double in weight in 14 months.

Extensive improvements are to be made on the track at Fleetwood Park, and there will be regular trotting races all next summer.

Tom Kerr, the English sprinter, now over here, will make a starve-out of it in this country. He can do 10 1/2, but is a poor hustler.

New York has a Chinese cycling club, and it is said the Mongolians tie their queues to the rear wheel to prevent them from taking a header.

The New York Sporting Times has been purchased by James E. Sullivan, secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union. It will be the organ of the Union.

It takes money to run the Manhattan Athletic Club. Last year \$10,024 was spent for stationery and printing, and \$33,000 for feeding the club's employes.

Harry Gilmore, who will box Collins at Detroit on January 27, appears to be doing well in Chicago. The Inter-Ocean says:—"Gilmore's shows have all been lively ones so far."

Peter Jackson cuts Slavin as follows:—"As to Slavin's statement that he can make more money by fighting Sullivan than me, I will say that I fail to see where Slavin has earned enough prestige to warrant his getting a match with Sullivan."

The League of American Wheelmen have decided to hold their next annual meeting in Washington. On this occasion, plans will be submitted for the big wheeling features to be held in connection with the Columbian Exhibition in 1893.

All arrangements for the cooking main between Maryland and New York on the one side and California on the other have been completed at Mr. R. K. Fox's office. The Pacific coast birds have arrived. The fight takes place on Long Island on the 10th inst. The contracting parties are A. B. Suit, of Maryland, and Andrew Greene, of California. Each battle will be for \$50 a side and \$1,500 a side on the main.

A Frisco newspaper says that two well-dressed young fellows walked into the Oakland poolroom the other day and gazed at the board. They were strangers to the gang. Looking intently at the entries for about a minute, one of the strangers at length remarked; "Looks

like a walk for Bohemian" "Oh, I don't know," said number two, "Jimmy Swift's in it." "Bet you a thousand Bohemian wins," "If you're so sure about it, why not make it three thousand." "You can't bluff me," said number one, warmly, "and I'll call you for that. Three thousand goes." A large crowd gathered about the unknown plungers and the excitement was intense. The bell rang. "They're off," said the man on the throne, hoarsely. Not a muscle changed in the strangers, not even a shade paler did either one get, "Ain't they cool?" said a by-stander. "Game as Dan McCarty," was answered. "Bohemian wins by a neck," said the caller. "Come up to the office," said number two, "and I'll cut the amount off my string." They were compositors on a morning paper, and were betting thousands of ems instead of dollars. In all it was \$1.35 a side, and no fainting.

TURNER'S "SLAVE SHIP."

Some twenty years ago or more, I was taking luncheon with Mr. Ruskin, who then lived at Denmark hill. Opposite me was one of the grandest pictures in the world, and my host saw that during the whole of lunch I seemed unable to keep my eyes from it. "Yes," he said, "that is Turner's 'Sermon against the Slave Trade.'" Those who would enter into the mighty meaning of Turner's protest against the guilt and horror of this crime against the indefeasible rights of humanity—against what Livingstone called, in the very last words he ever wrote, "this open sore of the world"—must read Mr. Ruskin's own unparalleled description of this picture in his "Modern Painters." But we may safely ask what speech even Pitt or Fox or Wilberforce have uttered; what song could Cowper or Longfellow or Whittier have sung; what sermon could Channing or Chalmers have preached against that crime, to which the conscience of the nation was rendered callous by sophistry, greed and custom, comparable to Turner's "Slayer?"

It is the picture of a black slave ship chased by a British frigate, under a lurid sky, and flinging her slaves overboard into the lurid sea. The horrors of the picture reveal, interpret, emphasize the horrors of the facts. The sky and the multitudinous sea are bathed, incarnadined with blood, the blood of vengeance, the blood of wrong. That lurid, blood red picture, overwhelming in its solemnity and power and shuddering intuition of wrong, is Turner's way of saying to his fellow citizens: "Verily, there is a God who judgeth the earth." By such pictures a painter takes his share in the noblest welfare of mankind.

A Terrible Ride.

The scene of the following ghastly adventure is a solitary country road at night (from the Christmas number of the Review of Reviews):—We skip the rider's previous dream, and come at once to the "creeps." Nothing remarkable occurred for the first half hour. The moon was shining brightly. By-and-bye the route went through a cutting where the hedges were a little higher than ordinary. On arriving at this point he noticed that the horse changed his easy trot into a walking pace, and seemed somewhat uneasy. However, the cutting was passed, and again they were on the moonlit road, which he could see stretching away in front over the undulating hills. Canter along they had not proceeded far before the animal dropped into a walk again. Encouragement and caresses were in vain, walk he would. Suddenly the horse came to a dead halt in the middle of the road. The suddenness of stopping nearly unseated the rider, but he urged the animal forward. The horse was induced to walk on again, although apparently very uneasy. They had not gone many yards before the horse stopped again so suddenly that he had to clutch the animal's mane to prevent being thrown headlong upon the highway. What was the meaning of such strange behaviour? Then there flashed through his mind the circumstances of his dream. Yes, there were all the accompaniments of his picture—the bay horse, the moonlit road, and sudden stoppages. Surely it was a warning. Twice had the creature halted, and he recollected his dream made him the third time fall head foremost on the road. He got off, and throwing the bridle over his arm coaxed the horse to move onward. He noticed that the animal was covered with perspiration, as if after a hard gallop, and that he was trembling violently. Repeatedly, too, he glanced searchingly at the hedges. What could be the matter? The strange conduct of the horse became yet stranger. More suddenly than before the animal came to a dead halt. The animal was in deep distress. His nostrils were distended; sweat covered his limbs; his eyes were bent in one direction, with every symptom of terror. Not seeing anything remarkable at first in the direction in which the horse was gazing, Foster tried to urge him onward; in vain. Passing round to the other side of the animal's head, Foster was induced to look more closely towards that portion of the somewhat low hedge which the horse so intently regarded. There in the moonlight, hanging, bending limp and appa-

rently lifeless over the hedge, was the body of a tall man. With arms outstretched, the figure seemed touching the ground with its fingers, the legs being on the other side of the hedge. What was his horror to see the body move! Slowly, mechanically, the long arms were outstretched: uplifted: the body swayed up, up; and there in the bright moonlight was the man's face. How ghastly it looked. The glassy eyes were staring at the young man, whose blood seemed chilling in his veins. Motionless, upright as an elm, with outstretched arms, stood the gaunt spectre. Its throat was cut. There stood the group. The horse terrified; the young man speechless, terrorstricken; and the hideous something seemingly regarded them with his stony gaze, while blood appeared to flow from its lacerated throat. How long he remained Foster could not afterwards tell; but, after an interval that seemed an age, the horrible vision began, as slowly and mechanically as before, to bend its erect body forward, until it resumed its former position, hanging over the hedge. With a mighty effort the young man induced the horse to move on once more, but, on looking back, he was startled again to see the erect figure of the nocturnal spectre—uplifted arms, ghastly features, and blood-red throat. Just as slowly as before, the tall body bent forward; the arms dropped down, down, until some intervening bushes shut out the horrible apparition from view. Foster reached home near midnight. Afterwards he learnt that a man had been murdered on the very spot where he had seen the tall figure.

Berlin's Great Electrical Company.

The 8th annual report and balance sheet of the Allgemeine Electricitats Gesellschaft, of Berlin, has just been published. The company is not only a great manufacturing concern, employing upward of 1,500 hands, but it also invests large sums of money in a variety of electrical undertakings. The net profits last year were \$559,140. Out of the profits the company has last year considerably augmented its plant, tools and buildings. The output of incandescent lamps made by the Allgemeine Electricitats is now 1,000,000 per annum. In addition to several new types of dynamos, a series of different sizes of electric motors have been developed during the past twelve months. A concession has been obtained for utilizing waterfalls on the Rhine, aggregating 12,000 horse power, which will soon be transmitted electrically to important industrial centres in Germany.

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