

SNAP-SHOTS AT VARIOUS SPORTS.

Golfers are taking to squash racquets, now that the golf links are out of business. That squash game looks pretty soft to us. It is said to be pie for the real rough sport.

The Berlin-Pilgrimage match has now reached the newspaper controversial stage, and it is expected that only the good offices of the Toronto News will prevent international difficulties. The bloomin' Pilgrims have raising h'a beastly row h'over getting their bloomin' h'ankies kicked. Sir Charles feels beastly put h'out, and 'e h'is telling the papers h'of h'it. Fawney! The "In-dignant Britisher" of Toronto ought to burn up a few columns on the controversy.

The Nelson-McGovern bout is off. Terrorless Terry could not raise the wind. His rejuvenation has the ear-marks of a good press agent. The Battling chap would make Terry look easy in a hitting bee.

Toronto senior hockey players have formed the quitting habit. If there is not a prominent player in that city who has not quit for the season, will he rise and say "Present"?

Bob Fitzsimmons charged visitors four bits to see him train the other day. That's a fair value as a curiosity.

Mrs. Fitzsimmons picks Robert Fitzsimmons, of New York, to win his fight with Jack O'Brien on Wednesday.

A Buffalo man claims a world's record of 1,600 jags in eight years. John L. Sullivan has stood with one foot on the brass rail for 25 years, but this beats his best by 1,599.

Last summer Barney Dreyfuss denounced President Pulliam because the latter was owned by John T. Brush. Last week Brush was trying to beat Pulliam for re-election, and Dreyfuss was one of the Kentucky colonel's warmest supporters. You need a chart to follow politics in the National League.

George Ballard, captain of the Tigers, said in a speech the other night that the Hamilton papers did not know how to report football games, and that the Tigers were not given full credit for their performances by the papers. Well, we have no desire to knock anyone, but it strikes us that one G. Ballard got about all that was coming to him from the papers in the way of boosts. The Tigers made the aforesaid G. Ballard, and not the reverse. No, George, the Hamilton papers plastered it on miles deep, and the outside public got weary of it. You had a mighty good team, but you were too weak at quarter and at several places on the wing line to make world-beaters. Don't blame the papers.

Eckersall is the only western man to be given a place. The Chicago quarter-back deserves the position. There is no doubt about that. Hurry-Up Yost's team is entirely ignored in the line-up. While Camp's judgment is very good, there is no gainsaying the fact that either Chicago or Michigan could beat Yale, the champions of the east. Michigan ought to have two positions on the All-American team, and Chicago also.

A feature of the Fitzsimmons-O'Brien fight tomorrow night that will interest people generally, regardless of any interest in pugilism itself, is the showing to be made by a man of Fitzsimmons' age. Fitzsimmons was 42 years old last June, and is the oldest man who ever entered the ring in America in an engagement as pretentious as that of next Wednesday night. Jem Mace was early 41 years old when he found Joe Coburn for the world's heavyweight championship at Bay St. Louis, Miss., and Joe Goss was close to his 46th year when he lost the championship to Paddy Ryan. In general, a man is supposed to reach his athletic prime between 20 and 30. This has been considered especially true of fighters. John L. Sullivan was champion at 23-24; Jim Corbett at 26-30; Fitzsimmons, middleweight champion at 29, heavyweight champion, 35-37, and light heavyweight champion at 41. Gans was lightweight champion at 25, and still holds the title at 29; McGovern won the bantamweight championship of the world at 20 and the featherweight championship before he was 21, and lost it at 22. "Young" Corbett was featherweight champion at 21-23, Jimmy Britt at 24-25, Battling Nelson is champion at 23. And so the list goes. Ball players, as a rule, are out at 40, and so are the representatives of almost all sports, especially those requiring great activity. Whoever heard of a leading tennis player 40 years of age? Prize fighting is supposed to call forth a man's supreme physical powers, both in offensive tactics and in defensive powers of endurance. Therefore, the spectacle of a man 42 years of age in the ring against a skillful fighter near his prime affords an interesting illustration of the possibilities of a man retaining his powers in good condition. Fitzsimmons always has been credited with temperate habits. He laid the foundation of strength in hard manual labor in his youth as a blacksmith, and has not shattered this foundation by dissipation after attaining fame and money, as most successful fighters have done. But even so, it is supposed he is too long beyond his zenith to make a successful showing in a 20-round fight. But perhaps old Bob will give another black eye to Dr. Osler's theory.

The Chicago Record-Herald man figures out nine good rules for football. They will entirely eliminate brutality and make the game very open.

Rule 1—The field shall be bounded as at present and covered with three feet of cotton batting or eiderdown. It shall be banked on all sides with feather beds.

Rule 2—Players shall wear proper armament to prevent injuries. Said armament shall consist of large pillows for the chest, abdomen and loins, while a hair padding, if loosely packed, will be permitted for the shoulders and elbows. Shin guards stuffed with excelsior and shoes with cleats of soft felt shall be worn. Headgear shall be made exclusively of sponges, which will serve the double purpose of protection and a reservoir, thereby eliminating the revolting spectacle of an assistant rubber rushing onto the field with a pail of water.

Rule 3—Signals shall be whispered softly. When the ball is put in play the man chosen to carry it shall walk back ten feet and either kick or call for a game of pull-away at his discretion.

Rule 4—If pull-away is called for, all players but the one with the ball and one on the opposing side shall retire to the side lines. The man with the ball shall then attempt to get past his opponent; if the latter succeeds in touching him he shouts "Tag!" and the ball goes down on the spot.

Rule 5—After each play the participants shall be cheered by the persons assembled in the grand stands. The cheering shall consist only of clapping of hands and exclamations of "Very well done!"

Rule 6—After the cheering the college bands will play some classical selection which has previously been approved by a committee, consisting of three members of the faculty.

Rule 7—If a kick is called for after the ball is put in play, all the participants shall recline on the field, with the exception of the kicker. He will then kick and the official shall note where the ball falls. The ball will then change hands and the teams will line up at the spot where the ball fell.

Rule 8—If a player becomes weary he shall approach an official and say in a low voice, "Sir, I am fatigued." Whereupon the official will blow his whistle and all participants shall recline while coffee, sandwiches and ice cream are served.

Rule 9—After the game the favors will be distributed and the spectators will be permitted to walk upon the field, where the players will constitute the reception committee.

CARPETBALL.
A CLOSE SCORE.

A well-contested game of carpetball between Councils 125 and 203, C. O. C. P. Council 125 won by a score of 35 to 33. Friend Fritchett was referee. Friend E. T. Essery, grand vice-chancellor, has donated a beautiful silver trophy for competition. The trophy becomes the property of the council winning it two years in succession.

THE TURF.
NOW IN HONOR LIST.

Lexington, Ky., Dec. 18.—When the black horse Major Daingerfield won the Magnolia stakes at New Orleans last week he entered the charmed circle of winners of \$100,000 or more on the American turf and became the 22nd horse in this country to earn such

honors. For five seasons now Major Daingerfield has been before the racing public and has earned a total of \$100,590 in stakes and purses.

YESTERDAY'S WINNERS.
At New Orleans—Fair Grounds Track—Mahogany 15 to 1, Mayor Johnson 2 to 1, Togistella 4 to 5, Invasion 40 to 1, Calabash 11 to 10 Harmakis 6 to 5.

SIGNALS OF DANGER.—Have you lost your appetite? Have you a coated tongue? Have you an unpleasant taste in the mouth? Does your head ache and have you dizziness? If so, your stomach is out of order and you need medicine. But you do not like medicine. He that prefers sickness to medicine must suffer, but under the circumstances the wise man would procure a box of Parmed's Vegetable Pills and speedily get himself in health, and strive to keep so.

ENGLISH SPORTS GROW IN FAVOR
BIG COLLEGES TAKE THEM UPSoccer and Cricket Favorites
—Pushball and Polo Also
on the List.

New York, Dec. 18.—English sports appear to be rapidly increasing in popularity at American colleges this year, judging from the number of institutions that have taken up the playing of "soccer," or association football, cricket, pushball and pony polo. This tendency is marked especially by the rapid strides toward the adoption of the English form of football in many of the colleges that now object to the American game, because of its roughness.

An intercollegiate "soccer" league has already been formed in the east by Columbia, Haverford, Harvard, Cornell and Pennsylvania. Yale and Princeton have both called for players, and are expected to enter the league shortly.

Fred H. Milne has given a cup to be contested for by these colleges, and Sir Ernest Cecil Cochrane, an English patron of sports, has offered a cup for international games between colleges of America and England.

The Universities of Chicago and California recently brought the same game into prominence by calling for candidates, and the latest reports have it that all the big colleges of the west, Oregon, California, Leland Stanford and Colorado, had entered a league the purpose of which is to introduce the game on American fields.

Cricket has been receiving the greatest share of attention from Haverford, a college which shows especial inclination toward the leading English sports. Haverford formed an intercollegiate cricket league, the other members of which are Harvard, Pennsylvania and

Cornell. A meeting will be held this week to arrange a schedule of games to be played next spring.

Pushball has never been tried as an inter-collegiate sport, although, as it is played in England, it sets forth great opportunities for matches of strength. Cornell has had interclass pushball games, and makes quite a feature of the game as a factor in physical education. The other colleges have only used it in the course of regular gymnasium work.

Pony polo is essentially a rich man's game and has only been tried at Yale and Princeton. Teams were formed by both these colleges last year and invitations were sent to Harvard and Cornell to send others for an intercollegiate meet. The expense involved was an important factor in putting a damper on the spirits of the organizers of the scheme, but for some time Yale and Princeton kept teams in practice.

Probably the most English feature of sport in America at present are the so-called "bumping-races" at Harvard. These are borrowed directly from the oarsmen on the Thames River. As many as sixteen bumping crews were on the river at once during the fall season at Harvard. The name "bumping-race" is given to the sport because it is the object of each crew to bump the prow of its barge into the stern of the barge of the crew ahead. The crews start the start two at a time.

The best crew, or, as they are called in England, "the head of the river crew," start rowing up stream followed by another crew which is a hundred yards behind. The crew behind must come up and bump the other one, and, if it succeeds in so doing, it takes the head of the river. It is much better than the ordinary practice pulls, because it lends more interest to the heads.

John McCarthy, James P. Casey, Bert Briggs and Wm. Maloney; by Boston Chicago, P. J. Moran; by Brooklyn to Chicago, James T. Sheppard; by Pittsburg to Boston, David L. Brann, G. E. Howard and V. A. Lindaman; by Boston to Pittsburg, Victor G. Willis; by Philadelphia to Toledo, O. Krueger, F. Abbott and F. Corridon.

SHECKARD NOW A CUB.
Sheppard, the star player of the Brooklyn National League team, and one of the greatest outfielders ever seen on the diamond, will wear a Chicago uniform next summer, having been traded for four Cubs. The men exchanged for Sheppard are: McCarthy, an outfielder, who was sick during a part of last season; Maloney, another outfielder, who is one of the fastest runners in the league, being able to negotiate 100 yards in 9.45 seconds; Jimmy Casey, third baseman, who was very valuable last season, and Briggs, who pitched pretty good ball.

OUT OF BIG LEAGUE.
Jimmy Callahan, outfielder and former manager of the Chicago White Sox, has abandoned big league baseball and next summer will have a team of his own in Chicago.

CAMP MAKES SELECTIONS FOR ALL-AMERICAN TEAMS

Names Three Yale Men for the First and Four for the Second—Michigan Poorly Represented.

Here are Walter Camp's selections for an All-American first, second and third teams:

FIRST ELEVEN.
End—Shevlin, Yale.
Tackle—Hanson, Pennsylvania.
Guard—Torrey, Pennsylvania.
Center—Torrey, Pennsylvania.
Guard—Burr, Harvard.
Tackle—Squires, Harvard.
End—Glaze, Dartmouth.
Quarter—Eckersall, Chicago.
Half—Boone, Michigan.
Full—Hubbard, Amherst.

SECOND ELEVEN.
End—Cattin, Chicago.
Tackle—Forbes, Yale.
Guard—Thompson, Cornell.
Center—Flanders, Yale.
Tackle—Curtis, Michigan.
End—Marshall, Minnesota.
Quarter—Hutchinson, Yale.
Half—Morse, Yale.
Full—Shelby, Pennsylvania.

THIRD ELEVEN.
End—Levine, Pennsylvania.
Tackle—Berkie, Wisconsin.
Guard—Fletcher, Brown.
Center—Gale, Chicago.
Guard—Maxwell, Swarthmore.
Tackle—Bigelow, Yale.
End—Tooker, Princeton.
Quarter—Crawell, Swarthmore.
Half—Hammond, Michigan.
End—Findlay, Wisconsin.
Full—Bezdek, Chicago.

GAUGING THE THAMES

Water Commission Grants Rights of Hydraulic Power Commission.

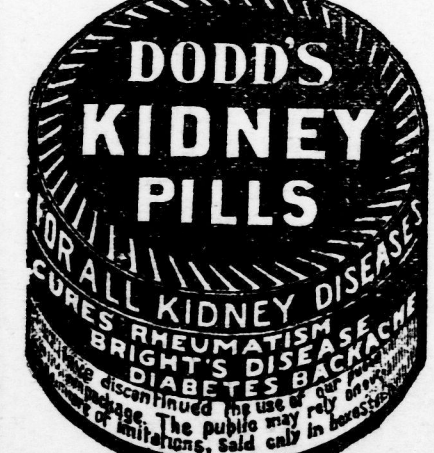
The last meeting of the board of water commissioners for 1905 was held yesterday afternoon, all the members being present.

Mr. C. E. Smith, chief engineer of the hydraulic power commission of the Thames, in a letter to the board, thanked them and Engineer Moore for information received regarding the power of the Thames. He made the following request, which was granted:

"In connection with the gauging of the various rivers, this commission would like to establish a gauge at the Sprinkbank dam, which I understand is in good shape as a weir. One of our employees could read the gauge once or twice per day, and this would give us valuable information. If you grant this request I shall send an assistant to establish a gauge to your satisfaction, and at your expense."

The pumping engineer's report showed the daily pumping average for the two weeks to be 3,520,000 gallons. The average depth of water in the reservoir was about 13½ feet.

W. S. Lashbrook, of the City Hotel, asked for on his last quarter's rate, on the ground that the meter was not in good working order. The matter was referred to the engineer.



The Name

Established 1840.

on a piano means much to the purchaser, and the name

Nordheimer

on the fall board is equivalent to the "Sterling" mark on silver. It is a guarantee that the purchaser has the highest grade obtainable.

The name

NORDHEIMER

is a QUALITY MARK that has never disappointed dealer or customer since 1840, and at no period in the history of the NORDHEIMER house has there been instruments created of a higher artistic standard than those of 1905.

Same price to everybody—each instrument is ticketed and price marked in plain figures.

Call and inspect our immense stock of latest designs.

NORDHEIMERS'

Limited,

188 Dundas Street, London.

How O'Brien Was Saved from Knockout
in Philadelphia Fight With Fitzsimmons

Fitzsimmons and O'Brien fought six rounds in Philadelphia July 24, 1904. The description of that battle, which was printed last day, is herewith reproduced. It will be of particular interest in view of the fact that the men come together again tomorrow.

Bob Fitzsimmons, the old man of the prize ring, fought one of the greatest battles of his career yesterday afternoon when he fought six fierce and bloody rounds with Jack O'Brien, one of the most promising middleweights in the world, fifteen years his junior.

Those who saw him stand up before his younger opponent and fight him every second of the battle almost into a state of helplessness will never doubt he is the great fighter that he has always been given credit for.

The bout, which took place in a twenty-round ring, pitched on the diamond of the Philadelphia National Baseball Park, went the limit with the exception of thirty seconds in the final round. Had this limit been fought it is possible that Fitzsimmons would have scored a knockout.

While O'Brien may have been out-pointed in the final round of the contest, he is entitled to credit for his gameness. He took a severe punishment about the head and body without flinching.

ROUND ONE.
They feinted for an opening and Fitzsimmons was first to lead, sending a left to the jaw that had little effect. Both were anxious for quick action and watched each other like two fighting cats. Suddenly O'Brien shot out his left, but Fitz anticipated the move and ducked out of the way, the blow going around his neck. Neither man was willing to break ground. O'Brien shot his left to Fitzsimmons' face and angled Lanky Bob. Fitzsimmons let go his left, missed, and they fell into a clinch. Fitz had better luck on the next attempt, landing a hard left on the face. O'Brien retaliated with a right to the jaw that jarred Fitzsimmons. He clinched to steady himself. On the break they mixed in at a lively pace, accepting every opportunity. In trying to get away from a swing O'Brien slipped to the mat. Fitzsimmons' right swing missed the mark and O'Brien closed in, landing a stiff left on the face. The blow broke the flesh about Bob's mouth. Fitzsimmons looked worried, for O'Brien had no trouble in dancing in and reaching him with short-arm jolts. His mouth was bleeding, and as he returned to his corner he was a trifle winded. It was O'Brien's round, his fast work having apparently little effect upon his superb condition.

ROUND TWO.
Fitzsimmons studied his man, while O'Brien danced round like a shadow in an attempt to force an opening. O'Brien feinted but before he could recover his balance Fitz landed his singing left on the jaw. The Cornishman was more cautious than in the first round, and Fitz returned a hard right wallop to the body. Fitzsimmons let go a left in the clinch. The referee cautioned him, and while trying to explain to the body, Fitz landed right and left on the jaw. Another left on the jaw brought the blood freely from Fitzsimmons' mouth. Fitzsimmons seemed puzzled at O'Brien's aggressive tactics. The Philadelphia met him at every turn and Fitzsimmons resorted to his

famous shift. Making a bluff lead with his right, Fitzsimmons brought his left over on the jaw, sending O'Brien's head back with a jar. Fitzsimmons followed this up with a right over the heart. The blow was terrific. There was action every second and the fighting was furious.

Fitzsimmons was waiting for a knockout. He rushed O'Brien and landed a stiff left to the stomach, and crossed the right to the heart. They were fighting fast when the round ended.

ROUND THREE.
O'Brien was there with his fancy footwork, and he stepped in with a straight left that sent Fitzsimmons back with a jar. Fitzsimmons gave him a right on the jaw that must have shook the Philadelphia up. Fitzsimmons blocked several leads intended for the face and sent a right to the body. Lanky Bob made his opponent's body and heart the main points of attack, and never missed a chance to wallop in a swing at either place. Occasionally he would wallop the right over to the jaw, but O'Brien's clever guard made this move difficult to execute with success.

Fitzsimmons tried his shift, missed, and O'Brien landed light on the head with the left.

Fitzsimmons got away from left jab and sent his left deep into O'Brien's body. O'Brien reached the chin with left. Fitzsimmons was willing to take a wallop to get in his famous right. He jabbed O'Brien in the face and the Irishman came back like a fighting terrier. He landed twice with the left on the jaw before Fitz could cover up. O'Brien was slowing up rapidly and his blows seemed to lack any great force.

ROUND FOUR.
Fitzsimmons came back strong for this round, but as they came together both bore marks of the terrible grueling they had taken. O'Brien's body was like a raw beefsteak as a result of the terrific body wallops he received from the Old Man.

Fitzsimmons seemed anxious to end matters as quickly as possible. He landed a left to the face. Fitzsimmons feinted and found an opening for his right to the jaw. His blow did not have the old-time force. O'Brien jabbed the face repeatedly, but with little effect. Fitzsimmons' right reached the heart, and O'Brien wheeled as though the blow caused him great agony.

O'Brien did more footwork and was not willing to take any more chances. He would come back occasionally with a left jab and a feeble effort to cross his right, but Fitzsimmons paid little attention to the blows rained on him. He was bent on getting home the wallop that would give him the fight.

He missed a right hand swing and was crossed with a right. In a hot mixup Fitzsimmons smashed a right to the mouth that relieved O'Brien of two teeth and severely cut his mouth. The fast fighting was telling on both. Fitzsimmons feinted and O'Brien slipped to the mat, but was up in an instant. They were both glad to take the chair at the conclusion of the round.

ROUND FIVE.
Fitzsimmons appeared the stronger of the two, and was more willing to mix it than O'Brien. The Cornishman, bored in, and swung left and right in

rapid succession on O'Brien's body. O'Brien jabbed his right to Fitzsimmons' face, and the Cornishman smiling as he sank his terrific left to the stomach, and followed it with one over the heart that took O'Brien clean off his feet. They mixed it, and Fitzsimmons got home left and right on the jaw that forced O'Brien to clinch.

O'Brien was running away now. He jabbed his left to the face, but his blows did not seem to cause any serious hurt. Fitzsimmons was getting more confident. He steadied himself, and bringing his knees together, let go his right that caught O'Brien flush on the jaw and took him off his balance. O'Brien fell on his face near the ropes, and was dazed when he got up. O'Brien was badly used up. His face bore several cuts. Fitzsimmons shot his left to the face as the round ended.

ROUND SIX.
Fitzsimmons walked into O'Brien and got a left to the face. He sidestepped O'Brien's right lead and chopped his right over on the left eye, inflicting a deep gash, and adding another decoration to O'Brien's body. Marked face, Fitzsimmons tore into his man and scored with a right uppercut. O'Brien rushed him to his corner. Fitzsimmons clearly blocking.

Fitzsimmons got in another good heart punch and both exchanged blows in the clinch. Fitzsimmons having a shade the best of it.

They fought cautiously for a few seconds, when Fitzsimmons sent a left over to O'Brien's face that sent O'Brien to the mat. He was on his feet in a second and then sprang all fours for a dazed condition. The wounds of both fighters were freely bleeding. They were covered with gore and presented a sad sight. O'Brien was in a bad way. He appeared exhausted, and Fitzsimmons was walloping him right and left. Only O'Brien's wonderful condition enabled him to withstand the lashing, but he was growing weaker, and a knockout seemed inevitable when the police captain ordered the bout stopped and the bell rang.

The bout ended about thirty seconds short of the round, and had the full round been fought it is agreed that Fitzsimmons would have put his man to sleep. O'Brien seemed satisfied to take the defensive in the final round, but Fitz was after him at every turn, and when he came to his corner he felt that he had won out by a safe margin.

Christmas Cutlery.
Good English white-handle Dessert Knives, \$1.50 half dozen.
Table Knives, same, \$1.50 half dozen.
Best English white-handle Dessert Knives, \$1.75 half dozen.
Table Knives, same, \$2.00 half dozen.
Good English Carvers, 50c pair; others at \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$2.
Three-piece Carvers, in satin-lined case, \$2.50 up.
Necada Silver Tea Spoons, 60c and 75c dozen.
Dessert Spoons and Forks, 50c half dozen.
Sugar Shell, with gold bowl, 50c.
Pearl-handle Butter Knives, in satin-lined box, 75c.

Gurd's Good Guns

185 DUNDAS STREET.