LATE SPORTING NOTES.

Fresh Gleanings From the Field of Sport.

Baseball.

The annual meeting of the directors of the Hamilton Baseball Association was held at the Brunswick Hotel last evening. All the old directors were present. A very important step was taken in reducing the number of directors from seven to three. The wisdom of this step is sure to show itself during the coming season. The directors elected were Messrs. Thomas Crooks, Wm. Stroud and John Cummer, and these, at a subsequent meeting, elected Mr. Crooks President. The directors will meet shortly and elect a Manager and Secretary.

New York is making a strong effort to secure Mike Kelly, of the Chicagos. Kelly says he will never play with Chicago again, although he has been reserved by that team and the management can prevent him from playing with any other.

The League has signed an even 100 players; American Association, 76; International, 106; Northwestern, 49; Western, 44; Southern, 29; Eastern, 10; New England, 27—a total of 441 for the principal professional organizations.

Hanlon will captain the Detroits during the coming season.

The New York *World* says: "It is probable that New York will have both Kelly, of Chicago, and Denny, of St. Louis, on its League team next season. Little is known of the Kelly deal, but Denny is almost certain to be on the third bag for the Giants."

Muldoon has asked Manager Barnie for his release from the Baltimores.

The Newark men explain that Knowlton was the "luckiest" pitcher in the business, but Smith was the most skilful.

The Ring.

Charles Mitchell has been empowered to make all arrangements for Smith, for the fight with Sullivan. Mitchell has engaged to box Smith on January 13th and will meet Alf Greenfield on January 14th. He writes to the New York *Clipper* thus: I have never seen Smith with his hands up, but the sporting men of this country consider him invincible. I think Sullivan would act wisely by coming over here. If he can defeat Smith he can win a lot of money and make much more afterward. I know Smith's backers well and have had a talk with them in regard to matching him against John L. They said they would make a match for £1,000, or, if that was not enough, they would make it for £2,000 and give Sullivan the choice of battle ground in this country. Or they would make the same match to be decided in America, Smith to have choice of fighting ground; give or take £100 for expenses. They are very sweet on Smith, who certainly is a very likeiy looking young fellow for any job. His fighting weight is about 182 pounds, and he is very powerfully built, while he is abstemious and takes most excellent care of himself. I have been authorized by the Smith party to make such arrangement with Sullivan's backers as I may deem advisable.

Mike Walsh and Harry Gilmore are to have a boxing match in Ottawa during the time of the winter races there.

Sam. Bittle and Hial Stoddard are to have an eight-hour sparring match in St. Thomas on Thursday evening next.

Jack Farrell offers to fight any man living who weighs not over 122 pounds for $1,000 a side.

The Turf.

Prescott is credited with being the horsiest place in the Dominion. Any and every day you can see half-a-dozen trotters hitched to speeding sleighs taking their exercise on the highroad. J. P. Wiser has a score of promising youngsters, Dr. Monaghan has half-a-dozen speedy colts, and there are many others who own from one to three.

The dates for some of the leading American meetings are: The Brooklyn Jockey Club's meeting will extend from May 14th to the 28th. The American Jockey Club will begin its meeting on Decoration Day, and will last till June 12th. The Coney Island Jockey Club's dates are from June 12th until July 2nd. Monmouth Park will begin on the 4th of July. Washington race meetings will begin on the 3rd of May, and Baltimore will begin on the 7th or 8th of May

The Bicycle.

W. S. Maltby, who is in Austria with Fred. S. Rollinson, is astonishing the natives with his fancy bicycle riding.

G. P. Mills, of Liverpool, the bicyclist, has covered 6,157 miles in 82 rides, from January 1st to October 9th.

An English racer has just had a machine built which weighs only 15¾ pounds.

Hillier was the champion bicycle rider at all distances in 1881. Rowe is champion of all distances, amateur, proamateur and professional, 1886.

Alfred McCurdy, the bicyclist who holds the 24-hour road record of the world, is not much more than a boy. He weighs 160 pounds, is 21 years of age and is 5 feet 10½ inches in height.

The members of the Nashville Bicycle Club are contemplating a tour by wheel to Niagara Falls the coming season. The party will probably consist of ten or twelve of the best riders in the club, and want to start some time in June.

General Notes.

The horseshoe turning contest between Dunn, of Detroit, and Campbell, of Buffalo. is attracting considerable attention in the latter city, and it is expected that about 300 Buffalonians will attend the match.

The annual meeting of the Toronto Lcg Sports Club was held Friday. It was decided to hold the inaugural race meeting at Eglinton on Friday next.

The first of a serious of chess club matches took place in the rooms of the Toronto Chess Club, Public Library buildings, on Thursday evening, when the President's side defeated the Vice-President's.

The Toronto Draught Club is anxious to play any club on the continent.

H. R. H. the Comte de Paris has taken Sir Douglas Stewart's grouse shootings of Grantully and Loch Kennard

Fifty thousand tons of soot were taken from London chimneys last year. Its value was set at $204,000—as a fertilizer.

In Kentucky this year nearly five million bushels more of corn were raised than in 1885.

A CREW FALL IN LOVE.

Sailors Completely Overpowered by the Beauty of South American Women.

We read in scenes from the life of Hobart Pacha that, after receiving his "baptism of fire" in Spain, while serving with the naval brigade against Don Carlos, Hobart, while still a midshipman, was sent to the South American station, where he was engaged in putting down the slave trade. Our adventurer's first love experience in Buenos Ayres, that paradise of pretty women, is delightfully told. Within forty-eight hours of arriving every man of the crew was deeply in lov My respectable captain, who had been for many years living as a confirmed bachelor with his only relative, an old sister, with whom he chummed, and I fancy had hardly been known to speak to another woman, was suddenly perceived walking about the street with a large bouquet in his hand, his hair well oiled, his coat (generally so loose and comfortable-looking) buttoned tight to show his figure, and then he took to sporting beautiful kid gloves and even to dancing. He could not be persuaded to go on board at any cost; while he had never left his ship before except for an occasional day's shooting. In short, he had fallen hopelessly in love with a buxom Spanish lady, with lustrous eyes as black as her hair. Our first and second lieutenants followed suit, both were furiously in love; and all my messmates fell down and worshipped the lovely (and lovely they were and no mistake) Spanish girls of Buenos Ayres, whose type of beauty is that which only the blue blood of Spain can boast of. Now, reader, don't be shocked; I fell in love myself, and my love affair proved of a more serious nature, at least in its results, than that of the others. To make a long story short, the girl and I, like two fools as we were, decided to run away together, and run away we did. I should have been married if the mother hadn't run after us. She didn't object to our being married; but in the meantime she remained with us, and she managed to make the country home we had escaped to, with the intention of settling down there, so unbearable that, luckily for me as regards my future, I contrived to get away, and went as fast as I could on board my ship for refuge, never landing again during our stay at Buenos Ayres. Fortunately, shortly afterward, we were ordered away, and so ended my love affair. I shall never forget the melancholy, woebegone faces of my captain and brother officers on our reassembling on board. It was really most ludicrous. However, a sea voyage, which included several sharp gales of wind, soon erased all sad memories; things gradually "brightened," and ere many weeks passed all on board H. M. S. —— resumed their usual appearance.—*From a London Exchange.*

A Misunderstanding.

A fashionably dressed lady entered a bobtail car the other day, and as she accepted a seat an obliging passenger vacated for her accommodation, she noticed that a gentlemanly appearing man, who sat directly across the aisle, was extending his hand toward her cordially. Without taking the trouble to determine who the supposed acquaintance might be by a closer scrutiny of his features, the lady grasped the extended hand and shook it vigorously, at the same time going right along settling her draperies to her critical satisfaction. When this was accomplished, she glanced up with a beaming smile to greet the owner of the well-shaken hand. To her astonishment and horror she gazed into the face of a total stranger. The hand was dropped with startling velocity.

"Why, sir," she exclaimed, crimson with anger, "I never saw you before in all my life."

"I am aware of the fact, madam," was the cool reply; "I only wished to accommodate you by passing up your fare."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Some Social Nuisances.

The fellow at the club who whacks the table every time he makes a point in conversation, and then curses because he has hurt his fist.

The chap who tells you why he has his clothes made in London, how much they cost, and what lord has a suit from the same piece.

The impecune who not only borrows your money, but insists on telling you what he needs it for, though you know he is lying all the time.

The fervent individual who, when he is introduced to you, immediately tells you how well he knows all the members of your family whom you hate, and what a good sort they all are.

The elderly person who trumps every remark you may make by observations of his own commencing with, "When you have had my experience——"

The young man with the vacant eye who, if he meets you twenty-four times in every twelve hours, always asks, "Haw, old fellow, what's new, hay?"

Buffalo Infancy.

"Is my sleigh here?" said a 10-year-old boy to Sergt. Kennedy, in station house No. 1 yesterday afternoon. "Your sleigh," replied the officer, "what would bring your sleigh here?" "Why, don't you know," said the juvenile, "me and Kinney and Mary Ann was caught stealin' iron down at de Howard Iron Works and got pulled in." "Were you fined?" asked the sergeant. "Cert," said the boy, "tree dollars apiece. Why, dere's my sleigh, over dere; I know it by that chip out os de top." It was his sleigh all right enough, and this lad seemed to take a sort of pride that he and Kinney and Mary Ann were far enough advanced to be fined.—*Buffalo Courier.*

London *World*: The Canadian Remount Commission has handed in a sort of preliminary report, for the information of the military authorities, pending the completion of the more detailed document, which is to go exhaustively into the question of the Dominion horse supply. It is satisfactory to know, in view of certain rumors that are abroad, that both the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Wolseley express themselves sensible of the good work done by Colonels Ravenhill and Philips, and it is believed that the inquiry will result in much benefit alike to the army and the Canadian colonists. The latter have a grand field of enterprise open to them, if they have but the good sense to develop it; and they owe the discovery to the Army Commissioners.

How to Have a Dress Made.

(Mrs. Bowser, in Detroit Free Press.)

What Mr. Bowser didn't know about dressmaking up to a week ago wasn't worth knowing. What he doesn't know now would fill a large sized book. I was fretting about the delay on the part of my dressmaker, when he suddenly turned on me with:

"Mrs. Bowser, it's all infernal nonsense. When I order a suit of clothes they are ready for me at the date set, and if there is any reason why a dressmaker can't do business on business principles, I want to know it."

"But I can't help it," I protested.

"No; you can't! You women are fools to be imposed upon as you are! I'd like to see one of these dressmakers bamboozle me around the way they do you!"

"But you don't wear dresses."

"For which thank heaven! There is more nonsense about selecting a dress and having it made up than I see in an idiot asylum in a year. I tell you, it's all bosh!"

"You might select my dress goods for me."

"Oh! I might! Well, hang me if I don't! Yes, sir, I'll go down this very afternoon and buy you a new dress, and I'll follow the cloth until you have it on your back! I'll show you, Mrs. Bowser, that business is business."

He began operations after dinner. Mr. Powser has an alarm clock which goes off to the minute. He, therefore, argues that everybody else ought to go off with the same promptness and dispatch. He jumped off the car and rushed into a dry goods store and said:

"Give me twelve yards of stuff or a dress—quick?"

"Calico or silk?" queried the clerk.

"Why, silk, of course. You may give me two shades—six yards in a shade. I'll take green and blue."

"But no one can get a dress out of twelve yards of silk, and as for the colors—"

"They can't, eh?" howled Bowser; "my mother never had over twelve yards for a dress, and twelve has got to make one for my wife. The colors are all right."

The clerk gave him what he asked for, and Bowser rushed home and flung the package in my lap with:

"Been gone just thirty-seven minutes by the watch, while you would have been fooling around three afternoons. There's twelve full yards, and if you have any pieces left you can line my overcoat sleeves."

"Twelve yards! Why, I never got less than twenty-three! Don't you see how narrow the silk is?"

"Um! I thought it was sheeting-width, of course. That's another fraud I'm going to look to."

"And the shades—I can't wear 'em—no one could."

"You can't! Well, you will, all the same! This talk about matching the complexion with dress goods is the twaddle of idiots! If green and blue won't hit you, then let her miss! It's my taste, and I think I know what belongs to harmony. We'll go down after supper and get the dressmaker to begin work."

"But I know what she will say."

"Oh! you do! Well, you leave that to me. I'm bossing this job, Mrs. Bowser, and I'll learn you a thing or two before you get through."

After supper we drove down town to a dressmaker's, As we got out of the carriage Bowser charged me to keep my mouth shut and let him do the talking, and I cheerfully promised obedience. He carried the bundle under his arm, and as we entered the shop he asked:

"Will you take a contract to build Mrs. Bowser a dress and have it finished at a certain date?"

"Let me see the goods," she replied; but no sooner had she opened the package than she asked:

"Is it some fancy skirt for the circus ring?"

"Circus ring!" he whooped; "what is there about these goods to remind you of a circus ring?"

"The colors."

"Mrs. Bowser," he said, as he turned to me, "we will go elsewhere. It is evident that this person has come out of some door-knob factory to take up dressmaking."

At the second place the dressmaker smiled as she saw the colors, and replied that she wouldn't think of beginning work without twenty-four yards of silk at hand.

"Then you'll never begin!" exclaimed Bowser. "It's high time the long-suffering public kicked against this dressmaking robbery. When I buy twelve yards of silk for a dressmaker to steal you can expect I'm going to die the next week."

The third dressmaker seemed to understand the situation at a glance. She opened the silk, rolled it up again and calmly but firmly said:

"I am very busy just now. You'd better take it to some blacksmith shop."

Then we went home for the night. Bowser was mad and wouldn't speak to me, and as he slept he dreamed of dressmakers, and I overheard him saying:

"Colors! I tell you it's all bosh! How many horses and cows do we see of four or five colors!"

The next day we visited twelve other dressmakers. Two of them called Mr. Bowser an old fool, and four others laughed in his face, while the other six refused to have anything to do with the dress. When we left the last place he said:

"Mrs. Bowser, I'm a man who can't be bulldozed. Those dressmakers have formed a ring to steal cloth and keep up prices, I'll beat 'em at their own game. We'll wait until we go to New York and then buy a ready-made dress."

When we got home he called the cook into the sitting-room and gave her the silk, and she thanked him kindly and added:

"It comes in very handy, Mr. Bowser, for my sister is a tight-rope performer and wants a new pair of silk tights."

I couldn't help laughing, and Mr. Bowser hasn't spoken to me since.

A circular to the Irish police has been issued from Dublin Castle requiring the names of the editors, proprietors and writers of all the Nationalist papers in the country, especially of those who are members of Parliament. The Marquis of Londonderry, Lord Lieutenant, has declined to grant the request of his tenants in County Down for an abatement in their rent, but expresses his willingness to sell them their holdings at reasonable rates. The tenants have offered him fifteen years' purchase.

KISSES AND KISSERS.

Little Incidents, Actual and Imaginative, About Billing and Cooing.

Petruchio gave his bride a kiss of enormous calibre. We are told that he "kist her lips with such a clamorous smack that at the parting all the church echoed." The kiss given by the Duchess of Devonshire to a butcher for his vote has almost a world-wide reputation. The butcher was bold and ingenious enough to demand a kiss for the price of his vote. It was gracefully given, and the kissee became known as the Butcher Steele who kissed the Duchess. He thus increased his trade and gained historic fame. I should like to know the opinion of the Duchess as to the difference in flavor of a duke's kiss and a butcher's. It is stated that Voltaire was once kissed in a theatre by the beautiful Countess de Villars. The pitites, in their enthusiasm for the great writer, compelled her to give him a salute. Almost every one has heard of the first kiss given by Dominie Brown to his sweetheart, Janet, after a courtship of seven years. One evening, as they sat together in the customary solemn silence, Mr. Brown summoned courage and said: "We've been acquainted now for seven years, and I've never gotten a kiss yet. D'ye think I might tak' wan, my bonnie girl?

"Just as you like, John; only be becoming wi' it."

"Surely, Janet, we'll ask a blessing. For what we are about to receive, Lord make us truly thankful."

The kiss was taken, and the worthy divine, overpowered by the blissful sensation, rapturously exclaimed: "Oh, Janet, it is gude. We'll return thanks." Six months afterward they were married.

Every one remembers the famous kiss imprinted by Mr. Bumble on the "chaste nose" of Mrs. Corney, and the still more famous kiss applied to the lips of Mary, the pretty housemaid, by Sam Weller. The latter event is thus amusingly described in "Pickwick:"

"Get your hat, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"It's below stairs, sir," said Sam, and he ran down after it. Now, there was nobody in the kitchen but the pretty housemaid, and as Sam's hat was mislaid he had to look for it, and the pretty housemaid lighted him. They had to look all over the place for the hat. The pretty housemaid, in her anxiety to find it, went down on her knees and turned over all the things that were heaped together in a little corner by the door. It was an awkward corner. You couldn't get at it without shutting the door first.

"Here it is," said the pretty housemaid; "this is it, ain't it?"

"Let me look," said Sam.

The pretty housemaid had stood the candle on the floor. As it gave a very dim light Sam was obliged to go down on his knees before he could see whether it was really his hat or not. It was a remarkably small corner, and so—it was nobody's fault but the man's who built the house—Sam and the pretty housemaid were necessarily very close together.

"Yes, this is it," said Sam; "good-by."

"Good-by," said the pretty housemaid.

"Good-by," said Sam; and as he said it he dropped the hat that had cost so much trouble in looking for.

"How awkward you are," said the pretty housemaid; "you'll lose it again if you don't take care."

So, just to prevent his losing it again, she put it on for him. Whether it was that the pretty housemaid's face looked prettier still when it was raised toward Sam's, or whether it was the accidental consequence of their being so near to each other, is a matter of uncertainty to this day; but Sam kissed her.

"You don't mean to say you did that on purpose?" said the pretty housemaid, blushing.

"No, I didn't, then," said Sam, "but I will now." So he kissed her again.

"Sam!" said Mr. Pickwick, calling over the banisters.

"Coming, sir," replied Sam, running upstairs.

"How long you have been!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"There was something behind the door which perwented our getting it open for ever so long, sir," replied Sam.

And this was the first passage of Mr. Weller's first love.—*From London Tid-Bits.*

Personal Points.

Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York, s very ill.

Gen. Sherman is said to have a fear that he will be the next of the war heroes to die.

Rev. H. Littlehales recently preached his farewell sermon in the Methodist place of worship at Battleford previous to his return to Toronto.

John Ruskin has recently presented a beautiful stain-glass window to the Church of the Sacred Heart (Catholic), Coniston, England. John Ruskin says he cares nothing for creeds, but that he does care for the needs of his fellow-men, without distinction of creed.

The ex-Empress Eugenie since her arrival at Naples has occupied apartments that command a magnificient view over the bay. The Empress will in a few days leave Naples for Posilipo, a village on the bay a few miles distant, where she will reside at the beautiful villa Delahunte, whence she will proceed to Sicily at the beginning of February. She will not return to England till the beginning of May.

A gang of armed and disguised moonlighters attacked the house of a farmer named Connor at Mount Collins on Saturday night. The family resisted and overpowered the assailants and captured four of them. The four were found to be cousins of Connor. There were six men in the attacking party. Upon nearing the house they opened fire on Mr. Connor and the members of his family. The former, who is an old man, and his wife and children seized chairs and fire irons and vigorously attacked the marauders. A desperate struggle ensued, during which Mrs. Connor and one of the sons were badly cut with a scythe.

The [illegible]ion of the British army in Egypt [illegible] begun yesterday, when 800 troops d[illegible]rted for home. By April 3,614 men will have been withdrawn, leaving a total of 5,000 still in Egypt.

The murderers, Joseph Mullman and Heinrich Andel, were executed at Weisbaden yesterday by Krantz, the official executioner, who accomplished the task in forty-nine seconds.

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DR. CARTER,
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Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm Wright's.

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J.P. MARSHALL, L.D.S
DENTIST,
GRADUATE of Toronto School of Dentistry will be at Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month, and at Flesherton on the 1st and 3rd Thursday in each month for the practice of his profession.

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