

SEASONABLE SPORTS.

A Peep Into the World of Base Ball, Racing, Golf Bowling and Athletic Sports Generally.

BOWLING.

TWO MORE GAMES IN THE QUEEN HOTEL TOURNAMENT.

Two more games in the candle pin tournament were played at the Queen Hotel alleys last evening. The first game, which commenced at seven o'clock, was between the McLellan and Winslow teams and the latter won out by 63 pins.

In the second game Capt. Babbitt's team took Capt. Dickson's into camp to the tune of 166 pins. Capt. Winslow put on the remarkable score of 132, which is the best made so far by any player in the tournament, and will probably stand as the record. Capt. Babbitt also let out a few pegs last evening by rolling up a score of 122 pins.

Capt. Dickson's men did not play in their usual form last night but look for better results next time.

The teams and scores were as follows:

D B Winslow 82 91 132 305 101 2-3

J H Hawthorn 94 92 82 268 89 1-3

P J Hughes 98 78 75 251 83 2-3

E L Cooper 69 79 82 230 76 2-3

Totals 343 340 371 1054

W A McLellan 84 82 84 250 83 1-3

W Segoe 85 81 88 254 84 2-3

R P Allen 78 105 80 263 87 2-3

A W Edgecombe 68 80 76 224 74 2-3

Total 315 348 328 991

J. H. Dickson 79 78 83 240 80

D. E. Crowe 80 59 71 210 70

A. A. Shute 67 78 70 215 71 2-3

S. Owens 67 76 79 222 74

Total 293 291 303 887

S. W. Babbitt 122 83 100 305 101 2-3

C. H. Fowler 81 90 89 260 86 2-3

Dr. McGrath 83 83 76 242 80 2-3

J. Walker 83 78 85 246 82

Total 369 334 350 1053

BASE BALL.

THE NEW CURVE.

Mr. Eels, formerly of Kansas City and now of Cleveland, is the proud possessor of the latest ball on the market. The technical brand of this delivery is the "noodle" and the name arising from the fact that the ball swerves abruptly at the batsman's head if he wades in too close to the rubber, says an exchange.

These knights of the bluegeon who hug the pan are pesky people for a twister to monkey with, and about the only way to break up this system of clotting is to shoot one directly at the dome of thought. Spring this gag two or three times and chances are that he will "23" a few inches further toward the water bucket which reposes some 30 paces away underneath the grand stand.

On one occasion Mr. Jackson waded up to his chin sagging over the platter when Eels was shooting them across. The "noodle" shot butted in, and as a result James was nipped on the forehead. His ear now resembles a real cutlet, breaded. Not that Harry is plugging any of his pals in the coco as a pastime, but a little practice now and then won't go amiss.

The shoot starts directly for the inside corner of the plate, and while the batter waits for it to buzz on back the ball takes a sudden jump of six or eight inches and the loud report that follows shows that some moody athlete has been toppled over for the count of "three."

And don't ever think for a minute he hasn't the steam to carry this plan of twirling through. That long arm sweep of his is followed with the smoke of a burning oil tank, and when the ball does break there isn't time enough left to skidoo before the knockout follows. The corner of the pan is used just some method like this, which in many respects resembles the "bean ball" the brand that Mr. Bender has made famous.

THE RING.

AMONG THE BOXERS.

After challenging Jeffries and side-stepping nearly all the good heavies in the country, Jack O'Brien finally gets a match that suits him and he snaps it up. O'Brien considers Sam Berger, former champion heavy weight champion of the coast, who was easily defeated in four rounds by a New York middleweight boxer, as a worthy opponent in a bout for the professional heavyweight championship of the world. O'Brien figures that Berger, being a big, slow fellow like Kaufman, it will be easy to walk around him and baste him to a turn in 20 rounds, and O'Brien is doubtless correct in his calculations. He has an eagle eye for the sort of men he can trim and his judgment is excellent. He doubtless can make Berger look like a deuce.

Meantime Tommy Burns adds to the hilarity of nations by calmly announcing that he is the world's heavyweight champion by virtue of his victory over Harry Hart. He also proclaims it to be his purpose to defend the title so long as worthy opponents are in existence. Mr. Burns, this is Mr. O'Brien. O'Brien, Burns, Time. But then, just as likely as not either O'Brien or Burns regards the other as a "worthy" opponent. If O'Brien and Burns do not tease this opera bluff performance they will have the entire sporting contingent in hysterics. It is a most exhilarating comedy.

Young Corbett is to fight Dick Hyland for a \$25,000 purse at Salt Lake City so it is said. Utah admirers of boxing are willing to pay high for the privilege of seeing has-beens. But perhaps it was a typographical

error, and should read \$2500.

Joe Gans champion welterweight and champion lightweight, being unable to drag any men of these classes into the ring, seeks a bout for the middleweight title. He has challenged Tommy Ryan, but Thomas will prove as coy as Battling Nelson and other lightweights, who have sidestepped the dusky champion. Joseph appears to have been ostracized by polite Queensbury Society. His methods are too rough and uncouth to appeal to society flowers like The Dane and the Greaser.

Toledo, O., April 9.—Bob Fitzsimmons has accepted Tom O'Rourke's offer to meet Tommy Burns, instead of Gus Ruhlin, before the Tuxedo A. C., which has just won a victory in court. Fitz wants to get another crack at O'Brien after Burns.

Joe Walcott, the world's welterweight champion, who has been out of the game for some time because of a game hand, is about to get back into the arena. He has been offered a match with Joe Gans in San Francisco the latter part of this month and has accepted the offer. He will start for the coast as soon as the preliminary arrangements are made and will go into training at once. This is not the first time these dusky gladiators of the ring have mixed it up with each other. They were 20 rounds to a draw in San Francisco in September, 1904. It was Joe's third fight for the month and in every event he had to make weight.

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A NATIVE DANCE IN WEST AFRICA.

Englishman Amused in Seeing a Scotsman Playing Push-ball With a Big Woman.

I think that night we had all got a fit of the blues, says the Lagos correspondent of the London Daily Mail. The evening meal was finished, and as usual, we were spending half an hour smoking and chatting. This was the pleasantest time of the whole day; the time to joke over anything unusually funny that had occurred during business hours, or the time allotted to laugh at the expense of one of our colleagues, a Scotsman, who took all our thrusts as a duck takes water on its back.

But somehow this evening none of us was up to the mark. Although we did not admit it, the fact that there had been several deaths in Lagos depressed us, and that morning the flag had been hoisted half-mast for a man we had all known and liked. To add to our trials the evening meal had been a failure and the cook had suffered in consequence. Some one went to the piano and struck a few notes of the latest song which was, as a rule, joined in heartily by us all; but tonight no one responded to the efforts of the pianist, who soon gave up, remarking that "he didn't feel like it somehow."

Then all became silent, each waiting for the other to speak. At last our mess president got up from the table and went into his room and we all followed his example. I called my Kroo boy and told him to light the lamp, arranged the mosquito curtains, and took up a book to read. But that, too, was a failure; I wasn't in the mood for reading. I wanted to do something, so I got up and called the others.

"Look here," I said, "we all want a change. There's a native dance on tonight. Let's go and get some fun out of it."

The others seemed to think it a good idea, and in a few minutes the place was quite lively again. The Kroo boys were rattling the baths and singing as they brought the hot water, the Scotsman was screaming for the loan of a tie, and the mess president rowing his boy for having left his dress suit on the line in the yard for three days—he had put it in the sun to air and forgotten all about it.

At last all were ready, and if any one had seen how particular we were about the final brushing of our clothes he would have thought we were going to a dance at government house at least instead of being off to mix with the natives. The man far and the pipe, we immediately took it from him and made him light a cigar. We meant to do the thing properly, and try to imagine ourselves back again in old England, on the way to some stereotyped Mayfair function.

We started off with our boys, and in a few minutes reached the hall, bidding them hang about the entrance in case we wanted anything. It is a fairly large hall, and at one end is a raised platform occupied by the West African Field Force's band, which is composed entirely of natives in their red and gold uniform. The bandmaster, having studied in England, Round the rooms are forms occupied by the women, and near the band a few easy chairs, which the men consider are placed

there for them. The dancers, I should explain, constitute the aristocracy of the place, for even among natives there are social distinctions. The dresses of the women, which are made and worn after the European style, are not at all unbecoming; some of them are even tastefully dressed, and the absence of a hat—the great stumbling block to a native woman's appearance when attired in European style—is a decided advantage. As regards the men's get-up, the combination of morning and evening dress presents a truly comical picture. The majority have dinner jackets and waistcoats cut low, or, if their wardrobe does not include a dress waistcoat, they remedy the evil by turning their ordinary waistcoats in. Brown boots are a great feature with the natives, which they show off to the best advantage by having their trousers turned up several times. These, by the bye, are made to fit the leg like a glove, and the limbs being as a rule, like broomsticks, and the owners all boy-legged, owing to being carried astride of their mothers' backs in their infancy, you can perhaps picture what two hundred legs answering to this description look like!

On entering we are introduced to the master of the ceremonies, an individual who wears a red sash to distinguish him from the others. He expresses his pleasure at seeing us, assures us he will do all in his power to make our evening enjoyable, points out the refreshments more, and winds up by asking what time he can call the next day for our little contribution to the ball.

Leaving us he goes toward the band and instantly strikes up a waltz, the drums and cymbals playing the most prominent part. The gentlemen natives make for the middle of the room and beckon to the ladies to come to them. There is, perhaps, one in the whole place who has any idea of dancing. Our Scotch friend has got hold of a huge native woman and is trying his hardest to play pushball with her, dancing being quite out of the question. He seems to be enjoying himself, possibly he imagines himself back among the bonnie heather. As my eyes wander round the room one couple in particular take my fancy; as they go round the round together they look like two very tightly packed sacks hung on ropes and being twirled about. I draw the attention of my other two friends and together we have a good laugh, which is quite lost, happily, on the dancers, whose faces beam with satisfaction.

The dance over, our friend Jock joins us, quite out of breath, and with the remark that his tongue is as dry as a bone. Fortunately I had sent my boy for some bottles of champagne, so we all make for the door to look for him. I struggle through the crowd of idlers who are watching their more fortunate fellow creatures with as much relish as the poor of London watch the well-to-do come out of the theatre, and at last find my boy, who, having mistaken my message, is standing with a small bottle of ink and a penholder. I address him in severe language and tell him if he is not back with what I want I'll chop (fine) him a shilling. He is not long gone and the champagne when it comes is not long going.

One dance is followed by another until the intervals, when the ladies go into supper and the men to drink beer, in which their pleasant occupation the band joins.

The interruption, ver, dancing being again. The bandmen have now thrown away their music copies and are playing by ear, delighted with the sound of their playing, they absolutely refuse to stop until the instruments have been removed by force from their steak like lips. During the confusion we seize the opportunity of taking the bandmaster quietly aside and appeal to his musical nature. Does he call that row music? Does he mean to insinuate he was taught to conduct that row in England? Doesn't he think it a scound better if he played quietly. And wouldn't five shillings help him in his task?

The result of this interview is that he starts a dreary waltz. This is not appreciated by the natives, who scowl at us as we choose the best looking women in the room and waltz around with them. But the indignation becomes great when, after finishing, we decide to repeat the dose.

We expect trouble and it is not long coming. The men all collect together and whisper to one another. We take no notice, being quite ready to wind up the evening with a row. They get bolder and make it our direction, a move which decides us to get our backs to the wall, especially as the natives whom we are obviously frightened of what they may get from the men.

We wait for the storm to burst. They make for the Scotsman, as he is the smallest of the four of us, and one of the men some distance off kicks him. We take this as a signal and rush at them. I remember sitting out and then falling through the open door and landing on the ground.

My boy comes to my assistance, and I run back to the hall, just in time to see two native policemen, with the assistance of all the men, struggling with my three friends. The master of the ceremonies comes up and begs us to go away quietly. He is very polite, but has not forgotten there is money to collect from us—we agree, make for our quarters, go to bed in a jolly mood, quite cured of the most frightful ailment in West Africa—depression.

"Madam," said a nervous passenger to the mother of a howling imp in the express train, "is there anything any of us can do to pacify your little boy?"

"O, thank you, yes," said the mother of the spoiled child. "You see the dear little fellow just wants to throw his jam tart at the passengers, and I was afraid they wouldn't like it. Please to stand where you are. Now stop crying, darling, this kind gentleman wants to play with you."

MAILS CLOSING.

6 a.m.—For St. John, etc., St. Stephen and Charlotte Co., Carleton, Victoria and Malawaska Counties, and United States.

7.00 a.m.—Woodstock and Gibson Branch Stations.

WAY MAILS.—East Side St. John River.

7.00 a.m.—For Keswick Ridge, Southampton, etc., Mondays and Thursdays.

West Side St. John River.

7.00 a.m.—For Springhill, Kingsclear, Prince William, etc., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

7.00 a.m.—St. John River via Steamer.—For Oromocto, Shelburne, Gagetown, etc.

9.15 a.m.—St. John, etc., C. P. Railway Stations, East Nova Scotia and P. E. Island.

19 a.m.—For St. Marys Ferry, Gibson and Marysville.

WAY MAILS.

2 p.m.—For Nashwaakiss and St. Marys Ferry, daily. Nasworthy, New Maryland, Hanwell, Lower St. Marys and Royal Road, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

3.30 p.m.—For Gibson, Marysville, Shelburne, Doaktown, Blackville, etc., Chatham and I. C. Railway Stations north and south.

4.45 p.m.—For St. Stephen, Woodstock, United States, Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and North West Provinces.

4.15 p.m.—For St. John, etc., Nova Scotia and P. E. Island.

8.15 p.m.—For St. John, etc., Nova York. Mondays and Thursdays.

MAILS RECEIVED.

9.30 a.m.—From St. John, etc., and Nova Scotia.

From Hamtown, Royal Road, etc.

11.00 a.m.—From Nasworthy and New Maryland. Wednesdays and Saturdays.

12.00 a.m.—From Montreal, Ottawa, North West Provinces, etc., and United States.

12.30 a.m.—From I. C. Railway Stations, North Shore and Quebec.

St. John River via Steamer.

5 p.m.—From Oromocto, Shelburne, Gagetown, etc.

8.30 p.m.—From Woodstock and Gibson Branch Stations.

8.45 p.m.—From Nova Scotia and P. E. Island.

WAY MAILS.

7.00 p.m.—West Side River St. John.—From Meductic and Way Offices. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

9.15 p.m.—East Side River St. John.—From Woodstock and Way Offices.

Miss Slimpurse—Wasn't Mr. Harduppe terribly embarrassed when he proposed to you?

Miss Gotrox—Financially, perhaps; not otherwise.—Stray Stories.

Smith—I hear Jones, the naturalist, had a bad accident. What was it?

Brown—Why, somebody gave him a young tiger cub, and said it was so tame it would eat off his hand.

Smith—Well?

Brown—Well, it did.—Browning's Magazine.

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MEMBER OF TIBETAN EXPEDITION.

Lieut. Hay Mitchell, Formerly of Canadian Force in South Africa, Now of Indian Army, on Furlough.

Montreal Herald.—Lieut. Hay Mitchell, now of the Thirty-Second Sikh Pioneers, the only Canadian who went through the Tibetan expedition under Col. Younghusband, is back in Montreal enjoying his eight months' furlough, of which about five will be spent in this city. He arrived at midnight Saturday, and is now staying with his family at the Marlborough.

Lieut. Mitchell, who, being in the Indian Army, is still two years short of the captaincy which he would already have secured in the British, where there is no duplicate staff of native officers of tawny hue to make promotion slower, is one of the finest types that could be found of the young officers of His Majesty's service.

Big, reserved and good-natured, he is in almost every respect the counterpart of the best English military man, but with a certain added perceptiveness, a keenness of apprehension, that is usually kept in abeyance under a mask of carelessness, but in an instant he brought it into action by anything calling for real attention. He has the English military air that suggests that all things are of no real importance, and underneath it a perpetual suggestion of the alertness that is continually on the watch for something that is of importance.

Lieut. Mitchell did not get to Lhasa, which is a source of very regret to him, for he found the Tibetan country full of interest. He was wounded in an attack on a "jong" or fort below Gyangsi, and remained there, about half-way between the Col. Younghusband and the main force went on. His wound was in the leg, and was inflicted by one of the matchlock guns of ancient pattern made by the Tibetans themselves; a wound which he has not yet recovered from, but he is now entirely recovered and in the best of health.

"They are the dirtiest people in the world," he said, speaking of the Tibetans. "They never wash, and they never destroy life of any kind, being convinced that any insect may contain the soul of a lately deceased person."

He cannot pray for himself at all who prays for himself alone.

parent. They are inveterate traders and they made so much money out of the expedition that they are getting quite reconciled to foreign intercourse—the people themselves, that is the lamas, were our real opponents; we people would not have done any fighting to speak of if they had not been compelled by their religious leaders. They are fearfully superstitious.

Lieut. Mitchell gave a most interesting account of the difficulties of the campaign on this enormous plateau—the majority of its surface higher than the top of Mont Blanc—on which the winds are so keen and continuous in winter that after three days' march not a man on the expedition had any skin left on his nose. He was enthusiastic in praise of Col. Younghusband, whom he said, made an excellent impression on the natives under the circumstances. The expedition was magnificently organized and equipped, and in spite of the terrific change of climate involved, the men suffered very little.

OH, MEMORY!

There is no doubt that the tying of a piece of string round the finger is a really good aid to a poor memory; but there is a well authenticated case of a man who tied a piece of cotton round his finger in the morning to remind him to get his hair cut. On the way home to dinner that evening he noticed the piece of cotton.

"Ah, yes, I remember!" he said. And, smiling proudly, he entered the accustomed shop, and sat down before the accustomed artist.

"Er—yes, sir?" said the artist, puzzled inquiry in his tones.

"Eh?—oh, yes; cut my hair, please, commanded the absent-minded one curtly.

"Why, certainly, sir, if you wish it," said the artist. "But you won't mind my mentioning the fact that I cut it this morning, will you?"—Ladies' World.

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65 PAIRS MEN'S SEPARATE TROUSERS.—Well tailored. Regular price \$2.50 to \$3.50 pants, Special for Easter \$1.90.

MEN'S BOOTS.—Men's \$2.50 to \$3.00 Welton Boots, Black or Tan. Special at \$1.90. See the above lines in one of our windows, marked choice \$1.90.

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SELLING OUT SHOE STOCK.—Our Boot and Shoe stock is getting lower daily. We have some good bargains for you in Footwear, to fit old and young. Be wise and lay in your next season's footwear now, later the price will advance 25 to 50 percent.

You are cordially invited to inspect our new spring stocks. Come in and see the many changes we have made in every department.

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