

Sporting Notes.

Some grooms, and many horse-dealer and stable attendants, are in the habit of giving horses doses of arsenic in order to produce a glossy surface on the coats of all the animals. It should be well understood that it is absolutely illegal to administer a poisonous drug for such a purpose, or for any purpose other than medicinal. The Lincolnshire magistrates, at Spalding, have been inflicting heavy fines upon horsekeepers who have been found using arsenic, and two have been sent to prison for twenty-one days. The arsenic is not used maliciously, but generally with an honest idea of making the horses smart in appearance. Nevertheless, be it known to whom it may concern that the practice is cruel and illegal, and that the R. S. P. C. A., is "down upon it."

Colonel North must have been thoroughly satisfied with the meeting at Alcester, for he also won the Waterloo Purse with Simonian. He certainly has spent money very freely in buying and training his dogs, and I doubt, notwithstanding the bets he has won, if the credit balance would be a large one. But, of course, the Colonel wants the fame and not the money, of which he is supposed to have more than he can possibly spend in the ordinary way if he lives another quarter of a century.

It was a notable fact that the winners respectively of the Cup Plate and Purse had the same sire, Greentick, who was on the ground and was the centre of a remarkable group. Another interesting fact was that the final quartette in the Cup, as well as the winner of the Purse, had the Northumbrian bitch, Gallant Foe, as grand or great grandam. Fullerton's price when bought by Colonel North in 1888 was 850 guineas, which was the largest sum ever paid for a grayhound at an auction; but what price would the Colonel demand for him now? The dog will, all being well, run again next year. He will then be only the same age as Master McGrath when the latter secured the last of his three Cups. A point for debate is which is the greater dog—Fullerton, with two wins and a division, or Master McGrath, who won three times, with an interval between the second and third victories?

A correspondent sends me the playbill of the recent amateur performance at the Meiningen Palace. This is how it reads:—

Monsieur Hercules By G. BELLY.

Mahlmann (Director of a Boarding-school)	Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen.
Ernestine (his daughter)	Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen (Princess Royal of Prussia).
Maus (teacher)	Baron von Ruxleben.
Schreyer (circus manager)	Count Schack, 1st Lieutenant Guards.
Cesar (Hercules)	Prince Henry of Prussia.
August (waiter)	Baron von Kies, Rear Admiral.
Hanne (maid-of-all-work)	Princess Margaret of Prussia.

Prince Henry provoked wild hilarity by his pranks as an alleged "strong man." The role of Princess Margaret as maid-of-all-work seems to be especially appropriate to her, considering that she has alternately succeeded in becoming engaged to most of the unmarried princes of Europe—according to the newspapers, at least.

E. Ekin, who comes from Clifton College, Bristol, is one of the most promising freshmen in the long-distance running way that Cambridge has ever had. At Queen's College Sports on Saturday, he finished first from scratch in the Three Miles Strangers' Handicap, doing the distance in 15 min. 14 1-5th seconds—time which a Cambridge "Fresher" has never approached under similar conditions before.

A POLITICAL SIMOON.

A simoon of this kind, made up of lying, slandering, broken vows and rum galore, has been rushing through the land. Fortunately the worst is past and all seem to be sobering up, both physically and morally, so that within a measurable distance we may be expected to stand dressed in that pristine virtue for which we are—save at election time—noted.

Why is it that men who at other times are honest, respectable citizens should at election times show the very worst passions that are inherent to human beings? How they apologise to themselves, and turn mental somersaults to try and convince themselves that they are descending to means unworthy of a man for the good of their country? Conscience tells them a very different tale: it says: "You lie! What do you care for your country? You are working for a party, and through that for self-interest." Do not think for one moment it is the men who are alone to blame; far from it, the women are just as bad: there are no lengths they will not go to secure the return of husband, brother, or one perhaps dearer than either. Only look at that décolleté-headed, blase old voter, who under the influence of a becoming blush and downcast eyelids has given his vote into the safe keeping of dear little Mrs. —. On his departure notice that tow-headed masher, revelling in the happiness of using his first vote, who on his hand coming into contact with that of his hostess feels such a thrill that his vote is gone in a moment, and whatever little sense he ever had has gone with it. Oh, you two fools, for a week after the election you may get a salutation of a kind, but after that no recognition of any description, and woe betide you if you dare to remember that sweet smile or that pressure of the hand on polling day!

There is a wonderful kind of biped that is *en evidence*—very much so, in fact—about election time. We have met him often in everyday life, and never thought much of him, except that he was fairly harmless. But now we find him blossoming out as a political canvasser, or rather, he attends to the commissariat department, which may be summed up in the word RUM. I believe that the man who is entrusted with the greatest amount of this beverage is considered a boss by his brethren. Whether this is because he is considered more honest, or that he can drink more with impunity than his fellows I cannot say. I suppose that these self-styled politicians do occasionally speak on some other subject than that of rum, and if so, no doubt they take their several leaders as guides as to the language to be used; but while a leader might content himself with remarking of his opponent that "he was a vile perverter of the truth," his agent might not be satisfied with such chaste language, and would be more likely to denounce him as "an infamous liar." Now, what earthly good are these men? It seems to be a conceded fact that they go to these places just for the purpose of distributing liquor and dollars. What a travesty Nova Scotia is on a free enlightened country! There are stringent laws made to prevent this, and the country makes of itself a laughing stock by not enforcing them. I should think that Nova Scotia is blessed—or damned—by more laws than any country of its size, and chiefly remarkable for the infinitesimal portion that are carried out to the letter. There is not a right-thinking man in Halifax to-day who, now that the excitement is over, does not deprecate the scenes witnessed and accomplished during the late election. UNIQUE.

FARMER, with gun, who had just put up a sign. "To Trespassers—Prepare for Eternity":—"I kinder like the idee, somehow or other. It has a religious feelin' running through it, and at the same time means business."

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