

A MINISTER'S FAST TROTTER.

The following story of how the Rev. Mr. Bland sold his horse and two horsemen, is given by a correspondent of the New York Sun:

"A man may sometimes purchase a flyer for a very small sum of money," I remarked to a veteran who was watching the colonel's colt as he came sweeping around into the home turn.

"Yes, and even a good horseman will sometimes pay a large price for a poor horse. By the way, did you ever hear how George Hayt came to buy the parson's trotter that they poke so much fun at him about?"

"I have heard some of it, and should like to know the true story."

"Well, you see, our minister, Mr. Bland, owned a beautiful long-limbed horse, that was wonderfully afraid of the whip, and at the first swish would dart off at a tremendous pace, trotting at the rate of 2:20 for a few rods, when he would drop into a lazy jog. One day George Hayt and a friend were sitting in front of Hoag's hotel, watching the roadsters as they rattled by. The parson saw them, and just before reaching the hotel he gave a fierce swish with his whip, and the horse shot past the hotel, and flew around the corner with the swoop of a carrier pigeon.

"Hayt sprang to his feet, saying, 'Holy smoke, what speed; he shot out of sight like a bullet. I wonder if the parson knows what he has got there?'"

"I guess not," replied his friend. "The horse struck a two-minute gait as sure as I am a sinner. We'll go up to the parson's house as soon as he returns, and buy his horse if we can."

"Calling at the parson's house, after a friendly chat, they broached the horse business."

"You have a fine horse, parson; did you ever speed him?"

"Yes, he's a good horse, but I never ran him for any distance, although I have seen him spurt out quite lively at times. You see it wouldn't do for a minister to rush a horse much."

"Would you sell him, Mr. Bland?"

"As I remarked before, I've seen him spurt out quite lively at times, and I don't know but a cheaper horse would do for me. It would be more suitable and more economical."

"What is your cash price, Mr. Bland?"

"Well, for a horse that spurts out as lively as he does, \$500 is the lowest figure I could think of accepting."

"After a short conference between the buyers the bargain was made."

"The next morning the purchasers hurried to the track at break of day to give the horse a private trial. At the crack of the whip the nag would dash off rapidly for a few rods and then drop into a lazy jog, from which neither coaxing, yelling nor whipping would drive him. It was impossible to get a mile out of him in less than six minutes. He wouldn't make a decent road horse. Thoroughly disgusted after repeated trials, the horsemen returned to the pastor's house."

"We have concluded to give you a chance to buy your horse back again," Mr. Bland, said George Hayt.

"And I have concluded that a cheaper horse will do for me, gentlemen, although your horse will spurt lively at times. Good morning, gentlemen."

A sunfish was recently observed in a state of torpidity on the surface of the water far out in the bay, at Kilkee, where it was captured by some fishermen, and towed ashore. Its dimensions were taken and found to be in length over six feet from the head to the back part of the body, the breadth of the sides, including the dorsal and vertical fins, seven feet and a half. Its flesh, when cut with a knife, presented a whitish appearance and somewhat grisly. The manner in which it was caught was by an ordinary tow-line, which was fastened round the body. Its weight was estimated at over 700 pounds.

A SLENDID SHOT.—The firing at the Dominion rifle matches was completely thrown in the shade the other evening when the keeper of the Albion, Ottawa, shot a bat under most extraordinary circumstances. The animal came flying into the bar-room as he was opening a bottle of soda water. The cork flew as soda water corks usually fly, when suddenly released from a pressure of 40 lbs. to the square inch, and took the bat, who was walking about the ceiling, square on the head killing him instantly. This is one of the best shots on record, and Tom has the bat set up as a trophy of his prowess.

SHAD IN LAKE ONTARIO.

A Syracuse correspondent reminds us that some five weeks ago we stated that shad had been raised in Lake Ontario, and asks us in what part? We answer that Seth Green has been prosecuting the production of shad near Rochester for several years, and with so great success that half-grown fish have been seen swimming in the lakes in immense numbers. These have spread to other parts of

place at Newport, R. I., on Oct. 6. The match is for the largest stake ever shot for in this country. The contest is looked forward to with eager interest, and already large sums have been staked on the result. Before Mr. Bennett went to England he was matched to shoot Mr. Livingston for \$7,000 and paid forfeit. In the coming match each has to shoot at fifty birds, and the side that kills the most will win the stakes. In the betting Bogardus and Bennett are the favorites.

GOOD AND BAD DOGS.

The *Manchester Mirror* says: As there is nothing meaner or more unprofitable than a bad dog, so there are few things which pay better and are less trouble and expense than a good dog. If a watch-dog, he is awake at all times of day and night, and always faithful and devoted to his master's interests. He never tires and never flinches. He is proof against bribery and threats. He never gets drunk, nor asks for a vacation. He demands no wages, and does not grumble about his board. He is the terror of thieves, the safety-guard against tramps, and the best fire-alarm in use. If a farm dog, he will watch sheep, drive cattle, keep the hens within bounds, and earn his price every year killing woodchucks and squirrels, and as a hunter he fills the first place in a sportsman's outfit. But a good dog, like a good dog, like a good horse or a good man, is the result of good blood and good training, and it is because nearly all our dogs lack both pedigree and decent bringing up that so many of them are good-for-nothing, annoying, sheep-killing curs. It costs no more for to raise a good dog than a poor one, and yet there is no animal which it is more difficult to purchase than a good dog. To the man who owns a first-class one, money seems to be no object. Be he ever so poor, he will sell his cow, his horse, and his pig, before he will part with his dog. A hundred good watch-dogs could be sold in this city in a week, each one for more than some of our friends seem to think all the dogs in the State are worth, and there is always a large and increasing demand for good hunters, while of good shepherd and farm dogs there are twenty needed where one can be had. Were it desirable, we cannot rid the country of dogs. Between the human and the canine races there is a strong natural "affinity." "Love me, love my dog," is a foundation-stone of society. Even the lousy curs which abound in the State now hold a place in the affections of the people from which neither taxation, moral suasion, nor law can dislodge them, and which they will continue to hold until other and better dogs come to take their place.—*Rod and Gun.*

A FRIEND IN NEED.

It is generally known that thoroughbred and other well-bred horses have their attachments for stable companions—oats, goats, dogs, and at times even for domesticated fowls, geese, ducks, &c. To these they exhibit great partiality, and often marked affection. The following incident—one among many we could recite—is an illustration in point:

A gentleman living in Norway, Maine, owned a thoroughbred horse, which he used for the saddle. He also owned an English coach-dog—a handsome, faithful animal—between whom and the horse there existed a friendship strong and hearty. The dogs bed at night was under the horse's manger, and they were seldom apart. In fact, the dog, at length, would not leave the horse except he was called away to accompany his master, and on such occasions the horse would very freely and touchingly manifest his restlessness and unhappiness.

One day the horse was feeding upon a grass-plot back of the house, being tethered by a sweep of rope attached to his halter so as to allow him good scope without permitting him to encroach upon the adjacent corn-patch. The coach-dog was with him as usual. At the same time a friend chanced to call on business, accompanied by a large and powerful bull-mastiff. The mastiff—an ugly, quarrelsome brute—made his way around into the garden and attacked the coach-dog, very soon getting his savage jaws set upon the other's throat, with a prospect of seriously injuring, if not killing him.

The horse saw and quickly comprehended the situation. With one wild bound he broke his tether and rushed to the scene of conflict, where he set his teeth upon the neck of the strange dog with a force and power that brought forth howlings loud and agonizing. But the horse was not satisfied with making the mastiff let go his hold. He lifted the belligerent car boldly into the air and bore him to the gate, where he shook him until a piece of his hide gave way. When released the mangled brute retreated with yelps and howls of pain.

PONTO, THE TRAPPER'S DOG.

and a clear and moon-light night it was. We stayed in our camp till morning, when we began to listen and look around, and try if we could see or hear anything of the child. After waiting and hearing or seeing nothing, we started off in different directions. It was ten o'clock in the forenoon before our most careful searching and listening was rewarded. At last, as I gained an elevated ridge, I heard the dog bark, and you may be sure that we started off quickly enough in the direction of the sound. As I came nearer I whistled. Then Ponto came running toward me, and back he would bounce again to where he was barking before. On coming up, there was the body lying under a bush, and fast asleep! The poor little fellow was frightened when we woke him, but he soon got over it and asked for his mamma, and was told that we would take him to her. Then we asked him how he came to be lost. He said that he started out to find his papa, and kept on travelling until after dark, when he got so tired that he lay down and went to sleep. He stayed in that place until morning, and then he got up and tried to get home, but not being able to get any farther, he lay down where we found him. He said that when the dog came he was at first afraid of him, but he saw the things on him, called the dog to him, and took them off. The boy was eight miles from home. Some dogs, you see, know a great deal more than some men, and Ponto is one of them."

A LONG WAY HOME.

A NIGHT DRIVE AROUND A RACE TRACK.

A question of time and course arose recently in the Hamilton driving park. A gentleman attending a race out there did not start home until after dark, when he set off in his buggy behind a first-class trotter at a rattling gait. He drove along for almost an hour and a half thinking he should have been home long before and wondering why at such a pace he did not observe the anticipated change of scenery. There was a sameness about the road which he did not remember to have ever noticed before, and finally he felt it was his duty which he owed to himself to make a more particular examination of the route over which he had been driving. The result was rather surprising than satisfactory. The horse had been "bumping himself" around the race track all that time, and at nine o'clock the occupant of that buggy found himself just at the starting point or very near it. The next time he will drive out from the park before dark.

ATTACKED BY AN OTTER.

A young man, named Wm. Kirk, of North Elmslie, while hunting at Mud Creek, on the 2nd inst., met with a singular adventure.—Kirk, it seems, had been walking through the marsh which lies along one side of the creek, and had arrived at the edge of the stream, and was standing on a log, when he perceived three otters, an old one and two young ones, close to him. Raising a heavy stick which he had in his hand he struck one of the young otters a smart blow over the head, which stunned it, and he was proceeding to maul the same to the remaining two when the old one fiercely attacked him. Frightened at the unexpected onslaught, Kirk ran as quickly as possible through the marsh for the shore, pursued by the old otter. On reaching terra firma, however, he turned upon his amphibious assailant, and attacked it with his stick. A savage fight ensued, the otter leaping and darting at its opponent and snapping its teeth like a dog. Kirk managed to elude the otter's attack by nimbly leaping from side to side, while at the same time he rained down blows on the savage animal. The otter at length, finding itself getting the worst of the conflict, retreated quickly back to the marsh and escaped.—Kirk then searched for the young otter he had at first stunned, but found it had recovered and escaped with its companions.—*Ottawa Free Press.*

THE QUEEN'S STABLES.

In her last batch of "Notes from over the Sea," in the New York Times, Grace Greenwood describes a visit to the royal mews in London, which she lately inspected under the escort of one of Her Majesty's courteous groomsmen. The stables, she tells us, are not so magnificent as are those of some of the gold and silver princes of California, being of the old style, plain and simple, but kept with exceeding neatness and perfect order. First they saw the saddle-horses used by the royal family, maids of honor, and visitors at the palace. These favored animals looked fully conscious of their elevated condition. They are spirited, delicate, high-blooded creatures, mostly bay, with square-cut tails, and groomed to the last degree of cleanliness and glossiness.

In a stable by themselves are kept two small Russian horses of a very rare breed, lately sent to the Queen by the Emperor

gilded figures of Tritons blowing gilded horns, and is altogether imposing and resplendent with gold and glass, scarlet velvet and satin cushions and curtains. This was built for George III. and Queen Charlotte. It is a cumbersome old thing and comes out at coronation times, and some times, but rarely, for the opening and prorogation of Parliament. The good, motherly Queen dances in the hall of Balmoral with her retainers and household servants, makes her own tea when out on picnics, spins in the cottages of her tenants, and has herself photographed in the gracious act—bestows "warm flannel petticoats" on poor old women with her own hands, and tells us all about it in her own book. The Prince of Wales goes everywhere, dines with every body, and drives a drag—for all the world as though he were no greater than the President of the United States. The new court dress for gentlemen is a simple half-military costume. Gaudy liveries are going out in high places, so that lackeys look less like lobsters and lizards than formerly, and it is thought that ere long the royal state coach will be remanded, Tritons and all, to that Valhalla of old state coaches, the first hall in Kensington museum, and the monarchs of England will cease to lumber along on wheels like those of Parol's chariot, but may drive through the streets of London, even on the grandest state occasions, with colerity, comfort and quiet elegance, like other sensible well-to-do folk.

REGATTA AT KINGSTON.

On Sept. 24 the Regatta was very fine. The Ina, Oriole, Brunette, Lady Standly, and Cuthbert started. The first named was a little disabled from the Cuthbert running into her. A change of captains took place after the collision, Capt. Cuthbert being called on to sail his own boat. The Oriole led at the first home buoy with the Cuthbert close up, the Ina third, and the Lady Standly fourth. The Cuthbert soon after took the lead and kept it throughout, the Oriole second. The wind was so strong that all the boats carried reefed sails and no top sails. When the race was two-thirds run the Standly lost third place by an accident. The Ina passed her, but soon had to lower her main sail and run back home, her mast being so weakened by her accident that she could not carry sail. There were thirty seconds between the Oriole and Cuthbert at the first turning, eight minutes at the second, seven minutes at the third, and nineteen at the fourth. The winning buoy was passed as follows:—

	H. M. S.
Cuthbert.....	3 37 0
Oriole.....	8 58 0
Lady Standly.....	4 04 0

The Cuthbert had to allow the Oriole four and a half minutes' tonnage, but with this deduction added she defeated her by seventeen and a half minutes. The Oriole had to allow the Standly nine and a half minutes. She won second money, therefore, by three and a half minutes. The Brunette reached the winning buoy about five o'clock.

In the second class race the new Kingston boat Laura won easily, beating the Emma by twenty three minutes, and the Katie Grey, of Belleville, by fifty minutes.

No third class contest.

THE EPIZOOTIC.

The epizootic prevails to a considerable extent in the States. The following from the New York Sun, of the 21st may be of interest. "A phenomena," says the Sun, "in the disease of horses mad—its appearance in this city on Wednesday last. It is not the epizoot, although like it in many respects. It is of milder form, and temporary in its attacks. The symptoms are a mild attack, accompanied at times by inflammation of the throat, frequent sneezing, and occasionally a discharge at the nose. With few exceptions its victims all eat well and work without intervention. Every car and stage line has felt its influence, and it is safe to say that not one hundred horses in the city have escaped."

The race horses at Boston and elsewhere are suffering from it, and the Messrs. Johnson Brothers, proprietors of Fleetwood Park, have withdrawn their purses on account of it. All the stock at their park have been attacked by it. Fifteen hundred out of two thousand horses in the Third Avenue stables were coughing and sneezing on Friday last. Ten thousand horses among the stage and car lines alone are suffering from it. On Saturday last the truck horses in Hoboken were unable to work on account of it. Superintendent Bidgood of the Six Avenue line of cars says: It came like a flash of lightning, striking every horse in the city, and as quickly passed away leaving its effects behind it. All seem to think it is short lived, the horses having improved since Saturday."

lights at each pillared section. There are staircases, one being solid iron, enclosed in brick, opening on each floor, also 5 elevators of the most approved style, worked by steam, smooth and noiseless in their motion. There are 765 rooms exclusively for guests, with 100 as many more for subordinate purposes. The dimensions of the leading public apartments are as follows:—Hotel office, 33 x 62 feet; breakfast room, 110 x 55 feet; bar room, 150 x 55 feet; hall and music room, 85 x 55; ladies' reception room, 40 x 60; ladies' drawing-room, 84 x 40; reading room, 40 x 40; children's playing hall, 60 x 60; rooms, &c., &c. All outer rooms have a bay window, and every room a fire-place, a wardrobe and toilet room. To every two rooms there is a bath room. Each floor has an annunciator, with special service (a vast improvement on the old system of bells), and pneumatic despatch conveyances, a parcel to every part of the house. Ventilation is secured for every room by 2,042 ventilating tubes, opening outward on the roof. There are four artesian wells, with 14,570 feet of pipe in case of fire. A therm static bath, and apartment communicators with the streets, where a dial indicates any undue heat, the most effective fire alarm guard ever invented. A watchman's bell tale indicator, leaving nothing unprovided for. \$15,000 worth of finest French China will give some notion of the accommodations for the table, which are in keeping with the lavish grandeur abounding throughout. The proprietors never expect any large return for this enormous expenditure of capital. If their scheme succeeds in attracting wealthy residents who will settle in the "Golden City," and acquire real estate, thus expected to rise in value, the investment may eventually prove an instance of colossal enterprise, as shrewd as daring. A climate, ranging from 60 to 70 degrees in summer and from 60 to 60 degrees in winter, may well make a region popular, notwithstanding occasional earthquakes. Outsiders think highly of the rapid growth and pregnant future of the Occident.

QUOITS.

THE TOURNAMENT AT BARRIE.

The quoiting tournament was finished at six o'clock on Friday. At the beginning of the day's play there were three competitors for the second prize—Messrs. Kelly, Mur, and Sheppard, the latter being the victor. Mur beat Kelly 31 to 25, and Sheppard 31 to 30. Kelly beat Mur and Sheppard 31 to 20. The time being limited, Dobson and Sheppard played a game of five points up for the two remaining prizes, Dobson getting the fourth, and Sheppard the fifth. The winners of prizes are the following:—First prize, \$50, W. Todd, Almonte; second prize, \$25, Alex. Mur, Newmarket; third prize, \$15, P. Kelly, Detroit; fourth prize, \$7, James Dobson, Barrie; and fifth prize, \$5, George Sheppard, Scarborough. The tournament was a complete success, all the competitors with the exception of one being highly satisfied. The judges were Messrs. A. F. Wright and Martin Moore. Referee, Mr. Robt. Nelson.

WALKING HORSES.

We are glad to notice that many of our Western fairs are offering handsome premiums for the fastest walking horses. There is no disguising the fact that a good walk is the most useful gait that a general-purpose horse can possess, and if one half the attention were paid to cultivating this gait, as is now given to that of training and breeding trotters, horses that could walk five miles an hour would soon be as abundant as 2-cent trotters now are. The trouble now is, that the whole country is possessed of a mass of fast trotters, and as soon as the colts are broken to halter, no matter whether be be Thoroughbred, Comstock, Norman, Clydesdale, Hamiltonian or Canadian, he is put to trotting. The whole country is engaged in training trotters, from the plowboy in the field to the professional on the track, to the utter neglect of that more useful, every-day gait, the walk. Even the importers of draft animals from Europe have caught the infection, and instead of bringing the best walkers, they have heard of their great trotting action. It is time to put an end to this mania, and to get a draft horse is preeminently a walk, while nothing adds more to the ability of a roadster to make a long journey in good time, than a walking gait that will carry him along at the rate of five miles an hour. The first aim, when a colt is broken to harness, should be to educate him to a good, square fast walk, and after that has been done, you can get him to trot fast, so much the better. One of the most successful breeders of trotting horses in America has often remarked to us, that he would not keep a horse on his place that was not a fast walker, and that he had invariably found that the fastest walkers made the fastest trotters. It is positive luxury to be able to drive a horse that can walk off with you at the rate of five miles an hour. It is a relief to feel