

were mainly in three-year-old stakes, in which the old weights governed, and the smallness of the fields arose from three facts. First, the three-year-olds of 1876 who are in the great sweepstakes are, as a whole, a shocking bad lot. Instead of breaking down through carrying heavy weights, very few of them are fit to run at all under any weights. Why one year's three-year-olds should be very good, and those of the next, mainly proceeding from the same stallions and mares, very poor, nobody can tell. It has often been so, and it will be so again. Second, the best of the year, such as Vagrant, Parole, Creedmoor, etc., were not engaged in these stakes. Third, the tremendously hot and dry weather during the last part of June and the greater part of July made many horses off and unfit to race. Some sage people of the Jack Bunsby order once proved that Tenterden stepple was the cause of the Goodwin sands, but that ancient mariner, Vice-Admiral Moore, and the Champion of the Light Weights, Mr. B. G. Brnce, will hardly contend that the new weights brought about the unparalleled hot weather. Now, Fiddlestick was lame, but he never carried the new weights. So was Vagrant, who never shouldered them. Then here we are! The horses of the year which have failed in the legs, partially or completely, have never had the new weights on their backs, while those which have run on and are able to run are mainly those which have carried them. Mr. McGrath's Aristides and Aaron Pennington, great horses both, have failed in the legs under light weights. His Leonard, after running on a series of races under the new two-year old weights, has just won the Saratoga Stakes. If we followed some methods of argument, we might contend upon these facts that the new weights will prevent horses from breaking down, but as at present advised we shall not do so.—*Turf*

HE HADN'T ANY.

As a Pennsylvania preacher was coming into New York on a train the other day, and as he sat in his seat reading the good book, which most every passenger coach is supplied with now-a-days, a man with a green patch over his left eye came down the aisle of the car at a slow pace, scanning the face of each passenger, and he halted before the good man, reached out a horny hand of toil and said:

"How are you, old pard?"

"Thank the Lord, I am well," modestly responded the clergyman.

"You bet you are," continued the stranger, "and I'm glad of it. Haven't got a euchre deck with you, eh?"

"I never had a pack of cards in my hand in my life," was the response, while the good man's face took on a solemn look.

"Didn't, eh? Well, I declare, that's funny. I wanted to show you a new trick and put you in the way of making a stamp now and then. If you've got a set of loaded dice in your pocket, I can show you how to flop 'em low to rope in a greenhorn."

"I don't remember that I ever saw any dice," was the solemn answer.

"You didn't! Why, you must have pegged around some one-horse town all your life. How's your brandy flask?"

"I never saw a brandy flask," replied the clergyman, "and I never want to."

"Don't eh! Rather take whiskey straight from a tumbler? Well, we can't all be alike. Got some plug tobacco, I suppose?"

"I haven't a bit."

"Got any fine-cut?"

"I never use tobacco in any form."

"See here, pard," said the stranger, lowering his voice a little, "don't claw off on an old friend. If you are working three-card monte on anybody, don't be afraid of me. Let's stand in and whoop some old strawberry out of his ducats."

"I haven't any such plans," replied the preacher. "I think you are entirely mistaken in me. I am a minister of the gospel."

"Pneuh!" whistled the stranger, moving back a little. "You preach, do you?"

"I do."

"Well, blow my eyes, but I guess you do. Come to look at you a little closer, I can see a sort of heavenly look to your face. I was wrong, old pard, and here's my hand. I feel as if I owed you one, and I'll learn you all the points about the string game [and not charge a red cent.]"

took over many years ago from this country, and made infamous by his ups and downs in the betting, and by his ultimate scratching at the last moment. Chattanooga has a colt, Chatterbox, in the Derby. Among the late additions to the stud, Stirling and King of the Forest have been given abundant chances of winning honor by the doings of their progeny, for they are fairly represented in each of the three races. A comparative table elsewhere shows that, though the Derby entries for 1878 are less than those of 1877, the totals for the three races exceeds the total of any of the past four years.

MEXICAN MUSTANGS IN ENGLAND.

At the Alexandra Park Trotting Course, London, a Mexican horse-breaker, named Leon undertook recently to ride 100 miles in five consecutive hours, having the use of ten Mexican mustangs. Long odds were offered that the feat could not be accomplished, but takers were wanting. Umpires having been chosen, and watches adjusted, Leon dashed off with a flying start, and completed the first mile in 2:30. Each five only were marked on the telegraph board, and 13:34 looked healthy for the first lot, in spite of a spill in the fourth mile. Ten miles were completed in 27:16, and on completing the eleventh he changed to a piebald that leaped the railing of the course, and rolled over him, but Leon got up and remounted, apparently none the worse. Twenty miles were ridden in 55:56, and great interest was manifested at the termination of fifty miles, when 2:21.05 was painted up. Shortly after this 6 to 4 was offered on time, but with no response, and the hardy Mexican kept up the pace. At eighty miles it looked any odds on the equestrian, as he had 1:9.25 left, but horseflesh was failing, and it was still a moot question. The interest increased when ninety miles were scored at 4:23.35, and he stuck gamely to his task. Ninety-five miles occupied 4:40.12, and amidst tremendous applause for the last mile, the hundredth, were fairly completed in 4:50.53 3/5, to the satisfaction of both time-keepers, thus winning by 3:6.2-5s. Leon is an olive-complexioned, well-built young fellow, weighing about 140 lbs., and the only refreshment he indulged in as he galloped along was beef-tea and Souchong, while at times he gaily smoked a cigar. As a feat of endurance Leon's ride has seldom, if ever, been equalled, and considering the heat of the day, the hardness of the track, and the inferiority of the horses, compared with those used by Mr. Osbaldeston, one or two of the old school of sportsmen present went so far as to hint that, under such circumstances, Leon's performance in many respects outvalued the old squire's ride of 200 miles in Newmarket in 1831.

A BIG RACE.

AN OTTAWA ATHLETE RUNS NINE MILES IN LESS THAN AN HOUR.

Not since the celebrated Sparks' walk from Arnprior to Ottawa, has there been accomplished such a feat as the race from Aylmer to Ottawa on Saturday evening, August 5. For a few weeks past it was known that Timothy Brown intended to run from Aylmer to the city against time, from Holt's to the Clisby House, in an hour. It did not create much excitement for the time being, but there were a great number of persons interested in the event and those who were lucky enough to back the man, had their hopes fully realized by the result.

THE RACE.

Shortly before seven o'clock, Mr. Fred. Champness, who acted as starter and judge together, with a large crowd of people, assembled at Moses Holt's hotel, Aylmer, at the time notified, when the word was given, and off went the man, followed by the judge in a buggy, and three others containing the friends of Brown. The evening was excessively warm; during the day the thermometer registered

95° IN THE SHADE,

and the dust along the road was perfectly suffocating. The pace was kept up even and steadily, and when half the distance had been accomplished the man ran with as much ease as at the outset, while the horses that followed were covered with sweat. A large crowd were anxiously awaiting the arrival at the corner of

patible with the career of a legislator. A man cannot find time for both pursuits. Lord George Bentinck appreciated this when at Goodwood he sold his stud in one lot, "from Bay Middleton, the sire, down to little Kitchener, the jockey," for £10,000, and his colers were known no more. Though for the last five or six years Lord Roseberry has been so actively and successfully engaged in turf pursuits, it was known to the initiated that he had higher things in view. Not many know, however, that after the hard and tiring days on Newmarket Heath his lordship never missed three or four hours every evening in study; and that it was at that very unacademical place, Newmarket, he made himself master of Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations." Lord Roseberry is about to pay a third visit to America, and it is whispered that he will not return alone. We shall be curious to see what his stud fetches. Probably one horse will realize as much as Lord Bentinck obtained for his whole stud—a stud, it must be borne in mind, that contained in Bay Middleton, a giant of the past, and in Surplice, the champion of the future.

MILLE ALBANI.

The London Times pays the following tribute to the young Canadian prima donna, Mlle. Albani:—"The one performance of 'Hamlet' this season was welcome if only on account of an Ophelia like Mlle. Emma Albani. When, in 1873, (the second year of her engagement at Covent Gardens) the young Canadian first attempted a character upon which Christine Nilsson (the original in Paris and London) may be said to have set her seal, her laudable ambition was justified by the result, Mlle. Albani's success was such as her warmest admirers could have wished. That there were shortcomings—not in her conception of the personage, which answered every expectation, but in occasional passages—is true; Mlle. Albani, however, to whom experience is a teacher never unheeded, because she never ceases to study for improvement, has conquered whatever remained to be conquered, and her Ophelia now takes rank with any of her most finished achievements—even Elsa and Elisebeth, which have recently elevated her so high, not merely in the estimation of Wagner's worshippers, but of connoisseurs in general. Her earlier scenes are marked especially by the gentle reserve we are used to associate with the ideal daughter of Polonius; nevertheless, in the soliloquy, 'Ah! quando d'amor,' when Hamlet, after approaching Ophelia, as though to speak, shuns her and disappears. Mlle. Albani gave so much eloquent expression to the feelings of the disheartened maiden that she fairly roused the audience, who applauded unanimously and called her three times forward. The last scene, as always—the scene of Ophelia's madness and suicide—was the crowning point. M. Ambrose Thomas, the thoughtful composer, who has furnished touching and characteristic music for the situation, so renders it, and his Ophelia, whoever she may be, must needs go with him. Here Mlle. Albani leaves no opening for criticism. Her delivery of the address to the syren 'Bella e bionda'—wedded to the plaintive Swedish melody which M. Thomas has so poetically interwoven with the context, first as solo for Ophelia, subsequently in choral harmony, heard behind the scenes, while the half unconscious maiden floats listlessly down the stream—was simple and touching in equal degrees; and the rest, into particulars about which we are not called upon again to enter, was of the same calibre. Mlle. Albani has many deserved successes, but few so genuine as this. A more engaging and charming Ophelia could hardly be imagined."

While exhibiting between Kingston and Cobourg, \$175 in greenbacks was stolen from a satchel belonging to Captain Bates and his wife, the marvellous giant and giantess.

One of his stage exhibitions was to throw a sommersault over a waggon and eight horses—over a dozen grenadiers standing at present arms with fixed bayonets. Sir Thomas Picton, a man of unquestionable courage, went to witness the exhibition; but when he saw the men placed, he trembled like a leaf, and kept his head down while Ireland jumped, nor did he look up till he had first asked, "Has he done it?" When assured he had, he said, "A battle's nothing to that."—*Records of a Stage Veteran.*

A MARCH SENSATION.

A WILD MAN IN THE WOODS.

Last week a sensation was caused in the neighbourhood of March, First Concession, by a report being spread that a wild man was seen in the woods near the Arnprior road. Some children of Mr. James Cowan's, in company with others, were out picking berries in the afternoon, and on coming near the road boundary line, they saw a man in a perfectly

NUDE CONDITION.

standing on the top of a hill, a short distance from them, his body being

COVERED OVER WITH HAIR.

and he had a long beard. The man stood looking at the children for some time, and appeared by his motions as if he was anxious to join in with them. The story may be relied upon as being of no imaginative kind on the part of the children, as a boy named Bradley, 15 years of age, whose father lives in the neighborhood, gave a very clear account of the occurrence. He says the man staid looking at them

FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES.

and then slowly descended the side of the hill and disappeared in the woods.

The story is fully believed by the people around the place, and several searches have been made to try and discover the wild man's retreat.

"THOSE RACE-HORSE MEN."

A TRUE STORY THAT FITS RACE WEEK.

Mrs. Crocker, of Detroit, loves to read a daily paper. She begins at the name and reads to the last line on the fourth page, skipping nothing. She hasn't a first-class college education, but it is seldom that anything printed in the papers is too much for her. She got "stuck" the other day, however, and this is how it happened: There was a report of a horse-race, and she began to read it. She got down to where it said, "John Jay names g g Dick," and she mused:

"He names g g, does he! Now, what in the world is g g? I've been to races several times, and I never saw a g g around there."

She puzzled over it till old Mr. Thompson came over to borrow a few clothes-runs, and she asked him what it could mean.

"John Jay names g g," he mused. "Why that's plain as day. He names a gray goat, of course and the name of that gray goat is Dick."

"What is a goat doing at a horse-race?" asked Mrs. Crocker.

"I don't know," he replied, "but John Jay had one there sure's your born."

She took the paper and read that James Thomas named him "Troubadour," and she wanted to know what on earth that meant.

"That means—that means," he replied scratching his head, "that means that James Thomas has his big mule there, and that his mule was named 'Troubadour.'"

"I never heard of a mule trotting at a race-course," she protested.

"But it seems that this was a big mule,

Mary by the side of the stove with a large slip that he took a large silver ring, was on his finger.

USE OF EXPLOSIVE MATERIALS IN FISHING.

We learn from Mr. Kerr, the Fishery Inspector, that several parties have been catching fish with dynamite in the waters of Ontario. The following notice has been issued:

On the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and under the provisions of the Act passed at a session of the Parliament of Canada, held on the 31st year of Her Majesty's reign, chapter 60, and known as The Fisheries Act, His Excellency, by and with the advice of the Queen's Privy Council for Canada, has been pleased to make the following Fishery Regulation: "The use of explosive materials to catch or kill fish is forbidden in the Dominion of Canada."

ATHLETIC LAW.

There is considerable discussion at times regarding the rights of members of Canadian clubs to compete for prizes open to all members professional or otherwise, and still preserve title as amateurs. A similar case seems to have arisen in England, and the decision by "Eastring" of the Sporting Gazette, to which we fully subscribe, is as follows: A curious query on Athletic law has just been submitted to me. A mechanics institute in the country is about to hold some sports, at which some events are for members, and others are open. Hitherto, apparently, the executive have allowed men who have run for money to compete in each set of races—some of their own members, indeed, having started in races where money prizes have been given. Some would be competitors, about whose qualifications there is no doubt, raise the objection that, if they enter they will be running against professionals, and so disqualifying themselves for future races, and I must say I agree with them. If it is notorious that professionals are to be allowed to run, amateurs can only enter at their own risk, for though, if a man innocently enters for a race advertised to be for amateurs, in which a professional or two slips in, he would not lose his qualification, it is otherwise if he enters for races in which he has every reason to believe, when he enters, that he will have to run against professionals.

STUNG BY A COPPERHEAD SNAKE.

Jacob Cover, a farmer, who lives about five miles from Kansas City, was looking about his barn after rats on Sunday last. His little dog was barking at one hole, and Mr. Cover went to the other end of the barn and proceeded to stop up the rat holes. While he was pushing up the earth to the hole, he felt a sharp, cutting pain on his right hand, but supposing it to be a piece of glass or a thorn, he paid no attention to it, and continued to push up the dirt by and by to the hole. Again the sharp pain was felt, and this time the head of a copperhead was seen with open jaws lying flat on Mr. Cover's hand. He quit his rat hunting. A quart of whiskey was sent for and a string was tied around the arm. Mr. Cover drank the whiskey, and notwithstanding the fact that his arm turned blue and spotted up the elbow he fully recovered.

THE RIVAL STALLIONS.—Gov. Sprague and Blackwood Jr. were both in Buffalo. Mr. McKimmin, owner of Blackwood, seemed anxious to match Sprague, and felt confident he could beat him. He says if Sprague can beat him he can win the State of Tennessee.