RE-ADJUSTED FISHERY REGULATIONS.

OTTAWA, ONT., *August 27th*.—The Department of Marine and Fisheries has re-adjusted the fishery regulations of Canada, retaining, however, the sections which apply to foreigners.

The new regulations provide that no person, other than a British subject, shall angle for fish or take any bass, maskinonge, pike, perch (pickerel) or trout in Canadian waters without first having obtained an angler's permit, which is $5 for three months or $10 for six months. One permit only will be issued to one applicant and it is not transferable, and the holder must be able to produce it whenever or wherever called upon to do so. Under an angler's permit, only one line, provided with not more than three hooks, can be used; and no person shall, under an angler's permit, take, catch or kill in one day, more than 121 bass or pike, perch (pickerel), 20 trout or four maskinonge.

"No bass or pike, perch (pickerel)," says the new law, "shall be retained or kept out of the water which shall measure less than ten inches in length, and no trout shall be retained or kept out of the water under six inches in length, but every person who takes or catches any of the fish mentioned, of a less size than the minimum measurement named, shall immediately return such undersized fish to the water from which they were taken, and shall, if possible, liberate such fish alive; neither shall any person holding an angler's permit export, sell or offer for sale, any fish caught with hook and line.

Americans when temporarily domiciled in Canada and employing Canadian boats and boatmen, are exempt from the regulations requiring permits.

AMERICA'S GREATEST RACE

The Futurity, the Richest Two-year-old Event in the World.

NEW YORK, *Aug. 25th, 1894*.—Fleet, beautiful Butterflies, the tallest and slenderest lot of thoroughbreds that was ever ridiled in a bridle rein, won the seventy Futurity stakes at Sheepshead Bay today. Mr. O. H. P. Belmont's Brandywine was second, and Mr. Keene's Agitator third.

The total value of the stake was about $65,000. The time was 1.11, which is the fastest Futurity ever run, and Butterflies is the first filly to get the prize. The result had been thoroughly discounted by the betting public before the race, and the dainty Gideon & Daly flyer went to the post the hottest kind of a favorite.

Fully 18,000 people saw the race. From the trampled paddock to the clubhouse gallery, along the great double-deck stands down to the tally-ho enclosure, they swung and rolled and swayed in a dense black tide, as resistless as that which sweeps through Hell Gate. The aisles were cataracts of color, and, gazing down the long zigzag line of boxes, you could see the flashing headgear of a thousand of Gotham's fairest daughters. Why should not one bet on Butterflies? There were dozens of them clustered in shimmering silken groups along the passageway.

The third race had been run and won by that grand colt Henry of Navarre. It was a driving, desperate finish, and it put the big crowd on edge for what was to follow. Short men began to skirmish for points of vantage; long men, conscious of their Eiffel-like proportions, took up their stations on the lawn.

A wonderful celerity was added to the movements of the flying messengers. They became winged Mercuries. The band whanged away with more gusto, the women preened themselves, dovelike, and sank into their seatsas languidly as though Futurities and the winning or losing of $50,000 were an every day occurrence.

Down on the lawn "Dave" Gideon, the owner of Butterflies, walked slowly about, with a tinge of pallor in his cheeks and a suggestion of the ghastly in his smile. Three years ago he won the Futurity with His Highness, and, apart from all monetary consideration, he wanted to win it again.

Here was the dark blue of the Gideon colors on the floating wings of a bellehere was the purple and gold of California flying on an airy bonnet; the orange and black of Connoisseur; the red, blue, and white of Counter Tenor, and the maroon of Brandywine, with the red sash across it, like a gory wound. You could find all the colors of all the flyers on the turf blazing in that dense throng.

Above all rose the noting bray of the band, the dull rumble of multitudinous feet, sharp cries, loud hinged tips and occasional comprehensive curses. It was a typical racing crowd, good humored and devil-may-care from shoes to finger tips.

Suddenly from the stewards' stand there came a shrill fanfare of a bugle. It was followed a few minutes later by a faraway answer from the paddock. Then down by the old sheds, where the annual grass has been trampled by the royal hoofs of many generations of Hindoos and Midlothians, there arose the click of buckles and the clank of spurs. Trainers, owners and jockeys stood about in little groups holding their final councils. Then up went the flashing riders on the backs of their mounts, and out through the pad dock gates, and so along the broad, gray road of gold and ruin.

First came Brandywine, a good, strong son of St. Blaise. Then Cromwell, St. Veronica, the much tipped Monaco, Manchester, Connoisseur and Bombazette, who was added at the eleventh hour. They came in one's and twos and threes so fast that inexperienced eyes could not take in their good and bad points. The Oneck pair, in all the splendor of purple and gold, went sweeping past the stand like a team. Then after a short pause, the dark blue jackets of Griffin and Williams came through the gates side by side above the withers of Waltzer and Butterflies.

How slender the filly appeared. On her blooded-looking forelegs she wore a pair of tight black stockings. "She won't do," was the general comment. Nevertheless the crowd cheered and clapped its hands and voted the filly a pretty little racing machine.

The last one out was the cagy and stagy boy, "Snapper" Garrison, on Counter Tenor. The pride of Col. Rupper's stable looked fit to run for his life.

It was hard for starter Rowe to get that shifting line into starting shape. Fifty minutes of wheeling and prancing and veering, and then there arose the wild slogan of the race track, "They're off."

Who was in front? Nobody knew. Where was Butterflies, Monaco, Counter Tenor or Waltzer? Nobody could tell. Suddenly above the confused murmur of the multitude, somebody sang out shrill and high, "Here she comes."

Then around that curve, flying low to the ground like a flying greyhound, came the slender filly Butterflies, with Griffin away up on her withers like a homing pigeon ready for the flight.

Just behind, a jump or so to the rear, thundered a solid phalanx of broad breasts and flaring nostrils and bright jackets, so close and so confused that heads, manes, hands, hoofs, heels and flashing eyes, seemed mingled in inextricable confusion.

"Here she comes," again rose the shrill cheer. Past the last furlong post swept Butterflies with the dense rumbling squad still two lengths to the rear.

Then Griffin, with his blue silk jacket whipping and flaying at his back under the terrific rush, felt the little filly falter under him. At the marvellous speed she was going her slender legs were tiring.

The jockey turned and looked over his shoulder to see how he could save the little flyer to the finish. Close behind he heard the rumbling thunder of relentless hoofs, driven by bone and muscle far stronger than that under him. Gutta Percha, Cromwell, Manchester and Waltzer were coming like a combined tornado, with the cruel whips hissing about them and the spurs ripping their ribs like buzz-saws. Which would press him hardest at the finish? This is the question Griffin was trying to solve. It was neither of these.

Up through the cloud of dust and the roar of hoof and heel crept the long head, the flying mane, the heaving breast and straining shoulders of Brandywine. In an instant, the great crowd was bellowing like a thousand bulls of Bashan. "Brandywine! Brandywine!" came in a frenzied, crazy chorus, from end to end of the great stand.

Griffin saw the Belmont colors, sure enough. He saw the length and strength of that grand stride, and he saw the arm of Clayton rising and falling in a savage rataplan on the courageous horse's flanks.

Butterflies was faltering gamely on, when out came Griffin's whip. Over his head it swung, and down it came like a sabre against the little filly's ribs with a cruel hiss. Then he grabbed the reins and steadied the filly's head. He could do nothing more.

Up came the big son of St. Blaise, foot by foot, gaining at every jump, and reaching for the money with all his strength. Close behind fluttered the blue and white Keene colors on Agitator, and still further away rolled the flotsam and jetsam of the race, beaten off.

Almost at the last jump for the post Butterflies faltered and hung badly. Everybody shrieked that she was beaten. Three jumps, each weaker than the last, and she went past the post, with Brandywine's flaring nose at her throatlatch.

The victory of the Gideon & Daly colors was an exceedingly popular one, and Mr. "Dave" Gideon was overwhelmed with congratulations, which he received with his usual good nature. But any of us would be good natured if we could pick up $50,000 in an afternoon.

To-night in one of the old gray stables at Sheepshead, stood a slim and meek looking little filly eating a liberal portion of oats. Her near foreleg was somewhat sore, but otherwise she was as sound as a dollar. She paid for her board a lifetime in advance.

After Starter Rowe returned to the stewards' stand, he reported Jockeys Garrison and Doggett for disobedience at the post and spoiling starts. For this the stewards inflicted a fine of $100 on Garrison and $200 on Doggett.

Butterflies, although a cripple, has proved a wonderful good investment for Gideon & Daly. They bought her as a yearling for $2,100. Her previous appearances were in two overweight steeplechases, once at Gravesend and the other time at Morris Park. It was in the latter race that she injured herself. She beat the favorite, Ridicule, with ease, but in coming down the hill she ruptured the sheathing of the middle tender of her off fore leg, and that put her out of training. She was taken to Saratoga with the other horses, and while there Trainer Hyland managed to patch her up for to-day's race.

The stake to-day was $64,950. Of this amount $4,835 goes to O. H. P. Belmont as owner, and an additional $2,500 as the breeder of Brandywine, who ran second.

The Messrs. Keene get $2,416 as owners of Agitator, who ran third. Clay & Woodford, who bred Butterflies, will receive $4,000, and Charl[illegible] and S breeders of Agitator, will [illegible] $1,000.

The Futurity stakes; a second, the Coney Island Jockey Club; the estimated value $62,[illegible] $17,500, estimated value $2,[illegible] about three-quarters of a mile. Gideon & Daly's br f. Thistle, by Dixie Mercedes, dir[illegible] O. H. P. Belmont's ch c. Brandywine, by St. Blaise—Susquehanna, [illegible] J. R. & F. P. Keene's ch c. Agitator (Tatall—Connoisseur, Manchester, Bombazette, Waltzer, Sadie, Monaco, Doggett, Canterbury, [illegible] well, Prim and Counter Tenor. [illegible] 1.11.

Betting: The Butterflies 4 to 1, Agitator, 20 to 1, Cromwell, Manchester 10 to 1, Gutta Percha, Bombazetta 30 to 1, Waltzer 20 to 1, St. Veronica 40 to 1, Monaco 100 to 1, Canterbury 50 to 1, Cromwell 100 to 1, Prim 30 to 1, Counter 12 to 1.

BEER-DRINKING IN FRANCE.

IT is remarkable (writes an English contemporary) how, under the Republican *regime*, beer has to a considerable extent superceded wine as a popular beverage in France, and more particularly in Paris, the city which, not a quarter of a century ago, consumed more light claret every week than was drank throughout the whole of England in the course of a year. Beer-drinking came into fashion among the vivacious neighbors during the Second Empire, when Alsace was still a French province, and the sparkling beers of Strasburg, Konigshofen, Schiltigheim and other famous cis Rhenish "brasseries" could be absorbed by Frenchmen with a certain patriotic satisfaction, justified by the knowledge that they were encouraging an important home manufacture while assuaging their thirst. The series asserted themselves somewhat prominently in the faubourgs, and crept up here and there on the fashionable boulevards, during the "season." Strictly speaking, of course, brasserie means brewery; but in French and Belgian towns it is commonly understood to signify a place of refreshment at which beer is the only liquid served to the customers, for whom, however, edibles in considerable variety are usually provided. The French brasserie, in fact, is modelled after the pattern of the German beer hall—an institution which has been solidly established in the Fatherland for at least a century, and has not yet taken firm root in England, probably owing to the circumstance that British beers, by reason of their heavier character, do not lend themselves to general and free consumption so readily as the German article. In every German bier halle and French brasserie, at all hours of the day and evening one may partake of many sorts of sausage, smoked meats, salted and pickled fish, caviar, and other "delicacies" to which beer is by custom accepted as the most fitting liquid complinent, while some of these establishments offer their frequenters the further inducement of warm eatables. Under the Third Republic German malt liquor has undoubtedly invaded the French capital in great force, and with distinct connivance of the Parisians, upon whose mental temper it may possibly have exercised some relative influence, if, as an old proverb says, "those who drink beer, think beer." Beyond a doubt ten times as many "bocks" are filled in the Paris of to-day with the foaming products of Munich, Erlangen, and even detested Berlin, in order to assuage the thirst of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, as were devoted to that laudable purpose in the days when France and Germany, if not fast friends, were at least on excellent terms with one another. Of late years, brasseries have ousted seven cafes of renown from the localities in which they had long flourished, and their latest feat of annexation has just been performed upon one of the most justly celebrated restaurants in the French capital.

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