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Sporting Notes. The race to decide the ownership of the Vice Commodore's cup, between the Lulu and the Minnie A, will be sailed late in the season, it having been inconvenient to both parties to sail last Saturday.

LORD HASTINGS' wedding gift to the Duke of Portland was a blotting book with a silver cover, on which were engraved the names of all the races in which the duke's horses had won between May, 1881, and June, 1889. The mere enumeration completely filled the large page in very small characters. The name of the winner of this year's Derby was filled in a few days ago, as well as the total sum won by the duke in the above interval. This is set down as £160,134 4s.

SIR GEORGE CHETWYND got a farthing damages in his action against Lord Durham in England, both sides to pay their own costs. As Sir George is far from a rich man, and Lord Durham is a millionaire in English money, it comes much harder on the racing baronet. Awarding Sir George Chetwynd a farthing damages for defamation is as good as saying his character was not much hurt by Lord Durham's scathing charges. He has resigned his membership of the Jockey Club.



The Dominion Gun Alliance is rapidly extending its influence among the sportsmen, and clubs are being added to its list every day. Some such organization was much needed in the Dominion, and the want is now supplied. Shooting rules will be uniform; handicaps for professionals or amateurs will be settled upon, and all can now enter on a fair basis. Last and not least, the alliance by united effort, intends to prosecute all offenders against the game laws, and this alone should secure it support from all true sportsmen. Mr. J. A. Keyes, of St. Catharines, is secretary, and will give clubs who have not yet joined all necessary information.



We hear of some splendid jumping done at St. Louis; but as yet the facts have not been authenticated. H. M. Johnston, of that city, made an attempt to eclipse some of his jumping records, without weights. The weather was splendid and everything favorable for record breaking. The two, three and five standing jumps were done on the third base line of the Browns' diamond. The others were accomplished on the grass near the grand stand. Following are the records: Two standing jumps, 22 feet 6 1/2 inches; 22 feet 4 1/2 inches; 22 feet 6 1/2 inches. Three standing jumps, 33 feet 9 inches, 34 feet 4 1/2 inches; 34 feet 11 1/2 inches. Five standing long jumps, 55 feet 10 inches; 56 feet 2 inches; 57 feet 10 inches. Ten standing long jumps, 111 feet 5 inches; 114 feet 8 inches. After one hour's rest, Johnston essayed to beat Darby's record of four standing jumps with weights, 50 feet 4 inches. First trial, 51 feet 1 inch; second trial, 53 feet 4 1/2 inches. Twelve pound dumb bells were used. It is not stated whether these performances were accomplished in practice jumping, or in announced trials against the record, and under the supervision of regularly appointed and thorough competent officials, whose presence is necessary to the making of records, and until these facts are furnished we cannot alter our lists.

At the eighth annual meeting of the Runelagh harriers, E. H. Pelling is credited with running the 200 yards from the scratch in 20 seconds. He had previously held the amateur record for the distance, 20 1/5 seconds, and now he holds the world's amateur record for the distance. Myers' American record was 20 1/2 seconds, and George Seward is credited with the professional record, 19 1/2 seconds, made in 1847.



THE RECORD TO DATE. National League. Boston..... 40 20 Chicago..... 30 34 New York... 38 22 Pittsburg... 26 36 Cleveland... 40 26 Indianapolis 23 39 Philadelphia... 34 29 Washington. 17 42 American Association. St. Louis..... 49 22 Cincinnati... 38 32 Brooklyn... 43 25 Kansas City. 30 39 Athletics..... 39 27 Columbus... 26 44 Baltimore.... 37 31 Louisville... 15 57 International League. Detroit..... 34 16 Rochester... 26 30 Syracuse.... 34 21 London..... 25 27 Toledo..... 27 23 Hamilton... 18 35 Toronto..... 27 23 Buffalo..... 20 36

Correspondence. We are in receipt of a letter from J.T.O. on the subject of the Orient-Beaver match, which we are unable to publish, because it contains no signature. No newspaper ever publishes anonymous communications. All letters intended for publication must contain the name and address of the writer as a guarantee of good faith. It will then be inserted under any nom de plume he may desire; but not without.

THE TROTTING DOCTOR. In a small village in Warwickshire, England, lived an elderly gentleman who greatly prided himself upon the trotting capabilities of his pony Napoleon. He used to boast that he had on more than one occasion covered the mile on the high road in 2.30, which, at the time I am writing about, nine years ago, was considered very good in England. Our old friend was very fond of taking a brush along the road with anyone who would take it on, and when he saw a moderately fast thing coming up behind him, he would chuckle gleefully and hold in his nag until the other one came nearly abreast of him, when he would "let her go" and leave the other half a mile behind. It chanced one day that as our ancient friend was going along a country road at about a 3.30 gait, he espied in front of him a neat little vehicle known as a "Croydon cart" driven by a smartly attired gentleman, who was going quite gently. Our friend soon gained upon him, and had got to the front with a length to spare when, chancing to look round to see if the stranger could be drawn into a trial of speed, he was not a little astonished to find the stranger's horse's head on a level with the hub of his wheel. The old gent, with his accustomed chuckle, shook up his pony a little and they began to move. Five minutes later still found the two horses at their respective distances as before. "Confound it," muttered the old man, and now, fairly taking hold of his horse, he shook him out to the top of his speed, and certainly Napoleon never had made faster time in his life, as the old gentleman frequently said afterwards. But, to his astonishment and disgust, there was the stranger's horse's head level with his own and the driver apparently taking as little notice of our old friend as if he was not there at all.

A muttered curse escaped the old man's lips which was changed the next moment into an involuntary exclamation of astonishment as, just altering his hold on his ribbons, the stranger shot in front and in less than a minute was a quarter of a mile ahead presenting a fine view of the back of his vehicle to our friend, who, seeing the hopelessness of the case, drew rein and gave Napoleon breathing time.

After jogging along for about a mile he came to an old fashioned country inn, and concluded to bait both himself and his beast. As he pulled up for the purpose, there in front of the door stood the identical horse who had given him such a fair sacking a quarter of an hour ago, and at the bar stood the stranger, cool as ever. The old man wanted to get into conversation with him, but did not like to commence, when the stranger broke the ice by observing, "Pardon me, sir, but are you not the gentleman I had the pleasure of passing on the road some twenty minutes ago?" "Yes!" replied the old man, with something like a groan, "and it's many a long day since my nag was left behind like that. Your tit is a flyer." "Oh!" responded the stranger, laughing, "I boast of being able to cover the mile with that pony in something under 2.20 when I push him." "I suppose you would not care to part with him," insinuatingly inquired the old gentleman. "Well!" replied the stranger, "I don't know but what I would make a trade, as the horse is really a little too fast for my work. How would a deal with your own pony and a little boot suit you?" "That would meet my ideas," said the old gent; "how much boot do you want?" "Well, said the stranger, "presuming, of course, that your pony is sound, I don't mind taking £50 boot." After some further talk, and an examination of both nags, the stranger finally agreed to accept £40 and the pony for his nag. But the old gentleman, not having the required amount on him just then, he gave him £5 to bind the bargain and his name and address, the stranger promising to send on the pony in the morning and take away the other one. Punctually to time the next morning, appeared another leading the chestnut, and after ascertaining that he had arrived at the right place, he touched his hat and presented a receipt for £40, which was at once paid, the two horses exchanged, and the groom dismissed with a liberal "tip." The old man felt impatient to give his newly acquired treasure a turn, but business detained him until the afternoon. As he was getting into his gig, a neighbor passed in a light dog cart driving Napoleon. On his his pulling up to greet his old friend, the latter observed, with astonishment, "Why, where in the world did you get my old pony?" "Oh," said his friend, "I bought him not an hour ago. I knew it was yours, and knew what it could do. I thought you would never have parted with it. He certainly is the fastest thing for many miles round here." The old man chuckled to himself, but merely asked his acquaintance if he was going up the road, and receiving an affirmative reply, hugged himself to think how soon he should show him a flyer. "Don't hold Napoleon for me," he remarked as they jogged along together. "Oh no," said his friend slightly increasing his pace. "Suppose we take a

brush just to try my new horse," said the old gent. "Agreed!" replied his friend; and away they went. But to the utter amazement of our ancient friend his old horse Napoleon went ahead as easily as a thoroughbred racing against a cart horse, and do what he would the old gentleman could not urge his pony beyond a 4 minute pace. Arrived at the same inn that the preceding day's business was transacted at he found his friend awaiting him and Napoleon not turned a hair whilst his own nag was in a lather. The old man was nearly beside himself with rage and could not make it out at all until a horsey individual who had been a listener to the old man's complaints and had gleaned the particulars of the story quietly smiled and volunteered the following information. "I find sir," said he, "that you have got into the hands of the 'Trotting Doctor.' Who the devil is he?" irritably inquired the old gent. "Why sir, we call that speedy nag that left you so badly yesterday that name because he has cured so many gents of having a brush on the road with unknown horses." "Well!" responded the old man, "why did he not go as well to-day as he did yesterday?" "Oh," said the other, "the answer to that is simple. You have not got the horse, but only his stable mate which looks just like him. I know the pony well and he is a thoroughly sound and good animal but no pacer, still if you like I will give you £10 for him." The old man said never a word but turning on his heel got into his gig and went sadly home. The trotting Doctor never was seen more in those parts; but his owner has been heard of more than once since at the same old game.

The Kennel. THE ESQUIMAUX DOG. There are few probably of the canine tribe that have been put to greater practical utility than the Esquimaux dog. In such a climate as that of Kamshatka and the Arctic region horses could not possibly be used for purposes of draught, as, independently of their freezing, the shortness of the summer would preclude the possibility of finding sufficient fodder for them to last through the winter. Consequently the Esquimaux dog comes in as a veritable blessing. It is not at all a difficult dog to train; but apt to turn very quarrelsome in company. It is said that the Indian makes the best trainer for this breed, but as his system is one of the most unmitigated cruelty, we must beg leave to doubt the truth of the statement. We have no doubt in our own minds that if a little more time were taken to break in a team of these dogs, there would be less trouble with their fighting propensities and they would be even better workers than they are now. At the best an Indian's idea of breaking in any animal is only making it afraid of him, and a horse broken in by an Indian can seldom be ridden by any one else without the breaking in process being gone through de novo. It is not unusual to hear them boast of being able to cut a piece out of any dog in a team without leaving the side of the sleigh. This doubtless shows great skill in the handling of the whip but, as an exhibition of a good way of training, it is perhaps on the whole a great error. The chief points of the Esquimaux dog are as follows: The head is very long, rather inclined to be flattened at the sides. The jaws are long and the nose well pointed. The eyes are set rather close together, giving quite a wolfish look to the animal. Indeed, throughout, this dog bears no slight resemblance to a wolf. The ears are of medium size and set on very high up the head. They must be "pricked," that is, standing straight upright and terminating in a sharp point. They should be thin in leather, and are about the only parts of the body that are not thickly furred. The neck is short, thick, very muscular and well set into a pair of sturdy, wide built shoulders. The shoulder blades must be large and well sloped and plentifully supplied with hard firm muscle. The back is short, but strongly built, and straight. The hind quarters present a great appearance of strength. The thigh must be broad and thick, stifles well bent and hocks let down. The tail is large, long and very bushy. The coat is very thick and wavy; the hair being often 4 to 4 1/2 inches in length. Of course this is in its own climate, but these dogs are said to stand heat very badly, and one the writer knows of, as having been sold to a gentleman in Boston, scarcely lived six weeks after arriving. For choice the color in winter should be white, turning slightly yellowish in summer; but they are mentioned as being of other colors, viz: Black, brown and spotted. This dog is said to burrow in the snow to keep itself warm, curling itself up in such a manner that the end of the tail covers the tip of the snout. During the summer it is very fond of laying in a pond of water with just its head out to guard against the mosquito, which is one of the pests of its existence. The bite of this dog is said to be poisonous in the extreme; but careful investigation of this point has wholly failed to confirm the idea, and it may therefore be looked upon as one more superstition to be erased from the list. For any purpose than as a beast of burden we cannot recommend the Esquimaux dog; for, independently of a troublesome temper, its bark is most unpleasant, and resembles the howl of a wolf, and as watch dogs they are utterly unreliable. S. E. WHEELER.

The pool-selling at the late Bel-Air races was the largest on record in this province, over \$27,000 changing hands.

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