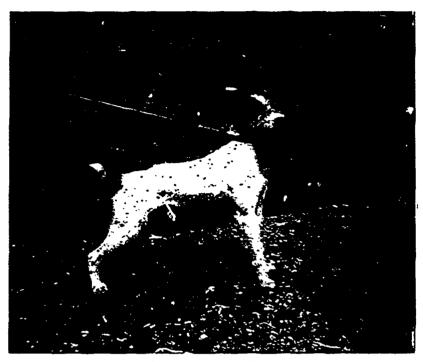
be he'd from September 3rd to 6th, inclusive. In this connection we are frequently asked the question:—When is the next show of Montreal Canine Association to take place? There ought to be very little trouble in running one immediately after Toronto, and it goes without saying that, providing the premium list is made attractive enough, the great majority of the Western and United States cracks would be seen here, which, with a liberal appreciation of local classes, hard at Galashiels Show to part Mr. J. C. Dalgleish from his favorite, Ellwyn Duchess. Mr. Dalgleish would not, however, be tempted, so Mr. Murray sought solace by purchasing Ellwyn Ideal and Ellywn Chrissie, two very pretty tricolors, and both likely to be of much service in America. Ideal is a winner of tenfirsts and one championship, while Chrissie, a ten months puppy, came out at Galashiels and captured two firsts. Mr. Murray seems to be of opinion that tri-



Wire Hair Fox Terrier, "Long Face."

would give a larger entry than has ever yet hem seen here.

Mr. C. Y. Ford, of Kingston, Ont., has sold his sable bitch, Otterburn Floss, to Mr. J. W. Giesecke, of defferson City, Mo. Floss is in whelp to Harry Hungerford's imp. dog Rufford Ossory. She will prove quite an addition to the collie fancy in the South.

At the London Aquarium Pet Dog Show a tiny Yorkshire terrier, Bradford Tina, was claimed at its catalogue price of \$500 by Mrs. Wilmer, who is devoted to the nodgets.

Another dog deal in collie circles has just been effected. It is no other than the sale by Mr. Hugh Ainscough of his celebrated dog Ch. Balgreggie Hope to Dr. Barthells, a famous German collie enthe, siast. What the price was has not transpired, but it must have been a good one.

Our Dogs says:—Mr. Robert Murray, of B iston, U.S.A., who has been in Scotland on the look out for good collies, tried

colors are likely to become as popular as sables in America. He took a very useful brood bitch also, who had just visited Ellwyn Astrologer. In regard to a celebrated bulldog, the same paper also says: . That has happened which we travel would happen, and Rodney Stone has to be exiled to America. He has been hourly by Mr. R. Croker, jr., who pureless d Bromley Crib only a few weeks ago, and the price paid was £1,000 - more than twice the biggest sum ever paid before for a bulldog. It does not touch the recend in collies or St. Bernards, but it does a bit towards getting the British breed up to the point which Scotch and Swiss breeds have reached. Mr. Croker already owns, in addition to Beomley Crib, Persimmon and Petramose, which constitute, with the new arrival, a pretty large order in the way of bulldogs. Well, we like the Americans very much, but what a shame it is that they should be allowed to get away all that we have of the best! Our regret as to the loss of Rodney Stone is specially great and is in some degree We-that is to say, this parpersonal.

ticular element of the editorial entity which, for its sins, writes bulldog-happened to own poor old John of the Funnels, the sire of Rodney Stone. Jack wasn't worth two-penn'orth o' gin cold, to use once again the proverb which has come down from times of antiquity, but wasn't he well-bred, and wasn't he a hot un, just? It was just a few of a row that he had with a Dogue de Bordeaux some six months before he died; and sure ly, there never was a better example of bulldog pluck. The bulldog stood up to the dogue-more than twice his size and a trained fighter-as if he had never known that there was any other pleasure in life than that of hanging on to the head of a big dog who had at the same time a meuth on and who was carefully working round to get the throat gin. It was at least five minutes-it seemed five hoursbefore the dogs could be got apart-and then Jack wanted to get back to the dogue through the window, which, indeed, he broke what time the predominant partner, as Mr. Gubbins says, was trying to hold him. There were no flies on Jack. All of which is somewhat uninteresting in view of Rodney Stone's expatriation.

The collie is finding his way to the Continent. A Datch paper with an unpronouncable title has a long description of the English collie Honest Jack, with a record of his many victories. Jack was recently purchased by Mr. F. Mesche, of the Teutonia Kennels, den Haag, Holland.

At the Munich (Germany) show, held last month, over 700 dags were benched, the classes most strongly represented being St. Bernards and Dachshunds.

At the late show at Amsterdam, Holland, \$20 dogs competed in over 1,300 entries. A lady — Miss Janua Hulscher—judged Irish terriers, and the critics agree that no dare-devil fancier of the "Ould Sod" could have shown greater competence.

A lady of independent means, living in Brussels, kept a pit dog. Unfortunately she allowed it to go out, contrary to the law, without a muzzle, and when the police found it in this condition they took the little animal away and put it to death On hearing of this the old lady was so broken-hearted that she went and hanged herself.

Old Lady (at the drug store)-1 want you to give me some canine pills

Druggist-Yes, ma'am. What is the matter with your dog?

Old Lady (very much insulted)—I want you to understand that my husband is not a dog.

Druggist-Oh, beg pardon. (To assistant)-Give the lady some quinine pills.