

be held 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 Ellwyn Chrissie, two very pretty tri-colors, and both likely to be of much service in America. Ideal is a winner of ten firsts 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-

cular element of the editorial entity which, for its sins, writes bulldog—happened to own poor old John of the Funnel, 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 surely, 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 mouth on and who was carefully working round to get the throat grip. It was at least five minutes—it seemed five hours—before 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.



Wire Hair Fox Terrier, "Long Face."

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

Mr. C. Y. Ford, of Kingston, Ont., has sold his sable bitch, Otterburn Floss, to Mr. J. W. Giesecke, of Jefferson City, Mo. Floss is in whelp to Harry Hungerford's imp. dog Rufford Ossore. 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 mudgets.

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. Balgownie Hope to Dr. Barthells, a famous German collie enthusiast. What the price was has not transpired, but it must have been a good one.

Our Dogs says:—Mr. Robert Murray, of Boston, 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 feared would happen, and Rodney Stone has to be exiled to America. He has been bought by Mr. R. Croker, jr., who purchased 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 record 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 Bromley 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 personal. We—that is to say, this par-

The collie is finding his way to the Continent. A Dutch paper with an unpronounceable 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 th. Teutonia Kennels, den Haag, Holland.

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

At the late show at Amsterdam, Holland, 820 dogs competed in over 1,300 entries. A lady—Miss Janna 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 pet 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)—I 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.