

yards, and so well did he run, that it was until they had entered the last half mile at the cockney was enabled to pull up the art he had given, and then he only won by a few yards. Below we append a table of miles made by each of the contestants:

Hazael. McLeavy.	Hazael. McLeavy.	Mile. M. s.	M. s.	Mile. M. s.	M. s.
5 9	4 82	6...	82 25	81 48	
10 82	9 51	7...	88 4	87 19	
15 58	15 15	8...	48 46	42 5	
21 20	20 87	9...	49 30	50 0	
26 52	25 12	10...	54 32	54 35	

MATHIESON BEATS McCOLL.

A few weeks ago it was stated in these columns that McColl, of Galt, Ont., was matched to run a man named Mathieson, of Lincoln, Neb., 100 yards, for \$2,000. The race took place as announced, and Mathieson proved to be the winner, owing to an accident which happened to one of McColl's shoes. When they had gone about sixty yards the whole side of the shoe burst out. Notwithstanding this great disadvantage, the Canadian kept close to his man, and was only beaten out a short distance. Just as he crossed the score the worthless shoe dropped from McColl's foot. There was very heavy betting on the sprint, and it is thought fully \$10,000 changed hands on the result. McColl was so confident in his own ability that he invested every cent he had on it. The Kanuck champion was backed by Mr. S. T. Kneeb, the owner of the trotting mare Dakota Maid, and it is stated the race cost him \$2,500. A proposal for a fresh match was rejected by Mathieson. McColl has gone to Leavenworth, Kansas.

SPRINTS.

W. A. Kendricks and W. H. Adsette, at the Centennial Baseball Ground, Philadelphia, Dec. 11, ran off their dead heat of the day preceding at 100 yards. Another rattling race resulted in the veteran Kendricks landing himself a winner by a yard in about 1/2 sec.

The St. John (N. B.) Snowshoe Club was organized last week by the election of the following officers for one year: President, F. B. Hazen; Vice-President, John N. Thornton; Secretary and Treasurer, E. T. Sturdee; Committee of Management, W. L. Busby, Wm. Z. Earle and Fred. H. Hart.

The Newark, N. J., pedestrian, Rogers, is rich in names. He ran in Toronto under the name of Brown, elsewhere as Rogers, Scholes, Schulz, and Soales, with a possibility of several places being to hear from.

WESTON GETS A BAD RECEPTION AT BRISTOL, ENG.—On the week ending Dec. 1 Weston attempted the feat of walking 500 miles in six days, at the Rifle Drill Hall, Bristol, Eng. He finished 458 miles and then stopped, which was the signal for an outburst of cheering and hissing. Weston complained that this was the first ill-treatment he had experienced at the hands of the British public, and asserted that had he been allowed to sleep on Friday night, when he had accomplished 406 miles, he would undoubtedly have been successful in his attempt.

TEN BROECK VS. ARISTIDES.—A Lexington correspondent writes to say that Mr. H. P. McGrath has been giving Aristides some very stiff work recently, and that he stood the test without flinching. This would indicate that the gallant son of Lexington and Lexington has bravely gotten over his trouble. If this be the case, Mr. McGrath will undoubtedly put him in training as soon as the weather will permit, preparatory to running him in the Spring. Should he go through his training without any mishap, it is more than likely he will be matched with Ten Broeck at Lexington or Louisville, when, barring accidents, the son of Phaeton will give as much as he can do to get away from him, in a dash of two or two and a half miles.

Tannio	4	Abernethy	4
Clarke	0	P Beaupre	6
D Smilio	2	E Cazette	7
J Mathews	7	P Chonet	3
J Ross	0	Goupillo	16
J Roos	13	N Germain	9
J Edmondson	7	G Hornaby	7
W Jamieson	5	R Haatie	2
C S Scott	6	A Hensy	6
J Ritchie	2	Ingram	4
T Borbridge	3	Laroque	4
J R Mills	3	Laroque	4
McTavish	13	J M Taylor	1
Geo Clark	1	M J Whalen	7
D Farquhar	8	W Amundson	3
W Stewart	1	P Theriak	2

81 81 27

Ferguson, the Perth county draught champion says that he will play McKozie at Listowell, on New Year's day, and that he hopes that the champion will not be the cause of any disappointment, by his nonappearance at the time and place spoken of.

Base Ball.

LONDON.

At the annual meeting of the Atlantic base ball club, London, held in the City Hotel last week, the following officers were elected for 1878:—Hon. President, Lieut.-Col. Walker; President, H. C. Smith; Vice-President, C. G. Moorhead; Secretary and Treasurer, John Kirkpatrick; Managing Committee, Messrs. W. Reid, Ross and Moorhead. The report showed the club to be in a sound condition financially. Votes of thanks to the retiring officers were responded to Messrs. H. C. Smyth, Ross, Moorhead and McDonald.

HIGH GAMBLING IN LONDON.

London Letter to New York Times.

Gambling is a vice which thrives and grows in spite of the police regulations, legal prosecutions, and daily illustrations of its perils and miseries. A year or two ago hardly a week passed over without its club card scandal. An officer high in her Majesty's army had to fly his country in disgrace for cheating at cards. A well known gentleman about town was ignominiously kicked out of a West End club with two aces up his sleeve. Two or three young men of family were ruined at a club where play was understood not to 'run high,' and a disgraceful case of card sharpening came before the courts. For a time it seemed as though these exposures had a deterrent influence on high stakes and unfair players, but the old vice is still rampant, and the latest development of club gambling is the formation of a 'baccarat' proprietary club, which is beginning to excite public attention, and is likely, I hear, to come under the attention of the police. I have it on reliable information that recently a young 'Scotch laird,' a Colonel in the army, whose name I withhold, for the present at all events, lost at this 'baccarat' club at one sitting \$350,000. His opponent had played with him from 9 o'clock on Saturday night until 4 o'clock Sunday morning, when the losses of the young Colonel stood at this enormous sum. 'I will go you double or quits,' he said, with the nerve of a Scotchman, though lacking the proverbial prudence of his race. 'No,' responded the winner, 'I don't think I will; let me ask you one question first, at all events.' 'Proceed,' said the loser. 'Supposing I go you double or quits, can you pay £140,000 if you lose?' 'Frankly, I cannot,' was the reply. 'Then we will not go double or quits, but we will continue to play until 10 o'clock, if you like, and then I leave off.' The game went on, and at 10 o'clock the young Scotch laird had reduced his losses to \$30,000, which he paid.

MOLLIE MCCARTHY.—Mr. Win. Winter, of California, owner of the race mare Molly McCarthy, by Monday, dam Hennie Farrow, by imp. Shamrock, out of Ida, by imp. Belshazzar, has been offered \$5,000 for the racing qualities of the filly, which offer he indignantly refused.

H Johnson	100000	F Baker	1100
R Kenny	1010000	J Dandy	10101
	12		19

SECOND MATCH.

G Dixon	11	J Sibson	11
R Judge	11	G Smith	00
R W Baker	11	D Beaton	10
R Kenny	11	H J Johnson	01
	8		4

WILD GEESE AND QUAILS.

Few people are aware of the damage done by wild geese on the wheat fields in California. They come in myriads and pull up the young wheat by the roots, and eat it roots and all. We saw it stated in the San Francisco Bulletin, that on one ranch alone 6,000 geese have been killed this season, and in the county of Colusa alone last season the damage done by the web-footed fowl was estimated at \$200,000. A whole family was lately poisoned by eating corn soaked in strychnine. The California varieties of geese are the Canada, snow and laughing geese. Quails also have become so plentiful in many places on the Pacific coast that they are poisoned by thousands, as they destroy the grape crop. But a greater nuisance are the ground squirrels, which are nearly as bad as the grasshoppers this side of 'the divide.'—*Cheyenne Weekly Leader.*

SMALL SHOT.

Mr. T. H. Smallman and Mr. McCrae, of London, Canada, have returned from a shooting trip in Ohio, where they made a bag of 47 braces of quails over Mr. Smallman's first prize Gordon and Mr. McCrae's dog.

Something considerably over 150,000 dogs have passed through the Battersea Home, near London, since it was first established, and not one single case of rabies has ever been detected.

Among the dogs killed by the police in Paris, this season, was the greyhound sold by Lord Salisbury to a Parisian for \$2,000. Fifteen days after the sale this greyhound was bitten by another dog, supposed to be mad, and the authorities refused to spare him.

A lynx, weighing about 20 lbs., was captured on Wednesday, between concession 5 and 6, London township, about five miles from the city. The animal, a beautiful specimen of its tribe, was shot by Mr. Robt. Ralph, of lot 12, con. 5. It took three powerful charges from a gun to give the brute its quietus.

Considerable curiosity was created over the carcass of a large she bear, which was offered on the Mitchell market, last week. It was killed with an axe, after an exciting race and fierce fight, by Mr. George Robinson, of Elma. Mr. Jas. Dougherty, butcher, was the purchaser. Price, \$22 50.

The party of hunters who left Springfield, Ont., about four weeks ago for the northern wilds of Michigan have returned. Mr. Milo Woodard succeeded in killing a magnificent black bear; the carcass of which yielded nine gallons of oil. He was offered twelve dollars for bruin's hide, but preferred bringing it home as a trophy. The party also captured one fine female elk and one deer.

Sam Lucher, of Frankfort, Kentucky, ordered a bull-dog from Cincinnati. It was sent by express in a large box, and chained inside. Somewhere on the Kentucky Central the dog broke the chain, and gnawed out of the wooden prison, hunted up the express agent, and went for him. The agent ran three or four times around the car, and finally was forced to draw his revolver, and puts its contents in the live package. He brought the carcass to Frankfort and delivered it in bad order to Mr. Lucher.

SALE OF FLORA GATES.—Mr. George Morris, of Juncan, Wis., has sold to Mr. E. H. Jones, of Milwaukee, Wis., the trotting brood-mare Flora Gates for \$800.

a captured... of the ancient capital, although to name a man that was willing to meet the Frenchman. He named Ambrose Carney, a strapping artilleryman of Battery B. Joseph Labrossier, stands 6 ft. 1 1/2 in. high and will weigh in the neighborhood of 210 or 215 lbs. He was defeated in a glove fight by Prof. Wm. Miller, the Graceo Roman wrestler, who gave an exhibition some time ago in the Royal Opera House in Toronto, in conjunction with Prof. Bauer. The mill took place between Miller and Labrossier in the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on January 4, 1877, and seven rounds were fought in thirty-five minutes, when the lilly was obliged to acknowledge the supremacy of the rose. Ambrose Carney, as stated above, is a soldier, stands 6ft. 8 1/2 in., and weighs about 200 lbs. in condition. He has had the benefit of a couple of months schooling from Prof. Woods, before which he knew nothing of the science of boxing, but in that short time made encouraging progress, and as the result of the battle shows, proved to be quite a good scholar of his master. The betting was about even on the men; Labrossiere was fancied by many on account of his greater experience, but the knowing ones, especially the English speaking section, thought they had a good 'un in the person of the soldier, and were willing to back up their opinion liberally. There was quite a large assemblage in the Hall, among which could be seen a fair sprinkling of military, civic, and political dignitaries. Quebec was largely represented, but there were delegations from Three Rivers, Sherbrooke, Ottawa, Montreal and Kingston. The contest was said to be for, beside the stake money, the heavy-weight championship of Canada. Just before the battle an old timer and a popular hotel-keeper, not unknown in Ontario, bet \$150 even up, which assisted in arousing the enthusiasm. Upon "time" being called, the men readily responded, and it was really a difficult matter for an outsider to make a choice for preference when they put up their hands for

THE FIGHT.

First Round.—Labossiere delivered his left heavily on Carney's nose, and the latter countered as heavily on the champion's mouth. Sharp in-fighting followed. Labossiere broke away, and the two men came together like locomotives. A sharp rally followed, in which the punishment was heavy; then Carney knocked Labossiere down. As the men went to their corners the champion was bleeding from a cut on the lip; Carney's nose was swelled and bled copiously.

Second Round.—Carney knocked Labossiere down, but the champion sprang up and renewed the contest. Hard fighting followed until Carney ended the round by planting a terrific blow on Labossiere's jaw. The champion went down again amid shouts of "Two to one on Carney!"

Third Round.—When the men faced each other for the third round, Labossiere was evidently suffering from the sledge-hammer blows he had stopped, and it was plain that he could not stand the pounding much longer. Carney, barring a few bruises about the face and a damaged nose, was none the worse for wear. The round that followed was the most savage one fought, Carney pounding the champion about the head, while the latter tried to ward off the blows. As the men closed, Carney slipped, and received a terrible left-hander on the left eye. He rushed at Labossiere, drove him to his corner, and, by a well-directed blow on the forehead, sent him down, bleeding and helpless. Labossiere refused to fight any longer, and Carney was declared the winner and champion. X.

DEATH OF TOM ROLF.—This stallion, by Pugn's Aratus, dam the famous pacing mare Pechontas, died at Beacon Park, last month, aged 28 years. He was owned by Mr. Wesley P. Balch.

most... never lowered his colors. True it is that Ambroy, Corbin's game and fast stallion, had made a red-hot race at the above place, forcing the bay gelding out in 2:20. It was the expectation of all present that brightwood would again show to the front at Earl Park. Drifting toward the post-stand, I was surprised beyond measure to find Fozie V. was away up in the figures, while the bay gelding was down in the dust, bringing nothing. To a man with half an eye the layout was as plain as the noon-day sun. A friend approached, and in ten words the thing was confirmed, the story was short, and soon told. Low Ellis, alias "Smith No. 3" (previously No. 4), with his shoulder to the box, was holding the mare with a determination worthy a better better cause. Here and there in the crowd I went the tickets on the short side. On the day before one of the gang connected with brightwood slipped off justly to Chicago, and in solid phalanx advanced on the pool box at Fox's. A large amount of business was transacted, and it is distinctly understood that a low had the thing too good, went in head over heels, and, righting up, they realized that the greens went off with the bulk of the investments.

To return to the race, Fozie V. won the first two heats, not exactly easy, for George Nelson, who drove brightwood, would come down within ten lengths of the wire, dexterously twitch him off his feet, losing just enough to make it appear to the judges that he was trying to regain the lost ground, and going for everything that was out. After the second heat the fraud became too brazen, and it was with a good deal of solicitude that I watched the action of the judges.

In a short time Harry Spencer was sent for, and as the horse came out for the third heat, up went the man behind him. He was informed publicly that the judges believed he would drive it out, and that they would protect him in so doing, still, if he did not make an effort, or make any mistakes purposely, he would certainly be expelled. I give the list that men may know about where to find the officers of Earl Park. Never a whit did Ellis move, but piled more shekels upon the mare in the pool box. The heat was dead between the bay and Fozie V. Business was then opened with Spencer, and a retaining fee of \$250 was tendered him, but he declined to dump it. The straps of the toe-weights had been tampered with, but Spencer was equal to the occasion, and quickly straightened them. It began to be noised about that brightwood had been given some twenty-five to forty miles in the morning, and this evidently is the secret of Ellis staying by the box; he was positive that the horse could not last. It is enough to relate that the gelding was dead game won the next three heats under the careful, honest, driving of Spencer, and Ellis and the brace gang were wiser and madder men. Flat on their backs, without a dollar in pocket, owing Cluff, the poolseller, \$200, and actually with nary a red to purchase their supper. The natty little Cumber forced on the generosity of friends, if he had a friend, for the price of a meal. "To what complexion do we come at last!" Yours, WAREMUP, JR.

A LARGE LAND HOLDER.

The Duke of Sutherland's agents have compiled a list of his possessions.—In Sutherland, 1,176,454 acres; Shropshire, 17,495 acres; Staffordshire, 12,744 acres, and Yorkshire 1,858 acres. The Duchess also owns an estate of 149,879 acres in Ross-shire, which produce an annual rental of £141,000. The Duke is also owner of the following seats:—Dunrobin Castle, Loch Inver House, House of Tongue, Tarbet House, Castle Leod, all in Scotland, and Stafford House, St. James' Park, Trentham Hall in Staffordshire, Liffeshall Hall in Shropshire, and Clifden in Bucks. The London Echo looks up the history of the Duke's house, and arrives at the conclusion that his estates "were originally acquired by legal robbery and taken possession of by high-handed cruelty."

Since Mr. P. Lorillard declined to go to Kentucky with Parole, the Live Stock Record advises that Ten Broeck come East in the spring, and cast the glove to all comers, disregarding the race, color, or previous condition of servitude, but ignoring matches with any horse.