

position, although he most positively denied buying or trying to buy a horse on that day; he admitted he was not in the habit of attending church as regularly as he ought to do, but he was no scoffer at religion, he believed it was a sad thing and, taking a lesson from the day's event he should hereafter turn over a new page and attend regularly a place of worship, after reviewing the evidence and listening to the prisoner's story, the judge decided the case not proven and discharged the prisoner, who sincerely thanked the court and bade them good bye. When the gentleman left the room he saw his friend convulsed with laughter and then for the first time he smelt a rat, and I tell you he was mad, but soon falling into the spirit of the joke he laughed as the rest and remarked 'what a fool I was,' which no one cared to dispute.

NEW HORSE CAR.

At the Hamilton station of the Great Western Railway may be seen a handsome horse car for attachment to the Company's express trains. It is fitted up for six horses, with managers and water troughs, and is well padded and partitioned, with space in the centre for the man in charge and the provender. After some few alterations have been made, such as allowing more head room, and substituting bars for some of the close doors, the car will be launched on its mission of humanity. The risk of blemish, and the actual suffering to which horses are now exposed will be wholly obviated, while the despatch given to the car will make it as easy and expeditious to ship horses from one place to another in Canada, as it is in England and other civilized countries. The treatment which they have hitherto experienced of being placed in cattle trucks, and detained whole days on the road, was simply barbarous, while many persons were prevented from sending a man in charge of them by the habit the companies have lately indulged in of charging a first-class fare for an attendant riding in what is little better than a muck heap on wheels. The first car equipped for this purpose by the G. W. R. and exhibited at the Toronto Exhibition was burned at New York. Better luck, we hope, awaits its successor. Meantime the thanks of everybody interested in horses and their welfare are due to Mr. Broughton for a move in the right direction. It remains to be seen whether the Grand Trunk management is equally awake to the necessity for a change in the present system, which loudly calls for the intervention of the Humane Society. Now that there seems every chance of the export trade to England assuming proportions not at first accredited to it, there is more than ever good reason for ceasing to treat horses on our railways as though they were bullocks on their way to the shambles.—Mail.

CURIOUS AFFECTION AND INTELLIGENCE OF A DOG.

A lady in a small village in Somersetshire, England, owns a large mastiff bitch, well known for her beauty and sagacity. For several mornings following, this, for that is her name, was observed to go to the box where her meat biscuits were kept, lift the cover and take out two or three. As she did not attempt to eat them, but at once made off up the lane, she was followed, when it was discovered she took them to give to a poor thin little terrier that came to meet her at the same time each morning, and seemed to enjoy its meal greatly. This same mastiff was told the other day to lie down by the side of the lady's little boy, three years old, and take care of him in a field, whilst she walked a distance of about a mile to post a letter. On her return, the faithful creature was found close at the child's side, guarding him like a mother, and it would have been dangerous for any stranger to have approached him. These are facts.

Nothing was seen of the dog around here during the following day, but what was the astonishment of the Captain and crew, on going up to the deck while the vessel lay in her dock in New York, on the morning of her second day, to find the faithful creature at his post, watching over the vessel in his usual way. He was thoroughly exhausted by his long swim of over forty miles, however, and could do nothing but lie about and recruit his strength, for two or three days.

FREAK OF A SPORTSMAN.

The noted sporting man, Daniel Dancier, (pronounced Dausey) was manager and the owner of the first gaming house in which Morrissey was ever interested; and to Mr. Dancier's sagacity the Spartacus of Saratoga owes much of his success. He was a horse shoer by trade and worked in Kipp & Brown's omnibus stable until he saved money enough to start a "tiger" of his own. His first partner was the eccentric little Billy McGann, of whom the late Jas. F. Cooke used to sing a laughable song. Dancier's estate is valued at \$800,000. The old man made some funny bets in his day. One of these was \$20 with a countryman at McCombs' Dam, that Toppy McGuire could open a dozen oysters faster than "Greeny" could eat them. "Toppy" always got the twelfth oyster open as the yokel swallowed the ninth. Finally, on the fourth trial "country" concluded to use no salt or pepper, but take his bivalves regular. But he got no further than number nine, as usual. McGuire, who told the writer about it, said "I was in with the play and when I saw he was taking 'em straight, I gave him bigger oysters."

LUMSDEN'S FORFEIT TO TRICKETT

Concerning this matter the Standard of the 19th ult. says:—A match had been fixed to come off on Monday next, over the metropolitan course, between Trickett, the Australian, who beat J. Sadler, the English champion, on June 27, and Lumsden, of Blyth, a Tynesider. The match had been made for £200 a side, and a further "bet" of £200 a side. Of these sums £100 a side had been posted in the way of stakes, and half the amount of the bet had also been posted. The remaining £100 a side of stakes and the same balance of the bet were to have been posted on Thursday last, but when the hour came due, though the Australian's friends were ready with their money, the backers of the Tynesider declared forfeit. This proceeding took everybody by surprise. Till that moment there had been no suspicion that anything would occur to interfere with the progress of the match. Lumsden had been out sculling every day, and had been in his boat that very morning. He had been sculling in a new craft, built by J. H. Clasper, of Oxford, and another boat by the same builder was just arriving for him to try. The steamers had been engaged to accompany the race (four in number), and all had seemed to be going on satisfactorily when this sudden collapse took place. Various causes were assigned for this declaration of forfeit by Lumsden. By some it was said that his friends had "tried" him and found him wanting in speed and stamina; by others it was said that he had got blisters on them having festered, and that there was no time for the sores to heal before the day of the race, which was so close at hand. Whatever may be the cause, the match is now at an end, and the race cannot but be most unsatisfactory to all lovers of aquatics. There seems also to be some slight dispute as to the amount to be forfeited. The Tynesiders are willing, as a matter of course, to forego the amount of money "down" for stakes, and, of course, the Australian's friends do not pretend to claim the balance of the stakes not yet posted, still less the balance of bets unposted. But they do claim the amount of the bet already in the hands of the stakeholder, and to this the north-countrymen dissent. They argue that being a bet it is not part of the stakes and does not go with the stakes. It is a well-known principal of boat racing that all bets upon a boat race are void if the race does not come off, unless, at the time of making the bet, an ex-

locality known about forest and stream. One day Mr. Collins determined to fish for such catches as the lake might offer upon that renowned sheet of fresh water known to every Irish sportsman as Lough Sheelan. A casual glance at any map of Ireland will enable anyone to locate for himself this beautiful lake. It is about ten miles long by four miles wide. Cavan, Longford and West Meath are the counties which border upon this lake. Mr. Collins spent the entire day upon the lake in a small boat, ten feet in length (the why of this particular I soon appear) without getting so much as a nibble. Precisely at 6 o'clock p.m. his little boat a prow struck the shore and Barney began to prepare his traps for his tramp homeward. In spirit he was vexed, and suddenly seizing his fishing pole—an elegant affair, mounted with a triple multiplying reel and a three-ply horse-hair line, hand made, 75 yards in length—and grasping the line a few feet from the end, with a good old Irish expletive testifying of his vexation, he whipped the water once by the side of his boat. Instantly his line began to reel off at frightful speed. Carefully manipulating his pole he let the line pay out, looking for the time when he might reel in. But to his surprise the fish took every yard of his line, and when he felt the strain was too severe he dropped his pole into the water, and instantly seizing his oars gave chase. In a short time he captured the pole, but not by any means as yet the fish. His prey took the boat in tow, and actually dragged it six times around the lake besides crossing and criss-crossing too numerous to mention. All night long Mr. Collins sailed over Lough Sheelan and all the next day until 4 o'clock p.m. when he succeeded in killing his game in true sportsmanlike style. His game proved to be a six-pound lake trout—nothing more and nothing less.

At the instant he whipped the lake in his vexation because of his day of ill success, he hooked the trout by the tail. Twenty-two hours to kill a six-pound trout when hooked by the tail such a feat is the mermaid of this tale.

AN OLD CANADIAN.

A MAN ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OLD AND NEVER USED HIS FRANCHISE.

He is now in his 125th year, and he has never voted. Etienne Gouldinot was born in 1752, in a Canadian hamlet between the St. Charles and Montmorency rivers, below Quebec. The great battle between the French and English was fought near his father's cabin, and although he was only six years old, he remembers it perfectly. Indeed, the archer saw Wolfe after he was killed, and Montcalm after he was wounded. In 1772 he married a lass, and made a clearing on the west side of Lake Champlain. The commandant of Fort Ticonderoga employed him as a scout. In 1775, having come from a scouting expedition down the lake he was captured by Ethan Allan. He sent his wife, mother and children to Canada, where they remained until the close of the Revolutionary war. In 1793 he trapped for furs in the vicinity of Niagara River, and served three years during the war of 1812, being wounded twice in the battle of Lundy's Lane, and being complimented by General Scott for his bravery. He does not appear to have taken a hand in the Patriot war, the Mexican campaign, the civil war or any of the Fenian raids. He is now living with his great-granddaughter, near the mouth of Bullsken Creek, in Franklin County, O. He talks but little, hobbies about the house with a cane, smokes a clay pipe, is quite deaf, but has good eyes.—Clermont (Ohio) Sun.

MIND, MATTER, MONEY, BEAUTY.—Webster's Quarto Dictionary, as now published, has cost more intellectual labor, more money in its "getting up," and contains more matter, and a larger number of beautiful engravings, (300 or more, with four pages of colored plates,) than any single volume ever before published for popular use in this or any other country. It is largely the standard in England as well as in this country. Bell & Daldy, the publishers of Bohn's libraries, are the London publishers of this magnificent volume.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, Bible House, New York City. 250 cm

all night, he must answer for it. But if he robbed of it by highwaymen, when travelling the usual road at usual hours, he cannot be held for damages.

WALL STREET GAMBLERS.

The idiots who are deceived by bogus drafts, or the notorious "saw dust" game, or by "three card monte men," or by the illusive bottom of roulette, which the gambler controls with his foot, or the game of rouge et noir, or that of keno or faro, or any of the plainly gambling sports, in which the professional player has ninety-nine per cent of the advantage—these idiotic players, who readily accept all these terrible odds, are nothing compared with the madmen of Wall street who risk on bonds they never know and stock they do not own the happiness of themselves and who depend upon their success. What do such people mean as they crawl between heaven and earth? It is the old story of fraud on the one side and faith on the other.

Horse Notes.

THE GREAT FOAL STAKES.—This great stake of 25 sovs. each, 10 forfeit, with £1,000 added, for foals of 1876, Across the Flat, one mile, two furlongs, seventy-three yards, to be run at Newmarket, England, First October Meeting of 1879, has obtained the enormous number of 442 entries. This far exceeds anything that ever was known.

SAM PURDY.—There was considerable curiosity as to the non-starting of this stallion in the 2-23 race at Poughkeepsie. Doubt informs us that he was all right, but the track, being so full of holes, did not suit him, and he preferred drawing him to taking an inferior place in the race.

PROSPERO.—Mr. Parks has decided to draw his black gelding, Prospero, from all further engagements this season. His jaw was in very bad shape at the beginning of the Circuit, and a wrench at Rochester utterly unfitted him for driving. He will be sent next week to Stony Ford, and turned out there. If all goes right, and the jaw gets well, about Nov. 1 February he will be sent to Babylon, and go into training again. We trust better fortune will attend him next year.

A California revivalist, according to the San Francisco News Letter, has devised a new way of reaching sinners. He has attached himself to a circus, and goes round along the audience selling refreshments as an ostensible plea for saving the good word. Between the acts he shoulders his way justly amid the benches, crying, "O-o-o-ranges, apples, ginger beer, and lemonade!—oh, repent of your sins!—three for ten cents. Thank you; here's your change. Gingerbread nuts all fresh. Take this tract, young man. Believe, and you shall be saved. Four pears for a quarter. Pick 'em yourself; all ripe and lovely. Oh, how hateful is sin, my brethren; and even this night you may die. I gave you two bits back; it had a hole in it; feel in your pockets. O-oranges and apples. Ginger pop a bit a bottle. Now's your time. A prize in every packet of candy—and money is extended to them that believe (keep your fingers out of my basket), forever and evermore. Four pears for a quarter; all fresh; and so on.

We read in the Bible, which no one denies, That Pharaoh succumbed to a legion of flies— Had the obstinate monarch though only been born In these latter days he'd have laughed them to scorn— He'd have bought a nice fly trap at Tiers's dye shop? And Israel might then have never been free.

HARRY PIERCE, 75 & 77 Yonge St., Toronto.

the same water. Some were also seen to themselves out of the tepid water of streams on the shore in a dying state.

A curious case of "hereditary birth-marks" is reported from Kentucky. For several generations the ancestors of Mr. Alfred McCrocklin, of Spencer county, have marked their hogs with a cross and slit in the ear. The same stock has remained in the family through the lapse of all these years, and now the ear-marks appear at the birth of the piglings belonging to Mr. McCrocklin. This saves him the trouble of re-marking the hogs.

Virtue is sometimes its own reward. A member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty, etc., in Danbury, had long been annoyed by his neighbor's hens, which made a daily practice of roving through his front garden and back yard. And what did this good man do? He just went patiently and put some old hats and hay under his steps and in the barn, and when those hens came on their marauding expeditions those that came to scratch remained to lay. He has had all the fresh eggs he wanted this spring, and has sold \$4.00 worth to the man who owns the hens.

For some time a moose, lately captured at River Phillip and owned by Mr. Fillmore, has been training upon the Truro Driving Park. At first he was very untractable and considerably endangered the limbs and life of his driver. Latterly he has trotted off at a rapid gate, making the half mile in 1m. 20s. a short time since. He feeds upon spruce bows and alder twigs, and is in a healthy condition.

On Monday, the 14th inst., Mr. Stephen Thomas, of the 9th con. Morse, came across a large bird commonly known as a brown buzzard, caught among the limbs of a fallen tree. Its struggles to free itself first attracted his attention, and going up to it he found it fast. A large steel rat trap was found on its foot, which it had carried away with it, and which it must have carried about for some time.

When measures were first taken to furnish Sable Island with means of sustenance for shipwrecked sailors, it was found that the solitary shrub which that mass of shifting sand produces could not support life in any of the animals placed there, except the small, shaggy Canadian pony. After a time the species grow wild, and could only be caught in trenches, overlaid with boughs and straw. Their method of procuring water was peculiar. They followed their leader, a station, to the strand, and there dug wells with their hoofs in the sand, near the water. The water which gradually oozed through was perfectly fresh.

CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE.—Report from Dr. J. Baker Edwards, Ph. D. D.C.L. F.C.S. Professor of Chemistry and Microscopy.

I hereby certify that I have carefully analysed the samples of "Quinine Wine" submitted to me by Messrs. Kenneth Campbell & Co., with the following result:

No. 1.—Dark in color and turbid, deposits muddy sediment on standing, has a sweet acid taste, Orange Flavor and scarcely bitter yields on evaporation a thick syrup of invert-sugar, contains only a microscopic trace of Quinine and Quinidine. Is made with Orange Wine.

Sample X.—Dark color, with dark muddy deposit on standing, has an acid and slightly bitter taste, contains Cinchonine but no Quinine. Is made with an acid wine, not sherry.

No. 2.—Campbell's.—Light color, clear, no deposit, contains Disulphate of Quinine in the proportion of 1 grain to two fluid ounces. Is made with sound sherry wine.

N.B.—The latter (Campbell's), is the only genuine "Quinine Wine" of the three samples examined.—Signed,

JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph. D. D.C.L. F.C.S. Prof. of Chemistry and Microscopy, University College and College of Industry, Mount