IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my pale face
Before they laid it to the dust of earth,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress.
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind with loving thought,
Some kindly deed the lay dead hand wrought,
Some gentle word the cold lips had spoken,
Some act of charity, some word of cheer;
The memory of my life would be dear
My heart would be glad, all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and cherished to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days reminiscently.
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old familiar way.
For who could war with death, remorseless chief?
So I might rest, fingers of all, to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray to-night,
Keep non your kisses if my dead cold brow.
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am sorrowful to-night.
My faltering feet are turned toward a shore.
Where I shall be entranced, forgive, I plead!
When Gabriel's horn is sounded, I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

—*Christian Union.* B. S.

(*Encrypted According to Copyright Act of 1868.*)

A SIMPLETON;

A Story of the Day.

BY CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER XXV.—(CONTINUED.

"She will have to quarrel with me sise," said Dick, sadly. "Sis you know, Pheb, Honest folk like you and me and Phoebe wasn't made to quarrel for want of looking a thing all round. My sister, sir, hasn't looked it all round, and I have. Come, Pheb, 'tis no use your blinding yourself. How was the poor doctor to know your husband is a blackguard?"

"He is not a blackguard. How dare you say that to my face?"

"He is a blackguard, and always was. And now he is a thief to boot. He has stolen those diamonds; you know that very well."

"Gently, Mr. Dale; you forget; they are as much his as mine."

"Well, and if half a sheep is mine, and I take the whole and sell him, and keep the money, what is that but stealing? Why, I wonder at you, Pheb. You was always honest yourself, and yet you see the doctor robbed by your name, and that does not trouble you. What has he done to deserve it? He has been a good friend to us. He has put us on the road. We did little more than keep the pot boiling, before he came—well, you, we scraped the grain; but whose advice has turned that grain to gold, I might say? Well, what's his offence? He trusted the diamonds to your man, and sent him to you. Is he the first honest man that has trusted a rogue? How was he to know? Likely he judged the husband by the wife. Answer me one thing, Pheb. If he makes away with fifteen hundred pounds that is his, or partly yours—for he has eaten your bread ever since I knew him—and fifteen hundred more that is the doctor's, where shall we find fifteen hundred pounds all in a moment, to pay the doctor back his own?"

"My honest friend," said Staines, "you are tormenting yourself with shadows. I don't believe Mr. Falcon will wrong me of a shilling; and, if he does, I shall quietly repay myself out of the big diamond. Yes, my dear friends, I did not throw away your horse, nor your rifle, nor your money; I gave them all, and the lion's skin—I gave them all—for this."

And he laid the big diamond on the table.

It was as big as a walnut, and of the purest water.

Dick Dale glanced at it stupidly. Phoebe turned her back on it, with a cry of horror, and then came slowly round by degrees and her eyes were fascinated by the royal gem.

"Yes," said Staines, sadly, "I had to strip myself of all to buy it, and, when I had got it, how proud I was, and how happy I thought we should all be over it; for it is a half yours, half mine. Yes, Mr. Dale, there lies six thousand pounds that belongs to Mrs. Falcon."

"Six thousand pounds!" cried Dick.

"I am sure of it. And, so, if your suspicions are correct, and poor Falcon should yield to a sudden temptation, and spend all that money, I shall just coolly deduct it from your share of this wonderful stone; so make your mind easy. But no; if Falcon is really so wicked as to desert his happy home, and so mad as to spend thousands in a month or two, he is to go and save him."

"That is my business," said Phoebe, "I am going in the mail cart to-morrow."

"Well, you won't go alone," said Dick.

"Mrs. Falcon," said Staines, imploringly, "let me go with you."

"Thank you, sir. My brother can take care of me."

"Me! You had better not take me. If I catch hold of him, by—— I'll break his neck, or his leg, or something, so he'll never run away from you again, if I lay sixteen on him," replied Dick.

"I'll go alone. You are both against me."

"No, Mrs. Falcon. I am not," said Staines. "My heart bleeds for you."

"Don't you demean yourself, praying her," said Dick. "It's a public conveyance; you have no need to ask her leave."

"That is true; I cannot hinder folk from going to Cape Town the same day," said Phoebe, sullenly.

"If I might presume to advise, I would take little Tommy."

"What! all that road; do you want me to lose my child, as well as my man?"

"Oh! Mrs. Falcon!"

"Don't speak to her, doctor, to get your nose snapped off; give her time. She'll come to her senses before the day."

Next day Mrs. Falcon and Staines started for Cape Town. Staines paid her every attention, whenever opportunity offered, but was sullen, and gloomy, and held no converse with him.

He landed her at an inn; and then told her he would go at once to the jewellers. He asked her piteously would she lend him a pound or two, to prosecute his researches. She took out her purse, without a word, and lent him two pounds.

He began to scour the town: the jewellers he visited could tell him nothing. At last he came to a shop, and there he found Mrs. Falcon making her inquiries independently. She said, coldly, "You had better come with me, and get your money and things."

She took him to the bank—it happened to be the one she did business with—and said, "This is Doctor Christie, come for his money and jewels." Twice.

There was some demur at this: but the cashier recognised him, and, Phoebe, making herself responsible, the money and jewels were handed over.

Staines whispered Phoebe, "Are you sure the jewels are mine?"

"They were found on you, sir."

Staines took them, looking confused. He did not know what to think. When they got into the street again he told her he was very kind of her to think of his interest at all.

No answer: she was not going to make friends with him over such a trifle as that.

By degrees, however, Christopher's zeal on her behalf broke out; and, between the search proved unavailing, she needed sympathy; and gave it her, and did not abuse her husband, as Dick Dale did.

One day, in the street, after a long thought, she said to him, "Didn't you say, sir, you gave him a letter for me?"

"I gave him two letters; one of them was to you."

"Could you remember what you said in it?"

"Perfectly. I begged you, if you should go to England, to break the truth to my wife. She is very excitable; and sudden joy has killed ere now. I gave you particular instructions."

"And you were very wise. But whatever could make you think I would go to England?"

"He told me you only wanted an excuse."

"Oh!"

"When he told me that, I caught at it, of course. It was all the world to me to get my Rose told by such a kind, good, sensible friend as you; and, Mrs. Falcon, I had no scruple about troubling you; because I knew the stones would sell for at least a thousand pounds more in England than here, and that would pay your expenses."

"I see, sir; I see. It was very natural: you love your wife."

"Better than my life."

"And he told you I only wanted an excuse to go to England?"

"He did indeed. It was not true?"

"It was anything but true. I had suffered so in England! I had been so happy here: too happy to last. Ah! well, it is all over. Let us think of the matter in hand. Sure that was not the only letter you gave my husband! Didn't you write to her?"

"Of course I did; but that was enclosed to you, and not to be given to her until you had broken the joyful news to her. Yes, Mrs. Falcon, I wrote and told her everything: my loss at sea; how I was saved, after, by your kindness. Our journeys—from Cape Town—and then to the diggings; my sudden good fortune—my happiness, my joy—oh, my poor Rose; and now I suppose she will never get it. Is it too cruel a question I shall go home by the next steamer. I can't stay here any longer, for yet or any body. Oh, and I enclosed my ruby ring, that she gave me, for I thought she might not believe you without that."

"Let me think," said Phoebe, turning ashy pale. "For mercy's sake, let me think."

"He has read both those letters, sir."

"She will never see here: say more than I shall see mine."

She paused again, thinking harder and harder.

"We must take two places in the next mail steamer. I must look after my husband; AND YOU AFTER YOUR WIFE."

Mrs. Falcon's bitter feeling against Dr. Staines did not substsnje in merely want out of sight a little. They were thrown together by potent circumstances, and, in a manner, connected by mutual obligations; and the open rupture seemed too unnatural. Still Phoebe was a woman, and, blinded by her love for her husband, could not forgive the innocent cause of their present unhappy separation; though the fault lay entirely with Falcon.

Staines took her at her word. The steamer sailed in half an hour after the decision; and in half an hour more, all the contraband goods were shipped.

About a hundred miles from land, the steamer stopped, and the passengers soon learned there was something wrong with the machinery; in fact, after due consultation, the captain decided to put back.

This irritated and distressed Mrs. Falcon so, that the captain, desirous to oblige her, bribed a boat to shove off, and pull to the bows, and gave Mrs. Falcon the option of going back with him, or going on in the unknown world with a skipper he was acquainted.

Staines advised her on no account to trust to sails, when she could have steam with only a delay of four or five days; but she said, "I'd sooner go back, than sooner than go cast, I can't, I can't, on such an errand."

Accordingly she was put on board the schooner, and Staines, after some hesitation, felt bound to accompany her.

It proved a bad error. Contrary winds assailed them the very next day, and with such severity that they had repeatedly to lie to.

On one of those occasions, with a ship reeling under them like a restive horse, and the waves running mountains high, poor Phoebe's nerves overmastered both her hostility and reserve. "Doctor," said she, "I believe 'tis God's will we shall never see England. I must try and make you a Christian than I have lived, forgiving all who have wronged me, and you, that have been my good friend and my worst enemy, but you did not mean it. Sir, what has turned against you since? Your wife was my husband's sweetheart before he married me.

"Why wife your husband—you are dreaming.

"Nay, sir, once she came into my shop, and I saw directly I was nothing to him, and he owned itself to me. He had courted her, and she jilted him. So he said. Why should he tell lies to me, sir, that I'd lay my life his true. And now you have sent him to her your own self; and, at sight of her, I shall be nothing again. Well, when this ship goes down they can marry, and I hope he will be happy; happier than I am sure he will be happy, happier than I can make him, that tried my best, God knows."

This conversation surprised Staines not a little. However, he said, with great warmth, it was false. His wife had danced and flirted with some gentlemen at one time, when there was a brief misunderstanding between him and her, but sweetheart she had never had, except him. He had married her fresh from school. "Now, my good soul," said he, "make your mind easy; the ship is a good one, and well handled, and in no danger whatever; and my wife is in no danger from your husband. Since you and your brother tell me that he is a villain, I am bound to believe you. But my wife is an angel. In our miserable hour of parting, she vowed not to marry again, should I be taken from her. Marry again? what as I talking of? Why, if he visits her at all, it will be to let her know I am alive, and give her my letter. Do you mean to tell me she will listen to vows of love from him, when her whole heart is in rapture for me? Such nonsense!

This burst of his did not affront her, and did comfort her.

At last the wind abated; and, after a tempestuous calm, a light breeze came, and the schooner crept homeward.

Phoebe restrained herself for several days but at last she came back to the subject; this time it was in an apologetic tone at starting. "I know you think me a foolish woman," she said; "but so poor Reginald could never resist a pretty face; and she is so lovely; and you must have seen how he turned when she came in to my place. Oh, sir, there has been more between them than you know of; and very little good has it have been in England so many months before I came to them, dear, dear, sometimes I feel as if I should go mad; my head it is like a furnace, and see, my brow is all wrinkled against my will."

Then Staines tried to comfort her; assured her Reginald was incapable of such a thing, husband would perhaps have spent scores of the diamond money on his amusement; but the chief thing was, she must not let it be the big diamond, which was also their joint property, and the loss would hardly be felt. Phoebe was very grateful for this.

Then Staines, who had shown great anxiety; lest he should go blurting it out to her husband, that he was the cause of his being laid on Mr. Sanford's cot, who was

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

*Questions respecting subjects in this Department, which are addressed to the Editor, will be answered in this column; but communications on matters of business must be addressed to the Publisher.

A Weekly Chronicle of Shooting—Fishing—Flat-racing — Hurdle-racing — Steeple-chasing—Trotting—Rod News—Yachting—Boat-racing—Pedestrianism—Athletics—Cricket—Croquet—Lacrosse—Skating—Swimming—Race-ball—Billiards, &c., &c.

"MAC" OPPOSITE.

(Published every Friday, July 14.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. T. B., Montreal.—(1) Wagram is a bay horse, 16 years old, by imp. Lexington—Wagram, by Sultan—Dam of Topaz, a daughter of imp. Glencoe from a mare by imp. Leviathan. (2) We do not see the use of prizes; whereabouts; but it can easily be learned on enquiry. Apply to Mr. Wm. Cornwallis, Secretary, Agricultural Association, Montreal. (3) Wrestling, Wrestling, Wrestling. Sale, Sugan, Lancashire, Hip, Hip, Hip. (4) It is removed that a meeting will be put up by Mr. Boyle Cummins, Toronto, on the 29th of October; but nothing is settled at present. T. Fox, Fort Hope.—We are aware that Tecumseh is located in the county of Durham. He is by Lapidist out of Liberty. Imp. Lapidist by Touchstone, out of by Taurus, foaled in 1849, is either dead or still covering in New York. Lightning, who was sire of Jack-in-the-Green, &c., is by imp. Mercer out of Yellow Rose. Mercer was by Muley out of Ivy. We are not aware that we at any time stated Touchstone to be out of the country. Sinnon.—(1) The Sporting Chronicle in your question in the article printed below on a Retiring Jockey, Mr. Frank Atkins. Mr. Atkins is the man who was standing near Mr. Serve Fan (Sir). You took observing eyes and ears, and we will at once tell you your right name and address, and we will at once tell you the name of the horse you mean. (2) Sir Modena, (3) Sir Modena. (4) Sir Modena.—Impossible to telegraph you an answer. (5) Lady Lyne, Lady Lyne, Lady Lyne. (6) Lady Lyne. (7) Lady Lyne. Our information is from *Turf, Field and Farm*. Mr. Wood, (8) Yes, very, very, very, very, very. (9) Yes, we have a likely explanation is that *War Sign* is the horse in question. *Mole Mouse* was a bay mare, foaled in 1864; but was not beaten, inasmuch as he started in no other race. Your Horse has got wind of you.

The Turf.

The Newcastle-upon-Tyne meeting appears to have been celebrated with more than the usual enthusiasm, that marks the devotion of the Tynesiders to sports on land as well as water. On the first day (24th ult.) Spennithorne captured the Queen's Plate, and Memoria, a two-year old filly by Speculum, the sire of two of the youngsters disposed of at the late Mr. Sheddon's sale, carried the Stephenson Stakes from about five others. The Cup day witnessed the victory of Mr. Houldsworth's Falkland, for the trophy once harmed by John Underhill, who won the race three times in succession, setting an example twice followed, by the speedy Caller Ou. The race was unfortunately marked by a serious accident—Molly Oliver, skipping at one of the turns, and Mr. Merry's Freeman jumping upon her, horses and jockeys rolling together, and the mare being so much injured that she will probably take leave of the turf. At the Curragh, last week, the same unfortunate fate befell us we observe the victory of Minstrie in the Kildare Handicap, a colt out of Miss Jodah, sire, the dam of Burgundy, owned at Montreal by Mr. Andrew Allan. At Bibury Mr. J. H. Richardson kept up his reputation by winning two races, but there are undeniable evidences that he has one glorious Handicap rival in dwindling to insignificance. The time when the Marquis of Hastings, Mr. Merry, and the Duke of Beaufort had horses enough in the neighbourhood to constitute a "meeting" among themselves, is past. On the first day at Stockbridge, a lot of old celebrities showed up, Scarbrough and Bothwell, well, the first-named making one, and the latter two ineffectual attempts to catch the judge's flag. The Two-year-old Handicap Stakes were won by Mr. Padwick's Corozone de Fer, a colt by Fortunatus—Corozone, Mr. Merry's colt by Blair Athol, out of Agnes, defeating nine others, among them Mr. Merry's Sir Blair Athol, out of Coimbra, who started favourite and finished last. There are four of these brothers now in public on the turf, and some years been lavished. To the immediately preceding are the Duke's run unsuccessfully, at New York Mr. Withers' Consolation has earned anything but an enviable reputation; Lord Lyon, Lord Lyonsdale's colt, the youngest of the quartette all the notoriety he may ever achieve when he bid the ridiculous sum of 1,000 guineas for him a few weeks ago at the Cobham sale. The Duke's colt has been beaten twice in Handicaps. Everybody said that if Mr. Padwick's colt had been kept for the Stockbridge Cup, he would win the day, and so he would and there's, he could not have failed to win a Handicap at which Mr. Merry's colt and Corcoroccus by running the colt and achieving an easy victory over such a horse as Shillaun, who, in Ireland, Corcoroccus was third in the Two Thousand Guineas, and five other pretty good ones. We can call to mind a much slighter performance on the part of a two year old; and he and Rosendale were neighbours at the Cup meeting, and membership thus far. Both colts are in next year's Derby, and it may be a "tip" as we can with Corcoroccus, Corozone de Fer is nominated by Sir Tatton Sykes.

Lord Stamford's Hermit, the sire of Mr. Merry's colt's name, as Mr. Merry discovered such an un-Derby-like cognomen as Sir Tatton Sykes, Hermit, and Mr. Merry's Sportsman would wish him better luck with his promising youngster. That the two favorites for the Stamford Derby should both rejoice in Gallic patronymics is cutting our Irish friends into pieces, and Ireland's Derby across the Channel a little too fat to please a British public.

We have kept the budget of racing news for the week in a heavy one. In our last we alluded briefly to Tom Bowling's success in the Jersey Derby. Later details show that the Kentucky prodigy got the best of the start, and Hastings's performance, in a race against Mr. Bruce, who, it is alleged, knowing Tom Bowling's speed, thought he could run too willing to get him off, and lost sight of the great advantage he gained by being first, only to be caught and beaten a long fall. Mr. Bruce returns that those who see a start or criticise its fairness through the leaves of a telescope, have a jaundiced eye. Willing as we are to allow that more than one person on one occasion, has taken an oscar system of running every race "from end to end" that at home, where racing is well managed, the Lord Clifden, who, a hundred yards in the rear at one point of the St. Leger, which he so handsomely won, we dance to the whistling of a tune, setting up much store by so small a disaster, and the Sussex cricket team, after a long Springbok's recent defeat, if it be destined that he is hereafter to prove himself Tom's master, in the Jersey Derby, and, if the two horses are affected alike by mud or stickiness, and it is a matter of frequent experience that the running on a wet day is totally upset the next time the same horses meet. In the Jersey Derby, the start and the rain was to make the soil ball under the horses' feet like snow, and they were all terribly distressed by the mud. The Derby is possibly the best of the year—he is at any rate the most valuable of the Derbies, and, if not to be a false run race, we shall attribute it to the state of the course, and not to a jockey's or a horse's shortcoming. The victory of Wanderer in the Monmouth Cup on Saturday, was expected, the son of Lexington winning from such performers as Preakness and Highball by a distance, clipping the 2 miles in 4.34½, on ground none of the best, or within a second of Helmbold's time, which is the fastest on record. Mr. Chaffee's Hopeful Stakes for 2-year olds with Longfellow, of Kentucky and Jim Brown, of Stockwell mare Bernice, ridden by Evans, his newly-imported English jockey, Bertie's dam Bernice was out of Queen Mary, Blink Bonny's dam, blood already well represented in the Blinkbonny family, Longfellow's sire, Longfellow, the Blinkbonny's sire, Blinkbonny's dam, Bonny Scotland, the illustrious sons of Queen Mary. The Monmouth Oaks resulted in another triumph for Mr. Alexander's breeding establishment, the winner being sired by the little Hobgoblin of Lizzie Lazas, a half-sister of Grey Planet, being by imp. Australian out of Eaglass, a daughter of old Glencoe, imp. 2.40. Nearly a second faster than Tom Bowling's. Then Mate, also an Australian, administered justice to Mr. Tweed, the odds of 4 to 1 being laid on Mr. Sanford's colt, who won by a length. On Tuesday Lancaster had a race was once more played for the benefit of Highball, who finished Wheatley and Bessie Lee, who had gone for second, the third money. And then a colt, who had been sold out of Kentucky and who on Tuesday was last winner in the months of all the prophets in Canada, won a $400 purse over 1½ miles. This was the property of Mr. Dwyer, out of Jessamine Porter, entered in the Barclay Derby, and from the way in which he won this race is may be questioned. If War Cry would have been entered had Colfax only turned up at Barrie. He beat Nevada, the speedy Minnie W. (who defeated War Cry and Col. Sellers) another in 2.43. Mr. Belmont, who is still in Europe, won the July Stakes with his imported colt King Amadeus, and with the spoil which has seemed to hang over English two-year olds brought to the States. The winner is by King of Trumps (a son of Velocipede) out of Amethyst (a daughter of Touchstone). Mr. Belmont's Scratch, brother to Silkstockings, finished second, and could probably have beaten the Englishman. On Saturday the First Long Branch meeting was brought to a conclusion, to be succeeded, however, in very close order by the second which commences to-morrow and will be celebrated also on the 16th, 17th and 19th. The Saratoga meeting commences the 24th inst. to the 16th of August. There will, however, be no lack of racing topics at least for a month to come. Duffy managed to win the steeplechase without going the wrong side of a flag, and Arizona ran five heats, of which she won the last three, and Whisper the first two, before she was credited to $800, the first money in the Jersey Jockey Club Stakes. The Monmouth Sequel Stakes were won by Survivor, beating Ransom and Artist.

In Canada, the Dundas Park meeting at Montreal was inaugurated on Saturday "the Twelfth," and though it was publicly advertised that entries would close at Montreal on the evening of Tuesday, we had in vain endeavoured to secure a list of them up to midnight Friday. We trust we may be found in the Montreal papers of that day. It would be far better to abolish the system of entries closing by a certain advertised time, than to try to catch passing game at the eleventh hour as now universally prevalent in Canada. There can be no doubt that Secretaries of Race Meetings putting out such an advertisement would catch a warm time if they got before the Lord Mayor, or the Magistrate of the owner who could elicit that the entry of a winner was received, after the advertised time. It is a breach of the rules, and, in fair faith, on the part of the Executive, and of those who, having to try Handicaps under the rules during the meeting, are at least bound themselves to come into Court with clean hands. Either let the entries close as advertised, or the published contract abided by. The 11 race races on Saturday's programme were a hurdle race for Dominion bred horses, 2 miles, welter weights, won by Mr. Ogilvie's Highlander, of the Wax, grain blood, who had been successful also in celebrating a public holiday at Ogdensburg, the Ogdens, Mr. Ogilvie's colt ridden by the Barber for second money, in the next race, half a mile, open to all, the Ottawa horse Carleton was successful, landing the first money, though as at Ogdensburg, he failed to the first heat, almost succumbing to Saturn, a son of Planet and Lady Ida, by Kind of St. George, here to Byron and Vespasian, the little horse, who is considerably under 15 hands, and is a perfect pet with all, but He is strong, and compact, and having a setting jockey, knows him that ass big in the right place, is the best of the Canadian racers, at present to his new owner.

Vespasian twice ran the winner of a heat to a head, and he must either be a very game one or a bit of a rogue. The contestants for the third heat, second money, was unfortunate. The third race, the Sapling Stakes for three-year olds and under, mile heats, was a gift to War Cry, who, beaten the moderate Saturn, had only his old Sarlie opponent, Sarah G. and Electron, to dispose of. The Ottawa meeting takes place on the 24th and 25th inst., and most of the horses engaged at Montreal will doubtless journey on to the capital of the Dominion.

Toronto Riding and Driving Park Association.

If it be true that well begun is half done, the meeting which was held at the Rosin House on Saturday afternoon to organize an association for the purpose of promoting Riding and Driving Park in Toronto has every reason to congratulate itself on having accomplished half its task. A unanimity of opinion prevailed, which can have only one result, namely, the carrying out of the objects and authority of those composing the meeting. Among those present were Mr. W. Copeland, who was elected as chairman; Messrs. C. S. Gzowski, W. H. Boulton, George Gooderham, R. F. Dwight, E. Ryerson, Charles Jones, Col. Boulton and R. Pringle, of Cobourg, J. McCrath, Police Magistrate, W. J. Buchanan, G. D. Boulton, A. Smith, V.S., John Boulton, Patteson, Stickford, Shakel, Swinyard, Dawson, Shears, Kirby, Bond, Grand, &c., &c. The Committee which had been deputed to draft a constitution and put the proposed object of the Company into shape having unfolded their plan, a general conversation ensued, and many valuable suggestions were elicited. The stock book was opened, and a beginning made by many of the gentlemen subscribing, a mere written their names down for a thousand dollars apiece; the nominal capital of the Company to be $60,000, of which one-half shall be bona fide subscribed before application be made for a charter. A Board of Provisional Directors was then nominated, comprising the names of many influential gentlemen who wrote that though pressing engagements prevented their attendance at the meeting, they would do all that lay in their power to further the objects of the Association. A sub-committee was also appointed, with instructions to examine and report on the eligibility of the several sites mentioned in the meeting, and to obtain from the owners a statement of the lowest price at which they may be disposed to sell or lease to the Company. The Committee, therefore, may be considered as fairly launched, and the Association may reckon upon the ground there is a certain prospect of the work being far advanced: the interest shown by the Governor-General and the Toronto Riding and Driving Park on the Queen's Birthday, 1874.

Scraps.

EUROPEAN.—It is stated that there were forwarded from and received at Epsom during the "Derby" week, by rail, 30,000 passengers, and that "on the three nearly 2,500 scored on the "Derby" day itself, and 1,000 on the Oaks day. At Epsom, 1,000 passed through the turnstiles, and 1,000 by the Epsom Downs Station, and 1,000 by the Epsom Station, and 1,000 by the Epsom Station, and 1,000 by the Epsom