

PRACTICAL JOKE ON A TORONTO MAN.

The Aylmer Paper says:—Sunday is not an appropriate day to play a practical joke, but as one was played on Sabbath last, and as local items are scarce we dish it up for our readers. A well known horse dealer of Toronto pays periodical visits to Aylmer for the purpose of buying a few of the fine animals for which we are justly celebrated. Last week this horse dealer was accompanied by another, and almost equally well known Toronto sport. It was the intention of the pair to proceed on Saturday evening to Buffalo to witness the great mustang race that was announced to come off there on Monday, but learning there was a camp meeting in progress in this neighborhood they concluded to stay over and visit the camp on Sunday, which they did. On the camp ground were many fine, as well as very many poor horses, and, as might be expected the equine judges admired the good animals and even envied the owners of some of the particularly striking steeds. The horse buyer's friend even went so far as to get into conversation with the drivers of one or two of the best horses, and this circumstance was looked upon by a few of the fun loving people of Aylmer as a good chance for a joke. When the pair returned to town they were arrested by a bogus policeman on a bogus warrant, with a lavender colored seal, and taken before a bogus court and a bogus trial was had. The person who acted as judge had facetiously been introduced the day before by the horsebuyer to his friend as Mr. —, Mayor and Judge of the town of Aylmer. The horse buyer, who was in the plot, was allowed to escape, and his friend went through the trial without the remotest suspicions of its bogus nature. The prosecution was conducted by a legal gentleman of Toronto, who happened to be in town, and the irregularity of a trial on Sunday was explained to the prisoner as a particular favor to him so as to obviate his passing a night in the cells. The prisoner very kindly thanked the court for its consideration, and the trial proceeded, the witnesses were examined and the prisoner was called upon for his defence. He explained the cause of his presence in Aylmer and at the camp ground, told of his intended visit to Buffalo, on his deep sense of his humiliating position, although he most positively denied lying 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 mangers 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 blamash, 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

A SAGACIOUS DOG.

A gentleman from St. Hilaire states that on Saturday, the 25th, during the regatta at the Iroquois House, St. Hilaire, an old woman, a native of the place, witnessed the races, when suddenly she disappeared. No attention was paid to her absence until about 8 p.m., when her friends got alarmed, and soon the mountain was beaten by over sixty people in search of her. They did the same all Sunday and Monday, but to no purpose, when the proprietor of the hotel volunteered to lend his retriever, and accompanied by about sixty men they proceeded to the lake.

Having made the dog take scent from some of the missing woman's clothing, he ran about six miles when he discovered a shawl which was the old woman's. The dog then turned back and went to the lake and was called away several times, in order to make him search the woods, but of no avail. He persisted in running to the beach—to the same spot. The dog then howled and rushed back into the bush, but it was thought he was out of his reckoning, and they all returned home. On Wednesday they searched again, and at 1 p.m., the woman was discovered sitting on a log about half a mile from where the dog had tracked her to the lake, and where he had afterwards wished to go. The woman was quite well and hearty, and said she had been three times to the lake shore at the spot where the dog had been, to get a drink. She is now well, though, in her dotage. She is about 70 and had been without food from Saturday at 7 a.m. until Tuesday at five p.m., three days and eleven hours.

SWIMMING FORTY MILES.

Capt. Bruce, says the Huntington Long Islander, of the Leonida, is the owner of a large Spitz dog, named Jack, that was picked up in the middle of the sound several years ago, as he was swimming several miles from land. On Tuesday the Captain left the dog on the East Neck wharf by some mishap, and Jack, seeing the vessel some distance out in the bay, decided to follow. As the vessel was under good headway, little notice was taken of his jumping off the wharf, as it was supposed he would soon return. The vessel reached New York that night. 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 Dauncey) 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,

press stipulation has been to the effect that the bet shall be "p. p." (play or pay). The principal horse races, such as the Derby, St. Leger, and long distance cups are "p. p." races, so that if a horse is scratched all bets about him stand good, just the same as if he ran and got beaten. But with bet racing the case is different. This is the ground upon which the Tynesiders now seek to save their posted bet upon this forfeited match. Of course all bets that have not been posted, and even those which have been posted but which do not form part of the articles of this match are "off." But the Australian party (including a large section of English bookmakers), say that this one bet, which was part of the contract of the match, and was provided for in the signed articles of the match, is quite different from an ordinary bet and should follow the fate of the posted stakes. At law, also all "wagers" are void and cannot be recovered. If a man has paid a bet he cannot recover it back again. If he has not paid it, he cannot be sued for it. And if the wager is posted in the hands of a stakeholder, either party, loser or winner, may back out of the wager and declare his bet "off," and demand his money back from the stakeholder, even after the decision of the event has been made, so long as the stakeholder has not parted with the money. If the stakeholder, after receiving notice not to part with the money posted for a wager, pays it over to the winner, the loser can maintain an action against the stakeholder. The latest case in point was that of Hampden v. Walsh, decided only this year, and several other cases can be quoted in support of this principle, however immoral it may seem. However, though wagering contracts are void, as immoral, still the law allows an action to be maintained for bona fide stakes or money prizes. The question at issue is, whether this so-called bet is a wager such as would make it void at law, and void also by the rules of betting if the boat race does not come off; or whether, having been part of the articles and conditions of the match, it becomes legitimate stakes, and is forfeitable, like stakes. We hope that there will be no scandal of a legal dispute in this matter, which will bring discredit upon aquatics. The case of Sadler v. Smith, which resulted out of a dispute in a sculling match between Harry Kelley and J. Sadler, did a great deal of harm to the credit of aquatic pursuits as regards professionals, and we trust this case will be referred to some friendly arbitrator, and not fought out in a law court.

A REMARKABLE FISHING ADVENTURE.

Thirty years ago Mr. Barney Collins, then 50 years of age, was a resident of county Cavan, Ireland, an adept in all that was in that age and 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 particularity will soon appear) without getting so much as a nibble. Precisely at 6 o'clock p.m. his little boat's 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 at least is the morale 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 urchin 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

SINGULAR SAGACITY OF A BULL.

A very remarkable case of intelligence in the lower animals took place at Bennington, near Ingersoll, a few weeks ago. It appears that a farmer named McLeod living in that neighborhood, while going over his farm, discovered that his neighbor's cattle had broken into his pasture along with his own. He immediately proceeded to drive them out, when he was attacked by a fierce bull belonging to his neighbor (McKay), which knocked McLeod down, breaking his leg and otherwise severely injuring him, and no doubt would have killed him, but his own bull, seeing the onslaught, made a rush for the neighbor's animal before it had effected any more injury. During the tussle between the two animals Mr. McLeod crawled into a fence corner, and after his bull had beaten off the assailant it came and stood sentry over him until he was discovered some two hours afterwards by a member of his family with the bull still on guard. Assistance was at once procured and the injured man conveyed to his house, where his wounds were dressed and he was made as comfortable as he could be under the circumstances. This is another added to the many instances where human life has been saved through the perceptive powers of inferior animals. There is no doubt whatever but if the bull had not come to the rescue Mr. McLeod would not now be in the land of the living. Mr. McLeod is a brother-in-law of Mr. Alfred Ward, who resides about two miles north of Brantford.

HIRING HORSES.

It has been decided, says the Turi, Field and Farm, that when a horse or carriage is let out for hire, for the purpose of performing a particular journey, the party letting warrants the horse and carriage fit and competent for such journey. If the hirer treats the horse or carriage as any prudent man would do, he is not answerable for any damage either may receive. But he must use the horse for the purpose for which he hired him. For instance, a horse hired for saddle must not be used in harness. If the hirer violates the express condition of the contract he is liable for any damage may occur. If the horse is stolen through the hirer's negligence, such as leaving the stable door open all night, he must answer for it. But if he is 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 boards they never knew and stock they do not own the happiness of themselves and who depend upon their success. What do such people in an 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 1877, has obtained the enormous number of 442 entries. This far exceeds anything that ever was known.

SAN PUEBLO.—There was considerable curiosity as to the non-starting of this stallion in the 222 race at Poughkeepsie. Double 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 next 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.

Miscellaneous.

One man killed sixteen rattlesnakes in half a day lately in the bog marsh, Conn.

A wild horse, bearing the dead body of a man securely strapped to its back, dashed into Waco, Texas, a few days ago.

A horse that was being shod, in Poughkeepsie, reared suddenly and struck his head against a beam with such force that his neck was broken.

Joseph A. Lord, of East Haddam, Conn., seventh child of a free old, shot so many squirrels the other day that his neighbor, Judge Higgins, ninety four years old, was envious. So the Judge went out and brought down two squirrels from the top of a high tree at one shot.

Mrs. Fannie Hall, of Walker County, Ga., near Pond Springs, gave birth to a child with two heads, one red and one black, two back bones, two hearts and two stomachs. Three arms and four hands and two legs. Dr. Price, the attending physician, says it was two children from the waist up and one from there down.

Young men are frequently seen going into restaurants, nowadays, with no cuffs or collar on, and the coat collar turned up high to show that they are *en deshabille*, as if they had just been practicing at Wood's Gymnasium, or even just returned from a boat race. But it is getting played out; cotton and hair-cloth do the work on the shoulders, and the avenue tailors are responsible for deficiency in muscle.

At the Hartford races a young negro won considerable applause by imitating the different movements of a horse in trotting, running, pacing, etc., the negro getting down on his hands and feet to do it. A white man who tried to do it failed, and was ignominiously retired among amid shouts of "Take him to the barn," "Rule him off," &c.

During the recent hot weather salmon in St. Mary's river, N.B., were dying of the heat. Salmon barrelling themselves in something new, but a case of the kind actually occurred. To keep cool a salmon entered an old flour barrel half buried in debris on the shore, where he was captured by the miners. Salmon were also seen throwing themselves out of the tepid water of the 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 piglets belonging to Mr. McCrocklin. This saves him the trouble of remarking 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 a hens, which made a daily practice of roving through his front garden and back yard. And what did that 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 had 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 Philip and owned by Mr. Fullmer, 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 11th inst., Mr. Stephen Thomas, of the 9th con. Merua, came across a large bird commonly known as a brown buzzard, caught among the limbs of a fallen tree. Its struggles to free itself 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 subsistence for shipwrecked sailors, it was found that the solitary shrub which that mass of shifting sand produced could not support life in any of the animals placed there, except the starry shaggy Canadian pony. After a time the species grew wild and could only be caught in trenches overlaid with a rope and straw. Their method of procuring water was peculiar. They followed their leader, a steed, to the strand, and there dug with their hoofs in the sand, near the water. The water was then drunk and the sand