

aged. A steel frame was selected from the case, and a handle about eighteen inches in length was fitted into it. Then a file three inches in length and one inch in width was fitted into the frame in such a manner that its sharp edges would nowhere touch the tongue or cheeks. With this instrument a vigorous filing was kept up for several minutes along the edges of the teeth. Then the operation was done. The horse held his head forward as trustingly as a child. He began to grow poor on account of the pain which it had caused him to eat.

Another horse was led from his stall. His difficulty was that his molars, or food grinding teeth, had become so much worn that the long teeth prevented them from coming to the teeth and properly macerating food. In this case, a cutting forceps was used to pinch off about a sixteenth of an inch from each upper tooth. Then all were filed smooth with a broad file. This animal behaved with equal gentleness with the other.

"How can you tell," Mr. House was asked, "when a horse has the tooth ache?"

"I saw one with a toothache, about a week ago, in the street. He was attached to a cart. I saw him with one eye cast towards his driver. His head was held down, and there was drooping of his under lip next to his cheek. He watched his driver, and I knew that if the rein was gathered up to start him he would spring forward as if he were going to break the traces. If it were pulled hard to back him, he would spring back as if he were going to break the wheels—anything to avoid hurting that tooth. I knew this, because the horse told me so. I understood him, and so would you if you had studied the horse as closely as I had. There's nothing mysterious about it. I said to the driver, 'Your horse has the toothache.' He stared at me, and then went on leading his coat. He thought that I was crazy. Then I took him to the horse's mouth, and showed him two big ulcerations in the lower jaw. Before I left I had drawn out two teeth. Then a horse has the toothache, he will come to you and tell you of it if you will let him. If his loose he will open his mouth and lop his teeth to express his pain. Then if you don't know what he means you will strike him, thinking that he is going to bite you. Then the poor creature has got to suffer.

"People ask me whether my system in managing vicious horses is the same as Rarey's. I have no system. I have studied horses, and understand them. This is my secret. I don't try to teach the horse, I let him teach me. As a matter of fact, there are no vicious horses. All viciousness is in the man. When a horse becomes a little more than other horses they call him vicious. Suppose a smart boy should be teased and coddled and let to run his own gait, a colt is, until he became of age, and then would suddenly be bound with straps, and then in his fright he should resist, be lashed, and wouldn't be vicious, and the more so the farther he was?"

Mr. House explained that the nerve of a horse's tooth extends only to the jaw bone, and that consequently a fracture of the crown of a tooth, or its decay, does not call for filling. When it aches, it is because of decay at the root, which generally results in ulceration. This decay allows the crown to sink into the gum. Its jagged edges then hold it in place, and it often penetrates far into the head. When a horse feels a tooth aching, he surrounds it with ulcerated hay in a wad, and when a socket is made by the sinking of the crown into the gum, it is filled with hay. If this wadding is removed the horse will not drink until he has replaced it with hay. He knows that the cold water will cause him pain. Sometimes one of the grinding teeth grows out beyond the rest, and disables the horse from chewing. Mr. House has an instrument, which he calls the guarded cutter, for cutting down teeth of this kind. It is made of a heavy polished steel frame, in which a chisel-faced file moves like the axe in a guillotine, with a powerful force derived from a screw. The face of the slide is sharp, but notched to prevent it slipping on the tooth. It makes a straight fracture, and the surface is afterwards filed smooth. In pulling an aching tooth a strong forceps is used, with handles about eighteen inches long. The claws are bent at right angles with the handles. The horse almost always holds his mouth with great steadiness during operation, and especially when the forceps are being set in position about the tooth. After the grip is obtained, the tooth is twisted slightly to break its hold, and then a purchase is obtained on the adjoining tooth, by which it is lifted a little way in its socket. Finally, it is turned toward toward the cheek and removed in that direction, Mr. House says that he seldom uses

The rowing match for the championship of the world was a very hollow win for Trickett, whose visit to England has completed his education as a finished sculler. Rush, the ex champion of Australia, displayed great strength and pluck without science, and if beaten was not disgraced. Not less than fifty thousand people lined the shores adjacent to the winning post. The men starting themselves went off at forty-one and a half minutes past three—Rush at 42 strokes per minute, Trickett at 39. For about fifty yards they were level, then Rush went ahead foot by foot, and passing Uhl's point he was a clear length in front. Half a mile from the start he was directly ahead of Trickett, giving him his wash, and not pulling more than 40 a minute. The champion seemed to quicken as they neared Bland's point, until it became stroke after stroke, and the boats got into dangerous proximity. Rush, responded to his rival's efforts, again left a clear gap between them, and the Clarence man shot the mile mark in 5m 58s., and leading by a length and a half. They were now coming into the straight pull, down the long reach, and Trickett was seen to look round over his left shoulder as if to gauge his opponent's position. He had as it were felt him in the previous spurt, and, putting on a little more steam, drew rapidly alongside. There was an effort to keep the other boat ahead, but it was only for a moment. Trickett was not to be shaken off, and ere a mile and a half had been rowed the contest was virtually over, as he had a clear length in front, rowing with apparent ease, while Rush was already laboring greatly. Before the Hen and Chickens were reached the Australian was at least six lengths ahead, when suddenly he was seen to cease pulling, much to the consternation of his friends. The cause was, however, speedily apparent—he was merely waving an acknowledgment of the first hearty sound of cheers he had received. As he passed One-man wharf he was simply paddling, and again stopped to wave his hands to friends ashore. This was repeated twice before he reached Bedlam Point, where at least ten thousand pairs of lungs gave vent to a perfect tempest of cheers as the champion rowed leisurely by, with Rush some five or six lengths astern pulling a game stern chase. In the last few hundred yards Trickett showed the best piece of rowing he did during the match, and, increasing his lead a length or two, finally shot by the flagpost at 4h 4m. 56 s. 10s. Rush who was very much exhausted at the finish, and had to contend with broken water, came in 22 seconds later. The affair was so completely one-sided for the last two miles that it can hardly be termed a race. Time from start to finish, by chronograph, 23m. 26 s. 10s. Distance 3½ miles and 100 yards. Trickett is open to row any man in the world for \$5,000 and give the English or American champion \$1,500 for expenses to visit the antipodes.

SUNDAY AT AN AMERICAN WATERING-PLACE.

The New York Sun gives the following description of a Sunday at Long Branch, one of the fashionable watering-places patronized by Americans.

Gambling may not be an obtrusive Sunday diversion here, but it is nevertheless indulged in. The beautiful club houses once run by John Chamberlain, in the midst of fashionable people's cottages, is this year in other hands. Faro and roulette are being played there to-day, mostly by young men. Older gamblers take to poker in the private rooms. A less pretentious place is maintained in Chelsea avenue, where fifty-cent checks are used, and many of the players are employees of the hotels. Faro is the game and it is in operation to-day. In a still commoner establishment, on the way from the beach to the village, keno is taking the wages of the negro waiters. The outrageous swindle of banco is perpetrated here to some extent, with the incidents of the pretended recognition, and the story of a lottery prize—just as in New York. The village trustees resolved, at the opening of the season, that there should be no gambling; but the only result is to keep it out of sight. No monte dealers roam the beach. The trustees also resolved that there should be no selling of liquors on Sundays, but to-day every bar-room in the place is undisguisedly open. A landlord says: "The people who come here for the summer generally have money enough to buy what they want, and no county trustees can prevent their wants being supplied. They will drink, and they will gamble—some of them—and Long Branch does not set itself up for a reformatory institution."

RACE-HORSE INFORMATION.

Book-makers and other betting men take much pains, and incur a great deal of expense, in order that they may be well-informed as to the doings of the various racing stables. Information flows to them from many sources, because they have numerous hangers-on, whose duty it is to keep them posted up in the facts and the occurrences on the training grounds. At Newmarket and elsewhere—nearly all training grounds, indeed—there are persons stationed, employed either by bookmakers or backers, whose duty it is to communicate with the utmost celerity every important item of intelligence connected with certain horses. Should these horses fail to appear on the exercise ground at the customary time, should they only walk instead of gallop, or should they pull up lame after their canter, then these touts—a ragged regiment, it must be confessed—lie at once to the post-office and wire to those who have employed them. The intelligence thus conveyed is promptly made use of, and its effect for or against a horse, speedily becomes obvious by means of the price current, and when it is seen that Asterisk has receded in the betting list from sixteen to one and twenty-five to one, it may be concluded that the horse only walked that morning, instead of galloping as usual; while if the odds have receded still further, then the backer of the horse may conclude that Asterisk has not been seen at exercise, and that in consequence, there is something radically wrong with the animal. It is astonishing how soon the mishaps which occur to race-horses are made known to those interested in the betting; it is frequently the case, indeed, that a man who has backed a horse will know of its having broken down on the training ground long before the man who is its proprietor. Instant use is, of course, made of such information in the turf market. If a horse quoted at short odds temporarily breaks down, it is held to be good business to lay against it at once, because, when the misfortune becomes known, it will speedily recede in the betting, and if a man can lay one hundred to twenty against it, the chances are that he will in a day or two be able to recover his bet at one hundred to three; and thus, in the event of the horse not recovering its position, he will have the difference as profit; or if the animal does recover but fails to win the race, he will bag seventeen pounds. But such operations are difficult to conduct as all the turf are playing the same game, and each man is about as well informed as his neighbor. At all events, it may be taken for granted that the men who have the most information succeed best.

ANOTHER DREAM.

The Ottawa Free Press says.—"A correspondent at Maraton, who sends his name to establish the authenticity of his communication, writes to us a letter containing this information. 'For some time past this village has been the scene of great excitement, consequent upon the singular confirmation of a dream. It appears that Mr. Thos. Turner, an influential citizen and President of the racing association here, dreamt three nights in succession that a pot of gold was secreted on James Regan's farm, near by, at the foot of a large tree. After the third dream, Turner went in search of the gold and found an iron box about sixteen inches long and nine inches in breadth and depth. He conveyed the box to his home, and after three hours' hard work had the satisfaction of seeing its contents. There were a dozen gold pieces of the reign of George III., worth about \$60 face value. There were also several arrowheads unusually well preserved, a large and curiously carved pipe of exquisite workmanship, stone tomahawks, and the bones of some animal which crumbled on exposure to the air.'

If you have religion you need not tell people about it, they will find it out after trading with you awhile.

Shelburne	" 4	6
W. G. Ashbury	Bradford	" 4 6
West Elgin	Wallacetown	" 4
Logan	Bornholm	" 4
West Zorra & Embro	Embro	" 4
Howard	Ridgetown	" 5 6
Bruce	Underwood	" 5
Mornington	Milverton	" 5
E Oxford and J Nor-		
wich	Otterville	" 5 6
Stanley	Bayfield	" 8
Brook	Sunderland	" 9 10
Glencoe Union	Chapcoo	" 9
Whitchurch	Steeleville	" 9
Morris		" 9
Peel	Brampton	" 9 10
South Waterloo	Galt	" 9 10
Northern	Walkerton	" 9 to 13
Egremont	Holstein	" 9
Burford	Harley	" 9 10
West Garafraxa	Douglas	" 9
Lennox	Napanee	" 9 10
Pickering	Brougham	" 10 11
Tilbury East	Tilbury	" 10
Fullarton	Fullarton	" 10
West Riding	Peterborough	" 10 11
Esqueving	Georgetown	" 10
Walpole	Stage road	" 10
East Hastings	Rosin	" 10
Centre Wellington	Elora	" 11 12
West Wellington	Arthur	" 11 12
East Riding	Warsaw	" 11 12
North Waterloo	Waterloo	" 11 12
Six Nations	Tuscorora	" 11 12
Saltfleet and Bin-		
brook	Stoney Creek	" 11
McDougall, Foley	Parry Sound	" 12
and Carling	Clarksville	" 12
Tecumseh	Robinson's Mills	" 13
Ameliasburg	Sehomberg	" 16
King	Kingsville	" 17
Gosfield	Erin	" 18
Erin	Demorestville	" 20
Sophiasburg		

SALE OF CANADIAN SHORT HORNS.

Forty-two head of Canadian Shorthorns, the property of Hon. M. H. Cochrane, of Crompton, Quebec, and Mr. Simon Beattie, of Markham, Ont., were sold at Millbeckstock, Windermere. Mr. Miller, of Pickering, Ont., who attended the sale, telegraphs that forty two head realized sixteen thousand two hundred and eighty guineas. The average per head was about three hundred and eighty-eight guineas. The Fifth Duchess of Hillburst brought four thousand one hundred guineas; the Third Duchess of Hillburst, four thousand one hundred guineas. The Second Duke of Hillburst, 7 years old, brought eight hundred guineas.

A GAME PIE.

The greatest pie on record was made at Lowther Castle, Westmoreland, in 1762, as a present to King George, and weighed three hundred and eighty pounds. It contained two turkeys, four wild fowl, two geese, four ducks, one wild goose, six wild ducks, three teal, two starlings, twelve partridges, fifteen woodcock, two guinea fowls, three snipe, sixteen plovers, three water hens, six widgeon, one curlew, forty-six yellow-hammers, fifteen sparrows, two chaffinches, two larks, three thrushes, one fieldfare, six pigeons, four blackbirds, twenty robins, one log of veal, half a ham, three bushels of flour, and thirty-six pounds of butter. History does not say whether or not this pie was contemporaneous with the one made famous in Madam Anser's work.

"When the pie was opened, the birds began to sing," etc.

A SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—A very remarkable occurrence took place on the Port Dover and Lake Huron Railway on last Monday morning. WL the train was proceeding from Simcoe to Otterville a tame goose suddenly alighted—the smoke stack, and becoming suffocated with the heat and smoke fell down on the inside. The train had to be stopped and the goose removed, its body stopped up one of the flues. When taken out it was quite dead and partly roasted.

Recently a champion runner, Mr. John Ash, Eng., the champion runner or walker, who is credited with having accomplished the distance in 14m 17s at the St. Helen's Sports, in 14m 15s at the games of the Rutland Athletic Club, and in 18m 47s. at the Heywood Phoenix Running Club Sports. Of the last performance, watch took place Aug. 4, Bell's Life has this to say: "This is a truly marvelous performance, providing the distance was correct and the style of going in accordance with the strict rules of heel-and-toe walking. The time we have no reason to doubt, as it was checked by three watches, in addition to that held by the official timekeeper; but not being present we cannot vouch for the other two important essentials to the record. Webster, however, is in grand form just now, and is quite likely to have accomplished the feat, though, of course, those who have only seen him perform in the South will hardly be prepared to believe him capable of doing so as he never showed himself up here equal to within nearly a minute of that time. Be this as it may, he certainly got over two ground in the time, and deservedly won the Two-mile Handicap from scratch." The best previous time for two miles, by an amateur, was 14:30, by T. Griffith, in 1878, and 18:30, by a professional, W Perkins.

AHEAD OF STEAM.

A couple of weeks ago Mr. John McIntyre, Sr., left F. Nelson Falls in his canoe with the intention of catching the Cobocoon—which started a few minutes before him, but had to stop at a point on Camr a Lake shore—and getting it to tow him to Rosedale, where he resides. As the steamer, however, was on her way again before he reached her, he changed his mind, struck a bee line for the mouth of the river, devoted himself to his task with the strength and skill of which his advanced years have failed to deprive him, gradually gained on the steamer, passed her, and was the first to reach his destination. This is something for a man 78 years of age to reasonably boast of, especially as the steamer makes very fair time, being quite as fast as is needed or expected on so short a route as that over which she travels.

A WESTERN REMINISCENCE.

Years ago, when Rock Island was a small village, and its people had lots of fun to themselves, one of our very sober and dignified citizens put his own head under one end of a yoke and a little bull's under the other, to teach the animal how to be useful and work. When he found the bull was running away with him down a dirt road towards a crowd around the country store in Illinois street, he measured sixteen feet at a jump, kept up with the bull, and yelled out at the top of his voice: "Look out! Here we come, darn our fool souls. Head as somebody," and when halted and the yoke was being lifted from his neck, he yelled, "Canyoke the bull, never mind me, I will stand."

ALL ABOUT A JOCKEY SUIT.

During the recent races at Saratoga, Mr. T. C. Patterson of the Mad lot, amongst other outfitings, a handsome and costly jockey's suit. They were of course stolen and nothing more was heard of them until Thursday last Mrs. Patterson, whilst witnessing the performances at Woodstock, Ont., recognized the missing suit upon one of the chief equestrians of the ring in Howe & Sanger's Circus. The result of a subsequent interview between the aforesaid equestrian and Mr. P's jockey was that the suit was handed back to its original owner upon payment of \$5, the amount for which the former alleged it had been bought from some unknown person—probably the thief—when the Circus was performing in Saratoga.