

## HORSE DRUNKARDS.

Racers that Loved Liquor—Stimulants used to quite an Extent on the Turf—The Intention of Cocaine.

THE New York Sun says: The love for good liquor is not confined to the human family, many racehorses have a fondness for wine and whiskey that would make equine drunkards out of them in short order if they could always gratify their thirst. It is not generally known that stimulants are frequently resorted to to put false courage into a faint-hearted horse or to key a stout, game performer to still greater efforts. There have been tapers among racehorses for many years, but it is doubtful whether Mr. James Galway's old gadabout, Rupert, by Falmouth, out of Marguerite, ever had an equal in the drinking line. This old rascal knew as well as his trainer when he was going to race, and he would whinny and clamp his bit impatiently while awaiting the sound of the saddling bell. We know that the ringing of the bell was always the signal for the appearance of a bottle of generous proportions, with a neck several inches long. The old rascal would take the cork out of the bottle, which generally contained whiskey, as an Irishman does to politics, and with eyes half closed would let the liquor gurgle down his throat, holding his head high in the air, meanwhile, so as not to miss a precious drop. It was an evil hour for Mr. Galway when he gave Rupert his first dose of Dutch courage, for having felt its exhilarating influence, he would not run a yard there-never content with a meagerly portion. In fact, he was a credit to Kentucky, where he was bred and reared. Appleby & Johnson once owned

A HISTORIC HORSE DRUNKARD in the chestnut horse Ban Cloche. Whether from contract with D. C. Johnson, or whether the horse naturally had expensive tastes is a matter of doubt, but nothing but champagne would satisfy his palate and make him fancy that each of his legs was a quarter of a mile in length and capable of feats unheard of in the way of propulsion. It was at Monmouth Park one very bad day in July that Ban Cloche first "dilled" with the rosiniferous juice of the grape, and, like the boy at his initial smoke, he was sorry for it. Appleby & Johnson stood to win a great deal of money on their horse. It was speed, but he was a coward, and liked none too well to be pinched at any stage of the journey. It was conceded that victory would be certain if he could get far enough away from his competitors in the first half mile, but there were several good sprinters in the race, and it was no certainty that he could get to the front. To give him courage a pint of champagne was poured down his throat before going to the post. Unfortunately for Ban Cloche and his owners, that certain performer, Little Minch, was also a starter, and anybody who saw this horse during his long career on the turf knows that when he was in a race it was purely problematical when the flag would fall. He was a powerful, hard-headed brute, that spied more starts and gave starters more trouble than any other horse in the

## HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN TURF.

Little Minch was at his very worst on this day, and he was willing to jump the post. Polo Jim, Starter Caldwell's clever assistant, who died last year, or ran the wrong way of the track. For forty minutes the horses figured at the post, and still Little Minch was obstinate. When Ban Cloche came upon the course there was fire in his eye, and in the false start he could scarcely be restrained by his

rider, so eager was he to be away. As the time passed and the hot sun began to make its influence felt, a startling change came in every pore and he was covered with foam. His eyes became glassy and with those of the spectators who did not know the cause, marvelled at the antics about. He lurched and rolled the expression in his eye. He was blind drunk and apparently proud of it. When the flag fell he ran well for a short distance, and then was left far in the rear. He had been kept too long at the post. The giving of stimulants to thoroughbreds is still practised, though not to the extent it was in former years. It is used extensively on the trotting tracks where horses have frequently to race six or seven heats during an afternoon, and there is no denying the fact that on occasions it is absolutely necessary, and has won

comes wet as though with perspiration. It was a common thing in the days of winter racing to see horses that were kind and good actors at the post, ordinarily, go through the most fantastic capers. Many animals that had been routed away from their competitors when "doped," and the fame of the "injection" spread. The owner of the secret gave the "injection" personally, and his terms were a bet of \$25 to be placed on every horse he operated upon. If the horse lost he expected his fee. Others have become

## POSSESSED OF THE SECRET.

and it is no uncommon occurrence to see owners using the syringe themselves at some of the smaller tracks. It is only natural that the criminals of the race track, those leeches who have always fastened themselves upon the turf, found

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many races. But there is another stimulant which is used, although its employment has been forbidden on many tracks. This is called the "injection," and the originator of the system is said to have

## MADE A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY

out of it. It was first heard of some years ago when the winter race tracks at Clifton and Gattsburg were flourishing, and it was in constant use then. This "injection" is said to be a preparation of cocaine, and it is administered through the medium of a hypodermic syringe a few minutes before the animal is to race. The effect is marvellous, and even a casual observer can tell when a horse is under its influence. The eyes have a wild look, and every faculty of the animal seems to be aroused. In fact some thoroughbreds of high nervous construction act as though crazed when under the effects of the potion. That part of the body where the syringe is inserted be-

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the turf have prohibited the use under a severe penalty. Any competent judge can tell when it has been used, and few owners and trainers are daring enough to employ it and take chances of being delinquent from the turf.

## OUT OF SIGHT.

THE Washington correspondent of the New York Sun says that Tom Murray, who keeps the Horse restaurant, has invented a new drink called the statesman's tonic. Here's the way he made one for a Southern member: Prince Tom took a glass, put a little ice in it, and reached for the sugar.

"You take the last bit of this statesman's tonic," he said, "and dissolve it in water, so. Then you pour in a tablespoonful of cream and add a dash of orange bitters—only a dash, mind! Then comes a half-jigger of old—be sure to get the old—Medford rum. Now you take a piece of fresh lemon peel and add—

"Drop it in!" the General interrupted. "Not in your life!" explained the member. "You'd spoil it, General. No, no. Just squeeze the peel and let a few drops of the juice go in. It's the touch of genius which gives to it just the proper flavor. And there—" The Prince set the compound before the General—"there you have the elixir of rejuvenation, the secret of youth. In Germany they'd call it the 'Watch an Rhein.' But as I said, I call it 'Statesman's Tonic.' Drink it. The General did so. First he lifted it between the light and his eyes. Being an artist he feasted on the rich red color of the tonic. Then he touched the rim with his nostrils. The aroma was exquisite. Then, closing his eyes like one about to lie down to pleasant dreams, he drank it with the deliberation of an epicure. The expression on his face told that the elixir tickled his palate. When the last drop had disappeared he shook the Prince's hand—words would not have expressed his feelings. He entered the House with the buoyant step of a boy on a vacation. Someone asked him how he felt, and he replied: "Out of sight."

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