

Sporting.

THE DEEKIN'S WINTER TROTTER.

Gee whizz! just see this critter go
A knock-off hot time
In summer she's a sum of shillings
In winter she kin climb.

Them silver bells they enter add
A music to her heels
That makes the Deekin's buzzum glad
I into his heart's appetite.

Them colts that trot in summer days,
Hain't got no license whar
This spike-tail critter on her ways
I join the ice law-ways.

Gitt up, thar, "bushy," bump yer back,
An' knock the necks clean off
Them wobbly critters on the track—
But don't ye stop to cough.

Great Scott! 'till comin' close behin' d;
Now save yourself and pell!
An' if ye don't no foot ye'll find
Alas! that crack ye fell.

Ye're gittin' down to business now;
Fly on, my paradise,
Thur hain't no headin' ye I love,
Especially on ice.

I've handed ye ag'in in the crowd,
So'r dinner's fast;
Excuse me, gent's, this yell add—
"Harrish!" the thing is done.

In summer time she's off her feet—
In winter leads the way;
Thur hain't no countin' farick speed,
Especially leads.

H. S. Keller, in the American Sportsman.

NOTES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London Field states that a gentleman drove a well-conditioned pair of horses and buggy a distance of sixty miles from Calgary to Kamusask, at the foot of the Rocky mountains, in about six hours, and the entire journey both ways in fifteen hours. Considering that the road is little more than a cattle trail over stony country, this performance is looked upon as astonishing. People often marvel at the wonderful power of endurance under the most trying circumstances of these Northwest horses, and think that some valuable hunters could be selected from Alberta at a very reasonable figure. The horses are naturally self-reliant and cautious, with good wind, sound legs, hardy constitution and fine courage and temper. There was a large consignment of Canadian horses shipped from Calgary to England about a year ago, but the whole arrangements were "muddled." The horses were shipped to London not quarter broken, as thin as rakes, and not groomed or made up for sale in the least—a sure means of ruining the reputation of any country's horses.

HARD TIMES are seemingly not reckoned with by promoters of trotting meetings. Never have there been more meetings announced, and more money promised both in the United States and Canada, than are on the cards for this year. So far as the Dominion is concerned, a glance at our list of dates already claimed will prove that we speak by the book.

THE first of the Salvators ran at Memphis, Tenn., on the 11th inst., and suffered defeat over half a mile by Handspur, by Hanover. Sallie Woodford wasthe Great mare that ran. She is out of that great mare, Miss Woodford, who won more than \$100,000 for the Dwyer Bros. Sallie Woodford was bought as a yearling

last year by Messrs. G. B. Morris and J. E. Madden for \$5,000. As her stake engagements are numerous she will not pack for opportunity to prove herself worthy of her illustrious parentage. Immediately after the race Eugene Leigh, the owner of Handspur, was offered \$20,000 for the filly. He refused to sell.

It is always gratifying to the broad-minded to see those high in authority shoring in the pleasures of the people. To the illiberal, however, it is a spectacle sufficient to cause dismay. When Horace Greeley was in England he was invited to take a run down to Epsom and see the battle fought for the blue ribbon of the turf. He declined with the charitable remark that he did not care which of the thirty colts ran the fastest. That kind of spirit doubtless cost him many votes when he ran for the Presidency of the United States. Again at a meeting for organization of the Toronto Athletic Club, Professor Goldwin Smith declared that there was never an honest race run either in England or America. He must have overlooked the high character of some of the men connected with the turf, a sample of whom is furnished in the following extract from a leading English paper:

"The Prime Minister of England, the American Minister, the Attorney General, and the Hon. Francis Lawley, formed the distinguished party who saw Ladies gallop on Wednesday. It was one of those 'bits of turf' we should have liked to witness. This is the first gallop Lord Rosebery has seen Ladies do since the colt ran away with the Middle Park Plate. The veteran of the party was the Hon. Francis Lawley, who owned a Derby first favorite forty-four years ago. In his mind is Ladies as good as Clenchy? We hope so, as Mr. Lawley, unlike most men whose hairs are gray, does not refuse to see merit in that which is, and is not eternally harping on that which was. Like his old master, Mr. Gladstone, hope still springs within him, and in this respect the veteran trainer of Ladies goes beyond them both. Indeed, we should have liked to see the gallop of Wellesbourne. Thirty-six years have elapsed since a Prime Minister of England witnessed the gallop of a Derby first favorite that was his own property. Lord Rosebery and Sir Charles Russell also saw Ladies gallop on Thursday, when he went well."

Again, Mr. Smith can never have been down to the Ontario Jockey Club races on the Queen's Birthday, or holding such an opinion, he would think he had lost his senses when making the remark referred to on witnessing the gathering of high-minded men and women there. He surely could not think the Governors-General of Canada and their ladies, including the Princess Louise, would lend their countenance to a sport that was all fraud. He surely cannot imagine that the Dukes of Westminster, Devonshire and Portland, and Lords Derby and Rosebery are blacklegs. And yet that is what his words would almost imply. Still the Professor is not altogether crapped in his views, for to amateur athletics in Toronto he has been most kind, having given or advanced thousands of dollars towards the expenses of the Toronto Athletic Club besides inducing others to do likewise.

ONE of the noblest and upright men ever connected with the English turf was the late Lord Falmouth. Throughout the whole period of his racing career, which extended over five and twenty years, a quarter of a century, he was only once tempted to make a bet. His lordship was on a visit to John Scott's training establishment, Whitehall, and he asked Mrs. Scott, wife of the trainer, "what would win the Oaks?" She answered, "Queen Bertha, my lord," whereupon Lord Falmouth betted her the sum of six pounds that this would not be the case. Queen Bertha was his lordship's own property, and she won the Oaks, but lost for her owner his wager. On the day following the race he obtained from the Mint a brand new sixpence, which he had set in rubies and diamonds, and this he presented to Mrs. Scott. Lord Falmouth was educated for the law, and was called to the bar of the Middle Temple in 1846, but he never practised. While in the early days of his racing career he ran under the assumed name of "Mr. T. Valentine." Breeding he made a thorough study, and not even the redoubtable Mr. Shorthouse could teach him anything about strains and crosses, or give him a point in a pedigree. He reared his own home-bred animals, and made his stud pay without having recourse to betting, and that, too, at a period when ten thousand pound stakes were not thought of.

ONE of the most eccentric personages the English or any other turf has ever seen, was the late Mr. Bowes, of Strathmore Castle, and for whom the famous jockey, George Fordham, used to ride. Mr. Bowes rarely set a foot on a race-course to see his animals sport the gold-brooded black jacket; indeed, it is said that during the seven years during which Fordham had him for a master, the jockey only once saw his employer, and the meeting was brought about in this wise. The usual string of horses had been duly despatched from Whitehall to Ascot, Mr. Bowes being a staunch patron of the Royal meeting, and Fordham was busily engaged in the paddock superintending the saddling of one of the Northern nags. A gray-haired stranger stood watching the proceedings with what the jockey considered to be a great deal more interest than is usually exhibited by the casual observer, so that George's usually amiable countenance gradually became clouded, and assumed, to say the least of it, a morose expression. The stranger eventually ventured to ask a question. "Would the jockey be good enough to tell him the name of the horse he was saddling?" "What the deuce has it to do with you? Who the devil are you?" burst out George, boiling over with indignation. "Well," apologetically replied the gray-haired gentleman, "my name is John Bowes, and I believe that I am the owner of that animal."

RECENTLY reference was made in these columns to the fact that a German firm was making ploughs that would be worked by electricity. It is now stated that the principle has been extended to

the parcel delivery vans in London. When electricity can be used as a tramping power without tracks in the crowded streets of England's great metropolis it can safely be used anywhere. In appearance the vehicle resembles a two-horse cart without shafts, and there are no visible means of propulsion. The motor power is derived from a number of secondary batteries placed below the body of the car; and they will carry it for fifty miles at any desired speed up to ten miles an hour. This is another step made towards the abolition of the ordinary working horse and another hint furnished to breeders that none but the very best horses will be saleable in the future. Our farmers must profit by the lesson and breed over upwards or they will find themselves shut out from the horse markets of the world. Saddle horses and good driving horses will always be in demand, but they will have to be sound and possess style, action and power.

THE programme is out for the three-day running meeting at Windsor, on June 7, 8 and 9, the week following Hamilton, which follows Toronto. Wager proposals to give \$5,325 for 12 races, a sum that would have been considered enormous in Toronto—not very many years ago.

On the first day \$1,525 will be distributed as follows: Initial purse \$250, three-quarters of a mile, all ages; Toucher purse \$300, a mile and a sixteenth; Paddock purse, for two-year-olds, \$250 a mile; Vineyard handicap, purse \$400, Canadian-bred horses only, mile and an eighth; St. Clair Steeplechase, purse \$350, about two miles.

On the second day \$1,875 will be given for the following races: Breton purse \$225, three-quarters mile; Jean Barthe handicap, purse \$400, mile and an eighth; Hunters' Steeplechase, cap valued at \$250, the gift of Hon. J. C. Patterson, with \$200 added for qualified hunters about two miles; Frontier Handicap, purse \$450, thirteen-sixteenths mile; Britannia hurdle handicap, purse \$350, 1 1/2 miles, over hurdles.

On the third day the money given is aggregated \$1,925, and the races will be as follows: Review purse, welter weight handicap, purse \$250, three quarters mile; Windsor purse \$500, mile and an eighth; Park purse for two-year-olds, \$225, half a mile; Hunters and their first race for a silver cup valued at \$250 given by Mr. F. H. Walker, and \$200 mile and sixteenth; International handicap steeplechase, \$500, about two miles.

ALL-ROUND SPORT.

THE latest comer into the horizon of bicycle organizations is the Women's International Bicycle Club formed in New York.

This Thistle Association Football Club of Chicago, will not make their completed tour through Canada. Failure to secure sufficient guarantees is the cause.

IVES, the billiard expert, recently at Paris ran out a game of 600 points. Archer barred, in three innings, averaging 200. His scores were: 416, 17, 15.

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