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The Horseman

IN a recent discussion among horsemen at a prominent hotel in Chicago during the late sale, a secretary of a prominent mile track made the statement that the rules with regard to time were not interpreted as rigidly on many minor tracks as they were on the big mile rings and that was one of the potent reasons which kept many performers from the big circuits. As the record is the foundation of our entire system of racing it is of the most vital importance that the timer's stand should be above suspicion.

The great difficulty with this particular crime, for that is the right word, is that it is nearly always perpetrated with the knowledge and at least the tacit consent of some official of the association. The rules are explicit on the subject and penalties are severe and whenever a case is brought before the boards and proven punishment is prompt and severe, but it does not stop the evil. Secretaries are anxious to get entries. They have hard work at times to get their classes filled and have so many other affairs to attend to that the timer's stand is left to take care of itself. The clever manipulator who does not want a record very often has allies in the same race and if so a general scaling down of the time of the heats may occur. The starter and the judges may have their own ideas on the subject. They may or may not have kept time on the heats, but have accepted the timer's tabs as sent out, they have been duly announced, entered in the judge's book and duly signed for and the nefarious transaction is completed. If we leave out of the calculation the number of independent horsemen who make a practice of timing heats, there are several parties who must be parties to the fraud. The timers, if not solicited, would do their duty, but out of pure [illegible] say, two hundred dollars now, as a [illegible] good nature do as they are asked; the majority of the drivers know within a fraction the actual time of each heat; the starter generally has a watch and has a very clear idea when he announces the time whether it is accurate or not. There is absolutely no excuse for the presiding judge not keeping a close check on the reports from the timer's stand. The presiding judge is the highest authority of a meeting and upon his vigilance the faithful application of the rules largely depends. When a judge knowingly permits suppression of time and signs the judge's book with the record of the races and the time as sent over by the timers, he has intentionally not only violated the rules, he has also perpetrated a deliberate lie. He may try to ease his conscience by placing the entire responsibility on the timers, who in their turn will probably say that they were requested to do so by some official or owner. The great difficulty in the case is that the average man thinks that he has done no wrong, and that he has injured nobody. As a matter of fact he has perpetrated a gross injustice on every non-heat winner. It is often said, "Why do not the horsemen competing protest?" How can they? Drivers are not permitted to carry watches in races; they therefore have not got the evidence. Some friendly horseman may tell them the time they made, but drivers are very reluctant to go before the judges unless the case is flagrant and almost self-evident and will often suffer in silence rather than make a complaint, which in all probability will be turned down. Experience has shown that it is almost useless to look to the drivers to aid in the suppression of the evil.

The starters being licensed by the parent associations, are instructed to use all due vigilance in seeing that the rules are strictly enforced and it is plainly their duty to do so. But unfortunately the starter is paid by the individual member and is usually hired for the meeting. There is plenty of competition and the starter while attending to his important duty, to the best of his ability, wants to get the goodwill of the horsemen and retain the friendship of the officials with an eye to future engagements. We have known a courageous starter refuse to announce the time of a heat sent over to him and return it for amendment, which was done; but how many men will take the risk? The logical man to see that all rules are complied with is the presiding judge, and he should be duly licensed and paid. He is in a far better position than the starter to check on time from the moment the word is given till the winner puts his nose under the wire. With an efficient judge and starter working in harmony any attempt at evasion of the rules would be quickly suppressed. It is understood that both associations during the season do a certain amount of detective work among associations suspected of not living up to the rules, but if instead of a secret report after the meeting is over, the agent would frankly declare himself when he saw the infraction of a rule it would be far better. The balance of the meeting would show a clean sheet. There is one cheering fact that the time evil is growing less every year, that there is an increasing desire on the part of officials to live up to the rules and that with the appointment of paid presiding judges, which will surely come, the evil will finally disappear.

* * *

Not infrequently colts are turned out after being weaned to rustle for themselves, and this usually occurs in the life of an early born colt about the period of the year when the grass has suffered almost extinction from the summer heat. The injustice of this practice can readily be seen. It's not the spirit of fair play in the first place and secondly, it's brutal, and many a sterling performer, speedy, as time records are considered and attained, would have added further glory to that of its sire and dam if given the chance of an early start.

However, many of the defects in a new born foal are not the result of poor feeding and improper care, but on the other hand can be traced to a mill-dewed inheritance. The taint of curbs, spavins, and others of this kind predominates in some families, and the peculiarity of limey deposits in the bone structures in certain families produces [illegible] like, in others the troublesome scours, wind colic, bursal enlargements, and so forth can either be traced to injudicious care or parental weakness and almost invariably to impure ancestry. With proper care many of the foaling ills and misfortunes that usually are attendant upon an improperly cared for mare can be avoided to a certainty. Highly fed mares living a life of idleness are hard to get with foal, and unlike their sisters which are given moderate work and judicious treatment, are subject to the distressing sickness of milk fever, etc. Mares are often kept at moderate work almost to the foaling hour, with excellent results in many cases, and where this condition exists, statistics prove that the new born foal derived much benefit therefrom. On the other hand it is frequently shown that the foal of a of affairs we quote an authority, who has this to say, viz.: "The first milk normally healthy mare rises to a siege of colt sickness and misfortune. We have known mares, which after the foaling time and immediately after, to be more concise, have abandoned their offspring, and to appreciate this condition secreted by the mare after parturition, called the colestrum, contains peculiar principles, different from the following secretions, that are adapted to move the meconium, therefore, it is highly important that the new born foal should have this first milk so as to expel the meconium, thus obviating obstinate and fatal attacks of constipation and assisting the bowels to assume their natural function." Accepting this authority, one can readily appreciate the importance involved in compelling the unnatural mother to perform its first maternal duty to the foal, and unfortunately, where such conditions are present, means should be devised to secure for the baby, by gentle means, too, the first milk of the mother, for with force employed sympathetic excitement finds its way to the mare's udder and has a damaging effect upon its contents. After foaling, the colt is confronted by new and many ailments. If breathing is not prompt respiratory measures should be enforced, such as breathing into the nostrils, gentle massaging of the body, and teaspoonful portions of whiskey and water might be given with good results. The colt should be dried gently but thoroughly, if the mother fails to perform this function, and kept warm in flannels. Usually the drying process is performed, and better too, by the mere wrapping of flannels.

OLD CHUM
Cigarettes

TEN FOR TEN CENTS

Sporting News

IT is out at last—the reason that Gotch beat Hackenschmidt. There has been a lot of disputing about that; some said it was because Gotch spat in Hack's face, gouged his eyes, spun him around on his head and did all manner of things that are not found in the rule books of chivalry, or even in Ayer's Almanac. Others maintain that Hack was out of condition or he would have twirled Gotch around one of his fingers a few times and then would have filliped him off for a square fall on his back.

Maybe neither of these contentions is right; it may have been that Gotch won just because he was the better man of the two—had more strength, more skill, more sand. Mind you, I don't say it was so—I wouldn't hurt Hackenschmidt's feelings by such a crool insinuation—but if anybody should ask you what I guess, you may point to the words above without fear of contradiction from my end of the string.

But here's what Gotch himself says about it, and if the Iowa farmer didn't have it in his mind to jolly a bit when he handed out this line of stuff; we, I think there's much in what you say, Brer Gotch.

"I won the championship by combining will and physical power. If I had not had absolute control of mind over muscle Hackenschmidt would still be the invincible Russian Lion. He's a finely built fellow, but has no head. Every time he'd make a move he'd literally tell me about it the day before. I could feel his hand creeping up my arm, and I would know exactly what to do, and by making a counter move, I finally got his mind so confused he did not know what he was doing. While he was working himself to death, I was using my brains. I was resting now, now on one side, again on the other. Finally, after two hours I arose, picked him up bodily despite his 230 exhausted pounds, and threw him on his head. That took every bit of fight out of Hackenschmidt, and he quit to save himself being thrown."

Odd, isn't it, that merely chucking a two hundred and thirty pound man down on his head should make him stop wanting to wrestle? One would think that Hack would have felt so refreshed and encouraged that he would have been red-hot to go on with the match; instead, he stopped and said he'd had plenty and then some.

It's a very pretty proposition, though, this mind and matter affair, but I'd like to see how it would work out for such a man as Rudyard Kipling—the sublimated quintessence of mind—to try to take a fall out of Raoul de Rouen—no mind at all, as nearly as one can make out from accounts of his mat work. I fancy a match like that would put a crimp in little Frankie's psychological dope.

* * *

WHAT do you think of crow hunting in the centre of a city? You don't believe it? Come again; it is all true, and the place is Vancouver.

I think myself that it is doubtful if there's another place on the face of civilization where crows are so much at home as they are in Vancouver. I have seen them walk out of the way of teams out there, like pigeons or sparrows in New York or Boston. The last time I was in Vancouver, I looked out of the hotel window — the Vancouver — and saw a big, black crow settle on the roof of a building close by. He walked around, peeked over the edge, examined the roofing and carefully inspected the chimneys—for all the world as though he owned the place and was examining it for possible defects that needed repairing. Out at Stanley Park, they sat on the trees close at hand and didn't take the trouble to flop a wing as we went by. I thought they looked even a trifle bored and gapey at being awakened by our talk.

Now, you know that's not the manner of the crow normally. I have shot more crows since I came to Manitoba than I and all my friends ever shot in all the years that we hunted back East. I did know one man who leaned a gun on his window sill and shot two crows at once, but he was an Englishman, and neither he nor the crows even suspected that the crows were in the slightest danger until the loud report rent the still atmosphere—see Laura Jean Libby for original—and there were two dead crows on the ice where they had been walking about presumably out of gunshot of anything that might be considered dangerous, even by stretch of wild imagination.

Shoot crows? Dear friends, if I had thirty cents an hour for the days and weeks I have put in—at odd times, of course—trying to get even one measly shot at the black villains, I'd have you all over to the Grange for dinner—and then I'd buy Portage frontage with the balance. I used to get up in the middle of the night and steal down through the wet grass and bushes to land behind a stone wall before the crows came to pull up some corn I had planted. There was plenty of cover—a whole forest of trees and bush—but those sly cusses knew I was there quite as well as I did, and I never got a shot to say nothing of so much luck as a crow. By careful work on my part, I caught one crow in a steel trap once, but I have always thought it was a very young bird, or a very sick one.

And now they are going to shoot 'em in Stanley Park, Vancouver. Shade of Odin! Maybe some of the crows that are killed — there'll be a regular slaughter, with the tameness of 'em—will be descendants in a direct line from the two that sat on the All-Father's shoulder and whispered the news of the world in his ears—brought in by other crows, no doubt. It's an awful thing to think of, and when the story is told among the other crows of the world there'll be a great wagging of black heads and general refusal to believe so monstrous a tale as that of crows who knew so little about the murderous inclinations of man as to trust themselves within range of his guns.

MAN was made to mourn.'" "May be so, but you will observe that there are no public weeping stations.

Storyettes

HE—Why are you so sad, darling?

She—I was just thinking, dearest, that this is the last evening we can be together till tomorrow.

* * *

WHICH is the harder to write, verse or jokes?"

"Verse comes easier," replied the press humorist. "You have to have an idea for a joke."

* * *

DAUGHTER—Did you have to fish much, mamma, before you caught papa?

Mother—Fish, my dear, fish! I was bear hunting.

* * *

HOW is the water in the bath, Lisette?"

"Cold, my lady. It turned baby fairly blue."

"Then don't put Fido in for an hour or so."

* * *

YES; she threatened to go home to her mother."

"And how did you keep her from doing it?"

"I refused to button her gown for her."

* * *

A BOSTON physician tells a story of a man who moved into a dilapidated old cottage, and was found by the doctor busily whitewashing it inside and out. "I'm glad to see you making this old place so nice and neat," said the physician, "it's been an eyesore in the neighborhood for years."

"'Taint nothing to me about eyesores," was the reply. "The last couple what lived here had twins three times, and I hear whitewash is a good disinfectant. Ye see, we've got ten children already."

* * *

DR. ROBERT WOOD, of Johns Hopkins University was complimented by a young lady at a dinner in Baltimore on the artificial mirages that he had succeeded in making in his laboratory. "It is by attention to the least details," said Dr. Wood with a smile, "that one succeeds in experiments of this kind. One must look after details like—er—the landlord's wife. 'Tommy,' said the landlord's wife to her little boy, 'who is talking on the doorstep to your father?' 'It's a divinity student,' Tommy answered, 'who is looking for a furnished room.' 'Hurry, then,' said the mother, 'and walk up and down the hall whistling a hymn.'"

* * *

WHEN Consul Boak of the Woodmen of the World was traveling through the South some time ago the train stopped for a lay-over in a small town, and he went to a nearby store to make a purchase. The storekeeper could not make the correct change for the bill handed him; so Mr. Boak walked out in search of some one who could. Beside the door outside was an old negro sitting on a box whittling a stick. "Uncle," he said, "can you change a twenty dollar bill?"

At first the negro looked up in surprise; then, seeing the earnest look in Mr. Boak's face, he hastily rose, took off his slouch hat, bowed, and said, "'Deed an' Ah cain't, boss; but Ah 'preciates de honor you has confu'hed on me, jis' de same!"

* * *

A PROFESSOR from the University of Oxford, at a banquet one night drank several glasses of port. The professor did not know this wine's extraordinary strength, and in all innocence he took too much. When he rose to leave the table his legs, to his dismay, tottered and the room seemed to sway slightly. The horrified professor got to the parlor in safety. He sat down in the most distant corner. But soon his young hostess, leading a maid who carried her two beautiful twin babies, came to him for his approbation. The professor sat up very erect. He gazed at the twins glassily. Then he articulated carefully, in a hoarse, thick voice: "What a bonnie little child."

WHAT do you suppose, Algernon," the young thing asked, "is the reason the ocean is salty?"

"I am sure I don't know," drawled Algy, "unless it is because there are so many codfish in it."

* * *

MRS. A.—There goes Mrs. Green. They say she is such a quiet dresser.

Mrs. Z.—Quiet! You should hear her carrying on when her husband is buttoning up her waist in the back.

* * *

THE MANAGER—I've got a new idea for a melodrama that ought to make a hit.

The Writer—What is it?

The Manager—The idea is to introduce a cyclone into the first act that will kill all the actors.

* * *

WHY don't you get an automobile?"

"I don't know whether I could manage one or not." "A poor argument. You took the same chance, didn't you, when you acquired a wife?"

* * *

I'VE got to go to Philadelphia," said the hurried traveler, who was fumbling for his pocketbook. "Well," answered the New York ticket-seller, "are you buying transportation or just telling your troubles?"

* * *

EBENEZER—Them skeeters makes me think of them city visitors we had the week before last.

His Wife—How's that, Eb?

Ebenezer—They come pretty near bein' the worst singers and the biggest eaters I ever see.

* * *

A SUBURBAN chemist had been advertising his patent insect powder far and wide. One day a man rushed into his shop and said excitedly: "Give me another half pound of your powder, quick, please."

"Oh!" remarked the chemist as he proceeded to fill the order, "I'm glad oyu like the powder. Good, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied the customer. "I have one cockroach very ill; if I give him another half pound he'll die."

* * *

THE men in the Pullman smoker were arguing as to who was the greatest inventor. One said Stephenson, who invented the locomotive and made fast travel possible. Another declared it was the man who invented the compass, which enabled men to navigate the seas. Another contended for Edison. Still another for the Wrights. Finally one of them turned to a little man who had remained silent:

"Whom do you think?"

"Vell," he said, with a hopeful smile, "the man who invented interest was no slouch."

* * *

A TEACHER in one of the lower grade schools was instructing a class in the departments of the national government recently and came finally to the customs department. "When an ocean liner reaches Philadelphia," said the teacher, "a man all dressed up in uniform meets the passengers and takes all they have and inspects it. Now can any one in the class tell me what that man is called?"

A ready hand in the last row flew up. "Well, Tommy?"

"Please, ma'am, he's called a pirate."

* * *

WIGGS—How do you know he's a foreigner? He has no accent.

Waggs—No, but he knows so many ways in which this country could be improved.

* * *

A LITTLE girl who had a live bantam presented to her was disappointed at the smallness of the first egg laid by the bird. Her ideal egg was that of the ostrich, a specimen of which was on the table in the drawing-room. One day the ostrich's egg was missing from its accustomed place. It was subsequently found near the spot where the bantam nested, and on it was stuck a piece of paper with the words: "Something like this, please. Keep on trying."

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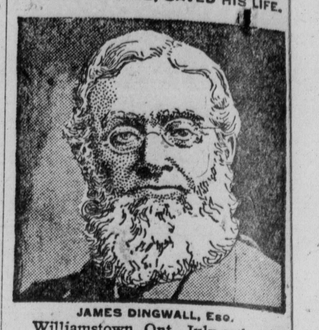

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Williamstown, Ont., July 27th, 1908.

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(Signed) JAMES DINGWALL.

50c a box, 6 for $2.50—or trial box, 25c—at dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

WHO is the swarthy man watching the gyroscopic car?" asked the inventor.

"That's a Nicaraguan," whispered his assistant.

"Indeed! Does he contemplate using our car down in the tropical jungles?"

"Oh, no. He is only astonished at seeing anything that has more revolutions than his home country."

* * *

ALDERMAN SMITH'S baby was being christened, and everybody present was complimenting the happy parents.

"I believe," said the proud mother, "that he is going to be a great politician some day."

"Why?" asked the ruddy-faced father.

"Well, because he crawls out of everything so easily," said the wife, smiling up into her husband's face.

* * *

A SMALL boy in Yonkers recently became the proud possessor of a donkey—not so handsome or so young as it might have been. However, it answered the purpose of its acquisition, which was to afford back rides. One day the urchin was enjoying a ride when the minister of the parish met him.

"Hullo, sonny!" greeted the minister. "Quite a rare beast you have there."

"Yes," replied the bay; "but I suppose there are a great many of 'em in the theological gardens."

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THE BUCK-EYE

VOL. 1 WEEKLY EDITION NO. 24

Something Like a Cigar

In the Klondike there was some complaint about the brand of cigars sold by a certain grocer. He was told that he had better order another brand or else lose his customers. A week later he brought out a placard calling public attention to his world-renowned "Gold-bug" cigars, and adding that "the tobacco from which the 'Gold-bugs' are made is grown entirely in conservatories, and the cigars are made on mahogany tables by thoroughbred Cubans in swallow-tailed coats and white kid gloves. When a man smokes one of these cigars he walks on air, and dreams that he has a diamond scarf-pin and a sixty-five-dollar suit of clothes on and just married rich. It makes the breath sweet, keeps the teeth white, and will force a moustache on the smoothest lip in five weeks."

That was certainly some cigar; but there were too many frills.

The average man doesn't give a hoot in Halifax for frills and tiffies—all he wants is a smoke.

To give him his smoke, to give it him right, and at the right price; these require an infinite expenditure of time, care, patience, and cash.

There is no cigar in America which has had so much of these commodities spent on it as the Buck-Eye.

It has all been done for your benefit.

If you are a smoker, you are not doing yourself justice till you have tested a Buck-Eye.

Thousands of Western Canadians have tested the Buck-Eye, always with the one result.

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P. S.--Every man who smokes a BUCK-EYE cigar becomes a BUCK-EYE smoker. Why? Because the BUCK-EYE is the best ten cent cigar in the market.