

to dominate them which may not be brought within the definition of cruelty, when only the animal side of the question is more prominent than the idea of man's necessity or convenience.

To descend from the general to the particular, it seems that a line is to be drawn at pigeons. The Bight who makes no objection to, but contrariwise rather likes, broiled quail, or pot pie, or roast pigeon, feels when he learns that the toothsome morsel has not been netted or snared, or knocked down with poles, or shot with a blunderbuss that kills one and maims a dozen—all these are legitimate modes of bringing the birds to table; but to have them killed from a trap is to the flavor, since it savors of amusement at the cost of a creature that was meant for meat. There is an affection of humanity in this particular instance which reduces it to an absurdity. The birds are well kept, well fed, are, by reason of this very care the very best for market and table, and the only point is the manner of their taking off. Whether it is better to wring their necks, cut their heads off or despatch them by a hard shooting gun, which, in a majority of cases, kills like a stroke of lightning, leaving nothing but a muscular action—the most complete and sudden death, for even the guillotine does not instantaneously annihilate nervous sensibility, while the shock of gunshot does, as every wounded soldier knows?

For those who argue that pigeons need not be killed, we have no words to waste. The same argument will apply to the death of any animal, from a frog to an elephant. In like manner we are not careful to open up a discussion on the utility of field sports. Mankind have settled that, through all the ages and for all times. All that we have to affirm just here is that the killing of pigeons with the gun and from the trap is a legitimate sport, and requires the same quick eye and steady nerve as any other form of sport. Its pursuit is pure matter of taste. It is certainly as humane as shooting summer woodcock or pulling out fingerlings, and vastly more rational; and while so many men, to whom no suspicion of intentional inhumanity can attach, follow it for pleasure, it is irrational to stigmatize this one form of sport as cruel and low, while others, having like objects in view are accepted as moral and high toned.

#### "TIME TAKEN BY BENSON'S CHRONOGRAPH."

This is carefully placed before each mention of the official time in English races by some of the papers. We perceive that Bell's Life does not give any time at all in its recent reports, and this is much better than to publish the time announced by Benson's man and his chronograph. Nineteen times out of twenty it is wrong, and sometimes so egregiously erroneous that if the reporter knew half as much as they pretend to do they would reject it. In the Goodwood Stakes the "time taken by Benson's chronograph" is set down at 5:02. The distance is two miles and a half, the weights were moderate, the pace was strong, and Mate was away behind with only 112 lbs. Yet we are required to believe "to oblige Benson" and his timekeepers that it was won at a worst rate than two minutes to the mile. Now this won't do. The English horses could not beat Mate at that rate, and the assertion made by "Anglo-American" that he is a fast horse but no stayer, and that his best distance is a mile and a quarter, is far too sweeping. He made True Blue run the fastest race of two miles that there has been. It was even weights, both four years. Last year he ran the fastest race of two miles and a furlong that has been run, and carried his full weight. It was run at the rate of 1.48, and yet here, according to Benson, he gets beaten off in a race where the pace was not as good as two minutes. When we come to the Cup it is more absurd, for the time given is 5:06, and the pace represented to be strong enough to beat Freeman and break down Louise Victoria and defeat Preakness with 119 lbs. The rate in this was about 2:03 to the mile, according to Benson's instrument and those who used it, and it is impossible that this can be true. West Australian beat Kingston by a head over a much severer course, the same distance and about the same weights in 4:27. Now we know very well that New Holland is not West Australian, and that old Preakness is not Kingston, but here is the huge difference of thirty-nine seconds in two miles and a half. Preakness could not have been beaten in such a race as this, and "time taken by Benson's chronograph," under the present system is a good deal worse than none at all.—N. Y. Sportsman.

than more instinct. The great black colley that threw himself against the cottage door, to induce the inmates to come out and open the mountain gate, through which he was unable, without aid, to pass, as related in the Field last year, surely considered how he should act and obtain egress from the pastures to the open mountains, and acted upon his thoughts.

In this country in the States and Territory we have mentioned, the colley has another duty to perform. He is not only guide and herdsman, but protector as well; for the sneaking coyote is to be kept away and if need be fought; and sometimes a hungry bear with a taste for mutton, as well. According to Scottish superstition it is well to name your dog after a flowing river, "for then ye ken he will surely never gae mad."

#### HOW TO DRIVE A FAST HORSE.

People talk about a steady bracing pull, but in my opinion, that is not the right way to drive a trotter. There's a great difference between letting go of your horse's head and in keeping up one dull, deadening pull at the time. The pull should be sufficient to feel the mouth, and give some support and assistance, so as to give the horse confidence to get up to his stride. More than that is mischievous. To keep the mouth alive, the bit must be shifted occasionally. But this is not to be done by a pull of the hand on the rein. A mere turn of the wrist, or less than half a turn, by which the thumb is elevated, and the little finger lowered, is sufficient to shift the bit, keep the mouth sensitive, and rouse the horse. The reins are to be steadily held with both hands while this play with the wrist is made; and it is, of course, only to be done with one wrist at a time. The hands should be well down; and the driver ought not to sit all of a heap, with his head forward. Neither should he lean back, with bodily weight on the reins; which, in that case, are made a sort of stay for him. He should be upright; and what pulling he has to do, should be done by the muscular force of the arms. The driver who depends upon the arms has command of the horse; he who substitutes bodily weight with the reins wrapped around his hands has not half command of the horse, or of himself, either; and, if the horse is a puller, he will soon take command of the driver. The reason of it is that there is no intermission of the exertion, no let up either for the man or horse. Besides, in that way of driving, it is impossible to give those movements of the bit which seem to refresh and stimulate the horse so much. When a horse has been taught the significance of the movement of the bit, the shift by turn of the wrist, he will never fail to answer it, even though he should seem to be at the top of his speed. The moment he feels this little move of the bit in the sensitive mouth he will collect himself, and make another spurt, and the value of this way of driving is that the horse is not likely to break when thus called upon; while a high-strung generous horse, if called upon for a final effort with a whip, is as likely to break the moment it falls on him as not. I have won many a very close heat by practicing this movement, and therefore I have no hesitation in recommending it. It is not difficult to acquire, and a horse soon comes to know what it means.—Hiram Woodruff.

CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE.—Report from Dr. J. Baker Edwards, Ph. D. D.C.L. F.C.S. Professor of Chemistry and Microscopy.

I hereby certify that I have carefully analysed the samples of "Quinine Wine" submitted to me by Messrs. Kenneth Campbell & Co., with the following result:

No. 1.—Dark in color and turbid, deposits a muddy sediment on standing, has a sweet and acid taste, Orange Flavor and scarcely bitter, yields on evaporation a thick syrup of inverted sugar, contains only a microscopic trace of Quinine and Quinidine. Is made with Orange Wine. Sample X.—Dark color, with dark muddy deposit on standing, has an acid and slightly bitter taste, contains Cinchonine but no Quinine. Is made with an acid wine, not sherry.

No. 3.—Campbell's—Light color, clear, with no deposit, contains Disulphate of Quinine in the proportion of 1 grain to two fluid ounces. Is made with sound sherry wine.

N.B.—The latter (Campbell's), is the only genuine "Quinine Wine" of the three samples examined.—Signed,

JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph. D. D.C.L.F.C.S. Prof. of Chemistry and Microscopy Bishop's College and College y M ntrea.

Amie Kemp Bowler, who was acting in the character of Stalacta, fell from a suspended bar to the stage, a distance of some twenty feet, and sustained severe injuries, her shoulder-blade and collar-bone being fractured, as at first reported; but she must have sustained other and more severe injuries, as a private telegram received at The Clipper office at five o'clock on Monday afternoon, August 21, informs us that she died at fifteen minutes past one o'clock, p. m., of that day. The deceased was a native of Boston, Mass., and a daughter of a well-known New York merchant—the late R. C. Kemp. She was an excellent contralto vocalist, and commenced her musical education when quite young, studying under such well-known teachers as Mrs. Seguin and Sig. Radial of this city, and Sig. Schira, of London, Eng. Miss Kemp made her first appearance in public at a concert in this city, and was so successful that she was engaged to travel with the concert troupe which supported Thalberg and Vieuxtemps. In 1866 she joined the Cooper English Opera Troupe as contralto, and traveled with them one season. While with the company she was married in Kingston, Ont., April 24, 1866, to Brookhouse Bowler, the tenor of the troupe. In 1861 she went to England, where she remained pursuing her profession until 1866, when she returned to America, having been engaged to play Stalacta in "The Black Crook" when that spectacle was first acted on any stage, at Niblo's Garden, Sept. 12 of that year. During the season of 1869-70 she was with the Richings English Opera Troupe as contralto. Since that time she has occasionally sung in concerts, acted in theatres, and for a brief time sang in some of the better class of variety theatres. The theatre in which she met the accident which caused her death was opened for the regular season upon that, to her, fatal night. Mrs. Bowler was well known throughout the country, and leaves her husband and a large circle of friends to mourn her sad fate.—Clipper.

#### AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS.

Provincial Exhibition, Hamilton, September 18, 19, 20, 21 and 22.  
Western Fair, London, Sept. 25, 26, 27, 28 and 29.  
Central Exhibition, Guelph, Oct. 3, 4, 5, and 6.  
South Riding Huron, Exeter, October 5 and 6.  
West Riding Huron, Smith's Hill, Sept. 27 and 28.  
East Riding Huron, Brussels, October 10 and 11.  
Hullett Branch, Clinton, October 8 and 9.  
Turnberry Branch, Wingham, September 29.  
Morris Branch, Blyth, Oct. 12 and 13.  
East Wawanosh, Belgrave, Oct. 5.  
Dungannon Branch, Dungannon, September 26.  
Goderich Horticultural, Goderich, September 15.

#### BETTING ON THE RACES.

Friday night, about half an hour before midnight, a very respectable Detroit, living on Duffield Street, was heard feeling all over the front door to find the knob. His wife suddenly pulled the door open, confronting him, and in a file-like voice, inquired:

"Isn't this a nice state of affairs—you not home since morning?"

"Shoffly, darling, shoffly," he replied, trying to take her hand. "I've zhust got back fr'm the races."

"What races," she demanded.

"H-o-r-s-e races," he slowly replied.

"Had big time, an' made five hun'rd dollars. Goin' to give you fourteen silk dresses."

"Well, you should have sent me word," she remarked, as she hung up his hat. The promise of the dresses acted like magic on her imagination.

shape and weight. These are the same as to which localities the writer's experience is chiefly restricted, are much larger and thicker or "chunkier" (to use an Americanism) than those found, say, in Grand River. Notwithstanding, where there are long, deep, still stretches of water formed by such dams as at Galt or Paris, bass are often taken averaging in weight those taken in lakes. The Pine Pond, on the south edge of the township of Bradford and Blenheim, Oxford is, or was, a favorite fishing place for both black bass and pike. Here bass of three, four, and even six pounds weight are sometimes captured, the most alluring bait being a fresh, half-grown, green, or yellow frog. The bass here are remarkable for their thickness at the shoulders. So distinct is the figure and general configuration—especially as regards this latter quality—that we are inclined to believe the bass of Pine Pond and some other ponds to be nothing else than the Oswego Bass of the American over the line. However, as regards bass, the truth holds the same as to trout and other fish, the feeding ground alone produces remarkable changes in size, color, and general condition.

The dams on the Grand River, with one exception at Caledonia, are now, we believe, all provided with fish slides or ladders. The tributaries, as Smith's and Horner's Creeks, are also similarly fixed at nearly all the mills along their courses, one of the most noted exceptions being Lysand on Horner's Creek, which is about ten or twelve feet deep in perpendicular height. This latter is a famous resort for fish, the deep hole below the dam, about eighteen feet at the deepest, being up till lately, furnished with a store of these fish. Black bass spawn naturally, that is, when the state of the river as to size admits, according to our present law, from the 15th May to the 15th June. The natural instinct of the fish would make this limit in the Grand River even later than the 15th June; but we believe the short close times for bass, as well as for pickerel (which is one month later on the list), are as well regulated as could be in a country of such large extent as our Dominion.

#### SERPEANT AND SQUIRREL.

##### A ZOOLOGICAL ROMANCE.

The recent ignominious defeat of a ferocious young lioness by an humble and ugly donkey in our Zoological Garden has a curious parallel in the result of a deadly combat Wednesday evening between a large diamond rattlesnake and a little squirrel during the snake exhibition over the Ruins, at 522 Vine street. The snake was one of the largest of its species, six feet and a half in length, and having been without food for months was inclined to act on the offensive; the squirrel was inexperienced in serpent-warfare, but wonderfully plucky. On the whole, we are inclined to consider the poor little squirrel as having distinguished himself even more than the brave donkey whose prowess has been ably memorialized in marble by a Cincinnati sculptor. The donkey barely saved his life by a desperate struggle, without inflicting much hurt upon his terrible antagonist; the squirrel was left alone to contend with the most dreaded an enemy of human or animal life, and actually slew his antagonist. We erred in pronouncing the feathery-tailed little warrior dead yesterday. He still lives, and by careful treatment might recover. But his hideous enemy is dead.

It was not known that the snake had expired until a late hour Wednesday night. When the squirrel had been placed in the cage, the slimy, shining monster immediately sprang his rattle and coiled to strike; while the squirrel, having taken a good look all round the cage, and found escape to be impossible, prepared himself for the worst, watching his glittering-eyed enemy with fierce resolution. The spectacle became highly interesting to the spectators, for the deadly ophidian was contending with a far higher form of life, a finer organism, a more intelligent being, than the helpless creatures which ordinarily supplied him with food. Snake and squirrel alike poised themselves for the spring, the tail of the former vibrating so rapidly as to become almost invisible, and emitting a sound like the buzz of brazen clock-work; the tail of the latter trembled

Paris. Royal came as near being as it is possible for an iceberg to be burned. Instance the conflagration in Mills. Louiseng's rooms just to let you see the immense luxury in which these creatures live. You know as an actress she is tenth-rate, as a beauty she is seventh rate. And yet her furniture cost over \$100,000! She had a dressing gown of Mouchin lace and embroidery which cost \$4,000, \$5,000 worth of fine thirty dresses, the cheapest of which cost \$400, gold; all her silks were of lace. Her shawls were so fine you could have run them through a bride's ring, and the embroidery on them more than doubled the cost of the linen. Her bedchamber was in the Revival style, and was lined, walls and ceiling, with red damask silk, wadded and hand-embroidered. Her bed was 7 feet long by 4 feet wide, was placed on a platform of palissandre, covered with Smyrna carpet. The bed curtains were lace. Costly pictures, bronzes, statuettes, carved ivory, Chinese and Japanese curiosities, Rouen and Novgorod earthenware, Lemoges enamels, Saxe-Saxony porcelain, Gobolins, and Beauvais tapestry were to be found everywhere. The ceiling of the boudoir was a piece of embroidery representing Acte's Triumph; it cost \$4,000. The dining room was of oak and German velvet.

#### HOW A CRICKET SAVED A SHIP.

In Southey's "History of Brazil" he tells how Cebez de Vaca was in a great ship, going to South America with 400 men and 80 horses, and after they had crossed the equator the commander discovered that there was only three casks of water left. He gave orders to make for the nearest land, and for three days they sailed for the coast. A poor sick soldier, who had left Cadiz with them, brought a grillo, or ground cricket, with him, thinking its cheerful voice would amuse him on the long, dreary, voyage. But to his great disappointment the little insect was perfectly silent the whole way. The fourth morning after they had changed the ship's course, the cricket, who knew what she was about, set up her shrillest note. The soldier at once gave warning to the officer in charge of the vessel, and they soon saw high, jagged rocks just ahead of them. The watch had been careless, and the great ship in a few moments would have dashed to pieces on the ledge if this puny creature had not scented the land, and told them of their danger. Then they cruised along for some days, and the cricket sang for them every night just as cheerfully as if she had been in far-off Spain, till they got to their destined port, the Island of Catalina.

#### A POWERFUL BAND OF BROTHERS.

On Tuesday while the sun was pouring down its blistering rays, making the thermometer dance to 140, Adam L. Fisher, of Marion township, engaged the service of eight brothers at mowing oats in a 32-acre field, something which has never before been done in Marion township if in the State. Below we give the name, age, and height of each of the brothers.—Benjamin Heflinger, 41 years old, height 6 feet 1 1/2 inches, George, 38 years old, height 5 feet 11 inches, John, 35 years old, height 6 feet, William, 33 years old, height 5 feet 11 1/2 inches, Frank, 26 years old, height 5 feet 11 1/2 inches, Daniel, 24 years old, height 5 ft 11 1/2 inches, Pearce, 23 years old, height 6 feet 1 1/2 inches, Gabriel, 19 years old, height 5 feet 11 inches. Here were eight brothers averaging 6 feet in height, all from one father and mother, all sound in health. They mowed 32 acres of oats in one day, which is an average of four acres to the man. They all live in Marion township, the farthest within an hour's walk of Mr. Fisher's.—Reading Eagle.

A \$20 premium for the fastest hog team is a feature of the approaching Robertson County, Tennessee, fair.