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THE ANGLING ANANIAS.

An angler sat by the winter fire
While only his wife was nigh;
And said he to himself,
Did this cunning old elf,
"I'll tell 'em a whopping big lie—
A brilliant and intricate lie."
He leaned his chin on his ancient hand,
While gently he stroked his beard.
Then he gathered his pen,
His ink and then—
He slyly and knowingly leered—
A leer that was foxy and weird.
He gazed aloft at the ceiling dark,
And then he looked down at the floor,
And he said "Of a bout
After salmon and trout,
I'll give 'em some angling lore—
Some lovely and lying old lore."
He wrote and he wrote, a solid hour,
His wife all the while sitting by,
Very certain, however,
That her Hubby, so clever,
Was working up some novel lie—
Some wild and extravagant lie.
When sudden the old man rose up stark
With looks that were wizen and cold;
"What's the matter?" cried;
"The devil!" said he,
"I'm certainly fast growing old—
Every lie I can think of's been told!"—Ex.

CATTLE IN A CYCLONE.

Corral the cattle! Fling the lasso far!
Flank the wild stragglers! Storm and sleet betide.
Haste ho! And charging as in mimic war,
Among the tawney herd hallooing ride.
Drive them to shelter! Gain the nearest ranch!
Those midnight masses rising in the east
Betoken that the heavens quick will launch
Bolts, blasts, death-dealing on both man and beast.
Hark the tornado growing from the cloud!
The fiery tunnel circling fast in rage;
Roaring with wind and water thunder-loud
Whirlwind and waterspout rude battle wage—
The warfare of the Titans, fatal, fierce—
Tropical forces wrestling in the sky
Puny impediments to break and pierce,
Uprooting giant trunks while rushing by.
Ho! Hurry toward the kraal! Crowd closely in!
Ho! Brave vaqueros, mustang-mounted haste!
With whip and rowel and unusual din
Urge the herd on there is no time to waste.
A hundred horned heads wrecked on the plain;
A score of bronchos writhing on the sod;
The prairie furrowed by the ruthless train,
And half a dozen herders gone to God!
WILLIAM Y. BETTES.

SKIPPED BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

PROHIBITION SAINTS.

We are getting lonesome. We are feeling sad and despondent. One after another of the truly good and pious temperance apostles are fading away. Time was when a regiment of saintly (?) men followed the writer from one end of the Province to the other, and never wearied in the to them delightful occupation of traducing the character of all who dared to oppose a Prohibitory Law. Where are those professional puritans to-day?

Marvin the great, from whose pious lips Bible quotations and temperance lore flowed as water from the village pump, slid from the path of virtue and is now known no more; Rine, the temperance revivalist, around whom judges and clergymen played the role of courtiers, being dead is free from criticism; Sister Mason, the charming brunette, whose captivating smile and prohibition zeal warmed the hearts of the faithful and whose abuse of the anti-prohibition leader gained for her with the temperance party great *eclat*, has since gained greater notoriety for herself by her escapades in the Western States; Brother Ballard, that truly good and pious Hamiltonian, whose text for months was abuse

of King Dodds and King Alcohol, has also stolen himself away. Sad thought! mournful reflection! that one hundred and ninety-six pounds of patent morality and prohibition purity should so "skip by the light of the moon." Who will comfort the sisters of the Ambitious City now? We mourned his sudden departure, and dared to ask who would comfort Brother Chisholm in the hour of his affliction.

But what is this new and harrowing tale now going the rounds? Brother Chisholm also missing! That shining light in the Prohibition Temple gone out! That idol of his tribe fallen from its lofty pedestal? Never! never! never! We cannot believe the insinuation. We cannot, dare not, will not allow such a monstrous tale to find a resting place in our mind.

D. B. Chisholm skip by the light of the moon also? The man who stood in the market-place and thanked God he was not as other men? He, steal away like a thief in the night? No, No, No!

That truly, good and pious man who had crammed himself with every temperance text and prohibition pamphlet from the days of Adam, who had glued to his tongue every appropriate quotation from Genesis to Revelations. He forget the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." No, No, No!

Citizen Chisholm, who for three years kept the city of Hamilton in a state of turmoil and excitement, who demanded the right to regulate every other man's household as well as his own; the great moral reformer, who publicly shed his tears over other people's shortcomings. Himself the biggest sinner of them all? No, No, No, No!

D. B. Chisholm, President of the Dominion Prohibitionists, Generalissimo of the Scott Act Army, and Chaplain to all the forces. A deserter? No, No, No, No, No!

Grand Worthy Patriarch Chisholm, the father of the tribe, the holiest of the holy, the loud-mouthed apostle who proclaimed from the house tops his own goodness and other men's frailties. A cheat? No, No, No, No, No, No!

D. B. Chisholm, the Sunday School Teacher, the tract distributor, the highly moral Lecturer at Church socials, the missionary who travelled all over the land with his patent plan for the regeneration of mankind. He fold his tent and steal silently away? No, No, No, No, No, No, No!

"He who enters a barroom is not to be trusted." "The man who sells liquor is no better than a thief; he takes the poor man's money and gives no value for it. He is an enemy to society; he must be driven out."

The above are extracts from a speech delivered by D. B. Chisholm during the prohibition campaign in Hamilton. It is but a mild selection from his preachings. Hell, fire and brimstone were favorite agencies of his with which to threaten those who opposed his views.

He was a man of many parts, but charity was not a conspicuous trait in his character. He was a politician trusted by neither party. He was a professional moral agitator, whose principles were pinned upon his sleeve so that all men could see them, and he failed not to ask attention to their presence.

His superlative brass passed for current coin of the realm. Excitable women and men of light ballast sang his praises and were delighted to call themselves his followers. Even some, presumed to be level-headed business men, under the influence of his ravings, mounted the public platform and made fools of themselves through the

violence of their language. The daily papers of Hamilton dared to think for themselves on the prohibition question, and straightway they were denounced by Chisholm and his bodyguard, and an agitation commenced by the chief prophet to found a journal that should first and foremost sing Chisholm's praises and serve his purposes.

His purposes, what were they? Let us be more charitable than he was and drop the veil. But queer thoughts and queer reflections crowd upon the mind of the writer. For years he has had heaped upon himself, privately and publicly, the abuse of such men because he dared to have the courage of his convictions, dared to tell some of the loudest-mouthed preachers in the temperance ranks what unadulterated humbugs they were.

Yes, we begin to feel lonesome. We still remain, but where are the shining lights gone that paid us so much attention?

We call for Brother Marvin and we hear not the echo of his reply.

We enquire for Sister Mason, and no response comes from the lips of that charming brunette.

We ask for agitator Simpson, and he is too busy selling grog in a western town to heed our cry.

We cry aloud for Brother Ballard—Where art thou, oh saintly man, who used to lead the sisters of Hamilton to the bench of prayer? In what part of the great American wilderness hast thou pitched thy tent? And naught but barren emptiness mocks our voice.

We lift on high our voice and shout for Brother Chisholm. The telephone, the press, the electric wire, all ask his whereabouts, and find it not. Does the orange groves of Florida tempt him to linger, or the wickedness of some far western town urge him to tarry to save the sinners who drink beer and whiskey and recognize not the beauties of prohibition?

We ask for information but we receive no enlightenment. Would that we could reach the ear of our distant brother. His absence has caused many an aching heart. There are those who refuse to be comforted. Some who put deep trust in him and with whom he wrestled in prayer, who have forgotten his teachings, and, in the excess of their surprise over his disappearance, have used naughty, oh, such naughty language. Yea, have even prayed that they might have a chance to wrestle with him.

In the excess of our loneliness we find no room for comforting thoughts. Who will fill the places of the absent ones? Will they too have their day; then fade away like their predecessors?

In addition to the important sale of thoroughbreds to take place at the close of the American Horse Show, the annual sale of thoroughbreds, the property of Mr. Pierre Lorillard, will be held on the 1st of November. The catalogue includes the three imported stallions, Moccasin, by Macaroni; Kantaka, by Scottish Chief (a half brother of the great English stallion Hermit), and Sangara, by Beadsman. Eight young brood mares by Duke of Magenta, Glenlyon and Saxon, nearly all of which are in foal. Of the yearlings there are thirteen fillies by imported Mortemer, three by Falsetto, and two by the Duke of Magenta, also five colts by Mortemer, and one each by the Duke of Magenta and Falsetto.

Should the weather prove fine on Saturday next, there will be an enormous attendance at the new Athletic grounds to witness the match between the Shamrocks of Montreal and the Champions. Punctuality to the advertised time of commencement should be rigidly observed.

CHAT.

And now Trinket defeats St. Julien in three straight heats. Fastest clip 2.18. Oh! how are the mighty fallen!

J. R. McEldowney, a western pool seller, skipped from Niles, Michigan, with the pool box and its contents. The amount was not large.

An old experienced police superintendent in an English city urges that officers on "likely beats" should be provided with a dog.

The Ontario Veterinary Medicine Company publish this week several letters from well-known horsemen, praising their medicines.

Commodore Kitson is going to send his celebrated pacer Little Brown Jug to New York to give Mr. Robert Bonner an opportunity of experimenting upon his feat.

The annual Shoot of the Toronto Gun Club, held at "Woodbine" last week, was the most successful in the history of the Club. Some brilliant scores were made, particulars of which consult our "Trigger" column.

George Kinney ran one of his best races at Jerome Park on Friday, when he won the Grand National Handicap for all ages, 2 miles and a quarter, beating General Monroe and Trafalgar in the order named. Only half a length separated first and second.

We see that a party by the name of Ballard has arrived at Utah. Can it be possible that the Brother of that name who lately did the pious business in Hamilton, has gone and turned Mormon? He was a man of many parts.

We would ask those of our Winnipeg friends who are interested in the decision of bets, as to whether 2.24 1/2 is the fastest heat ever trotted or paced in Canada, to see corrected reply in "Answers to Correspondents" this week.

At Louisville, on Friday, in a dash of three-quarters of a mile for all ages, Lizzie S. was a red-hot favorite, selling for \$225. Mr. Forbes' 3-year-old Princess going for \$20, and the field for \$10. At these odds quite a business was done. The Canadian won the race by three lengths, and landed a big pot for her owner.

As you value your life beware of the deadly Zulu and all other cheap rubbish guns of the same stamp. Unprincipled dealers may try and make you believe that a three or four dollar gun is a safe weapon, but the truth is not in them. Guns of that class are liable to burst at any moment and maim, wound and destroy. Avoid shops that deal in such trash as you would the Small Pox Hospital.

Once more it is pleasant to read that W. G. George has again defeated that arrant cad Snook. This time the South London Harriers arranged a special mile race to bring the two cracks together, and the result was that George ran his antagonist to a stand still in the last quarter of the mile. Snook is the fellow, who, when he defeated George last season, played monkey business at the finish by looking over his shoulder and laughing at his defeated rival. Chaps that indulge in that sort of game are invariably a poor bred lot, and it is gratifying to know that when in condition George is able to give the snob a stomach full.