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1 Tin of Pratts Astral Oil.....	1 45	4 lbs Smith's Soda Crackers.....	25	4 lb. Tin of Marmelade (Lion Brand).....	50
3½ lbs. New Raisins or Currants.....	25	1 lb. Choice Christie Brown's Biscuits.....	25	1 lb. Choice Java Coffee.....	20
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5 lbs. White or Brown Beans, or Rice.....	25	1 lb. Choice Candy.....	15	1 lb. Mixed Candied Peels, (this season).....	25
4 lbs. Lima Beans.....	25	1 lb. Cartoon Washing Starch.....	10	Bread, 6 Large Loaves or Tickets.....	25
		1 Large Package Cornstarch.....	10		
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H. STADTHAGEN,

THE CHEAP GROCER, Douglas St., second house from Chatham.

SPORTING GOSSIP.

THERE is sure to be a kick coming every time horse races are attempted to be run off in Victoria. If the dissatisfaction does not crop up in some expected quarter, then it comes from a totally different direction. No matter how promising the conditions may be, you can count on something going wrong. This time it is the judges. The ruling of the officials, in the mile and a fifth, with Doncaster, All Smoke, and Rifton entered, has been the talk of the town, and incidentally caused a great amount of grinning at their absolutely stupid mistakes. It is without doubt the most ludicrous occurrence in the history of horse racing, and it would be a difficult thing to find a parallel in any way approximating to the farcial aspects of the affair. The joke happened in this way. Rifton was leading as the horses rounded the eastern turn of the oval. Messrs. Miller, Tolmie, Boggs, Seaife and Shore, were lined up in a row in the very front of the judge's stand, and there was absolutely nothing in the way of a clear, unobstructed view of the finish. After the horses passed under the wire, the spectators were amazed to discover that the judges had posted Rifton for second place, when both Doncaster and All Smoke had passed Milington's mount at the end of the stretch. The *Colonist*

reporter, who had been standing with the Vancouver *World* man, and a member of the sports and games committee, at the back of the stand, politely enquired as to whether a mistake had not been made. He was sure that Rifton had come in last. The gentlemanly question received a very curt reply. "We are the judges" came in contemptuous tones. The three dissenters were perfectly astounded at the rank injustice that was being perpetrated on the owner of All Smoke. They were prepared to take their oath that the decision was off color, but concluded that it would be better to maintain a discreet silence, seeing that the judges were so complacently contented with the soundness of their own opinions. Soon disgruntled spectators began to appear and noisily protest. The judges listened impatiently at first, but afterwards finding such general grumbling and complaints from all sides, resolved to reconsider their ruling. "Let's call it a clerical error," suggested one, as a plausible way of getting out of the difficulty with easy honors. The poor judges were disconcerted, and it was certainly humiliating to have their decisions revised by the grand stand. Then Mr. Munroe Miller addressed the people. He said that a mistake had been made. That fallibility was common to mankind, and that even judges were not above error. He practi-

cally confessed that the judges knew nothing about the results of the race, and pleaded in extenuation that intruders had interfered with their duties. The truth was that the intruders were behind the judges by several feet, and the attempted explanation of Mr. Miller did not by any means improve matters, but added disingenuousness to incompetence. It was a clumsy, bare-faced effort to shift the blame on others. After this lamentable display of most inexcusable blundering, it will be folly to expect people to have any confidence in racing decisions where the results are in any way close or doubtful. No one for a moment thinks that the other officials approve or endorse Mr. Miller's remarks, when he craftily tried to crawl through the only available loop-hole. The more one considers the circumstances, the more incomprehensible and mysterious the whole business appears. It is incredible how five people, with nothing obtruding their view, could be so faulty in judgment. Were they hyponotized? Are they near-sighted and in need of green goggles? It is useless to account for it all. In any event, a judge's decision should be final. There is no authority to revise. Apparently the rules did not anticipate spectacled referees. Before concluding, I must cite another instance of the way in which these races are conducted. In the second heat of the trotting race between Mr. Cowan's Johnie