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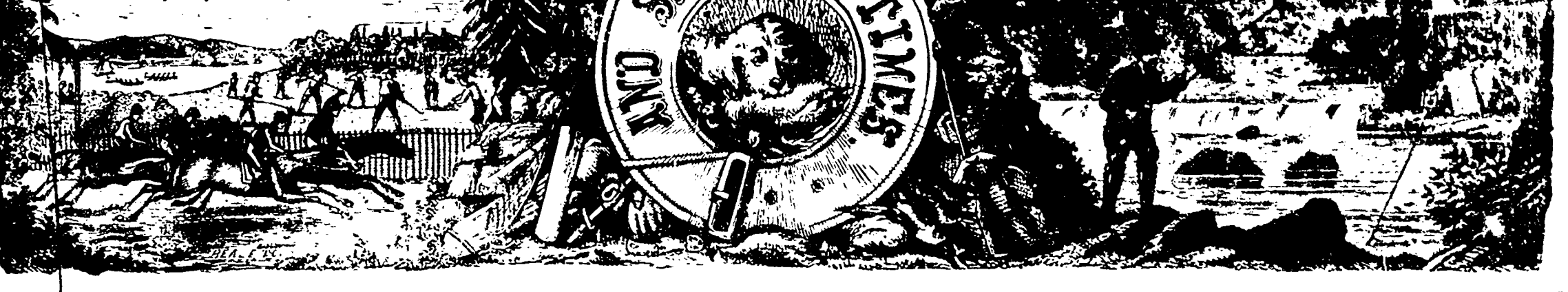
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GENTLEMAN'S CANADIAN JOURNAL



VOL. VI. TORONTO, ONT., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1877. NO. 784

THE THOROUGHBRED RACEHORSE. HOW TO BREED, REAR AND TRAIN THEM. BY AN OLD TRAINER. CHAPTER XXX.

Overtraining of Two and Three-Year Olds—
Treatment of Colds and Coughs in Horses.
[From the Spirit of the Times].

It is a great error to work horses under clothing, unless it is a sheet of light liney, with a view of hastening their condition. The best trainers of the racehorse in the North have discontinued the use of clothing when working, particularly young stock, two and three-year-olds. In fact, one of the ablest trainers, and who is most successful with two-year-olds, uses no clothing at all. When a horse is taken upon a tract, the presumption is that he needs work, and he is to be galloped two, three, or four miles, as the case may be. Now the object of that work or galloping upon the track is to settle his flesh, quicken and strengthen his muscles, and extract from his body a certain amount of sweat, but no more than will relieve nature or the horse's body of the heat brought about by the quickened action of the heart, producing an increased circulation throughout the body, and which, if not thrown off at the surface, will injure the entire viscera, or at least the brain, lungs and kidneys. To produce more than unnecessary, and it is all that can be done to the horse with safety at any one time. A horse worked in this manner every day can be brought to the post in proper condition; he is sure to feed well if trained thus, and take his work with life and spirit; whereas, if he is trained under blankets and hood, all gutted tight and pinned up close, and then worked three or four miles, at a rapid pace, which is the usual way of sending them, the result will be, if he is a young horse, that he will be reduced entirely too fast to retain his strength. From the excessive heat of the circulation the skin will become dry and sore, because the blankets are non-conductors of heat. The eyes become bloodshot, the arteries, veins, and cellular tissues become affected from the over-heating of the body, and the symptoms will manifest themselves in loss of appetite, slight cough, followed by a severe one. The eyes will assume a dull, glazed appearance, and the horse be indisposed to move unless touched with the whip, and lung fever is almost certain to follow if cooled out with cold water.

Besides the great injury done to horses trained under blankets or heavy clothing, it has caused the death of many good animals from excessive work when so treated. The celebrated horse Mercury was killed by the rupture of the heart from excessive work under blankets. La Vraie Reine by imp. Sovereign, dropped dead whilst they were un-girthing the saddle after a brisk breeze of two miles under blankets. Moonlight, by Lexington, dropped dead after severe work under clothing at Chillicothe, O.; and many others whose names I cannot call to mind at this moment. Who does not remember, in olden times, when all races were heats, of

has been done for him in the last century; and if trainers would use the same humane treatment as is now adopted by the clubs of Jerome Park and Saratoga, viz., of making their programme of dash races only, their horses would last much longer. Racehorses are usually trained for their first running from three to five months, and I will venture to say that they received more rough treatment, and harder work (frequently when unprepared to receive it), and which will of course injure them, than they would receive at the four meetings held at Jerome Park and Saratoga.

Thus it will be seen, that the horse is seldom injured in his races, for if he breaks down in the race, in all probability it is from injuries received in his severe training; for it is running colts many trial runs, and often repeating them, that causes them to give way maturely. It is a burden enough for a young colt to carry his rider and saddle, without being overloaded with blankets, hoods, and surcingle. It is very fatiguing, and worries the colt so that he loses, to a certain extent, his action. He will then grab his heel with his hind foot, or knock his pasterns, fetlock, tendons, or cannon bone with his forelegs, or cut his hind legs, just below the hock, with what are commonly called swift cuts, all of which a colt is liable to do when overburdened or fatigued, and all of which can be avoided by omitting the clothing and reducing his work. The colt would then be able to take his work without being covered all over with boots and bandages. I have heard it frequently remarked by trainers that no horse ought to be galloped without boots upon his legs, and I have no doubt the same class of trainers think that nature is very remiss in not forming horses with boots on. There is no necessity for boots or bandages if horses are reasonably and judiciously exercised, and more time taken to condition them. A horse should be walked and trotted at least two months before he is even cantered, much less galloped; for, if he is thrown at once into rapid work before he has passed through this long preparatory seasoning process, his muscles will become sore, his legs will stick up, and, instead of progressing on the road to condition, he will be going backwards, and it will require the best attention and good judgment to bring him round on the road to condition.

In preparing colts for their stakes, much more robust condition can be obtained by handling them entirely without clothing. Even in their stalls they are better without clothing, for if the natural hair of the untrained horse is a sufficient protection from the fiery sun of summer or the freezing blast of winter, why should not the natural coat of hair protect the horse when in the stall, which offers equal shelter against the burning heat and the winter's cold? The animal which is properly fed when roaming at large or unconfined is most generally found in good health, whereas the horse that is confined within the stall is often, with the best of treatment, afflicted with various diseases. When you come to add hot blankets in hot weather, in a stall poorly ventilated, never kept too clean, but oftentimes suffered to become very foul, is it any wonder that horses should sicken and sometimes die from such treatment, the pulse being kept up to near fever heat in a close stall, and the animal

have a smooth, glossy coat of hair, bright and dappled, and when he sheds his coat he sheds all over alike, legs and all; whereas the horse trained and burnt up with blankets will present an unglossy, dull coat of hair, shedding off in spots, sometimes prematurely and sometimes too late for the season; the hair will remain long upon the legs, unshed, until some time in the summer. The one trained without clothing will be almost entirely exempt from colic, coughs, etc., while the others trained with blankets, heated up every day, and, of course, cooled off as often, with the glands and lungs subjected to those severe tests of excessive heat and excessive cold, must become more or less injuriously affected; and if it only results in a cold or cough, which may wear off in a short time, he is lucky. But if it should suppress the flow of serum, which lubricates the pleura, pneumonia will set in, and then your horse is lost, in nine cases out of ten. If his life is saved, it takes many months for entire recovery, and then his lungs may be so affected as to render him worthless for racing purposes.

(To be Continued.)

THE FOUR-MILE-HEAT RACE IN CALIFORNIA.

The four-mile-heat race, for a purse of \$5,000, to be run over Bay District Course, San Francisco, Cal., on the 22nd of February next, closed on the 7th inst. with seven subscribers, viz.: Theodore Winters, B. Tinnons, John Cutler, W. H. Barnes, W. Armstrong, Henry Welch, J. Cairn Simpson and Mr. Krebs, of Oregon. Subscribers are allowed until the 14th of February to name what horses they will start. Mollie McCarthy will, in all probability, be the choice of Mr. Winters, and Lady Amanda that of Mr. Simpson, unless Three Cheers will have got well of his game leg by that time. Henry Welch has Sherman, W. H. Barnes has Bradley, W. Armstrong will make a selection from some good stable in the Atlantic States, and should he not succeed will enter Mattie A.; Mr. Krebs, of Oregon, has Billy Bigham. The Sacramento subscriber has Waddill and Waterford. John Cutler will make his entry known on the 12th. From present appearances Mollie McCarthy has the inside track, but no calculations can be made until the starters are named.

THE SPRING HANDICAPS IN ENGLAND.

The entries for the great spring handicaps on the English turf closed on Jan. 6. They exhibit a slight falling off in numbers, as compared with the previous year, when the entries for the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase, City and Suburban, Great Metropolitan, Newmarket Handicap, and Chester Cup aggregated 409, against 390 for 1877. This year the Grand National Steeplechase has 73 entries. Among them we note Disturbance, Reugny, and Regal, the winners of this race in 1873, 1874, and 1876 respectively, and all owned by one turfman—the lucky Capt. Machell. The City and Suburban Handicap has 127 entries, among which are Mr. Sanford's Mate; Lord Rosebery's Contrivance, The Snail, Roebach, and

The Trigger.

MUMMERY TO PIKE.

LONDON, Ont., Jan. 26th, '77.

To the Editor of Sporting Times:
DEAR SIR,—I see by this week's Times, Mr. John W. Pike thinks my challenge a mere puff. To show him that I mean what I say, and mean business, I will shoot him a trap and handle match in Chatham for \$100 or \$200 a side (I would much prefer the two hundred a side), the match to take place within 30 days from date; I could not shoot the match under shorter notice than 30 days. To shoot at 50 birds, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundry, 1½ ounce of shot, Chatham Gun Club rules to govern. Mr. Pike should know by this time that I do not puff or boast, and I am astonished that he should make use of such language; however, I take it for what it is worth; let him show himself to be not what he thinks I am, by accepting the above. Please publish the above, and oblige, Respectfully yours,
WALTER MUMMERY.

P. S.—If Mr. P. accepts, I will send my forfeit to Mr. Riche, Rankin House, and will name the date of shooting.

SNOW BIRD SHOOTING.

A snow bird match took place last Tuesday, 23rd ult., on the Don Flats, for a case of birds, valued at \$10; at 18 yards rise, 10 birds each. The birds were furnished and trapped by Mr. Wm. Loane, and a better lot never left a trap. The match was won easily by Mr. A. Griffith. Mr. Jas. Barrett acted as referee.

E Tolchard.....	0111100011-6
A Griffith.....	1011111111-9
W Smith, Jr.....	1001010111-6
J Oulcott.....	0110001010-4
E Reed.....	0110101010-6
G Watson.....	0001000100-2

Afterwards a private match took place between Messrs. Tolchard and Watson, for a Deer's Head, at 10 birds each, 18 yards rise, which was won by the former.

E Tolchard.....	0001101100-4
G Watson.....	1000001001-3

Pedestrianism.

FOOT RACING IN THE SOUTH.

SAVANNAH, GA., Jan. 22, '77.

To the Editor of Sporting Times:
DEAR SIR,—A foot race came off here last Saturday, 20th, between Ike Harris, a colored pedestrian of this city, and John S. Barnes, of Toronto, Ont. The race was for \$50, 50 yards. Barnes won after a hard race by a foot, and not one of the contrabands either. Harris immediately challenged Barnes for the same amount and distance. This the colored won by a breast. These two sprints being so close, the colored man thought he could easily win a mile, and for

American Turf.

CHARLESTON (S.C.) RACES.

CHARLESTON, Jan. 18—Purse \$120, for all ages. \$100 to first, 20 to second. One mile and a quarter dash.

C W Medinger's ch g First Chance, 6 yrs, by Baywood, dam Dot.....	1
West & Hogan's br h Ascot, 5 yrs, by Enquirer, dam Hinda.....	2
Lewis Jones' br m Maria Barnes, 5 yrs, by Asteroid, dam Black Rose.....	3

Rutledge not placed.

Time—2:22.

Same Day—Hampton Stakes, for four-year-olds; \$50 entrance, 25 if declared before Jan. 1, 1877; club to add \$400, if two or more start. Two mile heats.

W Wyche's b c Hatteras, 4 yrs, by Red Lick, dam by Planet.....	1
P M West's b c Courier, by Star Davis, dam by Lexington.....	2

Time—3:50, 3:51.

Same Day—Purse \$130, for all ages; \$105 to first, 25 to second. One and a half mile dash.

J F Wilson's b g Tom O'Neil, 6 yrs, by Lightning, dam Virginia.....	1
Lewis Jones' br h Brown Asteroid, 4 yrs, by Asteroid, dam Gazelle.....	2
C W Medinger's ch f Libbie L, 4 yrs, by Bay Dick, dam by Joe Stoner.....	3

Time—2:47.

Jan. 19—Purse \$125, for all ages. \$100 to first, 25 to second. Two-mile dash.

W Wyche's b c Hatteras, by I. L. Dick, dam by Planet.....	1
L Jones' b g Jim Hinton, aged, by Rodgers, dam Madam House.....	2

Time—3:54.

Same Day—Purse—
J W Wilson's b g Tom O'Neil, by Lightning... 1
C W Medinger's ch g First Chance, by Baywood..... 2
West & Hogan's br g Prang, 6 yrs, by Vandal, dam by Wagner..... 3

Time—2:43.

Jan. 20—Purse \$120, for all ages. \$100 to first, 20 to second. One mile.

Lewis Jones' br h Brown Asteroid, 5 yrs, by Asteroid, dam Gazelle.....	1
West & Hogan's Ascot, 5 yrs, by Enquirer, dam Hinda.....	2
W Wyche's b f Abdallah, 4 yrs, by Abdulkader, dam Fanny.....	3

Rutledge not placed.

Time—1:51.

Same Day—Purse \$120, for all ages. \$100 to first, 20 to second. One mile and a half.

P M West's b c Courier, 4 yrs, by Star Davis, dam by Lexington.....	1
C W Medinger's ch f Libbie L, 4 yrs, by Bay Dick, dam by Joe Stoner.....	2

Time—2:49.

Same Day—Post Stakes, for all ages. \$25 entrance; club to add \$100 if two or more start. Second horse to save his entrance money. One mile.

Lewis Jones' ch f, by Lynchburg, dam by Eugene.....	1
W P Lurch's ch e Main Race, by Prussian, dam by Charley Ball.....	2

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Besides the great injury done to horses trained under blankets or heavy clothing, it has caused the death of many good animals from excessive work when so treated. The celebrated horse Mercury was killed by the rupture of the heart from excessive work under blankets. La Vraie Reine by imp. Sovereign, dropped dead whilst they were un-girthing the saddle after a brisk breeze of two miles under blankets. Moonlight, by Lexington, dropped dead after severe work under clothing at Chillicothe, O.; and many others whose names I cannot call to mind at this moment. Who does not remember, in olden times, when all races were heats, of seeing horses between heats cramp, stagger, and sometimes fall during the process of what their trainers were pleased to call "cooling out?" The horses were already too hot, but instead of walking them about until they became cool, and then rubbing them off, the boy stood ready with any amount of blankets and heavy hoods to be thrown on the horse as soon as the saddle was removed, for fear that a breath of air might reach the horse. The horse at the same time was scarcely able to draw in sufficient oxygen to arterialize the venous blood with which his lungs were overcharged. But now, thanks to the humane improvement in the treatment of the horse during his training in dispensing in a manner with heavy clothing, and to the still more humane system of giving purses for dashes (which enables the clubs to utilize all the horses many times during the meeting, by having their programme consist of such dashes only, without injury to the horses, or disgusting their patrons and lovers of the horse from witnessing horses running six or seven heats to finish a race), these revolting scenes are never witnessed. The reform in the mode of racing, which has obtained in the North and measurably in the South and West, of ignoring heat racing, has done more to improve the speed of the horse than all that

Park and Saratoga.

Thus it will be seen, that the horse is seldom injured in his races, for if he breaks down in the race, in all probability it is from injuries received in his severe training; for it is running colts many trial runs, and often repeating them, that causes them to give way maturely. It is burden enough for a young colt to carry his rider and saddle, without being overloaded with blankets, hoods, and surcingles. It is very fatiguing, and worries the colt so that he loses, to a certain extent, his action. He will then grab his heel with his hind foot, or knock his pasterns, fetlock, tendons, or cannon bone with his forelegs, or cut his hind legs, just below the hock, with what are commonly called swift cuts, all of which a colt is liable to do when overburdened or fatigued, and all of which can be avoided by omitting the clothing and reducing his work. The colt would then be able to take his work without being covered all over with boots and bandages. I have heard it frequently remarked by trainers that no horse ought to be galloped without boots upon his legs, and I have no doubt the same class of trainers think that nature is very remiss in not forming horses with boots on. There is no necessity for boots or bandages if horses are reasonably and judiciously exercised, and more time taken to condition them. A horse should be walked and trotted at least two months before he is even cantered, much less galloped; for, if he is thrown at once into rapid work before he has passed through this long preparatory seasoning process, his muscles will become sore, his legs will stock up, and, instead of progressing on the road to condition, he will be going backwards, and it will require the best attention and good judgment to bring him round on the road to condition.

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off as often, with the glands and lungs subjected to those severe tests of excessive heat and excessive cold, must become more or less injuriously affected; and if it only results in a cold or cough, which may wear off in a short time, he is lucky. but if it should suppress the flow of serum, which lubricates the pleura, pneumonia will set in, and then your horse is lost, in nine cases out of ten. If his life is saved, it takes many months for entire recovery, and then his lungs may be so affected as to render him worthless for racing purposes.

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English sparrows are being killed at wholesale and sold as snow-birds at Boston. Over one hundred were found in one basket, recently.

business, I will show him a trap and handle match in Chatham for \$100 or \$200 a side (I would much prefer the two hundred a side), the match to take place within 30 days from date; I could not shoot the match under shorter notice than 30 days. To shoot at 50 birds, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, 1½ ounce of shot, Chatham Gun Club rules to govern. Mr. Pike should know by this time that I do not puff or boast, and I am astonished that he should make use of such language; however, I take it for what it is worth; let him show himself to be not what he thinks I am, by accepting the above. Please publish the above, and oblige, Respectfully yours,

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A snow bird match took place last Tuesday, 28rd ult., on the Don Flats, for a case of birds, valued at \$10; at 18 yards rise, 10 birds each. The birds were furnished and trapped by Mr. Wm. Loane, and a better lot never left a trap. The match was won easily by Mr. A. Griffith. Mr. Jas. Barrett acted as referee.

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McCaul, of Galt, Ont., another Canadian ped., is here, and has been matched to run a colored man, whose name I could not learn, 150 yards, for \$400. A forfeit is up, and the race will be run for sure. I will send you the result of it.

Barnes and McCaul have made many friends since their advent among us, and by their gentlemanly deportment are likely to retain them. They mean to stay in the South during the present winter, trying their fortunes among the colored citizens, many of whom claim astonishing powers of speed for themselves.

Thanks for SPORTING TIMES received, and I am glad to see the paper so rapidly making a name for itself. Mine is read weekly, I believe, by all the Canucks in Savannah, who take a great interest in the sports at home.

Yours,
NEW DOMINION.

WALTON AND O'LEARY.—Having arranged preliminaries and signed articles, besides putting up the necessary forfeiture money, these two eminent "footists" are to come together on the 2nd of April, Monday, with a view towards seeing how far each can beat the other towards Sunday morning services.

Lewis Jones' br in Maria Barnes, 5 yrs, by Asteroid, dam Black Rose..... 3
Rutledge not placed.

Time—2:22.

Same Day—Hampton Stakes, for four-year-olds; \$50 entrance, 25 if declared before Jan. 1, 1877; club to add \$400, if two or more start. Two mile heats.

W Wyche's b c Hatteras, 4 yrs, by Red Dick, dam by Planet.....	1 1
P M West's b c Courier, by Star Davis, dam by Lexington.....	3 2

Time—3:50, 3:51.

Same Day—Purse \$130, for all ages; \$100 to first, 25 to second. One and a half mile dash.

J F Wilson's b g Tom O'Neil, 6 yrs, by Lightning, dam Virginia.....	1
Lewis Jones' br h Brown Asteroid, 4 yrs, by Asteroid, dam Gazelle.....	2
C W Medinger's ch f Libbie L, 4 yrs, by Bay Dick, dam by Joe Stoner.....	3

Time—2:47.

Jan. 19—Purse \$125, for all ages. \$100 to first, 25 to second. Two-mile dash.

W Wyche's b c Hatteras, by Red Dick, dam by Planet.....	1
L Jones' b g Jim Hinton, aged, by Rodgers, dam Madam House.....	2

Time—3:54.

Same Day—Purse—

J W Wilson's b g Tom O'Neil, by Lightning..	1
C W Medinger's ch g First Chance, by Baywood.....	2
West & Hogan's br g Prang, 6 yrs, by Vandal, dam by Wagner.....	3

Time—2:48.

Jan. 20—Purse \$130, for all ages. \$100 to first, 30 to second. One mile.

Lewis Jones' br h Brown Asteroid, 5 yrs, by Asteroid, dam Gazelle.....	1
West & Hogan's Ascot, 5 yrs, by Enquirer, dam Hinda.....	2
W Wyche's b f Abdallah, 4 yrs, by Abd-el-Kader, dam Fanny.....	3

Rutledge not placed.

Time—1:51.

Same Day—Purse \$130, for all ages. \$100 to first, 30 to second. One mile and a half.

P M West's b h Courier, 4 yrs, by Star Davis, dam by Lexington.....	1
C W Medinger's ch f Libbie L, 4 yrs, by Bay Dick, dam by Joe Stoner.....	2

Time—2:49.

Same Day—Purse Stakes, for all ages; \$25 entrance; club to add \$100 if two or more start, second horse to save his entrance money. One mile.

Lewis Jones' ch f, by Lynchburg, dam by Eugene.....	1
W P Burch's ch e Main Brace, by Prussian, dam by Charley Ball.....	2

Time—1:55.

Same Day—Purse \$130, for all ages. \$100 to first, 30 to second; welter weights; two miles, over eight hurdles.

Lewis Jones' b g Jim Hinton, aged, by Rodgers, dam Madam House.....	1
West & Hogan's br g Prang, 6 yrs, by Vandal, dam by Wagner.....	2
L Cadie's ch g Dead Shot, aged, by Muggins..	3

Time—4:11.

The following are the weights carried by horses running under the Rules of the South Carolina Jockey Club: Horses 7 yrs, and upwards, carry 130 pounds; 6 yrs, 118 lbs; 5 yrs, 112 lbs; 4 yrs, 104 lbs; 3 yrs, 90 lbs; 2 yrs, 75 lbs.

WHITE STOCKINGS.—With the sale report of this fine trotting gelding is also going the rounds of the press the item which says that he is out of the dam of Kansas Chief. He is not out of the dam of Kansas Chief, and it is a hundred to one that the dam of Kansas Chief is not known.

SALE OF JACK TRIGO.—On the conclusion of the races at Charleston last Saturday, the chestnut horse Tack Trigg, 6 yrs, by Lightning out of Sallis Morgan, by R. veane, until then owned by Mr. J. F. Wilson, was sold to a colored "capitalist" for \$150.

Several parties in Stratford have recently lost valuable dogs, and from the thorough raid that has been made it is quite evident that the thieves understood their business. Nearly every hound owned in the town has been spirited away.

DIGBY GRAND.

CHAPTER I.

THE MORNING OF LIFE.

Grand and Buller to stay! says the 'preceptor of the Lower-Removal-Removal' as he darts into our hall of learning on his errand. Right well do Grand and Buller know what that simple sentence indicates; and ere the messenger of Fate, in the shape of a short and dirty lower boy or legger, or 'tug,' has departed, they evince by a simultaneous hitching of the waistband, and wistful expression of countenance, their very disagreeable anticipation of the discipline to follow. Gravely the construing proceeds, as it has proceeded from time immemorial within those classic walls, and whatever 'Henry's holy shade' might think of it, I can imagine the pagan ghost of heathen Horace would be somewhat agitated, could his repurs in the realms of Pluto be disturbed by the blundering schoolboy's version of his polished stave.

Let us hear how Bullock-major renders the dreaded Odo. Justum et tenacem propositum virum, begins the thrilling stanza that harmonious roll which shows that much and often as his favorite has been murdered to his unwilling ear, he still clings to him with all a scholar's devotion—'Justum, &c.—Bullock-major, go on!' Up starts the electrified disciple, with all the readiness of a professor, but deep are the misgivings at his heart, and clouded the impression on his brow, for Bullock-major, though as stalwart a stroke as ever feathered an oar round Lower Hope, and as straight a bowler as ever skinned the emerald sward of the lower shooting fields, is not modestly aware of his own deficiencies, and has a wholesale horror of being, like Grand and Buller, 'in the bill.' At it he goes, however, with changeless intonation and nasal twang—'Virum, the man'—pause—'justum, just'—pause—'et tenacem, and tenacious'—

(Bravo, Bull! says the next boy on the form, a scapegrace of some eleven summers)—'propositum—a solemn pause—dark grows the master's brow—'Go on, sir, propositum' Bullock grows desperate: 'propositum,' of his proposition. Hear him, melodious minstrel of Rome's palmiest days!—'Sit down, sir! put him in the bill—next boy go on.' And the unfortunate Bullock-major embarks in the same boat with Buller and myself.

All those were glorious days, notwithstanding the 'bill,' and all its horrors; so no of the happiest hours that I, Digby Grand, have spent in my chiquering career, was spent at dear old Eton; with just enough of school and school discipline to make the relaxation of play delightful, with every kind of amusement the heart of boy could desire—with boating, cricket, football, hockey, paper chases, and leaping parties, or as we call them 'leaves'—and above all, with that abundance of congenial society, and those cordial friendships, so delightful to youth. No wonder that the old Etonian's heart still warms when he catches sight of the walls of 'College'—no wonder that he remembers, with a vividness after years can never obliterate, each characteristic of the long past scene. The dreaded Hawtrey, 'my tutor,' by turns loathed and beloved; 'my dame,' an object now of ridicule, now of affection; Windsor Bridge, Mother Tolliday, the weary and well-informed Spankie himself; the 'ticks up-town,' the 'sock-shop,' the triumph on the water, won with sculls and oar—the glories of the sward, when an Eton eleven sacked the second-best team of the Marylebone Club—all and each of these images are clung to and remembered in many a varied scene and distant land; ay, such early impressions as these will return to the imagination of the wanderer, even when the dearest and holiest ties of home are for a time forgotten. But let me also look back through the long vista of years gone by—let me live once more in memory of the joyous day of spring, when the heart was merry and the step was light,—when the breeze of morning kissed an open brow, as yet unscathed by care, and lifted clustering locks, unthinned, unbleached by time—when to-morrow was as though it never would be, and to-day was all in all—without a care without a fear, save of the consequences of some youthful scrape, ending in the fatal catastrophe of corporal punishment.

I was brought up a 'dandy'—that was the word in my younger days. From the time I left the nursery, the first lesson inculcated on my youthful mind was, 'Digby, hold up your head, and look like a gentleman.' 'Mister Digby, don't dirty your boots, like the poor people's children.' I lost my mother when still a baby; so my ideas of her are chiefly drawn from her portrait in the dining room—a fair and beautiful woman, with large melancholy eyes and nut-brown hair. I put some it was from her that I inherited these glossy locks, on the adorn-

ment of walks of public life—as waiter, author, or statesman—as was it poor Sir Peregrine's dearest hope that Digby should be a man of fashion—by Jove! the sort of fellow, sir, that people are glad to see, and a man that knows his position, Dr. Driveller—that knows his position, sir. I recollect many years ago, when I was a young fellow the women called me Peregrine Pickle; I could do what I liked then, anywhere, and with any of them, but I never forgot my position, sir—never forgot my position.

'Very true, Sir Peregrine,' said the worthy doctor, who would have assented equally to the most preposterous position, if made by my father,—'very true; when Digby leaves Eton, he must go into the army.'

'But not the Line, Papa!' says the precocious urbin alluded to. 'Fortescue-major, at my tutor's, says the line is very low, and most Eton fellows go into the Guards. I shall go into the Guards, papa.'

'Hold your tongue, Digby, and hand me the biscuits. Doctor, ring the bell, and we will just peep into another bottle of the port.'

Such was the substance of our usual conversation after dinner when I was at home for the holidays, and such it might have remained, without ever approximating the desired end, had it not been for an accidental circumstance, which procured me a friend whose energy urged upon my father the necessity of taking some steps with regard to my entrance into life, and through whose instrumentality I obtained a commission to her Majesty's service.

Everything at Haverley Hall was conducted upon a scale, to say the least of it, of lordly magnificence; and as during my boyhood I never knew a wish ungranted, or a request refused, which had for its object the further circulation of the coin of the realm, my boyish idea naturally was, that my father's resources were inexhaustible, and that, to use a common expression, 'money was no object.' How could I tell the lengthy conferences in his private room from which our old man of business, Mr. Mormain, used to emerge with a darkened brow and a drooping chin—had for their object the furtherance of supplies, and for their argument the still-to-be-solved problem of making two and two equal to five;—how could I tell that from sheer mismanagement and love of display, year after year a goodly rent-roll was diminishing, and a fine property alienating itself from its natural possessor? Come what might, Sir Peregrine must have three servants out of livery, to say nothing of a multitude of giants in plush and powder. Though he seldom or never got upon a horse, the stables must be filled with a variety of animals, good, bad, and indifferent. Hating standing about in the cold more than anything, he was not by any means a constant attendant at Newmarket; and when there, wished himself anywhere else in the world; but that was no reason why every list of acceptances, for every doubtful event on the Turf, should not be adorned by the name of one of his race-horses, selected from a string which he never saw, but of whose length he might judge by that of his trainer's bill. One of my first scrapes as a boy was not remembering how 'Euclid' was bred, having contended that gallant animal with a mathematician of the same name. As for going out in a carriage with less than four horses, Sir Peregrine would rather have walked, gout and all, than compromised 'his position' by regard to dinners, entertainments, house-keeping, &c., were upon the same scale, it would have required, indeed, the fortune of a millionaire to support this style of magnificence.

From my father's increasing indolence as he grew into years, the management of the shooting and the stables came into my hands at an age when the achievements of most boys are limited to an occasional rabbit slaughtered by favoritism with 'Zoe keeper's' gun, or a stolen ride on the unwilling pony, that goes to the post, carries the game, and does the odd job; but long ere I had mounted the tailed coat and stiff cravat of the incipient manhood, I knock over wild partridges right and left, and ride my own line to a pack of fox-hounds, as well as many who, although double my age, had perhaps less experience in these accomplishments. Before I left Eton, I used to make my own horses, as the term is; and as my father never grudged me anything I desired, in the way of extravagance, I had but to gain over the trainer, to obtain as a gift any of his thorough-bred horses, that in our united wisdom we should choose to condemn as too slow for racing. I always found this species of request, as involving no immediate outlay of ready money, to be granted most willingly; and it was after a gift of this description that I sallied forth one morning in early spring for the purpose riding of a four-year-old, fresh from Newmarket, over every fence that should come in my way and thereby perfecting him as a hunter against the ensuing season. Oh! the delight of a glorious gallop over grass, on a fine morning, the easy swing of the free-going animal beneath you, to which every muscle and joint of the horse-

the bill, as cleverly as if our united ages had been double their real amount; and when, flushed with success, I turned his head for the vale, a fine grassy line of extensive pastures, I felt as if nothing could stop us. But horse, like man, may be somewhat too thin skinned, and as I neared the highroad, I spied a strong overgrown fence, through the thorns and briars of which we should have to force our way; and thick, tangled, and dark was the forbidden leap. I went at it fast, thinking the pace might send us through like a bullet; but, rapidly as we approached, my young horse, when within a stride of the fence, came round upon his haunches with a quickness all his own, and which might have unhorsed many a tolerable equestrian. One more chance I gave him, and then proceeded to conceive measures. The blood of his ancestors was roused, and the battle began in right earnest—the rider applying whip and spurs with sustained vigour—the animal backing, rearing, and plunging, in a manner that threatened soon to put a period to the contest in the downfall of one or both. At last I forced him into the fence; and as he fell upon his head into the road, and recovered himself without unhorsing me, I found myself face to face with an elderly man in undress uniform, whom I immediately recognized as General Sir Benjamin Burgoet, commanding the district, accompanied by a young aide-de-camp, likewise in the livery of her Majesty.

'Well saved, my lad, and devilish well ridden too,' said the jolly General, a large heavy man, with a red face and double chin, perfectly resplendent with good living and good humour. 'Got a good horse there for a light weight; and I'll be bound to say, you make him go. I've been watching you,' added he, as if that fact alone made me worthy of knighthood on the spot. I took off my hat with my best Eton air, and introduced myself to the General as young Grand; adding, that I had the honor of meeting him at a review last year, and concluding by a cordial invitation to breakfast, at which meal I was sure Sir Peregrine would be delighted to see him. It turned out that the General was returning from some duty of inspection, and being an old friend of my father, was actually on his way to pay him a visit; nor, although he had breakfasted once, was the jolly commandant loth to indulge in a second morning meal.

As we rode into the grounds, I communicated to my companion the desire I had long entertained of entering her Majesty's service; and ere we reached the Hall, the old officer, who had taken a great fancy to me in consequence of the exploit he had so unexpectedly witnessed, made me a faithful promise that he would use all his influence with my father to induce him to consent to my leaving Eton immediately and entering the army, and that his own interest, which was great at the Horse Guards, should be strenuously exerted to procure me a commission.

His visit produced the wished-for effect, and instead of returning to Eton, I remained at home, nothing loth, as may be supposed. It was barely a month after the General's visit that his promises were redeemed, and his exertions on my behalf crowned with success. I shall not easily forget the day; it was one of our large dinner parties, when the host of country neighbors came flocking to Haverley, like eagles to the slaughter. My father was very great during these solemnities, and royalty itself could not be more magnificently condescending than was Sir Peregrine to his humbler guests. These dinners, like the tide, and other important evolutions of Nature, depended chiefly on the moon, as our roads, like all country highways and by-ways, were most execrable, and the different tea-boys and helpers, who officiated as body-coachmen on these occasions, were apt to diverge into fancy driving, after their liberal potations of Haverley ale, heaven knows how many 'strike to the bushel,' to use a professional term for extreme potency. Then in order that the 'convives' might get home before 'morning' should appear, dinner was ordered at six precisely, at which hour the good folks would punctually assemble to go through agonies of shyness by daylight in the drawing-room. On the day in question, my father appeared earlier than usual in that apartment, and I saw by the care with which he was dressed, and his determination to be ready to receive his company—for the earliest guests had not yet arrived—that the character of courteous host had to be acted to perfection. He was still a fine looking man, though bent and shrunk, and must have been very handsome in his youth. His thin white hair was powdered, and his deep white neckcloth folded with a precision it had cost his valet twenty years to acquire. His black pantaloons fitted tightly as a glove on those well turned limbs, which had not yet lost their grace and symmetry. He was still vain of his foot, and huge bunches of black ribbon, tying the low cut shoe, made its proportions appear even timelier than those which Nature had accorded. A voluminous white waistcoat covering a portly figure—for still the waist increases as the shoulders fall—and an enormous frill, completed my father's 'get up.' And as he

brought in dog-cart, and nondescript conveyance with a pair of shafts and a heat; and Mr. Soames, the butler, is breathless with the numerous announcements he is compelled to make. The Hickses, and the Johnstons, and the Longs, and old Lady Daubeney, and Admiral Portfire, and Squire Harpole of 'the Hills,' and fat Mr. Sheepskin, the lawyer, and little Mr. Stubbles, the curate—in they pour, ready and willing to pay their court to Sir Peregrine, and make play at the good things with which his table is so well provided. Heaven defend me from marshalling such a party in to dinner; bad enough is it when the order of precedence is duly emblazoned on the voracious page of Burke or Debrett; but who shall endeavour to cope with the difficulty of giving satisfaction, when Mrs. Ramrod's indignation is roused at the affront put upon her in following Mrs. Hicks into dinner, when everybody knows that Mrs. Hick's uncle is only a barrister, whereas her (Mrs. Ramrod's) grandfather was a Master in Chancery? (poor Ramrod! you will have it all to-night ere sleep visits your pillow); then, again, Admiral Portfire ought to have taken Mrs. Long, who is a baronet's daughter, instead of making a rush for Mrs. Johnston, whose only qualifications are youth, beauty, and good humour, as that ancient mariner well knew when he secured her companionship at the dinner-table. In short, there was no end to the outrages on all the deconies of precedence; and as I knew my father piqued himself much on his management of proprieties on such occasions, and his knowledge of everyone's 'position,' I anticipated with dread the irritable discussion that would arise on the morrow, when we talked over the events of the preceding evening.

But they settle down, for the present, over soup and sherry; and, through the Babel-like confusion that prevails, I catch my father's courteous tones, as he bows his shining head now to deaf old Lady Daubeney, now to voluble Mrs. Long, while he alices the turbot, and dispenses the precious pearls of his condescension in due share to every guest. He is telling a story of the Prince of Wales and Carlton House to Lady Daubeney; and she thinks, good soul, that he is discoursing of an eminent firm in the city, which has lately failed, and sits—listening it can hardly be called in one so devoid of hearing—with an expression of interest and commiseration upon her countenance which is perfectly irresistible.

Sir Peregrine, though pompous, is seldom at fault, and he cleverly diverts his conversation to his fair neighbour on the other hand, leaving the old lady perfectly satisfied with the share she has borne in the dialogue. And now little Mr. Stubbles, commiserating her isolated position, and emboldened by sherry, hazards a remark across the table, to the effect that 'the weather to-day was remarkably cloudy for this time of the year.' The attention of the company is forcibly arrested by her ladyship's loud and irritable interrogative, and poor Mr. Stubbles, in rising confusion, repeats his unfortunate discovery. Again the old lady 'begs his pardon, she did not unite catch what he said;' and the victim, ready to sink with shyness, a third time publishes his meteorological observation. He has at length succeeded in exciting her curiosity, and, leaning back, she desires one of the stately footmen standing behind her chair to fetch her ear-trumpet out of the drawing room. The instrument arrives, and Stubbles is again placed on the rack. I never saw a man blush so blue. The old lady adjusts her acoustic auxiliary with the nicest care, and repeats her inquiry; and when Stubbles, wishing that the earth would yawn and swallow him, has stated, for the fourth time, his observation about the clouds, my well-bred father himself cannot resist a laugh at the 'Humph' of disgust and disappointment with which the old lady receives the washy substitute 'or what she hoped would prove a real 'brant-new bit of news.' That dinner, which my young impatience thought interminable, at length came to a close; and as I was ruminating, half asleep, over my claret, and feigning an interest in the lively poor-law discussion carried on across me, by my neighbors on either side, Major Ramrod and old Hicks, the door opened, and Soames, walking gravely round the table, presented me with an important-looking missive, adorned with a huge official seal; above the address I read, with an indescribable thrill of excitement, the talismanic words, 'On Her Majesty's Service.' The whole thing flashed upon me in an instant, and long ere I had deciphered the former announcement from the adjutant of the 101st Regiment of Foot, informing me that 'the Queen had been graciously pleased to appoint me to an ensigncy in that distinguished corps,' and that he, the adjutant, 'had the honor to remain my obedient humble servant.' I was aware that the transformation had taken place, and the bumper of '19, filled by a mere schoolboy, would be emptied by an officer in Her Majesty's Service. I passed the letter down to my father with an air of military carelessness, and strove to preserve a becoming bearing of unmoved stoicism, during the congratulations that followed from all pres-

vinced I grow two inches during my conversation with this respectful warrior, as I ushered me into the presence of my former correspondent and obedient servant, Lieutenant and Adjutant Tompion, who, with Major O'Toole, the commanding officer, was poring over a large interlined volume in the orderly-room. I took it all in at a glance; the boarded floor, the deal table, the stand for measuring recruits, the extreme bareness of walls and furniture, the few articles of necessity, looking, as in fact they were, capable of being packed up in five minutes, the only litter consisting of two or three single-sticks, a pattern knapsack, and the orderly-room clerk, a sort of knight-templar—half warrior and half scribe. From these my astonished eyes travelled over the persons of commanding officer and adjutant; the former a jolly looking round little man, close-shaved and clean, in most unmistakable plain clothes, having nothing military-looking about him; the latter a quaint weather-beaten officer, with enormous hands and feet, clad in a thread-bare blue coat, and much worn pair of scales, without sword or sash, or any offensive weapon, save a stupendous pair of brass spurs, and whose duty seemed to consist in keeping one of his huge fingers pressed on the folio before him, and agreeing cordially with the major in all his proposals.

'O Mr Grand!' says the Major; 'how do you do, sir? We expected you yesterday. Hope you have had a pleasant journey. Tompion you wrote to Mr. Grand to say when he was to join?'

'Yes, sir; I wrote to inform Mr. Grand his leave would be out on the 81st.'

I apologized for the mistake, saying I understood I was not to join till the 1st.

'Never mind,' said the Major; 'when you have been with us a little longer, you will find out we always get as much leave as we can, so you have only begun on the usual system. But I see my horses waiting. Good morning, Mr. Grand; we shall see you at mess, at half-past seven; no occasion to come in uniform, as I suppose your baggage is only just arrived. We shall not trouble you much with drill for a day or two, till you are fairly settled. Tompion, you will show Mr. Grand his quarters, and anything worth seeing about the barracks; I leave him in your hands. Good morning!' and the jolly major swaggered off for his afternoon ride.

'Come,' thought I, 'these are very pleasant people I have got amongst; I think I shall like it. And now to see what sort of a fellow Lieutenant and Adjutant John Tompion is.' Accordingly as I walked across the barrack-yard with my new acquaintance, I endeavored, by asking him a few questions as to the customs of the service, to gain some little insight into my new profession; but no; Tompion, though an excellent adjutant, and as steady a drill as ever overlooked the 'awkward squad,' blundering through the 'goose-step,' had not an idea beyond his own duty, and that of the sergeant-major. I gave him a capital cigar, one of the lot that I had brought from Hudson, for the express purpose of joining with, and I thought he was disposed to look upon me in a more favorable light after this demonstration; but it was with a sort of dull surprise, as that of one who should see a child unbreeched handling a dice-box, or Tom Thumb struggling with an eighteen-foot salmon-rod; and I have no doubt that I must have appeared a mere baby in the veteran eyes of Lieutenant Tompion, who had been twenty-five years in the service, wrking his way, without friends or purchase-money, up to his present position. Be that as it may, he seemed relieved to hand me over to the attention of the quarter-master, a much fatter and more communicative individual, to whose good nature and activity I owed the comfort of getting my things unpacked, and my brant-new goods and chattels shaken down, for the first time, in my own barrack-room.

'Dandy' Grand, as I had been at Eton, and still was, never in my life was my toilet for the dinner-table more carefully arranged than on that day. Boy as I was, I had shrewdness enough to know the advantage of first impressions; and I felt that from that evening I must take my position in the regiment I had entered. Accordingly, as I walked across the barrack-yard to what was termed the 'little mess-room'—the apartment in which the officers met before dinner—I glanced down at my neat and well-ranged toilet, and congratulated myself on having hit off the happy medium between tupperry and carelessness that was most appropriate to a man-party. Long ere half the introduction to my new comrades were completed, the bugles marshalled us into dinner with the appropriate air of 'The Roast Beef of Old England;' and it was with a most confused notion of the different individuals, owning the names of Smith, Brown, Guthrie, Random, Captain Levasser, and Dr. Squirt, that I took my place for the first time at the mess of the 101st Foot.

Cordiality, mirth, and jollity reigned paramount; later in the evening, perhaps, there was a shade of 'tippy revelry'; but in the presence of Major O'Toole, who sat at the right hand of Ensign Spooner, president for the week, and who told some most marvel-

the master-brow—'to on, sir, propo-
Fullback grow—'to on, sir, propo-
proposition. If at him, melodious min-
-tril of Home's palmest days!—' Sit down,
-ir' put him in the bill—next boy go on.'
And the unfortunate Bullock major embarks
in the same boat with Bussler and my-
self.

All these were glorious days, notwith-
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ment of which I have spent so much time
and trouble, that would have been far better
bestowed on the cultivation of the inner por-
tion of my skull. My father, Sir Peregrine
Grand, of Haverley Hall, was what is em-
phatically called a gentleman 'of the old
school': that is to say, his weaknesses were
those of drinking a great deal of port at a
sitting, swarming considerably even in ladies'
society, and taking an inordinate quantity of
snuff; but then he was adorned with all the
shining virtues that so distinguished this
same 'old school.' He eschewed cigar-smok-
ing as a vice filthy in the extreme. His
mortals were as loose as those of his neigh-
bors, but his small-clothes were a great deal
tighter. He had his hair dressed by his
valet regularly every morning—and then he
knew his position so well, and he took care
every one else should know it too. Never-
theless, though an ill-judging, he was an in-
dulgent father to me; and I do believe his
dearest wishes were centred in myself, his
only child. Not that he thought much of
my morals or my intellect, but he took care
that I should be a good horseman and an
unerring shot; and as some fathers would
wish their children to be distinguished in the

after year a goodly rent-roll was diminishing,
and a fine property alienating itself from its
natural possessor? Come what might, Sir
Peregrine must have three servants out of
livery, to say nothing of a multitude of giants
in plush and powder. Though he seldom or
never got upon a horse, the stables must be
filled with a variety of animals, good, bad,
and indifferent. Hating standing about in
the cold more than anything, he was not by
any means a constant attendant at Newmar-
ket; and when there, wished himself any-
where else in the world; but that was no
reason why every list of acceptances, for
every doubtful event on the Turf, should not
be adorned by the name of one of his race-
horses, selected from a string which he never
saw, but of whose length he might judge by
that of his trainer's bill. One of my first
scrapes as a boy was not remembering how
'Euclid was bred, having contemned that
gallant animal with a mathematician of the
same name. As for going out in a carriage
with less than four horses, Sir Peregrine
would rather have walked, gout and
ail, than compromised 'his position' by
such a proceeding; and as all his ideas with
regard to dinners, entertainments, house-
keeping, &c., were upon the same scale, it
would have required, indeed, the fortune of
a millionaire to support this style of magni-
ficence.

From my father's increasing indolence as
he grew into years, the management of the
shooting and the stables came into my hands
at an age when the achievements of most
boys are limited to an occasional rabbit
slaughtered by favoritism with the keeper's
gun, or a stolen ride on the unwilling pony,
that goes to the post, carries the game, and
does the odd jobs; but long ere I had mount-
ed the tailed coat and stiff cravat of the in-
cipient manhood, I knock over wild partrid-
ges right and left, and ride my own line to a
pack of fox-hounds, as well as many who, al-
though double my age, had perhaps less ex-
perience in these accomplishments. Before
I left Eton, I used to make my own horses,
as the term is; and as my father never
grudged me anything I desired, in the way
of extravagance, I had but to gain over the
trainer, to obtain as a gift any of his thor-
ough-bred horses, that in our united wisdom
we should choose to condemn as too slow for
racing. I always found this species of re-
quest, as involving no immediate outlay of
ready money, to be granted most willingly;
and it was after a gift of this description that
I sallied forth one morning in early spring
for the purpose riding a four-year-old, fresh
from Newmarket, over every fence that
should come in my way and thereby perfect-
ing him as a hunter against the ensuing sea-
son. Oh! the delight of a glorious gallop
over grass, on a fine morning, the easy swing
of the free-going animal beneath you, to
which every muscle and joint of the horse-
man instinctively adapts itself; the fresh and
exhilarating breeze, created by the rapid mo-
tion; the constant change of scene as you
scour along over upland and meadow; the
'middle-distance,' as painters call it, wheel-
ing into ever-varying beauty; then the re-
flective flattery, reciprocated by the flying
pair; the 'how well I ride you, and how
well you carry me;' the association of ideas,
and recollections of the many good runs you
have seen, and the many more you hope to
see, if you are a hunting man,—as, ten to
one, if you really enjoy this sort of thing,
you are,—all this makes a morning gallop
one of the pleasantest sensations experienced
by youth and health; and it was with a full
appreciation of its delights that I sent the
four-year-old along on the morning in ques-
tion, solitary, and, as I thought, unseen. I
sped my flight like a sea-bird on the wing.
Everything was most successful at first; my
young horse was in the best of humors, and
appeared to enjoy his lesson as much as his
instructor. We bounded over the park-rails
like a deer; we disposed of the Ha-ha—an
ugly obstacle enough, in our stride;
we went in and out of the rough, tangled,
double-edge, that skirted the plantation on

As we rode into the grounds, I commu-
nicated to my companion the desire I had long
entertained of entering her Majesty's service;
and ere we reached the Hall, the old officer,
who had taken a great fancy to me in con-
sequence of the exploit he had so unexpect-
edly witnessed, made me a faithful promise
that he would use all his influence with my
father to induce him to consent to my leav-
ing Eton immediately and entering the
army, and that his own interest, which was
great at the Horse Guards, should be strenu-
ously exerted to procure me a commission.

His visit produced the wished-for effect,
and instead of returning to Eton, I remained
at home, nothing loth, as may be supposed.
It was barely a month after the General's
visit that his promises were redeemed, and
his exertions on my behalf crowned with
success. I shall not easily forget the day;
it was one of our large dinner parties, when
the host of country neighbors came flocking
to Haverley, like eagles to the slaughter. My
father was very great during these solemn-
ities, and royalty itself could not be more
magnificently condescending than was Sir
Peregrine to his humbler guests. These
dinners, like the tide, and other important
evolutions of Nature, depended chiefly on
the moon, as our roads, like all country
highways and by-ways, were most execrable,
and the different tea-boys and helpers, who
officiated as body-coachmen on these occa-
sions, were apt to diverge into fancy driving,
after their liberal potations of Haverley ale,
heaven knows how many 'strike to the
bushel,' to use a professional term for ex-
treme potency. Then in order that the
'convives' might get home before 'morn-
ing should appear,' dinner was ordered at
six precisely, at which hour the good folks
would punctually assemble to go through
agonies of shyness by daylight in the draw-
ing-room. On the day in question, my
father appeared earlier than usual in that
apartment, and I saw by the care with which
he was dressed, and his determination to be
ready to receive his company—for the ear-
liest guests had not yet arrived—that the
character of courteous host has to be acted
to perfection. He was still a fine looking
man, though bent and shrunk, and must
have been very handsome in his youth. His
thin white hair was powdered, and his deep
white neckcloth folded with a precision it
had cost his valet twenty years to acquire.
His black pantaloons fitted tightly as a
glove on those well turned limbs, which had
not yet lost their grace and symmetry. He
was still vain of his foot, and huge bunches
of black ribbon, tying the low out
shoe, made its proportions appear even
finer than those which Nature had accord-
ed. A voluminous white waistcoat covering
a portly figure—for still the waist increases
as the shoulders fall—and an enormous frill,
completed my father's 'get up.' And as he
stepped forward from the hearth-rug, to wel-
come Mrs. Pottingden, the doctor's lady, with
the air of a sovereign receiving a princess, he
looked what he really was—a gentleman of
the old school.

Mrs. Pottingden wore a turban, and was
mightily afraid of my father. She rejoiced
in six daughters, who went out two by two;
and these were the two gawky ones.

My father says he is 'glad to see Mrs. Pot-
tingden looking so well, and her charming
girls'; and being slightly deaf, does not hear
the good lady's reply, that 'the weather is
beautiful,' and 'Averley,' as she calls it,
'looking charmingly as she came up the ap-
proach'; for the sound of wheels going
round to the stable is again heard, and our
most pompous of butlers announces 'Major
and Mrs. Ramrod! and Miss Arabella Ram-
rod!' and the same salutations are again
exchanged, with this difference, that the new
arrivals vote the weather cold and disagree-
able, and ask after Sir Peregrine's gout. The
latter inquiry is high treason, only Mrs. R.
had forgotten it was so; but my father is
courtesy and blandness itself, for the sound
of wheels is continually heard from every
description of vehicle—landau, chariot,

and commiseration upon her countenance
which is perfectly irresistible.

Sir Peregrine, though pompous, is seldom
at fault, and he cleverly diverts his conver-
sation to his fair neighbour on the other
hand, leaving the old lady perfectly satisfied
with the share she has borne in the dialogue.
And now little Mr. Stubbles, commiserating
her isolated position, and emboldened, by
sherry, hazards a remark across the table, to
the effect that 'the weather to-day was re-
markably cloudy for this time of the year.'
The attention of the company is forcibly ar-
rested by her ladyship's loud and irritable
interrogative, and poor Mr. Stubbles, in ris-
ing confusion, repeats his unfortunate dis-
covery. Again the old lady 'begs his par-
don, she did not unite catch what he said';
and the victim, ready to sink with shyness,
a third time publishes his meteorological
observation. He has at length succeeded in
exciting her curiosity, and, leaning back, she
desires one of the stately footmen standing
behind her chair to fetch her ear-trumpet
out of the drawing room. The instrument
arrives, and Stubbles is again placed on the
rack. I never saw a man blush so blue. The
old lady adjusts her acoustic auxiliary with
the nicest care, and repeats her inquiry:
and when Stubbles, wishing that the earth
would yawn and swallow him, has stated,
for the fourth time, his observation about
the clouds, my well-bred father himself can-
not resist a laugh at the 'Humph' of dis-
gust and disappointment with which the
old lady receives the washy substitute for
what she hoped would prove a real 'bran-
new bit of news.' That dinner, which my
young impatience thought interminable, at
length came to a close; and as I was rumin-
ating, half asleep, over my claret, and feign-
ing an interest in the lively poor-law discus-
sion carried on across me, by my neighbors
on either side, Major Ramrod and old Hicks,
the door opened, and Soanes, walking
gravely round the table, presented me with
an important-looking misive, adorned with
a huge official seal; above the address I
read, with an indescribable thrill of excite-
ment, the talismanic words, 'On Her Ma-
jesty's Service.' The whole thing flashed
upon me in an instant, and long ere I had
deciphered the former announcement from
the adjutant of the 101st Regiment of Foot,
informing me that 'the Queen had been
graciously pleased to appoint me to an en-
signy in that distinguished corps,' and that
he, the adjutant, 'had the honor to remain
my obedient humble servant.' I was aware
that the transformation had taken place,
and the bumper of '19, filled by a mere
schoolboy, would be emptied by an officer
in Her Majesty's Service. I passed the let-
ter down to my father with an air of military
carelessness, and strove to preserve a becom-
ing bearing of unmoved stoicism, during the
congratulations that followed from all pres-
ent. They drank my health, and success to
me in my profession; and I went to bed
that night feeling more thoroughly 'the
soldier,' than any veteran that ever obtain-
ed his long expected medal as a receipt in
full for the wounds and dangers of a hundred
fights.

A gallant and distinguished regiment was
the 101st Foot, and a well-drilled and effi-
cient depot did they possess, then quartered
in the north of Scotland, the regiment itself
being scattered over some five hundred
miles of frontier in Canada West; and as I
drove into the barrack-gates, and marked
the alert sentry, the lounging guard, and the
smart non-commissioned officers hurrying
about, my Eton impudence was impressed
with a feeling of respect for my future corps;
and with a bashfulness the fifth form had
not totally eradicated, I walked up to a tall
erect sergeant, who was pacing to and fro
on the parade, and requested to be informed
which were the adjutant's quarters. His
quick eye detected my name on the port-
manteau, then being lifted off my post-
chaise, and ere he replied, he drew himself
up still more, and saluted his officer. That
salute made a man of me; and I am con-

'Come,' thought I, 'these are very plea-
sant people I have got amongst; I think I
shall like it. And now to see what sort of a
fellow Lieutenant and Adjutant John Tompion
is.' Accordingly as I walked across the bar-
rack-yard with my new acquaintance, I en-
deavored, by asking him a few questions as
to the customs of the service, to gain some
little insight into my new profession; but
no; Tompion, though an excellent adjutant,
and as steady a drill as ever overlooked the
'awkward squad,' blundering through the
'goose-step,' had not an idea beyond his own
duty, and that of the sergeant-major. I gave
him a capital cigar, one of the lot that I had
bought from Hudson, for the express pur-
pose of joining with, and I thought he was
disposed to look upon me in a more favor-
able light after this demonstration; but it
was with a sort of dull surprise, as that of one
who should see a child unbreeched handling
a dice-box, or Tom Thumb struggling with
an eighteen-foot salmon-rod; and I have no
doubt that I must have appeared a mere
baby in the veteran eyes of Lieutenant Tom-
pion, who had been twenty five years in the
service, wracking his way, without friends or
purchase-money, up to his present position.
Be that as it may, he seemed relieved to
hand me over to the attention of the quar-
ter-master, a much fatter and more com-
municative individual, to whose good nature
and activity I owed the comfort of
getting my things unpacked, and my bran-
new goods and chattels shaken down, for
the first time, in my own barrack-room.

'Dandy' Grand, as I had been at Eton,
and still was, never in my life was my toilet
for the dinner-table more carefully arranged
than on that day. Boy as I was, I had
shrewdness enough to know the advantage
of first impressions; and I felt that that
evening I must take my position in the regi-
ment I had entered. Accordingly, as I
walked across the barrack-yard to what was
termed the 'little mess-room'—the apart-
ment in which the officers met before dinner
—I glanced down at my neat and well-ar-
ranged toilet, and congratulated myself on
having hit off the happy medium between
toppery and carelessness that was most ap-
propriate to a man-party. Long ere half
the introduction to my new comrades were
completed, the bngles marshalled us into
dinner with the appropriate air of 'The
Roast Beef of Old England'; and it was with
a most confused notion of the different indi-
viduals, owning the names of Smith, Brown,
Guthrie, Random, Captain Levanter, and
Dr. Squirt, that I took my place for the first
time at the mess of the 101st Foot.

Cordiality, mirth, and jollity reigned para-
mount; later in the evening, perhaps, there
was a shade of 'tipsy revelry'; but in the
presence of Major O'Toole, who sat at the
right hand of Ensign Spooner, president for
the week, and who told some most marvel-
lous stories to his admiring audience, every-
thing was conducted within the bounds of
propriety. Constant were the calls—'Mr.
Grand, the pleasure of a glass of wine,'—
'Grand, a glass of wine with you'; and as
all those convivial challenges had to be re-
plied, and my new comrades pledged in his
standard mess-wine, strong port and sherry,
a more seasoned brain than mine might be
excused for owning, in a slight degree, the
influence of so many bumpers as I was
obliged to quaff.

Some of the officers, then quartered at the
depot, had seen a good deal of service in In-
dia, the Peninsula, and elsewhere; and after
Major O'Toole had taken his departure,
which he forbore from doing until we had
swallowed an infinity of his wonderful anec-
dotes, and he his full share of 'Prince Ro-
gent's allowance'—as a certain quantity of the
mess-wine is termed—a chosen few of us
gathered round the fire, and ordering a
fresh supply of port, proceeded to make our-
selves comfortable for an extraordinary sit-
ting in honor of a new companion-in-arms.

(To be Continued.)

THROWING THE BOOMERANG.

A traveller tells us something of the singular weapon, the boomerang, used by the natives of Australia. They ranged from two feet to thirty-eight inches in length, and were of various shapes, all curled a little, and looking as he describes them, like a wooden new moon. They were made of a dark heavy wood, and weigh from one to three pounds. In thickness they vary from half an inch, and taper to a point at each end.

One of the natives picked up the piece of wood, and posing it an instant threw it, giving it a rotary motion. For the first one hundred feet or more it went straight ahead. Then it tacked to the left, and rose slightly, still rotating rapidly. It kept this latter course for a hundred feet more, perhaps, but soon veered to the left again, describing a broader curve, and a moment later fell to the ground six or eight feet in front of the thrower, having described nearly a circle in the air.

Another native then took the same boomerang and cast it, holding it with the same grip. It took the same course but made broader curves, and as it came round the black caught it handsomely in the right hand.

Another native next throw it, and lodged it on the ground about twenty feet behind him, after he had described a circle of 200 yards or upwards. After him they all tried it, and but one of them failed to bring the weapon back to the spot where they stood.

Cariboo, a native, then selected from the heap of boomerangs another one, and cast it with a sort of jerk. It flew very quickly for forty or fifty yards, whirling like a top. Then it darted into the air, mounting fully one hundred feet, and came over our heads, where it seemed to hang stationary for a moment, then settle slowly, still whirling, till he caught it. Two others of the blacks then did the same thing.

Meanwhile I had with my knife hewed a little of the wood from the convex side of the boomerang. This I now offered to one of the natives to throw. He took it without noticing what I had done, poised it, but stopped short, and with a contemptuous glance at my improvement, threw it down and exclaimed, "Balo drudgerly!" (no good).

The others then looked at it cautiously but it was a hale drudgerly with them also, no one could be induced to throw it.

Myers asked them why they did not use it, but they could not give a definite answer. It was plain they did not like the way it poised when held in the hand, yet I could not distinguish any difference whatever between this and the other weapons.

Burleigh then walked to a distance of 200 feet or more from the blacks, and Cariboo threw to them. The native looked at him a moment rather curiously, then comprehending what was wanted, he selected one of the heaviest of the missiles, and turning round, threw it with great force in a direction almost opposite from that where Burleigh stood.

The weapon sped smartly for 60 or 70 feet then tacked in an instant and flew directly at Burleigh, and had he not most expeditiously ducked, he would have received a hard blow, if nothing more. It struck this ground about 20 paces beyond. The feat brought out a broad grin and something like a chuckle from the whole of them. Cariboo even intimated that he would like to try another cast, but Burleigh expressed himself fully satisfied.

Mr. Smith, however, offered to take a shot but not at too short a range. We were standing in front of one of the storehouses. Cariboo placed Smith in front of the door and stood with his back to him, with Smith's hand on his shoulder.

None of us knew what sort of manoeuvre he had in mind, not even Myers. Standing in his position, the black threw the boomerang straight ahead. Immediately it curved in the air. Then it disappeared around the corner of the building, and before we had time to guess what was meant, it came around the other end, having passed completely around the storehouse, and gave him a sounding slap on the back, which made his eyes snap.

THE HUNTING MANIA IN ENGLAND.

We may here notice one of the most anomalous features of hunting etiquette, which consists in this, that if a man does not hunt at all, hunting men do not consider his conduct strange; but, should he hunt only once a week, they look upon his doing so as a sort of disgrace. They seem to imagine that, if any one hunts, he would certainly like to hunt at least four days a week, and that his not doing so arises either from stinginess or from the slothfulness of his purse. Some men are miserable if they cannot make up the quota of days hunting every week which they consider sufficient. Five days' hunting, and a considerable sense of fatigue will not prevent them from going a long distance,

THE PHYSIQUE OF CANADIANS.

(From Rowan's "Emigrant and Sportsman in Canada.")

A comparison between the climate of the United States and Canada, as exemplified by the physique and appearance of the people, is very strongly in favor of the latter climate. A climate suitable to the forest, as we have seen, is also that one most suitable to the growth of grasses and to the health of cattle. It is also most favorable to man, who appears to benefit by a certain amount of humidity in the atmosphere as much as the forest tree. Thus the natives of the forest regions in North America are robust and ruddy, while those of the prairie and treeless regions are lanky and yellow. The world cannot produce finer specimens of manhood than are to be met with in the backwoods of Canada, more especially in the lumber districts. Canadian-born men are, if anything, taller than the Old Country people, and less fleshy; they are hardy, robust and vigorous, presenting a very striking contrast to their next neighbors.

Although the colonies are better known and more thought about in the Old Country than they were a short time ago, still there is a certain amount of mist to be cleared away. Untravelled and unthinking Englishmen are apt to suppose that because the two countries lie side by side in the map of the New World, separated through many degrees by only an imaginary boundary line, that therefore the citizens of Canada and of the United States must be almost identical in physique, appearance, habits, character, and so on. There cannot be a greater mistake. Canadians are simply Englishmen who have been taken out of the nursery and transplanted into a new field. As the strongest plants are generally chosen by the gardener for planting out, so in emigration it is generally the men of most strength, spirit, energy and ambition that leave the Old Country to push their fortunes in the new. Conquering the wilderness and making homesteads out of it, is an occupation calculated to stimulate, and not to subdue, those qualities of mind and body, such as self-reliance, energy, patience, on the one hand, and hardness, strength, and activity on the other, which are supposed to be characteristics of Englishmen. There is as much difference between the United States citizen and the Canadian as between the Englishman and the Frenchman. By blood the American of to-day is a strange mixture of all the Old World races—European, Asiatic and African. He is famed and feared all over the world for his cleverness and shrewdness, or 'cuteness.' But even the least observant traveller cannot fail to discover that he has cultivated his brains at the expense of his body. The citizen of the United States has also fought against and conquered the wilderness; but he has done this not with his own strong arms, like the Canadian, but with the hands of the Chinaman, the African and the Irishman.

I suppose in considering the future of the two peoples, an ethnologist would study the women more than men. There is quite a great difference between the American women and the Canadian woman as between the men. American women who have not to work for their living object to any sort of exercise, except, perhaps, dancing. They neither walk nor ride. They go by rail and drive in carriages. They object even to the work of looking after and superintending a house, and on that account prefer to live in hotels. Those who are obliged to work for a living do so as school teachers, as clerks in post offices, in telegraph offices, in shops, in any way in fact where physical exertion can be dispensed with. The American women have perfectly regular, though rather sharp, features, and when very young is undoubtedly very pretty; the bloom, however, rapidly fades away, and she is an old woman at thirty. She has only one, or at most two, children. The Canadian woman is a marked contrast. She is, in appearance, quite the Englishwoman—generally a blonde. Canadian ladies are fully as much addicted to outdoor pursuits and amusements as are English ladies. Even in the depths of winter they have their daily walks or their snowshoeing, tobogganing, or skating parties. Thanks to this more healthy mode of life, to their robust constitutions, and to their healthy climate, they preserve their good looks to the last. As to the poorer women in Canada they have no Chinamen, negroes, or Irishmen to work for them, and so they are compelled to attend to their households and dairies, and this seems to agree well with them. Unlike the Americans, there seems to be no limit to their families and no end to their good looks, and the middle-aged Canadian women (if such an expression can be applied to the fair sex), present as great a contrast to the worn-out and faded American women of a similar unmentionable age as can possibly be imagined.

KANSAS DOGGEREL.

Horse Notes.

LOSS OF VALUABLE COLTS.—Three valuable blooded colts, belonging to James W. Wadsworth, of Genesee, N. Y., met recently with a most remarkable death, caused by licking up the salt on a stone boat on which had been slain a deer which had died of some disease. One of the colts, four years old, was valued at \$4,000.

A colt at Crompton, R.I., three years old, was a fifth foot, which projects from the right fore-leg, just above the ankle. The foot consists of a small, but perfectly developed hoof and ankle. It generally has a shoe on and requires care like the other feet.

PRICE OF GOV. BENTON.—We are informed that the actual price paid to Mr. Charles Robinson by Ex-Gov. Stanford for this famous horse, was \$25,000—the Governor giving Mr. Robinson his check for \$20,000 and five on thousand dollar bills in payment. We make this statement because our correspondent firmly believes it to be true, but we are convinced that the price reported by us last week, \$10,000, is nearer correct.—Spirit.

A TROTTER TEAM OF OXEN.—Dexter, the tamer of bovines, created a great sensation on the streets yesterday, by appearing in a carriage drawn by four milk-white oxen, all in harness and driven tandem. The gay and festive-looking beasts pranced along in fine style—"heads up and tails risin'," as our John would say. Governor Thayer was invited to take a ride, and was driven about for some time by Dexter. Other gentlemen also enjoyed the novelty. Dexter says that either of his oxen can trot a mile in 8:47. He offers to bet any amount of money that he can load a wagon with 4,500 pounds of freight, attach his four oxen, and make better time to Deadwood than any four-horse or mule team with the same load can possibly do.

THE STAGE DEFENDED.

REV. FRED BELL ON THE DRAMA AND ITS CANTING CRITICS.

I have found actors as a rule, both male and female, said the Rev. Fred. Bell in his sermon at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, on Sunday, 21st ult., to be noble, honorable, studious, high toned, benevolent, and exceedingly sensitive, and any one who knows anything about the drama knows that the profession requires a poetic nature which is far removed from coarseness and the animal nature which is essential to sensuality, but death to high art. The ass may put on the lion's skin, but his bray betrays him whether it is on the stage or in the pulpit. If this is true, and it is, the wholesale denunciation of the stage is unjust. The stage is under disadvantage. It is friendless, when we consider that the dramatic forms an element of success both in stage and pulpit. I go further, and say that one might learn of the other. The pulpit would be more effective if it underwent the discipline of the stage, while the stage would be advantaged by the purity and influence of the pulpit. I do really hope that preaching is not considered altogether a profession, though I know a great many preachers have been made to order. We fix up preachers any time, anywhere, no matter what the quality may be. If you will show me a man who has failed as a lawyer, a mechanic, a tradesman, a merchant, a laborer or a farmer, or at selling tea, even, I will show you a man, as a rule, who will fail as a preacher. Show me a successful preacher and I will show you a man who would excel at anything. Preaching would not be powerless if it were more seriously studied from the actors' point of view. Nay, it would be far more effective and grand in its accomplishments, more souls would be saved, people would listen more attentively. There would be no complaining about their audience and no going to sleep, and sinners would be saved by hundreds if we had live men in the pulpit. You remember the reply of Garrick to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who asked the great actor—

"How is it that you gentlemen of the stage can affect your audience so much?"

"Oh, well," said Garrick, "we actors speak of things imaginary as if they were real, while too many in the pulpit speak of things real as if they were imaginary."

This is the great trouble. I think it is a fact that no one will deny that the drama has a foothold and patronage next to the pulpit and the press. You may as well tell the sun not to shine as to hope to stop the drama by denunciation. It will never stop its career, and why? Because there is too strongly developed in man the dramatic element of both tragedy and comedy. Men will have the drama—rest assured of that. It is one of the powers of this present world. It has fought its way to human recognition as an art. It has gained the field in human esteem as an agreeable pastime, and I hold it to be persecution to oppose it further. (Applause). Since this is a fact, and I hold it is, let the pulpit face it. Let it do it manfully, not with unfriendly criticisms, but with intelligence and rational piety. Who is going to deny that the American theatre needs reforming? It does. It needs reforming by the standard of all true lovers of the drama. I know some actors are unfortunate and dissipated and a disgrace to the profession. These are dark spots which are regretted by the majority of actors. I stand

warn the hypocrite. I speak to you who would go to the theatre on any account. Oh, no! you would not be seen in such a place. You would not ride on a car or show yourself on the Sabbath day. Of course not. But I will tell you what you would do. You would damn the reputation of your neighbor by slander or get the better of him to-morrow morning in a business transaction if you could. (Applause). Oh, ye hypocrites! the time will come when your mask shall be torn off and the cloak which has hidden the whitewashed sepulchre shall be taken away. Your corrupt and filthy heart shall be laid bare, and at the judgment day before the men and angels and the all-seeing eye of the Almighty God then shall you understand what the Saviour said when he addressed the hypocrites in His time. "How shall ye escape the condemnation of hell?" If, instead of denouncing the drama, we can help to purify it, by God's help we might succeed then in extending God's kingdom and promoting His glory.

STOCK GAMBLING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Stock gambling in San Francisco is the text for a column of moral reflections in a late number of the Chronicle. The writer says:—"It is a mania in this community—a contagious epidemic, infecting priest and layman, merchant and laborer, mechanic, artisan, and household servant. The stock tarantular sits in his cave, uncovers his web, plots and plans, and, with subtle and ingenious devilry, schemes how he may rob and plunder his fellow-citizens. Everybody knows the danger of the venture, and still every poor, silly fly flutters up in the spider's trap, thinking to steal and sink away. While we have only contempt for the plundering stock-jobber, who thus systematically robs his victims, we have a feeling nearly akin to it for the victim himself. It is a dishonest, dishonorable business, and there is not a single operator, inside or out, who is not impelled by greed or avarice to engage in a pursuit which his conscience and his judgment alike condemn. This stock gambling is ruinous to our people, and is laying broad and deep the foundation of superstructure of crime and disaster to our State and city. It is to make a few disreputable and unscrupulous gamblers rich; it is sweeping away the earnings of thousands, and will leave them in poverty, disheartened and despair. It is destroying the industry of the people; it is sapping the morals of all who engage in it. The merchant, the manufacturer, the artisan, the clerk or laborer who deals in stocks is upon dangerous ground; and the women who dabbles in the dirty pool is upon the brink of moral degradation, if she is not in the depths. The merchant who gambles should be distrusted, the clerk who gambles should be discharged, the woman who gambles should be shunned. If an individual must gamble let him or her skulk into a secret faro den where honest cards are turned, where there is some show of a fair deal, where the player may at least see the game, can shuffle and cut, and on demand can draw the cards; but shun this stock business, which is a one-sided, deliberate swindle—open, undisguised robbery. The diamond drill, the mill where ores are crushed, the timber, the tailings, the chemicals, the water, the machinery, the bullion, the essays, the books, the superintendents, the secretary, the assessments, the dividends—everything above ground and underground—tunnel and incline, shafts and drifts, crosscuts and airholes—all are means of stealing. A pack of playing cards has but fifty-two elements for dishonest combination; but, even adding wax and marks and dexterous manipulations, and the mine will double discount the pasteboards, for in the mining-pack every card is a knave. Our community is just now being milked for the fortieth time. Out of this chaos we shall have a few more mansions for our rich bonanza notables. Nob Hill will be crowned with a few additional palaces; a few more blocks of elevated buildings will be added to our city; a new equipage, with cipher and monogram will roll through our streets, a few shoddy women will figure in our aristocracy of wealth, and the names of a few beery-faced solid men will be added to list of millionaires. In a few days still will rally, and a new crop of fools will gathered to the slaughter when next fool-killer comes this way.

THE POWER OF AN UMPIRE.

A decision of some importance was given by H. J. Stoner, Judge of the Wentworth County Court, England, on Tuesday, December 19, in the case of Brain vs. Wheeler. The defendant was a stakeholder in a sailing match between Job Brain and John Wheeler, rowed on November 16, from Brentford Ferry to Richmond Bridge, for £5 a side, which race Mr. McKenny, the umpire, Brain had won by two lengths; but the partisans of Callis alleged that a foul occurred, which was claimed by him, but disallowed. Ambrose Haynes, who appeared for the defendant, called a number of witnesses, who deposed to witnessing a foul, as they alleged.

MARKET HARBOUROUGH.

How Mr. Sawyer went to the Shires.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MATCH.

I pictured to myself how enchanted "Broadway Swells" would be with Crasher's superb languor and general loquacity. How they would worship him as the "real article" in dandyism, how they would quote his sayings and imitate his nonchalant and how favorable a contrast such an imitation would offer to their normal state of hurry and confusion, particularly about dinner-time. But I wondered what could have taken Crasher there, of all places in the world. Then I mentioned that I had seen nothing of my old friend Sawyer for a considerable period, and indeed had received no intimation of his doings since the steep climb, in which he got so bad a fall.

"Heaven! you heard?" exclaimed Savage. "Why, Sawyer's married, poor fellow! Married pretty Casey Dove, that darning girl who used to look so well on a chestnut horse. You must remember Casey Dove. Why, there's the very horse going up to the trainer with Sawyer's lot. I suppose she's given up riding now—got something else to do."

Sure enough there was the late Mr. Dove's exceedingly clever palfrey, looking fat and in good case, as horses always do when they are "to be sold without reserve." There was Wood-Pigeon, twice his hunting size. There was the brown and the grey, and one I didn't know, and Jack-a-Dandy himself, submitting, not very patiently, to the attentions of a villainous-looking man in dirty white cords, who was coughing him and punching him, and feeling his legs, and narrowly escaped having his brains kicked out for his pains.

I turned to moralize with Savage, but he was gone. You never can speak to anybody in London for more than five minutes together, and I walked out of the yard muttering upon man's weakness and woman's power, on the uncertain tenure by which a bachelor holds his freedom, on the common lot, and how nobody is safe. "In my world," I believed it of Sawyer," I thought, as I turned meditatively into Piccadilly, but then I did not know he had been out gathering votes in a seductive company, with his arm in a sling.

Turning into Sam's Library, with intent to secure a stall at the French play for my niece, I politely awaited the leisure of a very smartly-dressed lady examining the plan of the Opera House, and bending studiously over the same at the counter. Her cavalcade, a thick-set man, attired with considerable splendor, was engrossed in a volume which he had taken up, as it would appear, to read away a long and tedious interval of conversation between his companion and the shopman. The lady looked up first, and under her little white bonnet with its innocent bride-like lilies-of-the-valley, I discovered a pretty dark-eyed face, such as one has heard of many a son of Adam, forgotten by his progenitor's mishaps, into the common lot of matrimony.

"Ain't you ready yet?" she inquired, addressing her cavalier with just the slightest possible turn of asperity, to give piquancy, as it were, to the drops of honey still remaining from the moon. "Ain't you ready, she repeated in a sharper key, perceiving the student so engrossed as to be unconscious of her observation. This time there was more of the vinegar and less of the honey, and he

I shall expect to see you before long, my ing two or three hunters yet, before November.

THE END.

FROZEN BITS FOR HOLSTEIN.

and exclaimed, "Bale drudgery!" (no good).

The others then looked at it cautiously but it was a bale drudgery with them also, no one could be induced to throw it.

Myers asked them why they did not use it, but they could not give a definite answer. It was plain they did not like the way it poised when held in the hand, yet I could not distinguish any difference whatever between this and the other weapons.

Burleigh then walked to a distance of 200 feet or more from the blacks, and Cariboo threw to them. The native looked at him a moment rather curiously, then comprehending what was wanted, he selected one of the heaviest of the missiles, and turning round, threw it with great force in a direction almost opposite from that where Burleigh stood.

The weapon sped smartly for 60 or 70 feet then tacked in an instant and flew directly at Burleigh, and had he not most expeditiously ducked, he would have received a hard blow, if nothing more. It struck the ground about 80 paces beyond. The feat brought out a broad grin and something like a chuckle from the whole of them. Cariboo even intimated that he would like to try another cast, but Burleigh expressed himself fully satisfied.

Mr. Smith, however, offered to take a shot but not at too short a range. We were standing in front of one of the storehouses. Cariboo placed Smith in front of the door and stood with his back to him, with Smith's hand on his shoulder.

None of us knew what sort of manoeuvre he had in mind, not even Myers. Standing in his position, the black threw the boomerang straight ahead. Immediately it curved in the air. Then it disappeared around the corner of the building, and before we had time to guess what was meant, it came around the other end, having passed completely around the storehouse, and gave him a sounding slap on the back, which made his eyes snap.

THE HUNTING MANIA IN ENGLAND.

We may here notice one of the most anomalous features of hunting etiquettes, which consists in this, that if a man does not hunt at all, hunting men do not consider his conduct strange; but, should he hunt only once a week, they look upon his doing so as a sort of disgrace. They seem to imagine that, if any one hunts, he would certainly like to hunt at least four days a week, and that his not doing so arises either from stinginess or from the slenderness of his purse. Some men are miserable if they cannot make up the quota of days' hunting every week which they consider sufficient. Five days' hunting, and a considerable sense of fatigue will not prevent them from going a long distance, and that at considerable personal inconvenience, to hunt on the sixth. And this they do for the sole object of being able to say that they hunt every day. In fact, some men hunt six days a week with the regularity of the tread-mill, and would doubtless hunt on the Sundays also were it possible to do so. We certainly hope that the day may be distant when hunting shall cease to be a national sport; for even when carried to some excess it forms a better pastime for the wealthy than many of the diversions of our continental neighbors; but when we find wives stunted on account of the studs of their husbands, the whole course of society deranged by the reason of hunting arrangements, and the bulk of conversation for months to this one topic, we cannot help wishing that, in the pursuit of our favorite sport, a little of that moderation might be used which is advisable in all things.

A CURE.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, Bible House, New York City. 250-251

of Englishmen. There is as much difference between the United States citizen and the Canadian as between the Englishman and the Frenchman. By blood the American of to-day is a strange mixture of all the Old World races—European, Asiatic and African. He is famed and feared all over the world for his cleverness and shrewdness, or cuteness. But even the least observant traveller cannot fail to discover that he has cultivated his brains at the expense of his body. The citizen of the United States has also fought against and conquered the wilderness; but he has done this not with his own strong arms, like the Canadian, but with the hands of the Chinaman, the African and the Irishman.

I suppose in considering the future of the two peoples, an ethnologist would study the women more than men. There is quite as great a difference between the American woman and the Canadian woman as between the men. American women who have not to work for their living object to any sort of exercise, except, perhaps, dancing. They neither walk nor ride. They go by rail and drive in carriages. They object even to the work of looking after and superintending a house, and on that account prefer to live in hotels. Those who are obliged to work for a living do so as school teachers, as clerks in post offices, in telegraph offices, in shops, in any way in fact where physical exertion can be dispensed with. The American women have perfectly regular, though rather sharp, features, and when very young is undoubtedly very pretty; the bloom, however, rapidly fades away, and she is an old woman at thirty. She has only one, or at most two, children. The Canadian woman is a marked contrast. She is, in appearance, quite the Englishwoman—generally a blonde. Canadian ladies are fully as much addicted to outdoor pursuits and amusements as are English ladies. Even in the depths of winter they have their daily walks or their snow-shoeing, tobogganing, or skating parties. Thanks to this more healthy mode of life, to their robust constitutions, and to their healthy climate, they preserve their good looks to the last. As to the poorer women in Canada they have no Chinamen, negroes, or Irishmen to work for them, and so they are compelled to attend to their households and dairies, and this seems to agree well with them. Unlike the Americans, there seems to be no limit to their families and no end to their good looks, and the middle-aged Canadian women (if such an expression can be applied to the fair sex), present as great a contrast to the worn-out and faded American women of a similar unmentionable age as can possibly be imagined.

KANSAS DOGGEREL.

The Seneca County Courier is responsible for this prosaic rhyme: "Annie has a little dog as black as any crow, and wherever Annie goes her dog is sure to go. On Sundays to the church he goes and sits down by her shoe, and watches Annie play the organ—just like Henry used to do. Last Sunday when the preacher-man had taken off his text, O. H. came bolting in with his little black-and-tan. As soon as Annie's little dog had spied O. H.'s cur, he coiled his tail into a hoop and skooked for his fur. O. H.'s cur is spunky-like, and briffled up for fight—and then the two dogs clenched all in the aisle so gay, and mercy I how they chawed each other, that holy Sabbath day. When Deacon Sambo heard the fuss he clost-ed his book, and in each hand a black-and-tan he vigorously took—and showed them to the door. Now, the moral of this story is, when you come to worship go, please leave your black-and-tan at home—for they always act just so."

Mr. Rickett, Mr. A. Campbell, and Mr. J. Skelding, of North Yarmouth, caught a gray fox and a red one a few days ago. The discovery accounted for the disappearance of so many fat fowls in the neighborhood lately.

I have found actors as well as the female, said the Rev. Fred Ball in his sermon at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, on Sunday, 21st ult, to be noble, honorable, studious, high toned, benevolent, and exceedingly sensitive, and any one who knows anything about the drama knows that the profession requires a poetic nature which is far removed from coarseness and the animal nature which is essential to sensuality, but death to high art. The ass may put on the lion's skin, but his bray betrays him whether it is on the stage or in the pulpit. If this is true, and it is, the wholesale denunciation of the stage is unjust. The stage is under disadvantage. It is friendless, when we consider that the dramatic forms an element of success both in stage and pulpit. I go further, and say that one might learn of the other. The pulpit would be more effective if it underwent the discipline of the stage, while the stage would be advantaged by the purity and influence of the pulpit. I do really hope that preaching is not considered altogether a profession, though I know a great many preachers have been made to order. We fix up preachers any time, anywhere, no matter what the quality may be. If you will show me a man who has failed as a lawyer, a mechanic, a tradesman, a merchant, a laborer or a farmer, or at selling tea, even, I will show you a man, as a rule, who will fail as a preacher. Show me a successful preacher and I will show you a man who would excel at anything. Preaching would not be powerless if it were more seriously studied from the actors' point of view. Nay, it would be far more effective and grand in its accomplishments, more souls would be saved, people would listen more attentively. There would be no complaining about their audiences and no going to sleep, and sinners would be saved by hundreds if we had live men in the pulpit. You remember the reply of Garrick to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who asked the great actor:—"How is it that you gentlemen of the stage can affect your audience so much?"

"Oh, well," said Garrick, "we actors speak of things imaginary as if they were real, while too many in the pulpit speak of things real as if they were imaginary."

This is the great trouble. I think it is a fact that no one will deny that the drama has a foothold and patronage next to the pulpit and the press. You may as well tell the sun not to shine as to hope to stop the drama by denunciation. It will never stop its career, and why? Because there is too strongly developed in man the dramatic element of both tragedy and comedy. Men will have the drama—rest assured of that. It is one of the powers of this present world. It has fought its way to human recognition as an art. It has gained the field in human esteem as an agreeable pastime, and I hold it to be persecution to oppose it further. (Applause). Since this is a fact, and I hold it is, let the pulpit face it. Let it do it manfully, not with unfriendly criticisms, but with intelligence and rational piety. Who is going to deny that the American theatre needs reforming? It does. It needs reforming by the standard of all true lovers of the drama. I know some actors are unfortunate and dissipated and a disgrace to the profession. These are dark spots which are regretted by the majority of actors. I stand here this morning to say that the theatrical profession will compare favorably with any other in the world. Further, I emphatically deny the statement that there is more drunkenness and sensuality in the theatrical profession than in any other. I deny it. (Applause). Stop! Do you wish to have proof? I am making no mistakes. If you will take the trouble to examine the police records you will find the names of as few actors as of any other profession, not even excepting the preachers of the Gospel.

Then, what should be done to reform the theatre? I reply, "Reach down the hand of charity and take it up. Throw around it the safeguards of morality. Takel out of its bad surroundings and Christianize it. Bring it up to the level of itself, make it an auxiliary in the great work of making men better. Make it safe, honorable and thoroughly clean. Let us instruct men in the proper use of it. Let us defend youth against dissipation in the use of either time, morals or money. And so I ask this morning, does the pulpit propose to drag the drama before the tribunal of the Church, and, taking it by the throat, ask for its condemnation? In the language of the Saviour I reply to church members, I reply to ministers of the Gospel, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone." There is more harm done to the cause of Christ and religion by the inconsistency of its professors than all the theatres put together, and in the name of God I

destroying the industry of the people, it is sapping the morals of all who engage in it. The merchant, the manufacturer, the artisan, the clerk or laborer who deals in stocks is upon dangerous ground; and the women who dabbles in the dirty pool is upon the brink of moral degradation, if she is not in the depths. The merchant who gambles should be discharged, the woman who gambles should be shunned. If an individual must gamble let him or her skulk into a secret faro den where honest cards are turned, where there is some show of a fair deal, where the player may at least see the game, can shuffle and cut, and on demand can draw the cards; but shun this stock business, which is a one-sided, deliberate swindle—open, undisguised robbery. The diamond drill, the mill where ores are crushed, the tumber, the tailings, the chemicals, the water, the machinery, the bullion, the essays, the books, the superintendents, the secretary, the assessments, the dividends—everything above ground and underground—tunnel and incline, shafts and drifts, cross-cuts and airholes—all are means of stealing. A pack of playing cards has but fifty-two elements for dishonest combination; but, even adding wax and marks and dexterous manipulations, and the mine will double discount the pasteboards, for in the mining-pack every card is a knave. Our community is just now being milked for the fortieth time. Out of this chaos we shall have a few more mansions for our rich bonanza nobles. Nob Hill will be crowned with a few additional palaces; a few more blocks of elevated buildings will be added to our city; a new equipage, with cipher and monogram will roll through our streets, a few shoddy women will figure in our aristocracy of wealth, and the names of a few beery-faced solid men will be added to the list of millionaires. In a few days still will rally, and a new crop of fools will gathered to the slaughter when next fool-killer comes this way.

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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 sterner 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 Bishops College and College of Industry, Montreal.

upon that weakness and woman's place on the uncertain tenure by which a father holds his freedom, on the common lot, and how nobody is safe. "I never would have believed it of Sawyer," in the gut, as I turned meditatively into the night, but then I did not know he had been our gathering votes in a seductive company, with his arm in a sling.

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I shall expect to hear of Sawyer's buying two or three hunters yet, before November.

THE END.

FROZEN BITS FOR HORSES' MOUTHS.

The following is from the Boston Herald: "Let anyone who has the care of a horse these cold, frosty mornings, deliberately grasp in his hand a piece of iron, indeed, let him touch it to the tip of his tongue, and then let him thrust the bit into the mouth of his horse, if he has the heart to do it. The horse is an animal of nervous organization. His mouth is formed of delicate glands and tissues. The temperature of the blood is the same as in the human being, and, as in man, the mouth is the warmest part of the body. Imagine, we repeat, the irritation that would be caused to the human, and consider that, if not to the same degree, still the suffering to the poor animal is very great. And it is not a momentary pain. Food is eaten with difficulty, and the irritation repeated day after day causes loss of appetite and loss of strength. Many a horse has become worthless from no other cause than this. Before India rubber bits were to be had, I myself used a bit covered with leather, and on no account would have dispensed with it in freezing weather."

A committee of Nevada miners are codifying the laws of poker.



The Gentleman's Journal

TORONTO, FRIDAY, FEB. 2, 1877.

P. COLLINS & CO., PROPRIETORS.
OFFICE, No. 90 KING-ST. WEST.

All Communications intended for the "Sporting Times" should be addressed P. COLLINS & CO., Sporting Times Office—and not to any of our employees. This will avoid any delay.

Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers, &c., of Amusements, and Managers and Secretaries of Racing Associations, Shooting Clubs, Athletic, Base Ball and Cricket Clubs, &c., &c.,

Are respectfully informed, that all Correspondents of the SPORTING TIMES are supplied with a card of a YELLOW color, with the name of the city or town and correspondent, signed by the proprietors of this paper, with a punch stamp of a horse's head upon the right upper corner, and dated January 1st, 1877, each card running for three months. No person is authorized to use any other credential on our behalf. Managers will save themselves from imposition by demanding an exhibition of said card, and refusing to accept any excuse whatever for its non-production. The card is not transferable; and if it be presented by any person other than the one whose name it bears, managers and others will retain it and mail it to this office.

Persons applying for the position of Correspondent are respectfully requested to consider ST. LENCH A NEGATIVE.

DATES CLAIMED FOR 1877.

AMERICAN.

Medina, N.Y.	June 5 to 7
Freeport, Ill.	May 29 to June 1
Cleveland, O.	July 24 to 27
Springfield, Mass.	July 24 to 27
Buffalo, N.Y.	July 31 to Aug. 3
Freeport, Ill.	July 31 to Aug. 3
Rochester, N.Y.	2d week in Aug.
Prophetstown, Ill.	2d " "
Tiskilwa, Ill.	2d " "
Utica, N.Y.	3d " "
Earlville, Ill.	4th " "

CANADIAN.

Whitby	May 24
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IOE RACES.

Prescott	Feb. 6 to 8
Lindsay	Feb. 7 to 8
Trenton, Ont.	Feb. 14 to 15
Ottawa	Feb. 15 to 17
Brighton	Feb. 20 to 21
Bell Ewart	Feb. 22 to 23

ENTRIES CLOSE.

Ottawa	Feb. 12
Trenton	Feb. 13
Brighton	Feb. 19
Prescott	Feb. 8

Correspondents and others will remember the change of our office, No. 90 King-St. West, Toronto, is our present address.

RINGERS.

This season, as in former years, it appears that winter gatherings are to be dispensed

Pt. Perry intruder is not likely to be a source of trouble to any more of our associations this winter, but a good lookout should be kept for the Indianapolis ringer, as it is quite possible the little game at St. Catharines will be attempted in other sections if anything like favorable opportunities should occur. This ringing in business is one of the most contemptible species of robbery that can be perpetrated on the public, and is undeserving of any sympathy. It works incalculable injury to Clubs, and is the cause of more trouble and vexation than all other causes combined.

It is satisfactory to know that the western entry was so early discovered, and at the Woodbine Meeting was obliged to make his nomination in the proper class—the free-for-all—where he would meet horses of his own calibre of speed. And having been thus early caught in his transgression, subsequent attempts will be made more difficult, as the horse, after this week, will be pretty well known to horsemen in this country.

For years the records of Canadian racing have been most imperfectly kept, and the classing of many of the horses with a certainty is a matter of considerable difficulty. In too many instances the reports of races are not given due publicity, and the permanency of their history is not increased by the slipshod manner in which many secretaries of Associations transact their business. The record of a race, if any is kept at all, is indited on a waste sheet of paper and thrown to one side, instead of being carefully preserved for future reference. This subject has been referred to before, and the officials of our Associations have been repeatedly and urgently solicited to send summaries of their meetings to this office for publication, where they would find a place of permanent record. This small favor bestowed on us would be of immense value to the racing public, as its evidence, as furnished by the proper official, would be indisputable of the facts, and would form a reference which could not be gainsaid. The value of such a summary, furnished by a rural club to us last season, was prominently brought out last week. Without breaking the bonds of privacy of a communication sent to us, we can give a statement of its contents. The writer of it had purchased a short time ago a horse, which he claims he thought had no record better than 8:00. In his locality ice races were in contemplation, and he felt anxious to trot this horse in the slower classes. He was well aware the horse had been before used for track purposes, but assumed to be unaware of his performances. He requested us to furnish him with the record of the horse, and mildly intimated if the time was a little under 8:00, such as 2:56 to 2:58, we might raise it a few seconds and make it 8:00 or 8:01, so as to enable him to compete in the 8:00 class.

Upon looking up the races we knew the horse had been engaged in, it was found he had something below 2:50 attached to his credit. This his owner was informed of, and after this notice, will, we think, hardly undertake to place him where he does not belong. The request to raise his record is about the coolest piece of business we have ever met in our journalistic experience, and we only regret the rules of business will not allow us to couch this paragraph in a direct manner. However, we fancy there will be no danger from this gentleman after seeing this intimation. The letter is a piece of impudence, with which, in comparison, Waiton Stray in Brass sinks into the most utter insignificance.

Upon looking over the doings of horses which have been brought from the other side and rung-in in races here, it is doubtful, if taken on the whole, that they have been successes. Within our own knowledge we know of several which have proved costly experiments to their introducers and owners. Some of the horses had not been worked on ice, and although possessing great speed on turf, were found to go back wonderfully in the winter. Again, others of them have gone severely lame, from which their recovery was very tedious, where permanent injury was not inflicted. Some less fortunate have met with painful accidents, entailing an almost complete loss of the animal, while one at least, a very valuable mare, met with a violent and almost instantaneous death from a colic.

were speeding preparatory to scoring for the race, and Aurora Boy was coming the other way at a fast pace. The two first named widened out to give him a chance to get through, but the Boy was pulled off to one side and came in collision with Clarion. His driver, Mr. Tumbleton, was thrown out and the horse got away, and when captured it was found an artery in one of his hind legs was severed, and the blood flowed profusely. It was thought he would bleed to death before the artery could be secured. The flow of blood, however, was stayed, and there is a possibility of the horse's recovery, although, it is doubtful if he will ever be fit to be used for speed purposes again. Besides the cut mentioned, he was banged up about the legs by the cutter striking against them. Aurora Boy was a "dark" horse, and is supposed to have been brought in from the States to campaign the winter meetings. His controllers are reticent about his antecedents, and our informant was unable to gain any point which might lead to his identification. Lady Clarion, fortunately, escaped without any injury. Her driver, Clarkson, had his back severely wrenched in his efforts to control his charge, but he anticipates nothing serious.

FIELD JOURNALS AS A MEDIUM FOR ADVERTISING.

The Rod and Gun, a popular N.Y. field paper, thus cleverly sums up the advantages possessed by a sporting journal, in the way of advertising, over the general run of newspapers. What is so evident in England, is equally apparent here, though it may take some time for our Canadian business men to find it out. As a permanent means of advertising, there can be little question in stating that a sporting paper can claim a superiority over any other vehicle. Usually they are thoroughly read, and then carefully filed away for reference. And besides, they have the merit in their power of being placed in the hands of readers whom advertisers could not reach by any other method. The statements submitted by our contemporaries are pertinent to the question, and worthy of consideration.

"We expect the thanks of our sporting contemporaries for calling the attention of the commercial public to the fact that, in London the leading field journals are preferred by business men as the channels through which to reach the purchasing public. The advertisements of the Times and other dailies do not begin to reach the number printed in the journals devoted to field sports and out-of-door pastimes. We find each weekly number of the "Field" for instance, to contain often, in the busy season, twenty-eight four-column pages of nonpareil type, the income from which must be enormous. Indeed, we have been semi-officially informed, unless our memory fails us sadly as to figures, that the net profits of that journal reach £50,000 per annum. Each weekly issue of the British Mail, whose scope is somewhat wider than the Field's, contains forty-eight pages besides supplementary sheets! Bell's Life and the Sporting Gazette, and, indeed, all the kindred papers, have a ponderous line of advertising. This choice of the public is of course based upon experience.

In America the people have not yet fully learned the value of the medium we refer to. The impression has prevailed until recently that the circulation of field journals was confined to turfmen, gunners, and anglers, and that they were useful to no other classes of advertisers than those who dealt in sportsmen's specialties. The premises taken are wholly wrong, and their conclusions are based on fallacious reasoning. The advertiser should start from the point that gentlemen of leisure are most apt to be gentlemen of wealth, and buyers, not only of luxuries, but necessities of life. Men's wants multiply with their means, and advertisements of novelties suggest new wants. There is no class of advertising sheet that begins to be scanned with the scrutiny that a field journal is. Papers of this ilk are read in moments of leisure, as a pastime, and read through and thoroughly, and not hastily glanced at for latest news and thrown aside. They are preserved and filed, and constantly referred to. They are passed from hand to hand; they lie on Club tables, and in Society libraries, so that a 10,000 circulation of a journal of this character is really equal to 50,000 of a daily paper.

DEATH OF BLENKIRON.

This well-known thoroughbred stallion and racehorse died at Mr. D. Tree's farm, near Woodstock, in the County of Oxford, last week. It appears that during the night

was one that is highly valued, and the breeders of Oxford lose the benefits of a good sire in his death. Baron Rothschild, a half-brother of Blenkiron, by Red Eye, was also owned in Canada, and has been doing stock duty in the Western portion of Ontario. This Blenkiron must not be confounded with the Blenkiron by Saunterer, imported by Mr. Withers of New York, in 1870.

PROTECTION OF GAME.

A meeting of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association was held at the Rossin House, Toronto, the other evening. The Secretary stated that eight convictions had been obtained against persons breaking the game and fishery laws. Six saw-mill owners were fined for allowing saw-dust and mill rubbish to be thrown into the stream. The Society employed a detective to catch offenders, and the knowledge of this fact has had a deterring influence on many who have been in the habit of shooting and fishing during the close season. During the coming year the Society intend to prosecute anyone found breaking the laws, and they appeal to sportsmen to support them, and become members of the Society, by paying the small annual fee of \$2; thus enabling them to be in a position to deal with every case brought to their notice. Subscriptions can be sent to the Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. T. Herbert Marsh, Front street.

FOALS FOR STUD BOOK.

Mr S.D. Bruce, publisher of the American Stud Book, takes this opportunity of expressing his thanks to a number of breeders for their promptness in forwarding lists of their young thoroughbred stock for insertion in the third volume of the American Stud Book. Those who have not done so are earnestly requested to make their reports without delay. There are quite a number of foals dropped in 1874, 1875 and 1876, which have never been reported directly, accounts of their foaling having been forwarded through second-hand sources, not always reliable. As it is highly essential that the forthcoming volume of the Stud Book should contain the entire produce of every brood mare, breeders are earnestly requested to furnish the Turf, Field and Farm, New York, with full lists of their young stock without delay, or with a list of their foals not already reported.

Sporting Gossip.

The Chester Park, Cincinnati, Association, held their annual meeting on the 16th ult. Among the officers elected was Mr. John Sullivan, the secretary, an old Toronto youth. The track is being rapidly put in order, and is one of the finest in the Western circuit.

The Medina, N. Y., Association are early in the field with their claim for dates for the incoming season. As a great many Canadian horses usually take part in their programme, it might almost be classed among our Canadian events.

Mr. Currie's bill to prevent betting on elections for members of the Legislature was thrown out on its second reading. A St. Catharines paper says: "Mr. Currie has now but another duty to perform—to pass an Act to prevent unseated members of the House from taking the advantage of bankruptcy laws, before they have paid the protest expenses thrown upon their shoulders."

"How strange," thoughtfully remarks the New York Commercial Advertiser, "that in the Charleston races all the fast horses should have been beaten by a jockey, who, like Balaam, had only an Asteroid."

A little trot was to have taken place at Pembroke yesterday, between some local horses, viz: Minnie, Spot, Bonhomme, and Wild Bill, owners to drive, for a purse of \$100.

Bell Ewart Races are announced for February 22nd and 23rd. This is usually one of the finest of our northern winter meetings.

Gentlemen desirous of purchasing a fast trotting green horse are referred to an advertisement in another column.

A meeting is announced for Prescott on

pronounced her recovery hopeless, and she was shot immediately. Mr. Cluff highly prized the mare, and refused big money for her a short time ago.

The St. Catharines papers say it is reported that a trotting match for \$500 a side is being negotiated between the owners of Alexander and Little Ethan. If it is true, the race will excite some attention.

During the past week the Montreal Horse market has been active. About 100 sales have been reported by the leading houses. The demand is principally for working horses of a fair class, and mostly all are wanted for the American market. Prices rule from \$65 to \$85.

The name "Boy," with the locality of his residence prefixed, will soon get to be a suspicious designation for a trotting horse, in winter races at least.

Mr. Griffith, owner of the horse Grantham, had a narrow escape at the races on the ice, at St. Catharines, on Saturday. He had just driven in after the first heat for the day in the local trot, and was walking toward the stopping point, when Mr. Vandusen's horse ran away, and jumped on Mr. Griffith and his sleigh, smashing the latter into fragments, but fortunately not injuring Mr. Griffith. The horse was cut about the legs, but not seriously hurt.

"Rupert," the Hamilton correspondent of the Mail, in speaking of a three-card monte case before Judge Sinclair, says "that while they played for 'fun' the greenhorn won, but the monte-thrower carried off the laurel when they played for 'keeps.' When speculators do this kind of thing we call it business, but when people without capital do it we call it gambling. We must draw a line somewhere."

A shooting tournament is proposed at St. Catharines next month, when \$200 will be offered in prizes.

FROM HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, N.S., Jan. 24, 1877.

To the Editor of Sporting Times:

DEAR SIR—We are having quite a round of amusement here just now, and we are enjoying the sports that are taking place. What with curling, skating carnivals, &c., &c., we are having a nice time.

We are very anxious that the challenge to Walter Ross of New Brunswick, and Hanlan of your city, by Robert Watson Boyd of England, take place on Bedford Basin, as stated by Boyd in his challenge. This magnificent sheet of water is, as a course for a race, without a rival in the Dominion, and besides, you know we are all Canadians, and as this is the port of Canada no more suitable place could be found.

Our curlers feel rather sore over their late defeat by the St. John Club; but our baseballists expect to "take a rise" out of them next summer.

Our yachtsmen are getting their craft in good trim for the coming season. The Royal Halifax Yacht Club held their annual meeting at the club house, Richmond, yesterday, when, after the election of officers for the ensuing year, it was decided to sail for the Mayor's Cup early in the summer.

Skating carnivals are all the rage just now. One was held at Truro on the 20th ult., which was decidedly a success. Skaters from all parts of the Province crowded the Truro rink, and the affair passed off pleasantly. Another was held at Stellarton yesterday. There were about two hundred skaters and over twelve hundred spectators. This is pronounced the carnival of the season.

The "Blue Nose" curling club of New Glasgow, have again defeated the Truro club by ten points.

A race on the ice at Pictou will take place next Tuesday. Particulars in my next.

The Academy of Music continues to draw crowded houses, and well it may considering the many novelties put on the stage. Mr. Nannery, the manager, spares neither pains nor trouble to please the Halifax public, and he has earned for himself a brilliant reputation as a successful manager. The company is one of the best that ever came to this city, and have already become favorites. Among the ladies may be mentioned, Miss Florence Noble (leading lady), Miss Lizzie May Ulmer, Mrs. Penoyer, and the Mesdames Eglew (Zadie & Leonora); the latter is, very good indeed, and an ornament to the profession. The most prominent of the actors are, J. E. Grimmer, leading gentleman; Belvil Ryan, low comedy; and W. S. Harkins. On Friday was played New Men & Old

Brooklyn, N. Y. 2d week in Aug.
 Proprietary, Ill. 2d " "
 Tuskwa, Ill. 2d " "
 Utica, N. Y. 3d " "
 Earlville, Ill. 4th " "

CANADIAN.

Whitby.....May 24

ICE RACES.

PrescottFeb. 6 to 8
 LindsayFeb. 7 to 8
 Trenton, Ont.Feb. 14 to 15
 OttawaFeb. 16 to 17
 Brighton.....Feb. 20 to 21
 Bell Ewart.....Feb. 22 to 23

ENTRIES CLOSE.

OttawaFeb. 12
 TrentonFeb. 13
 BrightonFeb. 19
 Prescott.....Feb. 8

Correspondents and others will remember
 the change of our office, No. 90 King-St.
 West, Toronto, is our present address.

RINGERS.

This season, as in former years, it appears our winter gatherings are to be disgraced with the introduction of American ringers into our contests. This species of robbery when discovered should be promptly exposed, no matter who may be the sufferers. Not alone are horses from the States to be included in this category, but any entry trotting out of its proper class should be placed under the ban. At the late St. Catharines Races the grey stallion Rival, whose departure from Indianapolis, Ind., was noticed a few weeks ago in these columns, showed up. Then it was stated, on the authority of the Indianapolis People, that the horse had a record of 2:30. But we find him entered by local citizen in the 2:50 class as Homer Boy. From the effects of being kept shady, the horse was off, and was beaten in the race. It was reported that Pt. Perry was favored with another of this class of frauds, and although not trotting out of his class, was rung in under a fraudulent description. The

gained. The value of such a summary, furnished by a rural club to us last season, was prominently brought out last week. Without breaking the bonds of privacy of a communication sent to us, we can give a statement of its contents. The writer of it had purchased a short time ago a horse, which he claims he thought had no record better than 3:00. In his locality ice races were in contemplation, and he felt anxious to trot this horse in the slower classes. He was well aware the horse had been before used for track purposes, but assumed to be unaware of his performances. He requested us to furnish him with the record of the horse, and mildly intimated if the time was a little under 3:00, such as 2:56 to 2:58, we might raise it a few seconds and make it 3:00 or 3:01, so as to enable him to compete in the 3:00 class. Upon looking up the races we know the horse had been engaged in, it was found he had something below 2:50 attached to his credit. This his owner was informed of, and after this notice, will, we think, hardly undertake to place him where he does not belong. The request to raise his record is about the coolest piece of business we have ever met in our journalistic experience, and we only regret the rules of business will not allow us to couch this paragraph in a direct manner. However, we fancy there will be no danger from this gentleman after seeing this intimation. The letter is a piece of impudence, with which, in comparison, Waiston Stray in Brass sinks into the most utter insignificance.

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ACCIDENT TO A TROTTER.

During the last day of the Pt. Perry Races, on the 26th ult., a most serious accident happened to a trotting horse entered in the free-for-all under the name of Aurora Boy. An eye-witness describes the occurrence as follows: Lady Clarion and Chas. Douglas

could not reach by any other method. The statements submitted by our contemporaries are pertinent to the question, and worthy of consideration.

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This well-known thoroughbred stallion and racehorse died at Mr. D. Tree's farm, near Woodstock, in the County of Oxford, last week. It appears that during the night he was cast in the stall, and was discovered in an almost helpless condition, from which he never recovered, and died in a couple of days afterwards from its ill effects.

Blenkiron (Van), was foaled in 1867, by imported Bonnie Scotland, dam Magenta, by imported Yorkshire; 2nd dam, Miriam, by imported Glencoe; 3rd dam, Miriam Anderson by imported Luzborough. He was bred by Mr. J. J. McKinnon, of Chicago, Ill., and imported along with Maggie Mitchell (whose death we chronicled a few weeks ago), and a colt, Roxiana, into Canada by Mr. S. G. Burgess, of Woodstock, Ont. He subsequently disposed of him to Mr. M. Burgess, of the same place, by whom he was raced for a short time in this country. Last year he sold him to Mr. Tree, who devoted him to stock purposes. Blenkiron was a powerful racehorse, and has beaten some of the best horses in the country. His strain of blood

have never been reported directly, accounts of their foaling having been forwarded through second-hand sources, not always reliable. As it is highly essential that the forthcoming volume of the Stud Book should contain the entire produce of every broodmare, breeders are earnestly requested to furnish the Turf, Field and Farm, New York, with full lists of their young stock without delay, or with a list of their foals not already reported.

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The Syracuse Journal, in speaking of sleigh rides, says, every young man must learn to drive with one hand or he isn't a desirable partner. There is something painfully mysterious about that remark.

Mr. Geo. O. Goodhue, of Danville, P. Q., is desirous of purchasing a lot of live quail. He wants to stock that portion of the country with them. Any of our readers knowing any person having live quail for sale, would confer a favor on our correspondent by communicating with him.

The fast trotting mare Shamrock, owned by Mr. Cluff, liveryman, of Ottawa, met with a fatal accident on Sunday. She was being driven double, when the lines broke, and the team ran away, the mare colliding with a telegraph post, breaking her face and smashing in her chest. Dr. Coleman, V.S.

To the Editor of Sporting Times:

DEAR SIR—We are having quite a round of amusement here just now, and we are enjoying the sports that are taking place. What with curling, skating carnivals, &c., &c., we are having a nice time.

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Yours, etc.,

BLUE NOSE.

FROM INGERSOLL.

INGERSOLL, Jan. 30th, '77.

To the Editor of the Sporting Times:

The Holman's played here on last Thursday evening, to a fair house. The bill was the comic opera, The Doctor of Alcantara, and the farce of the Husband's Revenge. The company had quite a lot of pretty scenery with them, which added much to the interest of the plays.

There is some talk of a local trot here, and I will let you know all particulars when it comes off.

Yours,

TOM WRIGHT.]

scopically seen, etc. Recently prepared specimens of the disease, showing the marked difference of the tissues in health and in the disease under consideration. Plaster castings of the disease were also exhibited to the members. Mr. Swinburn, V.S., communicated a case of break-down, accompanied by fracture of the sesamoid bones, which was considered interesting owing to its rarity. At the next regular meeting, Thursday, February 8th, Mr. John Ryan will read a paper on "Specific Ophthalmia," and Mr. C. J. Alloway, V.S., a communication on "Congestion of the Lungs."

PHENOMENON OF NATURE.

Under the head of "A Phenomenon of Nature," the Troy Press cites an instance where there was found in the intestines of two different horses after death (and in all probability causing death), two large calculi, one very hard and smooth, the other soft, irregular and spongy. The journal seems to think it an unusual occurrence, and ventures a hypothesis in reference to its nature and character.

Intestinal calculi are of a common occurrence in the lower animals, particularly of the bovine and equine races; they are analogous to the salivary, renal, urethral, vesical and preputial calculi found in all mammalia, except that they generally form around a nucleus, instead of being merely a deposition of earthy salts. They are composed of saline particles intermixed with animal matter collected upon some foreign body that has passed into the intestinal tract and there found a lodgment, acting as a nucleus, and being composed of some material over which the gastric and intestinal juices have no solvent action. We have seen them formed around a piece of nail or the stone of some fruit. One kind often met with are composed entirely of hair without a nucleus, woven and matted together, forming an irregular and compact body, frequently of large size. There are several at the American Veterinary College, one of which, the smallest diameter will measure six inches, and it is probably of this kind the Troy Press speaks. The hair is taken from the stomach either with the food or by the animal holding itself while shedding its coat. They have a soft, velvety feel, but are too hard to be compressed. The other kind are calcareous deposits, more compact, though often very irregular in appearance, and exceedingly interesting to study. These kind are not infrequently met with in human practice. Watson, in his Lectures at King's College, vol. II, page 585, cites a case where thirty-two came from one patient.—J. C. COLLIER, in T. F. and F.

IMPORTANT REQUEST.

Mr. M. P. Bush, of Buffalo, acting Chairman of the Sepilateral Board of Stewards, publishes the following notice: "The Board of Stewards of the Trotting Associations of Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Utica, Poughkeepsie, Fleetwood, Harford, and Springfield are requested to meet during the session of the Board of Appeals for the Atlantic District, on Wednesday morning, the 14th of February, at 11 a.m., at the New York Hotel. The propriety of holding a series of meetings, for both trotting and racing, in each of the summer months, commencing in June, will be discussed, together with other important matters interesting to turfmen."

Manfield Island, in Lake Erie, has been bought by a man who intends to stock it with black cats, and kill their progeny for their fur. He will feed them at first on fish caught off the shore by men who will live on the island; but after the enterprise is well started he will utilize the meat of the slaughtered cats as food for the live cats.

Frank Rogers' g g Gray Dan 2 2 2 2
Time—2:59, 2:53, 2:55.
Same Day—Snow trotting—\$175, open to all horses of the 2:33 class. \$125, 25, 15, 10. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, to sleighs.
J Bradburn's b g Alexander 3 1 1
P Collins' g g Grey Eddie 1 3 4
A F Lee's ch g Little Ethan 2 2 3
R E Read's b g Barlow 4 4 2
J Forbes' b g Little Angus 5 6 4
E A Jones' b g Caractacus 6 5 6
J P Cook's g h Detective 7 dr
A Fisher's b g Tecumseh Boy dr
T W Eck's b g Governor dr
Time—2:39, 2:36, 2:34.

Robinson's Grey Dan won the Butcher's & Drover's Race, and Alexander the 2:38. Three heats were trotted in the 2:50, of which Honest Billy got two; and a dead heat between Ives' b m and Geo. Betts.

ST. CATHERINES' RACES.

Just on the eve of going to press we received our report of the St. Catherines' races. Owing to the late hour we are unable to give more than the summaries, and say that they were a great success in every respect.

ST. CATHERINES, Jan. 25, 1877. \$200. 2:34 class. Ice racing. \$125, 50, 25.
J Bradburn, b g Alexander 1 1 1
D Gillis, ch h Fulton 3 2 5
O Dunbar, br m Lady Hill 2 3 7
A F Lee, ch g Little Ethan 4 4 2
A Porteous, b g Little Sam 5 6 3
G Forbes, b g J H Boyle 7 6 4
J Bushall, rn g Johnny Gordon 6 7 6
No time.

Jan. 26—\$250. 2:30 class. \$150, 75, 35.
J Bradburn, b g Alexander 3 1 1
A F Lee, ch g Little Ethan 1 2 2
Geo Forbes, b g Li the Angus 2 3 3
O Dunbar, br m Lady Hill dr
No time.

Same Day—\$100. 3:00 class. \$70, 30, 10.
J Bradburn, g g Monk Boy 2 6 1 1
A F Lee, b g Uncle Ned 3 1 3 2
B Gould, b g Bander 1 2 4 4
A Porteous, b m Simcoe Girl 4 4 2 3
O Gannon, br g Brown Johnny 5 3 dr
J Wood, blk g Jim Grant 6 5 dr
No time.

Jan. 27—\$100. 2:50 class. \$70, 20, 10.
J Bradburn, g g Monk Boy 3 3 1 2 1 1
J Henry, blk m Henrietta 5 5 1 2 1 4 2
R James, ch m Lady Kimball 0 1 5 3 2 4
T Brown, g h Homer Boy 0 2 3 4 3 3
G W Lang, b g Bay Tom 4 4 4 4 5 dr
O Gannon, br g Brown Johnny dr
A Porteous, b m Simcoe Girl dr
No time.

Same Day—\$50. Local horses. \$35, 15, 10.
B Gould, blk m Little Gipsy 1 3 1 5 2 1
A Griffith, g g Grantham 3 0 1 2 1 4 3
Jas Boyle, ch m Ella 2 0 2 3 2 1 3
J Vine's Prince 3 4 7 8 3 4
D Gillies, b m Lucy 6 9 9 6 5 5
D Gram, b m Lady H 7 6 5 4 4 ro
S Tester, b g Grimaby 9 7 8 7 8 ro
Van Dusen, b m Lady Upton 4 3 4 5 dr
E James' Granger 5 5 6 6 dr
No time.

TROTTING AT PORT PERRY.

The Ice Race at Port Perry on the 25th and 26th ult., were a great success, the number of spectators and horses being very large. Everything passed off smoothly, with the exception of an accident to Aurora Boy (?) on the second day, by which he was seriously injured, and his usefulness, as a trotting horse, probably destroyed, by a collision with Lady Clarion. The following are the summaries of the different events:

PORT PERRY, Jan 25th, 1877. \$60. Ice trotting. For county horses without any record on turf. Mile heats, 3 in 5, to sleighs.
D. McKinnon, b m Fly 2 4 1 3 3 1 1
W F McRae, g m Mollie Darling 1 1 2 4 2 3 3
J Mitchell, g m Snow Flake 5 2 3 1 4 3 2
H McKinnon, ch g Artist 7 3 4 2 1 4 4

Mr. Grey Ferry 2 2 2 2
Mr Lesage's Farmer Boy 0 3 3 ds
Mr Cinq-Mars' Safe 0 ds
Time—2:38, 2:35, 2:36, 2:35.
Same Day—Snow trotting—\$60, free-for-all. Ten-mile dash, to sleighs. \$45, 15.
Dr Larose's Dandy 1
Mr Larin's Bellidone 2
Mr Smith's Live Oak 3
Mr Lajnonese's Prodigal Son 0
Time—29:04.
Jan. 26—Snow trotting—\$200, free-for-all. Mile heats, 3 in 5, to sleighs. \$125, 50, 25.
Owner's Denis 1 1 1
Owner's White Cloud 2 2 3
Owner's Drummer Boy 3 3 2
No time.

NAMES CLAIMED.

EFNER.—I claim the name of Efner for my brown colt, foaled June, 1875, with three white feet and white snip on the nose; his sire, Waverly (owned by Chas. Backman, of Stony Ford), he by Rydyk's Hambletonian, dam by Long Island Black Hawk; Efner's dam, a fine bred gray mare, formerly owned by our genial townsman and thorough horseman Geo. B. Efner; pedigree not known.—FAYETTE A. COOK, Buffalo, Jan. 19, 1877.

Billiards.

AT HAMILTON.—A match was played on the 26th ult., at the billiard rooms of the International Hotel, between Monsieur Sevier and Mr. Samuel Davis. The game was the three-ball one, fifty points. Mr. Davis won by 20 points, his largest run being 19.

A gent from Toronto was badly taken in by Sam Davis, at his rooms, on Thursday of last week. The metropolitan considered himself *au fait* in the mysteries of the cue-rig game, and undertook to enlighten the Hamiltonians. He bumped up against Sam, and gave his lessons at so many 's a game. On the conclusion of the course, his pocket-book looked like as if it had been stepped on by an elephant, and as he passed out of the room he remarked, "the walking was pretty good on the railway track to Toronto."
—COM.

NEW ARRIVALS.—During the past week billiard circles in this city have been strengthened by the arrival of Mr. Hickey, of Montreal, and Mr. Wm. James, of Cobourg, the champions of Massachusetts and Canada, respectively. It is their intention to play sometime next week.

A NEW INVENTION.—The Eureka Billiard Cue and Tip is a new candidate for favor in billiard appliances. Its merits are fully explained in the advertisement, and a very good idea of its working can be gained by the cut which accompanies it. It is a novelty in the billiard line, and no doubt will excite comment among the fraternity. Its worth has been testified to by some of the leading artists, and they have pronounced it a great improvement on the old method. Mr. Taylor will be pleased to have billiard players and room proprietors inspect the "Eureka," believing it is worth all he claims for it, and that it possesses advantages which will be recognized at sight.

Aquatic.

TRICKETT'S ARRIVAL IN AUSTRALIA.
The renowned Australian, who so signally defeated Joseph Sadler in England, arrived

part of Old Middlewick, and Peter the Actor, introducing Mr. H.'s specialties, will be the bill.

The Amateurs of the Queen's Own Rifles will occupy the stage of the Grand Opera House on Monday evening, 5th inst., when Robertson's comedy of Ours will be the bill, assisted by a musical programme by the band of the regiment.

Prof. Gazzino, a wizard and exposé of spiritualistic tricks, will appear at the Royal Opera House this Friday and Saturday evenings in gift entertainment.

A joint benefit has been tendered to Miss Annie Wakem and Mrs. Allen, two deserving members of the late Royal Opera House company. The date has not yet been announced.

Mr. Couldock, the eminent actor and accomplished elocutionist, is about to start on a tour of the various towns in Ontario with an entertainment of an attractive character. He will be assisted by Miss Maud Branscombe. The dates announced are: Bradford, Feb. 5; Cookstown, 6; Barrie, 7; Collingwood, 8; and Meaford, 9; thence through the principal western cities and towns.

GENERAL.

MONTRÉAL.—On Saturday evening Miss Fanny Reeves took her benefit at the Academy of Music; Rosedale was the bill, and the house was packed. Monday, Miss Ida Savory commenced an engagement and appeared as Rosalind in As You Like It, supported by Mr. Neil Warner as Jacques; Prof. Miller, the athlete, being engaged for Charles the Wrestler, for two nights. Wednesday and Thursday, Romeo and Juliet. Mr. McDowell, lessee of the Academy of Music, was married on Tuesday, at St. James' Church, to Miss Fanny Reeves, a member of the company. The bride was given away by Sir Hugh Allan. Stuart Robson and G. Fawcett Rowe are underlined at the Academy of Music.

OTTAWA.—Colored Jubilee Singers at Gowans' Opera House on Jan. 30, 31; they are moving west. Messrs. John Wingfield and Chas. Skelton, our Ottawa gymnasts, have just returned from their tour; they have been classed by the American press in the front rank of artistic gymnasts; they will probably shortly appear here.

GUELPH.—Cool Burgess to an overflowing house on Monday night; Cool himself and Bonnie Rannels coming in for the lion's share of applause. Bishop, spiritualistic exposé, Feb. 1. Gymnastic exhibition by members of gymnasium, on 6th.

LONDON.—Frank Jones in drama of The Black Hand, for five nights, at the Holman Opera House, commencing on Monday.

DUNDAS.—Miss Robertson and Mr. Lumsden in their Scottish entertainment, at Town Hall, Jan. 29th.

CHATHAM.—Tom Allen and Jack Madden in sparring exhibitions.

Den Thompson is doing Uncle Josh for the amusement of the Gothamites at Tony Pastor's Opera House, New York.

Miss Jennie Watson and Mr. Jas. Hardy, well known Scottish vocalists, purpose leaving shortly for a trip to New Zealand and Australia.

Signor Blitz, the original, died at Philadelphia, on Jan. 28th. He was 67 years of age. He was probably the best known magician in America.

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THE QUEEN'S THEATRE, TORONTO.

Very favorable terms to a suitable man. Address J. Quinn, 92 King St. west, Toronto.

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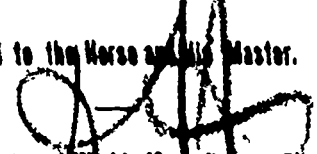
Is 7 years old, 16 hands high, dark bay, 15 seasons' strength, combined with beauty and ease of gait.

Bred—Sir Tatton, dam by Harkaway.
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OSSEO, ch c, 3 years, 15-8, by imported
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Would make a fine race horse or stall-
ion.

MOHAWK, br b, foaled 1867, 15-1, by Norton,
he by Lexington; dam Rebecca T. Rice,
by the Colonel, he by imported Priam.
The most perfect formed horse in Can-
ada.

MARES.

HELEN BENNETT, ch m, 5 years, 15-8, by Ul-
verston, dam Helen Douglass, Would
make an excellent brood-mare.

PASSION, b m, 6 years, 16-1, by Red Eye, he
by Boston; dam Sympathy, by imported
Scythian. This mare is sound, and
is fast on the flat, clever over hurdles,
and up to any reasonable weight. From
her size and breeding would be valuable
as a brood mare.

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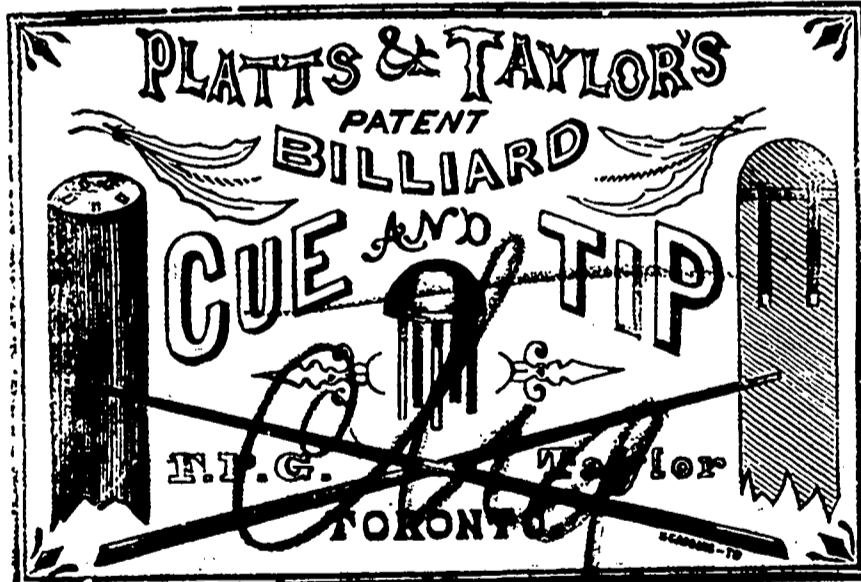
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MARES.

HELEN BENNETT, ch m, 5 years, 15 3, by Ulverston, dam Helen Douglass. Would make an excellent brood-mare.

PASSION, b m, 6 years, 16-1, by Red Eye, he by Boston; dam Sympathy, by imported Seythian. This mare is sound, and is fast on the flat, clever over hurdles, and up to any reasonable weight. From her size and breeding would be valuable as a brood mare.

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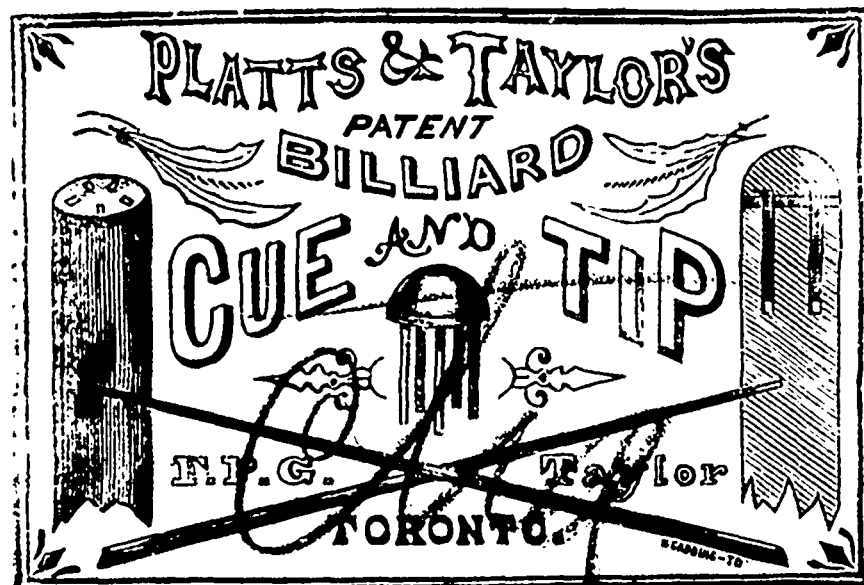
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