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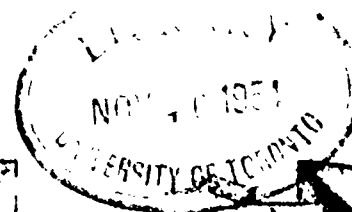
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GENTLEMEN'S CANADIAN JOURNAL



VOL. VI. TORONTO, ONT., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1876. NO 775.

American Turf.

RACING AT RICHMOND, VA.

RICHMOND, Nov. 22—Purse \$100, for two-year-olds; half-mile dash.

W P Barcho's ch c Mainbrace, by Lyuchburg, dam by Congareo 1

J W Weldon's b f Flora, by War Dance, dam Flora McIvor 2

A B Lewis & Co's gr g Bosworth, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Meteor 3

Time—2:59.

Same Day—Purse \$135, for all ages; to carry 100 lbs; mile dash.

A B Lewis & Co's b c Pluto, by Planet, dam by Voltigeur 1

C W Medinger's ch f Libbie L, by Bay Dick, dam by Joe Stoner 2

J W Weldon's ch c Coupon, by Lightning, dam Increase 3

Time—2:00.

Same Day—Purse \$100; mile heats, over four hurdles.

M McCallahan's b c Bay Rum, by Baywood, dam Goneril 2

J F Wilson's br g Jack Trigg, by Lightning, dam Allie Morgan 1 dis

Time—2:09, 2:11.

Nov. 23—Dash of a mile, for three-year-olds.

W Wycho's ch c Hobkirk, by Red Dick, dam by Tar River 1

Dr Weldon's ch c Coupon, by Lightning, dam Menace 2

C W Medinger's ch f Libby L, by Bay Dick, dam by Joe Stoner 3

Time—1:53.

Same Day—Mile and a half dash, for all ages.

W Wycho's ch c Hatteras, by Red Dick, dam by Planet, 4 yrs 1

B G Elerbe's b c Waterloo, by Prussian, dam by Charley Ball, 3 yrs 2

R Bradley's ch f Starlight by Doucalon, dam unknown, 6 yrs 3

Time—2:45.

Same Day—Mile and a quarter dash, for all ages.

J F Wilson's b g Tom O'Neil, by Lightning, dam Zingara, 5 yrs 0:01

C W Medinger's ch g First Chance, by Bayswood, dam Dot, 5 yrs 0:01

A B Lewis & Co's b c Pluto, by Planet, dam by Voltigeur, 3 yrs 3

Time—2:21, 2:23.

*Dead heat. Race to be decided to-morrow on account of carrying too much weight.

Nov. 24—Three-quarters of a mile dash, for two-year-olds.

C W Medinger's ch g Tampico, by Planet, dam Miranda 1

W P Barcho's ch g Mainbrace, by Prussian, dam by Charley Ball 2

Dr Weldon's b f Flora, by War Dance, dam Flora McIvor 3

Time—1:25.

Same Day—Dash of a mile, for all ages.

A B Lewis & Co's ch f Lady Clipper, by Hunter's Lexington, dam Carrie Cosby, 3 yrs 1

Dr Weldon's ch c Coupon, by Lightning, dam Increase, 3 yrs 2

C W Medinger's ch f Libbie L, by Bay Dick, dam by Joe Stoner, 3 yrs 3

Time—1:49.

Same Day—Dash of a mile and a half, for all ages.

M McCallahan's b c Bay Rum, by Baywood, dam Goneril 2

Same Day—A dash of a mile and a quarter, for all ages.

C W Medinger's ch f Libby S, by Bay Dick, dam by Joe Stoner, 3 yrs 1

J F Wilson's b g Tom O'Neil, by Lightning, dam Zingara, 5 yrs 2

Time—2:18.

ENCORE.

If there is one nuisance in New York and throughout generally, more tiresome than another, that nuisance's name is Encore! Encore is a French word derived from the Latin, and signifies again. In theatrical parlance it means, do it over. It is usually supposed that the highest compliment an audience can confer on a performer is to make him repeat his song or his speech. Unquestionably, if people do not admire a song or a speech they don't usually wish to hear it once more, but it does not always follow that the clamoring, by a boisterous few for a repetition, is the expression of wishes of all the spectators. And, in New York the clamorous few are the tyrants who command, much to the annoyance of the sensible minority.

To such a pit of absurdity has this nuisance of encoring grown, that we have recently attended two concerts in which, positively, every piece was repeated. The unfortunate artists and amateurs were obliged to sing and play over every individual song and piece put down for them. The consequence was the concert announced to close at ten o'clock, terminated at twelve. Several of the vocalists were, moreover, mere amateurs, and sang exceedingly ill, but they were, nevertheless, indiscriminately and persistently encored, and naturally with the vanity peculiar to human nature all over the earth, complied much to the horror and disgust of nine-tenths of the assembly.

The slightest applause will now provoke an encore, and Miss Titis and Mr. Tother are apparently only too well pleased to show how amiable they are, by hastening to the front and repeating their performance. It is thus impossible to test the genuineness of the popular sentiment and appreciation, since good, bad, and indifferent are alike rewarded. When that great artiste, Mlle. Titiens, sang in concert here they not only encored her, but actually encored the several, more than incomplete, amateurs who appeared with her. The compliment intended for the great singer was, of course, marred in the making, since the like was extended to the unmeritorious.

It is unquestionably pleasant to a singer to be encored, but the encore should be demanded at a right and fitting season. When, for instance, a great artiste has just executed an elaborate and fatiguing piece, common sense ought to teach us that it is absurd to insist upon its repetition. Indeed, the public should remember that often singers and musicians are paid so much for each piece, and it is, therefore, forcing them to work gratuitously to oblige them to repeat. An encore should never be bestowed unless for the most meritorious and exceptional performances, and never when the said performance is of unusual length and difficulty. We remember once to have heard Rubenstein encored after playing the 106th sonata by Beethoven, one of the most elaborate and fatiguing pieces imaginable. Little M'illo Paladino, the popular danseuse at Booth's, has been encored after her fatiguing exhibitions, and the encore has been so persistent that, notwithstanding her gracefully pantomimed reluctance to re-execute her figure, she has been compelled to do so by a stupid and, we may add, almost brutal public and has afterwards fainted dead away from over-exertion. Had she not complied with the demand she would have lost her reputation, and possibly have been encored for all ages.

It will be best to announce, that "at the close of the performance, it will begin over again, in obedience to frequent and persistent encores." This arrangement will enable those who are not eager to hear a double dose of bad singing to leave before the encores begin." It might also be suggested that it would not be a bad plan if the encores went out and purchased their seats over again, in full payment for a double work of the performers. Encore, thou art a nuisance!—Spirit.

Lacrosse.

LACROSSE IN BRITAIN.

Mr. Alex. A. Arthur, Hon. Secretary of the Caledonian Lacrosse Club, of Glasgow, has the following letter in The Field, of Oct. 28th: It has been suggested by some of the leading players of lacrosse in Scotland and Ireland that, to strengthen the hold the game has taken amongst us, and to further increase its popularity, an association similar to the National Lacrosse Association in Canada should be formed by the clubs of England, Scotland and Ireland; that it should be called the Lacrosse Association of Great Britain and Ireland, having its headquarters in London or Glasgow, and holding annual conventions in London, Glasgow and Dublin, alternately; and that the laws and constitution of the Canadian Association, as far as practicable should be adopted. Of course the subject has only been mooted as yet, but it is hoped that next year will see the proposal carried out successfully. In the meantime I shall be happy to receive the co-operation of the secretaries of all those clubs favoring the idea. In connection with this the associated clubs would be asked to subscribe each so much towards the purchase of a set of champion flags, which would become the property of the club winning them for three years successively. The competition for the flags would take place respectively in England, Scotland, and Ireland, each country's club competing amongst themselves; then the winning club of each country will meet, say, on the day of the annual convention, at London, Glasgow, or Dublin, as the case may be, and there play the final game; the proceeds of the meeting going to the funds of the Association.

When the matter is more matured circulars will be sent to each of the known existing clubs, inviting their co-operation: but in the meantime I shall be happy to learn the views of captains and secretaries upon the subject.

In the same issue of The Field appears the following lacrosse paragraphs: "The success attending the establishment of the Croydon Lacrosse Club has been, notwithstanding the very recent introduction of the game to the locality, so great that another club is already talked of. We understand that a match between the Croydon Lacrosse Club and the Fireflies (Clapham) Lacrosse Club is being arranged. "On Wednesday evening last there was a large number of lacrosse players, for the purpose of establishing the London Lacrosse Club, and electing officers, committee, etc. Twenty-five names were enrolled, and the following gentlemen were elected to serve:

Pedestrianism.

WOMAN vs. MAN.

The series of matches between Miss Marshall and P. Van Ness were brought to a conclusion in the presence of a fair audience at Central Park Gardens, New York, last Saturday night. The matches were best two in three, twenty miles each night, for \$500, commenced on Thursday night, and the first of the series was won by Miss Marshall, who beat her opponent by a mile and eight laps. She walked the whole twenty miles without a stoppage in 5h. 7m. On Friday night the order of things was reversed, and Miss Marshall was defeated, her opponent covering twenty miles, while his female competitor could only succeed in covering a little more than sixteen miles. The betting on the last night was \$80 to \$20 in favor of Miss Marshall. The two started out at a good pace, Van Ness finishing his first mile in 11m., lapping his opponent six or seven times. Miss Marshall's first mile was walked in 14m. 30s. Van Ness kept steadily gaining until the beginning of the tenth mile, when he retired from the track and rested for some 40 or 50m., which enabled his antagonist to make up her leeway, and when he again appeared upon the track she was some distance ahead. They both kept pretty close together, but Miss Marshall, walking very strongly, forced him to again "quit." As soon as she saw him retire she also stopped for a change of shoes, and re-appeared again in a few minutes, which was the signal of a general outburst of applause. She kept up a steady, swinging gait until she had placed over two miles to her credit, when Van Ness again appeared upon the track, and, walking at a very rapid rate, succeeded in diminishing her lead (walking his sixteenth mile in 10m. 15s.), and keeping on at a good pace until commencing his nineteenth mile; he was then one mile and three laps to the bad, but by a series of magnificent spurts he got within three-quarters of a mile of her, but was never able to catch her, and she won very easily. Her fastest mile, seventh, was walked in 13m. The twenty miles were walked in 5h 5m. Van Ness walked his last mile in 10m.

LONG-DISTANCE WALKING.

TO THE EDITOR OF BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON.—Seeing that some influential members of some turf club have expressed a desire of backing E. P. Weston against me for a six days' walk, I beg to say I am willing to accept their offer, and walk Weston from one mile to 500, for from £100 to £500 a side, the match to take place in the month of January or February next. I only stipulate that the sporting press of London have in full control of the walk, and I will wager all my share of admission money on the result. One thing I strongly object to, viz., that I will not walk at Little Bridge under present management, having no wish to be initiated in the "milking business" at present. In reply to Mr. Lewis' offer to give £250 if all champions try their powers, I beg to say that with health...

and a splendid struggle ensued until within ten yards of the finish, when Clark, who was completely exhausted, cracked up. Time—4m. 25s.

A RACK.—A lady and gentleman in Ottawa, coming home from a party at 2 o'clock, one morning last week, got arguing about the swiftness of foot of the sexes to such an extent that a spirit of rivalry was aroused, and they ran. The gentleman held his own till he came to Sapp's Bridge, when he stumbled and fell, and the lady gained the lamp post first, which was the winning goal and objective point.

A LITTLE TOO FAST.

A despatch from Ottawa says one day last week two young men walked out to Aylmer and back on a wager of \$50, and accomplished the distance—18 miles—in two hours and a half; Mr. Rattan beating Mr. John Stewart about one hundred yards. The time is altogether too fast for the distance. If Mr. Rattan can accomplish this feat he is a prodigy in the pedestrian world, and probably could beat any man living. If it had been three hours and a half it would probably have been nearer the correct thing.

Billiards.

FRANK DION BEATS JOHNNY HICKEY.

Nordheimer's Hall, Montreal, was filled on the evening of the 23rd inst., to witness a game of billiards between John Hickey and F. Dion, for \$100 a side, Dion receiving 100 points out of 500. Betting was greatly in favor of Hickey, who led for half the game. Dion, however, played with more skill and more than his friends anticipated, and finally won, amidst much excitement. The score stood at the close—Dion, 500; Hickey, 465. Highest break for Dion, 29; for Hickey, 31. Mr. McDougall acted as referee. Mr. Hickey's backers, at the close of the game, offered to match him against the winner, on the same terms, for \$200 or over.

Hickey, who is a Montrealer, and well known in his native city, has achieved renown in the States as a first-class knight of the cue. He is undoubtedly almost scientific player, and for nailing the balls as well as bringing them into position he has few superiors. Being a very young man, steady and well connected, he has only to persevere to become a rival to any player on the continent. His antagonist is the youngest of the now celebrated Brothers Dion. Whilst being far behind his brothers as a player, yet he is no more an antagonist, as his excellent play has led him to have the advantage in the game both in points and luck, whilst Hickey has led throughout with great adversity. We are inclined to think that Hickey's coming out behind is greatly to be attributed to a run of bad luck.

A MATCH AT HAMILTON.

by Younger..... 1
 C W Medinger's ch f Libbie L, by Bay Dick, dam by Joe Stoner..... 2
 J W Weldon's ch o Coupon, by Lightning, dam Increase..... 3
 Time—2:00.
 Same Day Purse \$100; mile heats, over four hurdles.
 M McCallahan's b c Bay Rum, by Baywood, dam Goneril..... 2 1
 J F Wilson's br g Jack Trigg, by Lightning, dam Allie Morgan..... 1 dis
 Time—2:09, 2:11.
 Nov. 23—Dash of a mile, for three-year-olds.
 W Wyche's ch c Hobkirk, by Red Dick, dam by Tar River..... 1
 Dr Weldon's ch c Coupon, by Lightning, dam Menace..... 2
 C W Medinger's ch f Libby L, by Bay Dick, dam by Joe Stoner..... 3
 Time—1:53.
 Same Day—Mile and a half dash, for all ages.
 W Wyche's ch c Hatteras, by Red Dick, dam by Planet, 4 yrs..... 1
 R G Eberle's b o Waterloo, by Prussian, dam by Charley Ball, 3 yrs..... 2
 R Bradley's ch g Starlight by Deucalion, dam unknown, 6 yrs..... 3
 Time—2:45.
 Same Day—Mile and a quarter dash, for all ages.
 J F Wilson's b g Tom O'Neil, by Lightning, dam Zingara, 5 yrs..... 0*0
 C W Medinger's ch g First Chance, by Baywood, dam Dot, 5 yrs..... 0*0
 A B Lewis & Co's b c Pluto, by Planet, dam by Voltigeur, 3 yrs..... 3
 Time—2:21, 2:23.
 *Dead heat. Race to be decided to-morrow on account of carrying too much weight.
 Nov. 24—Three-quarters of a mile dash, for two-year-olds.
 C W Medinger's ch g Tampico, by Planet, dam Mirauda..... 1
 W P Burch's ch g Mainbrace, by Prussian, dam by Charley Ball..... 3
 Dr Weldon's b f Flora, by War Dance, dam Flora McIvor..... 3
 Time—1:25.
 Same Day—Dash of a mile, for all ages.
 A B Lewis & Co's ch f Lady Clipper, by Hunter's Lexington, dam Carrie Cosby, 3 yrs... 1
 Dr Weldon's ch c Coupon, by Lightning, dam Increase, 3 yrs..... 2
 C W Medinger's ch f Libbie L, by Bay Dick, dam by Joe Stoner, 3 yrs..... 3
 Time—1:48.
 Same Day—Dash of a mile and a half, for all ages.
 M Callahan's b c Bay Rum, by Baywood, dam Goneril, 4 yrs..... 1
 R G Eberle's b c Waterloo, by Prussian, dam by Charley Ball, 3 yrs..... 2
 B Bradley's ch g Starlight, by Deucalion, dam unknown, 6 yrs..... 3
 Time—2:43.
 Same Day—Unfinished Race of Thursday—A mile and a quarter dash, for all ages.
 J F Wilson & Co's b g Tom O'Neil, by Lightning, dam Zingara, 5 yrs..... 0 0 1
 C W Medinger's ch g First Chance, by Baywood, dam Dot, 5 yrs..... 6 0 2
 A B Lewis & Co's b c Pluto, by Planet, dam by Voltigeur, 3 yrs..... 3
 Time—2:21, 2:23, 2:21.
 Nov. 25—A dash of three-quarters of a mile, for all ages.
 C W Medinger's ch g First Chance, by Baywood, dam Dot, 5 yrs..... 1
 Dr Weldon's ch c Coupon, by Lightning, dam Menace, 3 yrs..... 2
 A B Lewis & Co's gr g Bosworth, by Bonnie Scotland, 2 yrs..... 3
 Time—1:20.
 Same Day—Dash of a mile and a half, for all ages.
 W Wyche's b c Hatteras, by Red Dick, dam by Tar River, 3 yrs..... 1
 A B Lewis & Co's b f Lady Clipper, by Hunter's Lexington, dam Carrie Cosby, 3 yrs... 2
 M Callahan's b c Bay Rum, by Baywood, dam Dot, 4 yrs..... 3
 Time—2:42.

former is to make him repeat his song or his speech. Unquestionably, if people do not admire a song or a speech they don't usually wish to hear it once more, but it does not always follow that the clamoring, by a boisterous few for a repetition, is the expression of wishes of all the spectators. And, in New York the clamorous few are the tyrants who command, much to the annoyance of the sensible minority.

To such a pit of absurdity has this nuisance of encoring grown, that we have recently attended two concerts in which, positively, every piece was repeated. The unfortunate artists and amateurs were obliged to sing and play over every individual song and piece put down for them. The consequence was the concert announced to close at ten o'clock, terminated at twelve. Several of the vocalists were, moreover, mere amateurs, and sang exceedingly ill, but they were, nevertheless, indiscriminately and persistently encored, and naturally with the vanity peculiar to human nature all over the earth, complied much to the horror and disgust of nine-tenths of the assembly.

The slightest applause will now provoke an encore, and Miss Tins and Mr. T'other are apparently only too well pleased to show how amiable they are, by hastening to the front and repeating their performance. It is thus impossible to test the genuineness of the popular sentiment and appreciation, since good, bad, and indifferent are alike rewarded. When that great artiste, M'lo. Titiens, sang in concert here they not only encored her, but actually encored the several, more than incomplete, amateurs who appeared with her. The compliment intended for the great singer was, of course, marred in the making, since the like was extended to the unmeritorious.

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If the operatic and great musicians come in for an undue share of the inconveniences of our encore mania, the variety people are trebly its victims.

Up at the Eagle everying is encored. Marian Fiske repeats all her songs, Jennie Hughes repeats all hers, Miss Fatty Fortescue repeats all hers—his, we mean—and, in a word, everybody, good, bad, or indifferent, has to repeat whatever they do. There were fifteen encores up there the other night!

The entire programme of an amateur concert is usually repeated. If things go on at this rate,

Mr. Alex. A. Arthur, Hon. Secretary of the Caledonian Lacrosse Club, of Glasgow, has the following letter in The Field, of Oct. 28th: It has been suggested by some of the leading players of lacrosse in Scotland and Ireland that, to strengthen the hold the game has taken amongst us, and to further increase its popularity, an association similar to the National Lacrosse Association in Canada should be formed by the clubs of England, Scotland and Ireland; that it should be called the Lacrosse Association of Great Britain and Ireland, having its headquarters in London or Glasgow, and holding annual conventions in London, Glasgow and Dublin, alternately; and that the laws and constitution of the Canadian Association, as far as practicable should be adopted. Of course the subject has only been mooted as yet, but it is hoped that next year will see the proposal carried out successfully. In the meantime I shall be happy to receive the co-operation of the secretaries of all those clubs favoring the idea. In connection with this the associated clubs would be asked to subscribe each so much towards the purchase of a set of champion flags, which would become the property of the club winning them for three years successively. The competition for the flags would take place respectively in England, Scotland, and Ireland, each country's club competing amongst themselves; then the winning club of each country will meet, say, on the day of the annual convention, at London, Glasgow, or Dublin, as the case may be, and there play the final game; the proceeds of the meeting going to the funds of the Association.

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"On Wednesday evening last there was a large number of lacrosse players, for the purpose of establishing the London Lacrosse Club, and electing officers, committee, etc. Twenty-five names were enrolled, and the following gentlemen were elected to serve: Captain, Dr. Asher; hon. secretary, E. T. Sachs; treasurer, C. B. Bowlby; Committee—J. C. Lawrence, H. Mason, W. E. Balkwill, A. P. Puttick, W. H. Pannel, and R. H. Dudgeon.

WHO OWNS IT?

There is quite a controversy at present in York County, Maine, between two farmers in regard to the ownership of a black fox's skin. A short time since the hounds of one of the farmers, Mr. W. L. Thompson, a well known fox hunter of the county, scented a fox and followed him up until they crossed a river which separates one town from the other, and about half a mile from the bank of the river they drove him under a stable owned by a Mr. Winspon, who shot the fox and locked up the hounds. Mr. T. hearing of this visited, Mr. W. and demanded the release of the hounds and the delivery to him of the skin, promising to pay Mr. W. for his trouble; but Mr. W. argued that as he was found on his property, and shot by him, although Mr. T's hounds did drive him there, he rightfully belonged to him. They both have consulted lawyers. This will not appear strange when we take into consideration the value of this skin, which on account of its rarity is worth from \$90 to \$100. Who has a prior claim to the skin?

Friday night... ed, and Miss Marshall was defeated, her opponent covering twenty miles, while his female competitor could only succeed in covering a little more than sixteen miles. The betting on the last night was \$80 to \$20 in favor of Miss Marshall. The two started out at a good pace, Van Ness finishing his first mile in 11m., lapping his opponent six or seven times. Miss Marshall's first mile was walked in 14m. 30s. Van Ness kept steadily gaining until the beginning of the tenth mile, when he retired from the track and rested for some 40 or 50m., which enabled his antagonist to make up her leeway, and when he again appeared upon the track she was some distance ahead. They both kept pretty close together, but Miss Marshall, walking very strongly, forced him to again "quit." As soon as she saw him retire she also stopped for a change of shoes, and re-appeared again in a few minutes, which was the signal of a general outburst of applause. She kept up a steady, swinging gait until she had placed over two miles to her credit, when Van Ness again appeared upon the track, and, walking at a very rapid rate, succeeded in diminishing her lead (walking his sixteenth mile in 10m. 15s.), and keeping on at a good pace until commencing his nineteenth mile; he was then one mile and three laps to the bad, but by a series of magnificent spurts he got within three-quarters of a mile of her, but was never able to catch her, and she won very easily. Her fastest mile, seventh, was walked in 18m. The twenty miles were walked in 5h 5m. Van Ness walked his last mile in 10m.

LONG-DISTANCE WALKING.

TO THE EDITOR OF BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON.—Seeing that some influential members of some turf club have expressed a desire of backing E. P. Weston against me for a six days' walk, I beg to say I am willing to accept their offer, and walk Weston from one mile to 500, for from £100 to £500 a side, the match to take place in the month of January or February next. I only stipulate that the sporting press of London have entire control of the walk, and I will wager all my share of admission money on the result. One thing I strongly object to, viz., that I will not walk at Lille Bridge under present management, having no wish to be initiated in the "milking business" at present. In reply to Mr. Lewis' offer to give £250 if all champions try their powers, I beg to say that, with health and a sufficient notice, he may rely on my contending, should the prize be given; or, I will put up £100, and let Crossland, Howes, Vaughan, Ide, Parry, and Weston do likewise, the winner to take the whole, including all gate money; the distance a six day's walk. As the management of Lillie Bridge are anxious for something to do, I hope they will deposit £50 at Bell's Life office for Weston, when I will undertake to name a place to walk that no one can object to, and will immediately put up a forfeit of £100 in the hands of a stakeholder.

Yours, etc.,
 DAN O'LEARY.

Nov 10, 1876

THE MILE CHAMPIONSHIP.

On Saturday, Nov. 4, James M'Leavy of Alexandria and A. Clark of Glasgow met at the Springfield Recreation Grounds, Glasgow, to decide the mile championship. The stakes in addition were £50, and the interest taken in the meeting of the Scottish cracks was shown by the very large attendance, which numbered quite ten thousand. M'Leavy was a warm favorite, as odds of 2 to 1 were wagered on him. M'Leavy got the best of the start, and made all the running, Clark keeping in close attendance. About seventy yards from the finish Clark made his effort, but M'Leavy was equal to the call,

A despatch from Ottawa says one day last week two young men walked out to Aylmer and back on a wager of \$50, and accomplished the distance—18 miles—in two hours and a half; Mr. Rattan beating Mr. John Stewart about one hundred yards. The time is altogether too fast for the distance. If Mr. Rattan can accomplish this feat he is a prodigy in the pedestrian world, and probably could beat any man living. If it had been three hours and a half it would probably have been nearer the correct thing.

Billiards.

FRANK DION BEATS JOHNNY HICKEY.

Nordheimer's Hall, Montreal, was filled on the evening of the 23rd inst., to witness a game of billiards between John Hickey and F. Dion, for \$100 a side, Dion receiving 100 points out of 500. Betting was greatly in favor of Hickey, who led for half the game. Dion, however, played with more skill and nerve than his friends anticipated, and finally won, amidst much excitement. The score stood at the close:—Dion, 500; Hickey, 466. Highest break for Dion, 29; for Hickey, 31. Mr. McDougall acted as referee. Mr. Hickey's backers, at the close of the game, offered to match him against the winner, on the same terms, for \$200 or over.

Hickey, who is a Montrealer, and well known in his native city, has achieved renown in the States as a first-class knight of the cue. He is undoubtedly almost scientific player, and for nursing the balls as well as bringing them into position he has few superiors. Being a very young man, steady and well conducted, he has only to persevere to become a rival to any player on the continent. His antagonist is the youngest of the now celebrated Brothers Dion. Whilst being far behind his brothers as a player, yet he is no mean antagonist, as his excellent play testified. He had the advantage in the game, both in points and luck, whilst Hickey labored throughout with great adversity. We are inclined to think that Hickey's coming out behind us greatly to be attributed to a run of bad luck.

A MATCH AT HAMILTON.

A match has been arranged, to be played at Hamilton on the conclusion of the tournament, which commenced on Monday evening, between Mr. John Hill of the Royal Hotel Billiard Room, and Adolph Egner, 300 points, French, for \$100.

THE NEW YORK TOURNAMENT.

The billiard tournament was brought to a close on Tuesday night, when Cyrille Dion defeated Daly 300 to 282, and Joseph Dion defeated Rudolphe 300 to 76. The result of the tournament is that Rudolphe, Joseph Dion, and Slosson are tied for the first, second, and third prizes; Garnier takes the fourth prize; and Joseph Dion takes the billiard table prize for the highest general average.

A NOVEL CONTEST.

Last Tuesday morning a curious contest took place between two newsdealers, Messrs. H. G. Tyson and S. Griffing, at Guido's News Agency, near the Herald uptown office, New York. They had wagered as to which of the two could, in the shortest time, fold 400 copies of the Herald. The contest lasted twenty minutes, and ended in Mr. Tyson winning by thirteen papers. A return match is to take place, but the time for this has not been definitely fixed.

MARKET HARBOROUGH

How Mr. Sawyer went to the Shires.

CHAPTER VII.

ALL FEATHERS SHOULD BE COVERED.

Mr. Sawyer caught himself vainly wondering whether it belonged to his wife or daughter, and laughed at his own preoccupation as he thought, "What could it signify to him?"

It is very tiresome work, that waiting for a fog to clear off before hounds are put into covert. In all other anti hunting weather, you know, to a certain extent, what you are about; the frost, that sent you to look at the thermometer last night before you went to bed, is either all gone by twelve o'clock, or the matter set at rest the other way, and you make up your mind not to hunt again till the mood changes. It is the same thing with snow; and, moreover, if you can hunt on the surface of another earth when wrapped in her spoils shroud, she rewards you by carrying a capital scent. But in a fog everything is uncertain and obscure; it may clear off in ten minutes, or it may not be so dense elsewhere. It seems a pity to go home, when the very signal for a return may herald a change of weather; and yet it is a melancholy amusement to walk hounds and horses round a wet field till far on in the afternoon. Everybody is of a different opinion, too, usually regulated by personal convenience; those who live a long way off are all for having a try, whilst the man who has ridden his hunter a mile or two to the place of meeting, and can keep him fresh for next day, opines that "It is madness—folly—you'll disturb your country—you'll lose your hounds—you might as well go out hunting in the middle of the night," etc.

On the present occasion it was obvious that the day was getting worse. Sheets of mist came driving up the valleys and wreathing round the crests of the wooded hills; the slight breeze seemed but to bring up fresh relays of vapour, and every visible object, trees, hedges, gates—nay, the very ears of the horses, and whiskers of their riders, were dripping and saturated with moisture. The Master of the Hounds, a thorough sportsman, never to be beat by a difficulty, announced his intention of waiting whilst any one else remained; but it soon appeared that ere long he would have the field to himself. The Molton gentlemen lost no time in galloping home on their hacks, to while away the hours till dinner-time with a "smoking rubber." Half-a-dozen yeomen adjourned to a neighboring farm house to have what they called "a snack" and drink a goodly allowance of port and sherry in the middle of the day. Even the clerical gentleman, owner of the chestnut ladies' horse, thought it wouldn't do; and just as Isaac on the grey turned up at the head of a strong detachment from Harborough, with whom he had fortunately fallen in, after losing his way twice, it was finally decided that the hounds should go home, and the day's hunting be given up.

Warned by his father's covert, and hopeless of finding his way back, except in the same company, Mr. Sawyer lost no time in exchanging The Dandy for the grey. "If we are to lark home," he thought, "I may as well ride a nag I can trust; but if ever I put my faith upon one of these thin-boated gentlemen to show me the way again, why, I shall deserve the worst that can happen to me—that's all!"

Now, although the appearance of a stranger is not out of the ordinary in Leicester, as in most of the country, yet the Honorable Crasher was so well known, that it was natural some inquiries should be made as to his companion, for the Honorable C., who was thoroughly acquainted, had no sooner trotted with our friend than he began to consider him in some sort, and in his off-hand way, as under his especial charge. Mr. Sawyer's exterior, though not so extraordinarily prepossessing, was undoubtedly workmanlike. As he started to mount the grey's saddle, and adjusted the stirrups which Isaac could never be persuaded to pull to the same length, the Honorable C. whiskered to the latter.

"What's that fellow? Is he staying with you at Harborough?"

"He's the clerical gentleman, was was, and I know him from Adam," he replied, as if there could be any connection between the two. "He don't seem half a bad fellow though," he added, "and I shouldn't wonder if he could ride."

Now, the clerical gentleman, who was, in fact, no other than the well-known Parson Dove, had struck up an acquaintance with the Honorable C. some time back, and had both the

that he had ended into the virtual introduction of a man whose name he didn't know, put a bold face on the matter, devoutly hoping the patronymic might never be asked, and the three turned in at a hand-gate, and jogged on amiably through the fog, in the direction of the Rectory.

As Mr. Sawyer ran his eye over the person and appointments of his future host, he could not but acknowledge to himself that never, no, never in his life had he seen such a thoroughly workmanlike exterior: from the clean-shaven ruddy face, with its bright-blue eye and close-cropped grey hair, down to long heavy hunting-spurs, the man was faultless all over. Nobody's leathers were so well made, so well cleaned, so well put on as Parson Dove's; and, though he affected brown tops, it is well known that they were such unequalled specimens as to have caused one of his intimate friends who particularly peeped himself on boots, "to give up all hope, even of imitation, and relapse into 'Napoleons in disgust. Why, the very way he folded his neckcloth was suggestive of Newmarket, and no scarlet coat that was ever turned out by Paolo looked so like hunting as that well-cut unassuming black. His open flapped saddle, his shining stirrups, his heavy double-bridle, were all in keeping with the man himself, and it is needless to state that he was riding a thorough-bred bay, with a pair of fired forelegs, and about the best shoulders you ever saw on a hunter."

All this Mr. Sawyer had time to observe ere they rode into a neatly-bricked stable-yard, where they gave their horses to a couple of smart grooms, and followed the owner through the back door, past the cleanest of kitchens and tidiest of sculleries, into the more aristocratic part of the mansion.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DOVE OF THE SAME.

I think it is the observant author of 'Soapy Sponge,' who makes that sporting tourist declare that "women never look so well as when you come home from hunting." Certainly the contrast between a cold cheerless day out-of-doors and the luxurious atmosphere of a well-warmed, well ventilated house, inclines a man to view everything through a complimentary medium, even without taking into consideration the delightful exchange of a hard slippery saddle for the cushions of a comfortable arm-chair, or the warmth of a blazing fire. The inside of the rectory was as pretty and as snug as it was possible for any house to be. Parson Dove was one of those men in whom the bump of comfort is strongly developed, and whether he bought a warming-pan or a wine-cooler, he was sure to get the best, and the best-looking article that was to be had for money.

As the three sportsmen clanked along the carpeted passage to the drawing-room, they heard the notes of a pianoforte sounding from that apartment, and Mr. Sawyer had barely time to summon all his fortitude, for the subversion of his constitutional shyness, ere he found himself ushered into that sanctuary, in the wake of the Honorable Crasher, whom, truth to tell, just at that moment, he felt he would have followed with less apprehension over another locked gate, or treacherous "over. It was not so formidable an undertaking, after all. There were but two ladies, and both seemed delighted at the acquisition of visitors on so dull a morning. The introductions were got over, none the worse that nobody knew the stranger's name; and both Mrs. Dove, an ample lady, with the remains of considerable beauty, and "My daughter Cecilia," of whom more anon, seemed resolved to make themselves agreeable to their guests—Mamma rather inclining to the Honorable Crasher, who was an old friend, and had often dropped in to luncheon; whilst the siren Cecilia, fresh from the execution of that "sweet thing" which she had had on the pianoforte, seemed to devote herself to the amusement and possible subjugation of the stranger.

There are some men on whom young ladies feel instinctively they are but wasting their time, and it is curious how seldom their perceptions deceive them on this point. Of such was the Honorable C. Good-looking, amiable, to all appearance well-off, and not over-burdened with brains, he possessed all the attributes of an "eligible party," and yet somehow the most match-making of mothers, and the most enterprising of daughters, always gave him up as a bad job, after the first ten minutes. There was something about him that betrayed to female shrewdness, which was not a marrying man, and as they judiciously abstain from playing a game in which the loss is not exclusively on the side of the adversary, they let him alone accordingly.

Now, it was otherwise with Mr. Sawyer. He was otherwise with Mr. Sawyer.

was exceedingly round and symmetrical; not an angle nor a corner in those graceful, flowing lines. Her foot and ankle were undeniable, and her hands white and well-shaped. Altogether, she would have passed as good-looking in London: it is needless, therefore, to say that she ought to have been placarded "dangerous" in Leicester-shire. Nor had this young woman neglected such opportunities of improving her natural advantages as had come in her way. She could play and sing with much taste and tolerable skill; she could waltz down a strong man in pretty good training, without drawing her breath quicker for the exertion; she could ride with a degree of nerve and judgment seldom enjoyed by the softer sex; and, finally, she had a way of looking down, to show her long eyelashes, which in many instances had been productive of much loss and confusion to the adversary.

It was, you see, scarcely a fair match to pit all these qualities against honest John Standish Sawyer, with his coarse hands and feet, his short, square-tailed coat, ill-made boots and breeches, red whiskers, and general diffidence.

As he sat before her, with his cap between his feet (I need hardly observe that, like the other ornaments of the Old Country, he wore a velvet hunting cap), and the horn handle of his whip in his mouth, she took the lead in the conversation; indeed, I am prepared to lay my reader considerable odds, that, whenever he meets a lady and gentleman together, the former is talking, and the latter is listening.

Miss Dove began at him without delay:

"You've only just arrived, I hear, and, indeed, what unpromising weather you find us with! I told papa, this morning, I was sure we shouldn't be able to hunt; and I went and took my hat off directly after breakfast. If there's one thing I abominate more than another, it's a fog; and at Tilton Wood, too, of all places in the world! I've no idea of leaving a good fire, to go and sit there with the others, like a lot of crows in a mist; and this weather always lasts three days; and to-morrow they meet at the best place they have; and I hope you like our country?"

Mr. Sawyer could not conscientiously affirm that he had yet seen it, so he mumbled out an unintelligible answer, and the young lady went off again at a score.

"Harborough's getting quite a gay place, I declare. So many gentlemen come there now, to hunt; and it's so convenient for the railroad; and I dare say you know Mr. Savage, and Captain Struggles, and Major Brush; and are you going to give us a Harborough ball?"

Mr. Sawyer was sufficiently experienced to take heart of grace at this juncture, an reply, "Oh, certainly—certainly! I'm sure it will be a capital ball. May we hope, Miss Dove, that you will come to it?"

The eyelashes went down immediately and Miss D. was, no doubt, on the eve of making an appropriate reply, when the luncheon, and the simultaneous return of Paterfamilias, broke up the pair of tete-a-tetes, and the party adjourned to the dining-room, all, apparently, on pretty good terms with themselves—Mr. Sawyer inwardly proud of having got so well out of the ball difficulty; "Cissy" a little elevated with the conviction that she had made a fresh conquest (not that it was any novelty, but the feeling is always more or less agreeable); papa ready for luncheon, and sanguine about the four-year-old; mamma enchanted to have caught a good listener; and the Honorable Crasher in his usual state of easy and affable nonchalance.

It is only right to observe that the Rev. had exchanged his hunting costume for a suit of more clerical attire, yet somehow, had failed to put off with his leathers an atom of his equestrian air. Even in the fall-out canonicals, you never could have taken Mr. Dove for anything but a sportsman.

Why are people always so much pleasanter at luncheon than at dinner? Notwithstanding John Bull's predilection for the latter meal, as a mode of testifying his regard, his civility, and his own respectability, I cannot help thinking that foreigners are right to ignore that heavy system of dinner-giving which we Islanders regard as the very frame work of our social system. There is always more or less of pomposity, and consequent restraint, attendant upon a regular set dinner in the country. A few thorough people of the world, "worldly," know how to ask exactly the right three couple or so, and put them down to a hot dinner at a round table, such as the very acme of all festive boards; but this is a very rare quality in host and hostess. Usually, you are placed next to a guest you don't know, and opposite to one you don't like. Your soup is cold, your venison under-done; and the eyes of three or four servants intently watching every mouthful you swallow is destruction to a delicate appetite. In some old-fashioned houses, you may even recognize the burly coachman assisting his fellow domestics to wait upon the company; and although, for my own part, I confess to a liking for "the smell of the stable," I cannot but admit that the flavor

but it is sometimes hard upon the young Phæbe to have perpetually at her side the shapeless Mother Bunch, into the facsimile of which she must eventually grow. Mr. Sawyer, gazing intently on his hostess discussing her cutlet and glass of port-wine with considerable relish, acknowledged, though he would not accept, the warning.

Miss Dove took after Mamma rather than Papa. The matron's ruddy face was a brilliant color in the girl; and the exuberant proportions of the one, suggestive of good-humour, good living, and motherly content, were but the full, flowing outlines of perfect symmetry in the other.

However, they all got on remarkably well. Even the Honorable Crasher made a feeble joke, of which the point somehow escaped his listeners—without, however, destroying his own enjoyment in its delivery. By the time Papa proposed an adjournment to the stables, to inspect the four-year-old—"Cissy" pleading for two minutes' law, to put her hat on—they were all in high good humor. If "one spur in the head" be "worth two in the heel," I think it is equally true that a slight stimulant about 1.80 is twice as effectual as a feast at 7.45.

The four-year old was a fine, lengthy, slashing-looking young horse, to use a graphic expression, more akin to the kennel than the stable. He had all that thickness of outline and coarseness of particular points which sportsmen so like to see, when pedigrees are unimpeachable, and which are sure to grow out into eventual strength and symmetry. Mr. Sawyer would perhaps have admired him more, had his attention not been distracted by the apparition in the young one's box of the following choice assortment: viz. one pair of Balmoral-boots (arched instep and pointed heels, after Leech); one scarlet jupo, short and full; one morning-gown, very rich and voluminous, tucked and girt up all about ditto; one pair of neat little gloved hands, with tight-fitting bust and arms to match; and one rosy, smiling, happy face; the whole crowned by such a hat and feather as said "Suivez moi, far more pretemporarily than ever did Henri Quatre's great white panache. After that, he looked very little at the four-year-old.

Poor Mr. Sawyer! When his horse was led out, to take him back to Harborough, she patted its grey nose, and called it "a darling." "A darling!" and the ungrateful brute snorted all over her pretty face and hands! Well, he patted its neck himself, as he rode out of the yard.

The day seemed to have improved somehow, though the fog was equally dense, and twilight—or rather no-light—had set in. That cigar, too, which the Honorable gave him just under Langton, he thought, was the best he had ever smoked in his life.

CHAPTER IX.

FOUR O'CLOCK, STABLES.

I should be sorry for my reader to suppose that John Standish Sawyer was what is termed "a susceptible man." On the contrary, since his well-remembered rejection by Miss Mexico, an event of which it is unnecessary to specify the date, he had steeled himself resolutely against the fair, and devoted his energies, if possible, more exclusively than ever to the worship of Diana. Cold as she is at times, and rigorous as are her icy frowns, corrugating that beaming face into inappropiately wrinkles, at least she is a mistress who never deceives. The thermometer at your dressing-room window tells you exactly the humor in which you will find her, and we do not hear the old, whose season of enjoyment has passed away, regretting the hours and days they have spent in her service. "If I had my time to come over again," I heard a hale octogenarian declare not long ago, "I should make one alteration. I should flirt a little less and hunt a great deal more." So had he in a four-days-a-week man all his life, and in his youth a fierce admirer of ladies. The foregoing, nevertheless, was the result of his experience.

Mr. Sawyer, like any other male biped, was not above being flattered and pleased by the notice of such a girl as Miss Dove. It smoothed his feathers, so to speak, and encouraged him to think better of himself. The Honorable Crasher, too, who had quite taken a fancy to his new friend, asked him to tete-a-tete dinner at his lodgings on the night after the Tilton Wood meet; and as the wine was remarkably good, and the host, in his sleepy, quiet way, rather pleasant company, he spent an agreeable evening enough.

For the next two or three days there was a rattling land of frost, of the most provoking description, just hard enough to stop hunting, yet with a deceitful appearance of "going," which prevented sportsmen from leaving their quarters in London. During this interregnum Mr. Sawyer had leisure to unpack his things, arrange his books—consisting of "Colonel White's Observations on Fox-hunting," "Ask Mamma" (illustrated with

paid, according to custom, by the whole gang to the stables of the Honorable Crasher. Time, 4:30, on a dark afternoon, with every appearance of a thaw.

Bonicea, by Bellerophon out of Blue Light, is being stripped for Mr. Sawyer's inspection. As a compliment to the stranger, he is further invited to "walk up to the mare, a mile or how fit she is!" at the risk of having his brains kicked out; Bonicea, out of Blue Light, resenting such liberties with the froocity of her British namesake, and kicking with considerable energy when her ribs are tickled. Mr. Tiptop, by far too great a man to touch a rug or hood, gives his directions from the ofling, with his hat very much over his eyes, removing it only when addressed by his master, his legs very wide apart, and his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his tight trousers.

Captain Struggles, a heavy gentleman, who rides light-weight horses, and wears a shooting suit of the broadest check fabrication, takes a straw out of his mouth, and observes, "That's about the sort, I think, when you want to do the trick over this country. Ain't it, Tiptop?"

Mr. Tiptop is always mysterious and oracular concerning the Honorable's stud. Somebody, he thinks, ought to preserve the secrets of the stable, and Crasher himself is the most indiscreet of mortals on such subjects. So the groom raises his hat with both hands, puts it on again, and replies, "We like to get all of ours as nearly as possible about that mould. There's a young horse as is quite one of your sort, Captain, in the next box." Whereupon Mr. Sawyer, who has no patience with Tiptop, winks at Major Brush, and the latter bursts out laughing.

The conversation now becomes generally, and not altogether devoid of personality.

"Your sort are rather of the woody order, Struggles," observes the Major. "Too light for this country, as you'll find out before you're many days older, now that we've got the ground to ride as it should do, up to our girths. Besides, those thorough-bred ribs never have courage to face large fences. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Sawyer?"

The Major has not yet forgiven Struggles for stopping him on the last day they were out, at the only practicable place in a bull finch, on which the heavy weight and a very little chestnut stallion were seen sawing backwards and forwards, like some exquisitely-balanced piece of machinery. Mr. Sawyer, thus appealed to, gives his opinion, thinking of the roan all the while: "They must have power, I fancy, for these flying countries, but they must have blood too. I should like to show you a horse I've just bought that I mean to hunt to-morrow if the frost goes. My stables are 'close at hand.'"

It is resolved that Mr. Sawyer's shall be the next stud inspected; but such an unheard-of breach of etiquette as leaving their present haunt until every individual horse has been stripped, cannot be entertained for a moment; so Mr. Savage, in his turn, enlivens the process by attacking poor Struggles: "You never got to the end that Keythorpe day, after all," says he. "What's the use of these long pedigrees of yours, if they can't stay? I have always understood their only merit as hunters is, that you can't tire the thoro-bred ones. But confess now, Struggles, you stopped before the hounds ran through the Coplow!"

"No distance at all!" chimes in Brush.

"And the ground must have been quite light before the rain," adds Mr. Sawyer, who thinks he must say something, and who has not been permitted to remain in ignorance of this Keythorpe day, now more than a fortnight old.

Struggles turned from one to the other of his tormentors, with a grin on his jolly face. "Little Benjamin couldn't have been so beat, when I caught your horse for you," said he to Brush; "or when I went by you, Savage, in the lane, and that was after five-and-twenty minutes, with fifteen stone on his back, amongst those hills. No, no, my boys! Fair play's a jewel, and neither of you were there to see whether I'd had my gruel or no." Stop indeed! I'd lay odds none of old Catamaran's stick would cut up soft if you rode them till the day after to-morrow. Stop! I'll be hanged if I didn't trot when I got on the high-road coming home."

"Never mind! we know," interposed Mr. Savage—a tall pale man, with a hawk's eye that nothing escaped. "Why, you were seen, my good fellow!—seen with your own back against your horse's, shoving him through a fence. They said if you hadn't been the heaviest of the two, you'd have been there now."

Like almost all stout men, Struggles was the essence of good humor. He burst into a hearty laugh, but persevered in his denial. "Who saw me?" said he; "who saw me? He must have been in a right good place, though I say it."

"Parson Dove saw you," rejoined his accuser. Whereat Mr. Sawyer felt his heart give a thump. "Parson Dove made a capital story about it. He said he never saw a

...the hodge-podge... the very... the home, and whisks of their... dropping and saturated with moisture. The Master of the Hounds, a thorough sport man, never to be beat by a difficulty, announced his intention of waiting whilst any one else remained; but it soon appeared that ere long he would have the field to himself. The Motion gentlemen lost no time in galloping home on their backs, to while away the hours till dinner-time with a "smoking rubber." Half-a-dozen yeomen adjourned to a neighboring farm house to have what they called "a snack" and drink a goodly allowance of port and sherry in the middle of the day. Even the clerical gentleman, owner of the chestnut ladies horse, thought it wouldn't do; and just as Isaac on the grey turned up at the head of a strong detachment from Harborough, with whom he had fortunately fallen in, after losing his way twice, it was finally decided that the hounds should go home, and the day's hunting be given up.

Warned by his ride to covert, and hopes of finding his way back, except in the same company, Mr. Sawyer lost no time in commencing The Dandy for the grey. "If we are to lurk home," he thought, "I may as well ride a nag I can trust; but if ever I put my faith upon one of these thin-booted gentlemen to show me the way again, why, I can't describe the worst that can happen to me—that's all!"

Now, although the appearance of a stranger does not create such a sensation in England as in more remote countries, yet the Honorable Crasher was so well known, that it was natural some inquiries should be made as to his companion; for the Honorable C., who was thoroughly gentlemanly, had no sooner fraternized with our friend than he began to consider him in some sort, and in his off-hand way, as under his special charge. Mr. Sawyer's exterior, too, although not extraordinarily prepossessing, was undoubtedly workman-like. As he settled himself in the grey's saddle, and adjusted the stirrups which Isaac could never be persuaded to pull to the same length, the clerical gentleman, ranging alongside of the Honorable, whispered to the latter:

"Who's that fellow? Is he staying with you at Harborough?"

The Honorable laughed feebly. "Don't know him from Adam," he replied, as if there could be any connection between the two. "He don't seem half a bad fellow, though," he added, "and I shouldn't wonder if he could ride."

Now, the clerical gentleman, who was, indeed, no other than the well-known Parson Dove, had struck up a firm alliance with the Honorable Crasher, cemented on both sides by a keen love for fox-hunting, or perhaps I should rather say, for galloping and jumping over a country—the Parson, he it observed, being the best sportsman of the two. On an occasion like the present, he had proposed to his friend's company at lunch on, by which stroke of policy he should please Mrs. Dove, who was not in preparation, and also show him a certain four-year-old, by which the Reverend set great store. Nay, it was by no means impossible that the Honorable, who never missed a chance of placing his neck in jeopardy, or the stranger who looked hard, might be induced to buy the animal for purposes of tuition. So he gazed all about Adam, and simply said, "It's not a quarter of a mile out of your way to stop at the Rectory, indeed, you go by my stableyard. Wait you and your friend come in and have a glass of sherry and a biscuit?"

Mr. Sawyer was a man who had no objection to a glass of sherry and a biscuit at any time, let alone such a cheerless day as this. The hospitable offer, too, was made in so loud a voice that he could not but accept it as addressed to himself; so he drew his horse back to the speaker, and thanked him for the offer, which he expressed his willingness to accept. The Honorable Crasher perceiving

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As the three sportsmen clanked along the carpeted passage to the drawing-room, they heard the notes of a pianoforte sounding from that apartment, and Mr. Sawyer had barely time to summon all his fortitude, for the subversion of his constitutional shyness, ere he found himself ushered into that sanctuary, in the wake of the Honorable Crasher, whom, truth to tell, just at that moment, he felt he would have followed with less apprehension over another locked gate, or treacherous "over." It was not so formidable an undertaking, after all. There were but two ladies, and both seemed delighted at the acquisition of visitors on so dull a morning. The introductions were got over, none the worse that nobody knew the stranger's name; and both Mrs. Dove, an ample lady, with the remains of considerable beauty, and "My daughter Cecilia," of whom more anon, seemed resolved to make themselves agreeable to their guests—Mamma rather inclining to the Honorable Crasher, who was an old friend and had often dropped in to luncheon; whilst the siren Cecilia, fresh from the entrance of that "sweet thing" they had heard on the pianoforte, seemed willing to devote herself to the amusement and possible subjugation of the stranger.

There are some men on whom young ladies feel instinctively they are but wasting their time, and it is curious how seldom their perceptions deceive them on this point. Of such was the Honorable C. Good-looking, amiable, to all appearance well-off, and not over-burdened with brains, he possessed all the attributes of an "eligible parti," and yet somehow the most match-making of mothers, and the most enterprising of daughters, always gave him up as a bad job, after the first ten minutes. There was something about him that betrayed to female shrewdness he was not "a marrying man," and as they judiciously abstain from playing a game in which the loss is not exclusively on the side of the adversary, they let him alone accordingly.

Now, it was otherwise with Mr. Sawyer. From his youth and I would have voted him a confirmed bachelor, might even have judged him uncharitable as somewhat rough and unpolished and unrefined, might have scouted the idea of his being in any respect "a ladies' man," and laughed outright at his competing with such a double-stilled dandy as the Honorable C., we should thus have only exposed our ignorance of the secret springs and impulses that move that mysterious piece of mechanism the female mind. Miss Dove, in the absence of any other and nobler game, had not the slightest objection to exercise the different weapons in her armoury on her Mamma's friend's friend.

These were of a sufficiently deadly character. Miss Cecilia—or "Cissy," as they called her at home—without being strictly pretty, was a very attractive young lady. She had a pair of wicked black eyes, with rather thick eyebrows; a high colour; white teeth, which she did not scruple to display on all available occasions; and a laugh so clear and ringing and inspiring, that it put a man in good humor in spite of himself. Even in the bitterest of frosts, papa could not be cross for five minutes together, when "Cissy" set to work to tease him into affability. Also, Miss Dove's figure

...how, I don't, and it's so convenient for the railroad; and I dare say you know Mr. Savage, and Captain Struggles, and Major Brush; and are you going to give us a Harborough ball?"

Mr. Sawyer was sufficiently experienced to take heart of grace at this juncture, an reply, "Oh, certainly—certainly! I'm sure it will be a capital ball. May we hope, Miss Dove, that you will come to it?"

The eyelashes went down immediately and Miss D. was, no doubt, on the eve of making an appropriate reply, when the luncheon, and the simultaneous return of Paterfamilias, broke up the pair of tete-a-tetes, and the party adjourned to the dining-room, all, apparently, on pretty good terms with themselves—Mr. Sawyer inwardly proud of having got so well out of the ball difficulty; "Cissy" a little elevated with the conviction that she had made a fresh conquest (not that it was any novelty, but the feeling is always more or less agreeable); papa ready for luncheon, and ruminating about the four-year-old; mamma enchanted to have caught a good listener; and the Honorable Crasher in his usual state of easy and affable nonchalance.

It is only right to observe that the Rev. had exchanged his hunting costume for a suit of more clerical attire; somehow, had failed to put off with his feathers an atom of his equestrian air. Even in the full-stuffed canonicals, you never could have taken Mr. Dove for anything but a sportsman.

Why are people always so much pleasant at luncheon than at dinner? Notwithstanding I had full's predilection for the latter meal, as a mode of testifying his regard, hospitality, and his own respectability, I cannot help thinking that foreigners are right to ignore that heavy system of dinner-giving which we islanders regard as the very frame work of our social system. There is always more or less of pomposity, and consequent restraint, attendant upon a regular set dinner in the country. A few thorough people of the world, "worldly," know how to ask exactly the right three couple or so, and put them down to a hot dinner at a round table, such as is the very name of all festive boards; but this is a very rare quality in host and hostess. Usually, you are placed next to a guest you don't know, and opposite to one you don't like. Your soup is cold, your venison is underdone; and the eyes of three or four servants intently watching every mouthful you swallow is distraction to a delicate appetite. In some old-fashioned houses, you may even recognize the burly coachman assisting his fellow domestics to wait upon the company; and although, for my own part, I confess to a liking for "the smell of the stable," I cannot but admit that the flavor is somewhat spoiled by being mixed with that of a *salmagundi*, or sweetbread plastered round with spinach.

But luncheon, on the contrary, is a light, exhilarating, free-and-easy meal. Even Mr. Sawyer, as he finished his glass of pheasant and glass of brown sherry, felt wonderfully restored by his repast. "Cissy" was a good "doer" ladies generally are, about two o'clock, and, till she had disposed of her meal, gave her neighbor a little breathing-time, and leisure to look about him.

I have often thought, although I am by no means the first person who has made the observation, both in and out of print, how true it is that it may be a huge disadvantage to a girl to be seen in company with her mother. It is sometimes discouraging enough to reflect that the coveted treasure must eventually expand into a facsimile of the dragon on guard. Fancy, if the fruit in the Gardens of the Hesperides had been eggs instead of apples, each golden shell enclosing the germ of just such a monster as was grinning at the gate! To be sure, the resemblance may cut the other way as well. I have seen mammams whom the fairest of Eve's daughters might be proud to resemble;

...he rode out of the yard.

The day seemed to have improved somewhat, though the fog was equally dense, and twilight—or rather no-light—had set in. That cigar, too, which the Honorable gave him just under Langton, he thought, was the best he had ever smoked in his life.

CHAPTER IX.

FOUR O'CLOCK, STABLES.

I should be sorry for my reader to suppose that John Standish Sawyer was what is termed "a susceptible man." On the contrary, since his well-remembered rejection by Miss Mexico, an event of which it is unnecessary to specify the date, he had steered himself resolutely against the fair, and devoted his energies, if possible, more exclusively than ever to the worship of Diana. Cold as she is at times, and rigorous as are her icy frowns, corrugating that beaming face into unpropitious wrinkles, at least she is a mistress who never deceives. The thermometer at your dressing-room window tells you exactly the humor in which you will find her, and we do not hear the old, whose season of enjoyment has passed away, regretting the hours and days they have spent in her service. "If I had my time to come over again," I heard a hale octogenarian declare not long ago, "I should make one alteration. I should flirt a little, and hunt a great deal more." He had, in his days-a-week man all his life, and in his youth a fierce admirer of ladies. The foregoing, nevertheless, was the result of his experience.

Mr. Sawyer, like any other male biped, was not above being flattered and pleased by the notice of such a girl as Miss Dove. It smoothed his feathers, so to speak, and encouraged him to think better of himself. The Honorable Crasher, too, who had quite taken a fancy to his new friend, asked him to a tete-a-tete dinner at his lodgings on the night after the Tilton Wood meet; and as the wine was remarkably good, and the host, in his sleepy, quiet way, rather pleasant company, he spent an agreeable evening enough.

For the next two or three days there was a catching kind of frost, of the most provoking description, just hard enough to stop hunting, yet with a deceitful appearance of "going" which prevented sportsmen from leaving their quarters in London. During this interregnum Mr. Sawyer had leisure to unpack his things, arrange his books—consisting of 'Colonel White's Observations on Fox-hunting,' 'Ask Mamma' (illustrated with colored prints), and a few back numbers of the 'Sporting Magazine,'—inspect his stables, watch the roan putting on flesh, and the departure of the grey's cough, besides making acquaintance with the persons and studs of Mr. Savage, Captain Struggles, and Major Brush—gentlemen possessing, one and all, an inexhaustible fund of spirits, an untiring delight in horseflesh, numerous suits of wearing apparel, such as nearly approached the character of fancy dresses, and to all appearance, a lack of nothing in the world except ready money. They fraternized willingly enough with our friend, smoked cigars with him at his hotel in the morning, took him over their stables at dusk, did not try to sell him any of their horses, which would indeed have been a hopeless enterprise, and generally made the world as pleasant for him as was in their power. Mr. Sawyer began to think he had landed in Utopia at last—that he had reached the Happy Land, where, metaphorically speaking, it was to be "beer and skittles" all day long. The only drawback to his felicity was the sustained discontent of old Isaac, and an increasing tendency to inebrity on the part of The Boy.

Perhaps my reader will best understand his situation from a description of a visit thus appealed to, gives his opinion, thinking of the roan all the while: "They must have power, I fancy, for these flying countries, but they must have blood too. I should like to show you a horse I've just bought that I mean to hunt to-morrow if the frost goes. My stables are 'close at hand.'"

It is resolved that Mr. Sawyer shall be the next stud inspected; but such an unheard-of breach of etiquette as leaving their present haunt until every individual horse has been stripped, cannot be entertained for a moment; so Mr. Savage, in his turn, enlivens the process by attacking poor Struggles: "You never got to the end that Keythorpe day, after all," says he. "What's the use of these long pedigrees of yours, if they can't stay? I have always understood that the only merit as hunters is, that you can't tire the thoro'-bred ones. But confess now, Struggles, you stopped before the hounds ran through the Coplow!"

"No distance at all!" chimes in Brush.

"And the ground must have been quite light before the rain," adds Mr. Sawyer, who thinks he must say something, and who has not been permitted to remain in ignorance of this Keythorpe day, now more than a fortnight old.

Struggles turned from one to the other of his tormentors, with a grin on his jolly face. "Little Benjamin couldn't have been so beat, when I caught your horse for you," said he to Brush; "or when I went by you, Savage, in the lane, and that was after five-and-twenty minutes, with fifteen stone on his back, amongst those huns. No, no, my boys! Far play a jewel, and motor of you were to care to see what I'd and my grand or no. Stop indeed! I'd lay odds none of old Catamaran's stock would cut up soft if you rode them till the day after to-morrow. Stop! I'll be hanged if I didn't trot when I got on the high-road coming home."

"Never mind! we know," interposed Mr. Savage—a tall pale man, with a hawk's eye that nothing escaped. "Why, you were seen, my good fellow!—seen with your own back against your horse's, showing him through a fence. They said if you hadn't been the heaviest of the two, you'd have been there now."

Like almost all stout men, Struggles was the essence of good humor. He burst into a hearty laugh, but persevered in his denial. "Who saw me?" said he; "who saw me? He must have been in a right good place, though I say it."

"Parson Dove saw you," rejoined his accuser. Whereat Mr. Sawyer felt his heart give a thump. "Parson Dove made a capital story about it. He said he never saw a horse so badly in with so heavy a backer. I shouldn't wonder if he put it in his sermon on Sunday. However, he'll be out to-morrow—he and Miss Cissy, and the lot of 'em. I'll appeal to him if what I say isn't true."

Mr. Sawyer listened attentively. Then he should see Miss Dove again on the following day, and in the enjoyment of what she had confided to him was a favorite pastime. Involuntarily he found himself thinking of the black eyes, with their long eyelashes, and wondering whether she would look well in a riding-habit.

Meantime the Honorable Crasher, in the last stage of exhaustion, was endeavoring to discover which of his horses Tiptop would let him ride on the morrow. The fixture was at a capital place, with the Pytchley, and promised a large field. Notwithstanding his insouciance, the Honorable C. could not but feel that he should like something both safe and fast, if, as was more than probable, he would have to ride for his life during the first ten minutes.

To be Continued.

The Bible is said to be the only existing thing on which pawnbrokers will not advance money.

SHORT RULES FOR TRAINING TWO-YEAR OLDS.

FROM THE TURF, FIELD AND FARM.

At the earnest request of many of our patrons, we republish Capt. W. J. Minor's short rules for training two-year-old colts. Capt. Minor was a reliable and honorable gentleman, and a successful owner and trainer of racehorses, having imported Britannia and others, and bred from Britannia, Verifier, Voucher. These rules are short and explicit, and contain more valuable information than can be written in a volume by those who cannot successfully train or run racehorses, much less educate others in a science which they neither have the brain to understand nor industry to acquire. These rules enlarged upon, increasing the work and feed according to the age and constitution of the horses, will enable any man of good common sense to put a horse in condition to run a race. Those who have any knowledge of horses or training will understand that all horses will not eat the same amount of food or require and stand the same amount of work. Much less work is required to fit a delicate feeding horse for a race than a gross and heavy feeder. Horses do not require the same amount of preparation or work to run a short distance as to run a long one, and more work, better and longer preparation is required to run heat races than dashes. We submit entire the correspondence and rules.

In the year 1853 Capt. W. J. Minor, of Natchez, Miss., an experienced turfman, published, in pamphlet form, his short rules for training two-year-olds. The rules are very valuable, especially to amateurs, and we reproduce them, together with the correspondence that passed between Mr. Minor and Mr. Hutches.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Concord, Sept. 8, 1863.

J. J. HUGHES, Esq.

My Dear Sir I herewith hand you a few "Short Rules for Training Two-Year-Olds," knowing you have an outside and Davy an inside knowledge on the subject. I have not been either very diffuse or concise in my little treatise.

The fact is, as it regards work, no exact directions can be given. The trainer must be governed by circumstances, which are only developed as the working of the horses proceeds. I suppose you have two colts, same age, and apparently the same in all respects; you put them to work on, say, eight quarts of feed in twenty-four hours. They both go quietly, and are managed by boys of the same weight. You work them along at the same distance for two or three weeks. You now begin to brush them: one of the colts continues the same easy go-long sort of a fellow, doing no more than he is called on to do. The other, after a brush or two, seems just to wake up, and every time you gallop him he is on the bit the whole time, darning away whenever he gets the chance and pulling the boy's arms off—taking a fourth more exercise in going a mile than his companion or than he did himself before you began to brush him.

Now it must be evident to every thinking man, that if these colts continue to eat the same quantity and go the same distance in their daily work, both of them cannot come to the post in condition. It will probably be necessary to shorten the free-goer's work, and perhaps to increase his feed to ten or even twelve quarts in twenty-four hours. If his work was moderate as to distance, say a mile or a mile and a quarter each gallop in the morning, and a mile in the afternoon when he did not brush in the morning, the increase of food would probably be sufficient. Should he become very excitable, it would be well to omit his brush altogether for a week and then let him move by himself.

With the other colt, the non-excitable one, you would probably find the distance not sufficient to get the flesh off him, and you would have to increase his work from a mile and a quarter to a mile and three-quarters or two miles in his second gallop. As he was eating only eight quarts in twenty-four hours you could not well reduce his feed. If he continued hard to reduce, you would have to increase the severity of his sweats and the rate as well as the length of his gallops. This style of horse requires to be worked up to his race. The more excitable class should not be treated in the same manner, but their work should be lessened a little, particularly the fast work. All horses are in disposition and temper grades of the two just described, and must be treated accordingly.

Yours truly, W. J. MINOR.

SHORT RULES FOR TRAINING TWO-YEAR-OLDS.

First Week.

Trot a mile after walking a mile. Take the boys off on the track; if sweating, scrape the colts, and rub lightly and quickly. Caress the colts; lead to the stable and rub dry; lead around the ring for twenty minutes; give water in four draughts, five minutes between each draught; wash legs, lead into stable, rub and clean off; rub legs very lightly with soft cloths, just enough to get the logs dry; no hand rubbing of legs. Colts are frequently backhanded by too much rubbing. At 12 o'clock walk half an hour; water while walking; brush off and feed. In the afternoon, walk under saddle for an hour; water after returning to stable in same

or. In Fall and Winter, an extra piece at night is almost always required, varying according to weather, from a sheet to a heavy blanket.

The stable should be well ventilated by having plenty of openings five feet or more above the heads of the horses; and in fine, warm weather, the air should be admitted through large windows. In Winter and Fall, the windows should be opened on the side and end of the stable opposite to the quarter from whence the wind comes, so as not to expose the horses to a draft. There should be no cracks under the doors, or in the sides of the stable, through which the air would blow on the horses. The proper temperature of the stable will be indicated by the appearance of the horses' coats. If they are soft, glossy and pliable, the temperature of the stable is about right, and the temperature of the horse must be kept up to that point by clothing, as it cannot be well done by artificial heat. Every care must be taken to prevent the horses from taking cold, and it can be done only by a most judicious change of clothing.

The feed should be mixed, two parts of hominy to five parts of oats. The colts should eat from eight to twelve quarts of feed a day—that is, in twenty-four hours, to be regulated by the form, quantity of flesh, work &c. From a quart to a pint should be given at daylight, two or three at 9 o'clock a.m., two at 12 o'clock, from a pint to a quart at 3 or 4 o'clock p.m., and from two to four quarts at night. They should have, with a few exceptions, as much hay and fodder as they will eat given to them three times a day at 9 a.m., at 12 m., and at night. They will generally eat from four to seven pounds in twenty-four hours.

The excrement should be noticed constantly; and whenever it appears dark and lumpy, bran mash should be given until it becomes light colored and somewhat soft. A little salt should be put in the mash.

Second Week.

Feed as last week. Get colts out a little after daylight, if the track is not half a mile from the stable, walk for fifteen minutes. Trot a mile slow, and then gallop a mile slow. If the mornings are cool, put a long linsay over the saddles, and take it off before you begin to gallop, and put it on again as soon as the gallop is over. Scrape if necessary after the gallop, and run the cloths over them as before directed, and continue this work every morning unless it is very windy or wet. Treatment for the balance of the day, same as in first week. Continue this work for a week.

Third Week.

In the afternoon of the last day of the second week, prepare the colts for a light sweat. Give them only twenty five swallows of water; at night only half the usual quantity of fodder, and give a warm bran mash, composed of half feed and half bran, instead of their usual feed; the mash should be in quantity the same as the usual feed. Next morning give only a pint of feed, put on two, three, four or five blankets, according to the weather. Walk a mile; then trot a mile; and if the colts sweat enough, scrape and give three or four swallows of tepid water with which a little meal and salt has been mixed. Trot another mile, if they sweat freely, take everything off on the track and scrape them well. Then put on one or two blankets and over-piece, according to the weather, and lead back to stable. If the track is half a mile or more from the stable, they may scrape again before they get to the stable. Arrived at the stable, bandage the fore legs with woolen bandages that have been dipped in hot water. Take them into the stable, take care there is no draft on them; scrape if sweating, and rub dry briskly. When rubbing head, neck and shoulders, keep a sheet, linsay or blanket, according to the weather, over the back and loins. When rubbing back, loins and quarters, cover the shoulders and neck, and so on until the horse is nearly dry; then throw off the covering entirely. The object in covering one portion of the body while another portion is being rubbed, is to prevent the horse from cooling too rapidly by evaporation. If the day is cold, and the skin of the horse begins to get cold before he is quite dry, brush him off and clothe pretty warm and walk him out. Have the air taken off the water, put enough meal in it to make it white and add salt sufficient just to make it taste. Let them drink a little when they come out of the stable, as they will be very thirsty. Then walk for fifteen minutes, and give them water as before directed. Wash legs in warm water; clean off; feed with mash and fodder as usual. At night feed as usual. Next morning walk about half a mile; then gallop a mile; put on over-pieces; walk about ten minutes, and gallop another mile; put on over-pieces; walk about a quarter of a mile, scrape and rub as before directed. Continue this work for the week—letting the colts pass and repass each other in the gallop.

At the end of the week prepare for another sweat. In the afternoon, after the sweat, give only thirty swallows of water and half the usual quantity of fodder, with usual feed of grain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SALMON IN LAKE ERIE.

The first salmon bred in Lake Erie was caught last week by Davis & Brothers, of Toledo, at Cedar Point, Maumee Bay, Lake Erie, O. The fish was, without doubt, one of the numerous fry hatched by the Michigan Fish Commission from the egg of the California salmon (Salmo gairdneri) in the

A HARD FIGHT.

The Campbellford Herald gives the following account of an exciting encounter with a deer:—"Mr. C. Keller, who resides a few miles from this village, had a very desperate fight with a deer, in South Lake, a few weeks ago. The particulars as told us are as follows: Mr. Keller was alone in a canoe one evening fishing, and had his gun with him. About midnight, however, he was surprised at the presence of a deer some distance from him, in the water, and grasping his gun, took aim, but his fowling piece having got wet in the canoe, would not effect a discharge. Putting on another cup, he again took aim, and this time fired, but succeeded only in wounding him, a grain or two of shot having entered his horn. This enraged the deer, which directed his course to the canoe, and commenced a vicious attack on Mr. Keller, who was in the meantime prepared to meet him. Having only the paddle in his hands, he battered away at the animal's head in the hope of making him desist, but it tended to infuriate him the more, and the fight became desperate. The battle lasted several hours, during which time Keller lost his knife, and broke his paddle, but managed, however, all through the fiercest struggle to keep the canoe from upsetting. After some hours the deer showed signs of exhaustion, and attempted to swim ashore, but Keller prevented him, and kept up a sawing motion across the animal's back with the broken paddle, till he had lost all power of his hind limbs. This being effected, Keller dipped the deer's head under water, which he accomplished by repeatedly lifting him by the tail, and in this way drowned him. The fight lasted from about midnight till daylight next morning. The deer weighed 250 pounds; and when dressed 229 pounds."

SWANS NOT GOOD EATING.

Among our English Exchanges comes the following item, which is of interest in many points because it shows the prevalent method of marking swans, their unovelness in a culinary sense and some peculiar ideas about water courses:—"As the Northamptonshire Quarter Sessions recently, Thomas Wykes was charged with stealing a swan, the property of Edward Orland. The swan, which was the subject of the charge, had been presented to the prosecutor, a miller, by his landlord, Capt. Stirling, and was kept on the mill-stream at Holdenby, which flows into the Wen. The prisoner, who was moving with two other men in a field by the side of the stream, killed the swan with his scythe and took it home with him, where he and his wife tried to eat it, but found the bird too tough. A search was made, and the bones were found in the prisoner's house and the skin in an osier-bed close by. Mr. Merewether, for the prisoner, objected that a swan which was swimming about on a public river was not the subject of larceny. For the prosecution it was contended that that could not refer to a bird which was branded in the web of the foot, as in this case. Earl Spencer, in overruling the objection, remarked that this stream could hardly be called a public river, although it did run into the Wen. The prisoner was convicted, and, in consideration of his previous good character, sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment."

THE FEAT OF A BRAVE WOMAN.

Mr. Cameron was taking a bull from the field to the stable. When near the door of the stable the brute became enraged and made an attack upon Mr. Cameron, who ran from him and at the same time called his dog and endeavored to urge him to an attack upon the bull. Mrs. Cameron happened to hear her husband's call upon the dog, and at once ran to his assistance. When she reached the spot the infuriated beast had knocked Mr. Cameron down and was goring and treading upon him in a frightful manner. Mr. Cameron had struggled hard to defend himself, and had caught hold of the ring inserted in the animal's nose. This he held with a death-like grip when Mrs. Cameron came up. In an instant the brave and noble woman took in the whole situation, and made an effort to rescue her husband that can only challenge our wonder and admiration. She with a great effort released Mr. Cameron's grip upon the ring, and, taking a firm hold upon it herself, literally forced the bull away, and dragged him to the field again, where she fastened him in. There was no one to assist her except a little boy, who was able to do nothing more than open and close the gate. She then returned to her husband, and carried him, bruised and mutilated, to the house. The saddest feature of all is that the vicious brute had done its work only too well. Mr. Cameron survived but a short time.—Picton Times.

THE QUEEN ON SUNDAY HARVESTING.

On Sunday, the 28th ult., her Majesty, accompanied by the Princess Beatrice, drove to Lochnagar distillery, and paid a visit to Mr. Begg. From continuous work the weather had on the previous day, cleared up and changed to bright sunshine. The Queen, after a short stay at Lochnagar Farm, continued her drive by way of Balmacross, and remained for some time beside a field of oats belonging to Mr. Begg, where about fifty men and women were actively at work binding in stooks grain which had been spread out to dry on the Saturday. It was quite dry on Sunday, and the people in the district turned out, and with willing hands had the whole field bound and stooked by evening, part of the operation being conducted by moonlight. Before leaving, her Majesty signified to Mr. Begg her opinion that the work was one of necessity. In this, says the Dundee Advertiser, she differs from some Scotch clergymen, who on Sunday and on the Sunday previous denounced from the pulpit the practice of Sunday harvesting as a violation of the sanctity of the Sabbath.

MANGE IN A HORSE.

A correspondent of the American Agriculturalist gives the following mode of treating it:—"Make an ointment of lard, twelve parts, turpentine and oil, and sulphur two parts. Rub these together thoroughly, until it is well mixed and smooth. Work some of this ointment into the affected portions of the skin twice a day. Give an ounce of flowers of sulphur daily in the feed, until the perspiration of the horse starts strongly of it, then discontinue it, but continue the use of the ointment for some time longer, until the skin recovers a healthy appearance. Whitewash the stable and stalls with lime, and cover the floor also with it, as the mange insect will live upon the wood work for some months, and return to the horse if not destroyed."

A WEDDING PARTY ON VELOCIPEDES.

A novelty in marriage processions was recently witnessed in Paris, in the Bois de Boulogne. The happy couples all went out on velocipedes. Each gentleman had a lady seated behind him. The party occupied fifteen velocipedes, and was led by an active fellow who worked his way with his feet, and, while preserving his equilibrium, dextrously used his hands in playing on the violin. Next to the fiddler came the bride and bridegroom, then the bridesmaids behind the best men and the elderly folks in the rear. But every male in the party seemed to be more or less an accomplished velocipede. They made the tour of the lakes in the park and slighted at the Croquet restaurant of the cascade, where an excellent dinner was served. In the evening the happy party remounted their velocipedes and delighted the wanderers in the great avenue of the Champs Elysees on their return to Paris, the only difference in the procession being that in the evening the man on the leading velocipede bore a torch—the torch of Hyacinth probably—instead of a fiddler.

DEATH OF A CHARACTER.

The death of William Abbott, "the king of the Cariboo gold mines," is announced from Victoria, B. C. Abbott was one of a company who struck rich pay on William Creek in 1861, arriving in Victoria with 300 pounds of gold in the fall of that year. He was the "lion" of the winter of 1862, and spent his gold lavishly. On one occasion he entered a saloon and shed a handful of 20 pieces at a large plate-glass mirror behind the bar, shattering it. When reproached by the bar-keeper, he requested him to keep the "beast for the damage." On another occasion he and another Caribooite astonished Government street by throwing 20 pieces at each other until stopped by the police. The throwing commenced with snow-balls. On his return to Cariboo Abbott's good fortune continued, and he has been known to stake \$10,000 on a hand at poker. After two or three years' prosperity, Abbott got to the bottom of his claim and his purse at the same time, and was miserably poor at the time of his death.

TRANSPORTING LIVE TROUT BY RAIL.

An ingenious Frenchman has devised a method said to be very effective. A tin box, perforated with small holes, is placed inside a larger one, considerable space being allowed between the two. They are then filled with water to a height two-thirds above the floor of the smaller box. In this operation

CARDS ON THE TRAINS.

The Toronto Telegram of the 22nd ult. makes the following remarks about playing cards on railway trains:

"A young man traveling on the car the other night was perambled by a couple of strangers to play a game of cards. It was the apparently gambler's little game of three-card monte. As usual in such cases, the first few dollars were won by the young man who innocently imagined that he had found a big bag to realize that perhaps the promoter of the luring gold mine was not a gold mine after all. He appealed to the conductor of the train to assist him in making the sharpers who had defrauded him return him his money, and the money was returned after a good deal of excitement on board the train, and an attempt of the holder of it to jump from the cars. As a matter of course every person will say that it was very wrong of the conductors to let a cheat at an innocent and unpleasanted young man of his money. They should be ashamed of themselves. It is true that every effort should be made by the railway officials to prevent passengers from being fleeced by sharpers, and the company have even posted up announcements in their cars warning the passengers to look out for themselves. Yet, notwithstanding these precautions, unsophisticated young men will persist in playing cards with people whom they have never seen nor heard of before, and with the company's warning staring them in the face. A man who loses a money playing cards in any circumstances is undeserving of sympathy, but a man who loses money under the circumstances mentioned deserves to be left to chew the end of bitter reflection in a seat by himself. When he bets his money he expects to win, and so long as he does win he takes care to lodge no complaint with the conductor against his fellow passengers. But the moment he discovers he has been deprived of his check he goes to the officials in tears. As long as there are dupes willing to play cards on railway trains there will be sharpers ready to victimize them."

A QUEER CHAIR.

Seth Kinman, the renowned California hunter and trapper, has gained considerable notoriety as the maker of unique chairs for several of the Presidents of the United States. He presented Buchanan with a chair made of elk horns and hoofs in 1861, and gave Abraham Lincoln a similar one in 1864. Andrew Johnson was the recipient of a chair made of grizzly skins and claws. During a recent visit to the Centennial Exposition, Seth called on Governor Hayes, at Columbus, Ohio, and presented him with a chair similar to the Lincoln and Buchanan chairs—of elk horns and hoofs, with a grizzly robe covering. He has another chair similar to the Andrew Johnson chair in store for the President elect, only it has the addition of a grizzly's ferocious head cunningly concealed underneath the seat, which, by a spring in the rear of the chair, is thrust forward, the jaws snap viciously down three times when it returns to its place of concealment.

A CURIOSITY.

In the Government Building of the Centennial is an Indian dug-out from Vancouver's Island, British Columbia, which is 60 feet long, 8 feet wide, and 4 feet deep. The wonderful part is that this immense boat was built to be cut in half in order to get it to the exhibition, and when well carried fully 100 men—made from the trunk of a single tree, while the workmanship and shape would do credit to those possessing a higher civilization than Indian. Inside and out it is ornamented with Indian heads, which are painted in black, yellow, blue and red, showing very conclusively the Indian art is much inferior to the Indian mechanic. The braces, which extend across the inside of the boat, so as to hold the sides rigid, are held with strings through holes in the sides, instead of being fastened with iron.

A RARE VISITOR.

A very fine and large black deer, with horns of immense size, was seen one day last week in East Flamborough, one mile from the Brock Road and only a short distance from Painswick post office. The deer was as large as a cow, and very fat and sleek. He was first seen on the farm of Mr. A. Canty, an East Flamborough man, who reports that he had a section of the country appeared to be quite tame, and might be shot at the house, and he shot at them for several days.

You work them along at the same distance for two or three weeks. You now begin to brush them: one of the colts continues the same easy going sort of a fellow, doing no more than he is called on to do. The other, after a brush or two, seems just to wake up, and every time you gallop him he is on the bit the whole time, darting away whenever he gets the chance and pulling the boy's arms out—taking a fourth more exercise in going a mile than his companion or than he did himself before you began to brush him.

Now it must be evident to every thinking man, that if these colts continue to eat the same quantity and go the same distance in their daily work, both of them cannot come to the post in condition. It will probably be necessary to shorten the free-goer's work, and perhaps to increase his feed to ten or even twelve quarts in twenty-four hours. If his work was moderate as to distance, say a mile or a mile and a quarter each gallop in the morning, and a mile in the afternoon when he did not brush in the morning, the increase of food would probably be sufficient. Should he become very excitable, it would be well to omit a brush altogether for a week and then let him move by himself.

With the other colt, the non-excitable one, you would probably find the distance not sufficient to get the flesh off him, and you would have to increase his work from a mile and a quarter to a mile and three-quarters or two miles in his second gallop. As he was eating only eight quarts in twenty-four hours you could not well reduce his feed. If he continued hard to reduce, you would have to increase the severity of his sweats and the rate as well as the length of his gallops. This style of horse requires to be worked up to his race. The more excitable class should not be treated in the same manner, but their work should be lessened a little, particularly the fast work. All horses are in disposition and temper grades of the two just described, and must be treated accordingly.

Yours truly,
W. J. MINOR.

SHORT RULES FOR TRAINING TWO-YEAR-OLDS.

First Week.

Trot a mile after walking a mile. Take the boys off on the track; if sweating, scrape the colts, and rub lightly and quickly. Caress the colts; lead to the stable and rub dry; lead around the ring for twenty minutes; give water in four draughts, five minutes between each draught; wash legs, lead into stable, rub and clean off; rub legs very lightly with soft cloths, just enough to get the legs dry; no hand rubbing of legs. Colts are frequently buckshined by too much rubbing. At 12 o'clock walk half an hour; water while walking; brush off and feed.

In the afternoon, walk under saddle for an hour; water after returning to stable in same manner as in the morning; it is a good habit to get into. Wash legs and clean off as in the morning. Feed, and shut up the stable for the night. If it is very dry, and you have a good place, stand them in the water for fifteen or twenty minutes. If it is very dry, and you can not stand them in the water, stuff feet with a mixture of two quarts tar, two quarts molasses, one quart lard; wet tow or cotton with mixture, and stuff it into their feet. Continue this work for a week.

Take great care not to alarm the colts in any way. Allow them in their trots to pass and re-pass each other. Such weather as this (August 20), you cannot clothe too light. The clothing, however, must be changed with the weather, and must be done promptly. Suppose it is very warm, and your colts are standing under sheets, a slight change takes place, put on another sheet. It gets colder, put on linsay and take off one of the sheets; still cooler, add another linsay. If it gets cold, take off the sheet and replace it with a blanket. If it becomes very cold, add another blanket; your colts will then have clothes on for the coldest weather. As it begins to moderate, take off a linsay and replace it with a sheet; and as it continues to moderate, reduce the clothing as you put it on, by substituting one piece for another, until you get down to the usual quantity for the ordinary state of the weather.

In Summer, a thin sheet; in early Fall, a sheet and linsay; late, two sheets and a linsay; still later, linsay and blanket; still later, sheet, linsay and blanket; which will be the quantity required in our ordinary Winter weather.

week, prepare the colts for a light sweat. Give them only twenty-five swallows of water, at night only half the usual quantity of fodder, and give a warm bran mash, composed of half feed and half bran, instead of their usual feed. The mash should be in quantity the same as the usual feed. Next morning give only a pint of feed, put on two, three, four or five blankets, according to the weather. Walk a mile; then trot a mile; and if the colts sweat enough, scrape and give three or four swallows of tepid water with which a little meal and salt has been mixed. Trot another mile; if they sweat freely, take everything off on the track and scrape them well. Then put on one or two blankets and over-piece, according to the weather, and lead back to stable. If the track is half a mile or more from the stable, they may scrape again before they get to the stable. Arrived at the stable, bandage the fore legs with woolen bandages that have been dipped in hot water. Take them into the stable, take care there is no draft on them; scrape if sweating, and rub dry briskly. When rubbing head, neck and shoulders, keep a sheet, linsay or blanket, according to the weather, over the back and loins. When rubbing back, loins and quarters, cover the shoulders and neck, and so on until the horse is nearly dry; then throw off the covering entirely. The object in covering one portion of the body while another portion is being rubbed, is to prevent the horse from cooling too rapidly by evaporation. If the day is cold, and the skin of the horse begins to get cold before he is quite dry, brush him off and clothe pretty warm and walk him out. Have the air taken off the water, put enough meal in it to make it white and add salt sufficient just to make it taste. Let them drink a little when they come out of the stable, as they will be very thirsty. Then walk for fifteen minutes, and give them water as before directed. Wash legs in warm water; clean off; feed with mash and fodder as usual. At night feed as usual. Next morning walk about half a mile; then gallop a mile; put on over-pieces; walk about ten minutes, and gallop another mile; put on over-pieces; walk about a quarter of a mile, scrape and rub as before directed. Continue this work for the week—letting the colts pass and re-pass each other in the gallop.

At the end of the week prepare for another sweat. In the afternoon, after the sweat, give only thirty swallows of water and half the usual quantity of fodder, with usual feed of grain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SALMON IN LAKE ERIE.

The first salmon bred in Lake Erie was caught last week by Davis & Brothers, of Toledo, at Cedar Point, Maumee Bay, Lake Erie, O. The fish was, without doubt, one of the numerous fry hatched by the Michigan Fish Commission from the egg of the California salmon (*Salmo gairdneri*) in the spring of 1874 and planted by them the same season in the River Raisin, at Monroe, Mich. The fish was thirteen and a half inches long (the average size of this fish at their age), and in two years it would have grown to the weight of ten or fifteen pounds. The color and flavor was perfect and highly approved by Judge Potter, of Toledo, to whom the fish was presented. The capture of this fish under those circumstances is of great importance to those interested in its introduction to Lake Erie, and goes to prove that in time it can be produced in abundance here, equal to the yield of Lake Ontario in days past, when a twenty-five pound fish could be bought on Salmon River for a plug of tobacco.

An owl measuring five feet and a half from tip to tip was shot at Port Colborne last week.

MIND, MATTER, MONEY, BEAUTY.—Webster's Quarto Dictionary, as now published, has cost more intellectual labor, more money in its "getting up," and contains more matter, and a larger number of beautiful engravings, (300 or more, with four pages of colored plates,) than any single volume ever before published for popular use in this or any other country. It is largely the standard in England as well as in this country. Bell & Dally, the publishers of Bohn's libraries, are the London publishers of this magnificent volume.

the property of Edward ... which was the subject of the ... been presented to the prosecutor, a miller, by his landlord, Capt. Stirling, and was kept on the mill-stream at Hold-nby, which flows into the W. n. The prisoner, who was in a cage with two other men in a field by the side of the stream, killed the swan with his scythe, and took it home with him, where he and his wife tried to eat it, but found the bird too tough. A search was made, and the bones were found in the prisoner's house and the skin in an osier-bed close by. Mr. M. re- w-ther, for the prisoner, objected that a swan which was swimming about on a public river was not the subject of larceny. For the prosecution it was contended that that could not refer to a bird which was branded in the web of the foot, as in this case. Earl Spencer, in overruling the objection, remarked that this stream could hardly be called a public river, although it did run into the W. n. The prisoner was convicted, and, in consideration of his previous good character, sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment."

THE FEAT OF A BRAVE WOMAN.

Mr. Cameron was taking a bull from the field to the stable. When near the door of the stable the brute became enraged and made an attack upon Mr. Cameron, who ran from him and at the same time called his dog and endeavored to urge him to an attack upon the bull. Mrs. Cameron happened to hear her husband's call upon the dog, and at once ran to his assistance. When she reached the spot the infuriated beast had knocked Mr. Cameron down and was going and treading upon him in a frightful manner. Mr. Cameron had struggled hard to defend himself, and had caught hold of the ring inserted in the animal's nose. This he held with a death like grip when Mrs. Cameron came up. In an instant the brave and noble woman took in the whole situation, and made an effort to rescue her husband that can only challenge our wonder and admiration. She with a great effort released Mr. Cameron's grip upon the ring, and, taking a firm hold upon it herself, literally forced the bull away, and dragged him to the field again, where she fastened him in. There was no one to assist her except a little boy, who was able to do nothing more than open and close the gate. She then returned to her husband, and carried him, bruised and mutilated, to the house. The saddest feature of all is that the vicious brute had done its work only too well. Mr. Cameron survived but a short time.—*Picton Times*.

POOR CATCH OF MACKEREL.

The Halifax Chronicle says: "The catch of mackerel in the North Bay for the season of 1876 is now at a close. It has been the poorest known for many years. Some vessels only landed 30 barrels. Out of the 74 vessels mackerel catching in the North Bay the schooner Samuel Davis, owned by Mr. A. H. Crowe, of Halifax, commanded by Capt. Richard Jackman, of Port Mulgrave, has the honor of being "high line." She has landed 282 barrels (sea packed) mackerel. The S. D. is an old-fashioned Plymouth banker, and no doubt if Capt. Jackman had a vessel such as some of his competitors had, he would have landed a much larger quantity. The Americans, with their fine vessels and first-rate outfits, usually win the "high line" honor, and we are, therefore, the more pleased that one of our Halifax schooners leads the fleet this year."

A CARD.—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 em

... on velocipedes. A gentleman had a lady seated behind him. The party occupied fifteen velocipedes, and was led by an active fellow who worked his way with his feet, and, while preserving his equilibrium, directed the rest; used his hands in playing on the violin. Next to the fiddler came the bride, in a blue gown, then the bride-made behind the best men and the elderly folk in the rear. But every male in the party seemed to be more or less an accomplished velocipedist. They made the tour of the lakes in the park and alighted at the Chateau restaurant of the cascade, where an excellent dinner was served. In the evening the happy party remounted their velocipedes and delighted the wanderers in the great avenue of the Champs Elysees on their return to Paris, the only difference in the procession being that in the evening the man on the leading velocipede bore a torch—the torch of Hymen probably—instead of a fiddle.

DEATH OF A CHARACTER.

The death of William Abbott, "the king of the Cariboo gold mines," is announced from Victoria, B. C. Abbott was one of a company who struck rich pay on Williams Creek in 1861, arriving in Victoria with 300 pounds of gold in the fall of that year. He was the "hon." of the winter of 1862, and spent his gold lavishly. On one occasion he entered a saloon and shied a handful of \$20 pieces at a large plate-glass mirror behind the bar, shattering it. When reproached by the bar-keeper, he requested him to keep "at least for the damage." On another occasion he and another Caribooite astonished Government street by throwing \$20 pieces at each other until stopped by the police. The throwing commenced with snow-balls. On his return to Cariboo Abbott's good fortune continued, and he has been known to stake \$10,000 on a hand at poker. After two or three years' prosperity, Abbott got to the bottom of his claim and his purse at the same time, and was miserably poor at the time of his death.

TRANSPORTING LIVE TROUT BY RAIL. An ingenious Frenchman has devised a method said to be very effective. A tin box, perforated with small holes, is placed inside a larger one, considerable space being allowed between the two. They are then filled with water to a height two-thirds above the floor of the smaller box. In the space at one end a bucketed wheel, driven by clock work, picks up the water and discharges it into the inner box, keeping up a constant circulation and oxygenizing the water. It is claimed that by this means live trout have been successfully transported over long distances.

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 No. 2—Dark color, with dark muddy deposit on standing has an acid and slightly bitter taste, contains Cinchonine but no Quinine. Is made with an acid wine, not cherry.

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

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

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

... several of the Presidents of the United States. He presented Buchanan with a chair made of elk horns and hinds in 1861, and gave Abraham Lincoln a similar one in 1864. Andrew Johnson was the recipient of a chair made of a fly skins and straws. During a recent visit to the Centennial Exposition, St. Paul, Minn., Governor Ray presented a chair similar to the Lincoln and Buchanan chairs—of elk horns and hinds, with a gilt top covering. He has another chair made for the Andrew Johnson chair in store for the President elect, only it has the addition of a grizzly's ferocious head cunningly concealed underneath the seat, which, by touching a spring in the rear of the chair, causes it to spring forward, the jaws snap viciously twice or three times, when it returns to its place of concealment.

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In the Government Building of the Centennial is an Indian dug-out from Vancouver Island, British Columbia, which is 60 feet long, 8 feet wide, and 4 feet deep. The wonderful part is that this immense boat which had to be cut in half in order to get it to the exhibition, and which will carry fully 100 men—is made from the trunk of a single tree, while its workmanship and shape would do credit to those possessing a higher civilization than Indians. Inside and out it is ornamented with Indian heads, which are painted in black, yellow, blue and red, showing very conclusively the Indian artist is much inferior to the Indian mechanic. The braces, which extend across the inside of the boat, so as to hold the sides rigid, are tied with straws through holes in the sides, instead of being fastened with iron.

A RARE VISITOR.

A very fine and large buck deer, with horns of immense size, was seen one day last week in East Flamboro, one mile from the Black Lion and only a short distance from Pulinch post office. The deer was as large as a cow, and very fat and sleek. He was first seen on the farm of Mr. A. Bannatyne, in East Flamboro, by the sons of that gentleman, who report that this rare visitor in that section of the country appeared to be quite tame, coming quite near the house and eating at them for several minutes. The young men who saw him having no gun, proceeded to a neighbor's to borrow one. In the meantime, however, his deership got tired waiting for them to procure the means to shoot him, and crossed the farms of Messrs. Marshall, Forsyth and Mast. They gave chase, but the animal having a good start, succeeded in outrunning them, and the first sight they got of the deer was when he entered the immense swampy tract there, and was lost to view. They then gave up the chase, and at last, as it was said, a fine buck deer killed.

Deer are very plentiful in Ontario, there being no less than forty-five entries in the market one day last week.

While the blackbirds were swarming at the San Antonio, Tex. Fair, the other day, a lady directed every man in the crowd to shoot the birds on the wing, and she said, "Why don't they shoot them down on the ground, as they don't kill themselves?"

A boy proposed to his father to get him a gun, but his father refused to do so, and said that day, "Father, I will get you a gun, but do you know what I shall do with it? I am going fishing." "Subordinate duty is attending about it, report to the parent." "I shall do it. He said it you are sure you will spend the day."



The Gentleman's Journal

TORONTO, FRIDAY, DEC 1, 1876
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 LIGHT GREEN 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 up in the right upper corner, and dated October 1st, 1876, each card running for three months. No person is authorized to use any other credential on our behalf. Managers will save themselves from being troubled by demanding an exhibition of said card, and refusing to accept any others whatsoever for their 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 return it to the office.

Persons applying for the position of Correspondent are respectfully requested to consider BIRMINGHAM as a negative.

DATES CLAIMED FOR 1877.

AMERICAN.

Table listing dates for horse racing events in various American locations like Chicago, Springfield, and Rochester.

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

SHALL WE HAVE IT?

If there is one thing more than another that we have claimed to be necessary to elevate the turf in Canada, and bring it up to that degree of prosperity which its friends and advocates are anxious it should occupy, it is the institution of stake racing in this country. By this, it is not meant that the substitution of a stake or two for purses at a meeting would supply the desideratum. While this would be preferable to the purse system, still it is not what is desired. Possibly this may require explanation. Our race bills are usually only announced a few weeks before the event to which they give publicity takes place, when allows very little opportunity for persons, if so disposed, to import a horse for a particular race. What is desired is that the stakes to be run for should be announced months before hand, and if possible several of our associations should act in concert, so that the amount of the several stakes would be a sufficient inducement for gentlemen to import a superior class of horses. That the introduction of stake racing in this shape would be of great benefit to the turf admits of no doubt. Experience has shown such to be the case; we have the Canadian Derby, formerly run at Birro, as an example. During its continuance it was probably the means of bringing more good horses into the country than any other event that has ever been held in Canada. And this was an experiment in a moderate sort of way. As association was working single-hand and alone in the matter, and did not have the valuable assistance of a...

than purses can be. Sufficient has been said to establish the fact that stake races would be a great auxiliary in elevating the turf to the position which it should occupy in this country. Of a necessary they need not be open Derby stakes, encouragement might be given by offering two, three and four-year old Dominion stakes, which would give a great impulse to home production.

Now, the advisability of giving such inducements is shown, it devolves upon our associations to take action thereon. Announcements should be made not later than the New Year, with the nominations to close along in March some time, or even in April, to be run the following May, June or July. If anything is done in this respect it is hoped associations will be as liberal in the added money as they can afford. As before mentioned, it would be much better if several associations acted in unison, and the winners could be penalized from meeting to meeting so as not to destroy the chances of all the other horses in the race. The whole thing is easy of accomplishment, but a move should be made at once to bring it about, and if co-operation cannot be had, with some individual association will step forward and show a laudable example to be followed by the others in the future. Shall we have it?

ANOTHER ARRIVAL.

The enterprise displayed by the introduction of thoroughbred blood stock into Canada, Ontario especially, the past year or two is truly commendable, and will go a great way to increase the value of equine stock. We now possess sires of this class combining the finest strains of the English and American stud books, some of which having racing records of a high character. From time to time we have given accounts of importations of this class, accompanied with sketches of their performances and a résumé of their pedigrees. This week we have the pleasure of chronicling another purchase on Ontario account; and it is flattering to us to say, the sale was brought about by an advertisement in the SPORTING TIMES.

The horse referred to is Meteor, which was purchased by Mr. Shaw, a well-known horseman of Teeswater, Ont., from Dr. Catnach, V.S., New York. Mr. S. is already the owner of the race-horse Comet, by Lightning, who was devoted to stake purposes with great success last season. Feeling the demand for his service was too great for one horse, Mr. S. looked around him and finally selected Meteor as a stable companion for the well-known grey. Meteor is a beautiful golden chestnut, 15-3; seven years old, by Asteroid (a son of Lexington) and Nebula, by imp. Glencoe; dam Maria Innis, by imp. Yorkshire; 2nd dam, Ann Innis, by American Eclipse; 3rd dam, Miss Obdurate, by Sumpter; 4th dam, the famous Jenny Slammekin, by Tiger; 5th dam Hannah Harris, by imp. Buzzard; 6th dam Indiana, by Butler's Columbus; son of imp. Pantaloon; and so on down through a long list of aristocratic ancestry, tracing back to the best blood of the old country, including Diomed, Emilius, Buzzard, Florizl, Messenger, Mambrino, &c., &c.

As a racehorse Meteor must be said to have been at least moderately successful. Without going into a résumé of his performances, of which those in his three-year-old form do him the greatest credit, we might mention he won the Jersey Derby in 1872, beating Joe Daniels, Gray Parrot, Hubbard and six others, including John Doe (The Moor) the time being 2:40; a dash of a mile and a half. This is the first time the race has ever been run in by about three seconds. The value of the stake was \$3,550. The same year he also won the Ribbles' Stakes at Long Branch, of the value of \$2,450, a two-mile dash, the time of which was 3:43, beating John Doe, Boss Tweed (Moonstone), Experience Oaks, and Mildew. So well thought of was he in this race that he was selling at 2 to 1 over the field, and showing the confidence of his backers was not mis-

by the President in a few concise remarks, in which he commended Mr. Newton for the labor and research he had bestowed upon his essay.

A meeting of the society of the Ontario Veterinary College was held in the Lecture Room on Thursday evening, 23rd November, 1876. The President, Dr. J. And. Smith, V. S., in the chair. Mr. George McEvers, of Cobourg, read an essay on "Spasmodic and Flatulent Colic," which was warmly discussed.

The President then called on Mr. Marling, of Newport, Rhode Island, who read a very interesting communication on "Anæmism in a Setter Dog," which was highly appreciated, and led to a lively debate that was kept up for a considerable time.

A vote of thanks to Mr. McEvers was moved by Mr. Stewart, and seconded by Mr. M. Killop; and another vote to Mr. Marling, moved by Mr. Bates and seconded by Mr. Newton, both being unanimously carried by the meeting, were conveyed by the President to the several parties.

At the next meeting, Mr. H. Hopkins will read an essay on "Lumbago," and Mr. D. Stovel a communication entitled "Kicks!" The attendance at the meetings was large.

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MONTREAL VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

The above association held its regularly organized meeting on Thursday evening, in the lecture-room of the Veterinary College. Mr. J. M. Browning, President of the Council of Agriculture, and a number of prominent citizens of Montreal were present.

Mr. C. J. Alloway, V.S., read a very exhaustive paper on "Raring," and from personal experience, he was prepared to attribute the majority of cases to hereditary predisposition, and to the barbarous custom in the ruinous application of the "bearing-rein." The subject gave rise to a very lively and interesting discussion, which resulted in the approval of Mr. Alloway's views.

Communications were read by Mr. Baker on "Inflammation of the Maxilla," and by Mr. Ryan on "Fracture of the Inferior Maxilla."

Mr. Brown, on behalf of the Council of Agriculture, presented the Association with twenty-one volumes of valuable works, and, in a few well chosen remarks, expressed the satisfaction felt by the Council of Agriculture on the advance made by the profession in this Province, and their intention to aid its further progress by establishing a course of French lectures in connection with the College.

Mr. J. S. Hunter, on behalf of the visitors present, in very appropriate and highly complimentary remarks, returned thanks to the President for his invitation, and expressed the satisfaction and pleasure derived from the meeting.

At the next meeting, December 7th, Mr. W. B. Hall will read a paper on "Inflammation of the Lungs," and Mr. C. Hebert a communication in French.

THE OTTAWA HUNT CLUB.

At the last meeting for the season of the Ottawa Hunt Club, Sheriff Powell, the master of the hounds, in presenting the Governor General's cup to Mr. Palmer, delivered the following address:-

The Sheriff said he had much pleasure in the duty that fell to his lot. If any evidence were necessary of the manly character of the sport which the club sought to encourage, it was in the fact that their noble patron, His Excellency Lord Dufferin, had generously given them a challenge cup to be presented from year to year to the winner at the Annual Hunt Steeplechase, thus holding out an incentive to all to compete for the prize, and a guarantee of the perpetuity of the Club. In presenting it to Mr. Palmer, he gave it to him with sincere pleasure as a mark of the respect that had been earned by him, and of the judgment he had shown in the selection of his horse, of all the animals in creation, man's best friend and most useful ally. The same spirit that won the steeplechase inspired Lord Dufferin and carried the glorious flag of Old England over the glorious triumph over the battalions of the enemy. A thought was born in the other day in a hearing when he felt to be worthy of more than passing consideration. Whilst the Government of the country were exercising a wise discretion in encouraging skill in the use of the rifle, why was it that they did not do some thing to encourage that skill in our manly sport, which would prove so useful in the defence of the country. From the

the hounds by the importation of new dogs from England and elsewhere. To do this money is wanted and he had no doubt from the generous support hitherto accorded, the appeal would not be in vain. He made some humorous remarks as to some of the youths, whose absence he had lately remarked. Coming to grief occasionally, he feared their mamma had attached them to their apron strings. To avoid contact with mother earth they sought the shelter of their mother's aprons. He had got the worst cropper of the season, but he did not think it would prevent his wife from wishing him good luck on a future event or stop his boys from coming to the front when an opportunity offered. If men had to be made to fight the battle of life the pluck that was required in the hunting field would not be the least element that would make Canadians worthy of their name.

HORSES FOR ENGLAND.

Probably the last shipment of horses this season for the Old Country has now been made. The Sarum at took ten, consigned to a gentleman at Liverpool. These animals had to be shipped at Quebec, the steamer not coming any further up the river. They were principally purchased in the County of Oxford, and included several by the English coaching sire Foxhunter, one by the thoroughbred sire Buckshot Eclipse, two by Jack the Barber, one by Leopard, &c., &c. Six superior hunters, all by thoroughbred horses, were shipped at Montreal on Tuesday in the Manitoba for Glasgow. Buyers complain that the farmers have not exercised sufficient care in the selection of sires, excellent sires as a rule being put to the first, three-cornered "traveler" that passes the gate. Then again the presence of blood too often facilitates the absence of bone, and with every facility for raising the exact sort of animal that will fetch a high price in Liverpool or London, breeders are producing either a common and inferior brute, that is unsaleable in any market, or a light spindly shank-dweller that is not worth a set of harness.—Mail.

THE MOOSE "TECUMSEH."

They had the Canadian trotting Moose at Belmont Park, Philadelphia, on Nov. 20th, and his style of opening himself so disgusted the City Item man that he advises "Moseman" to take down his sign, and substitute the Moose for the broken down horse. The nature of the exhibit did not attract a very large audience. It was announced that he would endeavor to beat Goldsmith Maid's time of 2:14. Some time since he was matched to beat 2:20 at Truro, and made his mile in 7:30. Monday, being matched against 2:14, he did much better, and trotted a mile a trifle better than the maid's. If they announce the next time that he will endeavor to go for a mile a minute, he may succeed in getting down to about three minutes. "If you don't succeed at first, try, try again."

We hope the first foot (??) Kanuck will be given another chance to beat the Maid's time—in some other place, however. We are satisfied he can do it—if he only goes fast enough. The slow track at Belmont seemed rather fast for him and he showed a disposition to stop by the way and argue the situation with his driver, but the latter wasn't in an argumentive mood, and by dint of strong persuasion generally succeeded in getting him to "move on," but only about as fast as Mayor St. Clekley's stalwart "cops" did the population on Chestnut street during the election.

As a trotting exhibition the affair was not a success. Two trials were made, one in about 4:30 and the other in five minutes. When he would trot at his best he probably went near a 3-minute-gait, but it was not often that he cared about doing his best, and at times would almost come to a standstill. We understand the animal is only two years old, and we would advise that he be taken back to Canada and be allowed to develop. Perhaps too weight might assist him. We charge nothing for the suggestion.

SPEARING HERRING IN DUNDAS MARSH AND BURLINGTON BAY.

In compliance with the notice dated 7th November, from W. F. Whitcher, Commissioners of Fisheries, Ottawa, the local Fishery Overseer has, up to this date, issued forty-six herring spearing licenses.

On Friday night last, about eleven o'clock, the Fishery Overseer succeeded in capturing a herring gill net, in the bay near the end of what is known as Myles' wharf.

At 11:30 p. m., Thomas Cross, of Hamilton and Prince Dew, his brother-in-law, of Burlington Beach, were found at the same place in Tom's boat, which had a wash tub and grapple thereon, but the gill net, two pike and about 100 herring, were the occupants of the boat.

1st Aug.	21	"
2nd "	21	"
3rd "	21	"
4th "	21	"

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

SHALL WE HAVE IT?

It has been one thing more than another that we have claimed to be necessary to develop the turf in Canada, and bring it up to that degree of propriety which its friends and advocates are anxious it should occupy, it is the institution of stake racing in this country. By this, it is not meant that the substitution of a stake or two for purses at a meeting would supply the desideratum. While this would be preferable to the purse system, still it is not what is desired. Possibly this may require explanation. Our race bills are usually only announced a few weeks before the event to which they give publicity takes place, which allows very little opportunity for persons, if so disposed, to import a horse for a particular race. What is desired is that the stake to be run for should be announced months before hand, and if possible several of our associations should act in concert, so that the amount of the several stakes would be a sufficient inducement for gentlemen to invest their money in importing a superior class of horses. That the introduction of stake racing in this shape would be of great benefit to the turf admits of no doubt. Experience has shown such to be the case; we have the Canadian Derby, formerly run at Barrie, as an example. During its continuance it was probably the means of bringing more good horses into the country than any other event that has ever been held in Canada. And this was an experiment in a moderate sort of way. This association was working single-handed and alone in the matter, and did not have the valuable assistance of other clubs to increase the interest in races of this class. If there had been three or four, or half-a-dozen, Derby stakes to be run for in Canada during the same season, it is quite easy to imagine the entry lists would have been greatly enlarged with a larger number of names, and the value of the stakes would have been in each instance proportionately increased. The benefits of this extra number of horses in the country would have diffused themselves through all the campaigns, as it must not be supposed that horses entered for the stakes would not take part in any other of the events on the programmes. And it would be found that besides the horses owned in this country, many of those brought in by our American friends would eventually find their homes here. The increase in the number of horses in a few years would be quite marked, and as a consequence racing itself, from the keen competition evolved, would become more popular. Another evidence of the success of stake racing can be seen in the SPORTING TIMES Stallion Race last September. It would be safe to say there has been no event of the Canadian turf in which so much interest was taken. Again, fixed events of this nature are more popular

of cheering another province on Ontario account; and it is felt that to say, the subject was brought about by an advertisement in the SPORTING TIMES

The horse referred to is Meteor, which was purchased by Mr. Shaw, a well-known horse man of Teeswater, Ont., from Dr. Catnach V.S., New York. Mr. S. is already the owner of the race horse Longch, by Lightning, who was devoted to stock purposes with great success last season. Putting the demand for his services was too great for one horse, Mr. S. looked around him and finally selected Meteor as a stable companion for the well-known grey. Meteor is a beautiful golden chestnut, 15 3; seven years old, by Asteroid (a son of Lexington and Nebula, by imp. Glencoe), dam Maria Innis, by imp. Yorkshire; 2nd dam, Ann Innis, by American Eclipse; 3rd dam, Miss Obsolete, by Sumpter; 4th dam, the famous Jenny Hammerton, by Tiger; 5th dam Hannah Harris, by imp. Buzzard; 6th dam Indiana, by Butler's Columbus, son of imp. Pantaloon; and so on down through a long list of aristocratic ancestry, tracing back to the best blood of the old country, including Diomed, Emilius, Buzzard, Florizl, Messenger, Mambrino, &c., &c.

As a racehorse Meteor must be said to have been at least moderately successful. Without going into a resumé of his performances, of which those in his three-year-old form do him the greatest credit, we might mention he won the Jersey Derby in 1872, beating Joe Daniels, Gray Pant, Hubbard and six others, including John Doe (The Moor) the time being 2:40. A dash of a mile and a half. This is the fastest time the race has ever been run in by about three seconds. The value of the stake was \$8,550. The same year he also won the Ribblesdale Stakes at Long Branch, of the value of \$2,450, a two-mile dash, the time of which was 3:48, beating John Doe, Boss Tweed (Moonstone), Experience Oaks, and Mildew. So well thought of was he in this race that he was selling at 2 to 1 over the field, and showing the confidence of his backers was not misplaced by winning easily by three lengths. Since then it may be said he has been laid on the shelf from an injury. From the above short and imperfect sketch, some idea may be formed of the merits of Meteor, both as regards his breeding and racing qualities. It is hoped Mr. Shaw will find his investment a successful one; and this is an example will be followed by many others. It is difficult to have too much of a good thing.

THE TORONTO HUNT CLUB.

Owing to the unfavorable state of the weather, very few attended the meet on Saturday, which was held at the head of Parliament street, there being only sixteen or seventeen present, and these not wishing to miss the last run (to all appearance) of the season, ran the risk of getting a wet jacket rather than to do so. Proceeding to the starting point, which was just east of the Don bridge, near the Necropolis, the hounds took a westerly direction, and after wading the Don river at about a mile and a half above the bridge, ran a zig-zag course for about two miles and

Sporting Gossip.

Mr. W. Patterson of Montreal, has just returned from Ottawa, where he was prospecting with the intention of going into the horse exporting business next season. He intends to ship a consignment to Ottawa.

Gen. Tom Thumb played a game of checkers with Mr. Rowland, of Collingwood. The Gen. won two out of the three games.

Messrs Burgess & Forbes, of Woodstock, report their stock doing well. Von Dorn and Paludiate under the care of Willie Taylor.

Mr. C. A. Parker, of Oakville, received last week two thoroughbred mares and foals from the West.

A India pony says there is alive and perfect in every feature, a pony only eight inches high in the province of Lahore.

John Morrissey publishes a card in the New York Herald in which he says he will pay over the pool money on the Presidential election to go into a building tickets in the same pool which are mutually acceptable that the money should be disposed of in that way. The Hon. John retaining his commission.

The Montreal Horse Market continued very dull last week. Mr. Elw's disposal of fifteen on Friday, at prices ranging from \$80 to \$130. The demand is mainly for working horses for home supply; the export business being considerably closed for the season.

Mr. James Lunan the owner of Maritime and the colt Morris by Lamington, will return to Nova Scotia next week for the winter. The horse, we have understood, will remain at Newmarket track. It is possible may bring a couple more flyers with him on his return in the Spring.

A meeting of those favorable to ice racing was held at Ottawa on Saturday evening. No definite action was taken, but the meeting adjourned until Wednesday of this week when it was expected some line of action would be decided on.

Kiss and Pilot will winter at Newmarket track under the care of Mr. Archie Fisher.

The steady going trotter Grey Edlie has been relegated to his owner's stable, and will be used on the road this winter.

Veterinary.

ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.

A meeting of the students of the Ontario Veterinary College was held on Thursday evening, 16th ult., in the Lecture Room of the College, Dr. And. Smith, V. S., President, in the chair. After the usual preliminary business was gone through, at which Mr. R. A. Starling was elected Hon. Secretary, Mr. R. W. Newton came forward at the call of the President, and read an interesting essay on Pleuro-Pneumonia in the horse, which provoked an animated and lengthy discussion.

A vote of thanks to Mr. Newton was moved by Mr. Hamilton, seconded by Mr. Stovel, carried unanimously and conveyed

Commander was read by Mr. Baker on "In front of C. P." and by Mr. Ryan on "Fracture of the Inferior Maxilla." Mr. Brown, on behalf of the Council of Agriculture, presented the Association with twenty-one volumes of valuable works, and in a few well chosen remarks, expressed the satisfaction of the Council of Agriculture on the advance made by the profession in this Province, and their intention to aid its further progress by establishing a course of French lectures in connection with the College.

Mr. J. S. Hunter, on behalf of the visitors present, in very appropriate and highly complimentary remarks, returned thanks to the President for his invitation, and expressed the satisfaction and pleasure derived from the meeting.

At the next meeting, December 7th, Mr. W. B. Hall will read a paper on "Inflammation of the Lungs," and Mr. C. Hebert a communication in French.

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The Sheriff said he had much pleasure in the duty that fell to his lot. If any evidence were necessary of the manly character of the sport which the club sought to encourage, it was in the fact that their noble patron, His Excellency Lord Dufferin, had generously given them a challenge Cup to be presented from year to year to the winner at the Annual Hunt Steeplechase, thus holding out an incentive to all to compete for the prize, and a guarantee of the perpetuity of the Club. In presenting it to Mr. Palmer, he gave it to him with sincere pleasure as a mark of the pluck that had earned it for him, and of the judgment he had shown in the selection of his horse, of all the animals in creation, man's best friend and most useful ally. The same spirit that won the steeplechase inspired Fororn Hopson and carried the glorious flag of Old England where it waved in triumph over the battalions of the enemy. A thought occurred to him on the other day in a hearing which he felt to be worthy of more than passing consideration. Whilst the Government of the country were exercising a wise discretion in encouraging skill in the use of the rifle, why was it that they did not do some thing to encourage that skill in horse-manship, which would prove so useful in the defence of the country. From the changes in the mode of locomotion by the railway and the adoption of buggies and carriages in daily life horse-manship was rapidly falling into disuse and becoming a thing of the past. What arm of the service would be more necessary in the defence of our common country than the cavalry. What more useful in the employment of scouts or as the bearers of despatches, and yet in the force that existed where were those to be found who would follow a bold line in riding across a country beset with difficulties as ours was. This idea was borrowed from one, himself a follower of the Hounds, and second in judgment to no one in the Dominion. His desire was to maintain the Ottawa Pack on a footing that would enable them to occupy a place second to none. In Montreal and Toronto the sport they encouraged was growing in popular favor, and at these meets not only did the first man in the land contribute and encourage the sport by their taking part, but the ladies also graced the field by their presence. He would attempt in the spring to introduce a feature that would, he thought, largely contribute to this end. He would moderate the jumps by taking down a rail or two a few panels from the run of the hounds where the novices might have the chance of acquiring the confidence that would enable them to vie with the bold-est. He proposed to infuse new blood into

the City Item market that he advises "Moseman" to take down his sign, and substitute the Moose for the broken down horse. The nature of the exhibition did not attract a very large audience. It was announced that he would end at 2:14. Some time since he was matched to beat 2:20 at Toronto, and made his mile in 7:30. Monday, being matched against 2:14, he did much better, and trotted a mile a trifle better than 7:30. If they announce the next time that he will endeavor to go for a mile in six, he may succeed in getting down to about five minutes. "If you don't succeed at first, try, try again."

We hope the flat footed (?) Kewick will be given another chance to beat the Maid's time—in some other place, however. We are satisfied he can do it—if he only goes fast enough. The show track at Belmont seemed rather fast for him and he showed a disposition to stop by the way and argue the situation with his driver, but the latter wasn't in an argumentive mood, and by dint of strong persuasion generally succeeded in getting him to "move on," but only about as fast as Mayor St. Cleley's stalwart "cops" did the population on Chestnut street during the election fever.

As a trotting exhibition the affair was not a success. Two trials were made, one in about 4:30 and the other in five minutes. When he would trot at his best he probably won't near a 3-minute gait, but it was not often that he cared about doing his best, and at times would almost come to a standstill. We understand the animal is only two years old, and we would advise that he be taken back to Canada and be allowed to develop. Perhaps too weight might assist him. We charge nothing for the suggestion.

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In compliance with the notice dated 7th November, from W. F. Whitcher, Commissioner of Fisheries, Ottawa, the local Fishery Overseer has, up to this date, issued forty-six herring spring licenses.

On Friday night last, about eleven o'clock, the Fishery Overseer succeeded in capturing a herring gill net, in the bay, near the end of what is known as Myles' wharf.

At 11:30 p. m., Thomas Coe, of Hamilton and Prince Dewey, his brother-in-law, of Burlington Bay, were found at the same place in Tom's boat, which had a wash tub and grapple there on, but the gill net, two pike and about 100 herring, were the occupants of Mr. J. W. Kerr's boat at the time referred to.

A reward of five dollars is offered, and will be supplemented by the herring spearing fishermen, to the spearing or other boat that captures a herring gill net in Burlington Bay or Dundas Marsh, and ten dollars for the capture of a seine.

OTTAWA FUR MARKET.

The fur market is unusually dull for this season of the year. Very few skins are being sent in. Trappers are holding their lots in anticipation of advanced rates when winter sets in. The fine open fall was most favorable for trapping, and the furs are of excellent quality. Quotations are very low, and Leipzig and London are not very encouraging. A gentleman writing from Leipzig to a fur dealer in this city, says: "There is no demand for skins of any kind, excepting racoon, and I would advise you to be careful in buying, for the London and Leipzig markets are unreasonably dull."

The following are the quotations here:—Mink, \$1 to \$2.50; marten, \$1.25 to \$1.50; otter, \$5 to \$7; beaver, \$1.50 to \$1.80; fisher, \$4 to \$7; nut, 12½c.; lynx, \$1.25 to \$1.50; bear, \$5 to \$10; fox (red), \$1.25; fox (silver gray), \$2 to \$3; skunk, 50c.; racoon, 60c.

Canadian Turf.

TROTTING AND RUNNING AT TORONTO.

The conclusion of the trot at the Newmarket course on Wednesday of last week resulted in favor of Mr. John Fleming's mare Jenny Vincent. John A. was drawn. Tecumseh Boy acted badly, and was beaten in the heat by Avenue Boy. The summary follows:—

NEWMARKET COURSE, Toronto, Nov 18 and 22. —Under the management of Mr. Frank Martin. Purse \$60. Open to five named horses. Trotting; mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness; catch weights, and no distance: \$45 to first, 15 to second.

J Fleming's ch m Jennie Vincent . 2 1 1 2*1 Geo Clark's b g Tecumseh Boy . . . 1 4 4 1 3 W Kennedy's ch g Avenue Boy . . . 4 8 3 4 2 R James, jr, b g John A 3 3 2 3 dr C Wallis' gr m Alice Gray dr

No time taken. *Fifth heat trotted on 22nd.

The hurdle race not filling, the sport was brought to a conclusion with a half-mile heat race. Maritime had the worst of the send-off in the first heat, which was won by Pilot, Islander second. The concluding heats were won easily by Maritime. The summary follows:—

Nov 22.—Purse \$100. Running half-mile heats, weights for age, open to Dominion-breeds; \$75 to first, 25 to second.

J Lannan's b g Maritime, 4 yrs, by Jack Lane, dam by imp Sambo, 101 lbs. 3 1 1 A Fisher's ch g Pilot, 5 yrs, by Jack the Barber, dam by Pilot, 111 lbs, including 4 lbs overweight 1 2 2 Owner's b g Islander, 5 yrs, by Jack Lane, dam by imp Saladin, 110 lbs, including 3 lbs overweight 2 3 3

The Trigger.

PIGEON SHOOTING IN GUELPH.

On Thursday afternoon the 23rd ult., a pigeon match took place in a field near Mr. George Steeman's br wry. The captains of the sides were Messrs. M. Deady and John Hower. The shooting was begun at about two o'clock, and the day being a cold, raw, wintry one affected the shooting not a little. During the latter part of the match it became dark, and the birds could not be as distinctly seen as could be wished. Ten birds were allowed to each man, making in all 140 birds. Out of this number 67 were killed, and 73 missed. The side captained by Mr. Hower succeeded in beating their opponents by five birds. The following are the scores:

MR. DEADY'S SIDE. Mr. Deady (Captain) 1010000001 8 J. West 11111000 11-6 Geo. Sleeman 1111101010-7 T. Holliday 0101110010-5 J. Thompson 0101010310-4 Geo. Eugl 0010111001-5 J. Bunyan 0010000000-1

MR. HEWER'S SIDE. J. Hower (Captain) 0111100111-7 J. Martini 1101100110-6 J. O'Connor 0100101111-6 R. Oliver 0001101111-6 T. Hewer 0110010111-6 J. Kelch 01001110 0-4 J. Rice 1000000000-1

After the conclusion of the match the losers treated their successful opponents to an oyster supper, served in the style for which Mr. Deady is famous, at his hotel.

ANOTHER POP IN THE MAPLE LEAF TOWN.

Originating out of Thursday's match was one shot on Friday afternoon, between three gentlemen not named, on the field near Mr. Sleeman's. The complement of 60 birds was allowed, ten to each man. Thirty five of these were shot, and 25 missed. The shooting was three or four a little better than the day before, as more than half the birds were slaughtered. The day was not, however, very much better than the day before shooting. The score below exhibits each shot and the mark of it:

John Hower 1111001010-6 R. Oliver 003011001-8 J. O'Connor 1001101101-6 Total 15 M. Deady 010010101-4 T. Hewer 011110111-8 G. Sleeman 1111101101-8 Total 20

rules. After a close contest Cousins was the winner by the following score:

Cousins—11 01 11 11 11 11 01 11 10 11 01 1 21. Hascall—11 11 11 10 01 11 11 10 11 11 01 11 1-21.

TIES ON 21. Cousins.....11111-5 Hascall.....11100-8

SHOOTING AT NEWCASTLE.

A match was shot at Newcastle, on the 22nd ult., between Mr. C. Coleman, of Bowmanville, and Mr. Higginson, stakes \$80, 12 birds each. A high wind made it rather unfavorable for the shooters. The tie was shot of at 25 yards.

Mr. Coleman...100111100010-6 01011-8 Mr. Higginson...0101010110-6 01100-2

After the match a small sweepstake was got up with the following result. Three prizes. Same rules as above.

J. Steen.....1011101111-8) Divide. C. Coleman.....1110101111-8) F. Rutherford.....0111101101-7 11100-8 — Higginson.....0110011111-7 10100-2 R. Warren.....1110010 10-5 E. Groves.....1001000010-3 R. Varcoe0100101000-3 F. Henderson.....0100010100-2

MICHIGAN vs. OHIO.

Quite a shoot took place at Munro, Mich., on the 20th ult., between Michigan and Ohio. Messrs. L. H. Hascall and Ed. Gillman represented the former, and Messrs. W. O. Hall and "Timothy O'Hara" the latter State. The contest was for \$20, at 25 birds to each man. Michigan won by 45 to 41. Two of Hascall's birds fell dead a foot or two outside of the bounds. Messrs. Robt. Fulton and J. M. Witmer of Niagara Falls were the judges, and Mr. Murray of the same place was selected as referee.

MICHIGAN. L Hascall ...1111111011111111111111-23 E Gillman...0110110111111111111111-22 OHIO. T O'Hara ...011111111111011111111111-23 W O Hall ...001010111011011111111101 18

SMALL SHOT.

J. Bradley, a hunter in Bay County, Mich., was shot and instantly killed by a gun-trap, which he himself set.

Numerous parties are still around Boboysen hunting. The sport is said to be excellent.

A very rare specimen of gull was shot on the Thames, near Tarvill's mills, London, last week, by Mr. A. Jones, of Adelaide street. It has been handed to Mr. Mumery to be stuffed.

The six cardinal points in a gun now are: Strength, simplicity, accuracy and length of range, safety, rapidity, and economy.

A man in an American rural settlement, who has been an inventor some or twenty years, has suddenly and permanently given up the practice. He knocked the ashes of his pipe into a keg of blasting powder.

A pigeon shooting match took place at Belleville, Ont., on the 21st ult., the conditions of which were four on birds each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary. Judge J. J. Lett won, killing thirteen birds.

A few days ago, says the Timesburg Observer, while some workmen were engaged excavating the bed of the Otter Creek, near the saw mill, one of them unearthed an Elk's horn, measuring five feet in length.

The Montreal Star wants to know if something cannot be done to stop the wholesale slaughter of blue jays, woodpeckers, &c. in Ontario squalls of "men" competitors for the "honor" of slaying the greatest number of these denizens of the woods.

HIGH PRICES FOR SETTER DOGS.—Some of the prize winners at the Memphis field trials for pointers and setters, sold for very high prices. Stafford, 2nd in champion stakes, sold for \$500; his sister Bianch sold for the same money; Lilwin, a puppy, sold for \$203, and \$303 was offered and refused for his sister Clip; all these dogs are the field trial breed, and were bred by Mr. L. H. Smith, Strathroy.

The Syracuse Journal states that a gentleman of that city has returned from the St. Clair flats on the Canadian side, where he met with an unusually fine sport among the ducks. He was gone from the city by two or three weeks, spending eleven days in shooting, bagging the handsome number of three hundred and thirty ducks, or an average of nearly thirty per day—most of them were fine canas-backs.

Athletic.

THE GRECO ROMANS AT MONTREAL.

MILLER vs. TREHER.

On the evening of Nov. 22nd, Professors Miller and Treher, gave an exhibition of this style of wrestling at the Theatre Royal, Montreal. It was said to be for a stake of \$1,000. Mr. B. Lansley acted as referee. Both men were in splendid condition. Time was called at 8:20, and in the first clinch Miller acted solely on the defence. Treher's plan was to clinch his antagonist's waist and endeavor to over-balance him, but the little Frenchman tried the game once too often, for at 8:30 Miller suddenly caught him off his feet and laid him with both shoulders square to the floor, amid loud applause. In the second clinch it was one-sided, Treher vainly endeavoring to throw his weighty antagonist, who took it easy and put himself in various positions easy of attack. Treher at last grew desperate, and then Miller easily threw him, and claimed a fall by his seconds, but the audience shouted "no, no," so good had been the fun. In three minutes more, Miller flopped the Frenchman both shoulders fair to the shoulder. A gold medal was then presented to Miller, from Professor Richardson's pupils.

MILLER vs. BAUER.

AN EXCITING CONTEST.

The most exciting and closely contested Greco-Roman wrestling match ever witnessed in Canada came off on Saturday night in Montreal, between Wm. Miller, champion of the world, and Theobald Bauer, who carries the American championship belt, for what was said to be \$1,000 and the championship of the world.

The first round lasted 49 minutes and 45 seconds, and was a series of the most exhaustive struggles. Time and again did Bauer get Miller's head in chancery, only to be whirled over by his more powerful opponent. Once both men spun round off the padding and nearly went off the stage. Bauer being the smaller man had the sympathy of the audience. However, Miller getting a cross lock on him, laid him out shoulders even to the shoulders at half-past nine.

The second clinch both men came to time in a heated condition. Bauer continually got Miller into chancery, and once threw him over the footlights, smashing one off. Fortunately Miller was not hurt. Both men were desperate, and the feelings of the audience rose to a high pitch, as a little after ten Bauer got Miller on his back, and by persistent pressure had his shoulders to the carp. The odds at this time were in favor of Bauer.

Round three was, if possible, still more closely contested than the last and both men came to the floor repeatedly, and there was much rolling and tossing. Miller in twenty-three minutes broke Bauer's hold and back d him shoulders even to the carpet to the satisfaction of Professor Richardson, the referee, but not of Messrs. Bony, Bauer's umpire, who protested at Bauer's temper was excited, and as the audience was divided in opinion the referee obtained his ruling.

The wrestling again commenced after fifteen minutes, and both men were now in a state of the utmost physical and mental excitement. The audience, and a most respectable one at that, lost all decorum, being much agitated, and stood up in their seats to cheer their favorite as he gained a slight advantage. At one time Miller threw Bauer on his back, but he lit on "the bridge" on head and heels, and rolled over like a cart-wheel, nearly getting Miller on his back, but the latter slipped across him and they rose in a tight hug. Then Bauer exclaimed, "Your finger nails are too long. I want fair play." The yells of his friends drowned something else that was said. Bauer then made a rush, and the gladiators were at it again, and never stopped their struggle, both breathing audibly all the while, till midnight, when the referee declared that any fall after that hour would be illegal, and announced all bets off. However, both men kept wrestling. The crowd was intensely excited, and shouted, "Go on, a ver mind Sunday." The police had to come on the platform and stop the proceedings at ten minutes past twelve (Sunday) at 60 minutes' struggle. The match was then pronounced a draw. A fresh one is being arranged.

Minor challenges any three athletes to compete against him in the following five exercises:—Writhing, sparring, foil fencing, orsward, or English back-kick, and heavy dumb bell-levating, for \$500 a side. The winner will necessarily have to witness of the five exercises.

Base Ball.

THE CHAMPION BALL.

In a recent issue the London Advertiser says:—"Mr. Wm. Bryce last Saturday handed over to the managers of the Tecumseh B.B.C. the silver ball offered by him as a prize for winning the largest number of games in Canada during the season of 1876. The ball is the regulation size and weight, enclosed in a plush lined case, and has inscribed upon its surface the words: 'Presented by Wm. Bryce to the Tecumseh Base Ball Club, of London, Ont., as the club winning the largest number of game in Canada, 1876.' The present is a handsome one, and will no doubt be highly prized, by the Tecumsehs.

CANADIAN RESPONSE TO THE CALL FOR AN INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of the N.Y. Herald.

I am glad to find that there is united action among the lovers of base ball throughout the continent on the subject of organizing an international association for the coming season. Happily, so far as Canadian clubs are concerned, there has been nothing to complain of in regard to "crooked playing," and I think if betting and pool selling are rigorously excluded from our ball fields in the future as in the past, we will be able to keep up the reputation we have already gained. What concerns us most is to secure some agreement between clubs outside of the League, so that a regular supply of games can be obtained and the folly of giving exorbitant guarantees to League clubs be avoided. We will be very glad to assist in bringing about such a reform. London, with its immediate suburbs, has a population of fully 25,000 inhabitants, and being an inland city, base ball is the favorite outdoor popular sport during the summer. Our games, with first-class clubs during the past season, drew well. On two holidays, gate receipts at twenty-five cents (ladies free), exceeded, on each occasion, \$1,000, and on ordinary days the Chicago took \$250 and took \$200 as their share of the receipts, and the St. Louis Browns \$180, the latter coming with only one day intervening between their visit and the Chicago. Our grounds are in the heart of the city, and consequently very convenient.

H. GORMAN, Sec. Tecumseh B.B. Club, London, Ont.

NAME CLAIMED.

WAGNER.—I claim the name of Wagner for my brown colt, no white, foaled May 22, 1876, by Terror, dam Lucy, by Wagner; 2nd dam Phoebe Dold, by American Eclipse; 3rd dam, Martha Holloway.—JOHN DRYANT, Copetown, Ont.

Amusements.

CITY.

Madame Janauschek commenced her engagement at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening in Schiller's version of Mary Stuart, in which she appeared as the unfortunate Queen of Scots. The attendance on the first night was fair, and increased through the week. Janauschek was well received, and gave a fine rendition of the character. Her accent is quite foreign at first, but in a few minutes this is not noticed, the attention of the hearer being diverted by the merits of the artist herself. Mrs. Allen made quite a good Elizabeth, and Miss Lizzie Anderson was noticeable as the Nurse. Of the male characters Messrs. Hudson, Sambrook, Fitzgerald and Rogers give good support with the balance of the cast was equal to its occasion. Wednesday night, Dora, with Janauschek in the title role; Thursday, Jessie Brown, for the benefit of St. Andrew's Society, with Mrs. Morrison appeared in the leading character; this Friday evening Black House, on the 15th of Janauschek; and Saturday night, Macbeth. The usual matinee will be given to-morrow afternoon.

At the Royal Opera House, Miss May Howard has been winning golden opinions with her clever impersonations. Her versatility was established on her opening night when she appeared as Jane Norton in Seaside, and Rita Tridat in Casey.

Mr. Cool Burgess was at Mechanics' Hall, Montreal, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of this week.

The Holmans commenced a season of four nights at the City Hall, Kingston, on Monday evening.

Mr. Theodoro Tilton is billed for Ottawa this evening. His subject is "The Problem of Life."

Gen. Tom Thumb will be at Dundas on the 5th, Mechanics' Hall, Hamilton, 6th inst.

The Misses Isa Robertson and Jeanie Lumsden, and Mr. James Lumsden, Scotch-Lush vocalists, give two concerts at Mechanics' Hall, Hamilton, on 4th and 5th inst.

An Amateur Dramatic Company gave "Ireland as it was" at Hamilton last evening, under the auspices of the St. Patrick's Society.

It is reported the Holman Opera Company have secured DeBar's Opera House in Montreal, and will locate there for the winter.

The English Opera Company under the management of Mr. D. Zouche, will appear at the Academy of Music, Montreal, on the 14th, 15th and 16th inst.

Mr. McDowell's Shaughraun Company will appear at the Grand Opera House, Ottawa, on the 1st and 2nd.

THE MAYORALTY.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST

ANGUS MORRISON AS MAYOR. THE NOMINATION TAKES PLACE ON FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22ND, 1876, AND THE VOTING ON MONDAY JANUARY 1ST, 1877. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

ST. JOHN'S WARD.

MR. H. PIPER AS ALDERMAN. THE ELECTION TAKES PLACE MONDAY JAN. 1ST 1877.

TORONTO STEAM LAUNDRY, 55 KING STREET WEST.

W. COPELAND East Toronto Brewery TORONTO.

See Advertisement of War Huletts for Sale, of Seventh Page.

seen as could be wished. Ten birds were allowed to each man, making in all 140 birds. Out of this number 67 were killed, and 73 missed. The bird captured by Mr. Hewer succeeded in beating their opponents by five birds. The following are the scores:

MR. DEADY'S SIDE.

Mr. Deady (Captain)	1010000001	8
J. West	1111100011	-6
Geo. Sleeman	1111101010	-7
T. Holway	0101110010	-6
J. Thompson	0101010110	-4
Geo. Eng	0010111001	-5
J. Bunyan	0010000000	-1

MR. HEWER'S SIDE.

J. Hewer (Captain)	0111100111	-7
J. Martin	1101100110	-6
J. O'Connor	0100101111	-6
R. Oliver	0001101111	-6
T. Hewer	0110010111	-6
J. Kelch	01001110	0-4
J. Rice	1000000000	-1

After the conclusion of the match the losers treated their successful opponents to an oyster supper, served in the style for which Mr. Deady is famous, at his hotel.

—:—

ANOTHER POP IN THE MAPLE LEAF TOWN.

Originating out of Thursday's match was one shot on Friday afternoon, between three gentlemen on a field near Mr. Sleeman's. The complement of 60 birds was allowed, to a man. Thirty five of these were shot, and 25 missed. The shooting was there a little better than the day before, as more than half the birds were slaughtered. The day was not, however, very much better than the day before shooting. The score below exhibits each shot and the maker of it:

John Hewer	1111001010	-6
R. Oliver	003011001	-3
J. O'Connor	1001101101	-6

Total..... 15

M. Deady	0100010101	-4
T. Hewer	0111110111	-8
G. Sleeman	1111101101	-8

Total..... 20

—:—

A SERIES OF MATCHES AT HAMILTON.

On Friday last a series of small matches took place at the Valley Inn, near Hamilton, in which a number of local sportsmen took part. The manner in which the shooting was conducted and the arrangements made for the comfort of the shooters and spectators are highly spoken of. The following are the scores of the different matches:

	1st	2nd	3rd	4th
F Morrison ..	11101-4	11111-5	10010-2	11110-4
J C Smith ..	11111-5	00110-2	01111-4	11100-3
J N Barnard ..	01101-3	10111-4	11111-5	11111-5
J Hebbs	11131-5	11111-5	10001-2	—
A Brown	01016-2	11110-4	00000-0	01101-5
H McGe	01100-2	00110-2	11011-4	—
J McGe	10110-3	10000-1	—	—
H Burns	—	—	—	11110-4

—:—

COOK COUSINS BEATS LON HASCALL

A match took place at Detroit on the 16th ult., for \$100, between Mr. Cook Cousins of Windsor, Ont., and Mr. L. H. Hascall of Grand Rapids, Mich., 25 birds each, English

J. Bratley, a hunter in Bay County, Mich., was shot and instantly killed by a gun-trap, which he himself set.

Numberous parties are still around Boboys-geon hunting. The sport is said to be excellent.

A very rare specimen of gull was shot on the Thames, near Tavell's mill, London, last week, by Mr. A. Jones, of Adelaide street. It has been handed to Mr. Munimery to be stuffed.

The six cardinal points in a gun now are: Strength, simplicity, accuracy and length of range, safety, rapidity, and economy.

A man in an American rural settlement, who has been an inventor since for twenty years, has suddenly and permanently given up the practice. He knocked the ashes of his pipe into a keg of blasting powder.

A pigeon shooting match took place at Belleville, Ont., on the 21st ult., the conditions of which were four men birds each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary. Judge J. Helt won, killing thirteen birds.

A few days ago, says the Tinsburg Observer, while some workmen were engaged excavating the bed of the Otter Creek, near the saw mill, one of them on an arch of an Elk's horn, measuring five feet in length.

The Montreal Star wants to know if something cannot be done to stop the wholesale slaughter of blue jays, woodpeckers, &c. In Ontario, squalls of "men" compete for the "honor" of slaying the greatest number of these denizens of the woods.

HIGH PRICES FOR SETTER DOGS—Some of the prize winners at the Memphis field trials for pointer and setters, sold for very high prices. Stafford, 2nd in champion stakes, sold for \$500; his sister Bianch sold for the same money; Li willin, a puppy, sold for \$200, and \$300 was offered and refused for his sister Clip; all these dogs are the field trial breed, and were bred by Mr. L. H. Smith, Strathroy.

The Syracuse Journal states that a gentleman of that city has returned from the St. Clair fairs on the Canada side, where he met with unusually fine sport among the ducks. He was gone from the city but two and three weeks, spending eleven days in shooting, bagging the handsome number of three hundred and thirty seven ducks, or an average of nearly thirty per day—most of them were fine canvas-backs.

A "RARA AVIS."—While out hunting on the lake shore of Knapp's Island, Malden, Mr. John Bell shot and killed a pure white swan, which he brought home and put and have it stuffed at present. It was found to weigh 40 lbs., and measured 7 feet 2 inches, from tip to tip of its wings. At the time Mr. Bell fired there were four of these birds together. They are so wild and timid that it is a difficult matter to approach near enough to shoot them.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We direct attention to the advertisement of Mr. Wm. P. Marston. This establishment has been now in successful operation for over 25 years. Aside from the ordinary trade, it is to be all the well-known "Marston" Rifles are made. The rapid change taking place among our backwoodsmen from the muzzle to the breech-loader, induce Mr. M. to get up a Breech Loading Rifle to meet the requirements of his customers, and a few days ago the first batch of his Patent Rifle was proven at the Garrison targets with the most complete success. Mr. M. claims it, based upon his long experience, together with the opinion of all old hunters who have seen it—to be the best and strongest hunting Rifle yet made.

The second clinch both men came to him in a hard condition. Bauer continually got Miller into chancery, and once threw him over the footlights, smashing one of his eyes. Fortunately Miller was not hurt. Both men were desperate, and the feelings of the audience rose to a high pitch, as a little later in Bauer got Miller on his back, and by persistent pressure had his shoulders to the carpet. The odds at this time were in favor of Bauer.

Round three was, if possible, still more closely contested than the last and both men came to the floor repeatedly, and there was much rolling and toasting. Miller in twenty-three minutes broke Bauer's hold and back d him shoulders even to the carpet to the satisfaction of Professor Richardson, the referee, but not of Mome Bony, Bauer's umpire, who protested at Bauer's temper was excited, and as the audience was divided in opinion for a while things looked squally, but at last the referee obtained his ruling.

The wrestling again commenced after fifteen minutes, and both men were now in a state of the utmost physical and mental excitement. The audience, and a most respectable one at that, lost all decorum, being much agitated, and stood up in their seats to cheer their favorite as he gained a slight advantage. At one time Miller threw Bauer on his back, but he rolled on "the bridge" on head and heels, and lited over like a cart-wheel, nearly getting Miller on his back, but the latter slipped across him and they rose in a tight hug. Then Bauer exclaimed, "Your finger nails are too long. I want fair play." The yells of his friends drowned something else that was said. Bauer then made a rush, and the gladiators were at it again, and never stopped the struggle, both breathing audibly all the while, till midnight, when the referee declared that any fall after that hour would be illegal, and announced all bets off. However, both men kept wrestling. The crowd was intensely excited, and shouted, "Go on, never mind Sunday." The police had to come on the platform and stop the proceedings at ten minutes past twelve (Sunday) after 60 minutes' struggle. The match was then pronounced a draw. A fresh one is being arranged.

Miller challenges any three athletes to compete against him in the following exercises:—Wrestling, sparring, foil fencing, broadsword, or English back-kick stick, and heavy dumb bell, levating, for \$500 a side. The winner will necessarily have to win three of the five exercises.

SMALL UNPAID ACCOUNTS.

We recommend for consideration the following remarks of a contemporary on the subject: "One of the greatest difficulties which the business man has to encounter in the prosecution of his affairs is the multiplicity of unpaid accounts, all originating in the numerous credit system that obtains in this country. It would be all very well, if upon demand, these petty lagging dues were satisfied, but unfortunately this is not only not the case, but the very people who can best afford to regulate such matters are the least inclined to do so. The excuse that will prevail during such an exceptional season as the present in regard to business, does not affect them, as they are independent of the vicissitudes, which their less fortunate brethren are exposed to. It is not the loss of a cent that deters, the hard-pressed to be compelled to liquidate their trading liabilities, are to be found in that class of our population who affect a certain style and superiority over the common herd, and should consequently come to the requisite mark in advance of their peers. It is unnecessary to say that there should be an end to this, and that people should be rated at their proper level."

H. GORMAN,
Sec. Tecumseh R.R. Club, London, Ont.

NAME CLAIMED.

WAGNER.—I claim the name of Wagner for my brown coat, no white, foaled May 23, 1876, by T. rear, dam Lucy, by Wagner; 2nd dam Phoebe Dobb, by American Eclipse; 3rd dam, Murt in Holloway.—JOHN DYMEST, Copetown, Ont.

Amusements.

CITY.

Madame Janauschek commenced her engagement at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening in Schiller's version of Mary Stuart, in which she appeared as the unfortunate Queen of Scots. The attendance on the first night was fair, and increased through the week. Janauschek was well received, and gave a fine rendition of the character. Her accent is quite foreign at first, but in a few minutes this is not noticed, the attention of the hearer being directed by the merits of the artist herself. Mrs. Allen made quite a good Elizabeth, and Miss Lizzio Anderson was noticeable as the Nurse. Of the male characters Messrs. Hudson, Sambrook, Fitzgerald and Rogers, gave good support with the balance of the cast was equal to the occasion. Wednesday night, Dvorak, with Janauschek in the title role; Thursday, Jessie Brown, for the benefit of St. Andrew's Society, when Mrs. Morrison appeared in the leading character; this Friday evening Black House, benefit of Janauschek; and Saturday night, Macbeth. The usual matinee will be given to-morrow afternoon.

At the Royal Opera House, Miss May Howard has been winning golden opinions with her clever impersonations. Her versatility was established on her opening night when she appeared as Jane Northcott in Sweethearts, and Ruth Trudget in Omiray. Miss Howard has the advantage of a fine and commanding personal appearance, with a powerful, rich voice which she uses to the best advantage. The same bill was repeated on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, to New Madalen, with Miss Howard as Mary M'rick; this, Friday, evening benefit to the star, Marguerite, or Stock in Bond. The usual Saturday matinee, and a big bill for the evening. The support by the stock company has been very fine. The attendance throughout the week was flattering. Messrs. Maria Bonifacio and Mr. George Bonifacio are announced for an early appearance.

The Philharmonic Society proposes including the oratorio of the Messiah at St. Andrew's Hall on December 22nd.

The Royal Opera House Company give four entertainments at Metropolitan Hall, Hamilton, commencing on the 18th inst.

GENERAL.

The Academy of Music, Montreal, on Monday evening put on the Long Strike. It met with a disastrous share of success and will be continued until further notice.

The Nomination takes place on Friday, December 22nd, 1876, and the election on Monday January 1st, 1877.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

ST. JOHN'S WARD.

The favor of your Vote and Influence is respectfully solicited.

MR. H. PIPER,
AS ALDERMAN.

The Election takes place Monday Jan. 1st, 1877

TORONTO STEAM LAUNDRY,
65 KING STREET WEST

Wash on call at Hotels Daily.
275-ty G. P. SHARPER.

W. COPELAND,

East
Toronto
Brewery,
TORONTO.

See Advertisement of War Hulett for Sale, on Seventh Page.

268-11.

HARD TO BEAT



CIGAR.

Heyneman

Harris
Manufacturers, Montreal

Miscellaneous

Two wild cats, weighing 35 lbs., were shot in the neighborhood of Godrich, and brought to London to be stuffed.

A woman was left the crew but she was not allowed to go into the boat because a boat rubbed against her.

Two were caught in the pail of Harris A. Shepp, Memphis, on Saturday, the 11th of the month. They were about fifteen pounds.

A woman, her husband and child were taken from a boat, but a half net in length and weighing seven pounds. The individual who seemed it was fishing for cod, but in the moment of capture he thought it was an infant sea-serpent.

One Southern newspaper says: "A hen held by one leg will not squawk half as much as when both legs are grasped." Another Southern newspaper quotes the statement, and adds that it is true to the letter in their fact.

Extra Dull Story.—On Thursday last W. G. Coyle, a man on the premises of Mr. Chas. Cannon, in a Millgrove. The plumage of the bird was snowy white excepting a few of the feathers which were beautifully tipped with dark brown. When extended the wing measured five feet three inches from the extreme points.

A new thing is coming out with the Serwan military bands in the manner in which to play all the regiments carry the big drum. Instead of men other armies, of being slung in front of the man who plays it, this instrument is put upon a small two-wheeled cart drawn by a large dog, the latter being so trained that he keeps his place in the band even through the longest marches. The drummer walks behind the cart and performs on the instrument as he goes along.

There is an old man residing near Gridley's station, Cal., who follows the peaceful occupation of sheep herding. For some time he has been depositing in the bank the sum of \$5 per month to the credit of his dog and a mule of which he is the fortunate possessor, so that in case of his death they would have something to live upon. The other day the dog died, and the mule is sole heir to the estate. He is probably the only mule in the United States with a bank account.

The stores in the vicinity of Washington market, New York, reap large gains from rent on spaces on their sidewalks. A man pays \$15 monthly for the privilege of standing three baskets containing fruit and vegetables on the corner of Greenwich and Vesey streets—no doubt the highest rent, in proportion to the space occupied, paid in that or any other city.

There are scoundrels for whom hanging is too good. The St. John N. B. News says: A correspondent from Narrows, Queen's County, informs us that a short time ago some person entered the stable in which Mr. Alexander Belyea, of that place, keeps his horses, and to avenge himself of some grudge, which it is supposed the party had against Mr. Belyea, drove a ten penny nail into the horse's foot up to the head.

How to know it.—Some ten or twelve years since, Mr. B. V. Sargent had a pet fawn, which he car-marked, and kept for some years around his ranch house perfectly tame. It was eventually driven away by hounds, and for five or six years was not seen around. On Saturday morning Mr. Sargent identified a fine buck which was being put off by express as his old friend. So perch our pots.—Monterey Cal.

A curious accident recently occurred at a fencing school in Havre. M. Roussel, a professor, was engaged in a trial of skill with an advanced pupil, when the button of the latter's coat accidentally dropped off, and immediately afterward M. Roussel fell to the ground with a loud cry. On being taken up, it was found that he had sustained a dangerous wound in the chest, the steel having penetrated deeply into the lungs.

Mr. James Bradgell, well known in racing circles, met with a fatal accident at the Adolph Hotel, Liverpool. The unfortunate gentleman's leg became entangled in the lift as it ascended, and he was carried downwards to the first aperture, when he fell on his head and was killed instantly.

Industrious Girl.—A young lady in Ulster County, New York State, is making a cloak almost entirely of partridge feathers. It will be a unique piece of clothing and very pretty and comfortable, though it requires an amount of labor and personal sacrifice to put it together. In it will be at least ten thousand feathers of different sizes, the lower portion being made of the tail feathers, and then, ranging up, the breast feathers come next, while the variety

A REMARKABLE PAIR OF SHOES.—G. W. App, of this city has just finished a remarkable pair of shoes for a negro man who lives in Arkansas. The shoes were ordered by S. H. Cowan & Co., of Marvel, Ark., and for size have no equal. The length of the shoes is 17 1/2 inches, and 6 inches across the sole. The negro's foot, according to measurement, is 14 inches around the ball, while the instep is 13 inches. The man is over 7 feet in height, weighs 400 pounds, and is not more than 26 years of age. He has worn a pair of boots for years, and this pair is intended for Sunday, they, with the last on which they were made, costing \$16. This big-footed negro is a preacher.—Memphis Appeal.

THE DENCE.—A gentleman in Boston was going out in his carriage to make some calls with his wife, when he discovered he had left his visiting cards. He told his footman, recently come into his service, to go to the mantle-piece in the sitting-room, and bring the cards he should see there. The servant ran upon a pack of playing cards, and thought those were the ones. Off started the gentleman, sending in the footman with cards whenever "not at home" occurred. As these were very numerous, he turned to the footman with the question: "How many cards have you left?" "Well," said the footman, "the ace of hearts is all that remains." "The Juice!" exclaimed his master. "I left the dence in the last house-but one," was the reply.

OYSTERS BY THE MILLION.—It is stated that New York city alone consumes upwards of four thousand millions of oysters (4,000,000,000) per year. New York has nearly (not quite) one million (1,000,000) of inhabitants.—we'll call it a million for convenience sake—consequently to bear out the following statement each person, man, woman, and child and baby, must severally and individually consume (4,000) four thousand oysters per year, or nearly eleven oysters per day, in season and out. Now that can't be true, for we know lots of poor journalists like ourselves who don't get treated once in a year, and as to going on our own hook, why, bless your stars I we haven't the cash and can't get trust d. We trust Divine Providence, but nobody else appears to perceive any providential affluence in our general character etc. Mr. Oysterman, please revise your figures.

A Kentucky exchange says: "Four hunters in Grant County, Ky., killed in two days, 113 partridges, 56 rabbits, 18 squirrels, 4 pheasants, and 8 woodcocks." If these were sold in market or made available among friends, we have no objection to urge; but, if, as is too frequently the case, more than half were thrown away unused in the end, then let the anathemas of all good sportsmen be hurled on the heads of the destroyers.

CANADIAN WILD CATS.—Allenstown was less thickly populated with wild cats on Saturday afternoon than it had been in the forenoon. One Freeman Godfrey, who was looking up the chances of securing enough gray squirrels to make first-class meal off from, suddenly found two "bob-tails" in close proximity upon a tree. The elderly one, a female, came down somewhat slower than "C. J. Clay's coon," because she waited until the ominous looking tubs poured forth its laden messenger. A younger "bob" also also followed, converted upon a similar line of argument. The largest one weighed eighteen pounds.

The Egansville Freeman gives an account of an encounter that a young girl, daughter of Mr. James Irwin, had with a bear in the township of Grattan. While searching for cows, she was startled by the two dogs along with her barking, and saw that they were chasing a bear, which was trying to take refuge in a hollow log. The young girl, nothing daunted, coolly picked up a club and proceeded to where the bear was kept at bay by the dogs, and deliberately dealt the bear blow after blow on the head until she killed it. The bear was about a year and a half old.

They have captured a fish in Florida, near Cedar Keys, which the inhabitants have given the name of the carpet-bagger. It has the head of a catfish, the body of an eel, and the legs of a lizard. It is allied to the screw-fish, well known in Florida, and whose habits have been made the study of Pratt, of Palatka. In the summer time, when the St. John's yields its beautiful grasses, it swims up and unscrews its head, which, by the aid of four well-defined legs, goes out on the banks and eats the sweet grasses. When winter comes it goes back, screws the tail on and makes the water of the lovely St. John's its home. Naturalists have designated it as belonging to the family of Spiratus Archimedeus.

The Napanee Standard says:—"A few parties at Huntsville have sent for a quantity of wild rice, to sow in some of the many lagoons which abound in the district. It is hoped that, by this means a greater number of ducks and other wild fowl will be induced to migrate to that vicinity."



MANSION HOUSE CORNER KING AND YORK STREETS, TORONTO, - ONT

William Kelly, Proprietor.

This Hotel is situated in the central portion of the city, convenient to the wholesale establishments and public buildings, and for tourists and commercial travellers is a most eligible situation. The house has been thoroughly re-organized and re-furnished throughout, and is fitted up in the most comfortable and fashionable style, equal to any first class house in the Dominion. The bedrooms and drawing-rooms are large and airy, and the best sanitary regulations are observed.

The large and convenient sample rooms, for the accommodation of Commercial Travellers, are commodious, and conveniently located on the first flat.

Omnibuses and Carriages always ready for the accommodation of guests arriving by all the trains and steamboats, and also to convey them to the depots and wharves on leaving.

Telephone Office connection with this House TERMS, \$1 50 PER DAY. Toronto, April 16, 1875. 190ty

Bonney's Hotel,

Only 3 minutes walk to Post Office and R.R. Depots.

GEO. WARNER, Proprietor.

Cor. of Washington and Carroll Streets,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

TERMS MODERATE. Come and try me.

DEADY HOUSE,

COR. YORK AND BOLTON STS.,

Near King-St., Toronto.

M. DEADY, PROPRIETOR.

Having leased the above new premises for a term of years, I shall at all times be happy to see my friends and the public in general. The bar and table surpassed by none. 219-ty

Daniels' Hotel,

Prescott, Canada.

The only first-class House. Large parlours and sample rooms. Omnibusses meet all trains and steamers.

L. H. DANIELS,

187-ty. Proprietor.

THE 'GRAND' SALOON

7 ADELAIDE STREET WEST,

MRS. MORRISON'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

F. C. CLAYON, Proprietor.

221-ty.

COLLINS' North American HOTEL,

Hanmer House,

E. V. HANMER, PROPRIETOR, BELL EWART, ONT.

This is one of the finest houses in the northern section, and commends itself to tourists. Splendid fishing and shooting. Yachts, boats, skiffs, etc., for use of guests. Terms—\$1.00 per day. 247-nm

THE PACIFIC

Saloon & Billiard Parlor

No. 8 RICHMOND ST. EAST,

Mike Halloran, Proprietor.

217-ly

SHAKESPEARE HOTEL.

CORNER OF KING AND YORK STREETS,

TORONTO, - ONTARIO.

Bath Rooms in connection.

JAMES POWELL, Proprietor. 237-ff

THE Renforth House,

268 YONGE STREET,

George Briggs - Propr.

Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the choicest brands always in stock.

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There are scoundrels for whom hanging is too good. The St. John N. B. News says: A dependent from Narrows, Queen's County, informs us that a short time ago some person entered the stable in which Mr. Alexander Belyea, of that place, keeps his horse, and taking him of some grudge, which it is supposed the party had against Mr. Belyea, drove a ten penny nail into the horse's foot up to the head.

How HE KNEW IT—Some ten or twelve years ago, Mr. B. V. Sargent had a pet lawn, which he car-marked, and kept for some years around his ranch house perfectly tame. It was eventually driven away by hounds, and for five or six years was not seen around. On Saturday morning Mr. Sargent identified a fine buck which was baying at off by express as his old friend. So perish our pets. —*Monterey Cal.*

A curious accident recently occurred at a fencing school in Havre. M. Roussel, a professor, was engaged in a trial of skill with an advanced pupil, when the button of the latter's coat accidentally dropped off, and immediately afterward M. Roussel fell to the ground with a loud cry. On being taken up, it was found that he had sustained a dangerous wound in the chest, the steel having penetrated deeply into the lungs.

Mr. James Bradgold, well known in racing circles, met with a fatal accident at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool. The unfortunate gentleman's leg became entangled in the lit as it ascended, and he was carried downwards to the first aperture, when he fell on his head and was killed instantly.

INDUSTRIOUS GIRL.—A young lady in Ulster County, New York State, is making a cloak almost entirely of partridge feathers. It will be a unique piece of clothing and very pretty and comfortable, though it requires an immense amount of labor and persévérance to put it together. In it will be at least ten thousand feathers of different sizes, the lower portion being made of the tail feathers, and then, ranging up, the breast feathers come next, while the variegated plumage around the neck of the bird will encircle the white throat of the lady. It will require about one hundred partridges to fill out the regular courses of feathers. The birds are shot by her brother Bill, who pops them over whenever she wants them, only asking that she will nicely cook what is left for himself to make a square meal of.

GLADDAETH WOODS, near Llandudno, Wales, has been the scene of an extraordinary poaching ultry. Fifteen keepers, bent on capturing a gang of poachers, had in a gun room, but the poachers, obtaining information of the trap laid for them, detached a firing party which kept up a fusillade from behind a wall on the gun room, while their comrades bagged the game. The poachers kept their would-be captors in confinement for an hour. Later were wounded, the remainder heaping up tools and furniture for protection.

A VERSE CONTAINING EVERY LETTER IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE EXCEPT "E."—It is a question whether any other English rhyme can be produced, in print, without the letter "E," which is a letter more employed than any other:

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To jizz is vain, for 'tis most plain
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Having leased the above new premises for a term of years, I shall at all times be happy to see my friends and the public in general. The bar and table surpassed by none.
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CANADIAN WILD CATS.—Allen-town was less thickly populated with wild cats on Saturday afternoon than it had been in the forenoon. One Freeman Godfrey, who was looking up the chances of securing enough gray squirrels to make first-class meat off from suddenly found two "bob-tails" in close proximity upon a tree. The elderly one, a female, came down somewhat slower than "C. J. Clay's coon," because she waited until the ominous looking tube poured forth its laden messenger. A younger "bob" also also followed, converted upon a similar line of argument. The largest one weighed eighteen pounds.

The Egansville Freeman gives an account of an encounter that a young girl, daughter of Mr. James Irwin, had with a bear in the township of Grattan. While searching for cows, she was startled by the two dogs along with her barking, and saw that they were chasing a bear, which was trying to take refuge in a hollow log. The young girl, nothing daunted, coolly picked up a club and proceeded to where the bear was kept at bay by the dogs, and deliberately dealt the bear blow after blow on the head until she killed it. The bear was about a year and a half old.

They have captured a fish in Florida, near Cedar Keys, which the inhabitants have given the name of the carpet-bagger. It has the head of a catfish, the body of an eel, and the legs of a lizard. It is allied to the screw-fish, well known in Florida, and whose habits have been made the study of Pratt, of Palatka. In the summer time, when the St. John's yields its beautiful grasses, it swims up and unscrews its head, which, by the aid of four well-defined legs, goes out on the banks and eats the sweet grasses. When winter comes it goes back, screws the tail on and makes the water of the lovely St. John's its home. Naturalists have designated it as belonging to the family of *Spiratus Archimedeus*.

The Napanee Standard says:—"A few parties at Huntsville have sent for a quantity of wild rice, to sow in some of the many lagoons which abound in the district. It is hoped that by this means a greater number of ducks and other wild fowl will be induced to migrate to that vicinity."

Walt Whitman has adopted an original method of satisfying autograph hunters. When he receives an application for his photograph or signature, he returns a little printed circular, saying that "anyone desiring a good photograph or autograph of Mr. Whitman can obtain both by mail on addressing a note to the matron of the orphan home, at Camben, N.J.—and inclosing \$1." The proceeds are entirely for the benefit of the orphans.

The Chinese have completely domesticated the otter. In that country every fisherman has his staff of fishing otters and cormorants. These otters are trained to hunt in company, to attack pursue and seize the fish. Travellers who have fished in China, state that they have seen good, well-trained otters currently sold for £50 sterling each.

Henry Fawcett, the blind member of the British Parliament, is now 44 years old, and during the whole of his public career he has had to contend with an affliction which would have reduced most men to utter inaction. He lost his sight when 25. He now rows, rides, fishes, skates, preserves his good temper under the most trying circumstances, and there is no member who will sooner recognize a speaker by the face than he will by voice.

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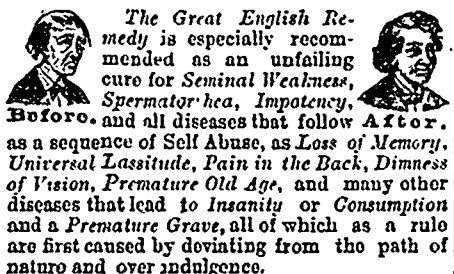
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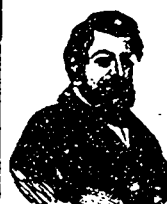
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Obituary.

DEATH OF A FAMOUS ENGLISH TURF-MAN

At the ripe age of seventy three, Colonel Towneley, of Towneley Hall, Burnley, Lancashire, was found on the morning of Nov. 4 dead in his dressing room. He had a sudden attack of apoplexy, and he was found recently well half an hour previous to his death. It must doubtless have expired during one of these attacks. He was the eldest son of Percival Edward Towneley, and succeeded in the estate of his only brother, John Towneley, and a sister, now Lady Camoyne. Colonel Towneley was the best turf for whom the Oaks was ever run. He was also a celebrated cattle breeder, and to this present he had of late years principally devoted himself. The following extract is from a letter written by him to a friend:

Colonel Towneley belongs to one of the noblest families in England. He was born in the North of England, though then the seat of his family was in Sparta. He was the first to introduce the turf into the south of the island of Great Britain. Colonel Towneley was born in 1814, and derives his military rank from being Commandant of the Lancashire Militia. In 1836 he allied himself to the sister of the late Lord Selkirk, and by this connection considerably increased his influence in this country. Although supposed to be a beginner on the turf, Colonel Towneley is in reality an old stager, having had Westport and Algiers in training at John Scott's twenty years back. But after a short time his love of agriculture prevailed over his taste for the turf, and, disposing of a few horses he had kept, the stud-book was substituted for the stud-book, and the authorities asserted its supremacy over the racer. The Austrians are especially partial to his blood, as may be imagined when they sent over a commissioner to purchase his celebrated bull, Master Butterfly, in order to improve their stock, not thinking 1,200 guineas too much for him. Master Butterfly, however, unfortunately died within a few weeks of his arrival in the colony. In 1859 Colonel Towneley a turf fever broke out again, proving it had only slumbered, and he became confederate with Mr. Eastwood, a gentleman to whose care his extensive estates were consigned, and who in every branch of agriculture has attained almost as high a reputation as the Colonel. Proud Preston, Peg, Ho-perithusa, the beautiful winner of the Hunt Cup at Ascot, Butterfly, Buttercup, and Gladiolus were the first lot they started with, having the Oaks for their trainer, and James Snowden for their jockey, and with them they had not the slightest cause for complaint, as Butterfly and Buttercup won several two-year old stakes, and Gladiolus carried off the Great Northern, Nottingham, Liverpool Spring Cup, and Sothen Handicaps. In 1860 their luck still prospered, as with Butterfly the Oaks won them the Oaks under circumstances highly creditable to them; and they were only beaten by a head with her for the Ascot Cup with Rupee, and for the Northumberland Plate with First Lord. With Doo-foot, another half bred one, they won no less than eleven times out of seventeen, so that the training bill must have been not so large as a milk score. In this year, although still continuing his confederacy, Colonel Towneley commenced running in his own name, and we find him credited with East Stanley, a winner of five two-year-old stakes, Kettledrum, the conqueror of Dictator at York, and Yorkminster, one of the first animals that was prepared by the Turkish Bath. In the present year he has attained the highest honors on the turf, by winning the Derby with Kettledrum, a horse of whom all Yorkshire was mad, despite the feeling which the South entertained, and which John Davis has verified so neatly that he would pitch upon his shoulder coming down the hill. The catastrophe was happily averted by his partner, and he achieved his victory after the break down of Dundee, cleverly enough to warrant the belief of the Doncaster St. Leger, being merely a sanitary question. Callor Ou however, up-to this calculation by beating him cleverly. Encouraged by his success, Colonel Towneley has gone on purchasing the best blood in the kingdom, and Lord Stamford cannot choke him off a yearling when he fancier him—as witness the yearling of Mr. Buchanan's which, it will be recollected, he gave 1,500 guineas for the West Australian colt out of Ellerdale.

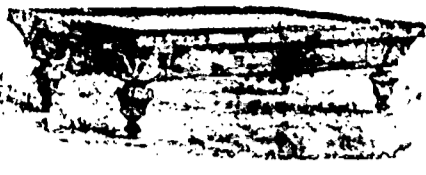
In private life Colonel Towneley was universally respected. The high priced yearling, alluded to was subsequently named Nugget, but he never made a mark on the race-course, and after Littleham Colonel Towneley owned no other yearling. He was bred in white with white body, black sleeves, white cap.

A LIVELY YEARLING.

On Wednesday, 8th Oct. on the training track of Col. Jas. Overton, Nashville, Tenn., in the presence of several prominent gentlemen of that city, who timed her, a yearling filly by Blackwood, Jr., out of Lucille, by Peck's J. L. trotted a mile to sully in 3:05. She was given a half mile trial, which she did in 1:36, and after a rest of seventeen minutes was driven a full mile in 3:05, making the first half in 1:33, and the second in 1:32. Everything being considered, this was a remarkable performance. The track was made by competent horsemen to be first class, five seconds slow, and is 1 1/2 miles long. The day was disagreeable and very unpleasant, several gentlemen who were present attending. The filly has

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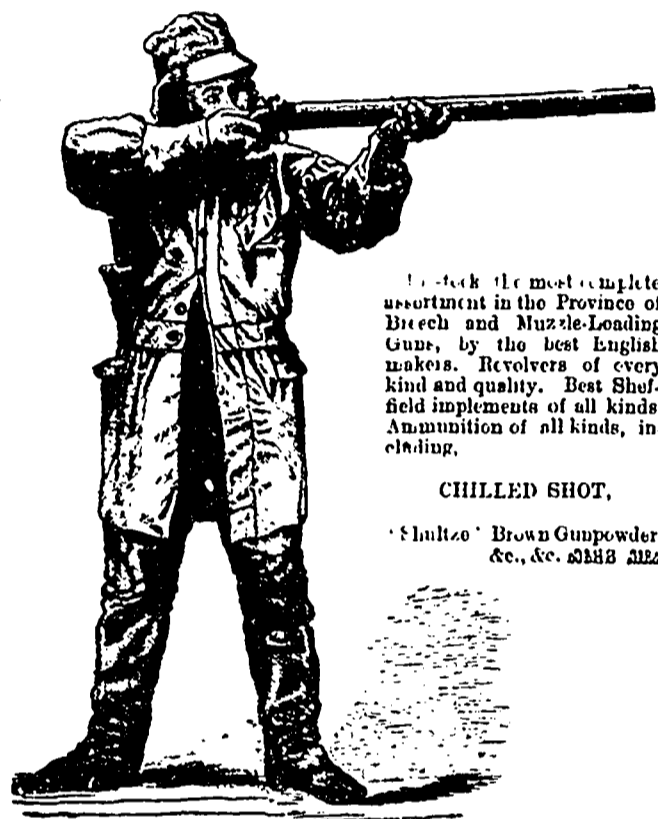
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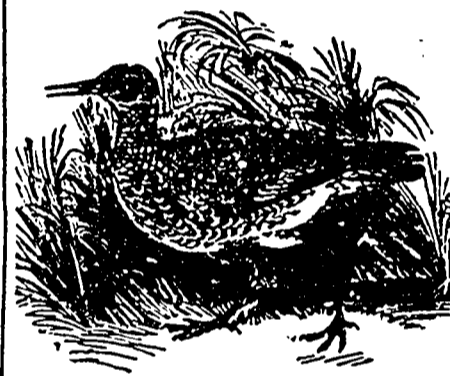
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On the Liverpool Spring Cup, and Selton Handicap. In 1860 the luck still prospered, as with latterly the Oaks won them the Oaks under circumstances highly creditable to them, and they were only beaten by a head with her for the Ascot Cup with Rupee, and for the Northumberland Plate with First Lord. With Doo-foot, another half-bred one, they won no less than seven times out of seventeen, so that the training bill must have been not so large as a milk score. In this year, although still continuing his confederacy, Colonel Towneley commenced running in his own name, and we find him credited with East Stanley, a winner of five two-year-old stakes, Kottledrum, the conqueror of Dictator at York, and Yorkminster, one of the first animals that was prepared by the Turkish Bath. In the present year he has attained the highest honors on the turf, by winning the Derby with Kottledrum, a horse of whom all Yorkshire was mad, despite the feeling which the South entertained, and which John Davis has verified so neatly that he would catch up on his shoulder coming down the hill. The catastrophe was happily averted by his partners, and he achieved his victory after the break down of Dundee, cleverly enough to warrant the belief of the Doncaster St. Leger, being merely a sanitary question. Caller Ou however, upset this calculation by beating him cleverly. Encouraged by his success, Colonel Towneley has gone on purchasing the best blood in the kingdom, and Lord Stamford cannot choke him off a yearling when he fancies him—as witness the recent sales of Mr. Bentons where, it will be recollected, he gave 1,500 guineas for the West Australian colt out of Ellerdale.

In private life Colonel Towneley was universally respected. The high-priced yearling alluded to was subsequently named Nugget, but he never made a mark on the race-course, and after Kottledrum's death he was named as the horse of any great note. His racing colors were "white body, black sleeves, white cap."

A LIVELY YEARLING.

On Wednesday, 8th ult. on the training track of Col. Jas. Overton, Nashville, Tenn., in the presence of several prominent gentlemen of that city, who timed her, a yearling filly by Blackwood, Jr., out of Lucille, by Peck's Idol, trotted a mile to sulky in 3:05.

She was given a half mile trial, which she did in 1:30½, and after a rest of seventeen minutes was driven a full mile in 3:05½, making the first half in 1:33, and the second in 1:32½. Every thing being considered, this was a remarkable performance. The track being made by competent horsemen to be from three to five seconds slow, and is 1½ ft. over a mile. The day was disagreeable and was prevented several gentlemen who were invited from attending. The filly has been in the hands of her trainer, and was only a year in April. On the 14th of last July she was hatered for the first time, and was only in the stable six weeks, and was then taken out till the 19th of October. She was then taken up and driven till the 8th of Nov. when she was given the trial. She is a bay, with two white hind feet; is very large for her age, with great length of body that gives her the big, open gait of her sire. She is owned by Jacob Zell of Nashville, the owner of her sire Blackwood, Jr.

INERT TO MAY D—This fine three-year-old filly, by Laporter, dam Luene, by imp. Mickey Fox, 2d dam Dixie, Herzog's dam, while running out at pasture last week, received an injury to her left hind ankle, which it is all probability will incapacitate her for the turf for the rest of the season. She is owned by the Messrs. T. B. and W. M. Davis.

A NEW TRAINING STRING.—Among the first acquisitions to the training stable of John Howard, Rochester, N. Y., are four young ones, the descendants of Rich's Hambletonian, a chestnut mare by Nonpareil dam by Rich's Hambletonian, and a pair of black mares of Hambletonian and by descent.



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