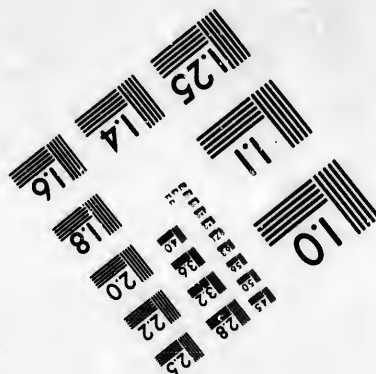
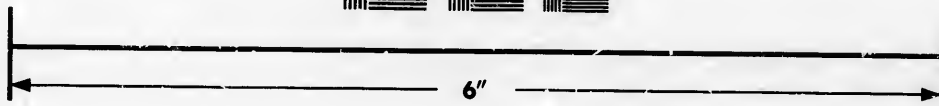
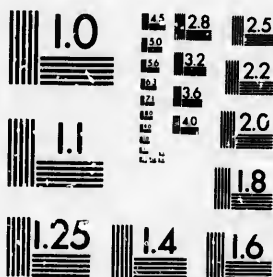


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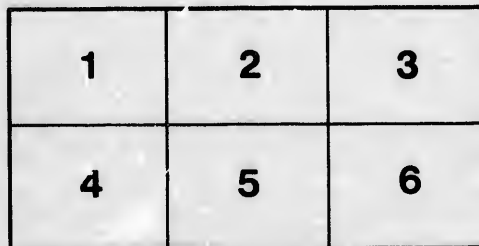
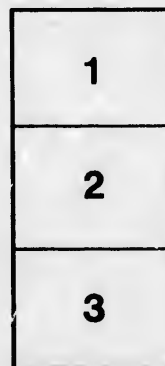
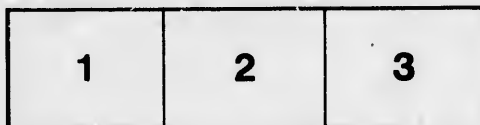
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# BRITISH SPORTS.

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WALTER LEIGH.



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GEOFFREY MORROW, ESQ.,

As this small Book is dedicated, not only in his official capacity of President of the Wanderers' Athletic Club, but also to him personally, the interest he takes in British Sports being so well known.

THE AUTHOR.

CAMBRIDGE HOUSE,  
HALIFAX.

6380 - July 18/21





## PREFACE.

A very distinguished writer on "Sports," who lived in the last century, said, *Delectando pariterque monendo* should be the design in sending a book into circulation. It is to be feared that real success falls to very few. Of late the competition among writers on English Sports has been so great that they have fully equalled the wants of the public; hence the greater difficulty in such a volume as this of even equalling those books that have gone before. The writer does not wish to contend with such, but only trusts the few practical remarks contained herein may both be interesting and of service to the rising generation.

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## BRITISH SPORTS.



**S**PORTSMEN and lovers of sport are plentiful in Halifax. In the series of articles to be written under the head of "British Sports," I would, before commencing on any one subject, place before my readers one or two reasons for writing at all. In the first place, I believe that a boy or a man who goes in CON AMORE for sport, and becomes a "sportsman" in the real meaning of the word, will be able to fill his place in the world for a longer period, and to greater advantage than he who "moons about" with no definite aim in life. Do not let me be misunderstood. I do not uphold the Sportsman vs. the Reading Man. Far from it, but I contend that if the latter could combine some sport with his reading, he would be in a better condition physically to gain high honors in the literary world. Having arrived at the fact that athletics or sport of some kind is desirable, then I say that each one who undertakes any one branch should use his best endeavors to excel in it; for have we not read "That which is worth doing is worth doing well." Convinced of the truth of these general maxims, my chief aim in these articles will be to be of service to beginners in each branch of sport and render what assistance I can to those who are not too far advanced to accept hints, and at the same time to intersperse anecdotes in connection with each chapter.

With this brief introduction I will commence with shooting.

### SHOOTING.

#### The Gun.

There is no doubt that in shooting the gun is the first essential, yet how few people take this into consideration when buying. One hears a man say "I gave £50 for this gun and I can't hit a hay-stack." There is a simple reason for this; the gun does not fit him; and this may arise from numerous contingencies—long or short stock, bend of stock, thickness of grip, etc. Should the gun not come up to the eye properly at first, it is of no earthly use trying to fit the eye to the gun; therefore, send it—the gun, not the eye—to the maker, and either have a new one, or have the old one altered. This can be done by any good gunsmith at a trifling cost. In choosing your gun be careful as to weight, and how that weight is balanced; and when I say this I mean there should not be, when at the shoulder, any inclination for the muzzle to dip, or rise, apart from your wants or use. As regards the weight of the piece, if it is a 12 bore, anything between  $6\frac{3}{4}$  lb., and  $7\frac{1}{2}$  lb., would suit, though you will be apt to find that the lighter the gun the higher the price. For shooting in this country, I should wish for nothing better than a good 12 bore, a little heavier in the breach than ordinary, so to withstand any extra charge one might want for "wild fowl."

#### Small Bores.

In England at the present time most of the best shots use 20 bore guns, with loads of 2 drs. to  $2\frac{1}{4}$  drs. of powder, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  to  $\frac{7}{8}$  oz. shot. Of course if we compare this charge of shot to the  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to  $1\frac{1}{4}$ —say two bacey pipes of shot to one of powder, used in other guns, it does seem to handicap his shooting powers, but we must not

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forget there is such a thing as penetration; you not only want to hit your game, but, what is of far greater consequence, to "bag it," and bag it, too, with the least amount of trouble. What is more annoying than to know you have mortally wounded the bird or animal and then not be able to gather it? Therefore when buying a gun you should not only see that it "fits" you but also what its capabilities are as regards carriage and penetration. This is to be done, as any practical gunsmith will show you, by placing 40 yards off an ordinary copy book which will contain the space occupied by an ordinarily large bird. Suppose we use No. 6 shot; then there are in an ordinary charge for a 12 bore gun 270 pellets (a smaller bore will do with smaller pellets and vice versa); then if you can show a penetrating pattern of 60 you have a fairly good barrel;—when I say barrel I mean it; do not think that because one barrel shoots in a certain manner the other is bound to act the same, for if you do, you will be grievously mistaken; you must try both. As regards the charge put into the cartridges, all young sportsmen fancy that the more powder used the greater the distance covered. This is a mistake, for some guns will burn far more powder than others. This is easily to be proved;—let the shooter put a little more powder in his cartridge than ordinarily and fire along a layer of snow, or if that is not handy have some paper laid down for 10 yards from the muzzle of his gun, and he will find the grains which have not ignited left whole on the surface. This will prove to him that he has wasted the "raw material." Novices complain, "oh, my gun kicks." Do they

Penetration.

Waste of Powder.

Kick.

ever think why? Nine times out of ten it is because the gun does not fit their shoulders properly, being too short in the stock, and then the maker is brought to task. He, who very likely has pointed this out when the purchase was made, is far too alive to business to say boldly "I told you so," but simply says—"ah, yes I see" and either supplies another gun or puts a heel on the stock which remedies the defect. Should this kicking result from any other cause, it is most likely from using too heavy a charge in a light gun. Consequently the objectionist is on the horns of a dilemma. Do not think from this that I am a gun-maker or writing in their interests. They are just as liable to mistakes as any other human being, but it is so easy to lay the missing of an easy shot, or any other "fail" of a shootist (American) is heir to," to that "ass" the maker.

I now take it you have a weapon to suit you. Well, steady yourself; do not think the mere fact of putting the gun up, shutting one eye and pulling the trigger, is going to fill your bag. This is not so. I quite agree with putting the gun up, and pulling the trigger, but not so much with the shutting of one eye. That may be very well in rifle shooting, or a "pot" shot at a Nova Scotian partridge on a tree, but it will hardly work with that same bird on the wing, let alone a cock or a snipe. In support of this I cannot do better than quote the words of Dr. Carver, the best wing shot the world ever saw, who, when shooting pigeons out of a trap in England—the hardest shooting there is—was asked, "Doctor, do you shut one eye when you shoot." "Shut one

One-eyed Shot.

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eye," he replied; "it takes me all my time to kill even with two, and if I had been lucky enough to have been born with 40, I guess I would keep them all open." The real fact then is, that the hand and eyes work together, and it may be taken for granted that all shut BOTH eyes on the discharge. (Really good shots may find fault with me here, as they know intuitively whether they have killed or not. I have in my mind's eye, one in this town; if he differs, let him prove me wrong.) I will put this in a practical form for young sportsmen as regards sundry birds in my next article; my intention in the present one is more to show shooting from a theoretical point of view, and I would wind up with one or two standard rules as regards the management of guns, which may well be taken to heart by older gunners:

Rules.

1. Never point the gun—whether loaded or not—or allow it to be pointed, at yourself, or any living object, except the game you are in pursuit of, especially when you are cocking or uncocking, as the cock is liable to slip from your hands.

2. In walking, always keep the gun so that, should it by accident go off, you will only hurt Mother Earth or the celestial beings. This rule more especially applies to inconsiderate mortals, who will, whichever way you may turn, have the muzzle of their gun on a level with one's diaphragm.

3. When not shooting, always remove the cartridges from the gun, more especially when getting into a wagon.

Before commencing, as to the charges of powder and shot required to bring your game

to bag, I should like to be perfectly certain that you have a gun which will allow you to do this, I say "allow" advisedly, for should the defects pointed out in my last article exist, you most assuredly will only hit by chance, and may still go on being, as your dearest friend will point out, "an awful shot." This may be not your own fault as regards shooting powers, but simply through want of knowledge in choosing your weapon. Having rid yourself of the defects mentioned, there is still one feature to be attended to, viz: the trigger—

or rather the pull of the trigger, i. e., the amount of pressure or weight which is required to discharge the gun. This to the tyro seems a very small thing, but it is not, for sundry reasons. 1st—It stands to common sense that, assuming the gun, when put up, to be on the bird, then the easier the pull of the trigger the better, for the slighter the pressure exerted the less likely one is to "pull off" the bird. By "pulling off" I mean that, having a really easy shot, when plenty of time is given to take a steady aim—time enough even for the one-eyed shot—one will, if the trigger requires extra pressure, be sure to jerk the gun more or less to the right. Now if it be more, the bird is missed altogether; and if less, it only receives the scattering pellets on the left hand side of the charge, which, it is needless to say, have not the same penetrating power as those in the centre. To illustrate my idea: Suppose you fire at a mark 40 yards distant with a gun having barrels of an ordinary length—say 30 inches—and having properly covered your target, you find on examination a very small proportion of

Pull of Trigger.

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the charge of shot recorded, and the pellets that have left their names of not too penetrating a character; do not at once throw down the gun and say "no one shall shoot with it again." Far better pick it up, apologize, if it is possible to do so to an inanimate thing, and try to find a reason for your non-success. Nine times out of ten the reason is that the pull of the trigger is too heavy, which in discharging makes the gun go more or less to the right. Again, in pulling the trigger, a man who shoots quickly, and therefore with two eyes—if he has two—open, really does not know or care which part of his finger causes the explosion; but to the young gunner I would give a gentle hint, more especially if he is inclined to overload his cartridges—not to put his finger too far through the triggerguard, for however little recoil there may be, the guard, which is fairly sharp, will catch his second finger just above the second joint, and he will be able to demonstrate to his friends one more of the pseudo pleasures of shooting. As regards this "pulling off," suppose that, in spite of your being a good shot, the send-off of the trigger really does not suit you, and the muzzle is in consequence deviated a quarter of an inch from the dead straight aim you have taken; have you ever thought how far the killing part of your charge will be from your game, say at 30 yards? Well, it would be  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches, or even more. This then proves, as I have said before, that the target fired at does not receive the most penetrating part of the charge. This means that the central part of the charge would not strike any bird smaller than a goose,

even if the gun were actually pointed at the middle of its body.

Now in writing, as I am, chiefly in the interests of the beginner, it is difficult for me to put on paper what amount of pressure ought to be brought to bear to cause the gun to go off. I know that for an old gunner, one who has mixed and shot with his brother sportsmen, a "hair-trigger" is the one to be used to make a "bag," but I do most emphatically say that such an one ought not to be used by any young hand. To the uninitiated I may explain that a "hair-trigger" is one that makes the gun discharge at the very slightest provocation, and indeed, after some use, it has been known to do so without any assignable cause. Therefore in choosing your gun you have to choose the happy medium, between too hard a pull, which will take the gun off the bird, and too light a one, which will allow the discharge before the gun is on the bird at all.

#### Hair-Trigger.

#### Carrying the Gun.

Above I made use of the phrase "old gunners," but if you will notice I put an addendum to this, viz: "who have mixed and shot with their brother sportsmen." Now I do this because in my shooting trips in this country I have been so struck with the fact that the greater portion of the sportsmen "away back in the woods!" are — well, more than a certain age. This being so, one would have thought that they had come to "years of discretion" as regards the carrying of those antiquated pieces of artillery which they are pleased to call guns. (Do not think for one moment that I under-rate the shooting powers of these heirlooms of better days) — but no! age has not had the desired effect. The

average of these old sportsmen has shot by himself all his life, taking particular notice to keep the muzzle of the apparatus away from himself, holding it in such a position that the unwary stranger, if endued with extra good eyesight, can almost see of what number shot the charge consists; or carefully arranging so that in case of accident the full charge would lodge under one's belt. Really sportsman-like habits are only to be acquired by shooting in company with others and always considering their safety before the bag.

I trust by this time you are satisfied with your gun: the question now arises what to put in it. Given then a 12-bore gun of  $7\frac{1}{4}$  lbs. weight for an ordinary shooting trip, I do not think you can do better than tell your gunsmith to fill your cartridges with  $3\frac{1}{4}$  drs. powder, and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  ozs. shot, the size of the shot depending of course upon the birds you expect to shoot, and also on the distance the birds are likely to be from you. If you expect the birds to be wild, you will require, to use larger shot. A real gunner, who not only can shoot, but also knows the habits of birds, having been on the outlook for partridges, and having fair sized shot in his gun, would, upon coming to a likely place for woodcock or snipe, replace these cartridges with others containing No. 8 or No. 10 shot.

Above I said: get your gunsmith to fill your cartridges. This I mean especially for you young ones. On the score of safety you should do so, and of cleanliness also; and as regards price I do not think that with the ordinary number you use you will appreciate the difference. But if

Size of Shot.

Loading

Cartridges.

you must load your own cartridges I shall be only doing my duty in giving the following hints—viz:

Provide yourself with the best powder to be obtained, and to prove if it is good place a small quantity in the palm of your hand and rub it hard,—it ought to leave no dirty mark.

Remember the danger attached to powder: never load except in the day time, and never forget to put what powder you have left back in its proper place, out of reach of small children.

Be careful not to get your measures mixed, and so use the powder measure for the shot and vice versa.

It is not necessary to ram the powder too hard, but the wad should be so pressed on the shot that on shaking the cartridge you cannot hear the pellets rattle.

Before leaving the subject of cartridge-loading, I must add one other caution. The powder used should be perfectly dry, as it will be if bought from a respectable practical gunsmith. But suppose that, from some cause or other, this is not the case, do not be tempted to put your powder in the oven to dry; this is a very risky experiment and may end in serious damage to the kitchen. No, in place of this put it in a perfectly air-tight tin can, and plunge into boiling water; this will not only dry the powder, but even raise its strength one or two degrees, as may be proved by the EPREUVETTE steam gauge.

**Kind of Powder.**

I cannot conclude this article without one word as to the kind of powder to be used. There is no doubt but that the day of our old familiar friend, black powder, has come, or is coming to an end.

At present it may well be said that the "Schultz," "E. C.," and other powders of this description, are too expensive for ordinary use. Out here this may be the case, but take my advice, and when the time comes that they come as regards price within a reasonable distance of black powder, choose one of the new fangled compositions, without inquiring "what is it made of?" etc., etc. It is more cleanly, shoots as well, if not better, and above all is smokeless; consequently on a damp day you are able to get your second barrel in, where shooting with black powder you would be unable to do so. In support of this argument it is only necessary for me to say that all the best pigeon shots in England, and those who go to Monaco to shoot for money, use one of those white powders, and these are men that often-times have £1,000 at stake on a single shot—I do not say for themselves alone, but combined with outside betters.

Let us now fancy it is the first of November, and that we are leaving one of the prettiest little villages on the Shannon, 15 miles from Limerick, with which it is connected by a railway, the original line of which the market-woman remarked, "I haven't time to go to town by train this morning, so must just hurry up and walk." Let us fancy also that we have had a good breakfast, which, by the bye, my brother sportsmen will conduce most materially to your chance of bringing back a good bag, and have neither forgotten gun, cartridges or other requisites; all which things have been forgotten at times, even in enlightened Halifax, let alone in the poor old "dith-

#### A day's Shooting

#### in Ireland.

restful" country. We first strike for that little withy bed across the bridge. Now, young ones, has it entered your head with what you are likely to meet, and therefore what cartridges to have in your gun? This ought to be your first thought when loading, and having put cartridges into your gun, remember what size shot is in each barrel, and do not be like a certain young Englishman in India, who, on starting out after snipe was warned to be sure and keep a ball in one barrel, in case of coming across any wild animals, and who, when a snipe got up, unfortunately discharged the barrel containing the ball first, leaving only a charge of No. 10 shot to withstand the attack of a wandering panther. A friend who identified the collar and boots at the coroner's inquest, when the coroner commented on the terrible result of such a mistake, was heard to murmur "ah, but he killed the snipe anyway." History deponeth not if the remains of the snipe were as large as those of the individual who caused its death. MAIS REVENONS A NOS MOUTONS:—Snipe is the bird we expect now. We have No. 10 shot in the first and eight or six in the second barrel. If you can see this little piece of ground by the river just as I have it now in my mind's eye, you will know that when the first bird gets up, it is a case of now or never; so let drive, and do your best to kill. In a case like this there is no time to ponder, for apart from having to shoot through the willow trees, you have also to contend against the natural instinct of the bird, which teaches it to do all it knows to get out of the way of the shot. Now, a snipe is not,

Snipe.

for a young sportsman, the easiest bird to bring to bag; for its very squeak, or whistle, or whatever the sound it makes, is calculated to upset his nerves and so prevent his killing the bird at what I, personally, consider the easiest time, that is just as he rises; and, that time having flown—and the bird with it—it becomes a difficult question when to shoot, for this bird has a knack of executing a greater number of gyrations in a given space than any mathematician could calculate. This being so, it is needless to tell the young sportsman that having missed the golden opportunity, and wasted his charge on the air, it is best for him to wait till the bird has finished its mad gyrations, and pauses a second before commencing its legitimate flight; the difficulty then lies in judging whether it is still within range or not. To be a judge of distance is a *SINE QUA NON* to a good sportsman. I say sportsman, because it would be only a “pot-hunter,” who would deliberately let drive into a number of birds on the off chance of bringing one to bag, and the certainty of wounding some. A gun-carrier of this kind ought to be interviewed by our respected friend Mr. Naylor, on behalf of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. To judge of distance, let the “shootist,” fire at any object that may strike him on the edge of water, when he will be able to see a fairly good pattern of the charge, and will also be able to measure the distance.

Judging Distance.

I trust my readers will forgive me this long digression from our starting point—“A day’s shooting”—but I am sure you who are fathers

at any rate will not grudge any space I may take up, firstly in teaching the young idea the value of safety in the carrying of the gun, and secondly in increasing the chances of his bringing you home a respectable bag.

Solitary Snipe.

But to return to business, "Jack," our keeper, shouts "Mark! Mark!" "What is it, Jack?" "Big snipe, yer honor, and by jabbers if you don't kill it its the worst look I'll give you." We go on and get the snipe, a big one, as Jack said; this meaning a solitary snipe (Gallinago Major) which is nearly twice as large as an ordinary one, and by a shooting man is considered as great a prize as a "Gillerou" trout to a fishing man. (I will not stake my existence as to the right spelling of this word.) "Mark! hush!"—it is very easy to put the latter word on paper, but it certainly does not convey the meaning that an excited Irishman would wish — "Down, look, ducks!" Yes, there they are, about four hundred yards from us, with heads up, evidently frightened by our shot. Now, the way to get at them? All flat country, no chance of creeping on them. Ah, happy thought, "Jack, how long will it take me to get up to the Lough (Derg)?" "Quarter of an hour, sir." "Right, give me that, and two minutes more to make sure, and then let the dog go up the river." It has come off as wished for; we were at our station in time to have two barrels into the seven ducks that came sailing up the middle of the stream. Did we get them all? No as it happened we only got two, one with each barrel; this by not shooting into the "brown," a practice which brings so many otherwise good shots to grief. I hear someone saying: Why

Duck.



did he tell his man to send his dog along the river, and not tell the man to go himself?" Simply, my inquiring friend, I may tell you the wild duck is a wily bird — very much so — and had that man shown himself at all, they would have been up and away altogether, whereas with a dog coming along, they simply get up and sail quietly up the middle of the stream. I have not space here, but I hope to be able at some future time to show you what an amount of good a well trained dog can do you, as a decoy for duck. I am warned that I have come to the end of my tether as regards space, so resume our day's sport in next article.

"Now Jack, where to? Do you think there's a chance of a grouse if we skimmed the side of the mountain and then took a boat back to the Clare shore?" "Now, yer honor, would ye be after leading a poor man asthray afther grouse in November? Ach, now, the flask will niver hould out!" "Never mind, Jack, its all in the day's work," and having consoled him thus far we set off for the mountain side. We had not got farther than the edge of the first covert—and I may point out to those who do not know, that there are really good coverts, in blocks, on the sides of all Irish mountains—when Jack in his best Irish whisper blurted out, "Look!" I did look, and saw that by certain signs well known to real sportsmen,—men as I have said who not only go out shooting, but also study the habits of birds—there were, or had been, woodcock about.

Now, you who go out and make these wonderful bags of "cock," and, it has been returned to

**Brag.**

me, never miss a shot, "dress up" and let's have a good look at you. You are the sort of men that P. T. Barnum should show up as natural curiosities—for indeed you are, though you do not know it. Now, you who talk like this, how would you like a man to count your cartridges in the morning, go with you through the day, return and count both what are left and the proceeds of cartridges shot off? This trial is of course fair enough for cock shooting, where you do not very often kill MORE than one bird at a shot; and you will find your ingenuity pretty well taxed to make the two accounts tally. Mark Twain would, I think, call this "sarcism;" but, my readers, my conscience will not allow me to let the fanciful tales promulgated by these sportsmen go unchallenged. A boy may go out for the first time, and being of a nervous disposition, nearly afraid to pull the trigger, he may hit or miss as the case may be; but it is our "swagger man" who on missing a shot says "too far; ought not to have shot!"—And in this way he accounts for his wasted cartridges. Take it from me, and if not satisfied go back 40 years, which will take you beyond my own personal prejudices, and you will find that even then a man was dubbed an ass if he made any excuse at all in shooting. I grant you he may be right, and he may prove it to his own satisfaction, but the odds are very much against his convincing others. This is an old adage. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." Without appearing rude I should like to ask why, if all these birds are killed about here, we do not see more on the tables? Do the messes take them all? If so, its just our

luck, and we have to be content with the one a week we can secure by shot uncoined, not silver. I have seen some of the best shots in England performed with the gun, (and it must be remembered that ordinary partridge shooting there, off the stubble or out of turnips, is about 50 per cent. easier than shooting cocks in Nova Scotia coverts,) and though I may have seen one or two men have an exceptional day when they have literally missed nothing, still it is those very men who will tell you that this is more by luck than good judgment. Naturally, I find it difficult to believe that the average sportsman here is so much better than the best on the other side.

But to return to our own shooting. Though Woodcock. we have seen signs of woodcock, do not let us be too certain that we shall find any. This bird, being essentially nocturnal, feeds at night, frequenting then those moist places most likely to provide its natural food; whereas in the day, when it does the greater part, if not all its sleeping, it betakes itself to a drier and maybe thicker covert, out of which it is not much use to try to get it without the aid of dogs—Sussex spaniels for choice. We have this particular morning only an Irish water spaniel, of not much use for covert shooting. What is to be done? Then the ever-ready Jack comes to the fore: "Whist now, good luck to you, don't you mind what a blow we had early this morning; the birds will be all in the heather on the mountain side." I may here remark that the coverts on the mountain sides in Ireland consist partly of high trees, interspersed with black

thorn, laurel, holly and juniper, all favorites of the woodcock. Therefore, when it blows anything like a gale these are so disturbed by the continual falling of leaves, twigs, etc., from the higher trees that they prefer to take their rest in greater comfort amongst the heather and fern. Jack was right, the cock were there; but, as it always comes on a windy day, were pretty wild, and wanted a lot of killing even in the open, so we only bagged nine between us. I take it that no bird is so often missed as the cock, not only because it sometimes presents the most difficult shots, but again from the very fact that every now and then it gives us such an easy one, that we are careless and miss it on that account. Before leaving this bird, I would caution young sportsmen as regards this easy shot. If it is an easy one, and there is no very thick covert near, give the bird a little law, so that it shall not be mangled. Again, should you be shooting with anyone, be sure never to shoot "jealous," that is to try to get the bird down before your friend, the shot being properly his, just for the sake of being able to brag of the size of your bag, at the end of the day. No, if it is his shot let him have BOTH his barrels, and then, "wipe his eye" if you can. One more "wrinkle,"—woodcock and snipe get up against the wind—"verb, sap."

Duck.

Having had a little lunc., (too big a one is a great mistake) we make our way to that favorite marsh where we know we shall be sure to have a couple—or may be more—shots at duck or teal. Having changed our cartridges—knowing we shall only see snipe on the way

and fearing we shall be tempted to shoot and so disturb the larger birds, — we, in about a quarter of an hour, arrived at our destination, a swamp about 60 yards wide — a nice width for a gun to walk each side — covered up with high flag grass. We do not go with the wind now, but keep it as dead in our faces as possible. We have not gone 50 yards when up gets an old mallard, quacking as hard as it can to give warning of danger. It is no good shooting too far, so hurrying on, we come right upon three more, which get up between us and take a bee line over Jack, so that I am unable to shoot, and he, when just pulling, finds himself over his knees and gradually sinking in a “quaking bog.” Not understanding Irish I cannot give the meaning of the expressions made use of by him whilst extricating himself. In some places these same “bogs” are very dangerous, and make it unsafe to go out shooting alone. What with the talking and laughing, we never got a shot at the ducks, but eventually managed to get three teal and a bird I never saw before, a pochard or dun bird (the latter name from the color of its eye). For culinary purposes it is said to be almost as good as the famous canvas-back of the United States; but never having eaten the latter I cannot speak from experience. Before leaving the marsh on our way home, we picked up a couple of moor hens, something like the coot out here. Having made up our minds to be back home in time for the “flight shooting,” we did not waste much time. Though we had a chance of killing a couple of hares, we would not shoot, as they are preserved for coursing. We made up by shooting three

Flight-Shooting.

couple of snipe and a couple of golden plover on the way back. Leaving our game bags at the house, we hurried up to the top of the hill at the back of the village, and took our stations waiting for the ducks, which come over this hill in hundreds from the large lakes, to breed in the meadows below. To be a good night for this sport, the wind should be blowing dead against the ducks, which will make them come over at a reasonable height, whereas on a still night they are so high that with so little light you are unable to see them. To my mind this is by far the hardest kind of shooting there is, for in the first place it is hard to see the bird, and then it is harder still to judge the distance, though if you CAN see the bird the chances are it is well within shot. And again, every now and then you get a severe fright by a flock of teal "swishing" by within five yards, and flying so close to the ground that it is impossible to see them. Still, if it is the hardest, it is the most exciting shooting one can have, though it lasts far too short a time—half to three quarters of an hour at the outside.

On this particular evening we had a fairly good wind-up to our day, bagging four ducks, three widgeon and a teal, and losing one duck which we heard fall behind us. So ended an enjoyable sporting day, as all days of that description are in Ireland. The reason is simple enough, it lies in the variety of birds you come across and may have the chance of bagging. I will not go so far as to say that this was the worst day I ever had in that country, but certainly it was a long way from being the best.

One more piece of advice to all who wish to be sportsmen in its true sense of the word—not pot hunters. Give an hour every now and then to reading good books as to the habits and customs of all things that you are likely to shoot at. I grant you one pound of practice is worth a ton of theory, but still, one who starts with even a slight theoretical knowledge, and by careful practical research improves that knowledge, will in the end be in a far better position than one who though he has lived in the woods all his life, simply carries his gun to fill his pot.

Reading.

The commencement and ending of articles in a paper, whether on sporting subjects or otherwise, are of a difficult nature.

In these articles on shooting I have endeavored to teach the young idea "how to shoot" not only theoretically, but also practically. I know there are many things I have missed and before closing the articles I will try and place them. Firstly, I must put before you that it is wrong to shoot JEALOUSLY, for in doing so you will not only offend your companion, but you will most likely injure your own shooting by being in too much hurry to shoot first. When you feel sure of having hit a bird, never take your eye off it whilst it is possible to see it, for you never know when it will fall. Very often, if it is hit in the head or spine, it will fly off a short distance as if nothing was the matter, and then go up some height in the air and then fall stone dead,—99 times out of a 100 you will find it ON ITS BACK. As nature has endowed birds with wings, it is, to say the least, far more sportsmanlike to allow them to use them, and shoot them flying and not sitting;

Shooting Jealous.

Marking down.

though I have no doubt that there are those in this town who would act as the Frenchman, who, when out pheasant shooting in England, upon being cautioned by a friend not to make such a FAUX PAS as to shoot one of the birds whilst running in front of him, remarked, knowingly: "Non! Non! My dear sare, I will not do that, I will wait till he do stop!" Remember always to see that your gun is properly cleaned, more especially if you have been shooting near salt water.

Most young shooters having put up birds out of range find great difficulty in marking them down, or rather in marking them down sufficiently well to be able to put them up again. In the first place some point should be noted past which you think the birds dropped, and another straight behind you; this will give the direction. As regards distance, it is nearly safe to say that the bird has pitched farther away than you thought. In any case, never think the bird has pitched till you see him stop in his flight and flap his wings; which all birds must do before they can alight on the ground.

Above I have written regarding looking after and trying to gather wounded birds; but do not commit that awful sin of going to look for birds you know in your heart you have never touched. I fancy I can hear some one say "a man would never be such a maniac as that; what on earth would he do it for?" And I answer there are hundreds that do it; and the reason is that they do not want their companions to think that they have missed, and so make up a lie, and waste half an hour's valuable time, all because



they are not men enough to own it is possible for them to miss a shot. I know very well that a number of the hints I have given are more applicable to English than to Canadian shooting, still they are of use even here, while in England it is a NECESSITY that they should be acted upon. Say, for instance, there are five guns, and you have driven the partridges—all walking rigidly in line—off the stubbles, into turnips; should one of those men deliberately kill a bird jealously, there would be the end of that day's shooting, and I hardly think that gentleman would be favored with another invite. Again, should a man be caught eating his lunch without first having taken his cartridges out, he would be mulcted in a fine of a sovereign. Therefore, as I have said, with such a number of guns in the party as are usually found at home it is imperative that all these rules should be carried out to the very letter. There is one more golden rule, and that is, when out shooting keep as silent as possible: there is nothing frightens game so much as the human voice. If you are in covert naturally you have dogs, and if they are any good, they will put up the game without indiscriminate shouting and whistling, which only worries them. If there is any shouting required above the regulation "mark," let it be done by the owner of the dogs or whoever is working them.

I have been asked to give my opinion as regards the time when it should be lawful to kill woodcock, the day having of late been changed from August 1st to August 15th. This is for me, being comparatively young in the land, a difficult question. Of all birds woodcock and snipe are

EnglishShooting.Silence.Close Season.

the most difficult to trace in their comings and goings, on account of their flying at night. Having thought the matter carefully over, I can only put before my readers the evidence I have got together for and against, and I must say the latter greatly preponderates against the alteration of the date as at present fixed. The only valid plea put forward by those wishful for the change, is that birds have been known to breed in certain coverts, and were perfectly fit to kill on August 1st, and that on going over these same coverts a fortnight later, they—the birds—were all gone, presumably out of the country. Now the question arises, can they prove that the birds leave the country? Why should they? Is it not more feasible to think that when the birds are really strong and fit to fly they seek fresh coverts, more congenial to their change of age? It must be remembered that woodcock are not like partridges; they very seldom lay more than four eggs, and oftener three; and when old enough to take care of themselves, the whole family do not, like the partridge, stay together. Now those who say August 15th is early enough, put forth two or three common sense reasons—1st, that the woodcock bred here, or at least a number of them, are not fit to kill any earlier; 2nd, that if they were, it would be very little good going after them on account of the heat, and the thickness of the coverts, which would prevent our seeing the "little brown bird;" and 3rd—That there are so many young partridges about that it would be wrong to put the temptation of killing them in the way of the early cock-hunters. Under these circumstances, and until it can be PROVED that

the home-bred birds flee the country when they leave their native covert, I certainly think the present date is early enough to commence.

Of far greater importance to the welfare of sport in Nova Scotia is the slaughter of moose, which if carried on much longer will make that animal as extinct as the dodo, or at least as scarce as buffalo in the North West. Query; Ought not those who cater for the city museum to hurry up and get a good specimen before this comes to pass? I know the Game Society has a very difficult task, more especially as the officers are so badly supported; still the question arises, would it not be better to pay more attention to those men who live in the districts where the moose are, rather than to be on the QUI VIVE for men who come here for sport, and therefore are able to pay the fine imposed? I do not mean to say that these latter should not be punished for breaking the law, but I maintain it is a waste of money to have them watched, for should they transgress, it would be known in Halifax within 24 hours, whilst those who live on the spot and kill three to the strangers' one constantly get off scot free. I am neither versed in the law nor in means of the society sufficiently to be able to give a remedy, but most certainly drastic measures should be taken, and that at once.

Moose.

Though dog breaking cannot be classed among British sports, it certainly has a great deal to do with one branch, viz: shooting, and moreover I can assure my readers that it is one of the most fascinating of pursuits. I know that there are many men who cannot spare the time to "break" their own dogs, and there are still more who

Dog Breaking.

could never do it, on account of a want of patience; therefore in both cases the dog is sent away from home. There is hardly anything one can name that will bring out the good or bad traits in a man's character more than this same "breaking-in" of dogs for shooting purposes. It is needless to say that it is far better to break your dog yourself, for he will always do more for the person who in the first place taught him what he afterwards enjoys, — and enjoys, too just as much as the man who is shooting. Culy see the look of pride on a dog's face when he has retrieved a bird after a hard search! It may be that this chapter may not be considered of much interest to the public generally; still I hope that it may be of use to those who wish to break their dogs themselves. To the minds of all sportsmen, shooting without a dog is bereft of half its pleasure; for apart from the increase in the bag, what an amount of gratification is derived from the fact of having taught the dog to display the instinct nature has given it, and prove the power of man over animals. Take for instance a setter; what prettier sight for a lover of nature than to see him literally pointing out game ahead, madly eager to go on, yet so well taught that he stands perfectly rigid until the signal is given to advance? I will not go so far as to say these dogs are all so staunch as one of which the tale is told, that, being lost by his master, he "stood" a bird, and no one coming to kill it, remained standing; and two years afterwards his skeleton was found, still in the same attitude.

I will presume you have a well-bred puppy,

and upon this matter of breed a great deal depends, for the best bred dogs have inherent qualities — acute sense of scent and powers of endurance—which make it all the easier to teach them. As I have said, some men think it great drudgery to break their own dogs, requiring as it does the exercise of great patience, coupled with firmness and consistency, and above all, a solid love for the animal. Supposing you have all these qualities, I would advise the preparatory breaking to be done in the house, garden or road, without any reference to game at all.

Importance  
of Breed.

Some people object to commence tuition early, but for my part, given a well-bred, high-couraged puppy, I feel assured you cannot begin too soon to inculcate obedience, for there are certain things a young dog must do. He **MUST** take exercise, he **MUST** be taught to follow, and he **MUST** be prevented from killing poultry, worrying cats, and stealing what is not intended for him. While at exercise they should be made to come back directly they are called by "Come to heel," and made to remain there till "Hold up" is given. Mind, the great thing is to see these orders carried out to commence with. However much the dog may resist at first, never give in, or you will create a precedent from which you will suffer. In giving commands, remember always to say the same words, and not one day say "come to heel," and the next "here, here;" and more than this, if possible use the same tone of voice, for you must not forget you are not using the dog's native tongue, but your own, which you are trying to teach him. In teaching him the meaning of "down," press him gently but

Early Training.

Discipline.

firmly on to his belly, repeating the word several times; having prevailed on him to stay there, leave him by degrees, and then, on calling him, reward him with something to eat. When out with you never let him range far from you, and if he should get through any hedge or fence call him back instantly with the cry of "ware fence," at the same time making him understand by signs the meaning of the words. Should he attempt to chase anything, do not go after him, but make him come to you, and rate him with "ware chase." Of course with all these calls a great deal depends on the tone and gesture used. During your rambles with the dog, you should, without letting him see you, fire off a pistol occasionally without noticing him at all, and he will not think anything of the noise; but beware of letting it off as if to attract his attention, for he will most likely jump to the conclusion there is something uncanny about it; and you will have made him — what you were striving to prevent — "gun shy." I have said nothing as to the means to be used to enforce your commands; this all depends upon the disposition of the dog, but my experience has taught me that kindness goes the farthest with any respectable dog, and so I am not a believer in

"A spaniel, a woman and a walnut tree,  
The more you beat 'em, the better they be."

Your dog is now say eight months old, and should now be shewn some game. Opinions vary greatly as to whether the dog should be shewn game in or out of season; that really means whether, to start with, the game should be killed over him or not. General Hutchinson

Accustoming  
to Fire.

Accustoming  
to Game.

— than whom there is no better authority—claims that it should. This is a pure sportsman's point of view, and there are very few men so unselfish as to carry it out, though it might repay them in the end. Where the unselfishness comes in, is in this way: You cannot expect to take a young dog out where there is a lot of game, without his spoiling your first few days' shooting, as he is bound to do lots of things he ought not to do and vice versa.

The only objection to this that I can see is that it means breaking dogs to game, as a rule, too early, viz: at about 4 or 5 months of age, when they are not staid enough to settle down to work, and though, being well-bred, they may "stand" the game intuitively, still it will take days to correct the error of chasing when the game moves. One great argument to my mind against breaking dogs when birds are pairing, is that when the shooting season comes on, instead of seeing a single bird, or a brace, get up, to which they were used when being "broke," they now have to contend with a whole covey, and, naturally getting mad with excitement, they forget the manners learnt six months before.

When once a dog has learnt what is required of him as regards "pointing or setting," and keeps deliberately making a FAUX PAS by chasing, the whip is a necessity to bring some of his high temper down, for he has done wrong knowingly; but on the other hand, if he keeps on making false points, through over anxiety, or rather nervousness, there is only one remedy, viz., an early grave; for you will never cure him. As for the use of the whip, I have found

Punishment.

far more good done by scolding and shaming the dog when necessary, and by giving rewards when earned, than by any amount of whip; while by its use many a good high-couraged dog has been spoiled, for instead of attending entirely to business in hand, he is half afraid he may not be working quite right, and is thinking of the punishment in store. Should your dog have done anything good in the field, never forget to pat him and make a fuss over him. He will understand it just as well as you understood commendation when you were a boy. Suppose your dog should make a point where birds HAVE BEEN, which may happen with the best dogs if the scent is very good, do not rate him, but prove to him the birds have gone, by kicking up the ground around where the point was made, saying at the same time, "Gone away, gone away." These remarks have applied to setters and pointers, but at the same time ANY DOG can be TAUGHT to do the same things, just in the same manner that a thorough musician, without any idea of drawing, may be taught that study; but neither one nor the other will make much of it, therefore it is much better that each breed of dogs should have its own natural instincts developed.

#### Retrievers.

One of the most useful dogs to the sportsman is the retriever; not necessarily a "retriever" by breed: you may teach any dog to answer the purpose, and for covert shooting commend me to a smaller breed of dog than the retriever proper, while for wild fowl shooting you want a really strong dog, with a good thick coat to protect him from the coldness of the water. For this purpose no better dog can be found than a



thorough bred retriever or an Irish water spaniel. In teaching dogs to retrieve, be very careful not to allow boys to be everlastingly throwing things of all descriptions for them to fetch, for by sending them after stones or anything hard, the dogs' mouths become hard, and so when they have to retrieve a bird they will naturally bite it. I would advise having a round leather strap to throw, and be sure and do not move till the dog brings it back to your feet; having done this let him then follow you a little way with it in his mouth. Never allow a dog that you intend for shooting to kill a rat or even a mouse, for should he be bitten it will raise his anger, and he in his turn will retaliate, and this will be the commencement of his becoming hard-mouthed with his game. Nothing is really easier to teach a dog than retrieving, but it takes time and patience. One rule must be born in mind,—always make the dog bring the game either to your feet or hand; never meet him half way, or allow him to leave the bird at some distance, as some day he may take it into his head to leave it the wrong side of a river. Should your dog not at once take kindly to the water, get some friend to lend you a dog who does, and he will very soon entice yours in: there is one thing that you must never do, and that is to throw your dog in. I put it to you, suppose that in your young days you had been chucked into the water, do you think it would have given you any great love for that element? I fancy not, and the same applies to the puppy.

“Dog-breaking” is an almost inexhaustible subject, and it is impossible for me to do it

do it any kind of justice in a single article ; my chief point is that any kind of dog may be broken to the gun. I have even heard of a pig being used, but that it requires an immense amount of patience, and love of animals. In my next article I will endeavor to give an outline of what has been called the " Sport of Kings," viz., racing, leaving fishing till the weather is a little more congenial.

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As I have tried to point out, there is a vast difference between practical shooting and theoretical shooting,—or, rather, "aiming." There is in reality very little difference between the paces of birds; though the larger birds seem to fly slower; yet a duck, for instance, flies as fast, if not faster, than one of our ordinary beach birds; and, to carry my argument still further, a wild goose or, still better, a wild swan will out-fly all its smaller brethren. As regards this matter of pace, there is one bird that I personally think flies with a greater velocity than any bird of corresponding weight, which is the grouse when driven for shooting purposes. Time after time this bird has been proved to compass a distance of three miles at the rate of 70 miles per hour. Now, theoretically, what chance has one of killing a bird going at this pace? It is perfectly absurd for any man, however good shot he may be, to give his advice in print. The truth is, that a man who kills these birds does it intuitively, and if asked why or how, will reply, "Well, I cover the bird, give the gun a tip, and there it is, 'don't you know!'" And that is just where it is: it simply being that the eye and the hand go together.

It is all very well for a first-class shot like Sir Ralph Payne Galway, who has been writing letters on shooting in the "Field," to tell "young shooters" they must fire so many feet or yards in front of a bird; but he has left out one main factor in his instructions, viz: how they are to measure that same distance,—again, in his letters, though addressed solely to "young shooters," I feel confident that should he read this remark he will agree with me that the diagrams relating to the flight of birds are far too theoretical for the purpose intended.

Has the young shooter ever taken into consideration the time that elapses between the fall of the hammer and the exit of the shot from the muzzle; and, again, between the resolve on his part to pull the trigger and its actual accomplishment? Now, putting it at the hundredth part of a second in each case, a bird flying at the rate of forty miles an hour will have flown about 14 inches after the aim of the shooter has been taken; the killing of this bird is a conclusive proof that not only did the shooter take aim, but also that the eye and hand worked together in giving that little swing to the gun, coinciding with the speed of the bird. It must be borne in mind that I am speaking now of a quick shot: how much more finely must the distance be calculated by one who dwells on his aim?

I will—I trust for the good of the public at large—once more refer to the use of guns with safety, by giving a few golden rules:—When shooting with a stranger, always get on his right side, as a gun is more often pointed to the left

Birds

on the Wing.

General Maxims.

than to the right when being carried. Bear in mind it is not always from wanton stupidity—such as getting over a fence with the muzzle pointed straight at the back of your companion, or pointing the gun in joke,—that accidents happen, unless with downright idiots, who should shoot together, with a view to their speedy mutual extermination. It is more often the case in the excitement of the shooter, who, in his anxiety to kill game, forgets to notice his companion.

Always treat a gun as if loaded and at full cock.

Though you may be a careful shot yourself, always keep a sharp eye on your brother sportsmen, so as to give a wide berth to those who flourish guns about like watering-pots.

Before commencing shooting always look through the barrels, and also do so if a mis-fire occurs.

Finally, strive to not only have the reputation of being a "good shot," but more especially that of being an undeniably safe one: for all shooters will agree with me that the number of shots one sees fired in a year that *might* have been dangerous, and *ought* to have worked mischief, are far more numerous than pleasant.

I trust these few remarks may induce my readers to become "safe shots," when they will stand far more chances of invites to prosecute the sport they love.

**I**N commencing this article I am placed on the horns of a dilemma, for if I avoid the error of saying too much, I am more than likely to fall into that of saying too little. Sufficient for me ~~to say~~ that I am not going to write on "Racing" in the proper acceptation of the term, but rather on the breed of horses for this sport. The veriest pessimist must own that among Englishmen the thoroughbred race horse affords a greater amount of excitement in a limited space of time than any other animal. Now I can fancy some one saying, "Is this excitement necessary to existence; is it after all for our good?" I here say, "Yes, a certain amount of excitement is necessary, whether brought about by the means of horse racing, foot racing, or in fact any athletic competition." Who among my readers would think very much of a man—so-called—who could not enter into the interests of some ONE sport, and thereby generate some excitement, which is akin to enthusiasm? 166

RACING.

Now I know the popular idea is that a man can not see a horse run but that he must BET (capital letters, if you please, Mr. Prater.) This is all nonsense; one can bet where or when he pleases, irrespective of horses or any other animal; therefore it is absurd to decry horse-racing and thereby the breeding of thorough-breds, just because a certain portion of the community make the animal a source for gambling. If men want to gamble, they will find a means for doing so, and no power on earth will stop them. The typical Englishman is so imbued with the idea, that there is not a day goes by but what in some

Betting.

way or other he risks something; why, even a clergyman, by giving up a certain living for an uncertain preferment, is gambling in a mild degree. To show that anything may be used as a means of gambling, there is an anecdote told of the "plunging" Marquis of Hastings, who, when dining with a friend and seeing a couple of maggots among the nuts, wagered a considerable sum as to which animal would get across the table first. The marquis finding his was getting in the rear, gave him what *he* considered a gentle reminder with a pin; unfortunately the reminder reached a vital spot, causing the death of both his hopes and his animal, and leaving his opponent to walk in.

It is not of the gambling relations I wish to write; it is the breed of the race horse, or rather thoroughbred horse, I have to do with. It cannot be expected that in one article I shall be able to give even an outline of this sport as carried on in England. It has been termed—by whom I know not—"the sport of kings;" for what reason I cannot say, unless in the opinion of the person who gave the name, it is so far above all other sports as to be entitled to it, or because Charles I. took such a great interest in it.

#### In-Breeding.

What perhaps leads to more argument than anything else is the breeding of the animal that is to carry your hopes and fortunes. There is no doubt but that "in and in" breeding is injurious to mankind, and is forbidden by laws Divine and human; but with gregarious animals, up to a certain extent, it does not effect them otherwise than for good, which proves that it is in conformity with their natural instincts. It is sufficient to

say there is not a horse of any note in England that does not show inbreeding. In beginning to talk of breeding, I am afraid I am rather over-running the constable, for we do not yet know what a "thorough bred" is. This is not quite so simple to explain as it seems on the face of it. It is generally taken as a fact that this animal is of pure eastern blood, but this is not really the case. Take for instance Eclipse, an animal held up to us as the beau ideal of a thorough-bred: in its pedigree, we find a dozen or more mares whose breed is unknown; therefore the only criterion we can go by is the name of the horse or mare appearing in a qualified stud book. It is safe to say we are indebted to the Stuart period of English history for the first great improvement of our horses by the introduction of Arabian blood. The names of those horses and mares can be found now in the stud book. Chief among them (and in fact we may say that from these come our best breeds of horses) are Byerly Turk, belonging to Captain Byerly in 1689: Darley Arabian, imported early in the 18th century, and Godolphin Arabian, 1731. Eclipse, of whom I have before spoken, traced his descent to Darley Arabian. He was never beaten, although he had such an awful temper that there was often great difficulty in getting on his back. His produce won in stakes £158,000; a large sum then, though not thought so much of in these days, when a horse can win £10,000 in a single race. I have not the space at my disposal to go thoroughly into the breeding question, but I think I have said sufficient to show the enormous amount of time, trouble and expense that is laid out in what

"Thorough  
Breds."

Arabian Blood.

Stamina.

we may justly call the "improvement of the breed" of our horses. It has been often stated lately, that we in England are going back in regard to stamina in our horses. One hears it said: "Why, there is not one horse out of a hundred in training that can get over two miles." An assertion of this kind is very easy to make but precious hard to prove. Let him who says so advertise that he will give a stake of £5,000 to be run for in two years' time; he would be mightily surprised at the number of good horses that would crop up—beasts, too, that our friend has often at his club stigmatised as "only a five furlong thing."

Long Distances.

The real fact is that the stakes for the long races are not large enough to induce owners to risk training their horses for them, for I am sure it is needless for me to say that a horse requires far more work to come creditably out of a two miles race than out of a five furlong. This being so, and the stakes for the short races being always larger, the owner naturally says; "Why should I risk breaking my horse down in training him for long races, when I can win more money and get just as much 'kudos' for my animal by winning the short ones?" Under these circumstances it is not fair to state as a fact that our horses have deteriorated in stamina. To-day there are hundreds of horses at Newmarket that have never been tried over a mile at racing pace.

I find that I have not sufficient space left in this article, to mention as I had intended, some of the equine giants of the last few years and their performances, but will do so in my next.



To those who have such a great objection to horse racing, I would say the sole object for which this sport was originally established was the improvement of the breed of English horses; had it not been so, the objectionable elements in connection with it would have very soon swamped it as a national sport. It must be remembered that the thoroughbred is of use for other than racing purposes. No horse is nicer to ride, goes better in harness, and does a harder day's work. It is to the turf alone that we must look to support this breed and so supply us with our high class hunting and saddle and harness horses.

Both in trotting and racing proper in America great stress is laid on the timing of horses. Whether it is that the Englishmen do not know how to time with sufficient exactitude I cannot say, but the fact remains that the time test in England has proved a delusion and a snare. My own opinion is that, there being such a diversity of courses run over in England, and the climate so changeable, it stands to reason that the same horse, even with the same jockey, cannot give the same time twice running. By continuous trials with good horses, it has been proved that from  $13\frac{1}{2}$  to 14 seconds per furlong is about the highest rate of speed attained over a course of above a mile. In 1848, the Derby and Oaks were both won in exactly the same time, viz. : 2 minutes 48 seconds, or 14 seconds per furlong — the former by Surplice and latter by Cymba. One of the most extraordinary three year old performances was that of Sir Tatton Skyes in the Leger — 1 mile, 6 furlongs and 132 yards, which he won in

Time Races.

3 minutes, 16 seconds, or within a fraction of  $13\frac{1}{2}$  seconds per furlong. West Australian, who was a year older, beat this on one of the most trying courses in England, viz., Ascot: when he ran 2 miles, 4 furlongs, in 4 minutes, 27 seconds, or nearly  $13\frac{1}{2}$  seconds per furlong. The above three year old performances were done under 8 stone 7lb. As regards the times for a mile, the fastest on record is that of Diophantes in the 2,000 guineas at Newmarket,—1 minute, 43 seconds; and Galopin's performance in a match against Stray Shot, where, if I remember rightly, he gave this mare 22 lbs. and won. But, as I have said, the timing is in such a crude state in England that really the whole business is a farce.

#### Handicaps.

Through the great increase in the number of horses in training, of which the larger number have no pretensions to win a weight-for-age race, it was found necessary to adopt some plan by which these inferior animals should have some chance of winning afforded them. For this purpose the handicap system was established, and though some may decry it, there is no doubt that racing could not be carried on without it, and therefore it becomes a necessary evil. To prove how hard it is to handicap a really good horse out of a race, we will instance Isonomy, one of the grandest horses of any day, which in the Manchester cup won with 142 lbs. on his back, giving 2 stone, 5 lbs. to a horse that ran second for the Derby; there is no doubt but that, had Isonomy been allowed to run in that race, he could have won it with 2 stone, 7 pounds, more on him than any other horse in the race;

but his owner, Mr. Gretton, preferred winning £70,000 over him in bets by keeping him to win the Cambridgeshire, to gaining the kudos attached to winning a Derby. 'Tis ever thus: when Honour and Money meet, honor does not count! But to return, it is the fact that such large stakes are now given for two-year old races, that it incites men to race these youngsters against their better judgment. Of course the ordinary man cannot afford to keep an animal in the stable eating his head off, when he knows it is able to win a race; yet at the same time he may say to himself. "He is too babyish to run; I wish I could afford to keep him till next year, but I can't, so I must take what the gods may send me." By the above it will be seen that in my opinion two year-olds ought to see but a very little of the race course; and there is no doubt in the minds of good judges that many good horses have succumbed to the exigencies of training earlier than they need have done, simply through this rush after wealth. Mind this, it is not the trainer — who DOES know everything in connection with the horses under his charge — but the idiotic ideas of owners that make the "backer" eat bread and cheese—A LA bread and cheese, with an occasional onion thrown in, — whilst the "wily bookmaker" regales himself on Mumm 74 and pate de fois gras.

Speaking of handicaps, in theory the idea is that the weight shall be adjusted in such a manner that the horses shall finish level, but this does not work in practice, being utterly impossible from numerous causes, chief of these being the deception practised on the handicapper

by running horses unfit or not attempting to win with them, so that at some future time the owner may get his animal more favorably weighted. Such doings as these are, no doubt, detrimental to the best interests of the turf, but the fact remains that otherwise honorable men will descend to these acts to throw dust in the eyes of the adjuster of the weights. There is a great deal of nonsense talked about such and such a horse being "pulled;" now as a matter of fact there is not half so much "roping" on the turf as it is generally believed. Jockeys now-a-day are very chary of risking the chance of being "warned off," and thereby losing their living, though no doubt there are cases, as the following anecdote will prove: Scene, Warwick race-course: Numbers up for the third race; Mr. B., enters the ring and backs a horse to win a large stake, having succeeded in getting on all the money he wants, he seeks out the bookmaker who had laid him the most money, and who happened also to be a personal friend and having found him, said: "I say, Joe, old man, we've been pals for a good many years, and I don't want to see you let in, so just go and back that horse yourself; the fact is I've put all this money on for the owner." "Thanks, old man, for the tip, but was just looking after you to tell you I've been laying against your fancy animal for the JOCKEY!" It is needless to say this horse did not win.

#### Classic Races.

I do not think it will come amiss to give here the origin of our what are called the classic races, viz., Derby, Oaks and St. Leger.

The Derby. — This race for three year olds for

both sexes was started by Edward Smith Stanely, the twelfth Earl of Derby, in 1780.

The Oaks — For three year old fillies, was started by the same nobleman 1779, and named after a country seat of his.

The St. Leger, so-called from Colonel Anthony St. Leger, who founded it in 1776. This race is run at Doncaster, and is for three year olds of either sex. In these races all horses carry the same weight, conceding the mares 3 lbs. One great thing in regard to the thoroughbred, which has to be studied most carefully, is his temper. Temper. I verily believe that nine times out of ten the development of a bad temper in a horse is occasioned by bad treatment in the stable, and again there are often occasions when we say "Oh, that brute has such a frightful temper." without making any attempt to find out whether it really is bad temper, or whether the fractiousness is caused by something that can be cured. Until the last few years very little attention was paid to horses' teeth; now it is a well-known fact that Teeth. nothing worries a horse so much as to have anything wrong with his teeth. One horse I remember well—Shifual, afterwards the winner of the Grand National steeplechase,—who was a 4-year old perfectly mad; so mad in fact that orders were given to shoot him, but before this could be carried out Professor Galvin, who had just then come to England from Australia to introduce his system of training and breaking horses, happened to call, and on being shown this horse said at once; "I should not be surprised if all this is caused by his teeth." The horse being

"cast" and examined, this turned out to be the case; the teeth were properly attended to, and within a week he was as gentle an animal as one could wish to have. Of course there are some horses, like some men, that have tempers distinctly vile. I have one such in my remembrance now, which before a race always had to have her tongue tied down, which quieted her a little. This reminds me of a tale told of this very animal. She was undergoing this operation, when one of the by-standers said to Mr. Linde, her owner, "What are you doing that for?" "Oh, sure now sorr, isn't it I am tying her tongue down to prevent her telling you whether she's going to win or no!" Some horses, though not bad tempered, are afflicted with nerves, and will do their best while all is quiet, but directly they come near the winning post, and hear the shouting, cannot stand it, and shut up directly. One of this class, The Monk, had had all sorts of experiments tried upon him to overcome this, but to no purpose, till one day his trainer had a happy thought, and gave him a bottle of whisky, stuffed his ears with cotton wool, and put a hood on him, when he won in a canter. As I said before, it is absurd to think I can give here even a cursory glimpse of racing, and I have only tried to point out that, apart from baneful influences of betting, there is nothing in horse racing itself as a sport that can hurt anyone, and if ever the time should come that the racing of thorough-breds is done away with, so surely will come the decadence of the English horse.

Nerves.

**S**ATAN was, it is said, the father of lies, and **FISHING.** as in old prints he is often represented carrying a net over his shoulder, there is very little doubt but that this sport of fishing gave rise to the saying. Yet it seems hard to give such a harsh name to the fairy tales the wily fisherman brings us home. These same tales do any amount of service—they tend to expand the imagination. Why, I have known in my own experience a fish to be 2½ lbs—“a real nice fish, old chap, don’t cher know”—at eight o’clock at night, whilst at 12 it has been “well, old man, I don’t mind telling you, because you know I wouldn’t tell you a cram, it was a real beauty, 4½, and then not quite fit; don’t go telling where I was.” Again, it makes men have a wonderful command over their features; it is no good a man telling a story of this kind without looking as sober as a judge, and looking, too, as if he really believed it himself; whilst on the other hand it would be too rude and ungentlemanly for the listener to express by even the twinkle of an eye any doubt as to the veracity of his entertainer. Why, to do away with these “tales” on returning from a day’s fishing, would be like going to the academy to see “Hamlet,” with the character of Hamlet cut out. It may well be said as regards fishing, if “the brave deserve the fair” then in the weather we have had lately, the plucky fisherman ought to fare well.

Taking into consideration the amount of water there is in Nova Scotia, giving to the great number of enthusiasts in fishing such facilities for pursuing the sport, I feel I am taking upon myself a very great responsibility by even giving

a hint; I can assure your critics I **would** not do so if it were not that I am writing for the **benefit** of the young, and not for the seasoned fisherman.

Trout.

In connection with fishing in Nova Scotia, there is no doubt that the trout are not so highly educated here as they are at home, the size of the bags brought home fully proving this. Here a man will bring back more from one day's fishing than just as good a fisherman at home would catch in a month. Yet there are plenty of fish, but they are so worried by the continual endeavours to catch them, that they become just as artful as the man who is after them. There is no doubt that even here the best fisherman will in the long run secure the greatest catches, but at the same time the mere tyro will get good "bags," when in England he would not catch a fish in a week. Of course this to a very great extent is accounted for by the fact that in all preserved waters—and in the old country there is very little free—the use of bait is strictly forbidden. It is needless for me to say that minnow is allowed in the Thames, for the trout in this river, ranging from 3½ lbs to 10 lbs., and even larger, will not look at a fly. Trout fishing in Nova Scotia is far more like that in Ireland than any we have in England.

Throwing the Fly. I propose in this article to give a few hints as to fly fishing, and tackle required for the same. To proceed then to a description that may be of use to the young hand. The rod should be light enough to be managed easily with one hand, and should be chosen for him by some old fisherman; for with a rod, just the same as with a gun or cricket bat, it is not the



actual weight that is of so much importance, but the distribution of it. Draw off from your reel from 15 to 18 feet of line, throw out to its extent, and fish in towards you. Different men adopt different ways of throwing the fly, but it really does not matter which is followed, so that one has entire control of his rod and line, and can do what he likes with the flies. It is really of no use to try to give theoretical lessons in throwing the fly, for nothing but practice will ever give proficiency; let the beginner rather spend two or three days in watching a good man; then come home and practice in the back garden, putting down some object to cast at. Do not be discouraged if, the first few days you go fishing, you see other men catching fish with the same fly and in the same water you have been unsuccessful in, remember, Rome was not built in one day, and his success has been only gained by hard practice, whereby he is able to let his flies pitch naturally upon the water; neither ought you to take it hardly that he should have a self-satisfied smile on his countenance whilst doing so, for rivalry is the great zest in all sports, and the fish taken by an expert out of water which has been flogged out of all shape by the beginner, are sweet indeed.

Although, as I have said above, practice is required more than anything else in throwing the fly, it may be well to give a hint or two on it, trying to point out where are the dangers to the young hand. In watching all beginners it will be found that two or three feet of line drop on the water before the fly; this is fatal. The fly should fall as nearly like the original as possible, without

any of the line itself touching the water. To make the throw, say from the left shoulder, with a rod of 11 feet, take the cast in the left hand so that the fly is clear of the ground, with the rod pointing forward and to the left; then on loosing the cast, by a half side movement of the arm, sweep the line in a gentle curve till it is well behind you. It is here that a disaster may occur, for if the fly is jerked, it may be snapped right off. Having escaped this catastrophe, the line is brought from behind the head to the front of the body, when it is allowed to go forward to the full length of the arm, making the flies pitch on the water gently. This being done it is required to manipulate them to look as much like the real article as possible. As in all sports, the watchword of the young angler should be "Patience."

#### **Striking.**

Remember that in striking a fish it is not necessary to put in all the force of arm and shoulder, but it only requires a sharp turn of the wrist just to fix the hook in the fish. This may seem unnecessary advice, but it will be found that the tyro jerks as if he were shark fishing.

#### **Preservation**

##### **of Trout.**

Before proceeding to talk of salmon fishing, I will try to prove that SOME day there will have to be, even in Nova Scotia—full of fish as its waters are—better preservation for trout, or there will be the same cry as to the scarcity of fish that there is at present in England. I know I shall be laughed at by many of those who go fishing even now and bring home their dozens in a day, but I am sure that those sportsmen who go out for the day's sport, and who make a study of the subject, will give me some credit for my warning voice. The more the country gets

opened up and populated,—and there is every reason to believe that it will become more so every year—the more fishermen there will be, and naturally the more fish will be taken. I have been told that there is a law making it illegal to net trout? if this is so, what is the meaning of the sight that presents itself to our view in the market every Saturday morning? There is hardly a fish over 1½ pounds sold that does not bear unmistakably the sign of the net; and yet they are exposed for sale openly. Whose duty is it to take cognizance of this? Have these laws, that seem to be dormant, been made because our legislators, having nothing much on hand, thought it as well to frame something so as to appear to be busy.

Netting.

As regards the decrease of trout in some streams—especially the smaller ones—in England I am sure that this has been brought about to some extent by over-preservation, paradoxical as this may seem. There is every reason to believe that there is more disease now than formerly, for nature provided means in the shape of otters, herons, etc., (which the keepers now kill off indiscriminately) to rid the streams of those fish which might otherwise propagate disease; for it is a well known fact, that animals and birds of prey find it far easier to catch the fish weakened by disease, and therefore do so. It has been proved over and over again on the Scotch grouse moors that it is far better to let the hawks remain to kill diseased and weakly birds, and to put up with the loss of the few healthy birds they may capture, than to kill them off, and so

Over-

Preservation.

Birds of Prey.

Minnow.

allow the whole moor to get diseased. Again, the entire abolition of the use of the minnow has done harm. Now do not think I am an admirer of the use of the minnow, but there are times when it is allowable and justifiable; for instance take a small stream that you know holds half a dozen old "warriors" about four lbs. weight; you might fly fish till you were black in the face, and you would not get a rise. Now, one of these will eat more of its species in one day than you will catch in ten. Under these circumstances, is it not better for the sake of your after sport to use the minnow, with which you have some chance of catching him? I do not say that these latter causes will militate against the fishing in Nova Scotia; but I do say that however plentiful the trout may be, netting ought to be stopped at once, in common fairness to those who fish honestly.

Salmon.

I suppose that the height of ambition of every fisherman, from the urchin, with his stick, cotton, and bent pin, fishing for stickle-backs, to the man who has caught his 2 lb. or 3-lb. trout, is to catch a salmon. Unfortunately, I have noticed that to whatever country you may go to attain this desirable end, it is rather an expensive luxury; it is, apart from the sport, a good deal cheaper to buy than to catch, and therefore is like unto one of its concomitants, which is also cheaper to buy than to grow. In the first place you want a good "Greenheart" rod, of from 16 to 20 feet in length; spliced, I would say, for choice, as this gives nicer play than any other arrangement. It should balance about evenly where the upper hand grasps it above the reel, which is placed about 10 inches from the butt.

The line should not be less than 80 yards long; and should taper down to nearly half its original size where the cast is tied on; which cast, be it remembered, must be of salmon gut, a great deal thicker than that used for trout. To assist the young fisherman in his first attempt to catch a salmon, I would strongly advise his getting some one who lives near to, and has often fished, the water he is going to try, to aid him in his selection of flies, and point out the different parts inhabited at various times by salmon; he will be able to go by himself another day; that is if the water remains about the same height, but if it should be higher or lower to any extent, let him apply for additional aid. As a rule, the larger the body of water, the larger the fly required, the size of the fly depends also to a certain extent on the color of the water. This being a two-handed rod, it requires both more strength and practice to become proficient in casting, than with the trout rod. I would advise to cast from the left shoulder backwards, then bring slowly and steadily over the right, then keep on accelerating the speed till you deliver the fly upon the water. When the tyro can throw out 25 yards of line like this, to within a reasonable distance of the spot desired, he may rest on his laurels for a time: 35 yards for good fishermen is about the average throw, but tall and strong men will throw several yards further.

The fly should be worked differently than when fishing for trout, being immersed sufficiently not to cause a ripple, but yet not to be out of sight. Again, in striking, the young salmon fisher should not strike quickly as for trout, but

Throwing the Fly.

Working the Fly.

Striking.

should absolutely feel the fish first, which really means that the fish has hooked himself. It often happens as with trout, that the fish will rise and have a smell, look at the fly and turn away disgusted. The only remedy for this is to keep on changing the fly till you find one that they will take. In reference to this I once heard an anecdote told. Three friends went salmon fishing—two of whom were really good and enthusiastic fishermen, whilst the third merely took a rod for decency's sake, thinking of the lunch and the outing rather than of the number of fish that would be caught. They experienced the very luck I have described, having rise after rise, but never even pricking a fish, much less catching one. It was not an exactly happy family that on returning entered the hospitable doors of one of the party, nor were two of the trio made any happier by the following conversation. Lady of the house—"Well, Mr. S., I am so sorry you have come all this way and had no sport; my husband and brother are generally so lucky," "Oh, don't mention it, I really enjoyed myself immensely, lovely day, good uncheon, cigars, etc., etc., you know, go a long way to make a man appreciate life." "But, still, even these surely could not compensate you for not getting any fish, when they were rising, too!" "No, perhaps not, but when the fish would not take, the 'lovely flow of language' that emanated from your husband and brother made up for all!"

"Giving  
the Butt."

The great thing after hooking your fish is to give him the butt—that is, get the point of the rod well up with the butt towards the fish—as much as you think the tackle will bear, being

ever ready to give him line if he make a sudden plunge or performs any gyrations in the air. For the rest, the landing or losing of one fish will really give more real instruction than yards of printed advice.

It may be interesting to some of my readers to give a few notes on the size this "king of fish," arrives at. Mr. Yarrel in his book reports a fish being in a London fishmonger's in 1821, which weighed 83 pounds. There are several over 70 pounds on record, one of  $71\frac{1}{2}$  pounds being taken in the Blackwater, Ireland, in 1877. It is a remarkable fact that in the spawning season the male fish has a large hook growing upwards from the lower jaw, which he uses in battle for the female fish, and which disappears directly the spawning season is over. The salmon is one of the most voracious of fish, but so quickly does it digest its food that when opened its stomach is generally found empty. There is no doubt but that their growth increases with the quantity of food they can get, for when they get to the sea their growth is marvellous. To prove this the Duke of Athol had some caught and marked on their way down to the sea, and on their return five weeks and two days afterwards one was again caught which had gained 10 pounds in that short time. The size of salmon does not depend so much on age as on the river, and the circumstances under which they are bred and reared. This is not the case with the pike—other-

Size of Salmon.

Pike.

if you catch one 30 pounds weight you may calculate it at from 25 to 30 years of age. One was caught in Loch Neagh in Ireland, with a brass tag on, giving date when put in, which proved it was 70 years of age. The largest salmon on record as being taken with the rod was, according to Yarrel, 69 $\frac{3}{4}$  lbs., caught by Earl of Home, on the Tweed in Scotland.

In concluding my remarks on this most pleasant sport, I would impress upon my young readers the necessity of going about it in a business and sportsmanlike manner, if they wish to excel; and should they have bad luck in getting a bag legitimately, let it not be said of them that they desecrated in order to fill it to means unworthy of a true sportsman.

Here my articles on sport proper would have come to an end, but for the receipt of the following letter:—

HALIFAX, May 28.

MR. WALTER LEIGH:

DEAR SIR:—I have read with much interest, from a literary standpoint, your articles on hunting and fishing, that have lately appeared in the MAIL. Much, however, as I have thus enjoyed them, in a spirit of no unfriendliness, but in one that I trust is inculcated by, and follows the teachings of our Great Master, I am tempted to ask: Why should you strive to render the unnecessary slaughter of his innocent creatures a science in which man will rejoice, rather than a cruelty which he will abominate? True it is necessary to supply our bodies with food, but it is NOT necessary by the slaughter of God's harmless creatures to supply with food that spirit of cruelty which is born in every man. Sincerely hoping that your articles will not have this effect, I remain,

“A FRIEND OF THE HARMLESS.”

Humaneness  
of Sport.



I think the only fair way for me is to criticise this letter in the first place, and then defend myself, if any defence is necessary, on broader grounds.

To start with, I thank my anonymous friend for his appreciation of the articles on fishing and hunting, but at the same time I can assure him that those same articles were written for better ends than he seems to imagine. For boys, to encourage their studies of natural history; for men, to try and stimulate them with an idea of honor between man and beast, the same as between man and man. I am glad my unknown correspondent is "writing in no spirit of unfriendliness;" this assurance seems to justify me in criticizing his arguments—if they can be so called—without any reserve. After all, the boy fisherman who strings a dead worm on a hook is only taking time by the forelock and revenging himself on the creepy animals, which will in time feed upon his mortal remains. "Innocent creatures," forsooth. The question arises, ARE salmon and trout so innocent as their appearance on the dinner table may lead one to think? Verily, no! They are just as bloodthirsty in their ideas of gaining food as we poor mortals who consume them, feeding ever on their own species; whilst I am sure my correspondent cannot with all his desires charge me with an act of cannibalism, tho' I have often thought, when seeing people eat sucking pig, that "baby" would be just as palatable. This worthy gentleman objects to the killing of human food being brought down to science. Now, I maintain that all human food consists, to a very large extent, of

animal life:— if he does not believe in this, let him be a vegetarian, and in eating his humble cabbage swallow myriads of God's creatures—as he has been pleased to put it—and fatten on them, and see the “mote in my eye,” while he fails to see the “beam in his own.” My pseudo-friend owns that there must be a supply of food for his body: I can only say that the same hand that gave him this instinct for food endowed me also with the hunting instinct. If I have done wrong from a moral or religious standpoint, in writing as I have done, then my articles are unworthy the reading or support of any right thinking men; but by the law of God as taught in the Old Testament, the killing of game was permitted, and we are distinctly told that all beasts are given for the good of man. Therefore we may deduce, that if this following and killing of game gives pleasure and training to man, being at the same time not forbidden by the Almighty, the life of the animal has not been wantonly taken. A deer stands in the same category as a partridge— game; and what was right for Esau to kill and present to his father, is just as right morally at the present day for you or me. If we examine carefully the laws of nature, we find that all things feed upon each other, and after all it is very hypercritical to decide why one animal should live and another be made food for us “lords of creation.” There is no doubt but that all field sports are a cloak for lots of abuses, but what is there that is not? and it has been my aim to purge away the foul abuses and retain what is only true to nature.

Is there any doubt whatever but that field sports, whether dangerous or otherwise, conduce to promoting health and courage? At the present time, when there is such a demand for "learned labor," we find men like the Prince of Wales, Judge Hawkins, Sir Charles Russell, Sir Henry James, Mr. Erickson, Sir W. Gull, the Grand Old Man and Lord Salisbury, all at the top of their professions, taking their recreation in sport, and in the very sports I have mentioned in these articles.

It has been said that Waterloo "was won on the cricket fields of Eton and Harrow," and the spirit of the remark applies just as much to shooting and fishing as to cricket.

Let it be understood when I say sport should be used, not abused: and do not allow the abuse of it to be urged against its use.

Then shall be developed the full amount of good of which this element in our social life is capable; and then may the sportsman, who after all is the legislator on sport, lie down after his day's work with an easy conscience and a full conviction that he has had a share in one of those institutions of his country of which he may well be proud. In conclusion, while thanking my anonymous friend for his letter, I can assure him that he will have to use far stronger arguments to persuade me that I am doing wrong by attempting to encourage manly British sports.

**CRICKET.**

**B**EFORE giving the few hints on this time-honoured game, I feel it will not be out of place to write a few words as to its origin. Surely a game that drew from Wellington the now historical "Waterloo was won on the Cricket fields of Eton and Harrow" deserves this!

**Origin.**

Enthusiasts vie with each other in tracing this game to a very early date: none have yet gone as far back as Adam, though some have gone so far as to interpret certain passages in the Bible to uphold their theory as to its age. We do know that the ancient Greeks played "ball"—no, not base-ball—ball, pure and simple, then called *ourania*, which consisted of throwing "Skiers" for one another to catch.

Although many other games of "ball" were played by the ancients as well as by modern countries, we fail to find the faintest analogy to our "noble game," in as much as no mention is ever made of the ball being hit by anything but the hand. On these grounds we claim cricket as essentially an English game,—English in its character, English in its origin:—This being granted, it may well be asked why the English people possess the only field game of a truly scientific character.

The answer is simple! Patricians and Plebeians have played together, with an absolute and joyous oblivion, for the time, of all social distinctions, which has rendered the game amenable to refining influences.

**French Cricket.**

It may be mentioned that even France has claimed the honour of its nationality, it having been said by a French writer to be but a variety

of the old French game "jeu de meul." A weighty argument against this theory is that at the present time the French mind seems hopelessly bewildered in the attempt to distinguish between the sense, sound, and pronunciation of "cricket" and "wicket"—both of break-jaw difficulty in utterance to Frenchmen. A Frenchman, M. Kervigan, in his work entitled "L'Anglais a Paris" (1866), thus describes cricket:—"Two (or more) players armed with bats like Harlequins, but three or four centimetres thick, stand opposite one another at a distance of from fifty to seventy paces, more or less according to their skill. Behind them are planted two stakes, three feet high. Two little sticks, *appeles wicket*, are placed across the top of the stakes. Finally, there is a wooden ball covered with leather, about the size of a large orange; and the skill consists in hurling the ball by means of the bat, so that it may strike the stakes of the adversary; which one is assured of having done when one sees the wicket fall." This description surely will convince even the most sceptical that cricket is not a French game.

The scientific development of cricket is referable in a great degree to the countenance and support of the English public schools and universities. While many of the old games show signs of decadence, Cricket every year gains in strength, not only in the United Kingdom, but wherever the British flag waves. Take for instance Australia, who has had the temerity to "beard the lion in its den," and not only that, but has shown the Mother country it is able to send to England a team powerful enough at times to make her lower her colors! Nor—such is the good feeling

#### Development.

among true cricketers—does England complain ! far from it, each succeeding visit she gives a heartier welcome to her sons from the Antipodes.

Canada too, has shown that she has exponents who can well uphold the honour of the old game, though they may never attain to the proficiency of their Australian cousins, through climatic influence, their season being so short they are debarred from a certain amount of the practice which is so essential in order to become first class. Let us view cricket as a mode of warfare, then cricketers should be the bravest of the brave, magnanimous to offenders, and forgetful of social differences in the feeling that cricket is an English game, and such a game that all others having any claim to nationality must be dimmed, if not totally eclipsed, in comparison with it.

In my love for the game I fear I have strayed from my text ; to return then to its origin. We find the dissyllable "cricket" first used in the time of Elizabeth, but of the game to which it referred no account is given. Little is heard of it in the 17th century, but on the opening of the 18th the clouds sheer off, and a sunbeam, which seems to have lost its way, once more illuminates the pages of the history of the game. It is worthy of note that up to this time the game had not travelled beyond a radius of forty miles from London.

It is pretty generally conceded that cricket was first regularly played at Guildford in Surrey, for there is still in existence a document referring to a piece of land in that town—a dispute arose as to its occupation by one John Parrishe.

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One witness "declared he knew the land in question for fifty years, for when he was at the Free School he went on it with other lads and played cricket and other plays." This enquiry arose in the fortieth year of Elizabeth's reign.—As I have before said, it was in the 18th century cricket made a decided move, for a match is recorded as having been played at Birmingham, whilst the battle of Preston was being fought against the rebels.

About 1710 cricket had grown into such colossal proportions in Kent, that that county challenged the whole of England, considerable sums of money being staked on the result, the non-payment of which ended in a law suit. 18th Century.

The game now became an instrument for gambling, and for a time found little favor either as a moral or noble pastime. To quote from the "*Gentleman's Magazine*" 1743—"cricket is a very innocent and wholesome exercise, yet it may be abused if either great or little people make it their business; it is grossly abused when it is made the subject of public advertisements, to draw together a great crowd of people, who ought all of them to be somewhere else. The diversion of cricket may be proper in holiday time, but upon days when men ought to be busy, it is not only improper but also mischievous in a high degree." This was written nearly 150 years ago, and I have no doubt there are many now who endorse these sentiments. Gambling.

The above is certainly a gloomy picture of the past, but judging from the whole production,—a part only of which I have quoted—its author had little liking for the game.

As time wore on, the public censor asserted his power as regards gambling; the atmosphere sweetened, and the game grew into favor. The adjectives "manly and noble" were applied to it. These are proudly retained to this day.

First Rules.

A noteworthy date in the history of cricket, is the year 1774, when a Committee met and settled the rules, as nearly as possible as they exist to-day, though in slightly different language.

Cricketers' Guide.

The first "Cricketers' Guide" came out in 1810, compiled by Lambert, whose hints to young players are as useful to-day as when given 80 years ago. Round arm bowling now appeared, and there was as much talk among cricketers as to its discoverer, as among mathematicians to decide between Leibnitz and Newton as the discoverer of "The Doctrine of Fluxions."

It would take far more space than I am allowed, to trace the rapid advance now made by cricket; to show how it had spread we will simply state that a match was played in 1843 at Toronto, versus St. George's Club of New York; whilst in 1823, during Sir Edward Parry's second voyage in search of a north-west passage, a match was played in latitudes above 80°.

All-England

Eleven.

Giant strides were made about 1849 by the establishment of the "All England Eleven," which travelled all over England leaving the mark of cricket behind.

Army and Navy.

It is hardly possible to estimate the advantages resulting from naval and military cricket all over the world; and, indeed, how intolerable would be the life of either service, but for occasional relaxation out of doors, or ashore, such for instance as that afforded by the mimic strife of cricket.



Having brought the game down to well within the memory of our grandfathers, and I fancy to most of my readers a later date even, I will leave it in the able hands of "Lillywhites Guide" to furnish all later information.

I cannot close this short history of the infancy of the game without quoting a passage from the writings of the only Frenchman who has dared to criticize cricket— M. Esquiros, in his work sneers at the moral effect with cricket is supposed to have on the population. He insinuates that the "predeliction for it as an instrument for education and improvement, is partly due to agreeable reminiscence of the teachers." Granted this is so, still the teacher who can enter into and enjoy games with his pupils, has a far easier task to get work from them during school hours than would otherwise be the case. In conclusion, then, let us all join in wishing "Long may cricket nourish Great Britain and her colonies."

#### A FEW HINTS TO YOUNG BOWLERS.

These hints are given simply for young bowlers, though if they are of service to mature cricketers, I shall indeed be pleased.

It has been said that "it is the pace which kills;" this is true in bowling, but my young friend must remember the pace may kill him before he kills the batsman; therefore I would warn all young bowlers not to overtax their strength when first learning; but when their action is thoroughly settled—which action should be natural—gradually to increase the pace, which will enable them to keep entire control of the ball.

There is a great deal of nonsense talked about such and such a ball having been a very good one: as a matter of fact, it might really have been a very bad one, but the batsman by his bad play made it into a good one. We cannot lay down a hard and fast line as to what is really a good ball, for what might be such to one player would perhaps be hit for four by another; still it is safe to say that if a medium-pace bowler keeps a length of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards from the wicket, he cannot be knocked about very much; and I would have you remember, both batsman and bowler, that that ball, though it be not straight, is as good as one, save for bowling the man out, as if it were straight: by this I mean that a good length ball off the wicket is as hard, if not more so, to keep down, as when on the wicket. Be sure, if you are to stray from this pitch, to let it be farther up and not shorter; for the farther you pitch up, within reason, the more likely you are to get catches.

Always, when practising, bowl with the same action, and in fact do everything the same, as if you were in a match.

Do not strive to get work or twist on the ball till you can bowl straight; pitch the ball within 4 inches of where you wish to. Variation of pace will get far more wickets than miles of twist.

After all is said, on the theory of bowling there is one bald fact for the bowler to grasp; that is, he must use his head in discovering the weak spot in the batsman, for every batsman has one; having found it, then comes the time to

make use of his store of theoretic and of practical knowledge.

Finally, my bowler *in embryo*, don't get cross if a man misses a catch; smile as you were wont to smile; keep your head cool, though you may be hit for six; try him again, but give the ball a little more elevation and shorten the length; when virtue may be rewarded, and you may be able to study with pleasure the symmetry of your opponent's back as he retires to the Pavilion.

I am sure it is unnecessary to point out to cricketers that there are many wielders of the bat who cannot be called batsmen,—the former are quite content to hit the ball one time in six, while the latter lay themselves out to play the game. It is not very difficult even for an outsider to distinguish between them. For any of my readers who may not be quite sure, I will take the liberty of giving a few *pointers*. 1st. The "would be" batsman usually comes on the ground late, taking care to let everyone know he has arrived. Having satisfied the spectators of this important fact, he divests himself of his natural garments and walks into the field, of course not forgetting his cricket war-paint. He then proceeds to practice, getting some innocent soul to bowl lobs to him—so that he may make sensational hits, and elicit ecstatic cheers from the ignorant mob.

Mark on the other hand the "Cricketer," and by this I mean the man who not only understands, but plays the game:—how differently he behaves:—no fuss or bother,—he has done his practice long ago; he may, perhaps, have half-a-

dozen balls just to see if his eye is straight, and there is an end of it: his pads do not want adjusting just at the last moment; he does not want a band of music to usher him into the wicket; and when asked, "How was that?" Instead of answering, "Oh awful luck you know, old chap: ball hit on a bit of dirt, you know;" our cricketer replies grimly, "Hit my wicket down, confound it." This, young players, is rather a homily to you on how to play the batsman's game theoretically; now I will try in my poor way to throw it into practical form.

Here again I repeat that these hints, as well as those on bowling, are intended for young players; though of course I will consider it a compliment if older men find them worth reading.

To business then:—First of all, you play with too large a bat: now, don't mistake me, I do not mean too broad, but too heavy and too long in the handle. By all means use a bat with as large a surface as cricket law will allow. No boy can play *cricket* — though many attempt it — with a bat that weighs 2 lbs. 2 oz. at the most, and which has not had quite  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. cut off the ordinary handle. After having selected his bat of about this weight, the corresponding thickest part being about  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. from the bottom, he should then get the handle to fit his hand, so as to be able to get a good grip of it. Handles are, as a rule, made too small, a fault easily remedied by adding another layer of twine, or, if this is not sufficient, a coating of wash-leather; though I do not advise this for those in the habit of making centuries, as it is apt to get greasy.

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*British Sports.*

I presume now that you are fitted out, but still I suppose you want "pads" and gloves.—Well, if you *must* wear the former, though the bat *ought* to protect wickets and legs—get a pair that *fit*, and see that the straps are perfect before you go in to bat, and for the latter, always have a new pair to lend a novice, while you borrow a good old pair from some confiding friend for your own use. Take my word for it you will be far more comfortable.

Always look at the batting list before the innings commences; and I would advise that you should make your entry from the pavilion—from whence you are expected—and not draw extra attention to yourself by coming from some shady spot on the ground, or from the grand stand, then your duck's egg—if the fates have it so—will be far more palatable. Having got to the wicket, take guard—still without fuss: by guard I mean, get to know that your right foot is clear of the wicket, that is, that your toe is as nearly in a line with the leg stump as is possible without covering it; this being done, it does not matter in the least where your bat is, for to a certain extent you will be bound to follow out the golden rule of a *batsman*, "Keep your bat straight"! This is the whole secret for you young players; old ones may take liberties by which they suffer: keep your bat straight, and common sense must tell you that the bowler has pretty hard work to hit your wicket.

This reminds me of an anecdote of a boy who, looking on at match with his mother, and being rather down-hearted because his side was getting the worst of it, on being reminded that his

brother had yet to go in, said "Pooh! he don't play with a straight bat;" upon which his fond parent remarked consolingly, "Never mind boy, I'll buy him a straight one!"

Being now in position — I take it for granted you have in your mind's eye the position of the fieldsmen, — you are ready to receive the attack of your whilom enemy, the bowler — as regards whom, never mind what idiotic gyrations, or tortuous windings he may go through, remember it is not the man you have to play, but the ball: — therefore you have to keep your eye on the ball, and the ball only. The ball having left the bowler's hand, it is for you to make up your mind at once how it is to be played; for should you be caught in two minds, woe betide you. Of course this is a matter of practice, but to assist you at this critical time, the following rules will be a fair guide: 1st.— Should the wicket be *hard and good*, play right straight out, keeping the left shoulder as well over the bat as possible, which will enable you to keep the ball along the "floor." 2nd.—The wicket being dead, i. e. slow, play back, watching carefully the break, whether it be from the off or leg, by which means you may be ready to take full advantage of that sweetest of all sweet things—a long hop. To assist you a little further, when watching the delivery of the ball your eye should practice itself to take in the bowler's wrist: should the *under* part turn upwards, which is the case 90 times out of a hundred, the ball will break into you; but if the top part turns upwards, the ball will come in from the leg. As I am here talking to beginners I will not bother

you with any remarks as to "placing" — this you may or may not be able to do with, say, 10 years hard practice. We will now take it that our young batsman has been playing carefully and has his double figure — I would here advise that the batsman should count all his runs; it makes him play far more steadily, apart from the good done to the memory and the player's arithmetic, — he should not then think it time to go in for a smite or gallery stroke, but play the innings through as he has commenced; he will have plenty of opportunities of hitting *bad* balls without any risk, keeping in mind the fact that batsmen are put out by their own foolishness far oftener than by the cleverness of the bowler. Keep away from all *fancy* strokes, such as the "draw," playing "under the leg," "cutting off the middle stump," &c., &c.: these are all very well for old hands, but sudden death to the youngster.

I am afraid my young reader will say, "it's all very fine; he tells what *not* to do, and does not say much about what we *are* to do." To this I answer, "If you follow out these few main rules as to what *not* to do, and if you have cricket in you, instinct will most assuredly suggest what you *are* to do. But should you do what you ought *not* to do, instinct has no chance to assist you. Above I have said "if you have cricket in you." Now, if you have not, it is no more use for you to try and rise above the level of the mediocre school-boy player than for one who has no music in him to endeavor to become a Mozart.

To be a good cricketer, the game must be inherited — just the same as music, painting,

&c. This being so, steady practice does the rest. Now just one word as to running; for nothing looks so utterly feeble as to see men collide in the middle of the wicket.

To avoid such catastrophies, always run to your left. When called, make up your mind at once whether you will run or stop your partner; if the latter, it must be done instantaneously, or the blame is on your shoulders. There is no reason or law against you saying "No" if you do not think you are able to make the run. Should the point be contested, you may remind your partner that it takes two to make a run, and that the fact of his getting down to your wicket does not necessarily ensure your getting back to his.

### TENNIS.

OF all games, this is perhaps the hardest to write on, as regards giving hints to young players, there are so many different styles, all of which are considered perfection by their several admirers.

Tennis proper, is a game of ancient date, one, perhaps, of the oldest of ball games now played. When I say Tennis *proper*, I do not mean Lawn Tennis, but as played in a close court, the votaries of which have all but a supreme contempt for its young offspring. There are very few courts left now; among those still standing are Hampton Court, Fontainebleau, and one in Dublin, kept up by Sir Edward Guinness. In a book of this size it is hardly necessary for me to make any remarks on this intricate game, save to say its greatest draw-back is the expense it entails.



In giving these few following hints on this Lawn Tennis. game, it must be remembered they are for the beginner simply.

Firstly, then, strive after a good style of play, which will save you an immense amount of labor afterwards. (This advice holds good with all games, more especially in Cricket and Billiards.) First, as regards "service," never try one in a game that you have not thoroughly practiced, and are, to a certain extent, proficient in; remember your great aim is to get the ball over the net, and that within a prescribed area. I would strongly advise the young player to practise so that he can place a *straight* service as near the boundary line as possible. When I say *straight*, I mean he should not try to put any cut on the ball, but be content with making the ball go just where he wishes. Fancy strokes are not for such as he. My experience teaches me that in "singles" more games are won by volleying than by any other stroke, proving that, though it seems an easy stroke, it is the means of winning games for those who play it well. Now, as regards this stroke, the great danger the young player runs is in hitting the ball too hard, and consequently placing it out of court; this can be avoided by allowing the ball, to a very great extent, to play itself back again, off a fairly rigid *racket*,—by-the-bye, I spell this according to one of the best authorities, and not *racquet*, as spelt by some. When playing the volleying game, never—young players—try to "smash," for assuredly you will disturb the net or give your opponents a run after the ball. He must bear in mind he is not a "Renshaw,"—who really invented the stroke,

and had, too, the nerve to play it. As I have said before, it is impossible for me, with the space at my disposal, to go into the *minutiae* of the game, and moreover, for present purposes, it is not necessary: Given a young, active male or female, with good eyesight, this game is not a hard one in which to show up well; but it must be borne in mind there is no "royal road" to excellence in this than there is anything on earth; and, as I have said in regard to other sports, persevering practice, combined with good temper, will pull you through.

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Just one word in regard to the new powders that are now being used so extensively: I would strongly advise all young shooters to be very careful with them, and be sure to get their cartridges filled by a good responsible gunsmith. The one I can recommend thoroughly is T. J. Egan, of Halifax, N. S., who not only will provide all the necessaries for shooting, but will give information to strangers where to go. Not only this, but he can show one of the finest collection of stuffed birds in the Maritime Provinces.

In bidding adieu to the readers of this small book, I do so with great regret, for should they enjoy the reading of it one-half as I have done in writing it, I am truly satisfied.

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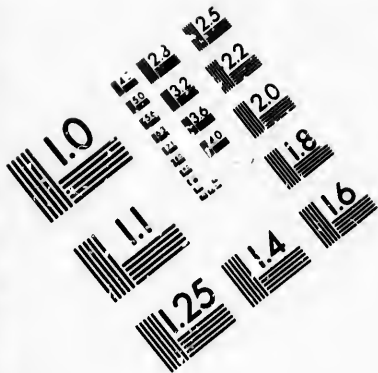
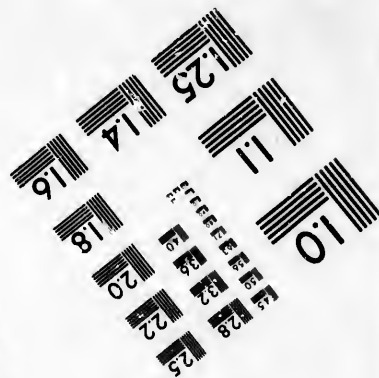
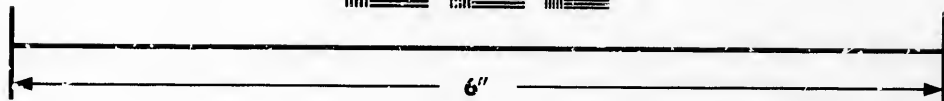
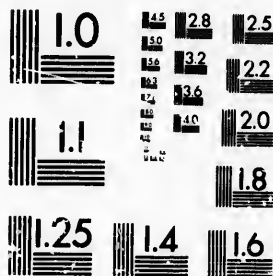


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