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THE CANADIAN JOURNAL

GENTLEMEN'S



VOL. VI TORONTO ONT., FRIDAY, OCT. 26, 1877. NO. 322

American Turf.

TROTTING AT CINCINNATI.

Cincinnati, Oct 16—Purse \$1,000; 2:40 class.

Easy Brothers' gr s Andy Meshon..	5	2	1	1	1	
Wood's m m Nancy Hackett....	1	4	3	3	2	
Leggatt's ch m Cottage Girl.....	2	3	2	2	3	
C Lawhead's ch m Nettie C.....	3	1	4	dis		
Frost's gr m Kitty Bates.....	4	dis				
H Ball's b m Carrie K.....	dis					
Time—2:31, 2:28, 2:32, 2:32½, 2:30.						
Same Day—Special purse \$1,000.						
Splan's b g Barus.....	2	1	1	1	1	
S Green's b g Great Eastern (under saddle).....	1	2	2	2	2	
Time—2:23½, 2:18, 2:25, 2:21½.						
Oct 20—2:35 class; purse \$1,000.						
an Bassett.....	5	1	4	5	1	1
ellie Ward.....	2	2	1	3	3	4
shel.....	1	4	2	4	4	3
lam.....	4	3	1	5	2	
ck Wright.....	3	5	5	2	3	dr
llage Girl.....	6	dis				
itty Clay.....	7	dis				
Time—2:50, 2:48, 2:52½, 2:55, 2:56, 2:58.						
Same Day—2:18 class; purse \$1,200.						
elvide.....	1	4	1	1	1	
ton Boy.....	2	1	2	2		
ver Sides.....	3	2	3	3		
etto.....	4	3	4	4		
Time—2:41½, 2:40½, 2:47, 2:47½.						

TROTTING AT BOSTON, MASS.

Beacon Park, Oct. 10 and 11, 1877.—Purse \$1,000; for 2:37 horses.

Goldsmith's g m Neilson 3	1	1	2	3	1	
Smith's ch g Billy D..	1	2	2	1	2	2
McDonald's b g Notfield 4	4	9	5	1	4	
White's b g Ruff.....	2	9	11	13	9	7
ivandiere, Johnnie, Fannie P, Peter, Nigger boy, Jeremiah, Harry Robinson, Dolly Davis, Chris, Pauline, and Annie Boleyn also started.						
Time—2:33½, 2:34, 2:33, 2:32, 2:32, 2:34.						
The first four heats were trotted on the 10th.						

TROTTLING AT PLATTSBURG, N. Y.

Plattsburg, N. Y. Oct 17—Match trot for \$100; 3 heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

McCrea's blk s Young Black Warrior..	1	1	1	1
son Latimore's b s Geo M Patchen..	2	2	2	2
Time—2:50, 3:01½, 2:51.				

TROTTLING AT COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Columbus, Oct 10—Purse \$600; 2:30 class.

W & V Whitney's b m Lida Bassett	1	1	2	1	1
lan's b g Calmar, by Bourbon					
ief.....	4	3	1	4	
cket's m g Deck Wright.....	3	2	4	4	
iweman's b m Lady Logan.....	2	7	5	5	
arlie B, Dream, Belle of Fairfield, Little Don also started.					
Time—2:26½, 2:26, 2:24½, 2:25.					

*Decided no heat.
Oct 12—Two-year-olds; purse \$200; mile heats.

Crit Davis' b f So-So.....	2	1	1
Brasfield & Britton's ch f Orient.....	1	2	2
Isaac Smith & Bro's b f Alice Stoner... 3 dis	3	dis	
Time—2:38, 2:31½, 2:31.			
Oct 15—For four-year-olds; purse \$400.			
Geo F Keene's rn g Keen Jim.....	1	1	1
James Long's b m Katie Jackson.....	2	2	2
C G Summer's br h Waveland Chief....	3	3	3
H C McDowell's bl f Romance.....	dis		
Time—2:26½, 2:24½, 2:26½.			

THE BREEDER'S MEETING AT FLEETWOOD, N. Y.

Fleetwood Park, Oct. 16. \$2,500, for all stallions that had never beaten 2:28.

J'S Bliss' b h Result.....	2	2	1	1	1		
R Penistan's bh Nil Desperandum... 1	1	3	3	4			
J P Gilbert's bh King Phillip.....	3	3	2	2	2		
I Denton's b h Champion, Jr.....	4	4	4	4	3		
G Ticehurst's b h Montezuma.....	5	dr					
Time—2:24½, 2:26½, 2:26, 2:27, 2:28.							
Same Day—\$1,000, for foals of 1874, now three-year olds; mile and repeat.							
Richard Penistan's b f Elie.....	1	1					
O Gorman Gehir's b c Touchstone.....	2	2					
Time—2:31½, 2:32½, 2:32½.							
Oct. 18—Purse \$1,000, for foals of 1873.							
Issiah Rynders' ch c Sir Walter.....	1	1					
W A Skinner's b h Colonel Feabody.....	2	2					
J W Willis' b g Tommy Norwood.....	4	3					
W Sargent's b s Norwood Chief.....	3	4					
B Penistan's ch s Hannibal.....	5	5					
Time—2:33½, 2:34½.							
Oct. 18 and 19—Purse \$500, for the championship of 1877 and a silver cup; \$2,000, 1,500, 500; mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.							
Edwin Tyorne's b s Thorndale 1 1 4 4 3 3 *0 1							
R Penistan's bs Nil Desperandum.....	2	2	1	2	1	0	3
A J McKimmin's b s Blackwood, Jr.....	4	4	3	1	2	0	2
J Hart Welsh's blk s Thomas Jefferson.....	3	3	3	3	4	dr	
Pat Day's b s Young Sentinel 5 5 dr							
Time—2:26½, 2:37½, 2:28, 2:29½, 2:31½, 2:27½, 2:26½.							

* No heat; decided by the judges.
Same Day—Purse \$1,500, for foals of 1872; \$750, 225, 150; mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

C S Johnson's b g Jersey Boy.....	1	2	2	1	1
T McConnell's s m Sadie Bell....	2	3	3	2	2
John Murphy's b g John Murphy, Jr 3	1	1	dis		
Time—2:28½, 2:27½, 2:25, 2:32½, 2:35½					

RACING AT NASHVILLE, TENN.

Nashville, Tenn.—Oct. 15, 1877. Young America Stakes No 1, for two-year olds, at \$25 each, play or pay, the association to add \$250, of which \$50 to the second horse. Value of stakes, \$1,050; three-quarters of a mile.

Owen and Cadwallader's bc Leveler, by Lever dam Sly boots, by Rivoli, 90 lbs.....	1	1	1	1
J W Hunt Reynolds' ch c Blue Eyes, by Enquirer, dam Buchu, by Planet, 90 lbs.....	2	2	2	2
A Buford's ch c McHenry, by Enquirer, dam Ontario, by Bonnie Scotland, 99 lbs.....	3	3	3	3

by Col. George W. King, of which \$50 to the second; value to winner, \$350; one mile.

J Davis' (W F Gray's) ch c, by John Morgan, dam by Brown Dick, 90 lbs.....	1
D McCarty's b f Bromide, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Arnica, 87 lbs.....	2
Time—1:49½.	
Same Day—The Belle Meade Stake No. 2, for three-year-olds, at \$50 each, h f, with 600 added by Gen W G Harding, of which 100 to the second, value to winner, \$1,250; two miles.	
F Horn & Co's ch c King Wilham, by Foster, dam by Albion, 100 lbs.....	1
Johnson & Crawford's b g Dan K, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Jennie June, 97 lbs.....	2
H B Douglas & Co's b f Belle Isle, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Arnica, 97 lbs.....	3
Cadwallader & Co's b f Little Siss.....	0
W Mayo's gr f Alice Murphy.....	0
Time—3:38.	

Same Day—Purse \$150, for all ages, mile and a quarter.

W Jennings' ch f Adventure, 3 yrs, by Daniel Boone, dam Maggie G, 97 lbs.....	1
A Keene Richards' ch c Typhoon, 3 yrs, by War Dance out of Spendrift's dam, 100 lbs.....	2
J W Hunt Reynolds br f Felicia, 3 yrs, by Phaeton dam Farfaletta, 97 lbs.....	3
Startle, Dave Saxon, Amanda Warren, and Dick Adams (late Steptoe) also started.	
Time—2:13½.	

Oct. 18.—The first race was a mile dash for three-year-olds, Association purse \$150. S. J. Salyer's bay gelding, Charles Gorham, by Blarneystone, dam Aurora Raby, won, Mamie Grey second, Little Sis third. Annie O, and Oily Gammon also started. Time 1:45½.

The second race was a mile and a half dash for an Association purse of \$200. T J Nichols' bay mare Tolona walked over.

The third race, mile heats, best three in five, for an Association purse of \$400, resulted as follows:—

Elmore & Co's b g Tramps.....	1	3	1	1
T J McGibben's ch m Emma C.....	2	1	2	2
M Welch's ch h Verdigris.....	3	2	3	0
The fourth race was a free handicap, a mile and an eighth dash. The race was won by Buff and Blue, 95 lbs., Belle Isle, 87 lbs., second, Mamie G., 80 lbs., third, Mirah (the favorite), 100 lbs., Amanda Warren, 90 lbs., and Transfer, 100 lbs., not placed. Time, 1:59½.				
Oct 19.—Purse \$250, for all ages, winner of the Merchants' Stakes excluded; two miles.				
D Swiger's b c Mahstick, 3 yrs, by Lever, dam Rebecca T Price, 95 lbs.....	1			
J W Hunt Reynolds' br f Felicia, 3 yrs, by Phaeton, dam Farfaletta, 92 lbs.....	2			
T J Nichols' b m Talous, 5 yrs, by Phaeton, dam Alert, 111 lbs.....	3			
Elmore & Co's b g Tramps.....	0			
Time—3:40½.				

Same Day—Selling Race, purse \$200; mile heats.

W Jennings' ch f Adventure, 3 yrs, by Daniel Boone, dam Maggie G.....	1	1
Elmore & Co's blk h Startle, 5 yrs, by West Roxbury, dam Nora Worth.....	3	2
G W Bowen & Co's b f Mr B, 4 yrs, by...		

Curling.

CHATHAM.

The following are the officers elected for the coming year:—Alex Coutts, M P P, Patron, Alex Young, Presiden', Joseph M Tay' r, Vice President, Ven Archdeacon Sandys, Chaplain, Wm Grav, Treas, W T Bray, Sec: Com of Management, Messrs. E J Roche, D P McIntosh, Thomas Wrong and John Watts. Skips for the year—Dr Rray, A Young, E J Roche and H Lamont.

GODERICH.

The annual meeting of the Goderich Curling Club took place at the Colborne Hotel last week, when the following officers were elected for the current year: Patron, H Y Attrill Esq.; Patroness, Mrs H Y Attrill; President, Elijah Martin, Esq.; Vice-President, Robt. Gibbons, Esq.; Representative Members, A M Ross and D Forbee, Esqs.; Chaplain, Rev Dr Ure; Secretary-Treasurer, Peter Adamson, Esq.; Committee of Management, Messrs. Gibbons, Adamson and Daney, Rink Committee, Messrs. Dickson, Hood and H H Smith.

ST. MARYS.

At the annual meeting of the St. Marys Curling Club the following officers were elected:—President, Dr Ford, re-elected; Vice President, Wm Sommerville, re-elected; Sec Treas., Geo Moir; Managing Committee, Geo McIntyre, Wm Sommerville and P M Nichol. Representative Members, Dr Ford and Wm Sommerville.

ELORA.

The following are the officers elect of the Elora curling club.—Mr. Peter Young, patron; Mrs. T. Laidlaw, patroness; Mr. W. Crackle, president; Mr. T. Laidlaw, vice-president; Messrs. D. Foote, and D. Walker, Toronto, representative members; Rev. A. D. Macdonald, chaplain; Mr. James Foote, secretary-treasurer; Messrs. J. Henderson, W. Leech, D. Ritchie, D. Foote and J. Young, council of M.; C. Clarke, Esq., M.P.P., Mr. Peter Young and Rev. A. D. Macdonald, honorary members.

GALT.

At a recent meeting of the members of this club, the following gentlemen were elected office-bearers for the ensuing season: Patron, Thomas Peck; President, Wm. Weir; Vice-President, Jas. McTague; Representative Members, David Walker, Toronto; J. B. Young, M. P.; Chaplain, R. v. Mr. Masson; Secretary, R. Wilkinson; Committee of Management, Messrs. T. All-

Lacrosse

YOUNG CANADAS vs ACMES.

A match between these two city clubs was played on the Toronto Lacrosse Grounds, on Saturday afternoon last, for the Junior Championship. The Acmes (the present junior champions), won the first and third games, and the Y. C.'s the second. The fourth game lasted a long time and could not be finished, and the match was consequently declared drawn. It is said this is the first match this year in which the Acmes have lost a single game with their competitors.

To Correspondents.

We would particularly request our correspondents and advertisers to send their favors as early in the week as possible—so that they will reach us by Wednesday morning. We are unable to use many items sent us in consequence of not receiving them in time for the issue intended.

(No notice taken of anonymous communications or queries. No answer by mail or telegraph.)

W. H. B.—We have have not been able to find whether Trickett was in Philadelphia at any time during the Centennial; Hamilton informs us he was not there during the Regatta. Trickett claims to be champion of the world on account of defeating the English champion, who has a right to the title by the defeat of Hamuli, the American champion, some years ago in England. Never having seen the announcement of the Anglo-American race at the Centennial, we are unable to say whether it was advertised for the championship of the world.

INSOLL—Webster defines "Brother in law"—"The brother of a husband or wife, also, a sister's husband."

L. C. P.—A, who has two quines and five cards wins the pot. The two kings in his cards is a foul hand and has no claim.

PIGION FLYING MATCH.

The first annual flying match of the...

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INGERSOLL—Webster defines "Brother-in-law"—"The brother of a husband or wife, also, a sister's husband."

L. C. P.—A, who has two queens and two cards wins the pot. The two kings in four cards is a foul hand and has no claim.

PIGEON FLYING MATCH.

The first annual flying match of the Canadian Columbarian Society, was held last Saturday; distance, from Guelph to Toronto. Birds were liberated at 9 a.m., but, on account of the unfavorable state of the weather, only one bird, Mr. Goodchild's, (Bob), arrived home during the specified time. Others arriving at intervals during the day. This was the first match of the kind in Canada, and it came off successfully, considering the state of the weather. Mr. W. Way, 1 and 2 Way's Block, Queen St. west, is the secretary of the society.

SALE OF THOROUGHBREDS

The estate of the late John Coffin was sold by public auction at his late residence, South fern, Rockland Co., N. Y., on Oct. 16. The attendance was not large, and the prices realized for the thoroughbreds were far below their value. The following are the names of the horses sold and the prices:

B F Carter, blk h, 7 yrs old, by Lightning dam La Vulture, Dr M Kline \$500
Jessamine Porter, in foal to Panic, ch brood mare, by Australian, dam by York-hire every time; John M Verdin 200
One dark br c, 2 yrs old, by B F Carter, dam Long Nim, by Lightning &c.; John M Verdin 210
One b c yearling, by Panic, dam Venetico; Paul Moffitt 81
One yearling colt, by Panic, dam Long Nine; Gov. Hinchman 150
One b c, 2 yrs old, by Panic, dam Jessamine Porter; Thomas Merritt 50
One yearling filly, by Panic, dam Jessamine Porter; H Matthews 100
One b f, 3 yrs old, by King Ernest, dam Jessamine Porter; Gov Hinchman 100

W Jennings' ch f Adventure, 3 yrs, by Daniel Boone, dam Maggie G, 97 lbs 1
A Keene Richards' ch c Typhoon, 3 yrs, by War Dance out of Spendrift's dam, 100 lbs 2
J W Hunt Reynolds' br f Felicia, 3 yrs, by Phaeton dam Farfaletta, 97 lbs 3
Startle, Dave Saxon, Amanda Warren, and Dick Adams (late Steptoe) also started.
Time—2:13½.

Oct. 18.—The first race was a mile dash for three-year-olds, Association purse \$150. S. J. Salyer's bay gelding, Charles Gorham, by Blarneystone, dam Aurora Baby, won, Mamie Gray second, Little Sis third. Anne C, and Oily Gammon also started. Time 1:43½.

The second race was a mile and a half dash for an Association purse of \$200. T J Nichols bay mare Tolona walked over.
The third race, mile heats, best three in five, for an Association purse of \$400, resulted as follows:—

Elmore & Co's b g Trumps 1 3 1 1
T J McGibben's ch in Emma C 2 1 2 2
W Welch's ch h Verdigris 3 2 3 0
The fourth race was a free handicap, a mile and an eighth dash. The race was won by Buff and Blue, 95 lbs., Bello Isle, 87 lbs. second, Mamie G., 80 lbs., third. Mirah (the favorite), 100 lbs., Amanda Warren, 90 lbs., and Transfer, 100 lbs. not placed. Time, 1:59½.

Oct. 19.—Purse \$250, for all ages, winner of the Merchants' Stakes excluded; two miles. D Swigert's b c Mahlstick, 3 yrs, by Leyer, dam Rebecca T Price, 95 lbs 1
J W Hunt Reynolds' br f Felicia, 3 yrs, by Phaeton, dam Farfaletta, 92 lbs 2
T J Nichols' b m Talona, 5 yrs, by Phaeton, dam Alert, 111 lbs 3
Elmore & Co's b g Trumps 0
Time—3:40½.

Same Day—Selling Race, purse \$200; mile heats.
W Jennings' ch f Adventure, 3 yrs, by Daniel Boone, dam Maggie G 1 1
Elmore & Co's blk h Startle, 5 yrs, by West Roxbury, dam Nora Worth 3 2
G W Bowen & Co's b f Mirah, 4 yrs, by Phaeton, dam Nettie Viley 2 3
M Welch's ch h Transfer, W C McGavick's b f Highland Vintago, W T Linck's Grit add Horn's Dick A also started.
Time—1:48, 1:16.

Same Day—Purse \$150, for all ages. One mile.
T J McGibben's b g Charles Gorham, 3 yrs, by Blarney Stone, dam Aurora Baby, 92 lbs 1
H B Douglas & Co's b f Belle, 3 yrs, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Arniea, 92 lbs 2
William Jennings' br c Bannaghath, 3 yrs, by Australian, dam Boueta, 95 lbs 3
William Mayo's gr f Alice Murphy 0
A Keene Richards' b f Buff and Blue 0
Time—1:45½.

Oct. 20—Young America Stakes, No 2, for two-year-olds, \$25 each, play or pay, the association adding \$300; second horse to receive \$50; value of stakes, \$925. Dash of one mile. A Keene Richards' b c Momentum, by War Dance, dam Fleeting Moments, 90 lbs 1
A Buford's ch c McHenry, by Enquirer, dam Ontario, 90 lbs 2
Owen & Cadwallader's b c L-veller, by Leyer, dam Sly Boots, 90 lbs 3
Blue Eyes, Duncan F Kenner, and Jim Bell also started.
Time—1:47½.

Same Day—The Sewanee Stakes, for three-year-olds, \$25 each, play or pay, the association adding \$700; second horse to receive \$200; value of stakes, \$1,400. Two mile heats. F W Horn & Co's ch c King William, by Foster, dam by Albion, 95 lbs 1 1
A Keene Richards' ch c Typhoon, by War Dance, dam the dam of Spendrift, by G Wagner, 95 lbs 2 2
Lyle & Cadwallader's b f Little Sis dis
Time—3:49½, 3:30½.

Same Day—Consolation purse of \$150. Dash of one mile and a quarter.
Jennings & Hunt's ch c Oily Gammon, 3 yrs, by Baywood, dam Cornflower 1
Elmore & Co's blk h Startle, 5 yrs, by West Roxbury, dam Nora Worth 2
G W Bowen & Co's b f Mirah, 4 yrs, by Phaeton, dam Nettie Viley 3
Time—2:17½.

Dan Bassett 2 2 1 3 3 4
Nettie Ward 1 4 2 4 4 3
Ethel 4 3 3 1 5 2
Salem 3 5 5 2 3 dr
Deck Wright 6 dis
Collage Girl 7 dis
Sitty Clay 1 4 1 1
Time—2:50, 2:48, 2:52½, 2:55, 2:56, 2:58.
Same Day—2:18 class; purse \$1,200.
Adelaide 2 1 2 2
Clifton Boy 3 2 3 3
Silver Sides 4 3 4 4
Cozetto 1 4 1 1
Time—2:41½, 2:49½, 2:47, 2:47½.

TROTTING AT BOSTON, MASS.

Beacon Park, Oct. 10 and 11, 1877.—Purse \$400; for 2:37 horses.
H Goldsmith's g m Neilson 3 1 1 2 3 1
G Smith's ch g Billy D. 1 2 2 1 2 2
D McDonald's b g Notfield 4 4 9 5 1 4
P White's b g Ruff 2 9 11 13 9 7
Virandiere, Johnnie, Fannie P, Peter, Nigger Baby, Jeremiah, Harry Robinson, Dolly Davia, Morris, Pauline, and Annie Boleyn also started.
Time—2:33½, 2:34, 2:33, 2:32, 2:32, 2:34.
* The first four heats were trotted on the 6th.

TROTTING AT PLATTSBURG, N. Y.

Plattsburg, N. Y. Oct. 17—Match trot for \$100; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.
McCrea's blk s Young Black Warrior.. 1 1 1
Nelson Latremore's b s Geo M Patchen.. 2 2 2
Time—2:50, 3:01½, 2:51.

TROTTING AT COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Columbus, Oct. 10—Purse \$600; 2:30 class.
T & V Whitney's b m Lida Bassett 1 1 2 1
Splan's b g Calmar, by Bourbon Chief 4 3 1 2
Becker's rn g Deck Wright 3 2 4 4
Wiemann's b m Lady Logan 2 7 5 5
Charlie B, Dream, Belle of Fairfield, Little Jordan also started.
Time—2:26½, 2:26, 2:24½, 2:25.
Oct. 12 and 13—Purse \$600; 2:35 class.
Becker's b g Deck Wright 5 1 3 3 2 0 1 3 1
D Barron's b g Daniel the Prophet 8 7 1 5 1 0 3 2 2
V L Beck's gr g Shepherd Boy 2 3 2 1 3 3 2 1 3
F Buckner's b m Lucillo 1 5 4 7 5 4 4 4 4
Ethel, Salem, Dan Bassett, Joo Kellogg, and Iowa Maid also started.
Time—2:29, 2:28, 2:29½, 2:30, 2:27, 2:29½, 2:30½, 2:32½.

GOOD TROT AT WILMINGTON, DEL.

Wilmington, Del., Oct. 11—Purse \$300, for 2:37 class; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.
Edward Frie's b g Jersey Boy, by son of Volunteer 2 2 4 2 1 2 1 1
P Stetson's ch g Delaware 2 1 0 1 3 3 3 2
Thomas McConnell's ch m Radio Bell 1 4 0 3 2 1 2 3
Ber Mance's ch g Moscow 4 3 3 4 4 ro
Time—2:34½, 2:37½, 2:44½, 2:38, 2:31, 2:36, 2:38, 2:39.

TROTTING AT LEXINGTON, KY.

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 10.—Breeder's Meeting, for yearlings, the get of Administrator. Mile heats.
Strader's b f Momento 1 1
McFarland's br c Pertinax 2 2
Montague's b f Administratrix 3 4
McFarland's br c Chancellor 5 3
Tracy's br f Admiration 4 4
Murphy's g c Grey Jim 6 6
Time—1:38, 1:30½.
Oct. 11—2:30 class; purse \$600.
Davis' br m Sophia Tem- 4 2 2 1 1 3 1 1
& Peters' b g Edwin 3 1 1 3 0 2 3 2
Tracy's b g Glondalo .. 1 3 5 3 0 1 2 3
Bros' b s D Monroe 3 4 5 0 ro
Patterson's ch m Ken- 6 5 3 5 0 ro
Keene's r g Keon Jim 5 6 6 4 0 ro
Time—2:27½, 2:25½, 2:25½, 2:29½, 2:31, 2:28, 2:28½, 2:29.

I Denton's b h Champion, Jr 1 4 4 1 3
G Tichhurst's b h Montezuma 5 dr
Time—2:24½, 2:26½, 2:26, 2:27, 2:28.
Same Day—\$1,000, for foals of 1874, now three-year olds; mile and repeat.
Richard Penistan's b f Edie 1 1
O German Holur's b c Touchstone 2 2
Time—2:31½, 2:32½, 2:32½.
Oct. 18.—Purse \$1,000, for foals of 1873.
Issiah Ryndors' ch o Sir Walter 1 1
W A Skinner's b h Colonel Peabody 2 2
J W Willis' b g Tommy Norwood 4 3
W Sargent's b s Norwood Chief 3 4
R Penistan's ch a Hancibal 5 5
Time—2:33½, 2:34½.

Oct. 18 and 19—Purse \$500, for the championship of 1877 and a silver cup; \$2,000, 1,500, 500; mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.
Edwin Tyrono's b s Thorndale 1 1 4 4 3 3 0 1
R Penistan's b s Nil Desperandum 2 2 1 2 2 1 0 3
A J McKimmin's b s Blackwood, Jr 4 4 3 1 1 2 0 2
J Hart Welsh's blk s Thomas Jefferson 3 3 3 2 4 dr
Pat Day's b s Young Sem 5 6 dr
Time—2:26½, 2:28, 2:28, 2:29½, 2:31½, 2:27½, 2:26½.

No heat; decided by the judges.
Same Day—Purse \$1,500, for foals of 1872; \$750, 225, 150; mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.
C S Johnson's b g Jersey Boy 1 2 2 1 1
T McConnell's s m Sadie Bell 2 3 3 2 2
John Murphy's b g John Murphy, Jr 3 1 1 dis
Time—2:28½, 2:27½, 2:25, 2:32½, 2:35½.

RACING AT NASHVILLE, TENN.

Nashville, Tenn—Oct. 15, 1877. Young America Stakes No 1, for two-year olds, at \$25 each, play or pay, the association to add \$250, of which \$50 to the second horse. Value of stakes, \$1,050; three-quarters of a mile.
Owen and Cadwallader's b c L-veller, by Leyer, dam Sly boots, by Rivoli, 90 lbs 1
J W Hunt Reynolds' ch c Blue Eyes, by Enquirer, dam Buchu, by Planet, 90 lbs 2
A Buford's ch c McHenry, by Enquirer, dam Ontario, by Bonnie Scotland, 90 lbs 3
Momentum, Vrill, b f by Pat Malloy, and Bristol also started.
Time—1:17.

Same Day—Linck's Hotel, for three-year olds that had not won previous; at \$50 each, half forfeit, with \$300 added by W. T. Linck, of which \$50 to the second; mile heats.
J H Miller's r c Harry Poyton, by imp Phaeton, dam Ella Jackson, by Lightning, 100 lbs 5 1 1
J L Ford's b c Kinnesaw, by imp Glengarry, dam Kathleen, by Lexington, 100 lbs 1 4 2
W Mayo's g f Alice Murphy 3 2 ro
J W Hunt Reynolds' ch f Miss Ella 2 3 ro
E H Childress' ch f Annie C 4 dis
Time—1:47½, 1:48, 1:56.

Same Day—Purse \$150, for all ages; mile and an eighth.
J W Crawford's b c Dan K., 3 yrs, by imp Bonnie Scotland, dam Jennie June, 90 lbs 1
H B Douglas & Co's b f Belle Isle, 3 yrs, by imp Bonnie Scotland, dam Arniea, 87 lbs 2
S J Salyer's b g Charles Gorham, 3 yrs, by Blarneystone, dam Aurora Baby, 87 lbs.. 3
A Keene Richards' b f Buff and Blue 0
Time—1:58½.

Oct. 16 The Merchants' Stake, for all ages, \$100 each, h f, with \$600 added, of which \$200 to second; value to winner, \$1,175, two-mile heats.
A Keene Richards' ch f Largenteen, 4 yrs, 1 1
by War Dance, dam Miss Gray, 101 lbs 2 2
A Buford's blk f Lizzie Whippis 3 3
S P & J M Lancaster's b c Longbow 4 dis
Same Day—Purse \$300, for all ages; mile heats.
D Swigert's b c Mahlstick, 3 yrs, by Leyer, dam Rebecca T Price, 90 lbs 1 1
Elmore & Co's b g Trumps, 4 yrs, by West Roxbury, dam Nora Worth, 101 lbs 3 2
W C McGavick's b f Highland Vintago.. 3 2 ro
J Burton's b o Harry Burton dis
* Dead heat.
Time—1:45, 1:46½, 1:47½.

Oct. 17—The King Stable Stake, for green two-year-olds, at \$20 each, p p, with \$200 added

Poetry.

SHE LOVED THE BIRDS.

BY NATHAN P. URNER.

"Do you love the birds?" I asked my love,
 "Ah, Yes!" her liquid eye
 Beamed brighter as I leaned above
 To list the soft reply:
 "I love them all, my very soul
 At times they do delight!"
 I thought glad was I should extol
 What charmed my ear and sight.

"Sweet is their song," I said, "at morn,
 And sweet it is at noon,
 And when on evening breezes borne
 It tells a honey moon,
 I happily know which like I best,
 The bobolink or dove,
 I like the jay, or wren, or rudd-breast,
 Which most delights thee, love?"

She paused a space in charming doubt,
 And then all passion pale,
 Though pouting lips, came rippling out
 Her answer strange: "The quail."
 "The quail ne'er smug," I mused in words,
 "Though oft he whistles free,
 I think, where lovest best the birds—
 On meadow lawn or tree?"

Again suspense o'rcast the brow
 That were a sculptor's best
 Ere she replied, in accents low,
 "I love them best on toast."
 Then as she marked my soul's recoil,
 "Forgive me, sweet," she cried:
 "I see that thou prefer'st a broil,
 So be it—or stewed or fried."

"Wherever way thou lov'st them I
 Shall learn to love them too.
 The darling birds! all sorts that fly
 Our palates soft shall woo,
 Nor snipe nor quail our board shall lack,
 Nor reed-bird of the South,
 Nor woodcock, squab, nor canvas-back
 That melts within the mouth."

"Oh! but we'll lead a royal life—"
 "Forebear! forbear! I cried.
 "Thou ne'er was meant for poet's wife,
 But more a butcher's bride.
 Adieu! adieu! A pretty stew
 Th'ouldst make of love, I see,
 Choose other fields and pastures new,
 But ne'er a bard like me."

Miscellaneous.

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"I am ill," suggested one. "Yes," he answered, sadly, taking a dark object out of the dram, "time flies were gone."

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THE WONDERFUL DOG OF COBOES.

Mr. Mason, Cotwell & Page have in connection with their rolling mill at Coboes a large stable for their large stock of horses. Two watchmen guard this stable day and night and care for the horses. Beside the watchmen a large dog, a cross between the St. Bernard and Newfoundland species, is kept on the premises. The animal realizes that he is assistant guardian of the premises and faithfully does his duties. At night, if anything amiss happens to the horses for anything else, he straightway starts for the watchman, and taking his trousers in his teeth will not loosen his hold till he has led him to the spot. Formerly, when any of the horses slipped their halteres and attempted to wander about the stable, he would drive them back into their stall and mount guard over them until the watchman arrived in his rounds and secured them. This practice was kept up until in an unlucky night some time ago, when he attempted to drive a vicious mule into his stall, from which he had escaped, when the animal let fly with both hind feet, one of which took effect on the poor dog's head, knocking out a number of teeth and cutting his face badly. Since that time the knowing dog has not attempted to drive back any of his equine charges that may become loose but straightway goes for the watchman on guard. At one time some loose straw and hay lying in the rear of and against the barn by some means caught fire. When discovered the faithful dog was at his post, and standing in fire and smoke was scratching away with all his might, removing the burning mass from the building and barking lustily for aid. Although the dog was burned somewhat, the building, mainly through his efforts was saved. The gentlemen owning this animal prize him highly and would not exchange his services as watchman for any biped in creation.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENA.

A correspondent of the Round Ean News writes. A rather unusual scene was witnessed a few days ago, on the 4th concession, Harwich. On the day referred to, about 4 p. m., a real shower of fish took place—some of them quite large ones—and the people in that section, for two or three hours afterwards, might be seen gathering them up and heard expressing their surprise as to where they came from. On learning the particulars about the shower I repaired to a neighboring house, a short distance from the scene of this singular occurrence, where I was invited to partake of a meal of the said fish. I must confess that I enjoyed the meal, and I do not remember of ever tasting a better or more nutritious fish in my life. Since this strange affair has happened, the all absorbing question on the 4th is, "From whence came these fish?"

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LATE JOHN MACNAB & CO.,

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They will shoot harder and closer than any other Guns made.

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LULA.

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Reminiscences of the late Thomas Ashtown Smith, Esq., or the pursuits of an English country gentleman. Price \$2 25.

Military men I have met. Illustrated. By Lindley Sambourne. \$2 00.

The trotting horse of America; how to train and drive him; with the reminiscences of the trotting turf. By Hiram Woodruff. 18th edition, with new appendix, tables of performances, &c. \$2 50.

Blaine's Encyclopedia of rural sports, or complete account (historical, practical and descriptive) of hunting, shooting, fishing, &c. New edition, 600 engravings on wood, from drawings by Leech, Aiken, Landseer, &c. \$6 00.

Lewis' American Sportsman, containing hints to sportsmen, notes on shooting, and the habits of the game birds and wild fowl of America.—Numerous illustrations. \$2 75.

Trollope's British Sports and Pastimes. \$2 00.

Upton's Newmarket and Arabia; an examination of the descent of racers and coursers. Colored illustrations. \$2 50.

Norris' American Fish Culture, embracing all the details of artificial breeding and rearing of trout; the cultivation of salmon, shad, and other fishes. Illustrated. \$1 75.

Youatt's The Dog, edited with additions by E. J. Lewis. Illustrated. \$3 75.

Castlemon's The Sportsman's Club in the saddle. Illustrated. \$1 25.

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Gilmore's Prairie and Forest; a description of the game of North America, with personal adventures in their pursuit. Illustrated. \$1 50.

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Robert L. and Alexander Stuart, the noted sugar refiners, in their boyhood sold molasses candy, which their widowed mother had made at a cent a stick; and to-day are worth probably \$5,000,000 to \$6,000,000 apiece.

Joseph K. Ewmett, Fritz, the actor, jumped into the sea, in Australia, and was rescued by a fisherman. He denied that he had intended to drown himself, and gave no explanation of his strange conduct.

The family of ex-Governor Cony, of Maine, a few evenings ago were startled by the crash of glass. They found that a partridge, in its flight, had struck against the pane of plate glass in the front door, which was five and a half feet long, and four feet wide, and worth \$60, breaking it. The bird was killed by the shock, and the family ate it the next day.

Let us tell the farmers of Kentucky again, says the Courier-Journal, for the woe-don't-how-often time, that the surest way to keep the dogs from killing their sheep is to swap their sheep off for dogs and let the dogs kill somebody else's sheep. We hate to be eternally hammering this thing into people's minds, but it will have to be done, it seems.

One day lately at the residence of Mr. Lockworth, Harrow, Essex county, an invalid child was lying on the floor, when the attention of one of the members of the family was drawn to it by hearing a buzzing sound which appeared to issue from the child's clothing. Thinking that a bee had become entangled in its apparel, she lifted the child from the floor, when she was startled to behold a large rattlesnake glide from the place the child had lain. A cat, which happened to be in the room, attacked the reptile, and was bitten, from the effect of which it soon died. A man, who was about the premises, being called in, despatched the snake, which was found to have seven rattles. The child was uninjured.

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THOMAS JEFFERSON.—This horse has so far recovered from his lameness as to be deemed fit to start in the champion race at Fleetwood, set down for Thursday, the third day of the Breeders' Meeting. Accordingly, he was given a mile and repeat last Thursday, in slow time, 8:34—8:03, from which he was better rather than worse, and for all the preparation is exceedingly short, still it is expected he will be a good horse in the great race.

PEDESTRIANISM.—A half mile foot-race, for \$250 a side, was run by John E. Manning and Robert Hindle the Scotchman at Beacon Park, Boston, Mass., on Saturday, Oct. 18. For about a third of the distance they were dead-level, but now Manning got a little to the front, and thereafter defied all efforts on the part of Hindle to pass him, winning by less than a yard. Time announced, 2 min., which, if correct, beats anything ever before accomplished in this country. Starter, James H. Griffin. Judges Messrs. Shore and Barnes. Referee, John Shea.

Miss Melissa Wilson, of Shendan, Oregon, who has already gained a panther notoriety, has just added to her laurels another exploit of this kind. The other day she found that a panther had killed a large sheep belonging to her father and had dragged it some three hundred yards up a mountain. Melissa returned home and took her small rifle and her father's dogs. She then went back to the place where the sheep had been killed and put the dogs on the track. They soon treed a large panther up a lofty fir-tree, and Miss Wilson put a bullet right between his eyes, bringing him down with a shot of which Leather-stocking himself need not have been ashamed.

\$777 is not easily earned in these times, but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment that we furnish. \$66 per week in your own town. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. We have agents who are making \$20 per day. All who engage at once can make money fast. At the present time money cannot be made so easily and rapidly at any other business. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address at once, H. HALLERT & Co., Portland, Maine. 318-ty

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Miscellaneous and Sporting advertisements, 20 cents per line each insertion.

Extracts from other papers, incorporated in news department, 30 cents per line.

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FRANK QUEEN,

Editor and Proprietor.

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The following Stallions will make the season 1877, at Rysdyk Stock Farm, Prescott, Ont.

Rysdyk, \$50.

Rysdyk, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam Lady Duke, by Lexington.

Chestnut Hill, \$3.

Chestnut Hill, by Rysdyk, dam the Miller Mare, by Bully King, by Geo. M. Patchou.

Wm. B. Smith, \$25.

Wm. B. Smith, by Thomas Jefferson, dam my Heatherbloom, by Tally Ho.

Terms payable at the time of service. Mares not proving in foal can be returned the following season. All escapes and accidents at risk of owner. Address the proprietor, J. P. WISER, Prescott, Ont.; or

H. W. BROWN,

Sup't. Rysdyk Stock Farm, Prescott, Ont. 185-tf

THE THOROUGHBRED RACE-HORSE AND STALLION



HYDER ALI

By imported Leamington, dam Lady Duke by Lexington, will make the season of 1877 at the subscriber's farm, Caledon East, a station on the T. G. & B. R. R. HYDER ALI's book will be limited strictly to thirty mares. Mares consigned to or left at Mr. R. Bond's stable, Richmond Street, Toronto, will be sent out to the farm and returned, Pasturage at the rate of \$2 per month. Every care will be taken of mares, but all accidents and escapes will be at their owners' risk.

Terms.—To insure, \$20, for common mares; for this season only thoroughbred mares at same price.

M. DWYER,

CALEDON EAST P. O. 289-tf

THE HAMBLETONIAN STALLION



Combination,

Will make the season of 1877, at his own's stable, Woodstock, Ont., strictly 30 mares for the season. Mares not proving can be returned at once. Book now open. Good pasturage.

Combination is beautiful bay, black mane and tail, 15.2.5. sired by Uncas Child, he by Fitch's Hambletonian, he by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam by Long Island Black Hawk, At Hartford, Conn., Sept. 22, '74. Combination won a purse for 4 year olds, beating Tom Jefferson colts and one Id. colt, getting a record of 2:43; and in 1875, at Gardiner, Me. won a 5-heat race, beating 3 others, getting a record of 2:41; and at Portland, Me. same year, won a \$500 purse for all stallions owned in the State, in 3 straight heats, over slow track, best heat 2:40.

THE CELEBRATED THOROUGHBRED RACE-HORSE AND STALLION



Vicksburg

Will make the Season of 1877, at his owner's stable, Woodstock, Ont.

VICKSBURG is a beautiful chestnut, five years old, standing sixteen hands, with a well-shaped head set on a good long neck, massive sloping shoulders, a very deep chest, good roomy barrel, well ribbed up, his back and loins are the pronouncement of strength, hips large, with tremendous quarters and thighs, large joints, broad, flat, clean legs, and a model race-horse.

• PEDIGREE—Vicksburg, by Vandal, dam Blondin, by Commodore, by Boston (the sire of Lexington); 2nd dam Seabird, by Pacific; 3rd dam Kate King, by imported Priam; 4th dam Pera, by Sultan; 5th dam Advance, by Pioneer; 6th dam by Buzzard, &c., running back to Pot-8-os, Highflor, Regulus, Childers, &c. (See Bruce's American Stud Book, vol. I, p. 248). Vandal by imported Glencoe, dam by imported Tranby, (American Stud Book, vol. II, p. 366.)

Vicksburg's performances are too well known to require any comment or detailed description, he having the fastest record of any horse in the world at the Stud. viz., 1:42½ and 1:44.

Terms—\$15 for the season, payable on the 1st of January, 1878. Mares not proving in foal may be returned next season free of charge.

JOHN FORBES, Proprietor.

Woodstock, April 25, 1877. 287-tf

JOHN P. BOND, Veterinary SURGEON, GRADUATE OF THE ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.

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Imported Leamington, dam Lady Duke by Lexington, will make the season of 1877 at the subscriber's farm, Caledon East, a station on the T. G. & B. R. R. HYDEN ALLI'S book will be limited strictly to thirty mares. Mares consigned to or left at Mr. R. Bond's stable, Richmond Street, Toronto, will be sent out to the farm and returned, Pasturage at the rate of \$2 per month. Every care will be taken of mares, but all accidents and escapes will be at their owners' risk.

TERMS.—To insure, \$20, for common mares; for this season only thoroughbred mares at same price.

M. DWYER,
CALEDON EAST P. O.

289-41

THE HAMBLETONIAN STALLION



Combination,

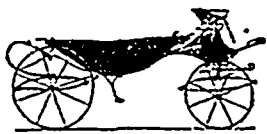
Will make the season of 1877, at his owner's stable, Woodstock, Ont., strictly 30 mares for the season. Mares not proving can be returned next season free. Book now open. Good pasturage.

COMBINATION is a beautiful bay, black mane and tail, 16.2 h. sired 1870, by Uccas Chief, he by Fitch's Hambletonian, he by Paddy's Hambletonian, dam by Long Island Black Hawk. At Hartford, Conn., Sept. 22, '74, Combination won a purse for 4 year olds, beating Tom Jefferson colts and one Ida colt, getting a record of 2:43; and in 1875, at Gardiner, Me., won a 5-best race, beating 3 others, getting a record of 2:44; and at Portland, Me., same year, won a \$500 purse for all stallions owned in the State, in 3 straight heats, over slow track, best heat 2:40; subsequently winning a 5-year old race at same place.

JOHN FORBES,
Proprietor.
287-7.

Woodstock, July 1, '77

WILLIAM DIXON.



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CHARLES J. FOSTER, EDITOR.

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E. A. BUCK, Editor

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SPORTING TIMES,

Toronto, Ont.

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Devoted to the Horse and His Master.

16 Page Illustrated Weekly Horse Paper. Single copy, 10c.; per year, \$4; clubs of ten, \$35. Sample copies, free. Organ of the Western Turf. Best advertising medium for Western Horsemen. The Spirit of the Turf is a specialty, exclusively devoted to the horse and interests, and one of the means adopted to secure the best and freshest intelligence from all quarters is an offer of FORREST MAMBRINO as a prize for the best regular contributor during the current year. Competent judges, men known all through the West will decide upon the merits of the several contributors and correspondents.

This Premium is Unprecedented.

CORRESPONDENTS WANTED in every town from Maine to the Pacific.

Address,

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164, 166 Washington-St., Chicago.

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Sporting Gossip.



The Gentleman's Journal

TORONTO, FRIDAY, OCT. 26, 1877.

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

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

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

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

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

DATES CLAIMED FOR 1877.

AMERICAN.	
Providence, R. I.	Oct 30 to Nov 2
Madison, Ind.	Oct 30 to Nov 2
RUNNING MEETINGS.	
Baltimore, Md.	Oct 23 to —
New Orleans	Dec 1 to 4
Charleston, S. C.	Feb 5 to 9 (1878)

CANADIAN.

Montreal (Blue Bonnets)	Oct 27
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DATES CLAIMED FOR 1878.

CANADIAN.	
Oshawa	May 24

AMERICAN

Freeport, Ill.	May 30 to June 2
Rockford, Ill.	June 1 to 7
Clyde, N. Y.	July 3 to 5
Toledo, O.	July 16 to 19
Cleveland, O.	July 23 to 26
Buffalo, N. Y.	July 30 to Aug 2
Freeport, Ill.	Aug 1 to 4
Rochester, N. Y.	Aug 6 to 9
Prophetstown, Ill.	Aug 6 to 9
Utica, N. Y.	Aug 13 to 16
Springfield, Mass.	Aug 20 to 23
Lansville, Ill.	Aug 20 to 23
Mystic Park, Boston	Sept 3 to 6

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any person or persons who takes a paper regularly from a Post Office, whether detected in his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discon-

we feel no delicacy in making the request for prompt remittance. Many of our readers are a couple of years in default, and their remittances will greatly assist us and place us under renewed obligations.

"THE SPORTING TIMES" STALLION RACE MEDAL.

The SPORTING TIMES Stallion Race gold medal for 1877 has just been completed, and turns out to be a trophy well worthy to commemorate the hard fought battle won by Fulton, on the 11th ult. The medal itself is very similar to that won by Capt. Tom last year, having a plain heavy hoop or rim, with a milled cord or moulding inside. Then in an inner circle comes the inscription "CANADIAN SPORTING TIMES Stallion Race, 1877. P. Collins & Co., Toronto, Ont." Across the center of the disk is engraved a section of a quarter stretch, through which a trotter in harness is being speeded, and above and below this center are "2nd year" and "1877." The reverse side bears the following inscription neatly and clearly engraved, and richly ornamented with scroll work and chasing. "Won by Fulton, the property of Mr. David Gillis, St. Catharines, Ont. Trottred at Woodbine Park, Toronto, September 11th, 1877."

The medal is attached to a handsome double clasp by two gold whips, and, between these, from the lower clasp, is suspended a horse's head beautifully carved in Etruscan gold, in itself a very rich appendage, weighing not less than 12 dwts. To the crimson ribbon connecting the clasps is attached a handsome gold snaffle-bit. Altogether the medal is a handsome and valuable one, but commemorating as it does such a victory as that won by Fulton in the Stallion Race in 1877, it ought to be doubly precious. The commercial value of such a victory may seem trifling to one who only figures up his profits and losses on the back of his pool tickets, but to the far-sighted horse breeder "there's millions in it."

THE FAILURE AT FLEETWOOD.

CAUSE—NO POOL SELLING.

It will not be forgotten by our readers that during the discussion on the Pool Bill in the Legislature at Albany, we stated if it was passed and carried into effect, it would be the means of destroying the racing interest of the State. Now there is absolute proof of the correctness of the position we assumed, and the only meetings of any consequence in the State that have been at all successful are those where the law has been braved and pool selling carried on in spite of the legal enactment against it. This goes a long way to show that the main question is not shall that system of betting have an existence; but shall the industry of breeding the best class of horses be crushed out by the operation of a foolish and fanatical law. The hypocritical scamps who forced its passage through the New York Legislature claimed if pool selling was banished from the race tracks, that contests of speed would then be patronized by that innumerable section who are pleased to be called the better class of society, and in this way the loss of revenue suffered by associations through the banishment of "the box" from their enclosures, would be more than compensated by the liberal addition that would be made to the receipts at the gate. That this plea was a false and fraudulent one, was apparent to all who had the least knowledge of the subject under discussion. It was again submitted

but satisfactory. At all these places, the blue-coated minions of the law were prepared to enforce the penalties of this obnoxious edict. Now, on the other hand, there can be no doubt of the fact that the late Saratoga meeting was the most successful one ever held in the State, and there pools were openly sold in defiance of the law, and without interruption by its officials. The patronage was of the highest order, so that the assertion if pools were banished from the grounds of Associations they would be patronized by the higher class of citizens proves to be mere frothy words without substance enough to hold them together. The same marked difference is found all through the State; a successful meeting without pools has been an exception, and a failure with the system in operation would be difficult to find. Further evidence will not be required to show that the prohibition of pool-selling on race tracks is the only cause for the many disastrous meetings in New York State this year. In the banishment of that system racing will be destroyed; the pretext of the puritans in attacking pool-selling is simply to hide their enmity to the time-honored sport of racing, and the fanatical legislation that has been indulged in in New York and Canada has been accomplished under fraudulent pretences and carried out by hypocritical professions. As in New York, so it will be in Canada; the time will come when it will be admitted that the operation of the bill is a great incubus to one of our best interests, and it will be found such legislation does not bear the fine fruits which its promoters promised to show their supporters.

In connection with this matter we reproduce from the Spirit of the Times the following remarks concerning the failure at Fleetwood last week. After admitting the unsuccessful nature of the gathering, the Spirit goes on to say:—"More or less of the apathy is, doubtless, owing to the pool-selling restriction, but, with that taken into account, it is strange that a city of over one million inhabitants should so poorly sustain the sports of the turf. It is frequently asked, Where are the highly moral thousands who were to lend the light of their countenance to the race track when the pool-box was banished? And echo sadly responds, Where are they? The result shows that there was no basis for the rose-colored prophecies of the Puritans that would flock to the track could they only be assured that delicate sensibilities would not be offended by the voice of the auctioneer, and it has been made clear that this element lacks sympathy with the sports of the turf. Such being the case, the only proper, the only American, course is for this element to cease to meddle, and for the law to allow incorporated associations to manage their business in their own way inside their enclosures. Unless blind bigotry and besotted stupidity rule the day, this will be the second thought of the Legislature of the Empire State."

A NEW SUGGESTION.

A writer in one of the leading sporting papers in New York city makes a suggestion to the American Jockey Club, in which he thinks a panacea is found for the limited attendance at their meetings this summer. His plan is to assimilate the management of the track to the English system, by throwing it open free to all, reserving, however, the club and public stands and certain specified enclosures for which a liberal admission fee would be demanded. He assumes, and may be not without reason, that if this idea is adopted that the populace will turn out en masse to witness the free racing—that in fact the race time at Jerome would be one grand holiday for the sport-loving people of

Charley Boyle has returned from Jerome Park with Inspiration and Lady D'Arcy. It was his intention when he left home to go on to Baltimore, but for some reason deemed it better to return.

The police raided four pool rooms at Hoboken, N. J., last week, and arrested the principals and their employees. They had a preliminary examination on Saturday, and the cases were adjourned, bail being accepted. There is every determination exhibited by the authorities to break up the business, and the pool sellers are equally determined to carry the fight to the bitter end.

Mr. Charles Reed, New York, has decided to breed imported African Maid to Tom Bowling, and with this view she has been sent to Kentucky.

The great race between Ten Broeck, Tom Ochiltree and Parole at Baltimore, Md., was postponed from Tuesday to Wednesday of this week. It is the sensational turf event of the year. The western people pinned their faith to the son of Phiston, while the New Yorkers piled up their money on Ochiltree and Parole.

Mr. F. W. Stockwell, who purposes going to England shortly, lately purchased from Mr. C. H. Corbett, of Kingston, the fast trotting mare Butcher's Maid. The consideration reported is \$800. It is Mr. Stockwell's intention to take over an American light buggy and harness with him, and he expects to astonish the Cockneys with his entire rig.

Cyrille Dyon, the left-handed Canuck, has been matched with William Sexton for the Delaney championship match and \$1,000. The game will be played in New York about November 13, and it would not be surprising to his friends, if Cyrille, after the medal, was entitled to write after his name "billiard champion of America."

At a raffish at Ottawa on the 15th, Dr. Smith, V. S., of this city won the cross country horse Phantom. 45 was the mystic number that captured the trick.

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their regrets at her withdrawal from active service. She was undeniably the people's pet, and her name had a power of drawing strength. She was the most remarkable trotter of this or any other age, and when all her qualifications are taken into consideration it is doubtful if the present generation will see her equal.

Goldsmith Maid was foaled in 1857, and trotted her first race in 1865, securing a record of 2:36. In the fall of 1867 she came into the hands of Budd Doble, whose history will be almost inseparable from that of his valuable charge when it is written. He has driven her in all her remarkable races save one, when she was handled by his father, Mr. W. H. Doble. Her fastest record, 2:14, was made in a race against time (2:14) at Mystic Park, Boston, Mass., September 2, 1874. At Buffalo, on August 8, 1876, she trotted the fastest three heats on record, 2:16, 2:15 1/2, and 2:16, a wonderful performance for a mare nineteen years of age, and who had been an active campaigner for eleven years, having travelled over a greater portion of the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the northern lakes to Mason & Dixon's line, trotting over all kinds of tracks, and against all classes of horses.

It is now the intention to breed her to the stallion Gen. Washington, by Gen. Knox, out of Lady Thorn, and if a colt should be the result (which is a serious matter of question on account of the Maid's age), it will be the most royally-bred youngster in the land. Goldsmith Maid, we believe, has never trotted in Canada, but she is as much endeared in the hearts of our horsemen as if she were to the manor born. Her name has been a synonym for the highest development of the trotting horse in speed, style, and gameness, and she will be followed in her retirement by the best wishes of her admirers, whose names are legion and whose habitations are scattered over our almost boundless continent.

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CANADIAN.

Montreal (Blue Bonnets) Oct 27

DATES CLAIMED FOR 1878.

CANADIAN.

Ottawa.....May 24

AMERICAN.

Freeport, Ill..... May 30 to June 2
 Freeport, Ill..... June 1 to 7
 Clyde, N. Y..... July 3 to 5
 Toledo, O..... July 10 to 19
 Cleveland, O..... July 23 to 26
 Buffalo, N. Y..... July 30 to Aug 2
 Freeport, Ill..... Aug 1 to 4
 Rochester, N. Y..... Aug 6 to 9
 Prophetstown, Ill..... Aug 6 to 9
 Utica, N. Y..... Aug 13 to 16
 Springfield, Mass..... Aug 20 to 23
 Parkville, Ill..... Aug 20 to 23
 Mystic Park, Boston..... Sept 3 to 6

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any person or persons who takes a paper regularly from a Post Office, whether directed in his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment made, and then collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The Courts have decided, that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

We have on our books a large amount of money due us for subscriptions. We have been particularly indulgent to our friends and patrons, and trust they will see the necessity of promptly remitting their indebtedness in this respect. As the issue and collection of drafts is a pecuniary loss to us of some moment, it is hoped that those who are indebted for subscription will remit without troubling us the trouble and expense of actual drafts. We make this broad appeal with full confidence of a ready response.

Everything used about a printing office is cash, and to meet the weekly drain on our cash, we are compelled to ask payment of outstanding obligations. Our expenses naturally increase as the winter approaches, and as most of our subscription accounts are far past due—our terms being in advance—

THE FAILURE AT FLEETWOOD.

CAUSE—NO POOL SELLING

It will not be forgotten by our readers that during the discussion on the Pool Bill in the Legislature at Albany, we stated if it was passed and carried into effect, it would be the means of destroying the racing interest of the State. Now there is absolute proof of the correctness of the position we assumed, and the only meetings of any consequence in the State that have been at all successful are those where the law has been braved and pool selling carried on in spite of the legal enactment against it. This goes a long way to show that the main question is not shall that system of betting have an existence; but shall the industry of breeding the best class of horses be crushed out by the operation of a foolish and fanatical law. The hypocritical scamps who forced its passage through the New York Legislature claimed if pool selling was banished from the race tracks, that contests of speed would then be patronized by that innumerable section who are pleased to be called the better class of society, and in this way the loss of revenue suffered by associations through the banishment of "the box" from their enclosures, would be more than compensated by the liberal addition that would be made to the receipts at the gate. That this plea was a false and fraudulent one, was apparent to all who had the least knowledge of the subject under discussion. It was again submitted that the breeders of fine horses were anxious for the ostracism of this popular system of speculation, a claim as hollow as the professions of purity made by the introducers of the bill. That the suppression of pool selling has proved injurious to the breeders of the trotting horse in the State requires no further evidence to substantiate than the result of the Breeders' Meeting at Fleetwood Park, N. Y., last week. The trotting there was entirely, we may say, under the auspices of this class of men. The weather was favorable, the entries numerous, and the contests exciting; but the attendance was anything but flattering; where thousands used to make the welkin ring with their shouts over a hot heat, hundreds looked indifferently on, and enthusiasm was conspicuous by its absence. There is only one cause for the result—and that is the suppression of pools. Had the Breeders' Meeting been an individual instance there might have been room to doubt the correctness of this conclusion. But in looking over the campaign in that State this summer no other reason can even be suggested. So far as the number of horses engaged was concerned it has been above the average. Then we are obliged to seek further for the cause of failure, and by comparison establish the position assumed. This can be best done by looking at different localities, and then judging by the results. Buffalo with its great prestige as the leading trotting centre of the world was a failure, Jerome Park, aided by the aristocratic patronage of New York City, was almost a *fiasco*, so far as attendance was concerned; and now the Breeders' Meeting at Fleetwood, under the most favorable auspices, has been anything

sports of the turf. It is frequently asked, Where are the highly moral thousands who were to lend the light of their countenance to the race track when the pool-box was banished? And echo sadly responds, Where are they? The result shows that there was no basis for the rose-colored prophecies of the Puritans that would flock to the track could they only be assured that delicate sensibilities would not be offended by the voice of the auctioneer, and it has been made clear that this element lacks sympathy with the sports of the turf. Such being the case, the only proper, the only American, course is for this element to cease to meddle, and for the law to allow incorporated associations to manage their business in their own way inside their enclosures. Unless blind bigotry and besotted stupidity rule the day, this will be the second thought of the Legislature of the Empire State."

A NEW SUGGESTION.

A writer in one of the leading sporting papers in New York city makes a suggestion to the American Jockey Club, in which he thinks a panacea is found for the limited attendance at their meetings this summer. His plan is to assimilate the management of the track to the English system, by throwing it open free to all, reserving, however, the club and public stands and certain specified enclosures for which a liberal admission fee would be demanded. He assumes, and may be not without reason, that if this idea is adopted that the populace will turn out *en masse* to witness the free racing—that in fact the race time at Jerome would be one grand holiday for the sport-loving people of New York—while at least one day would supply a something to the citizens of Gotham akin to what the Derby is for the city of London. The merit of this innovation would depend upon its financial success, and of this its introducer thinks there can be no doubt. From the very large multitude he says that would be brought to the Park on race days, there would be a sufficiency to fill the stands and reserved enclosures at a moderate tariff, while the major portion, of course, would be on the free list outside.

That there is some merit in this suggestion will, we think, be admitted; but that its results will be so entirely flattering there is room to doubt. Of one thing there can hardly be a question—the attendance would be increased, and the *eclat* of racing would be greater in the presence of a crowd, than in running to empty benches. This style is not entirely novel in Canada, it was carried out on the old Carleton course, and the attendance was uniformly good. A change was made in the style, but whether owing to that or not, the multitude did not put in an appearance afterwards. The difficulty of getting a large attendance to our Canadian races is a fact that sorely bothers managers. They hang up liberal premiums, have numerous entries, good management, pleasant weather, and all the *et ceteras* that go to make up an attractive programme, and still the financial results are unsatisfactory. If the English system should be a solution of this difficulty as well in Canada as at Jerome, its advent will be hailed with pleasure, but we have serious doubts of the boldness of our managers in undertaking such an innovation.

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Attention is directed to the auction sale of Robes at Grand's. Read the advertisement for full particulars.

A match has been made at Ottawa for a steeplechase between Count Kilrush and Bay Jack.

Mr Frank Smith, of Petrolia, has purchased a fine lot of horses in that section, which he intends to ship to the old Country.

We have received from the Turf, Field and Farm Publishing Co., New York, a pamphlet containing a valuable compilation of the winning race horses for 1877, with the distances run, the amounts won, and the time and place. It is an acceptable little work, and is very opportune. Price, 10 cents.

GOLDSMITH MAID.

Every item of interest in regard to the peerless Queen of the Turf is eagerly read. For the past few years every now and then rumors have been circulated of her retirement from the race course, where she has been such an ornament, and the determination to place her on the breeding farm of her owner, Mr. H. N. Smith, at Trenton, N. J. It is said "long-looked-for will come at last," and so it appears to be with the little queen. Lately it has been noticed that the tendons in one of her front legs have been giving away, and this disability has gradually crept on, until a couple of weeks ago at Columbus, Ohio, when she had an engagement to trot against time, when it was deemed precedent not to start her, and she was shipped for home. The thousands of people in the States and Canada, who have witnessed the remarkable performances of Goldsmith Maid, will mingle

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A very interesting game of quoits was played at Listowel, on Friday last, between Mr. Walter Reid, of Dumfries, and Chas. Walkinshaw, of Listowel. The match was won by Mr Reid, after some fine play.

Canadian Turf.

MONTREAL HUNT STEEPLECHASES.

Montreal, Oct. 15—Second Day. Hunt Cup, value \$300; for horses that have been regularly and fairly hunted with the Montreal Hounds during the current season, and are the property of members of the Montreal Hunt prior to Oct. 1, 1877; to be ridden by members elected before the same date. Over three miles of fair hunting hunting course. Weight 12 stone.

- Mr Gordon 1
Mr Alloway 2
Mr Allan 3
Mr Baumgarten 0
Mr Same Day—\$200. Open to all horses; over a green course. \$150, 50.
Mr Gordon 1
Mr Alloway 2
Mr Allan 3
Mr Baumgarten 0
Mr Same Day—\$125. Flat Race. One and a half miles dash. For horses that have been regularly and fairly hunted with the Montreal Hunt during the current season and bona fide the property of members of the Hunt elected before the same date to be ridden by members \$100, 25.

OTTAWA HUNT FALL RACES.

The annual Fall Races of the Ottawa Hunt commenced on the 18th inst., over Mutchers Park course. The weather was favorable and the attendance from some cause or other was limited.

Ottawa, Oct. 18, 1877—Gov-Gen'l's Cup. Steeplechase. About two and a half miles; members of the Ottawa Hunt Club to ride. Mr Powell, b g Bay Jack, by Rescue, Mr Gordon 1, Mr Sims, ch m Belle Temple, Owner 2, Mr Palmer's Barrister, Owner 3. Same Day. \$100. Match. Dash of one and a half miles.

Mr Gordon 1
Mr Sims 2
Mr Palmer's Barrister 3
Same Day. \$100. Match. Dash of one and a half miles.

Winter's Midnight, by Jack the Barber, 1
Shaw's Longfellow, by Sunshine, 2
Simmons' Mora, by Sunshine, 3
Smith's Phantom, by Don Juan, 4
On the homestretch Midnight and Nora were being almost together when Nora stumbled at the last jump and threw her rider. While she was being picked up Mr. J. P. Esmond captured the animal and mounting her rode in the end of Phantom and got third money amid the cheers of the crowd.

Oct. 19—\$— Half mile heats, for half-breds that never won a race.
Mr Powell's Oak Leaf, 1
Mr Marcott's Midnight, 2
Time—1:42, :55.
Same Day—\$— Open mile heats.
Mr Ford, ch f Ella Wotten, 4 yrs, by War Dance, dam Georgie Wood, 2 1 1
Mr Owen, g h Gray Cloud, aged, by Thunder, dam by Sir Tatton, 1 2 2
Time—1:54, 1:54, 1:57.

Same Day—\$— Green Hurdle Race.
Mr Grenchin's Billy Patton, 1
Mr Gordon's Marmion, 2
Mr Simmons' Nora, 3
Oct. 21—\$— Open steeplechase, handicapped three miles over the regular course.
Mr Fitzsimmons, b g Squire, aged, by King Lear, dam General, 147lbs., 1
Mr Owen, gr h Gray Cloud, aged, by Thunder, dam by Sir Tatton, 168lbs., 2

A Fisher, l g Kelson, aged, by Vouher, dam Kate Leonard, 149 lbs., 2
J Forbes, b g Paladino, 6 years, by imp Leamington, dam Garland, 148 lbs., 0
F Henderson, b g Barber, 6 years, by Jack the Barber, dam unknown, 149 lbs., 0
Same day—\$30. Steeplechase, for half bred horses that never won a hurdle race or steeplechase. Heavy welter weights. About a mile and a half, over the usual steeplechase course. \$20, 10.
John Halligan, b g Sky Lark, 5 yrs, by Jack the Barber, dam unknown, 147 lbs., 1
Jos Powers, b g Judge Moss, aged, by Jack the Barber, dam unknown, 158 lbs., 2
Same Day—\$100. Running; open to all. Mile heats, 110 lbs each. \$75, 25.
A Fisher, b g Maritime, 15 yrs, by Jack Lane, dam by Saladin, 1 1
F Martin, ch g Pilot, aged, by Jack the Barber, dam by Pilot, 2 2
John Forbes, b g Paladin (pedigree above) 3 3
Time—1:48, 1:50.

Aquatic.

THE AQUATIC AND ATHLETIC WORLD.

Like the finale of some of the grand symphonies of the old masters comes the athletic and aquatic season of 1877 to an end. Like the symphonies in question, the year abounds in chromatic passages—passages in which one thing is particularly noticeable, and that is, that there has been but few flats—they have all been sharp. Every performance has been as sharp and as crisp as the high notes in the repertoire of the most cultivated diva. Of course there will be other athletic and aquatic meetings, but these will be merely entr'actes, so to speak. By a careful perusal of our athletic and aquatic columns, it will be readily seen that this week has been America's jubilee as far as those branches of sport are concerned. Matches for championships we have had in galore—all styles, sizes and weights have been represented, and almost every known branch of land and water sports has had illustrations. In the aquatic world we have had no less than four contests, viz.: Davis vs. Ten Eyck, Morris vs. Luther. Ross vs. Hanlan, the sweepstakes at Owego Lake, and the following regattas—the Metropolitan, the Princeton College, one at Yale, one at Boston (Harvard), one at Utica (Cornell). Nothing phenomenal has been done in the way of records, but we have arrived a step nearer at the solution of a very difficult problem, and that is as to where the aquatic championship belongs. We have always maintained that next to Charles Courtney, in our opinion Hanlan was one of the best, if not the very best sculler in the world. The issue of Hanlan's late match with Ross carries us out in our assertions. However, we hope the matter will soon be set at rest. We have it now confined to three men, as to whom shall wear the title of first oarsman in America. Morris has disposed of everyone in his section of the country. Courtney has done the same in his part of the country. He has beaten Frenohy Johnson, Riley and Plasted, while Hanlan has set at rest the claims of all the Dominion scullers. So we have it now in our own power to very quickly find out who is the best man, and then it behoves us to turn our attention to England and the Antipodes. We have no fear of the result of any contest that may take place between our oarsmen and those from the European continent. All we want is to see the men matched.—N. Y. Sportsman.

THE COURTNEY-RILEY-JOHNSON RACE.

This took place at Owego, on Wednesday of last week, being a professional race for three prizes—\$200, \$150, and \$100. There were five entries, but only three started, neither Luther nor Ten Eyck showing up. These were in their positions at the start:

Name.	Age.	Height.	Weight.
Johnson	27	5.8	163
Riley	29	6.0	163
Courtney	29	6.0½	185

This position gave Courtney the south bank of the river, Johnson the north and Riley the middle, a result satisfactory all round, as Courtney would row straight anyway, John-

patches from Toronto in the St. John Daily News. It bears date the 14th, and is in these words: "Ross had a spin to-day in the Scotswood, and when he returned to the shore it was found that the boat had about thirty pounds of leakage. No one could account for this, but when a microscope was applied it was found that the boat had been pierced through about 150 times with pins, that number of small holes being noticeable with the glass. The only conclusion to be arrived at in reference to the matter is that these holes were purposely put in the boat while she was in Messrs. Warn's shop. The holes will be shelled over, but whether or not this will have the desired effect it is hard to say."

So enterprising a correspondent should have a larger field of labor than is afforded him by the St. John News. He would be a mine of wealth to the Chicago Times or Inter-Ocean. It is curious we had not heard of this fiendish piece of work before. Ross is not known to have made any complaint respecting it. Mr. Barker said nothing about it. Nor did any of Ross' ready backers. We now hear of it through the News for the first time. How is this? We fear the correspondent's eyes are altogether too good. Assisted by that particular microscope they developed visual powers of an amazing character. But stay—is it not just possible that the correspondent never used that microscope; never saw the first one of those hundred and fifty pin-holes? We nominate him for Chicago.—Toronto Mail.

ECHOES FROM THE HANLAN-ROSS RACE.

DEAD BROKE—The St. John News says that when word reached there that Hanlan had won, the following despatch was sent by one of Ross' principal backers in St. John to the St. John men at the Queen's in this city:

St. JOHN, N. B., 15th Oct., 6 p.m. "Draw on me for funds to bring you home. A linen duster instead of an ulster this winter for poor— (Signed,) ANDY GORMAN."

WHAT THE ST. JOHN'S PRESS SAYS.

The "News"—Hanlan played with Ross for three-quarters of the distance, and could have rowed the course fully a minute quicker than he did to-day.

The "Telegraph"—The only reason evident why Hanlan wonis that as an oarsman he is superior to Ross. There does not seem to have been many moments during the period of the entire race when Ross had any chance of winning, and these he was unable to turn to account. It would seem as if the backers of Ross had not formed any adequate notion of the aquatic powers of his opponent.

The "Globe"—From the very first it appears to have been apparent that Ross, though he showed great pluck and determination in pulling through the race, was no match for the Toronto man.

The "Daily News"—* Is satisfied that Hanlan is too many for Ross. Notwithstanding that most of the St. John men lost heavily on Ross—although not so much as they would have had Hanlan's friends shown more backbone—they all agree that Hanlan is much the better man of the two, and that the race was as fair as could be expected.

RECEPTION TO ROSS.

Upwards of one thousand persons went to the railway station, St. John, N. B., on the morning of the 19th, to receive Wallace Ross the oarsman. He arrived at 9:40, and was greeted with cheers and hurrahs, the band playing the Ross triumphal march. The procession then moved and drove through the principal streets of the city, halting in front of the market building and the band playing popular airs. The first barouche contained Mayor Earle, Mr. James Donville, M.P., Mr. George A. Barker, and Wallace Ross. Members of the oarsman's party occupied the other carriages. The pageant could hardly have been greater if Ross had returned a victorious instead of a defeated man.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PRESS. The "New York Spirit of the Times."

The Southern Sportsman, published at New Orleans, La., says.—"Hanlan is now recognized as the champion sculler of America."

The well-informed Toronto correspondent of the Hamilton 'Times' expresses himself thusly:—"Of course everybody in the city is still talking of the race, and swearing by Hanlan as the fastest sculler in the world; but, to the city's disgrace, he it said, only \$134 out of \$800 required for expenses was collected, and had it not been for the indefatigable efforts of Col. Shaw and Mr. Peter Collins, the race would never in the world have come off."

Since the great Hanlan-Ross boat race, "the boys" have been seized with a boat-racing mania, and nearly every afternoon during the past week private skiff races have taken place on the bay. So strongly are some of them impressed with the desire to race that they could not desist even for Sunday.

ROWING AS AN ART.

The 'Monetary Times,' going out of its usual groove, has the following words of wisdom on rowers and rowing:—

Apropos of the boat race. In a country where more fatal accidents occur from drowning than from any other single cause, it is desirable that our people should be able to take care of themselves on and in the water. And it is just as desirable that rowers should have a good style of rowing. The style of the American school of rowers, which Ross has adopted, is altogether unscientific. By pulling with the arms only, they contract the lungs at every stroke; while the man who bends his body forward and backward at each stroke not only makes his weight tell but gives full play to his lungs. This is why Hanlan beat Ross, the victory being given not to weight or strength but to science.

Correspondence.

INGERSOLL.—The new Skating Rink, the building of which proved a failure last year, has been commenced in real earnest. It is to be a splendid affair, 180 feet long and 90 feet wide, there are also to be two balconies, one for the band and a larger one for spectators, besides cloak rooms, refreshment rooms, &c. I think it will pay the shareholders pretty well.

Mr. Angus McKay, the well-known horseman, has lately bought a three year old gelding by Edon Goldust, dam Vave's Warrior. He is a magnificent colt, standing fully 16 hands high, dark bay with two white hind feet. I have no doubt judging by former purchases that "Black Mac" has struck oil in his choice of this beautiful animal.

Joseph Hawkins, V. S., had the misfortune to lose a valuable livery mare on Sunday. She dropped down dead on the road. Cause congestion of the lungs.

You will be sorry to hear that Mr. James Grant, since his confinement in the London Asylum, is much worse, owing, I suppose, to the restraint placed upon his movements.

Emerson's California Minstrels appear in our Town Hall next Thursday evening. The Press in the United States speak well of this troop wherever they have performed.

The subject most talked about in sporting circles is the excellence of the cuts of Hanlan and Ross in the SPORTING TIMES. Everybody thinks they are splendid and only wish that illustrations of the kind might become more general in your paper. Portraits of notable athletes or horses would tend greatly to increase the already great popularity of the noblest and raciest little paper in Canada.—TOE WEIGHT.

RAPID TRANSIT.

The Great Western Railway Company have lately put on a new train for Buffalo direct. By this route one hour in time and

and beauty. A matinee to-morrow afternoon and the evening performance will conclude her engagement.

The Rollin Howard Opera Bouffe and Burlesque Combinations commenced a season of four nights and Saturday matinee, at the Royal Opera House, on Wednesday evening, under the management of Mr. Geo. Holman. The leading attraction is a burlesque entitled Yeast Lynne, a laughable take-off on the popular play of East Lynne. In addition each evening a petite comedy or farce is given, making a very attractive programme.

The Queen's is open nightly and presents a programme of the usual variety class. The manager promises a number of new faces for next week.

On Thursday night the Mendelssohn Quintette Club harmonized and concertized to a good audience at Shaftesbury Hall.

GENERAL.

MONTREAL.—Duff's Broadway Co. commenced a season of one week at the Academy of Music, appearing for the first three nights in Pink Dominoes; and Thursday, Friday and Saturday matinee in Lemons.

OTTAWA.—The company from the Academy of Music, Montreal, commenced a season of one week at the Opera House, the initial bill being Saratoga. Miss Gertrude Kellogg and Mr. Neil Warner are in the company.

HAMILTON.—Mechanics' Hall—Sophie Miles and Star Dramatic Co., Monday, Hamlet; Tuesday, Mary Stuart.—At the Opera House, Miss Jennie Ward, mystic change artist, and Mr. J. H. Graham, quick changes, are the additions this week. The Warren Sisters and Venus and Adonis have been re-engaged. On Friday evening Harry Lindley presents his original comedy of Euehro.

LONDON.—Bang's Combination in The Soldier's Trust, Oct. 27.

ST. CATHERINES.—The Soldier's Trust, by F. C. Bangs and Company, at Opera House, Oct. 25 and 26.



AUCTION SALE

Grand's Repository

Robes Robes Robes

To be sold by Auction at Grand's.

TUESDAY OCTOBER 30 1877,

200 lined Buffs, Wolf and Black Robes, singly and in pairs No reserve The above will be an unusual fine opportunity to purchase good Robes, as all are A-1 selection.

SALE AT 11 O'CLOCK TERMS CASH

Will be sold the same day about 50 Horses, Harness, Luggies and Carriages of every description.

Stable Lanterns,

Chopping Axes,

Cross-cut Saws.

General Hardware,

ROSS & ALLEN

272-ty 100 KING ST., East.



R. I. ANDREWS' MEDICAL DEPOT.

... Colonel By..... 1
 ... Bob Logie..... 2
 The Ottawa Citizen says of this race:—
 ... was considerable betting on this race, and
 ... than ordinary interest manifested in it.
 ... Logie led for the first mile, after which he
 ... lamolfully "pulled" and Colonel By allowed
 ... Mr. B. Renaud entered a protest against
 ... By getting the race, which was sustained
 ... the judges who declared all bets off, but gave
 ... of the horses the privilege of running
 ... over again with a change of riders. This
 ... refused to do."
 ... Day—\$— Green Steeplechase upon to
 ... that never won a hurdle race or steeple-
 ...
 ... Winter's Midnight, by Jack the Barber.... 1
 ... Shaw's Longfellow, by Sunshine..... 2
 ... Simon's Mora, by Sunshine..... 3
 ... Smith's Phantom, by Don Juan..... 4
 ... the homestretch Midnight and Nora were
 ... almost together when Nora stumbled
 ... the last jump and threw her rider. While
 ... was being picked up Mr. J. P. Esmond cap-
 ... the animal and mounting her rode in
 ... of Phantom and got third money amid the
 ... of the crowd.
 ... Oct. 19—\$— Half mile heats, for half-breds
 ... at never won a race.
 ... and Powell's Oak Leaf..... 1 1
 ... Marcott's Midnight..... 2 2
 ... Time—54½, :55.
 ... Same Day—\$— Open mile heats.
 ... Ford, ch f Ella Wotten, 4 yrs, by
 ... War Dance, dam Georgie Wcod..... 2 1 1
 ... E Owen, g h Gray Cloud, aged, by
 ... under, dam by Sir Tatton..... 1 2 2
 ... Time—1:54½, 1:54, 1:57.
 ... Same Day—\$— Green Hurdle Race.
 ... Branch's Billy Patton..... 1
 ... Gordon's Marmion..... 2
 ... r Simon's Nora..... 3
 ... Oct. 21—\$— Open steeplechase, handicap.
 ... over three miles over the regular course.
 ... Fitzsimmons, b g Squire, aged, by King
 ... dam Generil, 147lbs..... 1
 ... E Owen, gr h Gray Cloud, aged, by Thun-
 ... dam by Sir Tatton, 168lbs..... 2
 ... Smith's Phantom 0
 ... and Powell's Bay Jack..... 0
 ... Fall.
 ... Same Day—\$— Dash of a mile. Riders to
 ... bonnets, and light a cigar after starting.
 ... Myor's Count Kilrush 1
 ... Marcott's Midnight..... 2
 ... Coleman's Bay Boston..... 0
 ... Gordon's Marmion..... 0
 ... Oct 21 and 22—\$— Half-mile, heat race.
 ... E Owen, g h Gray Cloud..... 0 0 1 1
 ... and Powell's Oak Leaf..... 0 1 0 0
 ... Christian's Night Hawk..... 1 0 0 0
 ... Fitzsimmons' Nora 0 0 0 0
 ... The Consolation Race was won by Marmion.

way of records, but we have arrived a step
 nearer at the solution of a very difficult prob-
 lem, and that is as to where the aquatic
 championship belongs. We have always
 maintained that next to Charles Courtney,
 in our opinion Hanlan was one of the best, if
 not the very best sculler in the world. The
 issue of Hanlan's late match with Ross car-
 ries us out in our assertions. However, we
 hope the matter will soon be set at rest. We
 have it now confined to three men, as to
 whom shall wear the title of first oarsman in
 America. Morris has disposed of everyone
 in his section of the country. Courtney has
 done the same in his part of the country.
 He has beaten Frenobry Johnson, Riley and
 Plaisted, while Hanlan has set at rest the
 claims of all the Dominion scullers. So we
 have it now in our own power to very quick-
 ly find out who is the best man, and then
 it behoves us to turn our attention to Eng-
 land and the Antipodes. We have no fear
 of the result of any contest that may take
 place between our oarsmen and those from
 the European continent. All we want is to
 see the men matched.—N. Y. Sportsman.

THE COURTNEY-RILEY-JOHNSON RACE.

This took place at Ow-go, on Wednesday
 of last week, being a professional race for
 three prizes—\$200, \$150, and \$100. There
 were five entries, but only three started,
 neither Luther nor Ten Eyck showing up.
 These were in their positions at the start:

Name.	Age.	Height.	Weight.
Johnson	27	5.8	168
Riley	29	6.0	159
Courtney	29	6.0½	185

This position gave Courtney the south bank
 of the river, Johnson the north and Riley the
 middle, a result satisfactory all round, as
 Courtney would row straight anyway, John-
 son was accustomed to rowing by a stone
 wall, and Riley to the centre of Saratoga
 Lake.
 Courtney and Riley's boats were exactly
 alike, of paper, 11½ in. wide, 29ft. long;
 weight, 81 lbs; made by Waters. Johnson's
 was of cedar, 11½ in. wide, 29 ft. long;
 weight, 81 lbs; made by Blaikie.

The course starts just a mile out of the vil-
 lage, on the Sasquehanna, and extends up
 the river east a mile and a half. Tuesday
 night Riley and Johnson sold even in the
 pools, but no one was willing to risk anything
 against Courtney. The men were called at
 4 o'clock and were all in fine spirits. They
 started well together and kept even for the
 first quarter of a mile, Riley and Johnson
 aiming for the north shore, Courtney keep-
 ing well to his line. All the men pulled
 thirty strokes from the start. At the end of
 the first half-mile Courtney and Riley were
 together, Johnson hanging to their skirts,
 but working hard to do it. Courtney turned
 his stake-boat first, Riley second, Johnson
 two lengths behind Riley. The race home
 was one of the handsomest ever seen, Court-
 ney and Riley, over near the north bank,
 pulling side by side, Courtney a trifle ahead.
 For the first half mile both pulled as high as
 86 and 89 strokes respectively, Johnson fall-
 ing behind every minute. When a half mile
 from the finish Riley grounded his shell,
 losing one stroke and a few seconds' time.
 He then spurted, and Courtney easing up,
 Riley came within a length of him. John-
 son was 800 feet behind. Courtney crossed
 the line in 20m. 14½ sec., and Riley ten sec-
 onds later. Johnson's time was not taken,
 but he was one minute behind Riley.

A POSSIBLE CAUSE OF ROSS' DEFEAT.

We all know by experience that we have
 sometimes to go a long way from home for
 news. A bit of news of a most refreshing
 character we find in the telegraphic des-

The "Telegraph"—The only reason
 evident why Hanlan won is that as
 an oarsman he is superior to Ross. There
 does not seem to have been many moments
 during the period of the entire race when
 Ross had any chance of winning, and those
 he was unable to turn to account. It would
 seem as if the backers of Ross had not form-
 ed any adequate notion of the aquatic pow-
 ers of his opponent.

The "Globe"—From the very first it ap-
 pears to have been apparent that Ross,
 though he showed great pluck and determi-
 nation in pulling through the race, was no
 match for the Toronto man.

The "Daily News"—* Is satisfied that
 Hanlan is too many for Ross. Notwith-
 standing that most of the St. John men lost
 heavily on Ross—although not so much as
 they would have had Hanlan's friends shown
 more backbone—they all agree that Hanlan
 is much the better man of the two, and that
 the race was as fair as could be expected.

RECEPTION TO ROSS.

Upwards of one thousand persons went to
 the railway station, St. John, N. B., on the
 morning of the 19th, to receive Wallace Ross
 the oarsman. He arrived at 9:40, and was
 greeted with cheers and hurrahs, the band
 playing the Ross triumphal march. The
 procession then moved and drove through
 the principal streets of the city, halting in
 front of the market building and the band
 playing popular airs. The first barouche
 contained Mayor Earle, Mr. James Dom-
 ville, M.P., Mr. George A. Barker, and Wal-
 lace Ross. Members of the oarsman's party
 occupied the other carriages. The pageant
 could hardly have been greater if Ross had
 returned a victorious instead of a defeated
 man.

EXCERPTS FROM THE PRESS.

The "New York Spirit of the Times."—
 * And now comes the oarsman, Court-
 ney, and pulls three miles in 20m 14½s.,
 beating his own previous record of 20m 47s.,
 out of sight. We hope that Courtney will
 now meet Hanlan, who seems to be his only
 rival on this continent, and after that a
 match between the winner and Higgins, of
 England, or Trickett of Australia, would
 produce intense excitement."

"The N. Y. Sportsman after giving its cor-
 respondent's account of the race says in a
 note: "From the above graphic description
 of the struggle it would appear that Hanlan
 had Ross beaten from the very start. This
 is certainly more than we expected. We
 anticipated a tight race, with Hanlan as the
 winner. We have always maintained that
 Hanlan is the representative sculler of Am-
 erica. The only man that is at all likely to
 lower his colors is Charles Courtney of Union
 Springs."

The same paper, in speaking of the fast
 time made by Courtney, says—"The three
 miles are said to have been rowed in 20m.
 14½s. We must decline to take any notice
 of this time, not that we think Courtney in-
 capable of rowing so fast, but because we
 think the affair a hippodrome."

A Toronto correspondent of a rural jour-
 nal speaks as follows:—"Hanlan and his
 friends have decided not to make any more
 matches this year. Early in the spring he
 may leave for England. His total receipts
 for the late race did not exceed \$1,000, not-
 withstanding all the nonsense talked about
 handsome donours having been presented
 him. It is said that the largest winner was
 Mr. Reeves, of Toronto, and he only netted
 \$1,500."

The St. Johns, N. B., papers of the 16th
 appear to have been attacked with a sudden
 moral fit, and contained articles condemning
 boat racing, and advising people to give up
 the sport on account of its gambling and de-
 moralizing tendencies. All unite, however,
 in saying the race was perfectly fair and
 honest.

... pretty well.
 Mr. Angus McKay, the well-known horse-
 man, has lately bought a three-year old geld-
 ing by Eden Goldust, dam Vavo's Warrior.
 He is a magnificent colt, standing fully 16
 hands high, dark bay with two white hind
 feet. I have no doubt judging by former
 purchases that "Black Mac" has struck oil
 in his choice of this beautiful animal.

Joseph Hawkins, V. S., had the misfortune
 to lose a valuable livery mare on Sunday.
 She dropped down dead on the road. Cause
 congestion of the lungs.

You will be sorry to hear that Mr. James
 Grant, since his confinement in the London
 Asylum, is much worse, owing, I suppose, to
 the restraint placed upon his movements.

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 our Town Hall next Thursday evening. The
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 to increase the already great popularity of
 the noblest and raciest little paper in
 Canada.—**TOR WEIGHT.**

RAPID TRANSIT.

The Great Western Railway Company
 have lately put on a new train for Buffalo
 direct. By this route one hour in time and
 twenty-four miles of travel are saved to
 Hamilton, and one hour and a half and
 thirty miles to Buffalo. Mr. T. W. Jones,
 28 York St., opposite Union Station, is the
 agent for the road. This enterprising and
 affable gentleman is also the sole agent in
 this city for the White Star line of steamers;
 and any person contemplating a trip to the
 old country should give Mr. Jones a call, who
 will take pleasure in giving the fullest expla-
 nations. A saving of time, money and
 trouble is secured by buying tickets at this
 office, and any of our readers patronizing
 Mr. J. can depend upon receiving the very
 best rates that can be offered. It is to his
 practice of fair dealing and straightforward-
 ness with his customers that he can attribute
 much of his success.

Amusements.

CITY.
 The gifted young actress, Miss Louise
 Pomeroy, commenced a week's engagement
 at the Grand Opera House on Monday last,
 in Romeo and Juliet, and during the week
 has presented As You Like It, The Lady of
 Lyons, &c. She has maintained the favor
 she earned last season for the winning im-
 personation of her different characters. The
 frequent change of bill has told on the stock
 company, and the support with a few excep-
 tions has not been up to the mark. The
 pieces have been elegantly mounted and
 beautifully dressed. To-night Miss Pom-
 eroy takes her benefit, when we expect to see
 the house filled as a recognition of her talent

AUCTION SALE
Grand's Repository
 Robes Robes Robes
 To be sold by Auction at Grand's.
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1877,
 200 lined Buffalo, Wolf and Black Robes, singly
 and in pairs. No reserve. The above will be
 an unusual fine opportunity to purchase good
 Robes, as all are A-1 selection
SALE AT 11 O'CLOCK. TERMS CASH
 Will be sold the same day about 50 Horses,
 Harness, Buggies and Carriages of every des-
 cription. 222-tt

Stable Lanterns,
Chopping Axes,
Cross-cut Saws,
General Hardware,
ROSS & ALLEN
 272-ty 156 KING ST., East.

R. I. ANDREWS'
MEDICAL DEPOT,
 25 GOULD ST., Toronto.
 Dr. Andrews' Pills are all
 of Dr. Andrews' celebrated
 Specific remedies can be ob-
 tained at above place.
 P. O. Address - Box 759.

Great Western Railway.
New Train for Buffalo Direct.
 One hour faster and 4
 miles shorter to
 Hamilton.
 One hour faster and 30
 miles shorter to Buf-
 falo than any other
 Route.
 T. W. JONES, Agent,
 23 York St.,
 Opposite Union Station.
 322-tm

WHITE STAR LINE.
REDUCTION IN RATES.
CABIN FARES.
 \$60, \$80, and \$100 in Gold.
 Return Ticket, good for one year, at reduced
 rates.
 A Limited Number of Steerage Passengers
 carried and berthed on the Main Deck only.
 Rates as low as by any other line.
 T. W. JONES, Agent,
 23 York St., opp. Union Station.
 222-tm

Kate Coventry.

CHAPTER XVIII.

(CONTINUED.)

Presently the huntsman looked at his watch, said something to the noble master, who looked at his, and replied, "I think we may begin."

There was a slight bustle among the "knowing ones," two or three officers of the Life Guards stole forward a few paces; one of the officers cracked his whip; and ere I knew exactly what had happened, the hounds were streaming away over an adjoining field, "heads up and tails down," running prettily merrily, but at a pace which would have astonished my old friends of the Heavy-top country to no small extent. Several desperate speculators were making frightful efforts for a start. Two of the Life Guardsmen were settled with the hounds, and the third would have been, had he not been turned over by an uncompromising flight of rails. Four London dealers and a young Berkshire farmer were flourishing about, determined to show their horses whilst they were fresh; the noble Master and his aristocratic friends were pounding down a lane running parallel to the line of chase. Mrs. Lumley was getting excited, and the Gitana reared straight on end. Brilliant was fighting most disagreeably with his bridle, and John nervously endeavoring to quiet our horses, and prevail on ourselves to submit to his guidance. We did follow him into the lane; but here what a scene of confusion it was! Mild equestrians, much at the mercy of their infuriated steeds; hot fool-people, springing out of the way of the charging squadrons, and revenging themselves for threatened annihilation by sarcastic jeers, not altogether undeserved.

"Give me a lead, sir!" implored a good-looking light-weight—who was evidently not in his usual place, and most anxious to get out of the lane—to a fat, jolly old sportsman in a green coat and brass buttons, on a stiff bay horse.

"Certainly, sir," said the good-natured man, and turned his horse short at the fence, closely followed by the gentleman he was so ready to oblige. The bank was rotten and the bay horse unwilling. As might have been expected, the green coat kissed mother earth; whilst his own horse and his pursuer and his pursuer's have rolled about on the top of him in a most complicated game of all fours. As they picked each other up, I heard the fat man in green, much to my astonishment, apologising for the accident with the greatest embarrassment.

"A thousand pardons, my dear sir! How could I be so clumsy?—it might have been a most serious accident" All of which excuses received with boundless affability and good-humor. In the meantime we had a beautiful view of the run. The hounds were still streaming away, two fields in front of every one; the huntsman and the two officers going gallantly abreast in their wake. One of them reminded me a little of Frank Lovell. The noble master, too, had cut in, and was striding along over every obstacle; the London dealers had dropped somewhat in the rear, and the farmer's horse was already completely sobered by the pace. The hounds turned towards us. John entreated us to stop. They crossed the lane under our horses' heads, and taking up the scent in an adjoining pasture, went off again at score—not a soul really with them.

"Fish and blood can't stand this!" exclaimed Mrs. Lumley, as turning the Gitana short round at a high style with a foot board, she took duty in the field. "Don't attempt it, Kate!" she screamed out to me, half taming in her saddle. I heard John's voice, but raised no expostulation, but it was too late. I was an odd in the air. I thought Brilliant would never come to the ground; and when he did touch it, he was so excited with his previous restraint and his present position, that he broke clean away with me. I was a goodly figure, but I never lost my nerve. I flew past Mr. Lumley like an arrow.

"You can't go there, Kate," vociferated Mrs. Lumley. This way, note a gate in this corner.

I clenched my teeth, and rode straight to the fence. It looked dark and forbidding. I did not see how it was to be done, but I trusted to brilliant, and Brilliant nearly did it—but not quite. There was a loud crash; one of my pommels gave me an awkward dig in the side. I saw the white star on my horse's forehead shoot before me; and the muddy, gravelly lane seemed to rise in my face and rasp my hands and tear my habit, and get conglomerated with my hair. The horsemen were all round me when I got up. I did not care for my accident; I did not care for being bruised—in fact, I did not know whether I was hurt or not—but my prevailing feeling was one of burning shame and horror as I thought of my dress. To have had a fall amongst all of those men! I could have sunk into the earth and thanked it for covering me. But there was no lack of sympathy and assistance. The huntsman pulled up; the noble Master offered me his carriage to go back to London; everybody stopped to tender advice and condolence.

"The lady's had a fall."—"Give the lady some sherry."—"Catch the lady's horse."—"Can we render the lady any assistance?" John, of course, was much distressed and annoyed, but glad to find I was not seriously hurt. Mrs. Lumley only stood aloof and sneered. "I told you not to ride there, Kate," said she; "and what a fall you've had—amongst all these people, too!" She very nearly made me an enemy for life.

I was too much hurt to go on. The stag was taken, as usual, in a large pond about a mile from where I met with my accident; but our party had had enough of hunting for one day. I am sure I had; and I think the Gitana was nearly boat, though her mistress would not confess it. We soon got back to the station, where I washed my face and put myself to rights. After all, I was very little the worse, and everybody said I had "gone like a bird." As we returned to London in the fast train, and I sat in that comfortable, well cushioned carriage, enjoying the delightful languor of rest after fatigue, I half resolved to devote my whole life to a sport which was capable of affording such thrilling excitement as that which I had so recently enjoyed. I had never been so happy, I thought, in my existence, as whilst I was leading the field on my dear Brilliant. It was a pure, wholesome, legitimate excitement; there was no harassing doubts and fears, no wounded feelings and bitter thoughts, no hours and days of suspense and bitter thoughts, no hours and days of suspense and misery to atone for a few short moments of delight. If I was disappointed in other things, could I not devote myself wholly to hunting, and so lead a happy and harmless life? If I had been a man, I should have answered in the affirmative; but I am a woman, and gradually softer thoughts stole over me. A distant vision of a happy home, with home interests and home pleasures—other to love, others to care for, besides myself—all a woman's duties, and all a woman's best delights. I shut my eyes, and tried to realise the picture. When I opened them again, Mrs. Lumley had gone fast to sleep; but John was watching me with a look of painful attention. He certainly had acquired a very earnest, keen look of late, such as he never used to wear. I do not know what prompted the question, but I could not forbear asking him, in a sort of half-laughing way, "John, if I had broken my neck to-day, what on earth should you have done?"

"Mourned for you as a sister, Kate," he replied, gravely, even severely. I did not speak another word the whole way home.

CHAPTER XIX.

I shall miss you sadly, Kate; but, if you enjoy your visit I shall be quite satisfied.

It was Aunt Deborah who spoke. Dear Aunt Deborah! If it as I had not been half attentive enough to her lately. I had foolishly been so taken up with my own

odd phrase that "entertaining" always sounds to my ear. When I learn that "the Marquis of Mopes has been "entertaining" his friends, the Duke of Drearyshire, Count and Countess Crotchet, Viscount Luane, Sir Simon and Lady Sulkes, the Honorable Hercules Heevyhead, etc., etc., at his splendid seat, Boudoir Castle, I cannot restrain from picturing to myself the dignified host standing on his bald head for the amusement of his immovable visitors, or otherwise, forgetful of his usual staid demeanor, performing ludicrous antics, projecting disrespectful "larks," to woo a smile from those stolid countenances in vain! Sir Guy might be "entertaining," too, in this way, but hardly in any other. What a disagreeable man he was! although I could not help acknowledging his good nature in coming to fetch us from the station himself.

As we emerged from the railway-carriage, the first object that greeted my eyes was Sir Guy's great gaudy drag, with its three piebalds and a roan. The first tones that smote on my ear were those of his hoarse harsh voice (how it jarred upon my nerves!) in loud ostentatious welcome—

"Thought you'd come by this train, Miss Coventry," shouted Sir Guy from the box, without making the slightest demonstration of descending; "laid Frank five to two on the event—done Lim again, hey, Frank! I knew what you'd be up to; brought the drag over on purpose. Now then, give us your hand; one foot on the box, one on the roller-bolt, and now you're landed. Jones, my boy, get up behind. I've sent the van for servants and luggage. 'Gad! what a pretty maid you've got—let 'em go, and sit tight!"

So we rolled smoothly out, the piebalds shaking their harness and trotting merrily along, the roan placed on the off-side, for the purpose of sustaining whatever amount of punishment our charioteer thought fit to inflict.

Behold me, then, seated on the box of Sir Guy Scapegrace's drag! a pretty position for a young lady who, during the last month or two, had been making daily resolutions of amendment as to slang conduct and general levity of demeanor. How I hated myself, and loathed the very sight of him as I looked at my companion. Sir Guy was redder and fatter than when I had seen him last—his voice was more dissonant, his neckcloth more alarming, his jewelry more prominent, his face closer shaved and the flower in his mouth less like a flower than ever. How came I there? Why, because I was piqued, and hurt, and reckless. I was capable of almost any enormity. John's manner to me in the train had well-nigh driven me mad—so quiet, so composed, so cold, so kind and considerate, but a kindness and consideration such as that which one treats a child. He seemed to feel he was my superior—he seemed even to soothe and pity me. I would have given words to have spoken frankly out to him, to have asked him what I had done to offend him, even to have brought him back to that topic upon which I felt he would never enter more. But it was impossible. I dared not wound that kind, generous heart again—I dared not trust myself. No, he was only "Cousin John" now; he had said to himself. Surely he need not have given me up quite so easily; surely I was worthy of an effort at least; yet I knew it had been my own fault—though I would not allow it even to myself—and this I believe it was that rankled and gnawed at my heart till I could hardly bear my own identity. It was a relief to do everything I could think of to annoy him—to heap self-contempt on my wicked head, to show him I was reckless of his good opinion as of my own, to lay up a store of agonizing reproaches for the future, to gnash my teeth, as it were, and nerve myself into a savage indifference for the present. Nay, there was even a diabolical pleasure in it. Frank Lovell occupied a seat behind me: at another time I might be gratified at his near neighborhood, and annoyed to think he should have been paying so long a visit at Scamperley. I was startled to hear how little I cared. He leaned over and whispered occasionally, and seemed pleased with the marked encouragement I gave him. After all, I could not help liking Frank very much—and was my cousin not at the back of the coach to witness all that

though I confess to having been once or twice sorely tempted. In short, I flirted with him shamefully, and even Frank got grave and out of sorts. At last Sir Guy removed the flower from his mouth and pulled out his cigar-case.

"Have a weed, Miss Coventry!" said he, with his detestable leer. "Of course you smoke; any one who can feel 'em along as you do must be able to smoke—mine are very mild, let me choose one for you."

I accepted his offer, though I had considerable misgivings as to whether it would make me sick. I looked round to see how my cousin approved of these goings on, and particularly this last cigar movement. He was sitting with his back to us, reading the morning newspaper, apparently totally indifferent to my proceedings. That decided me. I would have smoked now if there had been a barrel of gunpowder under my nose. I didn't care how sick it made me! I lit my cigar from Sir Guy's—I suffered him to put his horrid red face close to mine—I flirted, and laughed, and drove, and puffed away as if I had been used to these accomplishments all my life. I rattled through the turnpike without stopping to pay, as if it were a good joke. I double-thonged a sleeping cart over the face and eyes as I passed him. My near leader shied at a wheelbarrow, and I almost swore as I rated and flanked him, and exclaimed—

"Confound you, I'll teach you to keep straight!"

As we drove into the Park at Scamperley—for I fearlessly rounded the avenue turn, and vowed I would not abandon the reins till I had delivered my load at the front door—even Frank was completely disgusted. My cousin took not the slightest notice, but kept his seat with his back turned to the horses, and was still deep in his newspaper. Sir Guy was delighted; he shouted, and grinned, and swore more than ever. I was a "trump"—I was a "girl of the right sort"—I was a "well-bred one"—I had no end of "devil" in me—I was fit to be a "queen" whilst the object of all these polished encouragements could willingly have burst out crying at a moment's notice; indeed, she would have found it an unspeakable relief; and felt as she had never felt before, and as she trusts in heaven she may never feel again.

It was a lovely spot, Scamperley—beautiful as a dream—with the quiet woodland beauty of a real English place. Such timber! Such an avenue! I wonder if any of the sporting dandies and thoughtless visitors who came down "to stay with Scapegrace," because he had more pheasants and better "dry" (meaning champagne) than anybody else, ever thought of the many proprietors those old oaks and chestnuts had seen pass away—the strange doings they must have witnessed as generation after generation of Scapegrace lived their short hour and went to their account, having done all the mischief they could—for they were a wild, wicked race, from father to son. The present Baron's childhood was nursed in profligacy and excess. Sir Gilbert had been a fitting sire to Sir Guy, and drank, and drove, and sinned, and turned his wife out of doors, and gathered his boon companions about him, and placed his heir, a little child, upon the table, and baptized him, in mockery, with blood-red wine; and one fine morning he was found dead in his dressing-room, with a dark stream stealing slowly along the floor. They talked of broken blood-vessels, and a full habit; but some people thought he had died by his own hand; and the dressing-room was made a lumber-room of, and nobody ever used it any more. However, it was the only thing to save the family. A long minority put the present possessor fairly on his legs again, and the oaks and the chestnuts were spared the fate that had seemed too surely awaiting them. Nor was this the only escape they had experienced. A Scapegrace of former days had served in the Parliamentary army during his father's lifetime; had gone over to the king at his death; had fought at Edgehill and Marston Moor—and to do Sir Neville justice, he could fight like a demon; had abandoned the royal cause when it was hopeless, and, by betraying his sovereign, escaped the usual fate and amercement of malcontents; the protector remarking, with a certain solemn humor, "that Sir Neville was an instrument in the hand of the Lord, but that Satan had a share

throw any light upon the subject; and verily believe she could have concocted a highly interesting volume, detailing the exploits and misdeeds, the fortunes and misfortunes of the Scapegraces.

"I know all about him, Kate," she would proceed, fixing her great hollow eyes upon my face, and laying her hand on my arm as was her habit when interested; he is my pet amongst the family, though I despise him thoroughly. You see that distant castle, sufficiently badly painted, in the corner of the picture. That was the residence of her who exercised such a fatal influence over the life of poor Sir Montague. All his little sonnets, some of them touching and pretty enough, are addressed to "The Lady Mabel." I have found two or three of his love-letters, probably returned to her, tied up in a faded ribbon. There is also one note from the lady to her admirer; such a production, Kate. Not a word but what is misspelt, not a sentence of common grammar in the whole of it; and yet this was the woman he broke his heart for! Look well at him, my dear, and you will see why, with all its beauty, such a face as that was made to be imposed upon. The Lady Mabel, however, seems to be a notable strong-minded personage enough. She acknowledges the receipt of her lover's letters; which, however, without condescending to give any further explanations, she avers "came to hand at an untoward moment," and finishes by sending a receipt for making elderflower wine—assuring him, with a certain sly malice, that it is "a sovereign specific against colic, vertigo, and all ailments of the heart and stomach!" What a contrast to his protestations endorsed "These, with haste—ride—ride—ride!" which many a good horse must have been spurred and hurried to deliver. How he implores "his dear heart" never to forget him, and calls her his sweet life, and protests that he welcomes the very night-breeze blowing from the castle, because it must have swept past the windows of his love!" and pours into a sieve. Lady Mabel, however, seems to have been proof against sentiment, as she undoubtedly was against good looks. From all that I can gather, she appears to have made use of her adorer in furtherance of sundry, political schemes, such as were numerous at that period; and to have thrown him away, like a rusty blade, when she had no further occasion for his services. I cannot help thinking she despised him thoroughly. There are certain bills and memoranda with his signature attached, relating to levies of men and great purchases of arms, which look as if he had plunged into some desperate enterprise, doubtless at her instigation; and in his sonnets there are frequent allusions to "winning her by the sword," "loving her to the death," and such Quixotic protestations, that look as if he had at one time mediated an unusually daring stroke. "He was a fool," said Lady Scapegrace, reflectively, "but he was a fine fellow, too, to throw wealth, life, and honor at the feet of a woman who was not worth a throb of that kind, generous heart—a drop of that loyal gallant blood!"

"Then he married, I can't quite make out why, as there is a considerable gap in the correspondence of the family about this time, only partially connected by the diary of an old chaplain, who seems to have been formerly tutor to Sir Montague, and to have cherished a great regard for his pupil. The lady was a foreigner and a Romanist; and although we have no picture of her, we gather from the reverend chronicler that she was "low of stature, dark-browed, and swarthy in complexion," though he gallantly adds, that she was doubtless pleasing to the eyes of those who loved such southern beauty. At the wedding it appears that Lady Mabel was present; and my good master's attire and ornaments, consisting of peach-colored doublet, and pearl-silken hose, and many gems of unspeakable price, dazzling to the sight of humble men, are detailed with strange minuteness and fidelity. Even the plume in his hat and the jewelled hilt of his rapier are dwelt upon at considerable length. But notwithstanding his magnificence, the worthy chaplain did not fail to remark, that my good master seemed ill at ease, and the witty gentleman seizing him during the ceremony, must have fallen, had I not caught him as he was falling, and supported him under the arm-pits, as

the bay horse unwilling. As might have been expected, the green coat kissed mother earth; whilst his own horse and his pursuer and his pursuer's horse rolled about on the top of him in a most complicated game of all fours. As they picked each other up, I heard the fat man in green, much to my astonishment, apologising for the accident with the greatest composure.

'A thousand pardons, my dear sir! How could I be so clumsy?—it might have been a most serious accident. All of which excuses the aggressor, as was to be expected, received with boundless affability and good-humor. In the meantime we had a beautiful view of the run. The hounds were still streaming away, two fields in front of every one, the Huntsman and the two officers going gallantly abreast in their wake. One of them reminded me a little of Frank Lovell. The noble master, too, had cut in, and was striding along over every obstacle; the London dealers had dropped somewhat in the rear, and the farmer's horse was already completely sobored by the pace. The hounds turned towards us. John entreated us to stop. They crossed the lane under our horses' heads, and taking up the scent in an adjoining pasture, went off again at a score—not a single really with them.

'Fish and bread can't stand this,' exclaimed Mrs. Lumley, as turning the Gitana short round at a high style with a foot board, she and I galloped in the front. 'Don't attempt it, Kate! she screamed out to me, had turning on her saddle. I heard John's voice to, I used no speculation, but it was too late. I was already in the air. I thought Brilliant would never come to the ground; and when he did touch it, he was prevented with his previous restraint and his present position, that he broke clean away with me. I was a little frightened, but I never lost my nerve. I threw past Mr. Lumley like an arrow; and though she put the Gitana to her speed, and made my horse more violent still as she thrust her nose up in her quarters, I was too proud to ask her to give me a pull; and a wicked, jealous feeling rose in my heart that was an excellent substitute for true courage at the time. My horse was almost frantic; but fortunately he knew my voice, and by speaking to him I was able to steady him before he reached the fence. He bounded over like a deer and went quite quietly, now that he had nothing before him but the hounds. I had never known to now what it was to ride for myself, hitherto I had always followed a leader, but henceforth I resolved to enjoy the true pleasure of finding my own way. I looked back—I was positively first, but Mrs. Lumley was not fifty yards behind me, and coming up rapidly.

'Well done, Kate!' said she, as we flew our third fence side by side. Still the hounds leaped on, and I never took my eye off them, but urged my horse in their wake, taking every turn they did, and swerving from nothing. Fortunately, Brilliant was the rough bred and the fences light, or, even with my weight, such a style of riding must soon have produced fatal results. I shall never go again as well as I did that day; but do what I would I could not shake off Mrs. Lumley. If I lost sight of her for an instant, she was sure to gain a turn upon me, and on one or two occasions she was actually in my front. I felt I could have ridden into a chalk pit, and dared her to follow me with the greatest satisfaction. At last the hounds crossed the water, and I alone with them, I felt a little delicious with the excitement.

'What an example we have made of the gentlemen!' Kate said Mrs. Lumley, turning the Gitana's head to the wind. 'I had no idea my center had this.'

I did not answer, but I thought 'What a little, and a slow you.' I felt I hated her, though she was my friend. Again the hounds stooped to the scent, they crossed a deep narrow lane, upon which I saw the crowd advancing. I put my horse into his pace.

brilliant. It was a pure, wholesome, legitimate excitement, there was no harassing doubt and fears, no wounded feelings and bitter thoughts, no hours and days of suspense and bitter thoughts, no hours and days of suspense and misery to atone for a few short moments of delight. If I was disappointed in other things, could I not devote myself wholly to hunting, and so lead a happy and harmless life? If I had been a man, I should have answered in the affirmative; but I am a woman, and gradually softer thoughts stole over me. A distant vision of a happy home, with home interests and home pleasures—other to love, others to care for, besides myself—all a woman's duties, and all a woman's best delights. I shut my eyes, and tried to realize the picture. When I opened them again, Mrs. Lumley had gone fast to sleep; but John was watching me with a look of painful attention. He certainly had acquired a very earnest, keen look of fat, such as he never used to wear. I do not know what prompted the question, but I could not forbear asking him, in a sort of half-laughing way, 'John, if I had broken my neck to-day, what on earth should you have done?'

'Mourned for you as a sister, Kate,' he replied, gravely, even severely. 'I did not speak another word the whole way home.'

CHAPTER XIX.

I shall miss you sadly, Kate; but, if you enjoy your visit I shall be quite satisfied.

It was Aunt Deborah who spoke. Dear Aunt Deborah! I felt as if I had not been half as brave enough to her lately. I had selfishly been so taken up with my own thoughts and my own schemes, that I had neglected my poor suffering relative; and now my heart smote for my want of consideration. Aunt Deborah had not left the house since our return from Dangerfield. She looked worn and old, but had the same kind smile, the same measured accents as ever. Though she bore a good deal of pain and was kept in close confinement, she never complained: patient and quiet, she had a kind word for every one; and even her maid avowed that 'missus's' temper was that of an angel. 'H'angel,' the maid called it, but it was perfectly true. Aunt Deborah must have had something very satisfactory to look forward to, or she never would have been so light-hearted. One thing I remarked—she was fonder of John than ever.

'I won't go, my dear aunt,' was my reply, for my conscience smote me hard. 'I won't go, I don't care about it; I had much rather stay and nurse you here.'

But Aunt Deborah wouldn't hear of it.

'No, no,' said she, 'my dear; you are at the right age to enjoy yourself. I don't care much about Scamperley, and I have a far more charitable opinion of Lady Scapegrace than the world in general; but I dare say you will have a pleasant party, and I can trust you anywhere with John.'

There it was, John again—always John—and I knew exactly what John thought of me; and it made me thoroughly despise myself. I reflected that if I were John, I should have a very poor opinion of my cousin; I should consider her silly, vacillating, easily deceived, and by no means to be depended upon; more than woman in her weaknesses, and less than woman in her affections. 'What a character! and what a contempt he must have for me!'

My cousin called to take me to the railway, and to accompany me as a chaperone on a visit to Sir Guy and Lady Scapegrace, who were, as usual, entertaining a distinguished party of fashionables at their residence, Scamperley. By the way, what an

month less like a flower than ever. How came I there? Why, because I was piqued, and hurt, and reckless. I was capable of almost any enormity. John's manner to me in the tram had well-nigh driven me mad—so quiet, so composed, so cold, so kind and considerate, but a kindness and consideration such as that which one treats a child. He seemed to feel he was my superior—he seemed even to soothe and pity me. I would have given words to have spoken frankly out to him, to have asked him what I had done to offend him, even to have brought him back to that topic upon which I felt he would never enter more. But it was impossible. I dared not wound that kind, generous heart again—I dared not trust myself. No, he was only 'Cousin John' now; he had said to himself. Surely he need not have given me up quite so easily; surely I was worthy of an effort at least; yet I knew it had been my own fault—though I would not allow it even to myself—and this I believe it was that rankled and gnawed at my heart till I could hardly bear my own identity. It was a relief to do everything I could think of to annoy him—to heap self-contempt on my wicked head, to show him I was reckless of his good opinion as of my own, to lay up a store of agonizing reproaches for the future, to gnash my teeth, as it were, and nerve myself into a savage indifference for the present. Nay, there was even a diabolical pleasure in it. Frank Lovell occupied a seat behind me: at another time I might be gratified at his near neighborhood, and annoyed to think he should have been paying so long a visit at Scamperley. I was startled to hear how little I cared. He leaned over and whispered occasionally, and seemed pleased with the marked encouragement I gave him. After all, I could not help liking Frank very much—and was my cousin not at the back of the coach to witness all that took place? But Sir Guy would not allow me to be 'monopolized' as he called it.

'You've lost your roses sadly in London, Miss Coventry,' said he, poking his odious face almost under my bonnet, and doubling through the off which most unmercifully. 'Never mind, I think a woman looks best when one is pale. Egad, you're more color now, though. Don't be angry, it's only my way; you know I'm your slave.'

'Sir Guy don't mean to be rude,' whispered Frank, for I confess I was beginning to get indignant; and the baronet went on—

'Don't you remember our picnic at Richmond, Miss Coventry, and my promise, that if ever honored me by taking a place on my coach you should drive? Take hold of 'em now, there's a good girl; you ought to know something about the ribbons, and the next four mils is quite straight, and a dead flat.'

I was in that state of mind that I should not have had the least scruple in upsetting the coach, and risking the lives of all upon it, my own included; but I know not what imp of evil prompted me to turn round and call to my cousin at the back—

'John, do you think I could drive four horses?'

'Pary don't,' whispered Frank Lovell, who seemed to disapprove of the whole proceeding; but I did not heed him, for my cousin never answered till I asked him again.

'Do as you like, Kate,' was the reply, 'I shouldn't advise you to try; but he looked very grave, and seriously hurt and annoyed.'

This was enough for me—I laughed aloud—I was determined to provoke him, and I changed places with Sir Guy. He showed me how to part and hold the reins, he lectured me on the art of putting horses together, he got into a state of high good-humor, and smiled, and swore, and patronized me, and had the effrontery to call me a 'd—d fine girl, and never boxed his ears,

sporting dandies and thoughtless visitors who came down 'to stay with Scapegrace,' because he had more pheasants and better 'dry' (meaning champagne) than anybody else, ever thought of the many proprietors those old oaks and chestnuts had seen pass away—the strange doings they must have witnessed as generation after generation of Scapegrace lived their short hour and went to their account, having done all the mischief they could—for they were a wild, wicked race, from father to son. The present Baronet's childhood was nursed in profligacy and excess. Sir Gilbert had been a fitting sire to Sir Guy, and drank, and drove, and sinned, and turned his wife out of doors, and gathered his boon companions about him, and placed his heir, a little child, upon the table, and baptized him, in mockery, with blood-red wine; and one fine morning he was found dead in his dressing-room, with a dark stream stealing slowly along the floor. They talked of broken blood-vessels, and a full habit; but some people thought he had died by his own hand; and the dressing-room was made a lumber-room of, and nobody ever used it any more. However, it was the only thing to save the family. A long minority put the present possessor fairly on his legs again, and the oaks and the chestnuts were spared the fate that had seemed too surely awaiting them. Nor was this the only escape they had experienced. A Scapegrace of former days had served in the Parliamentary army during his father's lifetime; had gone over to the king at his death; had fought at Edgehill and Marston Moor—and to do Sir Neville justice, he could fight like a demon; but abandoned the royal cause when it was hopeless, and by betraying his sovereign, escaped the usual fate and amendment of malcontents; the protector remarking, with a certain solemn humor, 'that Sir Neville was an instrument in the hand of the Lord, but that Satan had a share in him, which doubtless he would not fail to claim in due time.' So Sir Neville lived at Scamperley in abundance and honour, and preserved his oaks and his rents, and professed the strictest Puritanism; and died in a fit brought on by excessive drinking to the success of the Restoration, when he heard that Charles had landed and the king was really 'to enjoy his own again.' He was succeeded by his grandson Sir Montague; the best-looking, and best-hearted, and weakest of his race; there was a picture of him hanging on the great staircase—a handsome, well-proportioned man, with a woman's beauty of countenance, and womanly softness of expression. Lady Scapegrace and I stopped and gazed at it for hours.

'He's not very like the present baronet, my dear,' she would say, her haughty features gathering into a sneer—and Lady Scapegrace's sneer was that of Mephistopheles himself: 'he is beautiful, exceedingly. I love to look at his hazel eyes, his low antique brow, his silky chestnut hair, and his sweet melancholy smile. Depend upon it, Kate, no man with such a smile as that is ever capable of succeeding in any one thing he undertakes. I don't care what his intellect may be, I don't care what animal courage he may possess, however dashing his spirit, however chivalrous his sentiments—so surely as he was woman's weakness of heart, so surely must he go to the wall. I have seen it a hundred times, Kate, and I never knew it otherwise.'

Since the affair of the bull, Lady Scapegrace had contracted a great affection for me, and would have me to roam about the house with her for hours. She was a clever intelligent woman, without one idea or sentiment in common with his husband. In this state of mental widowhood she had consoled herself by study, amongst other things; and the history of the family into which she had married afforded her ample materials for respectation and research. She had collected every scrap of writing, every private memorandum, letter, and document that could

ly. There are certain bills and memoranda with his signature attached, relating to loves of men and great purchases of arms, which look as if he had plunged into some desperate enterprise, doubtless at her instigation; and in his sonnets there are frequent allusions to 'winning her by the sword,' 'loving her to the death,' and such Quixotic protestations, that look as if he had at one time mediated an unusually daring stroke. 'He was a fool,' said Lady Scapegrace, reflectively, 'but he was a fine fellow, too; to throw wealth, life, and honor at the feet of a woman who was not worth a throb of that kind, generous heart—a drop of the loyal gallant blood!'

Then he married, I can't quite make out why, as there is a considerable gap in the correspondence of the family about this time, only partially connected by the diary of an old chaplain, who seems to have been formerly tutor to Sir Montague, and to have cherished a great regard for his pupil. The lady was foreigner and a Romanist; and although we have no picture of her, we gather from the reverend chronicler that she was 'low of stature, dark-browed, and swarthy in complexion,' though he gallantly adds, that she was doubtless pleasing to the eyes of those who loved such southern beauty. At the wedding it appears that Lady Mabel was present; and my good master's attire and ornaments, consisting of peach-colored doublet, and pearl-silken hose, and many gems of unspeakable price, dazzling to the sight of humble men, are detailed with strange minuteness and fidelity. Even the plume in his hat and the jewelled hilt of his rapier are dwelt upon at considerable length. But notwithstanding his magnificence, the worthy chaplain did not fail to remark, that my good master seemed ill at ease, and the witty tigo seizing him during the ceremony, he must have fallen, had I not caught him something cunningly under the arm-pits, assisted by worthy Master Hooper, and one of the groomsmen. The chaplain, who seems to have been as blind as became his reverend character, cannot forbear from expressing his admiration of the Lady Mabel, whom he describes as fair and comely in color, like the bloom of the spring rose; of a buxom stature, and of a lofty gait and gestures withal. What was she doing at Sir Montague's wedding!—no wonder the old attack of vertigo which her elderflower wine gave her rather to have increased, should have come on again.

'One thing is pretty clear, the baronet detested his wife (the Scapegraces have generally owned that amiable weakness, my dear); I think it must have been in consequence of her religion that he became so strenuous supporter of the opposite faith. At last he joined Monmouth, and still the correspondence seems to have gone on, for the night before Sedgmoor he wrote her a bitter. Such a letter, Kate! I was lucky enough to get it from a descendant of the lady, who was under great obligations to me; I'll show it you to-morrow. No man with that countenance could have written such a letter, except when death was looking him in the face. I can't think when she got it, she must have gone away at last. But it was too late. He was killed in the first charge of the royal troops. His own regiment, raw recruits and country men, turned at the first shot; but he led like a Scapegrace, waving his hat and cheering them on. We are rather proud of him in the family, after all. Compared with the rest of them, his was a harmless life and a creditable end.'

'But what became of Lady Mabel? I asked; for I confess I was a little interested in this disjointed romance of long-past days.'

'Did you ever know a thoroughly useful person in your life that did not prosper? was her ladyship's reply; and again her features writhed into the Mephistopheles' expression.

(To be continued.)

Aquatic.

DAVIS DEFEATS TEN EYCK.

After three postponements on account of the unsuitable condition of the water, the race between Michael F. Davis of Portland, Me., and James A. Ten Eyck of Peekskill, N. Y., for \$300 a side, three miles, with the latter place, on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 13. Upon the day originally fixed for the race, Oct. 10, there was quite a strong current of strangers at the scene of contest, the repeated postponements necessitated by return whence they came, and the spectators of the race were, with very few exceptions, residents of Peekskill. Both principals were well known to the public, having been racing in regattas and matches for some years, although this is the first time Davis pulled an oar in a race outside of New England waters. Ten Eyck was born in Vermont in 1851, and his career as an oarsman commenced eight or nine years ago, although the only match races of importance which he was engaged previous to that of a week were the two with Billy Scharff and John Bighin, both three mileers, he being the former, June 25, 1874 (mainly consequence of Scharff's shell swamping), closing the latter, Oct. 9, same year. He had taken part in numerous regattas, with varying success, and, besides the races above referred, has beaten Gil Ward, Odell Dyckman and others in sculling matches—the latter mentioned was rowed in working-boats. His last appearance prior to the race with Davis was at the recent race on Owasco Lake, where he finished fourth, being beaten by Courtney, Riley and Johnston. Davis is ten years or so older than Ten Eyck, and during the past two seasons has made a good reputation "down East" as a skilful oarsman. His records includes victories over Fred A. Plaisted (whom he defeated twice in 1875), J. J. O'Leary, Sept. 15, same year, and George Faulkner, June 27 of this year, his last-mentioned event being rowed in 22 min. 58 sec., on the Charles River course, Boston. Davis has also beaten Alex. Huxley, T. C. Butler, Plaisted and others in regatta races, and, with John A. Landers as crew, was beaten by Faulkner and Reagan in a double-shell race, three miles, turn, at Boston, July 10 last, a half length separating the boats at the finish, and the time being the best on record. In 1876 he and Landers beat Tom Butler and Frenchy Johnson in a three-mile in the same class of boats. The boat stands 5 ft 8 in in height and weighed 17 lb. seven or eight pounds less than Ten Eyck's. A short time before the match on the New Yorker was made Davis challenged Bighin, leaving \$100 on deposit at this time for a fortnight, but Bighin didn't come to the front. The course was one mile and half up stream from Montrose, Lent and Collock's dock to a sta:boat near Iona Island, and back to place of starting, stake-boats to be turned from east to west. There was considerable money wagered on the race, Ten Eyck at first having the call, but afterwards the market underwent a change, and odds were offered on the Portlander just before and after the start. When the men took up their stations the tide was running fast, and the water was in very good order, though not absolutely smooth. Davis, whose appearance was not greeted with the rousing cheers which welcomed his opponent, took the choice of position, and took the inside. They got off well together, both pulling rapidly, but a few strokes sent the Eastern sculler's shell to the front, and a half mile away there was open water between the boats, to which Davis at one time added a half length or so, but afterwards fell back a little, and in this way they rowed to the upper stake. Ten Eyck hung to his man well, and made a gallant effort to catch him as they neared the turning boats; but Davis was ready with an answering spurt, which sent Jimmy at a safe distance, the member from Maine going round his stake over a length and a half ahead. On the journey back the New Yorker repeatedly spurted with separate energy, but all his efforts were unavailing, and the finish saw him more than a length in the rear. The race had been exciting all through, and though their man had suffered defeat the spectators cheered win-

GREATEST PEDESTRIAN FEAT ON RECORD.

A press dispatch received last Saturday night states that W. Gale had finished his walk of 1,500 miles in 1,000 hours. This walk, if truly accomplished, and we have no reason to doubt that it was, was an exhibition of pluck and endurance and self denial rarely, if ever, witnessed before. Further than this, it is one of the many instances which have occurred recently to show how great a difference exists in athletes of the present day and those of 50 years ago. In August, 1875, Captain Webb performed the amazing feat of swimming the English Channel after remaining in the water 22 hours without touching boat or rope. In the following year Daniel O'Leary startled the athletic world with his extraordinary pedestrian performances. Previous to these events, by far the most marvelous accomplishment on record was that of Captain Barclay who, in 1809, at Newmarket, succeeded in walking 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, walking one mile in each hour. The Captain was a tall man, thirty nine years of age, over six feet in height, and weighed at the commencement of his memorable walk 186 pounds—a weight which decreased to 145 at the finish, showing how much the fatigue he had undergone had showed upon him. He was allowed to walk each mile in any part of the hour he chose, consequently by walking one mile at the finish of the hour and the next mile at the commencement of the following hour he was enabled, supposing he walked at the steady rate of only four miles an hour, to obtain a rest of one hour and a half at one time. Consequently Capt. Barclay for six weeks walked twenty-four miles a day, and never at any one time had more than an hour and a half's sleep.

On Sunday, Aug. 25, W. Gale, a native of Cardiff, started on his walk, one mile and a half of which had to be walked regularly at the commencement of each hour. It will be seen at once that his feat was a far more wonderful one than that of Captain Barclay. Gale was compelled to walk for six weeks thirty six hours a day, and, presuming four miles an hour to be the average rate of walking, never at any time was it possible for him to take more than 37½ minutes rest. Unlike the Captain, Gale is a little man, 42 years of age, standing 5 feet 3½ inches high, and weighing at starting but 116 pounds. The walk took place at Lilliebridge grounds, London. Five gentlemen connected with the London press were selected to act in the onerous and thankless position of judges, two being invariably on duty by night and one by day. Exactly at one and one-half minutes to each hour one of the judges appeared on the balcony of the judges' stand, and rang a small hand-bell to announce to the attendant that the time had come to once again arouse the weary and exhausted man. Almost invariably the wry little fellow appeared up to time. A procession was then formed, consisting of eight of the attendants, carrying a lantern, one of the judges, who were bound to walk with him, and generally two or three visitors, who were "making a night of it." Each lap (four making the mile) was called by the walking judge and duly echoed by the assistant judge in the box, who recorded the same in a book, taking the time of each mile and each mile and a half. And thus the weary hours of day and night passed, one walk apparently being scarcely concluded when it was time to commence the next. Fortunately for Gale, he was enabled to eat well throughout his task, taking, at times, a couple of good-sized mutton chops at one meal, in addition to which he took tea, eggs, beer, in fact, anything he seemed to fancy. As an exhibition of powers of endurance, this walk is undoubtedly the most wonderful feat ever yet accomplished.—*Turf, Field, and Farm.*

A WONDERFUL YEARLING.

After the trot of half-mile heats for the get of Administrator on Wednesday last, the winner, Memento, out of Keepsake by Alexander's Abdallah, her dam by Stockbridge Chief, trotted a mile; the first quarter in 43, the half-mile in 1:27, the mile 2:56. This is the same filly that took the weanling premium last year for the get of Administrator. We took occasion then to say that she was one of the biggest gaited and most wonderful actioned weanlings that we had ever seen. She has lost none of her wonderful action, but rather improved since then, and has a big, slashing, open stride that would do credit to a five-year-old. While we do not approve of trotting yearlings, this filly will not be injured by her trotting, as she is a natural born one.

Col. R. S. Strader, in whose stable she is, informs us, as did her driver, Mr. Mike Bowerman, that the first time that Memento was trotted, she went a half-mile in 1:34. Mr. Bowerman weighs 165 pounds, and had two

A CUTE SPARROW.

The following story for which the Hartford Times is responsible, will probably prove a rich morsel for those who argue that, besides being useless and an impostor, the sparrow is totally depraved:

A curious story, illustrative of the intelligence and reasoning power—and perhaps of the characteristic rascality also—of the little twittering mis-called "English sparrow," now so common in all our principal towns and cities, is related by a friend, who had it from the witness himself who saw the occurrence. The gentleman, who resides in New York, had erected, last spring, in his back yard, a large box for sparrows' compartments. These were all speedily taken possession of by a dozen pairs of sparrows, and the business of making nests commenced amidst the customary chirping din of these fussy and pugnacious feathered colonists. Sitting idly at the window, one Sunday, watching the birds, the gentleman saw one cock-sparrow come flying to his place with a fine, soft white feather in his bill. The box was so placed that he could see into the apartments, and he saw this bill place the feather into an incomplete nest and then fly away. No sooner was it out of sight than a female sparrow from the adjoining compartment, who had evidently seen this proceeding, hopped into her neighbor's house and pulled out and carried off the coveted feather. Becoming interested, the observer watched the performance, expecting to see the little thief carry her stolen prize to her own nest; but no, she knew a trick worth two of that, and here is where she displayed an undeniable reasoning process, and acted on a clear perception of cause and effect, making a prudent use of her knowledge of the character and disposition of her plundered neighbor. She flew off with the feather to a neighboring tree, where she securely fastened it in an inconspicuous place upon and between two twigs, and there left it. Pretty soon the bird which she had defrauded came back with a straw to add to his nest. Discovering his loss he came out with an angry chirruping that boded no good to the despoiler of his hearth and home, if he could only find the rogue. His first demonstration was to visit his next-door neighbor without any search-warrant. In that abode of peace and innocence he found no trace of the stolen feather, and as for the actually guilty party, she was hopping innocently about, and loudly demanding—as far as bird-tones could be understood by the man at the window—what was meant by this ungentlemanly and very impolite intrusion into a lady's bed-chamber, and insisting that she was no such kind of a woman. The cock-sparrow was evidently puzzled. Unable, after a minute's search, to find the lost feather, he at length apparently gave it up, charged it to profit and loss, and fled away in search of another. The thief demurely waited till he had got well off, and then flew to the tree, scooped the stolen feather, and took it in triumph to her own nest.

This story we are assured is a true one. It certainly shows the power of reasoning by a bird, just as, just as conclusively as any logical process that was ever employed by David Hume or Jay Gould. Whether it also furnishes another argument to sustain the modern theory of the innate superiority of the female sex depends somewhat upon the point of view from which such smart but reprehensible conduct is regarded.

AN AUTOMATIC HORSE.

Mr. J. H. Nolan, who already secured him a high station in the mechanical world has just invented a novel means of locomotion, which is in the form of an automatic or self-produced by the weight which is carried. The "horse" and its appliances are models of mathematical simplicity, and any amount of speed can be secured, in fact can be made to go faster for a mile than the fastest trotting horse of the day. A small "horse" capable of carrying a man 10 or 12 miles an hour, can be built at from fifteen to twenty dollars, smaller ones, which can be used by children for recreation, can be built at from three to five dollars. The "horse" can carry considerable weight in addition to the rider. The person sits in position as he would upon the live animal, with the feet in the stirrups and reins in hands, in which position he can govern the speed and guide the "horse" at will. There was an exhibition made with one of these "horses" recently, in a hall in this city, and although the room was small and unfavorable for either speed or ease of locomotion, a boy weighing sixty pounds propelled the "horse" at from six to seven miles an hour with the utmost ease. The experiment thoroughly established the practical value of the invention.—*Boston Traveller.*

AN INTELLIGENT DOG.

got short of meat, and I was led a 'eral miles out of the way to get a deer that day, so when it came night we were obliged to camp out for the first time on our journey. We selected a spot sheltered by a huge rock that had a shallow cove at the base. We collected a big pile of brush and built a line of camp-fires in front of the cove to scare away the wolves, who were already beginning to howl around us. The captain watched the first part of the night to keep the fires bright. I was fearfully sleepy and cold when the captain awoke me and took my place in the blankets.

From the heat of the fire, or my fatigue, or some other cause, I grew sleepy. I struggled against the feeling, but must finally have fallen asleep, for I awoke near morning terribly cold, with the line of fire broken in front of me, and two eyes of fire glaring into mine. It was a wolf. I grasped my knife and prepared for his assault. It came. I succeeded in killing him, and lifting him high in the air threw it out into the dark night. A terrible howling, and I knew that he was being eaten by his family and friends. Before I had time to turn around another of the pack came creeping into my broken line. I served him as I had the first, and with the same result. Fourteen times did I kill a wolf and throw him out to be eaten by his hungry clans. Then there was a respite of from fifteen to twenty minutes, during which the dawn came on, and I saw through the twilight a hungry wolf slink away into the further wilds. He had eaten the whole pack!"

Wrestling.

GRAECO-ROMAN WRESTLING.

THE CONTEST BETWEEN MILLER AND BAUER—THE FORMER THE VICTOR.

Fully three thousand men assembled in Gilmore's Garden, New York, on the 16th inst. to witness the much talked of Graeco Roman wrestling match between Thibaud Bauer and Professor William Miller. Among the audience were several city officials and well known politicians.

Shortly after eight o'clock the master of ceremonies Dan Whitaker, appeared on the platform and announced that William Clark had been selected as referee, and that Emil Rogner would act as umpire for Bauer and Mr. Austin for Professor Miller.

Amid much clapping of hands the athletes made their appearance. Miller, stout and warlike, looked the personification of gigantic strength. His muscles looked like iron, and his face wore a pleasing expression as if he were confident of victory. Bauer, although more slender, was the embodiment of athletic agility, outwailing Miller in this respect. Both men were attired in blue and white tights. At twenty three minutes past eight the athletes took hold. For fifteen minutes the wrestling was rather tame, both men appearing unusually cautious and each anxious for the other to begin the battle by some vigorous move. The first approach to a fall was by Bauer, who, tired of the skirmishing, made a desperate dash, and, by a fine exhibition of strength, lifted Miller completely off his feet and deposited him sideways on the padded platform. No fall was of course declared, but the cheering and shouting was scarcely less boisterous than if one had been allowed. Again renewing their hold, more timidity and by-play was indulged in, and for about twenty minutes the match was about even.

Occasionally Miller got an excellent hold on his antagonist, but the advantage was each time short-lived, as by dexterity and suppleness Bauer always managed to get clear of his peril. Shortly before nine o'clock Bauer made a second fine display of his skill by lifting Miller in the air, who landed on his hands and feet. After this no little interest was concentrated in a position in which the athletes remained for an unusually long time. Miller had succeeded in getting Bauer on his hands and knees, then kneeling beside him he remained waiting in patience for his opportunity, but none came, although much skirmishing took place. The position was finally broken by a desperate struggle in which neither obtained any advantage. At 9h. 25m. time was called, and an intermission of twenty minutes took place, during which the attendants rubbed down their respective principals.

The battle again begun the same tactics were repeated and continued with varying success until 10h. 30., when another rest took place. At 10h. 50m. the men once more began, and it was evident that earnest business was meant. At 11h. 04m., Miller secured the first fall. Bauer had raised him in his arms like a baby, and every one thought he would gain the fall, but both fell together, and Bauer was underneath. The referee announced the first fall for Miller.

The cheering which followed Miller's success was vociferous, and during the excitement many left the Garden believing that the match had

A USEFUL MAN.

The position of Master of Ceremonies is always considered a more or less trying one, and one which requires a person of more than ordinary ability to properly fill, but the gentleman who successfully filled all the requirements of the following advertisement for a person to manage a wake, must have been quite a genius in his way, and far above the ordinary M. C. The advertisement was found lately by a lady in Cheshire, England, on an old hand bill, dated June 1807, and is as follows:—"Wanted, a person to conduct the performances at Hantbury Wake, which will be celebrated on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 20th, 21st, and 22nd instant. It is necessary that he should have a complete knowledge of pony and donkey racing, wheelbarrow, bag, cock and pea racing, netting, singlestick, quoits, cricket, foot ball, cocking, wrestling, bull and badger baiting, dog fighting, goose racing, bumble-puppy, &c. In addition to the above qualifications he must also be competent to decide in dipping, scrambling, jawing, gramma's, whistling, jamming, jangling, skimming, tubbing, scaling, knitting, bobbing, bowling, throwing, dancing, snuff-taking, singing, pudding-eating, &c. For further particulars apply to Mr. Farrall, of Hantbury, Mr. Vickers, of Sparrow, or Mr. S. Muntake, of Nantwich, June, 1808."

BERTHA HILLERN, THE LADY PEDESTRIAN.

The Boston correspondence of the San Francisco Call has learned from her doctor some interesting facts about Bertha Hillern, the pedestrian. Many a woman, he writes, has envied Miss Hillern's form. She is about five feet three inches in height, is straight as an arrow; has a fine head, broad shoulders, a good-sized waist she doesn't believe in tight lacing—and her limbs are fully developed. Her feet are perfect and quite small, requiring a two-and-a-half dress shoe, although her walking shoes are considerably larger. Her stockings for her long walks are carefully selected, and without seams, and in putting them on great care is exercised to avoid folds and wrinkles. They are supported by elastic straps attached to suspenders over her shoulders. Her walking shoes are of soft goat-skin, laced high about the ankle, and with broad and firm soles and low, broad heels. The shoes are an inch longer than the foot, and allow it all possible freedom. While on the track she relies entirely on beef tea and the raw yolk of eggs for nourishment, and selects and prunes water to quench thirst. Solid food she finds cannot be taken during the protracted effort. One of her heartiest laughs is when she tells of a gift received from a gentleman in Providence of a package of candy "to cheer her on the last mile of her long walk." She is, in the opinion of medical men who have examined her, unusually free from physical defects, notwithstanding her long walks. At the close of her recent walk of three hundred and sixty miles in six days she was carefully examined by six well-known physicians of this city, and they pronounced her lungs in a state of healthy and normal activity. Her respiration was from twenty-three to twenty-six, and her pulse was only eighty-six. When off duty Miss Hillern spends her time in making oil sketches.

A BAD BOY.

A young lad in this city managed, by great industry and perseverance, to gather together a lot of worn out billiard cue tips. The other day a bright idea struck him, and he got an empty lozenge box, packed the cue tips neatly in it, and palmed them off on his mother's aged female domestic, who was suffering from a cold, as a cough medicine. The unsuspecting woman put one in her mouth, and broke her two last remaining teeth at the first attempt to bite it. The boy was laughing and dancing around with delight, when his mother appeared on the scene, she took in the situation at a glance, and her hopeful continued to dance—but to a different tune. Next day, the old servant had her jaw in a sling, and the bad boy took his breakfast off the mantelpiece.

A HORSE DRIVES COWS TO PASTURE.

Miss Charlotte Thornton, of Woodford, N. Y., has an old black horse which goes straight to the blacksmith shop and deliberately walks to, unattended, every time he loses a shoe. A negro boy usually rides him to drive the cows to and from the pasture. The other day the darky didn't come to time, and the intelligent horse drove the cows to the pasture, at another time he went to the pasture alone and drove the cows home.

boats at the finish, and the time being the best on record. In 1876 he and Landers beat Tom Butler and Frenohy Johnson a three-miler in the same class of boats. He stands 5 ft 6 in in height and weighed 175 lb. seven or eight pounds less than Ten Eyck scaled. A short time before the match with the New Yorker was made Davis challenged Biglin, leaving \$100 on deposit at this time for a fortnight, but Biglin didn't come to the front. The course was one mile and half up stream from Montrose, Leont and Block's dock to a stakeboat near Iona Island, and back to place of starting, stakeboats to be turned from east to west. There was considerable money wagered on the event, Ten Eyck at first having the call, but afterwards the market underwent a change, and odds were offered on the Portlander just before and after the start. When the men took up their stations the tide was running high, and the water was in very good order, though not absolutely smooth. Davis, whose appearance was not greeted with the rousing cheers which welcomed his opponent, won the choice of position, and took the inside. They got off well together, both pulling rapidly; but a few strokes sent the Eastern sculler's shell to the front, and a half mile away there was open water between the boats, to which Davis at one time added a half length or so, but afterwards fell back a little, and in this way they rowed to the upper stake. Ten Eyck lunged to his man well, and made a gallant effort to catch him as they neared the turning boats; but Davis was ready with an answering spurt, which kept Jimmy at a safe distance, the member from Maine going round his stake over a length and a half ahead. On the journey back the New Yorker repeatedly spurted with desperate energy, but all his efforts were unavailing, and the finish saw him more than a length in the rear. The race had been exciting all through, and though their man had suffered defeat, the spectators cheered winner and loser lustily.—Time, 22 min 29 sec.

TOM GRANT, formerly an accomplished horseman, coach and trainer, died recently in England, after a prolonged illness. He was the late Robert Chambers' original coach, and was trainer and coach to the Dublin University Boat Club, who in 1869 and 1870 were victorious in twenty-three races, including the Visitors' Cup at Henley.

PROTECTION OF BIRDS IN FRANCE

According to the results of an action before the civil tribunal of Melun, in the Department of the Seine-et-Marne, it appears that in France a landowner is not entitled to destroy upon his property birds which feed on animals and insects injurious to his neighbors. He is even liable to be assessed for damages for so doing in a way that would seem strange to Americans. We are told that the plaintiff in the case referred to alleged that M. de Segonsac had ordered his game-keeper to place, upon posts not far from his (plaintiff's) land, snares, in which owls, cats, and other night-birds are frequently caught; that in spite of the repeated complaints made the destruction continued, and that in consequence mice and other vermin had increased to such an extent as to spoil his crops. The tribunal, holding that these facts, if proved, would render the defendant liable for damages, have appointed three neighboring farmers as experts to ascertain what damage, if any, has been done to the plaintiff's crops, and whether it has been caused by animals whose presence on his land is due to the destruction of birds of prey by the defendant. In the event of their answering these two questions in the affirmative, they are to assess the amount of damage done and report to the tribunal.

Mr. Wm. Chambers, of Centreville, while wrestling last week broke his leg.

time had come to once again arouse the weary and exhausted man. Almost invariably the wiry little fellow appeared up to time. A procession was then formed, consisting of eight of the attendants, carrying a lantern, one of the judges, who were bound to walk with him, and generally two or three visitors, who were "making a night of it." Each lap (four making the mile) was called by the walking judge and duly echoed by the assistant judge in the box, who recorded the same in a book, taking the time of each mile and each mile and a half. And thus the weary hours of day and night passed, one walk apparently being scarcely concluded when it was time to commence the next. Fortunately for Gale, he was enabled to eat well throughout his task, taking, at times, a couple of good-sized mutton chops at one meal, in addition to which he took tea, eggs, beer, in fact, anything he seemed to fancy. As an exhibition of powers of endurance, this walk is undoubtedly the most wonderful feat ever yet accomplished.—*Turf, Field, and Farm.*

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After the trot of half-mile heats for the get of Administrator on Wednesday last, the winner, Memento, out of Keepsake by Alexander's Abdallah, her dam by Stockbridge Chief, trotted a mile; the first quarter in 43, the half-mile in 1:27, the mile 2:56. This is the same filly that took the weanling premium last year for the get of Administrator. We took occasion then to say that she was one of the biggest gaited and most wonderful actioned weanlings that we had ever seen. She has lost none of her wonderful action, but rather improved since then, and has a big, slashing, open stride that would do credit to a five-year-old. While we do not approve of trotting yearlings, this filly will not be injured by her trotting, as she is a natural horn one.

Col. R. S. Strader, in whose stable she is, informs us, as did her driver, Mr. Mike Bowerman, that the first time that Memento was trotted, she went a half-mile in 1:34. Mr. Bowerman weighs 165 pounds, and had two large sweat blankets on the sulky. This trial was so satisfactory that she has never been speeded again until Wednesday. Barring accidents Memento will make a most wonderful trotter, and must add still more to the reputation of Administrator as a sire.—*Kentucky Live Stock Record.*

WINNING MOUNTS.

Below will be found a list of the jockeys who have, during the season, won six races and upwards, with the total amount of money won by each, calculated up to Wednesday of last week:

	Won.	Lost.	Total.	Winnings.
Barrett.....	31	69	100	\$29,600
Barbee.....	27	59	86	25,772
Evans.....	24	50	74	14,775
Murphy.....	17	22	39	11,425
Kelso.....	13	31	44	6,180
Hughes.....	14	78	92	6,775
Walker.....	11	14	25	10,725
Sayers.....	10	54	64	10,587
Hayward.....	9	29	38	22,500
Sparling.....	10	51	61	3,825
Allen.....	8	32	40	3,525
Maney.....	7	12	19	4,745
Midgley.....	6	9	15	2,425
Spillman.....	6	44	50	1,850
Swim.....	6	54	60	2,800

CHECKERS.

The New York Clipper publishes a challenge from J. Labadie to "J. M. Dykes (who claims the championship of Canada), to play a match of twenty games for a silver medal, emblematic of the honor of checker champion of Canada, said medal to be given by the Canadian checker club of Chatham."

A BLIND PLAYER.—Mr. Bennett has lately been playing by sense of feeling, at Glasgow, Scotland, the playing squares being mortised below the surface at the board, and one set of pieces being round and the other square.

search of another. The third demurely went till he had got well off, and then flew to the tree, secured the stolen feather, and took it in triumph to her own nest.

This story we are assured is a true one. It certainly shows the power of reasoning by a bird, just as, just as conclusively as any logical process that was ever employed by David Hume or Jay Gould. Whether it also furnishes another argument to sustain the modern theory of the innate superiority of the female sex depends somewhat upon the point of view from which such smart but reprehensible conduct is regarded.

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AN INTELLIGENT DOG.

We need not speak of the intelligence of dogs, and the many wonderful and well vouched instances that are recorded can scarcely cause surprise at any new proof of sagacity. The following from Belgium has been commented upon severely, but there seems no reason for doubting that dogs are capable of all the reasoning faculties here implied:

A certain Monsieur N—, going on foot from Leuze to Lessines, in Belgium, took with him his dog, which he was anxious to get rid of; but he was unwilling either to drown him or to shoot him, he resolved to lose him on the way. The dog, who, instead of kind words and caresses, received nothing but threats, seemed to understand his master's project; he kept quite close to his heels, and would not leave him for a moment. N—, obliged to sleep out for that night in order to finish his business, went to the inn, and said to his four-footed companion, instead of good night, "To-morrow, you rascal, I shall take the train, and you will have to walk about here." He then went up to his room and went to bed.

The next morning, great was N—'s surprise to perceive when he got up that one of his socks and his waistcoat were missing. The landlord, when questioned, maintained that no one could have taken these articles as no other stranger had been lodged in the inn. They were all searching and wondering, when they found in a corner of the house the dog, who had been so threatened the evening before, lying upon the stocking and waistcoat of his master. The poor animal seemed to have wished in this way to prevent his master from starting without him. N—, admiring the sagacity of his dog, no longer tried to get rid of him.

PRETTY STEEP.

The following yarn was related in a road-side ranch up in Montana: "Yes, I was a trapper and scout for thirty years, and during that time I tramped nearly every part of the great Northwest. At the time I was just speaking of, I was guiding a captain of the army to St. Louis from Fort Laramie, in the dead of winter. The captain afterwards became a great general, and is known all over the Union, they say. We had

struggled for three hours, and were outwitted by Miller in the end. At twenty-three minutes past eight the athletes took hold. For fifteen minutes the wrestling was rather tame, both men appearing unusually cautious and each anxious for the other to begin the battle by some vigorous move. The first approach to a fall was by Bauer, who, tired of the skirmishing, made a desperate dash, and, by a fine exhibition of strength, lifted Miller completely off his feet and deposited him sideways on the padded platform. No fall was of course declared, but the cheering and shouting was scarcely less boisterous than if one had been allowed. Again renewing their hold, more timidity and by-play was indulged in, and for about twenty minutes the match was about even. Occasionally Miller got an excellent hold on his antagonist, but the advantage was each time short-lived, as by dexterity and suppleness Bauer always managed to get clear of his peril. Shortly before nine o'clock Bauer made a second fine display of his skill by lifting Miller in the air, who landed on his hands and feet. After this no little interest was concentrated in a position in which the athletes remained for an unusually long time. Miller had succeeded in getting Bauer on his hands and knees; then kneeling beside him he remained waiting in patience for his opportunity, but none came, although much skirmishing took place. The position was finally broken by a desperate struggle in which neither obtained any advantage. At 9h. 23m. time was called, and an intermission of twenty minutes took place, during which the attendants rubbed down their respective principals.

The battle again begun the same tactics were repeated and continued with varying success until 10h 30., when another rest took place. At 10h 50m the men once more began, and it was evident that earnest business was meant. At 11h 04m., Miller secured the first fall. Bauer had raised him in his arms like a baby, and every one thought he would gain the fall, but both fell together, and Bauer was underneath. The referee announced the first fall for Miller.

The cheering which followed Miller's success was vociferous, and during the excitement many left the Garden believing that the match had ended under the rule. The more knowing ones however, held their places and were rewarded by the renewal of the contest after a fifteen minutes' rest. As the two men grappled it was plain to see that the struggle was to be a desperate one. All caution seemed to be abandoned. Miller resorted to an under lock, while Bauer relied mainly on the use of his head in worrying his antagonist about the neck, together with a vice-like grip around Miller's body. Inside of three minutes began a vigorous tussle for supremacy. Bauer forced Miller's head downward with one hand, while with the other he endeavored to make him turn a back summersault, but Miller resisted all efforts to be fixed on his back. At twenty-three minutes past eleven Dan Whitaker called "time," and the men released their holds. "Under the rule," shouted Mr. Whittaker, "the victory is Miller's." The rule in question provided that if only one fall occurred within three hours after the beginning of the match the winner of that fall would be declared the victor. The announcement of Miller's success was received with applause.

A GREAT DEVIL FISH.

The steamer Cortes, which arrived yesterday from St. John's Newfoundland, brought an enormous "devil fish," which was captured at Catalina Harbor, Newfoundland, on the 22nd of last month. It was transported in two immense wooden casks, filled with brine, and is in splendid condition, all of the parts being in a good state of preservation. It will be taken from Pier 10 North River, where it is at present to the Aquarium, at Thirty-fifth street and Broadway, where a tank has been constructed for its exhibition. It is unquestionably the largest of the kind ever captured dead or alive. The creature measures forty feet and six inches by actual measurement between the extremities of its two longest arms. The body is ten feet long and more than seven in circumference. The eyes are the largest of any known animal, being eight inches in diameter. Taxidermists will be set to work upon it to day, and it is expected that by the middle of this week it will be ready for exhibition.—*N. Y. Herald.*

of a package of pills to her on the last mile of her long walk. She is, in the opinion of medical men who have examined her, an usually free from physical defects, notwithstanding her long walks. At the close of her recent walk of three hundred and sixty miles in six days she was carefully examined by six well-known physicians of the city, and they pronounced her lungs in a state of healthy and normal activity. Her respiration was from twenty three to twenty six, and her pulse was only eighty six. When off duty Miss Hillern spends her time in making oil sketches.

A BAD BOY.

A young lad in this city, managed, by great industry and perseverance, to gather together a lot of worn out billiard cue tips. The other day a bright idea struck him, and he got an empty lozenge box, packed the cue tips neatly in it, and palmed them off on his mother's aged female domestic, who was suffering from a cold, as a cough medicine. The unsuspecting woman put one in her mouth, and broke her two last remaining teeth at the first attempt to bite it. The boy was laughing and dancing around with delight, when his mother appeared on the scene, she took in the situation at a glance, and her hopeful continued to dance—but to a different tune. Next day, the old servant had her jaw in a sling, and the bad boy took his breakfast off the mantelpiece.

A HORSE DRIVES COWS TO PASTURE.

Miss Charlotte Thornton, of Woodford, N. Y., has an old black horse which goes straight to the blacksmith shop and deliberately walks in, unattended, every time he loses a shoe. A negro boy usually rides him to drive the cows to and from the pasture. The other day the darkey didn't come to time, and the intelligent horse drove the cows to the pasture, at another time he went to the pasture alone and drove the cows home.

DAKING AND SUCCESSFUL SURGICAL OPERATION.

Our correspondent at Campbellton, New Brunswick, states that on Friday, the 5th instant, a remarkable operation was performed by Dr. Balcom, of Campbellton, assisted by Dr. Venner, on the person of Archibald Chatteran, a young man of about twenty-one years of age, belonging to that place. Young Chatteran has been suffering for some time with consumption, his right lung being completely softened and broken down, with the exception of a small portion at the top. His death was hourly expected for several weeks past. Dr. Balcom concluding that he could not, in the course of things, recover, resolved to open his chest, which he did by making a deep incision at the lower end of the shoulder blade, and inserted a silver tube, through which he drew out about two quarts of exceedingly offensive matter, and afterwards washed out the cavity thoroughly with disinfectants. The patient experienced immediate relief, his strength and appetite have returned in a great measure, and he is now able to walk about the house, whereas, before the operation he could not turn himself in bed. From the marked success of the operation, and the fact that the patient's left lung is apparently sound, his friends now entertain strong hopes of his recovery. Dr. Balcom claims that this is the first operation of the kind performed in the Province. It certainly reflects much credit on his skill and courage as a surgeon.—*St. John Paper.*

The Mt. Sterling, Pa., Democrat says: A large rattlesnake was killed in Breathitt county, a few days ago, that proved to be quite a curiosity. It was perfectly formed, save it had two well-developed necks and heads. The prongs of the necks were about four inches long, and the snake used both heads at the same time, striking with both and thrusting out its tongue in a spiteful manner, and had the appearance of two snakes so much so that the parties who killed it did not discover the deformity until his snakeship was dead. We give Judge E. C. Strong, of Breathitt, as authority for the above, and he says it can be substantiated by a dozen good witnesses.

English Surf.

A DEAD HEAT OF THREE.

A feature of the sport at the Leicester (England) racing meeting, Thursday, Oct. 4, was the circumstance of a dead heat of three, resulting for the half mile Nursery Handicap, the three that the judge could not separate being Telegram, Palpito and Titania II. In the deciding heat all three were laid on Telegram, but coming into the straight she slipped and fell, breaking her leg, and was at once put out of her misery. The following is a report of this rather extraordinary contest:—

The Nursery Plate Handicap of 100 sovs. added to a sweepstake of 10 sovs. each; winners extra half a mile.
 Mr H E Beddington's ch c Palpito, by The Palmer, dam Cachua, 112 lbs (ear. 114 lbs).....F Archer 1
 Mr C Hibbert's h f Titania II, 107 lbs.....F Jeffery 2
 Lord Lonsdale's ch f Telegram, 129 lbs (inc. 7 lbs extra).....Custance 3
 Mr E Hobson's Ayrshire Lass, 102 lbs.....Hemmings 0
 Mr H Jennings's Fay, 108 lbs. W Johnson 0
 Major Straylton's Satira, 124 lbs.....T Cannon 0
 Mr Etches' Mangostan, 98 lbs.. J McDonald 0
 Mr H S Stratford's f by Blair Athol, dam Amethyst, 107 lbs.....W McDonald 0
 Mr G L Paget's Honeybourne, 112 lbs.....H Keyto 0

Betting.—2 to 1 against Telegram, 9 to 2 against Amethyst filly, 6 to 1 against Satira, 100 to 15 against Titania II, 8 to 1 against Palpito, and 10 to 1 against Fay, Ayrshire Lass and Mangostan.

Mangostan made play, attended by Amethyst filly to the bend, where the latter ran wide, and Palpito took the lead. When fairly in the straight Telegram and Titania II drew up to Palpito, and this trio ran a magnificent race home, the result being a dead heat with the three.

Deciding heat.—Betting—6 to 5 on Telegram, 9 to 4 against Titania II, and 5 to 2 against Palpito. Titania II. held a clear lead of Palpito to the turn into the straight, where Telegram slipped up, and Palpito getting the best of Titania II. in the last few strides won by a lead. Telegram broke her leg just above the fetlock, and had to be destroyed.

RACING AT NEWMARKET.

Newmarket, Oct 11.—The Middle Park Plate of 500 sovs, given by Jockey Club, added to sweepstakes 30 sovs each, 20 ft; for two-year-old colts, 120 lbs; fillies and geldings 117 lbs, winners of a stake, value 1,000 sovs to carry 7 lbs; 500 sovs 4 lbs extra; second horse to receive 200 sovs, and third 100 sovs out of stakes; Brethby Stakes course; 162 subs.
 Mr Parkin's br g Beauclere, by Rosierucian, by Borvio Boll..... 1
 Duke of Ujest's bay colt, by Scottish Chief, dam Katio..... 2
 Mr Gerard's ch f Pilgrimage, by The Palmer, dam Lady Audley..... 3
 Athol Lad, Maximilian, Gaberluzzie, Atarcos, Incenza, Equinox, Hansari, Jocko, Insularo, Birdie, Clementine, Tiger Lily, Lady Mercia, Censer, Wild Darell, Polo Star, and Beraugo ran unplaced.

Betting—5 to 1 against Beauclere, 50 to 1 against the Duke of Ujest's bay colt, 33 to 1 against Pilgrimage. The favorite, Athol Lad, came home sixth.

Same Day—Champion Stakes, 20 sovs each, h f, 1,000 sovs added; three-year-olds to carry 118 lbs; four, 130 lbs; five and upward, 132 lbs, mares allowed 5 lbs; second to receive ten per cent, and third five per cent of stake; out-stance, 4 sovs; 268 subs; 43 declared forfeit.
 J H Houldsworth's b c Springfield, 4 yrs, by St Albans, dam Viridis..... 1
 Lord Falmouth's b c Silvio, 3 yrs, by Blair Athol, dam Silverhair..... 2
 Lord Falmouth's ch c Great Tom, 4 yrs, by King Tom, dam Woodcroft..... 3

RARUS.

In connection with the fine likeness of this wonderful trotter, which we present this week, is given the result of a patient effort to ascertain the real breeding of his sire, Conkin g's Abdallah, who has always been claimed, but never proved, to be a son of Abdallah. It transpires that several parties who owned the stallion, and used him for business purposes in this city, never had any notion that he was a son of Abdallah, and that the name he bore was given him out of weakness by his last owner, who bred and owned him.

match—the iron Scotch plough to be excluded; 3rd class, open to all ploughmen with wooden ploughs; 4th class, open to boys under eighteen years of age, with any kind of plough; 5th class, open to boys under eighteen years of age, with wooden ploughs, 6th class, open to ploughmen with two-furrow ploughs. The Grand Trunk and Midland railways will carry passengers and ploughmen, with their teams, to the match and return for one and one-third fares.

HARRY HILL'S GIRAFFE.

Every man has his hobby, and Harry Hill, the noted of New York, is no exception to the rule. He is the owner of a nondescript looking animal of the equine genus, in shape not unlike a giraffe, his fore legs being considerably longer than his hind ones. Altogether, it is the ugliest, oddest looking brute that ever was foaled, and yet the mishapen wretch can trot very fast. He has quite a history and has passed through several hands. Curiosity, for that is his name, was raised by J. Fletcher Vail, of State Hill, and was sired by Stockbridge Chief, a son of old Hambletonian, and his dam was a finely-bred American Star. Mr. Vail sold him to Bill Bodine, when quite young, for \$85. Bodine disposed of him in a raffle for \$150, E. S. Puff holding the lucky ticket. Mr. Puff also raffled him off for \$100, he and Lon Smith, formerly proprietor of the Cooper Institute Hotel, winning him. They sold him to Al. Lamoreaux, of Bloomingburgh, who, in a game of "seven up," with a man named McCormick, a foreman at the Shawangunk tunnel on the Midland, staked him against \$80 and lost. McCormick sold him to Bill Bodine for \$800, and he sold him to "Dunk" Brown for the same sum. Brown exhibited him under canvas in several places, and entered him in several races. In a race at Goshen he beat one of Mr. Backman's colts. Under Brown's handling he trotted in 2:54. Brown sold him to Harry Hill for \$500. Since he has been in his possession he has trotted in several races.

TEN BROECK, TOM OCHILTREE, PAROLE.

Ten Broeck, Kentucky's mighty representative, is at Baltimore, taking daily gallops. Tom Ochiltree and Parole are also there. The latter pair will represent the East in the great race to be run on Tuesday next, the first day of the October meeting of the Maryland Jockey Club. The distance is two miles and a half. There will, no doubt, be a vast attendance, for people will journey from all sections of the Union and Canada to witness this celebrated trio measuring strides. It is the sole topic of conversation among turfmen at the clubs and hotels, and as each has hosts of admirers, it will in all probability be the heaviest betting event of the past decade. Many believe Ten Broeck to be invincible at the distance, for the fact that he has the best record, judged by the time test, at one, two, three and four miles. His performances in Kentucky prove him to be an exceptionally good horse. He seems to be capable of going any distance at a great rate of speed, and his sticking qualities are of the best. Besides making a short season in the stud, Ten Broeck has started in six races this year and won them all. His name and fame are household words. Tom Ochiltree is owned by Mr. George L Lorillard, and is of the same age (five years) as Ten Broeck. He run at all distances during the season, having faced the starter no less than thirteen times. He met with defeat four times. Vera Cruz beat him at Saratoga, in the mile and a quarter sweepstakes, in which he finished second and Parole third. Parole defeated him in the Saratoga Cop, two miles and a quarter, Ochiltree being second, while Vera Cruz failed to get a place. At the same meeting in the two miles and a quarter, won by Whisper, Ochiltree was again second. Then Vera Cruz defeated him by a head at a mile and three-quarters. Those are the only reverses he met with this year. At the late meeting at Jerome Park he acquitted himself creditably. He won everything he started for, his most notable victories being those being in the Grand National Handicap, two miles and a quarter, and in the All-Aged Stakes, a mile and a half. In the first he

Horse Notes.

Hughes the jockey, was the recipient on Saturday of an unmerited and unwished for compliment from Clemmie G. in the way of a wicked kick on the leg.

Dr. J. W. WELDON—This gentleman, so well known throughout the country, met with a serious accident on Monday last while attending a sale of thoroughbreds at Messrs. Barker & Sons, New York City. At the beginning of the sale, a chestnut filly having been frightened, launched out with both hind feet, striking Dr. J. W. Weldon in the groin and seriously injured him. We hope the doctor's accident will not prove serious in character, and that he will soon be out again.

DEATH OF EAGLESS—The thoroughbred mare Eagless, by imp. Glencoe, dam by Grey Eagle, out of Mary Morris, by Modoc, died on Friday last, 12th inst., at Mr. Alexander's Stud Farm, Spring Station, Ky., aged twenty-one years, of lockjaw. The old mare, a short time before her death, struck a stub in her foot, causing lockjaw almost immediately, which terminated fatally very suddenly. She was due to foal in January next to imp. Australian. Eagless was the dam of Mary Clark, Grey Planet, Lizzie Laucus, Steel Eyes, Eaglet, &c., &c.—all good racing stock.

The Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer says: We were told by a gentleman yesterday of a pair of aged but splendid mules. The two together are sixty-four years old—one being thirty-five and the other twenty-nine years. They are owned by Mr. Wm. Parkman, of Chattahoochee county, and are in fine condition and good workers. He has made twenty-eight crops with one, and twenty-four with the other.

THE TURF.

THE "CANADIAN SPORTING TIMES" MEDAL.

The medal won by Mr. Gillis' horse Falton in the recent SPORTING TIMES stallion race has been completed, and will be forwarded to the fortunate owner of the winning horse in a few days. The medal and all its appendages are of fine gold, and together present a very handsome and rich appearance, the workmanship, executed by Mr. W. C. Morrison, being of a high order. The ribbon connecting the two clasps has on it a pretty little enamel bit, pendant from the lower clasp in the centre being a horse's head in solid gold, the medal being hung by two whips. On the obverse of the medal is a horse speeding to sulky, with the following inscription surrounding it:—"CANADIAN SPORTING TIMES stallion race, 1877, P. Collins & Co., Toronto, 2nd year." On the reverse is:—"Won by Falton, the property of Mr. David Gillis, St. Catharines; trotted at Woodbine Park, Toronto, Sept. 11th, 1877."—Mail.

DOG, MAN, AND MULE.

A North Carolina waggoner sold his dog to a Laurens County man the other day for half a barrel of sorghum syrup. The dog, however, refused to be sold, and took refuge under the wagon. The Laurens County man crawled after him with a piece of meat in one hand and a rope in the other. Although there were several spectators of the scene that ensued it is difficult to get at the facts. All agree that there was a scuffle under the wagon, accompanied by yelps and yells; but no one is willing to affirm that the man had the dog or the dog had the man. Finally, the dog, as it would seem, brushed up against the hind legs of the off mule, and then all was still. It is not certain what killed the dog. One of the spectators said he thought he heard a trace-chain rattle, but when he went around to examine the mule she was asleep. The man had lost his hat, his coat and the greater part of his trousers, and subsequent examination proved that the dog died with one ear and a handful of hair in his mouth.

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Not long since the writer witnessed a strange sight in the Record office. Our attention was attracted by several lusty squeaks from the inside of a pail almost full of water, into which a half grown mouse had fallen. The alarm had

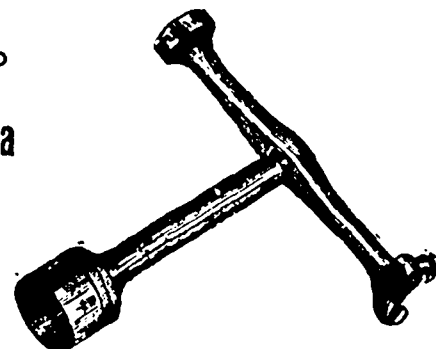
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winners of the 1,000 svs. to carry 7 lbs., 500 svs. 1 lb. extra, second horse to receive 200 svs., and third 100 svs. out of stakes; Breth's Stakes course; 162 subs. Mr. Perkins's 72 Beaulere, by Rosebriar, by Bonnie Bell..... 1 Duke of Ujest's bay colt, by Scottish Chief, dam Katie..... 2 Mr. Gerard's ch. f. Pilgrimage, by The Palmer, dam Lady Audley..... 3 Athol Lad, Maximilian, Gabrieluzie, Anarcos, Lucina, Equinox, Hansari, Jocko, Insularo, Birde, Clementine, Tiger Lily, Lady Morcia, Cencer, Wild Darell, Polo Star, and Berango ran unplaced.

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RARUS.

In connection with the fine likeness of this wonderful trotter, which we present this week, is given the result of a patient effort to ascertain the real breeding of his sire, Conking's Abdullah, who has always been claimed, but never proved, to be a son of Abdullah. It transpires that several parties who owned the stallion, and used him for business purposes in this city, never had any notion that he was a son of Abdullah, and that the name he bore was given him out of whole cloth by his last owner, who bred and owns his astonishing son. But the horsemen who owned, or were acquainted with the sire of Rarus, are all confident that he had good blood in his veins, and some of them are committed to the notion that he was got by Rysdyk's Hambletonian. This idea originated in a claim to that effect made by the earliest owner to whom we can trace the horse, and is confirmed by his resemblance to the Hero of Chester. Unfortunately, this early owner is dead, and no clue can be obtained to any of his family. He was a cartman, named Weeks, and, of course, did not breed the horse. The important point, therefore, is to ascertain from whom Weeks bought the stallion, and thus get at his breeder; but we are afraid this can never be done, as this cartman, like many other weeks that we find, seems to have passed into the eternal silence, and left no trace behind. It is possible, however, that some person who knew him may be sufficiently interested in this investigation to put us on the track of the surviving relatives of Weeks, and that among them may be found the desired information. As it stands, the question, after all our labor, is not a more satisfactory shape than when it was taken up, except that it is pretty certain that the claim that Rarus is a grandson of Abdullah, is all moonshine. —*Spirid.*

PROVINCIAL PLOUGHING MATCH.

A provincial ploughing match for District No. 2, Ontario, under the auspices of the Council of the Board of Agriculture, and with the sanction of the Division represented by Mr. Wilmot, will be held on the farm of Mr. Henry Wade, near the town of Port Hope, on Friday, the 2nd November. Upwards of \$700 will be offered in prizes. There will be six classes, as follows, with three prizes in each class. 1st class, open to all ploughmen with any kind of Plough; 2nd class, open to ploughmen who have not taken a first prize at any Provincial or County

great race to be run on Tuesday next, the first day of the October meeting of the Maryland Jockey Club. The distance is two miles and a half. There will, no doubt, be a vast attendance, for people will journey from all sections of the Union and Canada to witness this celebrated trio measuring strides. It is the sole topic of conversation among turfmen at the clubs and hotels, and as each has hosts of admirers, it will in all probability be the heaviest betting event of the past decade. Many believe Ten Broeck to be invincible at the distance, for the fact that he has the best record, judged by the time test, at one, two, three and four miles. His performances in Kentucky prove him to be an exceptionally good horse. He seems to be capable of going any distance at a great rate of speed, and his sticking qualities are of the best. Besides making a short season in the stud, Ten Broeck has started in six races this year and won them all. His name and fame are household words. Tom Ochiltree is owned by Mr. George L. Lorillard, and is of the same age (five years) as Ten Broeck. He ran at all distances during the season, having faced the starter no less than thirteen times. He met with defeat four times. Vera Cruz beat him at Saratoga, in the mile and a quarter sweepstakes, in which he finished second and Parole third. Parole defeated him in the Saratoga Cup, two miles and a quarter, Ochiltree being second, while Vera Cruz failed to get a place. At the same meeting in the two miles and a quarter, won by Whisper, Ochiltree was again second. Then Vera Cruz defeated him by a head at a mile and three-quarters. Those are the only reverses he met with this year. At the late meeting at Jerome Park he acquitted himself creditably. He won everything he started for, his most notable victories being those being in the Grand National Handicap, two miles and a quarter, and in the All-Aged Stakes, a mile and a half. In the first he beat Parole very easily indeed, and in the second he had behind him such good horses as Parole, St. Martin, Idalia, Algerine, Princeton and Bombast. Ochiltree is a horse of fine size and finish, with an excellent way of going. In him Ten Broeck will have an opponent worthy of his fame. Parole has started nine times as a four year old, and is credited with five victories. His reverses are given above. He is not believed to have been really fit at Jerome, and it may be that he will be a much better horse at Baltimore. Time will tell. There is a possibility that Vera Cruz will also put in an appearance in this race; but in view of the fact that he is engaged in the rich Breckenridge Stakes, to be run three days later, and which he seems from public running to have at his mercy, we doubt if Mr. Williams will start him. Fine weather and good track have been stipulated for by the gentleman controlling the horses. With these there will undoubtedly be an exciting struggle between these famous sons of Phaeton, Leamington and Lexington. —*Turf, Field and Farm.*

A CANADIAN NIGHTINGALE.

It will be remembered that a few years ago, a young lady, well known in Stratford, left for Europe to pursue her musical education. Having studied in Milan and Paris, she obtained an engagement in England, and while there her voice attracted the attention of Jonny Lind Goldschmidt, who though she has retired from the professional life, still retains her love for music, and takes a lively interest in young artists. Struck by the voice of the young Canadian, the prima donna of former days offered to give her still further instruction, and it is needless to say the offer was accepted. Canada has already furnished the lyric stage with more than one of its brightest ornaments, and in a short time we may have an opportunity of chronicling the success of another.

connecting the two clasps has on it a pretty little snaffle bit, pendant from the lower clasp in the centre being a horse's head in solid gold, the medal being hung by two whips. On the obverse of the medal is a horse speeding to sulky, with the following inscription surrounding it:—"CANADIAN SPORTING TIMES stallion race, 1877, P. Collins & Co., Toronto, 2nd year." On the reverse is:—"Won by Fulton, the property of Mr. David Gillis, St. Catharines; trotted at Woodbine Park, Toronto, Sept. 11th, 1877."—*Mail.*

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A MOUSE'S STRATAGEM.

Not long since the writer witnessed a strange sight in the Record office. Our attention was attracted by several lusty squeaks from the inside of a pail almost full of water, into which a half grown mouse had fallen. The alarm had hardly died away, when four or five more mice appeared on the scene and began clambering to the top edge of the pail. For several moments after gaining the top of the pail and catching sight of the mouse in the water, a squeaking confab was held. First one mouse and then another would cling to the rim of the bucket with his hind legs, and while almost touching the water with his nose, squeak out their consolation or advice to the immersed; but while all this was going on, the swimming powers of the unfortunate mouse in the pail were rapidly giving out. At last a happy thought seemed to strike the biggest mouse in the crowd, and almost without a squeak, he firmly fastened his fore feet on the edge of the pail, and let his body and tail hang down. The drowning mouse saw it, and making a last desperate effort for life, swam to the spot, seized the tail of his brother mouse, and amid squeaks of delight from all the mice present, was hauled high and dry out of the water and over the edge of the bucket.—*Corinne (Utah) Record.*

A great admirer of "Avon's Bard," who asked an American paper where the following passage is to be found: "Is that a f that I C B 4 me?" was informed that it might be found in Macbeth, whose murderous ~~is~~ put a . to Duncan.

HORSE TIMERS—ACCURACY.

JUST RECEIVED, a small consignment of Chronographs marking quarter-seconds, seconds, and minutes; plated cases, in neat boxes. Fly-back movement. Superior to a \$250 Stop Watch for timing. Used by the leading horsemen of America. Price \$30. Will be sent C.O.D., subject to examination, upon receipt of \$5 to guarantee express charges. Takes up no more room than a watch. Requires no key.

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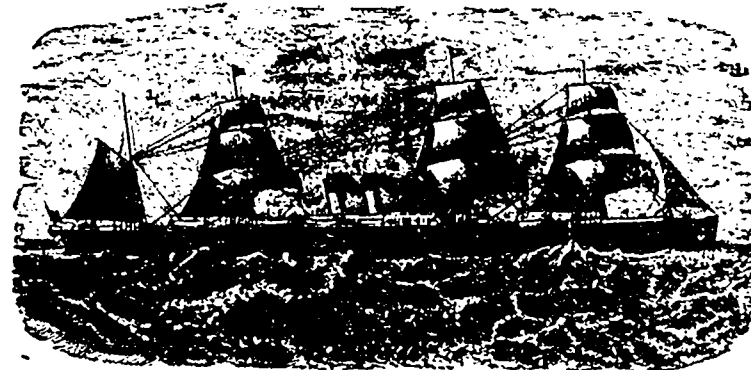
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