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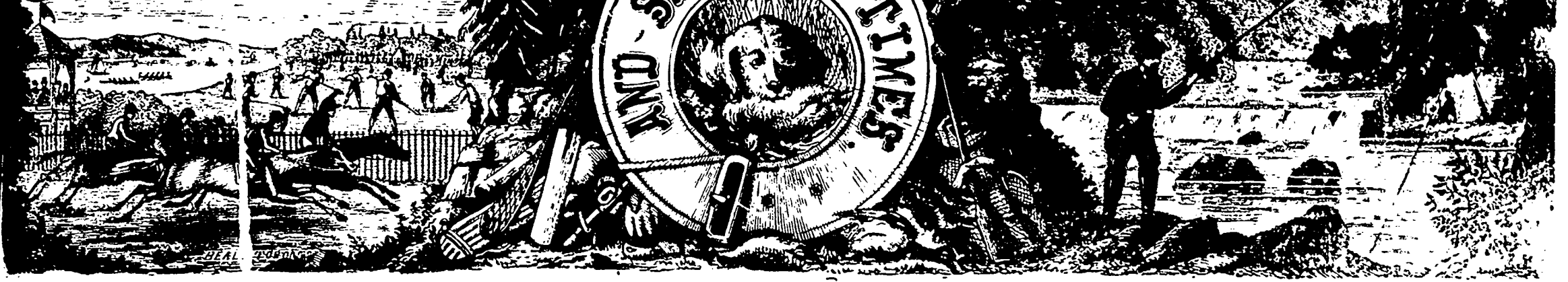
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THE CANADIAN JOURNAL.

GENTLEMEN'S AND SPORTING TIMES.



VOL. VII. TORONTO, ONT., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1878. NO. 377

American Turf.

RACING AT JEROME PARK, N. Y.

JEROME PARK, N.Y., Nov 5, 1878—Purse \$500; entrance, 5 per cent of purse, to second (\$75); horses not having won a race value of \$1,000, this year, allowed 5 lbs; not having won any race this year, allowed 12 lbs; maidens, if four years old or less, allowed 15 lbs; five years or upwards, allowed 18 lbs; three-quarters of a mile.

J G Nelson & Co's ch f Simoon, 4 yrs, by War Dance, dam Saratoga, 100 lbs..... 1
Lorillard's b f Pique, 3 yrs, 97 lbs (carried 99 lbs)..... 2
Belmont's ch f Susquehanna, 4 yrs, 110 lbs 3
J W Bell's b g Dan K, 4 yrs, 110 lbs..... 0
 Time—1:18.

Same Day—Hotel Handicap Stakes, for all ages, \$50 each, or \$20 only if declared out, with \$50 added by the Fifth Avenue, Delmonico, and Brunswick Hotels, of which 100 to second; 11 subscribers, 7 declared out; value, \$1,090; mile and three-quarters.

L Lorillard's ch f Loulanier, 3 yrs, by Lover, dam Hardaway, 100 lbs..... 1
L Lorillard's ch g Bayard, 3 yrs, 97 lbs..... 2
J W Bell's ch g Franklin, 3 yrs, 88 lbs..... 3
 Time—3:14.

Same Day—Purse \$400, gift of Mr G L Lorillard; handicap for all ages; entrance, 5 per cent of purse; \$100 to second; mile and a furlong.

L Lorillard's b f Bertha, 3 yrs, by Glenelg, dam Stamps, 92 lbs..... 1
Dwyer Bros' b g Wartfield, 3 yrs, 104 lbs..... 2
Belmont's ch f Susquehanna, 4 yrs, 105 lbs 3
Hattie F and Bonniewood ran unplaced.
 Time—2:01.

Same Day—Purse \$300, for all ages; entrance 5 per cent; \$120 to second; winner to be sold at auction; one mile.

J G Nelson & Co's b f Simoon, 4 yrs, by War Dance, dam Saratoga, \$300, 97 lbs, carried 100 lbs..... 1
L Lorillard's ch c Albert, 3 yrs, \$1,500, 105 lbs..... 2
Graham's b c W I Higgins, 4 yrs, \$300, 100 lbs..... 3
Mannie H, Rifle, Miss Malloy, Janet Murray, and Pique ran unplaced.
 Time—1:48.

Same Day—Purse \$300; handicap for two-year-olds; entrance, 5 per cent to second (\$40); three-quarters of a mile.

J G Nelson & Co's ch g Kingston, by Kingfisher, dam Adokinda, 100 lbs..... 1
L Lorillard's ch c Startle, by Alarm, 110 lbs 2
 Time—1:21.

Same Day—Purse \$300, gift of Mr P Lorillard, for all ages; entrance 5 per cent of purse, \$90 to second; half mile.

J W Bell's b g Dan K, 4 yrs, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Maple June, 115 lbs..... 1

English Turf.

THE LIVERPOOL AUTUMN CUP.

LONDON, Novembr 7.—To day was third of the annual autumn meeting at Liverpool, the principal attraction for the day being the race for the Liverpool Autumn Cup, a dash of nearly a mile and a half. It had fifteen starters, with Lord Rosebery's Touchet, who ran second for the Cambridgerhire, the favorite, as little as 4 to 1 being accepted against him. He again finished second, Lord Harrington's Belphoebe winning, with Captain Machell's Master Kildare third. The starting prices were 6 to 1 against Master Kildare. The conditions of the race are as follows:

Twenty-third renewal of the Liverpool Autumn Cup, for three-year-olds and upward, at £25 each, half forfeit, with £500 in specie and £100 to the trainer of the winner, the second to receive £50 out of the stakes; entrance £2 only if declared out by 1 p. m. of October 29, the winner to pay £25 toward expenses; winners, after the publication of the weights, at noon of October 23, of a handicap to carry 5 lbs extra; of two handicaps or of any race of the value of £200, to carry 9 lbs extra, or of any race of the value of £300, to carry 12 lbs extra; closed with 117 subscribers; about a mile and a half.

Lord Harrington's b f Belphoebe, 4 yrs, by Toxophilite, dam Vaga, 111 lbs..... 1
Lord Rosebery's b c Touchet, 4 yrs, by Lord Lyon, dam Lady Audley, 110 lbs..... 2
Capt Machell's ch c Master Kildare, 3 yrs, by Lord Ronald, dam Silk, 100 lbs..... 3

THE WINNER—BELPHOEBE.

Belphoebe is a bay filly by Toxophilite, out of Vaga, by Stockwell, granddam Mendicant, out by Touchstone, out of Lady Moore Carew, by Tramp. At the sale of the late Sir Joseph Hawley's stud in 1873, Vaga, then in foal to Toxophilite, was purchased for Mr. Chaplin for 270 guineas, and when Mr. Chaplin's horses came to the hammer in 1875, Belphoebe, then a yearling, was knocked down to Lord Harrington, her present owner, for 650 guineas. During her two-year-old career Belphoebe ran five times and won twice, the first spring, Two-Year-Old Stakes and the Bertby Stakes, both at Newmarket, the latter after a dead heat with Dynamite. As a three-year-old she started in all thirteen times. Her first five efforts lost, but at the sixth she won the 1,000 Guineas from a field of eighteen, with the betting at 100 to 6 against her. She was second to Placida for the Oaks, was unplaced for the Prince of Wales Stakes at Ascot, but managed to win the Coronation Stakes at the same meeting, which gave her a somewhat fictitious reputation, for from that race until yesterday she has never scored a win. She was beaten four times as a three-year-old after winning the Coronation, while as a four-year-old she was started four times, her best performance being to run second for the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot, with 110 pounds up the race beaten

Cricket.

THE HAMILTON CLUB'S RECORD.

During the past season the above club played nine matches, and only lost one—that against Detroit. Two matches were drawn, one being decidedly in favor of Hamilton. Below will be found a summary of the games played:

AT HAMILTON, MAY 24.

1st In.	2nd In.	Tl.
St. Catharines.. 31	45	76
Hamilton..... 193		

Hamilton won by one innings and 117 run.

AT HAMILTON, JUNE 8.

Hamilton..... 70	34 (3 wks. down)	104
London..... 64		

Hamilton won on first innings by 6 runs.

AT HAMILTON, JUNE 20.

Grimsby..... 67	84	151
Hamilton..... 84		

Hamilton won on first innings by 17 runs.

AT HAMILTON, JULY 1.

Toronto..... 104		104
Hamilton..... 103		103

Drawn in favor of Toronto by 1 run.

AT HAMILTON, JULY 10.

Pt. Hope (T. Col.) 44	41	85
Hamilton..... 77	9 (1 wkt down)	86

Hamilton won by 10 wickets.

AT DETROIT, JULY 17

Hamilton..... 17	95	112
Detroit..... 74	36 (3 wks down)	114

Detroit won by 7 wickets.

AT TORONTO, JULY 24.

Toronto..... 110		110
Hamilton..... 166		166

Drawn in favor of Hamilton by 56 runs.

AT HAMILTON, AUGUST 4.

Norwich..... 36	33	69
Hamilton..... 80		89

Hamilton won by one inning and 29 runs

AT HAMILTON, AUGUST 11.

Carleton (Toronto) 40
 Hamilton..... 24 (with 4 wks down)
 Drawn on account of rain.

Billiards.

OLD-TIME BILLIARDS.

Rumor has it that a match will be brought about between Joseph Dion and A. P. Rudolphe at the old four-ball game with the

Base Ball.

MAPLE LEAF, OF GUELPH.

RECORD FOR 1878.

The following is the complete playing, batting and fielding record of the amateur Maple Leaf Club of Guelph:

GAMES WON.

May 16, Iroquois, of Markham, at Guelph	13	0
May 24, Clippers, of Toronto, at Guelph	35	1
June 13, Picked niao, at Guelph	23	1
June 14, Iroquois, at Markham	23	4
June 15, Clippers at Toronto	20	7
June 20, Standards, of Hamilton, at Hamilton	7	0
July 21, Browns, of Harriston, at Harriston	16	3
Aug. 16, Actives, of Woodstock, at Guelph	10	3
Aug. 26, Atlantic, of London, at Guelph	9	0
Totals	156	19

GAMES LOST.

June 18, Tecumshas, of London, at Guelph	9	8
July 1, Stars of Syracuse, at Guelph	10	6
July 13, Standards, of Hamilton, at Guelph	2	1
Aug. 22, Actives, of Woodstock, at Woodstock	1	0
Aug. 23, Atlantic, of London, at London	12	10
Totals	34	25

BATTING RECORD.

Player	Games Played.	Times to Bat.	Total Runs.	Base Hits.	Average Runs.	Average Base Hits.
Hunter, c.....	13	64	27	23	2.07	1.77
Hood, 1st b.....	11	56	21	21	1.90	1.99
Smith, p. it.....	12	57	23	13	1.91	1.08
Watkins, ss, 3rd b	13	57	19	15	1.46	1.16
Bailey, p.....	7	27	4	6	.57	.85
Maddock, 2b and of	12	55	12	16	1.00	1.33
Hewer, 2b and ss	13	57	13	15	1.00	1.15
Stapleton, lf and of	13	57	19	15	1.46	1.15
Bickers, rf.....	5	18	6	7	1.00	1.40
Reid, 3rd b.....	8	40	17	19	2.12	2.37
Burgess, rf.....	8	34	14	7	1.75	.87

FIELDING RECORD.

Player	Games Played	Out.	Assist.	Errors.
Out.				
Assist.				
Errors.				

A VOICE FROM NORTHERN NEW YORK.

I notice G.N.M., West Meriden, Conn., wishes to know the pedigree of the Obroy Horse, owned in Northern New York. This horse was sired by Voto Morgan; great-grand sire Isale's Green Mountain Morgan. I do not know the breeding of his dam. This horse was a bay, 16 1/2 hands high, a splendid driver; he had but very little handling for speed, but could trot any day in 2:50. I also noticed some one was inquiring, after Fanny Korable. I believe the answer was she died in possession of H. D. Rich; at the same time they called on any subscriber to furnish any information he had concerning her. I think, had Mr. Wallace been at home, he would have told them to turn to page 131, first volume of "Trotting Register;" they would there find all about her. I remember seeing this mare distance a field when three or four years old at Prescott, Canada, on the ice. I see that all writers, in giving the description and pedigree of horse engaged in the Circuit, when they come to Adelaide, say, "by Paul Sheridan, dam unknown." Now the dam of Adelaide was got by Sam Houston, and he by a son of Vt. Black Hawk. This horse was a small, trappy bay, a little under fifteen hands high, and without any training could trot in about 3:30.

I see "Amerikanski" has opened the ball again. Well, it is a satisfaction to read his letters, for we always know just what he means. Personally, I shall always be thankful to him for his chapter on the thoroughbred, for I believe it to be nearly correct; but his criticism on Smuggler and "S. F. H.," whether just or not, will, I think, call out a rejoinder from that gentleman that will be pleasant to read, and perhaps, at his suggestion, he will leave out "great hospitality," "beautiful landscape," and "wonderful mare," and at once proceed to business. I believe the get of Smuggler will be fast, but whether they will be reliable trotters or not, time only will tell. When "Amerikanski" comes to look Indianapolis over, he will, I think, see one just about good enough to beat his favorite, King Phillip. I saw them both trot this summer, and I came to this conclusion. Philip is a grand little horse, but I don't think he is large enough for a first class sire or trotter. From what he says about Messenger, Duroc, I don't believe he likes him, but for all that, he gets trotters; and if men who ought to tell the truth are to be believed, he is very fast himself. He selects two stallions, which, he believes with the opportunity, would be superior to Messenger Duroc: Almont and Phil. Sheridan. Almont is a good one, but I am of the opinion that he has had just as good a chance as Messenger Duroc. The dams of the winners got by Almont are all as well used as any of the mares served by Messenger Duroc. As for Phil. Sheridan the case is very different. He never had half a chance; was always bred to common farm mares, but for all this, nearly all the horsemen in Northern New York and Canada believe he is fully up to the others, and that, if he had the same class of mares the others

Belmont's ch f Susquehanna, 4 yrs, 110 lbs 3
 J W Bell's b g Dan K, 4 yrs, 110 lbs..... 0
 Time—1:18.

Same Day—Hotel Handicap Stakes, for all ages, \$50 each, or \$20 only if declared out, with 750 added by the Fifth Avenue, Delmonico, and Brunswick Hotels, of which 100 to second; 11 subscribers, 7 declared out; value, \$1,090; mile and three-quarters.

L Lorillard's ch f Loulanier, 3 yrs, by Lover, dam Hardaway, 100 lbs..... 1
 P Lorillard's ch g Bayard, 3 yrs, 97 lbs..... 2
 W Bell's ch g Franklin, 3 yrs, 88 lbs..... 3
 Time—3:14.

Same Day—Purse \$400, gift of Mr G L Lorillard, handicap for all ages; entrance, 5 per cent of purse; \$100 to second; mile and a furlong.

L Lorillard's b f Bertha, 3 yrs, by Gleneig, dam Stamps, 92 lbs..... 1
 Dwyer Bros' b g Warfield, 3 yrs, 104 lbs..... 2
 Belmont's ch f Susquehanna, 4 yrs, 105 lbs 3
 Hattie F and Bonnisford ran unplaced.
 Time—3:01 1/2.

Same Day—Purse \$300, for all ages; entrance 5 per cent; \$120 to second; winner to be sold at auction; one mile.

G Nelson & Co's b f Simeon, 4 yrs, by War Dance, dam Saratoga, \$300, 97 lbs, carried 100 lbs..... 1
 L Lorillard's ch o Albert, 3 yrs, \$1,500, 105 lbs..... 2
 Graham's b o W I Higgins, 4 yrs, \$300, 100 lbs..... 3
 Nannie H, Rifle, Miss Malloy, Janet Murray, and Pique ran unplaced.
 Time—1:43 1/2.

Same Day—Purse \$300; handicap for two-year-olds; entrance, 5 per cent to second (\$40); three-quarters of a mile.

G Nelson & Co's ch g Kingdon, by Kingfisher, dam Adolinda, 100 lbs..... 1
 L Lorillard's ch o Startle, by Alarm, 110 lbs 2
 Time—1:21.

Same Day—Purse \$300, gift of Mr P Lorillard, for all ages; entrance 5 per cent of purse, \$90 to second; half mile.

J W Bell's b g Dan K, 4 yrs, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Jennie June, 115 lbs..... 1
 Belmont's b f La Belle Helene, 3 yrs, 107 lbs..... 2
 O Reed's b f Bonniewood, 3 yrs, 107 lbs..... 3
 Dwyer Bros' b g Warfield, 3 yrs, 107 lbs..... 0
 Time—50s.

Same Day—Purse \$700, handicap steeplechase, for all ages; 150 to second, 50 to third; regular course.

Bennett & Co's b g Deadhead, aged, by Julius, dam Leisure, 156 lbs..... 1
 O Reed's ch o Disturbance, 4 yrs, 144 lbs..... 2
 Dwyer Bros' b f Lizzie D, 3 yrs, 130 lbs..... 3
 Bay Rum and Patriot ran unplaced.
 Time—4:20 1/2.

TROTTING AT BEACON PARK, MASS.

BEACON PARK, Nov 5—Sweepstakes \$150; mile heat, 3 in 5, in harness.

H Brock's b s Frank Allison 1 1 1
 J E Ross' b m Rosie 2 2 2
 Bigley, Jr's b m Annie E dr
 Time—2:36, 2:28 1/2, 2:29 1/2.

DEATH OF HON. BRUTUS J. CLAY.

Bourbon County, Kentucky, lost on Friday, Oct. 11, one of her best and worthiest citizens, the Hon. Brutus J. Clay. He was the son of Gen. Green Clay, one of the distinguished pioneers of Kentucky. He was born July 1, 1808, in Madison County, in the house where Gen. Cassius M. Clay, his brother, now resides, and on land of which his father was the first white settler. He represented Bourbon County twice in the Legislature, and represented the Ashland District in the Thirty-eighth Congress. For many years he has been President of the Bourbon County Agricultural and Mechanical Association, and to him the Association was much indebted for its great success. He has been for many years one of the leading breeders of short-horn cattle of Bourbon, and in his death she loses one of her representative men, the State an honored citizen, and his family a devoted husband and father.—Kentucky Live Stock Record.

The starting prices were 6 to 1 against Master Kildaro. The conditions of the race are as follows:

Twenty-third renewal of the Liverpool Autumn Cup, for three-year-olds and upward, at £25 each, half forfeit with £500 in specie and £100 to the trainer of the winner, the second to receive £50 out of the stakes; entrance £2 only if declared out by 1 p.m. of October 29, the winner to pay £25 toward expenses; winners, after the publication of the weights, at noon of October 23, of a handicap to carry 5 lbs extra; of two handicaps or of any race of the value of £200, to carry 9 lbs extra, or of any race of the value of £300, to carry 12 lbs extra; closed with 117 subscribers; about a mile and a half.

Lord Hartington's b f Belphebe, 4 yrs, by Toxophilite, dam Vaga, 111 lbs 1
 Lord Rosberry's br c Touchet, 4 yrs, by Lord Lyon, dam Lady Audley, 110 lbs 2
 Capt Machell's ch o Master Kildaro, 3 yrs, by Lord Ronald, dam Silk, 100 lbs 3

THE WINNER—BELPHEBE.
 Belphebe is a bay filly by Toxophilite, out of Vaga, by Stockwell, granddam Mendicant, out by Touchstone, out of Lady Moore Carew, by Tramp. At the sale of the late Sir Joseph Hawley's stud in 1873, Vaga, then in foal to Toxophilite, was purchased for Mr. Chaplin for 270 guineas, and when Mr. Chaplin's horses came to the hammer in 1875, Belphebe, then a yearling, was knocked down to Lord Hartington, her present owner, for 650 guineas. During her two-year-old career Belphebe ran five times and won twice, the first spring Two-Year-Old Stakes and the Bertby Stakes, both at Newmarket, the latter after a dead heat with Dynamite. As a three-year-old she started in all thirteen times. Her first five efforts lost, but at the sixth she won the 1,000 Guineas from a field of eighteen, with the betting at 100 to 6 against her. She was second to Placida for the Oaks, was unplaced for the Prince of Wales Stakes at Ascot, but managed to win the Coronation Stakes at the same meeting, which gave her a somewhat fictitious reputation, for from that race until yesterday she has never scored a win. She was beaten four times as a three-year-old after winning the Coronation, while as a four-year-old she was started four times, her best performance being to run second for the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot, when with 110 pounds up she was beaten three lengths by Julius Caesar, which was her last appearance until yesterday.

Curling.

CALEDONIAN, TORONTO.—Last week the following officers were elected:—President, William Rennie; Vice-President, James Pringle; Treasurer and Secretary, James Rennie; Committee, Capt Ramsay, James Forsyth, Capt Gibson, R Pollock; Patron, Hon Attorney-General Mowat; Patroness, Mrs Mowat; Chaplains, Rev Dr Robb and Rev J J Macdonell, B D; Representatives, W D McIntosh and Andrew Noble; Skips, Win Rennie, R H Ramsay, R Malcolm, J Pringle, G Eaken and R Pollock; Instructors, Andrew Noble, R Pollock, D Prentice and W Christie.

SCARBORO'.—The annual meeting, held at Malvern, elected the following officers for the ensuing year:—President, W Crawford; Vice President, W Brown; Secretary and Treasurer, Smith Thomson; Managing Committee, W Purdie, Jr, W Patton and D Brown; Representative Members, W Crawford and R Crawford, of the Heather Club; Chaplain, Rev Malcolm McGilvary; Patron, Hon Alexander Mackenzie.

PERTH.—The following are the officers elected for the ensuing season:—President, D Kippou; Vice-President, R J Drummond; Secretary-Treasurer, W T Walker; Committee of Management, A McArthur, Henry Taylor, J G Campbell, Allan Lister and Judge Senkler.

ST. THOMAS.—At a meeting of the St. Thomas Curling and Skating Company, held on the 1st inst., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—J Pottinger, President; Dr Gustin, 1st Vice-President; J K Mortimer, Treasurer; D K McKenzie, Secretary. Directors, Messrs J McAdam, H B Pollock, J B Perry, E Moore, J M Green, A Murray and J Mickleborough. Auditors, C T Ambridge and W J Clarke.

Hamilton won by one innings and 117 runs.

AT HAMILTON, JUNE 8.
 Hamilton..... 70 34 (3 wks. down) 104
 London..... 64
 Hamilton won on first innings by 6 runs.

AT HAMILTON, JUNE 20.
 Grimsby..... 67 84 151
 Hamilton..... 84
 Hamilton won on first innings by 17 runs.

AT HAMILTON, JULY 1.
 Toronto..... 104 104
 Hamilton..... 103 103
 Drawn in favor of Toronto by 1 run.

AT HAMILTON, JULY 10.
 Pt. Hope (T. Col.) 44 41 85
 Hamilton..... 77 9 (1 wkt down) 86
 Hamilton won by 10 wickets.

AT DETROIT, JULY 17
 Hamilton..... 79 95 112
 Detroit..... 74 86 (3 wks down) 114
 Detroit won by 7 wickets.

AT TORONTO, JULY 24.
 Toronto..... 110 110
 Hamilton..... 166 166
 Drawn in favor of Hamilton by 56 runs.

AT HAMILTON, AUGUST 4.
 Norwich..... 36 33 69
 Hamilton..... 80 89
 Hamilton won by one inning and 20 runs.

AT HAMILTON, AUGUST 11.
 Carleton (Toronto) 40
 Hamilton..... 24 (with 4 wks down)
 Drawn on account of rain.

Billiards.

OLD-TIME BILLIARDS.

Rumor has it that a match will be brought about between Joseph Dion and A. P. Rudolphe at the old four-ball game with the push and crotch allowed, on a 6 x 12 four-pocket table. A contest of this character should prove attractive. Hundreds of the nowadays amateurs never saw one of the tables, let alone the game. It was at this game and on this sized table that Joseph Dion held the championship of America for so long, necessitating many journeys to Montreal by United States aspirants for its possession. It was finally won by the unfortunate John McDevitt, of Chicago, who resigned it in order to inaugurate a tournament at a bar-push game on a smaller table—5 1/2 x 11. The size used in championship games now is 5 x 10, while most of our public rooms are fitted up with a size still smaller 4 1/2 x 9. We were not aware that a 6-foot by 12-foot table was in existence, until receiving an invitation to call and inspect one from Mr. H. A. Freeman, in New York. Set up alongside of a 5 x 10 ordinary style carom table, it looked with its ponderous carved legs, six in number, as if all it had to do was to step on its pigmy brother and stamp it out of existence.—Turf.

CAROMS.

WAHLSTROM BEATEN.—In the 15-ball pool game at Chicago on Nov. 6, between Wahlstrom and Slosson, the best in forty-one games, the "Swede" won eighteen and Slosson twenty-one games. Slosson was receiving the odds of the fifteen ball.

CORRECTION.—The gentleman who has charge of the new billiard room in the Union House Ottawa, is Mr. Chas. N. Johnston, late of the Johnston House, this city, and not Mr. Jas. Johnston, as stated last week.

MOVED.—Mr. Joseph Capron, the expert young billiardist, has again leased the Kerby House billiard parlor, at Bradford, Ont. His return to the city by the Grand River will be a pleasure to his old friends, who will be glad to welcome him once more among them.

June 14, Beppeas, at Markham 24 4
 June 15, Chippers at Toronto..... 20 7
 June 20, Standards, of Hamilton, at Hamilton..... 7 0
 July 21, Browns, of Harrison, at Harrison..... 16 3
 Aug. 16, Actives, of Woodstock, at Guelph 10 8
 Aug. 26, Atlantic, of London, at Guelph: 9 0
 Totals 153 19

GAMES LOST.
 June 13, Tecumseh, of London, at Guelph..... 9 8
 July 1, Stars of Syracuse, at Guelph.... 10 6
 July 13, Standards, of Hamilton, at Guelph 2 1
 Aug. 22, Actives, of Woodstock, at Woodstock..... 1 0
 Aug. 23, Atlantic, of London, at London 12 10
 Totals..... 34 25

BATTING RECORD.

	Games Played.	Times to Bat.	Total runs.	Base Hits.	Average Runs.	Average Base Hits.
Hunter, c.....	13	64	27	23	2.07	1.77
Hood, 1st b.....	11	56	21	21	1.90	1.99
Smith, p f.....	12	57	23	13	1.91	1.08
Watkins, ss, 3rd b	13	57	19	15	1.46	1.15
Bailey, p.....	7	27	4	6	.57	.85
Maddock, 2b and cf	12	55	12	16	1.00	1.83
Hewer, 2b and ss	13	57	13	15	1.00	1.15
Stapleton, lf and cf	13	57	19	15	1.46	1.15
Bickers, rf.....	5	18	5	7	1.00	1.40
Reid, 3rd b.....	8	40	17	19	2.12	2.37
Burgess, rf.....	8	34	14	7	1.75	.87

FIELDING RECORD.

	Games Played	Put Out.	Assisted.	Errors.	Average Put Out.	Average Assisted.	Average Errors.
Hunter, c....	13	109	32	18	8.38	2.46	1.46
Hood, 1st b....	11	93	3	8	8.45	.18	.72
Smith, p f....	12	23	28	9	1.91	2.33	.75
Watkins, ss, 2b	13	10	19	15	.76	1.46	1.15
Bailey, p.....	7	8	55	2	1.14	7.85	.28
Maddock, 2b, cf	12	29	8	9	2.41	.66	.75
Hewer, 2b, ss..	13	18	38	9	1.38	2.92	.69
Stapleton, lf, cf	13	8	6	6	.61	.38	.46
Bickers, rf....	5	4	3	3	.80	.60	.60
Reid, 3b.....	8	19	13	7	2.37	1.62	.87
Burgess, rf....	8	1	2	0	.12	.25	.00

LYSANDER AND LEANDER.

It seems to have been premature to announce that Lysander and Leander would be the new names of Mr. William H. Vanderbilt's team, Lysander Boy and Capt. Jack, as the name Leander has been conferred upon Dr. Lewis, which horse Mr. Vanderbilt has now purchased for \$6,000, and will drive as the mate to Lysander. This team were given a trial, driven by their owner, at Fleetwood Park, Nov. 1, and did the mile in 2:33 1/2, according to the judges' time, other watches making it 2:32 1/2. There was a high wind blowing, and the conditions were far from favorable. Hopeful, who had all his speed, and was given three trials in an earnest effort to beat 2:16 1/2, in which Dan Mace expected to succeed, was unable to trot in 2:20 that afternoon, and all things considered, Mr. Vanderbilt was well pleased with the performance of his team. The price paid for Leander was \$6,000. He is a rich chestnut gelding, scant 15.1 hands, eight years old, and was sired by the Goodrich Horse, otherwise known as Marshall Chief, who was a son of Hero, by Vermont Black Hawk. The dam of Leander is not known to us, but his former owner has promised to forward it. The horse distinguished himself this year by winning twenty-seven out of thirty-one races, in fast company, and cutting a record of 2:30 1/2 down to 2:24, but that figure is no mark of his speed, as he can trot with ease in the "teens." The team are closely matched, and with a little more experience, will travel together in perfect unison, while marvellous things are expected of their speed.—Spirit.

of "Frothing Regisist," they would there all about her. I remember seeing this mare distance a field when three or four years old at Prescott, Canada, at the time I see that all writers, in giving the description and pedigree of horses engaged in the Circuit, when they come to A Melade, say, "by Phil. Sheridan, dam unknown." Now the dam of Adelade was got by Sam Houston, and he by a son of Vt. Black Hawk. This horse was a small, trappy bay, a little under fifteen hands high, and without any training could trot in about 3:30.

I see "Amerikanski" has opened the ball again. Well, it is a satisfaction to read his letters, for we always know just what he means. Personally, I shall always be thankful to him for his chapter on the thoroughbred, for I believe it to be nearly correct, but his criticism on Smuggler and "S.T.H.," whether just or not, will, I think, call out a rejoinder from that gentleman that will be pleasant to read, and perhaps, at his suggestion he will leave out "great hospitality," "beautiful landscape," and "wonderful mare," and at once proceed to business. I believe the get of Smuggler will be fast, but whether they will be reliable trotters or not, time only will tell. When "Amerikanski" comes to look Indianapolis over, he will, I think, see one just about good enough to beat his favorite, King Phillip. I saw them both trot this summer, and I came to this conclusion: Philip is a grand little horse, but I don't think he is large enough for a first-class sire or trotter. From what he says about Messenger, Duroc, I don't believe he likes him, but for all that, he gets trotters; and if men who ought to tell the truth are to be believed, he is very fast himself. He selects two stallions, which, he believes with the opportunity, would be superior to Messenger Duroc: Almont and Phil. Sheridan. Almont is a good one, but I am of the opinion that he has had just as good a chance as Messenger Duroc. The dams of the winners got by Almont are all as well bred as any of the mares served by Messenger Duroc. As for Phil. Sheridan the case is very different. He never had half a chance; was always bred to common farm mares; but for all this, nearly all the horsemen in Northern New York and Canada believe he is fully up to the others; and that, if he had the same class of mares the others got, he would be able to show more trotters that could trot in 2:30 than both the others. This horse has been on the turf in summer, on the ice in winter, and in the stud nearly all his life. I do believe he never was in good condition to trot a race in his life. Perhaps the nearest he ever came to being in condition was in the great stallion race at Boston, when he was second to Smuggler. I think for the last four or five years this horse has had a little better class of mares than formerly, with a marked improvement in the colts. I saw four at our county fair this fall, all four-year-olds, either of which could beat 2:40 over a slow half-mile track. One of them got a record of 2:35. I am certain this horse can beat 2:30 over any fast mile-track. Now if the owners of Hambletonian, Clay, or Star mares that are anxious to raise trotters, and are willing to pay three hundred dollars for the services of a stallion, will send their mares over to the Kysdyk Stock-Farm to Phil. Sheridan, whose services can be had for about one fourth that amount, I will engage, when the colts come along, that they will show the symptoms as bad as Col. tractor, and, what is more, will retain them. V S., in Wallace's Monthly.

HONOR TO THE PROPHETS.

There were in the Cambridgeshire Handicap, recently run for at too Newmarket Houghton Meeting, 171 horses handicapped, among them Petrarch, 5 years, 133 lbs., to the three-year-old Ultra with 77 lbs. The old horse was therefore called upon to give the colt 56 lbs., and it is certain that he could have done it, but there was another three-year old in to whom he could not give 34 lbs., and this colt won. He was a son of Sterling, of the Irish Birdcatcher line, the former being by Oxford. Some scores of turf prophets delivered their prognostications concerning this race. None of them selected less than three horses, and some of them named about a dozen. Not one of the whole tribe named either of the three who were in the race, and yet the infatuated believers in their faculty of forecast will, in two or three weeks, be swallowing without salt their predictions touching next year's Derby.—Sportsman.

Hugh Melton!

CHAPTER X.

(CONTINUED.)

She was talking rapidly, in a wild, impassioned manner, Maud listening, with a half-frightened, half-pitying look in her sweet face, and now and then, I could see, trying to soothe and comfort her excited visitor. They neither of them saw me, and for a minute or two I watched them unobserved; then the unknown, suddenly turning, revealed to my astonished eyes the beautiful features of Mrs. Cameron, now distorted by jealousy and pain, while her fine eyes seemed to gleam with an unnatural light. Though watching them, I could not overhear their conversation; nor did I care to do so, for, although surprised at seeing Mrs. Cameron, I thought she could tell Maud nothing she did not already know, or that would render my interference necessary. What passed between them Maud related to me afterward; and as I think it will tend to make my narrative clearer, I relate it at the time it occurred, as if I had myself been present. Maud had gone out alone that morning, as I said, and was wending her way toward her favorite seat, which was on that side of the river farthest from the house, and, be it remembered, on the opposite bank to that on which I stood watching them. She had crossed a little rustic bridge a few hundred yards from where she now stood, and had arrived at the Robber's Leap, as the narrow part of the river is here described was called—from some old family tradition, I believe—when a lady, very handsomely attired, though her dress bore evident marks of wear and travel on it, stepped out from among the trees, and advancing toward her, said,

'Am I right in supposing I am addressing Miss Meares?'

'I am Miss Meares, certainly,' replied Maud, rather taken by surprise. 'But you have the advantage of me, as I can not remember ever having met you before.'

'Neither have you,' answered the stranger. 'I come from a far land, lady, to beg you to do me a favor and save yourself from a life of shame and trouble.'

Maud tossed her head with her old proud, impatient grace.

'I do not understand you,' she said. 'Trouble we must all have in this life—God sends it for our good, if we look at it rightly, and not for our punishment—but only sin brings shame; and, through God's grace helping me, the stain of disgrace shall never rest on my name through any act of mine.'

'O lady, beautiful, cold, proud English lady,' cried this strange visitor, and Maud fancied her voice and accent had a foreign unfamiliar sound, 'have you ever loved? Do you know what it is to have one man enthroned in your heart—his love the sole earthly good you covet, his smile dearer to you than the summer sunlight, the lingering tones of his voice pleasanter to your ear than the most enchanting music? Do you know what it is to dream of him by night and watch for his step by day—to feel, the morning his presence is not with you, blacker and sadder than the gloom of the wild monsoon? Have you loved like this, lady, and then felt that another eye, brighter perhaps than yours, a smile more sparkling and mirthful, was drawing the heart you loved, the one treasure you craved for, from you? Do you know what it is to suffer thus?'

'Poor thing,' Maud answered, tenderly, 'it is indeed a fearful fate that you describe. The man who could treat you thus is not worthy of you. Give your love only to the noble and true, it will never be thrown back as a worthless gift into your bosom. A true heart knows always the value of a true love, even when it can not return it, it sees the worth of the prize and is grateful. If a poor soul, have been deceived by the glitter of a mere affection, your fate is indeed sad; but what can I do to help you? An empty pity is worthless, and you have desired something from me if you can so far to see me.'

and she felt that her strength was no match for the frenzied force of the madwoman.

'Wait a minute,' she said calmly, while every pulse beat wildly. 'I can not go into the water with her boots on; I dislike the feeling of wet leather so much. You must allow me to sit down and unlace them first; and I should advise you to do the same, that then we may go alike.'

She had not seen me on the other side as she made this excuse to gain time; it was only with the faint hope the maniac might accede to her request, and help might arrive before she had finished, that she suggested it.

The madwoman happily appeared to approve of the proposal, for she sat down also and prepared to remove her boots.

In the mean time I, on the opposite side, had been alarmed by the strangeness of their actions, and had at last partly guessed the woman's intention. Their lust act puzzled me; still there was no time to be lost. The bridge was some way off; was it possible to leap the river? In that part it was but fourteen feet or so. At its narrowest a good leaper could do it easily, and in my young days I had been accounted one of the best; besides tradition told me it had been done before. At any rate the case was one of life or death; I must try. The place at which the leap was most practicable about a hundred yards from where the two ladies were. Mrs. Cameron had already risen to her feet, and was holding out her hand to Maud, who lingered over the unlacing of her dainty Balmorals. I took this in at a glance as I went back a few yards for a run. As I came down to the leap Mrs. Cameron perceived me, and cried wildly,

'He shall not save you! Come! You shall not live to be happy with Edward when I am gone!' Seizing Maud—who, seeing me, remained seated, and clinging with the strength of despair to the herbage around—she dragged her toward the edge.

There was not much time to spare. As I cleared the river and landed safely on their side, Maud was but three yards from the overhanging cliff; but she had caught hold of a small sapling with one hand and held for her life. At my best speed I ran toward them. Never even in my school days had I got over the ground so fast; but Maud's strength had failed her, and she was already on the edge. One spring more, and I grasped her dress as the maniac, pulling her fiercely forward, sprang off the bank into the chasm below. Maud was carried over the edge by that last wild effort, but the dress held firm for an instant, though it seemed to give way in every direction; the next minute I had my arm round her, and drew her on the bank, scarcely looking in my agony at the rings of light floating wide over the spot where the wretched madwoman had sunk.

As soon as I had placed Maud in safety I returned again to the water. A little way down the river I saw for an instant the poor woman's light dress floating, but before I could get to the spot it had sunk again. Hastily I threw off my coat and plunged in, but had scarcely done so when she rose a little way farther down. I followed, but she again sank out of sight; though I dived again and again, and spent a long time in search of the body, it was in vain, and I was at last compelled to desist until I could send men with drags to continue the search. I then returned to where I had left Maud, and found her quite unconscious. She had borne up bravely while the danger lasted, but the sudden revulsion of feeling on finding herself safe had overpowered her. I carried her to the house, and leaving her in charge of my mother, hurried back with the necessary men and implements to continue the search. After many hours fruitless anxiety and toil darkness forced us to leave off; and though we continued for several days seeking the body it was never found. We supposed the current had carried it down to the Severn, and that in the depths of that river it had been lost beyond all hope of recovery.

This was the fate of the lovely and unfortunate woman who had been so foolishly trustful as to repose confidence in the faith and love of such a man Captain Cameron. I, who had seen her in her beauty and confidence, felt deep pity for her sad end, and it only added on more motive to try

now to bestow on me; but they say love begets love, and mine is so true, so faithful, that I know some day I shall have yours in return. With that hope I will be content if you will give yourself to me, trusting one who knows the state of your heart, yet longs only for you. I shall have no fear of the result. You shall never, while I live, repent the day when you yielded to my entreaties.'

'Impossible,' she said again, trying to release herself. 'I can not marry without love, and that is dead in me forever. Leave me, I entreat you, Major Cairnsford. You can not think how it grieves me to deny you anything; but this can not be.'

But I was half mad with despair, and held her hands as she tried to withdraw them.

'I will not give you up!' I cried. 'I have lived a solitary life from my youth, and now when the cup of happiness seemed about to be presented to me, it is to be dashed from my lips? Is there no way in which I can move you, nothing that can induce you to alter your determination?'

'Nothing, Mr. Major Cairnsford,' she answered, rather haughtily; 'and I must insist on your leaving me. You are not acting like yourself, and are annoying and paining me more than I ever thought you would do.'

'Then go,' I cried, releasing her hand, and stepping from her. 'Go, since you are so cold-hearted that all my passionate prayers and pleadings can not persuade you to reward the man whom you yourself assert has saved your life.'

It was a mean speech, and I felt it to be so at the time; but despair forced it from me, in the vague hope that it might induce her to reconsider her resolution. She stopped, looked at me fixedly for a minute, and then answered,

'If you claim my life as due to you because saved by you, I give it, having no right to withhold it; only I did not know you sought it on those terms.'

At that moment she despised me. I heard it in her tone; but I was like a shipwrecked mariner perishing from thirst, who drinks of the salt water around him, and dies mad from the fatal draught. I leaned breathlessly forward.

'That way, or any way,' I cried; 'I have your promise. You will love me in time, my own one, if devotion like mine can gain affection, as people say it can.'

She shrank a little from me as I drew her toward me, and said, faintly,

'Only give me a little time. It is so sudden, and I was unprepared. You will give me a year, will you not? Surely you will not ask me to marry you for a year? She drew back a little from me as she said this, and pressed her trembling hand to her forehead, saying, as if to herself, 'His friend! Have you forgotten so soon? I can never forget.'

There was intense pain in her tone, reproach to me, who dared utter words of love to her; reproach to herself, if she had in any way, by word or deed, encouraged my infatuation. But I was blind and mad, and cried, bitterly,

'O love, let the dead bury their dead! We are young and strong, and have years of life before us. Shall we pass them in lonely misery because death has carried off the best and noblest? My love is as true and earnest as his was, though I can never be loved as he; yet what I desire, what I pray for, is that the love he won, and might, had he lived, have worn so proudly. No; I crave only what remains, the last faint embers of a fire too sacred to burn afresh on another shrine. The year you ask I should be heartless indeed to refuse; till then I will wait in patient hope, having faith that my love will win yours at last.'

And so it was settled. I knew by the tone of her voice that she hoped long ere the year had passed I would have forgotten her; but I felt that, even had my love been less deep than it was, such a woman, once known, could never be forgotten. She was so different from the girls one meets generally in society—so gay, yet so tender, so fearless, yet so gentle, so careless of herself, so true to others. I said nothing of this to her, but urged her to remain with her parents at Cairns till I should again see her; for I had made up my mind at once to return for that weary year to my regiment in India, to try among its wildest scenery to pass away the

few charms when I reflected how many weary months lay between me and happiness. One slight chill my bright dreams did receive, it is true, though it affected me little at the time—in fact, only afforded me a faint and half-contemptuous sensation of amusement.

We were doing the Pyramids, as is the custom of travelers in this land. I went along with others. I had seen them before, but to avoid singularity went in for them a second time. When there I roamed away from my party, and occupied myself picturing what Maud (so I called her in my thoughts with consciousness of right) might be doing in the old house at Cairns. I was sitting on a block of stone lying at some little distance from the Great Pyramid on the golden sand of the desert. I had selected this position as commanding a good view collectively of those monuments of man's skill and patience, and mused, as I have said, while smoking and gazing absently on the wondrous scene. Suddenly there arose before me, I know not how, an old withered hag, such an object as is never seen out of an Arab village, and that makes one wonder if it could ever have been young, graceful, and fawn like as the maidens one sees moving about the same encampment with water-jugs on their heads and soft gazelle-like eyes.

'You are happy now, noble Sir,' she croaked, in her hoarse guttural Arabic; 'happy as a dream. But joy is like dew; it fades before the morning. Shall I tell your excellency's fortune?'

The sound of her words had a mournful ring in them that jarred on my golden visions. I shook myself impatiently.

'There,' I said, throwing her a few piasters; 'I know my fortune. You could tell me no better. Leave me now.'

She gathered the coins up eagerly enough, but answered:

'If I tell you your fortune now, noble Sir, it may save you many a bitter hour afterward. The bright morning sun does not always betoken a glorious mid-day, and many a fair rose-bud is cankered ere it blooms.'

'What is it you want with me?' I answered. 'I have given you money. Can not you leave me?'

'The money is very welcome,' she replied, 'and the Arab woman does not refuse it; but because your face is fair and your hand open, she would tell you a little of what lies behind the veil of the future, that when the hour comes the blow may be less overwhelming.'

'Say on, then, good woman,' I replied, carelessly, feeling that it was quite hopeless to try and get rid of her while she thought she had anything to communicate. 'Not that I believe in the fortune you tell me,' I added. 'for mine is clear and open, one that those who run may read, but because you seem to wish it, I allow you.'

'Yes, yes,' she replied; 'your future indeed seems to lie before you clear and open—an ancient name, a princely fortune, a fair wife who does not yet love you best of all, but may, and most likely will, do so when love has time to beget love. All that you have before you now, and you think it will only grow brighter with years; but the old Arab woman sees more. She sees a miserable slave toiling in a far-distant country; he has been straight and tall as you, but in face far fairer—such a face as women love to look on. Toil and pain and grief have bent his stalwart form and lined his broad open brow, but yet he shall step between you and happiness, and mar your fortunes. Be wise, be warned in time. Return to your own country and watch over your love.'

Sue turned to go, but I, half amused, half frightened at I knew not what vague danger her words seemed to point to, called on her to stop.

'Tell me, where is he, and who is he, this slave of whom you speak? My race are not wont to fear slaves.'

'True,' she answered, without looking back, and gliding away more nimbly than I could have believed possible—'true; yet they may fear this one, for he is one who will return from the dead.'

As she uttered the last word she disappeared suddenly behind a rocky bowlder, and when I rose to look for her, excited even out of my calm laziness by her mystic and

nection with me or with any one else. You may as well take this advice in a friendly spirit and be guided by it, as otherwise I shall get you kicked out of the regiment in a way that you will not like. I know a little more about you than the other fellows, and caution you for your good.'

Cameron literally glared at me for a minute or two, then thinking discretion the better part of valor, turned on his heel and walked off.

'Take care you do not get a knife in your back some dark night, Carinstord,' said Solace, looking up from his paper; 'that fellow looks as if he would do for you.'

'Pooh!' I answered. 'I do not think he has daring enough to put a fellow out of the way; he is too great a coward, and dreads being found out. By-the-by, didn't you tell me Eames was selling out? Who is looking for the step? Will it do you any good?'

Certainly the climate does not agree with me, for I had not been five months back at A—before the doctors found it necessary to order me a complete change of air. They wished me to return home; but that I had determined not to do till my term of probation had expired, and therefore adopted the other alternative they prescribed, which was to go up to the hills, far up into a really cool climate, and there pass my time until I found my health re-established. This plan suited me well enough. I was desirous of going after big game among the hills, and determined to strike out quite a new line of my own in the wildest and least known part of the Himalays. My preparations did not take long to make; I did not wish to have too much roughing, so took some natives to carry ammunition, tent, and baggage, with a few other little luxuries I did not care to be without; and last, but not least, I brought with me my trusty soldier-servant, Adams, a man who had been in my service almost ever since I had joined, and who was not only active and enterprising, but understood the ways of the natives much better than is at all usual among that class of men.

I am not going to give a detailed account of all my ramblings; indeed I think far too much space is already occupied by my personal adventures; but it would be almost impossible to relate events, so as to give a correct idea of them, without a strong admixture of unavoidable egotism.

Day by day we penetrated farther into the mountains, and our success in hunting was very fair—one or two splendid bearskins still attest our luck; but our trophies would doubtless have been far more numerous but for the incident I am about to relate.

One evening we found ourselves near a large and populous village—town I suppose I ought to call it—inhabited by a people who seemed hardly to understand any men's dialect, and who evidently had seen few white people before. My men declared that they appeared to have heard very little of our victorious English nation, and did not seem to feel the awe they should have done at beholding representatives of so powerful an empire.

Adams did not think it prudent to remain near them; they looked with such covetous eyes on our arms and implements, of which, however, they did not know the power or the use; so that I felt safe in the pleasant conviction that the discharge of my revolver would put to flight an army of them. As it was not convenient to go farther that night I camped in a pleasant valley outside the town, and sent a messenger to their chief of head man that I would pay him a visit next morning. He appeared inclined to be friendly and responded to this by sending me a goat and a bag of rice, which furnished a good supper to my whole party—rather a happy circumstance as we had but little game with us that night, and would otherwise have been on short commons.

Next morning I was still early, and by way of passing the time till ten o'clock, when the great man held his levee, I determined to stroll through the town, and see what kind of a place it was, and how the inhabitants lived. I found the houses well and strongly built—I suppose on account of the cold at night, which is often very intense—but the

to do me a favor and save yourself from a life of shame and trouble."

Maud tossed her head with her old proud, imputant grace.

"I do not understand you," she said. "Trouble we must all have in this life—God sends it for our good, if we look at it rightly, and not for our punishment—but only sin brings shame; and, through God's grace helping me, the stain of disgrace shall never rest on my name through any act of mine."

"O lady, beautiful, cold, proud English lady," cried this strange visitor, and Maud fancied her voice and accent had a foreign unfamiliar sound, "have you ever loved? Do you know what it is to have one man enthroned in your heart—his love the sole earthly good you covet, his smile dearer to you than the summer sunlight, the lingering tones of his voice pleasanter to your ear than the most enchanting music? Do you know what it is to dream of him by night and watch for his step by day—to feel, the morning his presence is not with you, blacker and lonelier than the gloom of the wild monsoon? Have you loved like this, lady, and then felt that another eye, brighter perhaps than yours, a smile more sparkling and mirthful, was drawing the heart you loved, the one treasure you craved for, from you? Do you know what it is to suffer thus?"

"Poor thing," Maud answered, tenderly, "it is indeed a fearful fate that you describe. The man who could treat you thus is not worthy of you. Give your love only to the noble and true, it will never be thrown back as a worthless gift into your bosom. A true heart knows always the value of a true love, and even when it can not return it, it sees the worth of the prize and is grateful. If you, poor soul, have been deceived by the tinsel glitter of a mock affection, your fate is indeed sad; but what can I do to help you? For empty pity is worthless, and you must have desired something from me if you came so far to see me."

"But you love him," the woman cried, angrily, "and he is not noble and true, as you fancy. It is he who has loved me who now desires to marry you; he is deceiving you, for I am his wife—his lawful wife, do you hear? He destroyed my certificate, or I would show it to you. O lady, dear lady, for your sake, for mine, have nothing to say to him!"

Maud guessed now who her visitor was, and to whom she alluded, and saw that the poor creature was almost, if not quite, crazed, and she answered gently,

"I know you are his wife, if you refer to Captain Cameron, and I promise you solemnly on my word as a lady to have nothing to do with him. But will you tell me how you came here? I thought you were in India."

"I could not rest in India," she replied. "I knew that he intended coming to England this year to marry you—he told me so. I thought I would seek you out, and you were kind and wise and good as they say English girls are. I would tell you my story and get you to take pity on me. I sold my land and sold, and raised money in different ways until I had enough to pay my passage over. He had got tired of coming to see me—he said I died him—so I had heard nothing from or of him for a long time, and without his knowledge. And now I have reached my point, you have heard my story and pitied me, but what am I the better for? He will never love me again, and it would be better I was sleeping quietly beneath that dark water. And so I will!"

She made a step forward; then she stopped. "If I did, your promise will not hold, and he will marry you. No, you must go too, then we shall rest together, and I shall be happy. Come, lady, come! It looks dark and cold; but none can disturb us there, and our sleep will be sweet."

She seized Maud's hand as she spoke, and drew her toward the edge. For one instant her natural impulse was to struggle, and she tried to wrest herself away; but the dangerous fire began to glitter in the maniac's eyes,

on the edge. One spring more, and I grasped her dress as the maniac, pulling her fiercely forward, sprang off the bank into the chasm below. Maud was carried over the edge by that last wild effort, but the dress held firm for an instant, though it seemed to give way in every direction; the next minute I had my arm round her, and drew her on the bank, scarcely looking in my agony at the rings of light floating wide over the spot where the wretched madwoman had sunk.

As soon as I had placed Maud in safety I returned again to the water. A little way down the river I saw for an instant the poor woman's light dress floating, but before I could get to the spot it had sunk again. Hastily I threw off my coat and plunged in, but had scarcely done so when she rose a little way farther down. I followed, but she again wauk out of sight; though I dived again and again, and spent a long time in search of the body, it was in vain, and I was at last compelled to desist until I could send men with drags to continue the search. I then returned to where I had left Maud, and found her quite unconscious. She had borne up bravely while the danger lasted, but the sudden revulsion of feeling on finding herself safe had overpowered her. I carried her to the house, and leaving her in charge of my mother, hurried back with the necessary men and implements to continue the search. After many hours fruitless anxiety and toil darkness forced us to leave off; and though we continued for several days seeking the body it was never found. We supposed the current had carried it down to the Severn, and that in the depths of that river it had been lost beyond all hope of recovery.

This was the fate of the lovely and unfortunate woman who had been so foolishly trustful as to repose confidence in the faith and love of such a man Captain Cameron. I, who had seen her in her beauty and confident affection, felt deep pity for her sad end, and it only added one more motive to the many that actuated me in my hatred to Captain Cameron.

When I returned to the house that evening, Maud was alone in the library. On seeing me she came frankly toward me, saying,

"Major Cairnsford, I can never thank you as I ought for having saved me from that unhappy woman. I owe you my life, and I hope you may not find me ungrateful. How can I show you my gratitude—words are so feeble?"

"If you really feel that I have done you a service, you can do me a great favor by staying longer with us," I answered, feeling, as I took her hand and gazed down on her sweet, earnest face, that the moment was at last come, and that I should never have a better opportunity of pleading my cause than at that minute.

"If you really wish it," she replied, "I will ask mamma to stay; but I am afraid you will have more than enough of us. We have already been here so long, you will repent ever having asked us to the house."

She said this gayly, and turned, laughing, to her work that she had laid on the sofa; but I caught her hands and drew her towards me saying,

"But I want you to live here always as the mistress; then, seeing her face flush as she tried to draw herself away, I continued,

"O Maud, have you not seen that I love you? You will not refuse me. I have waited so patiently; but now I must speak. I have been too near losing you to-day to restrain myself any longer."

"Major Cairnsford," she replied, "I am so sorry, very sorry. I can not, indeed I can not, do this for you, though I feel I owe my life to you." Then she continued, with a burst of passionate feeling, "Can you not feel, can you not understand, why I will not marry you? Esteem and honor you as a true friend I do, and ever shall do, but love I can not, and you ought not, must not, ask it of me."

"Alas!" I answered, "I feel only too keenly that love such as I give you is not yours

as I give a peep into it can. She shrank a little from me as I drew her toward me, and said, faintly, "Only give me a little time. It is so sudden, and I was unprepared. You will give me a year, will you not? Surely you will not ask me to marry you for a year?" She drew back a little from me as she said this, and pressed her trembling hand to her forehead, saying, as if to herself, "His friend! Have you forgotten so soon? I can never forget."

There was intense pain in her tone, reproach to me, who dared utter words of love to her; reproach to herself, if she had in any way, by word or deed, encouraged my infatuation. But I was blind and mad, and cried, bitterly,

"O love, let the dead bury their dead! We are young and strong, and have years of life before us. Shall we pass them in lonely misery because death has carried off the best and noblest? My love is as true and earnest as his was, though I can never be loved as he; yet what I desire, what I pray for, is that the love he won, and might, had he lived, have worn so proudly. No; I crave only what remains, the last faint embers of a fire too sacred to burn afresh on another shrine. The year you ask I should be heartless indeed to refuse; till then I will wait in patient hope, having faith that my love will win yours at last."

And so it was settled. I knew by the tone of her voice that she hoped long ere the year had passed I would have forgotten her; but I felt that, even had my love been less deep than it was, such a woman, once known, could never be forgotten. She was so different from the girls one meets generally in society—so gay, yet so tender, so fearless, yet so gentle, so careless of herself, so true to others. I said nothing of this to her, but urged her to remain with her parents at Cairns till I should again see her; for I had made up my mind at once to return for that weary year to my regiment in India, to try among its wildest scenery to pass away the time that appeared endless to my longing heart.

But here also my persuasions were of little avail. One promise only could I exact from Maud; it was that she and her parents should remain a month longer with my mother and sisters before launching themselves upon the dismal ocean of London.

A day or two after this I left home again, with a sad heart, but a bright hope before me. After all, what was a year? But a short time indeed to those who hope—an eternity to those for whom hope is dead, or in whom fear reigns in its stead. And I had no fear. I knew that, next to the dead, I possessed my darling's esteem, and that none could displace me. What cause had I, then, to be sad? I asked myself, as we bounded merrily over the sparkling wavelets of the summer sea. I was a lucky fellow, after all. Only for this year, this hateful year! But I will go up to the hills, and while it away as best I might, hunting big game there, whose skins would furnish trophies I might proudly lay at my bright love's feet on my return. So I built castles in the air, watching the curling smoke of my cigars through those golden days, while we sped onward toward Alexandria.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE HILLS.

Our passage to Alexandria was stormy a good part of the way, and we were a little behind time. Most of the passengers, I fancy, were glad when they heard the confused Babel of sounds that welcome the arrival of the steamers in that ancient and dirty town. As for me, I cared little. It mattered nothing where I spent my year of probation; discomfort annoyed me very slightly when I could think of my love's fair sweet face and sunny hair, and comfort had

because your face is fair and your hand open, she would tell you a little of what lies behind the veil of the future, that when the hour comes the blow may be less overwhelming."

"Say on, then, good woman," I replied, carelessly, feeling that it was quite hopeless to try and get rid of her while she thought she had anything to communicate. "Not that I believe in the fortune you tell me," I added. "For mine is clear and open, one that those who run may read, but because you seem to wish it, I allow you."

"Yes, yes," she replied; "your future indeed seems to lie before you clear and open—an ancient name, a princely fortune, a fair wife who does not yet love you best of all, but may, and most likely will, do so when love has time to beget love. All that you have before you now, and you think it will only grow brighter with years; but the old Arab woman sees more. She sees a miserable slave toiling in a far-distant country; he has been straight and tall as you, but in face far fairer—such a face as women love to look on. Toil and pain and grief have bent his stalwart form and lined his broad open brow, but yet he shall step between you and happiness, and mar your fortunes. Be wise, be warned in time. Return to your own country and watch over your love."

She turned to go, but I, half amused, half frightened at I knew not what vague danger her words seemed to point to, called on her to stop.

"Tell me, where is he, and who is he, this slave of whom you speak? My race are not wont to fear slaves."

"True," she answered, without looking back, and gliding away more nimbly than I could have believed possible—"true; yet they may fear this one, for he is one who will return from the dead."

As she uttered the last word she disappeared suddenly behind a rocky bowlder, and when I rose to look for her, excited even out of my calm laziness by her mystic and ominous words, she was gone. Nowhere could I find her; only on the sultry desert air the words seemed to hang, pervading every sight and sound, "he will return from the dead."

For a minute I stood stupid; then the ludicrous aspect of the situation struck me, and I laughed as I said to myself, "How all our fellows would laugh if they heard this old hag's prophecy! Thank Heaven, our women are not like these degraded Easterns, and good looks do not always carry the day even among the most ordinary of them." I turned off to rejoin our party; but on the way back, as we cantered along on our little nimble donkeys, I could hardly refrain from a hearty laugh, angry though I really felt, when I thought how wonderfully the old witch had mistaken the nature and manners of our Northern clime. Nothing remarkable occurred during the rest of our way out, and in due course of time I arrived at Alexandria.

Our fellows were astonished to see me back again so soon; but I was glad to see that Cameron had lost ground instead of gaining it during my absence; now hardly any of our best set would speak to him. To make matters worse for him, the colonel, as soon as he heard that all chance of Cameron's marrying the heiress was at an end, began to perceive his mean sneaky ways, to be less liberal of leave and more of hard work, so that altogether the man's life had altered for the worse.

He scowled savagely at me the first time we met, and said:

"I hope you are satisfied with the mischief you have done me with your tales; at any rate, I am glad of one thing—you have not got the reward you hoped. The heiress is no heiress now, and you can not profit by the ill you have done. I dare say, for the matter of that, she would be glad enough to have you, but it would not suit your book now."

"I should advise you, Captain Cameron, to leave Miss Meares' name alone, either in con-

correct idea of them, without a strong admixture of unavoidable egotism.

Day by day we penetrated farther into the mountains, and our success in hunting was very fair—one or two splendid bearkins still attest our luck; but our trophies would doubtless have been far more numerous but for the incident I am about to relate.

One evening we found ourselves near a large and populous village—town I suppose I ought to call it—inhabited by a people who seemed hardly to understand any men's dialect, and who evidently had seen few white people before. My men declared that they appeared to have heard very little of our victorious English nation, and did not seem to feel the awe they should have done at beholding representatives of so powerful an empire.

Adams did not think it prudent to remain near them; they looked with such covetous eyes on our arms and implements, of which, however, they did not know the power or the use; so that I felt safe in the pleasant conviction that the discharge of my revolver would put to flight an army of them. As it was not convenient to go farther that night, I camped in a pleasant valley outside the town, and sent a message to their chief or head man that I would pay him a visit next morning. He appeared inclined to be friendly and responded to this by sending me a goat and a bag of rice, which furnished a good supper to my whole party—rather a happy circumstance as we had but little game with us that night, and would otherwise have been on short commons.

Next morning I was astir early, and by way of passing the time till ten o'clock, when the great man held his levee, I determined to stroll through the town, and see what kind of a place it was, and how the inhabitants lived. I found the houses well and strongly built—I suppose on account of the cots at night, which is often very intense—but the streets were no exception to the general rule in Oriental towns, and were chiefly remarkable for the filthy state in which they were kept. The most noteworthy thing about the place seemed to be a large building that was being erected on a small hill just outside town. I went toward it, more from want of something to do than from any particular curiosity as I supposed it to be a palace for their chief or a temple for some god. There were gangs of slaves working at it, chained together by long heavy iron chains. The poor fellows seemed to find it hard work, toiling under the hot sun, weighed down with such ponderous manacles. I stopped and watched them with some pity, they were so bent, so thin, so wretched-looking. I scanned one face after another, and certainly their look was evil enough; but how could it be otherwise, leading such a life, with no whisper of hope or word of encouragement ever falling on the ear? The overseer or task-master, a big brutal-looking fellow, strolled from one gang to another, constantly bringing down his heavy whip with sounding lash on the shoulders of some offender, more, it seemed to me, for his own brutal pleasure than by cause punishment was at all called for. My eye traveled slowly down the gang before me, as they one by one glanced up at the strange figure before them. At length I reached the last man in the line, and a puzzled feeling came over me as to where I had seen a face like that of the slave before me. He was working away steadily, and I looked and wondered for a second or two before I remarked, with a curious sense of bewilderment, that, unlike all the rest of the gang, he was a white man. Yes, there could be no doubt about it, he belonged to my own race; perhaps it was that total difference in character of expression and feature that distinguished our race from others that had made me at first imagine I had seen before that thin sad face, deeply lined by suffering and toil, and half hidden by wild curling locks and long flowing beard.

To be continued.

Veterinary.

THE POSITION OF THE VETERINARY SURGEONS OF ONTARIO IN RELATION TO QUACKS.

To the Editor of the Free Press:

SIR,—I trust that the important relation which exists between the Veterinary Surgeons and the farmers of this Province will be a sufficient apology for my entering at some length into a consideration of their present status.

You are doubtless aware that the wide prevalence of quackery in the Veterinary art rendered it necessary for the Council of the Agricultural and Arts Association of Ontario, some years ago, to authorize the formation of a Veterinary College, with a competent staff of professors, in whom rested the power of licensing those who had gone through the requisite course of studies. This was done as much with a view to the protection of farmers as well as of elevating the profession in the eyes of the public, who had before nothing to guide their choice between the itinerant quack who hesitated not to place M.R.O.V.S. after his name, although he was often so illiterate as to be unable to tell what the magical letters meant or even to write his own name. There are at this present time scores of these quacks wandering through the country, earning a precarious living, and by their ignorant treatment of disease, bringing odium on a respectable profession. The most noticeable defect in the law with reference to the Veterinary College is that there is no adequate machinery provided for bringing the quacks to justice. Lawyers, doctors, dentists, &c., are duly protected in this respect, and the duly qualified veterinary surgeon should be placed on an equal footing, so that the farmer may no longer have his animals killed and his purse depleted by the ignorance of unlicensed quacks. There should be a provision in the law to compel all duly licensed Vets. to register at the Ontario College, and a list of those qualified should be published annually. The Licentiates of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons of England, and of similar colleges in other countries, should be entitled on producing proper credentials to a registration. The absence of such registration would be sufficient proof of imposture, and should bring the imposter to condign punishment. It is incumbent upon the College to take prompt steps to protect its members, and with an amended law and the appointment of a public prosecutor, whose special duty it would be to bring the unlicensed humbugs to justice, we might hope to place the profession in a better light before the public, as well as to protect the farmers and others from the losses sure to follow the operations of ignorant pretenders.

A VICTIM OF QUACK V. S.

Nov. 6, 1878.

A GOODLY TRIUMPH.

NOW A BODIE PARSON CLINCHED CHEROKEE JACK.

A Benoit, corrupted by a recent visit to Bodie, is ruining his soul by the relation of a sinful anecdote concerning Cherokee Jack, a Bodiean gambler, and a clergyman of that place. The parson was asking for subscriptions looking to the erection of a church for the ornamentation of the Bodie-landscape, and entered a saloon where the gambler was seated at a table, stirring a hot whiskey. The parson hailed him in this style:

"Mr. Jack, you're an ungodly, but, I believe, a generous man. Will you contribute something to the erection of a church in our midst?"

The gamblesome one thought deeply for a time, consumed half his punch, and made reply:

"I'll tell you what I'll do, parson. You were one o' the boys yourself onst, I've been told. Suppose we play a game o' seven up to see whether I give you \$10 or nothing."

A light, born of the recollection of other days, gleamed in the eyes of the holy man, and he lifted up his voice and cried aloud:

"It's a whack!"

They sat them down, these two, the godly and the sinful man, and cut for deal. The parson won and turned up a jack.

"Count one for the Lord," spoke the parson, and Cherokee begged.

Cocking.

GRAND COOK FIGHT.

We have received from one of our many Georgia friends, a large circular under the above caption, the contents of which are given below. It would afford us the greatest pleasure to be present to witness the sport, but as that is impossible, we hope some one of the readers of the Sportsman who do attend, will send us a report of the meeting. Following is the programme and premiums to be awarded:

At Blakely, Early county, Ga., Nov. 28th, 1878, will be one of the grandest cock fights ever seen in America. Cookers are especially invited to come and bring their choice cocks and enter them for the handsome premiums offered by the Early Co. Cocking Club. Those desiring to see cock-fighting are invited to attend and assured that they will see rare sport. Over 50 fights have already been arranged and some of the finest fights ever seen will take place, as the cocks are entered by some of the best cockers in America. As a large number of cocks will be shown, parties desiring to purchase games, will find a rare opportunity to select, and cockers who desire to sell will find purchasers here for their surplus stock. No entry fee for back fights. The premiums will be: 1st. The best fighting cock shown gold badge and cash, \$25. 2nd. The second best cock shown certificate of record and cash, \$15. 3rd. The third best cock shown certificate of record and fine pair gaffs, \$10. A citizens' purse will also be offered as a premium. The premiums to be distributed by a Committee, selected by the contestants, and who shall award according to the fighting qualities.

The pit will be elegantly arranged. Seats for all, and Police to keep order. Music by one of the best brass bands in the State. Cheap board for visitors from a distance, and camping ground secured for those who desire to camp. Everybody invited, especially those from Alabama and Florida, and those who wish to see cocking revived. Other amusements will be offered—Horse racing, etc. For further particulars, address Secretary, Early Co. Cocking Club, Blakely, Ga. Remember the day, Thursday, November 28th, 1878.—Sportsman.

CALIFORNIA STOCK-GAMBLING.

(From the San Francisco Bulletin.)

During the recent stock excitement there have been many instances where parties owning lots and small homesteads have sold them, and have invested the money in mining stocks. In rare instances the parties may have made a temporary gain. In most instances they have lost. There is nothing in the condition of the stock market which will warrant any man in selling a homestead or a lot in order to invest the proceeds in stocks. The homestead is a certain and tangible thing. It may increase in value slowly, but it is the one thing which ought to take the precedence of all speculative investments. During stock excitement the attention of thousands is drawn away from real-estate, and they come to think lightly of the slow gains which come from holding on to land. It is to be noted also that many of those who have made large sums in mining-stocks put a large part of their gains into real-estate. There have been instances recently where women have sold the single lot which they owned, in order to obtain money for stock speculations. They will probably find themselves at the end of twelve months without land and without stocks.

ARE THEY MISTAKES.

A question has been raised as to whether many of the deaths which have been foisted by some means or other on to dogs are not owing to a totally different cause. The most recent case, traced by the medical authorities to hydrophobia, but when a non-medical, but seemingly equally sensible man ascribed to lockjaw, is reported from Dee, Kent, where a man named Thomas Riches died a few days ago, owing, it is said, to the bite of a dog, which, however, was never known before or since to be mad, and which he received two years ago. Dr. Chittenden, of New York, was called in after the man had been taken ill one day, and he pronounced it to be a case of hydrophobia beyond medical aid. Another physician also stated that the symptoms could only be traced to the bite of some rabid animal. The coroner said he was afraid dogs had to answer for a great deal more than they had anything to do with. In his humble opinion the man was suffering from lockjaw rather than hydrophobia, but they could not put aside the opinion of two physicians with such

RAISING GAME COCKS.

THE WAY IT IS DONE IN PHILADELPHIA—AN OLD MAN WHO BREEDS MORE GAME CHICKENS THAN ANYBODY ELSE, AND WHERE HE SIPS THEM TO AND WHAT THEY SELL FOR—WHERE MAINS ARE HELD.

(From the Philadelphia Times, Oct. 23.)

A little old man who lives in an old-fashioned house on Callowhill street, and whose ostensible business is the manufacture of buckskin gloves, is the most expert and extensive game-cock breeder in the world. He has nearly reached four-score, but his head is well covered with hair that is yet black and his eye is undimmed by the years that have fallen lightly upon him. But for sixty years he has been engaged in raising and fighting cocks, and his breed is known wherever cock-fighting is carried on, and he does quite a business in shipping game chickens not only to all parts of the United States, but to Great Britain, and his consignment shows that fowls of his raising have been taken to Australia. It was only a pair that went to that far country, however, but the old man points with pride to the report of their arriving in Sydney and the subsequent victories—some ten in number—that the yellow-legged Berkley won over the crack fighters of Melbourne. All which were published at length in the Australian papers. The old chicken-raiser bears the name of Ashford, and he hails from Somersetshire, England, where he learned the business from Marshall & Douglass, famous chicken-fanciers in the days when cock-fighting was a recognized sport in Great Britain, and the S. P. O. A.'s had no existence.

There is one thing about cock-fighting which commends it to the sporting man, and that is its almost absolute fairness. The birds fight if they can get together and there is no holding them back, and the gamest and strongest chicken must win.

PREPARING THE BIRD FOR BATTLE.

The only trickery that can exist is in gaffing, that is in putting the steel spurs on the chicken, with which he is always armed before being sent to battle. The gaffs must be of the same size, and they range from two and a half to three and a half ins. long. When a man is about to begin, two pairs of equal size are put on the table, and the men handling the birds pitch for choice. After that they take choice alternately. The cocks are brought to the pit in bags and their spurs sawed off, leaving a stump just long enough to retain the ring to which the sharp, cruel weapon is attached, and the clever "gaffer," if he can get an opportunity, just before the bird is thrown in, has a chance to do a little bit of swindling. He places a "shore up" on the stump of the natural spur before the artificial one is put on. This "shore up" is a wooden ring that carries the gaff out over half an inch and gives its wearer an immense advantage over its antagonist. It is covered by the straps which hold the gaff to its place, and is therefore difficult, in fact impossible, to detect its presence except by a close examination.

Up in Kensington, not a thousand squares from Beach and Hanover streets, stand the Bolivar House, where one Dixon handles fowls and directs the progress of mains. In that old house some of the most sanguinary ornithological discussions have taken place that this country has ever known. Cock-fighting history that is presumptively truthful, relates how one time in London one hundred battles took place, lasting for thirty-eight hours, without intermission, resulting in the slaughter of eighty cocks, the fatal wounding of a score of others and the maiming of all the rest, except twenty-two. This was the greatest cocking main ever held, and it is told how fifty thousand guineas changed hands and a young nobleman who was ruined by the defeat straightway went and hanged himself. As the last statement is not properly a part of the history of cock-fighting, it may be taken with grains of allowance.

THE FOLKS WHO GO TO COCK FIGHTS.

Up at the Bolivar House and at another establishment away out on Ridge Road mains are often held, and perhaps it would be an interesting list that gave the names of some of the people who go there to look on and enjoy the sport, also to bet their money. There are a good many club men, some merchants, and all the sporting men who can get the "tip;" but as a rule it is only the better class of the sporting fraternity who can obtain admission. The writer in a journalistic relation to the event attended one of these chicken disputes recently, where there were present about fifty persons, over half of which number drove there in their own carriages. Dry Verzany was the tipple and Heins Victoria the brand of cigars that were consumed, while the chickens struggled for victory in the ten-foot pit below. These facts speak for the pecuniary relation of the witnesses to comfort—their presence spoke for their taste

THE SIZE AND STRAIN.

The cocks rarely grow to be larger than eight pounds—the average size is five, the best fighting weight is six. They are fed like barnyard fowls, and in summer are sent to "walk" in the country for change of air and grass. They stay there during the warm weather—one cock only to half a dozen or more hens. Two cocks left together would fight like the famous Kilkenny cats. During the summer they loose their feathers, and about the last of September they get a new set and are in fighting condition until the 1st of April.

Eggs from a respectable dealer for hatching are worth \$3 to \$5 a dozen. Cocks under six and a half pounds sell according to their breed from \$6 to \$12 each. A frequent winner has been sold for \$150. He met a cock shortly afterward that was smaller in size and untried in valor, and was killed by the youngster in twenty seconds. Cocks over six and a half pounds, called "Shake cocks," sell at from \$9 to \$10.

MRS. HITTLE'S MUSCLE.

Racine, Wis., can come out and claim one of the pluckiest, if not the pluckiest, little woman in the State. Her name is Barbara Hittle, and she lives on the west side of the city. Barbara has always been noted among the neighbors as being a woman of wonderful courage and pluck, and she never brought it into play and made a heroine of herself until Friday night, when she won a victory over two strong tramps. It seems tramps, beggars, etc., have been very annoying of late in the neighborhood where the lady referred to resides, but never tried to force things until on the evening above mentioned, when two burly ruffians made their appearance at Barbara's house, and asked for something to eat. They were invited in and a nice supper set before them, of which they partook freely. When they had finished they did not thank the kind hearted lady for her favor, but proceeded to take improper liberties with her. Did she call for help when the villains did so? Oh, no. She morely grasped a large oak-club that was lying near by, and with the first blow she knocked one of the fellows senseless on the floor, and mauled the other fellow unmercifully until he begged piteously for mercy, and the brave little woman ceased to beat him. Then she took the one she had knocked senseless and dragged him out of doors, where she soused him with a pail of slops that was standing near by, which soon brought him around, and he left in a hurry, as his companion had done previously. If there is a woman who could have done better than this in the State, it is a people would like to hear from her.

IS IT RINDERPEST?

(From the Washington Post.)

Considerable alarm is being felt by the citizens of Washington and the neighboring country over the destructive disease raging among the cows in this section, and great interest is manifested to ascertain whether it is really identical with the German rinderpest, the foot and mouth disease or another and less dreaded complaint. Dr. J. W. Gadsden, a veterinary surgeon of Philadelphia, has sent a communication to Health Officer Townshend, of this city, enquiring whether the rinderpest was prevalent in this section. He said he was one of the government inspectors in England during the great cattle plague of 1865-6, and advised that all cattle affected with it should be killed and burned. Dr. Townshend, in replying to Dr. Gadsden, said that he did not think the disease was rinderpest. He described the disease, as is expected, to be a species of lung fever, with such symptoms as blue, watery milk, the animal losing flesh rapidly, the milk drying up entirely, the supervention of fever; a copious discharge from the nose, and great suffering from difficulty of breathing and a loss of appetite. He also informed Dr. Gadsden that the article published in the Post calling the disease rinderpest was published without the knowledge or authority of the Health Office.

Notwithstanding Dr. Townshend's opinion, the impression that the cattle disease, now carrying off much cows in this section, is the German rinderpest is gaining ground, and some of the circumstances appear to be in favor of that impression against the health officer's opinion. The symptoms he gives as those of lung fever are also characteristic of the rinderpest. The disease is a terribly fatal one. Besides the cases on the north bank of the Potomac, there are very many certainly of pleuro-pneumonia in Alexandria, Fairfax, and contiguous counties in Virginia.

DEATH OF A CELEBRATED CRICKETER.

Another of the grand old Kent Eleven of

Miscellaneous.

Hens and turkeys are dying of some unknown but fatal disease in Colchester, Ont. The Galt dramatic club are happy. Their scenery was not destroyed by the late fire as at first supposed.

An Indian who has recently arrived from his hunting grounds at Quebec reports bears as unusually numerous.

The game fowl is generally conceded to bear the same relation to other fowls that the high bred race does to two equine species.

Among the recommendations of Cyprus is the quality of its 10,000 mules, which are considered the finest bred in the Levant.

Mr. Westbrook, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, Brantford, has given a complimentary supper to the Grand Trunk work shop employees.

A faithful watch dog belonging to Mr. John Brooks, of the township of Lowe, failed in attempt by burglars to enter the store last week.

An animal, part elk, with two living bodies and seven legs, was on exhibition at the Fair Grounds in Reno. This animal was captured in Washington Territory among a band of wild elks. It is about three year old, and weighs 1,000 pounds.

Mr. Stephen Palmer, grocer, of Brantford, purchased a goose on the market on Saturday, which, when its insides were taken out, preparatory to inserting the dressing, two fully developed hearts, also two gizzards and two livers, were among the intercal organs of this remarkable purchase. Wonderful, isn't it.

Attention is being called to the fact that the Glasgow Bank Directors, who so successfully and shamefully swindled the shareholders, were all prominent church members and leaders in charitable undertakings, and odium is being heaped on religion in consequence. This is not as it ought to be; scoundrels frequently assume religion as a cloak, but until they are found out the church cannot exclude them.

How beautiful is Science! A few days since an academician, rising in his place, made in a tone of the deepest earnestness the following announcement: "Gentlemen, it is with unpeakable satisfaction that I have the honor of informing you that, thanks to the most persevering efforts, Mr. P—, our correspondent of the Maritime Alps, has succeeded in inoculating a man with the mange of the dog, a cutaneous disease which thus far has seemed wholly incompatible with the human temperament." (Prolonged enthusiasm.)

Sir Richard Sutton, an eminent sporting baronet, son of one yet more famous, died lately. He owned Cambridge House, Piccadilly, long the residence of Lord Palmerston, and a great deal of London property. He succeeded a brother who became a Roman Catholic, but died childless, of whom his father had said that he would "give any one £10,000 who'd make John a sportsman," but John preferred to play the organ in a church at Bruges, and loathed dogs, guns, and stables to the last.

NOVEL METHOD OF CATCHING STURGEON.

Vice-Consul Gardner in his trade report on Poti gives an account of an ingenious method by which sturgeon are captured by fishermen at the mouth of the River Rioni during the Spring and Summer months. The process is simple in the extreme, yet difficult to describe and hard to believe. A strong line or lanyard about 100 feet in length, with short lines attached at a distance of six feet apart, and having a large hook at the end, very sharp but barbless; a small gourd is fastened to the back of each hook to keep it floating point downwards; these lines, hooks, and gourds are neatly arranged on the gunwale of a dug-out, or boat made from a single log, and run out quickly across the river, and are visited morning and evening. If a sturgeon in its passage down the river is picked up

sufficient proof of imposture, and should bring the impostor to condign punishment. It is incumbent upon the College to take prompt steps to protect its members, and with an amended law and the appointment of a public prosecutor, whose special duty it would be to bring the unlicensed humbugs to justice, we might hope to place the profession in a better light before the public, as well as to protect the farmers and others from the losses sure to follow the operations of ignorant pretenders.

A VICTIM OF QUACK V. S.

Nov. 6, 1878.

A GOODLY TRIUMPH.

NOW A BODIE PARSON CLINCHED CHEROKEE JACK.

A Renoite, corrupted by a recent visit to Bodie, is ruining his soul by the relation of a sinful anecdote concerning Cherokee Jack, a Bodiean gambler, and a clergyman of that place. The parson was asking for subscriptions looking to the erection of a church for the ornamentation of the Bodie landscape, and entered a saloon where the gambler was seated at a table, stirring a hot whiskey. The parson hailed him in this style:

"Mr. Jack, you are an ungodly, but, I believe, a generous man. Will you contribute something to the erection of a church in our midst?"

The gamblesome one thought deeply for a time, consumed half his punch, and made reply:

"I'll tell you what I'll do, parson. You were one of the boys yourself once, I've been told. Suppose we play a game o' seven up to see whether I give you \$10 or nothing."

A light, born of the recollection of other days, gleamed in the eyes of the holy man, and he lifted up his voice and cried aloud:

"It's a waak!"

They sat them down, these two, the godly and the sinful man, and cut for deal. The parson won and turned up a jack.

"Count one for the Lord," spoke the parson, and Cherokee begged.

"I'll give you one," said his reverence.

"It goes," said Jack.

"And that makes one for the devil," quoth the parson. But, behold, when at the end of the deal he took account of that which had come into his net, he spake:

"High, low, and the game added to my friend the Jack, scores four for the Lord."

"I'm buckin' agin a game that the devil can't help a fellow in," complained Cherokee, as the parson scored three on the next deal and went out. "When the feller you're playin' with puts the prayer hoodoo on the keards," he added, as he handed over the \$10, "there ain't no show for such as me."

ALL DOGS NOT BAD.

It is rather hard on dogs to call them 'our domestic wolves,' because they kill some sheep. They have saved the lives of myriads of sheep for every sheep they have killed; and but for their presence probably wolves would have eaten up both sheep and shepherds. The number of boys who steal fruit, and so forth, and injure orchards and gardens, is larger than it should be; yet do we not term all boys domestic destructives and thieves, and intimate that they ought to be killed. The number of men who commit murder is far from small, and not a few men are burglars, or fire-raisers, or swindlers, or forgers, or defaulters, or thieves, or 'rapists,' or highwaymen, or footpads, or mutilators, or rumpers, or till-tappers, or general offenders; and yet we do not denounce all men as social nuisances, and liberally provide for them the gallows and the grave. Indeed, it is not an easy matter to get even a murderer comfortably and amiably hanged, thought red-handed and in the act. Considering these things and their consequences, we should be charitable to the dog, for he at the most has only his share of that evil which belongs to all things in nature, animate and inanimate. He is an amiable animal if well treated, and should no more be denounced and destroyed than a horse, which kills many men and women and children every year, for a horse in a fight is a most destructive beast—and yet who will remove him on that account, or refuse to admit how useful he has been in steadily drawing the car of civilization?

been many instances where parties owning lots and small homesteads have sold them, and have invested the money in mining stocks. In rare instances the parties may have made a temporary gain. In most instances they have lost. There is nothing in the condition of the stock market which will warrant any man in selling a homestead or a lot in order to invest the proceeds in stocks. The homestead is a certain and tangible thing. It may increase in value slowly, but it is the one thing which ought to take the precedence of all speculative investments. During stock 'excitements' the attention of thousands is drawn away from real-estate, and they come to think lightly of the slow gains which come from holding on to land. It is to be noted also that many of those who have made large sums in mining-stocks put a large part of their gains into real-estate. There have been instances recently where women have sold the single lot which they owned, in order to obtain money for stock speculations. They will probably find themselves at the end of twelve months without land and without stocks.

ARE THEY MISTAKES.

A question has been raised as to whether many of the deaths which have been foisted by some means or other on to dogs are not owing to a totally different cause. The most recent case, traced by the medical authorities to hydrophobia, but when a non-medical, but seemingly equally sensible man ascribed to lockjaw, is reported from Dee, Kent, where a man named Thomas Riches died a few days ago, owing, it is said, to the bite of a dog, which, however, was never known before or since to be mad, and which he received two years ago. Dr. Chittenden, of Lee, was called in after the man had been taken ill one day, and he pronounced it to be a case of hydrophobia beyond medical aid. Another physician also stated that the symptoms could only be traced to the bite of some rabid animal. The coroner said he was afraid dogs had to answer for a great deal more than they had anything to do with. In his humble opinion the man was suffering from lock-jaw rather than hydrophobia, but they could not put aside the opinion of two physicians with such large hospital experience. After a short consultation, the jury found a verdict that hydrophobia was the cause of death.—*London Gazette.*

A FIGHT WITH A BEAR.

[Boise City (Idaho) Statesman.]

Charles Norton, who has been engaged in mining on the Boise river, near the junction of the north and middle branches of the river, had a very serious encounter with a bear last Saturday morning. He had gone on the top of a steep hill, and when near the summit had taken hold of a small tree to pull himself up so as to reconnoiter the valley beyond; where he had been accustomed to find deer, when a large she bear that was lying with her two cubs just on the other side of the bush, which concealed them, sprang upon him, seizing him by the under jaw and tearing the lower lip down, making an ugly wound. The front of the upper jaw-bone was also fractured just above the teeth, six of which were loosened and hung down with the fractured and detached portion of the jaw. Another fierce bite of the enraged animal lacerated the cheek and tore the scalp in several places. The right arm was also bitten through. In the scuffle, Norton and the bear both lost their equilibrium near the top of the hill, and together rolled down the steep hillside a distance of forty feet. Upon reaching the bottom they were about six feet apart, when Norton's dog was heard barking at the top of the hill where the cubs had been left. This attracted the attention of the bear, when Norton, who had had his gun strapped to him all the time managed to direct the muzzle against the rear portion of the brute, and reaching back cocked the piece and fired it. The ball passed lengthwise through the body of the animal and through the head, killing her instantly. Norton then made his way home, whence he was brought to the house of William Paxton in this city, where he was immediately attended by Dr. E. Smith, the physician who has charge of the patients in the county hospital. Dr. Smith restored the broken jaw and teeth to its place, sewed up the torn under lip and dressed the wounds, and has the patient in a fair way of recovery.

is thrown in. has a chance to do a little bit of swindling. He places a "shore up" on the stump of the natural spur before the artificial one is put on. This "shore up" is a wooden ring that carries the gaff out over half an inch and gives its wearer an immense advantage over its antagonist. It is covered by the straps which hold the gaff to its place, and is therefore difficult, in fact impossible, to detect its presence except by a close examination.

Up in Kensington, not a thousand squares from Beach and Hanover streets, stand the Bolivar House, where one Dixon hauls fowls and directs the progress of mains. In that old house some of the most sanguinary ornithological discussions have taken place that this country has ever known. Cock-fighting history that is presumptively truthful, relates how one time in London one hundred battles took place, lasting for thirty-eight hours, without intermission, resulting in the slaughter of eighty cocks, the fatal wounding of a score of others and the maiming of all the rest, except twenty-two. This was the greatest cocking main ever held, and it is told how fifty thousand guineas changed hands and a young nobleman who was ruined by the defeat straightway went and hanged himself. As the last statement is not properly a part of the history of cock-fighting, it may be taken with grains of allowance.

THE FOLKS WHO GO TO COCK FIGHTS.

Up at the Bolivar House and at another establishment away out on Kidge Road mains are often held, and perhaps it would be an interesting list that gave the names of some of the people who go there to look on and enjoy the sport, also to bet their money. There are a good many club men, some merchants, and all the sporting men who can get the "tip;" but as a rule it is only the better class of the sporting fraternity who can obtain admission. The writer in a journalistic relation to the event attended one of these chicken disputes recently, where there were present about about fifty persons, over half of which number drove there in their own carriages. Dry Verzany was the tipple and Keina Victoria the brand of cigars that were consumed, while the chickens struggled for victory in the ten-foot pit below. These facts speak for the pecuniary relation of the witnesses to comfort—their presence spoke for their taste and the liberal way in which money was staked for their interests in the battles.

"Cock-breeding is a right 'ard business; hit requires judgment, care, atlin' hattention. The fowls must be looked arter hall the time or they'd soon loose their breeds with two or three 'achin' of them." And then old Ashford went on to say that preparing the cock to fight, that is the preparatory training before a fight, was a secret as "undred of thousands of dollars couldn't buy from no breeder, 'cause hits a secret, don't you see?" His questioner fondled a much less sum, and did not bid for the information.

HOW GAME CHICKENS ARE RAISED.

However, the breeding of game chickens and all that relates to their daily existence, except getting them into fighting trim; the old gentleman readily explained. For the greater ease of explanation a pair will be taken and their treatment from their earliest hours reported as follows: A pair, cock and hen, are brought up by the natural course of incubation, and until they are three weeks old set to each other as the ordinary barn-yard fowl. Then the cock begins to display that imperious temper that distinguishes his kind, and will fight anything, and will even put his spurs to his mother or square off at the side of a house. He wants to fight. If he has brothers he sinks all fraternal affection before he is six weeks old, and enjoys a fight with his relation at all times and under any circumstances. All this he does before he is fully fledged; but directly his feathers grow his combativeness knows no limit, and he is separated from the males and sent to confinement with his sister. The hen, in proportion to the growth of the fighting propensities of her brother always becomes meeker and meeker. She will not fight at all. She never quarrels with her own sex; she never resents the insults of her imperious lord. If he is particularly overbearing she flies from him in terror. If she cannot get away she bears his maltreatment with a look of resentfulness entirely edifying. Until the cock becomes two years of age he is called a stag, and great care is taken to prevent him from engaging in a battle. But when he develops into a two-year-old, and his natural propensity is gratified in the pit, no pent-up Ulica contracts his powers, and he goes for his antagonist to win or die.

IS IT RINDERPEST?

(From the Washington Post.)

Considerable alarm is being felt by the citizens of Washington and the neighboring country over the destructive disease raging among the cows in this section, and great interest is manifested to ascertain whether it is really identical with the German rinderpest, the foot and mouth disease or another and less dreaded complaint. Dr. J. W. Gadsden, a veterinary surgeon of Philadelphia, has sent a communication to Health Officer Townshend, of this city, enquiring whether the rinderpest was prevalent in this section. He said he was one of the government inspectors in England during the great cattle plague of 1856, and advised that all cattle affected with it should be killed and buried. Dr. Townshend, in replying to Dr. Gadsden, said that he did not think the disease was rinderpest. He described the disease, as in expected, to be a species of lung fever, with such symptoms as blue, watery milk, the animal losing flesh rapidly, the milk drying up entirely, the suppurvention of fever; a copious discharge from the nose, and great suffering from difficulty of breathing and a loss of appetite. He also informed Dr. Gadsden that the article published in the Post calling the disease rinderpest was published without the knowledge or authority of the Health Office.

Notwithstanding Dr. Townshend's opinion, the impression that the cattle disease, now carrying off milk cows in this section, is the German rinderpest is gaining ground, and some of the circumstances appear to be in favor of that impression against the health officer's opinion. The symptoms he gives as those of lung fever are also characteristic of the rinderpest. The disease is a terribly fatal one. Besides the cases on the north bank of the Potomac, there are very many certainly of pleuro-pneumonia in Alexandria, Fairfax, and contiguous counties in Virginia.

DEATH OF A CELEBRATED CRICKETER.

Another of the grand old Kent Eleven of half a century back has left us, says the London Globe, and Mr. Walter Mynn's place knows him no more, after having passed the threescore years and ten by five years. He was elder brother to Mr. Alfred Mynn, the celebrated bowler, whose longstop he always was in Kent matches in the days when the ground behind the crickets was not kept like a lawn as it now is, and very hard work it must have been. The Mynns were a family of giants, descendants of an old German family of ten hundred years' standing, all the sons being over six feet in height, and the daughters of very tall stature, and remarkable for their beauty. Mr. Walter Mynn's affection for his brother Alfred was extreme; and after his retirement from the game, whenever the younger brother played in a match in the home circuit the elder was always with him. Fuller Pilch used to say, "Mr. Alfred all round was the finest single-wicket player in the world, and one of the best men in a match; but Mr. Walter never was a pretty player, but cramped and awkward, but one of the best men I knew to put in when a notch or two were wanted, or we wanted to play out time, for he was afraid of nothing, and had the heart of a lion and the patience of Job." In proof of this, in the celebrated Gentlemen v. Players' match of 1846 he went in first with Mr. Hagyard to break the bowling, and was kept till last second innings, when he had to get one to tie and two to win, and made the winning hit and made a hit for two and won the match. He was a very handsome man to the last, a fine shot, a good billiard player, and a genial companion, a thorough "man of Kent" to the backbone, very proud of his country and the Old Eleven; and he had some cause for this, as five men of the Eleven—Pilch, Wenman, Dorrington, his brother, and himself—were all six feet high and upwards, and the Eleven were utterly ignorant of jealousy and petty rivalry, and were, as Pilch used to say, a band of brothers, who had one thing at heart only, and that was "the honor of Kent."

since an academician, rising in his place, made in a tone of the deepest earnestness the following announcement: "Gentlemen, it is with unspokeable satisfaction that I have the honor of informing you that, thanks to the most persevering efforts, Mr. P—, our correspondent of the Maritime Alps, has succeeded in inoculating a man with the mange of the dog, a cutaneous disease which thus far has seemed wholly incompatible with the human temperament." (Prolonged enthusiasm.)

Sir Richard Sutton, an eminent sporting baronet, son of one yet more famous, died lately. He owned Cambridge House, Piccadilly, long the residence of Lord Palmerston, and a great deal of London property. He succeeded a brother who became a Roman Catholic, but died childless, of whom his father had said that he would "give any £10,000 who'd make John a sportsman; but John preferred to play the organ in a church at Bruges, and loathed dogs, guns, and stables to the last.

NOVEL METHOD OF CATCHING STURGEON.

Vice-Consul Gardner in his trade report on Poti gives an account of an ingenious method by which sturgeon are captured by fishermen at the mouth of the River Rioni during the Spring and Summer months. The process is simple in the extreme, yet difficult to describe and hard to believe. A strong line or lanyard about 100 feet in length, with short lines attached at a distance of six feet apart, and having a large hook at the end, very sharp but barbless; a small gourd is fastened to the back of each hook to keep it floating point downwards; these lines, hooks, and gourds are neatly arranged on the gunwale of a dug-out, or boat made from a single log, and run out quickly across the river, and are visited morning and evening. If a sturgeon in its passage down to the sea is pricked over so slightly by one of the hooks, it remains stationary, without making an attempt to escape. The fisherman on reaching his lines carefully overhauls them, and on finding a fish strikes it with his gaff, passes a rope through its gills, and tows it behind his dug-out to the shore. If the fish is not mortally wounded, it is fastened to a post on the river side, opposite the fisherman's cottage, where it remains alive until a purchaser arrives. These fish vary in weight from 80 lbs. to 216 lbs., realizing 63. per lb., the caviare obtained from the female selling at 2s. per lb. Gray mullet are also caught in a rather un-sportsmanlike fashion, but in considerable quantities, by floating a mat of reeds, 50 ft. long by 5 ft. to 10 ft. broad, on the surface of the sea in bright fine weather. When the mullet in swimming reach the shade occasioned by the mat, they foolishly jump out of the water, fall on the mat and are taken by the fisherman waiting in his boat to receive them.—*Live Stock Journal and Fanciers Gazette.*

A FOX MILKING A COW.

Andrew Freemeyer pastures his cow on the flats near Middleburg, N.Y. It being evident that the cow was being milked every day before she was brought home, a watch was set for the thief a few days ago. Toward evening the person on watch saw a large red fox steal slyly out of a piece of woods on one side of the pasture. Looking carefully about for a few moments, the fox trotted direct to the spot where the cow was feeding. Taking another survey of the field he took his position under the cow as a calf would, and sucked her milk with evident enjoyment. The cow stood perfectly still until the fox had satisfied himself and trotted back again to the woods, and then went on with her feeding. The day afterward Mr. Freemeyer went on watch with a gun. The fox came out of the woods as he had before, and Mr. Freemeyer shot and killed him.



TORONTO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, '78

P. COLLINS, PROPRIETOR
OFFICE.—No. 90 KING ST. WEST.

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

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

Are respectfully informed, that all Correspondents of the *Sporting Times* are supplied with a card of a Yellow color, with the name of the city or town and correspondent, signed by the proprietors of this paper, with a punch stamp of a horse's head upon the right upper corner, and dated October 1, 1878, 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 1879.

CANADIAN.	
Dundas	May 24
Hamilton	July 1 to 8
AMERICAN.	
TROTTING.	
Milwaukee, Wis.....	June 2 to 6
Chicago, Ill.....	July 15 to 19
Cleveland, O.....	July 22 to 25
Buffalo, N. Y.....	Aug. 5 to 8
Rochester, N. Y.....	Aug. 5 to 8
Cleveland, O.....	Sept 9 to 12
RUNNING.	
Savannah, Ga.....	Jan. 21 to 25
Charleston, S. C.....	Feb. 5 to 8

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 is 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 uncollected for, is *prima facie* evidence of in-

greatness of the old country export trade in horses it is but meet that it should be taken cognizance of by the government as a question fully within the range of their duties. In no way can this demand be supplied and the trade perpetuated so well as by encouraging the breeding and importation of thoroughbred horses. And to give this important subject the nature and protection it requires for its development governmental aid can conscientiously be asked for. The public treasury is drawn on to support many public enterprises. The Agricultural and Arts Association are recipients of its bounty, while the several military and rifle clubs receive practical encouragement from the same source. The money that has been wasted on worthless emigration schemes would endow a series of stakes for thoroughbred horses that would gladden the hearts of the producers of that description of stock. It is up-hill work for private enterprise to accomplish what would be a trifling matter in the hands of the legislative. A comparatively small sum from the public chest, devoted in the way of public stakes to be run in the several provinces of the Dominion, would prove an immense incentive to the object of breeding the thoroughbred horse. It is not necessary to advance any argument as to the propriety, policy, or expediency of increasing our stock of this class of horses. Its necessity is admitted on all hands. Years of experience in the old country have reduced what may have been a theory or an experiment to a fact. And with this result before our eyes, and the example of the policy of the leading countries of Europe on this question, it will not be considered as asking too much, if we submit that the Canadian government should avail themselves of the precedent and experience of these countries in encouraging what should be one of our principal producing interests. It is our proposition that this encouragement should be specific and direct, and applied to the object for which it is specially intended. Racing is the acknowledged test of merit, and to this purpose the aid should be devoted. A few thousands of dollars expended in this way would be returned an hundred fold, besides increasing the home value and elevating the standard of merit of this industry, which should in our geographical position be a great one. The turf in Canada is languishing through the misdirected legislation of a previous session; and the horsemen of Canada, who, directly and indirectly, form a large proportion of our people, have a right to look to the new administration to supply that stimulus to their enterprises which was withdrawn under a mistaken idea of the merits of the question and an ignorance of the question itself. As is shown, our government have abundant precedents to govern their action in this question, and we only ask they will give it the consideration it receives in the mother country, where, it will be admitted, these matters are much more studied and better understood than in Canada.

HANLAN MATCHED.

A telegram from London, Eng., of Nov. 12, informs us that a match has been made for \$1,000 a side for Ed. Hanlan, the champion sculler of America, to row John Hawdon, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, over the Tyne course next May. Hawdon is one of the most promising of the English oarsman. He was born near Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1855, and weighs 146 lbs. He commenced sculling in 1876, but did not come into promi-

TRAMP'S GOSSIP.

At the Carragh (Ireland) October meeting, the Royal Whip, which is one of the few four-mile flat races left in the United Kingdom, was won by Mr. Mann's brown filly Matilda—4 yrs. old, 158 lbs.—beating two others.

At the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, an old established Feather Plate—2m. 2far. 28yds.—was won by S. J. D. Astley's bay filly Choedale, by Magador, 2 yrs. old, carrying 77 lbs., heading five other 2 yr. olds and one 3 yr. old. The Jockey Club Cup was won by Silvio, 4 yrs. old., with 186 lbs. and the lucky Jockey on his back, heading Insular, the American filly Start (to whom he was giving 22 lbs.) and three others. Insulaire seems to be a worthy successor to Yellow Jack in the disappointing habit of running second for good races.

At Chantilly (France) the principal race was the Prix de Salamandie—1 mile for two-year-olds, which went to Laron Cartier by the aid of his chestnut filly Swift, by Kingcraft, out of Sycee, with 124 lbs. up, heading nine others; the Prix de la Fourriere, 2 miles, was won by W. Darcolo's chestnut filly Myette, 4 yrs. old, 181 lbs., leading seven others. Swift, I may mention, is considered to be the best 2 yr. old in France.

My accounts of racing in India are not only very meagre but very mixed. I, however, being able to make out that at Gymkhana the principal event was won by Capt. Stevens' Gaylad; and that at Debra Sky they had a great deal more rain than they wanted. Wildfire took the Arab Race; the other events hardly call for notice if we except the victory of a 17 hand country bred in the Buggy Stakes. The account says that the most exciting part of the affair was the contest between the wet weather and the race committee; the wet weather was in great form and looked like a certainty, but the race committee ran very gamely and got home first by a head.

I agree with you that pool-selling is best suited for Canada, but book-making for wherever there is much racing, large entries made months before the race, large handicaps and large fields. It is better for the bookmaker; he backs his choice and gets a better price than he does in a pool; he can back a horse at long odds with the chance of being able to "lay off" at short odds. The list of prices you quote shows that there is not much competition in the book making line in America. The quotations are nearly all false prices. If Duke of Magenta stood at only 8 to 2 against him, it certainly should have been 25 to 1 against Franklin. 11 horses are named and 10 to 1 is the outside price. That bookmaker would get very little patronage in England. In the Cambridgehire 88 horses ran, 5 were at 50 to 1 each, 8 at 100 to 1 each; the winner started at 88 to 1 against him, the 2nd at 10, the 3rd at 25 and the fourth at 88. In the Jockey Club Cup Silvio started favorite at 5 to 4 against him, 6 ran and Insulaire, who ran second started at 20 to 1 against him. Pool-selling would be all right if each horse was sold separately, and all bets ought to be p. p. You're not forced to bet, if you do, you must take your chance. There is no pool-selling in Australia, all book-making. In conclusion, however, book-making demands more racing and larger fields than we are likely to see here for a short time.—TRAMP.

A HORSE CASE.

During the sitting of the Court of Chancery for the county of Oxford, which commenced on the 11th inst., a case was heard in which a couple of prominent horsemen were interested. The following report of the case is copied from a local paper:—

GILLESBY vs. McMURRAY.—The bill of complaint set out a statement of affairs as follows:—Gillesby is the owner of a stallion, Capt. Tom, and in the spring of 1876 transferred the horse over to McMurray, a hotel keeper in Ingersoll, to be engaged by that

Sporting Gossip.

The trotting season of 1878, just about closed, has been the most remarkable in the annals of the turf. The additions to the 2:30 list number 180; those who have lowered their records to 2:25 or better number 48, while there have been 9 additions to the "free-for-all" crowd.

Among the recent patents issued in Canada was one to Mr. W. J. Hammill for his improved trotting sulky. Mr. H. makes a specialty of trotting waggons, sulkies and sleighs, and any gentleman wanting one of the latter should order at once, as frequently the demand exceeds the stock on hand.

Can it be said that a man is riding a free horse to death when he "straddles the blind?"

A well-posted evening paper states editorially that "Harry Bassett will no more trot against time." It is a pity to see such talent wasted on a daily paper. And now all that remains to be done is for this well-posted writer to tell where Harry Bassett trotted last and in what time.

The fastest three two-mile heats ever run in a race were by Bushwhacker and Princeton, at the fall meeting at Pimlico Park, Baltimore, Bushwhacker taking the first and last in 8:36, 8:38, and Princeton the second in 8:36½, an average of less than 8:37, which is three-quarters of a second better than the Molle Jones-Rocket race on July 4, 1874, at Galesburg, Ill.

That grand race-mare, Kinsem, recently won her forty-third consecutive victory at Pesth, Hungary.

When we think of such American horses as Rarus, Goldsmith Maid, Hopeful, and Edwin Forrest, who can trot a mile in 2:18 or thereabouts, we smile a smile of calm superiority as we contemplate the German and Russian trotters at the Bois de Boulogne races in France, who, amid the cheers of excited Paris-Vous, showed a quarter at a 2:50 gait. Why, Rarus can stand still faster than one of them "furiners" can trot.

A writer, speaking of the deportment of animals at sea, says that the horse is the most nervous and sensitive of all animals that go to sea.

Wm. P. Gretton, the English turfman, when he won the Cambridge Stakes with Isonomy, landed an immense stake. The prize alone amounted to over £2,200, and the colt was heavily backed, starting at 40 to 1. Some days before the race Mr. Gretton put on one bet of £15,000 to £800, and this was only one of many transactions.

Can a pugilistic clerk be called a dry goods box, sir?

At the Grimby, Ont., Agricultural Show they had speed classes for single drivers and double teams. In a very short time all our Agricultural Societies will see the propriety and policy of recognizing this innovation and incorporating it in their prize lists.

The Duke of Hamilton has purchased the American filly Start from Mr. Sanford, the price, *on dit*, being 1,000 guineas. She has been sent to his Grace's paddocks at Easton Park.

An anti-equestrian society has been formed in Alabama by people who believe that horses were not made to carry riders, and that to bestride them is an act of cruelty. A local paper says none of the members of the society ever owned a horse; their experience being confined to mules, which animal is not exempt in their prohibition.

At the Salt Lake City Driving Park, John

Correspondence.

FROM BROCKVILLE.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Times*:

Sporting matters in our quiet old frontier town are almost dead at present, there being a complete dearth of news of any kind if we except an occasional visit from travelling troupes, and the appearance now and then of some of our amateurs in local entertainments. We were recently favored with an excellent entertainment given in the Town Hall (an old dilapidated pile of brick-work) under the auspices of one of our churches, in which some of our best local talent aured themselves very creditably. The main feature of the programme was the rendition of the "Mistletoe Bongh," a pantomime, Brockville's fair women and brave men participating. The audience was the largest seen in the hall for months. The proceeds, amounting to a handsome sum, were used towards liquidating the debt on the church property.

Since the cold weather set in in dead earnest, the boat-racing mania has quite died out, and no races have taken place for some weeks. Hanlan's gallant efforts at Lachine have not been forgotten, however, and considerable discussion seems to be going on among our sporting men in reference to his chances with the Australian, Trickett. Although Trickett has a wonderful "paper record," yet quite a few of Hanlan's admirers in this place state their determination of backing their favorite freely in the event of a race taking place between the men.

The Brockville Musical Society, Mr. Thos. Steele, director, formed last year, is making prodigious strides towards attaining a higher point of excellence, and will soon give the citizens of Perth, a town forty miles distant, on a branch of the Canada Central Railway, an exhibition of musical talent. An excellent orchestra has been formed in connection with the Society, the following gentlemen forming the list: 1st violin, Mr. Walwork; 2nd violins, Messrs. Briggs, Rhodes and Jones; violincello, Mr. Turner; clarinet, Mr. Stetson; flute, Mr. Paris; cornet, Mr. Driscoll; trombone, Mr. Evans; double bass, Hutcheson.

Since my last letter I understand there is a fair chance of having a race meeting here on the ice during the coming winter.

Since the occasion of the regatta here on July 1st the question of pool selling has been pretty roundly abused by sporting men, and all seem to coincide with the comments recently appearing in the *SPORTING TIMES* in reference to Mr. Blake's bill. There is certainly every reason to believe that a repeal of the act would be a glad piece of intelligence to nearly all classes, as turf meetings throughout Canada are known to have been devoid of the usual interest since the passage of the act. Taking this fact into consideration, we have also to add the utter disregard in which said law was held on the occasion of the Hanlan-Courtney race at Lachine, so that we think very few would "kick" to any great extent if the siege was raised.

Kaufman's Sextette Club, assisted by Stanley, the eminent English tenor, and a full corps of local amateurs, will give one grand concert here on the evening of Friday, the 15th inst.—L. S.

SALE OF TROTTING STALLIONS.

By an advertisement in another column it will be seen that Mr. Andrew Henderson,

CANADIAN.

Dundas May 24
Hamilton July 1 to 8

AMERICAN.

TROTTING.

Milwaukee, Wis..... June 2 to 6
Chicago, Ill..... July 15 to 19
Cleveland, O..... July 22 to 26
Buffalo, N. Y..... Aug. 5 to 8
Rochester, N. Y..... Aug. 5 to 8
Cleveland, O..... Sept 9 to 12

RUNNING.

Savannah, Ga..... Jan. 21 to 25
Charleston, S. C..... Feb. 5 to 8

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 is 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.

PRACTICAL ENCOURAGEMENT.

Our legislators frequently claim for their action on some particular question that they are justified in their course by English or other precedents. Now if the incoming administration are anxious to act on an English or Continental precedent on a subject which has not yet passed through legislative hands in Canada we can submit one which would meet with a material amount of favor from a very large section of our people. In England, France, Germany, Austria and Russia we find that the greatest care is taken to develop and increase the stock of thoroughbred horses in these countries. In some of them breeding establishments are maintained at the expense of the government, and every facility and inducement given to the people to breed the highest class of the horse. In others, England particularly, stakes are provided from the public chest to be run for on certain conditions and on certain named tracks and distances. In Canada we have had a taste of this royal plum in the Queen's Plates that are allotted to Ontario and Quebec respectively. A short time ago the government of Japan made extensive and valuable purchases of thoroughbred horses in Kentucky for the purpose of improving their native stock. The selection was made by Mr. W. H. Wilson, of Abdallah Park, and his judgment led him to select representatives of the leading strains comprising colts and fillies by Phaeton, Enquirer, Baywood, Fellowship, Planet, War Dance, &c. In view of the increasing interest in and prospective

should be specific and direct, and applied to the object for which it is specially intended. Racing is the acknowledged test of merit, and to this purpose the aid should be devoted. A few thousands of dollars expended in this way would be returned an hundred fold, besides increasing the home value and elevating the standard of merit of this industry, which should in our geographical position be a great one. The turf in Canada is languishing through the misdirected legislation of a previous session; and the horsemen of Canada, who, directly and indirectly, form a large proportion of our people, have a right to look to the new administration to supply that stimulus to their enterprises which was withdrawn under a mistaken idea of the merits of the question and an ignorance of the question itself. As is shown, our government have abundant precedents to govern their action in this question, and we only ask they will give it the consideration it receives in the mother country, where, it will be admitted, these matters are much more studied and better understood than in Canada.

HANLAN MATCHED.

A telegram from London, Eng., of Nov. 12, informs us that a match has been made for \$1,000 a side for Ed. Hanlan, the champion sculler of America, to row John Hawdon, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, over the Tyne course next May. Hawdon is one of the most promising of the English oarsman. He was born near Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1855, and weighs 146 lbs. He commenced sculling in 1876, but did not come into prominence until last year when he won the Sculling Handicap at the Thames International Regatta; beat Hynes, of Stockton, twice; and Robt. Bagnall. This year Hawdon easily won the second-class sculls at the Thames International Regatta; beat Joe Sadler, ex-champion, on the Thames; beat Cannon, of Kingston, over the Thames course, in 22:57, eighteen seconds faster than the best championship time; and finished up his career so far by beating Lamsden on the Tyne, Nov. 11. His style of handling the oars is said to be very clean and perfect, while he is quite a general, never losing his head. He has never met either of the cracks—Boyd, Elliott or Higgins, but he is looked upon as the most promising candidate for aquatic honors in England.

Hanlan will leave Toronto in January for the old country, which will give him time to become thoroughly acclimated and obtain a full knowledge of the course and its peculiarities. The match can be considered well made, as it was imagined that only those in the front rank would court a match with the sturdy Canuck. It is premature to canvass the merits of the two men, but Canadians can rely upon one thing, that their representative will leave nothing undone for the credit of his native land. The difference of climate and other unavoidable changes may exert an influence on "our boy," which other athletes have not escaped in making their visits to England, but every care that prudence and foresight can suggest will doubtless be given to the American champion, and if the fates should be against him, we will know it is only so after every attention has been exhausted.

The blacksmith is better authority than Hoyle on "old sledge."

made months before the race, large handicaps and large fields. It is better for the bucker; he backs his choice and gets a better price than he does in a pool; he can back a horse at long odds with the chance of being able to "lay off" at short odds. The list of prices you quote shows that there is not much competition in the book making line in America. The quotations are nearly all false prices. If Duke of Magenta stood at only 8 to 2 against him, it certainly should have been 25 to 1 against Franklin. 11 horses are named and 10 to 1 is the outside price. That bookmaker would get very little patronage in England. In the Cambridgehire 88 horses ran, 5 were at 50 to 1 each, 8 at 100 to 1 each; the winner started at 88 to 1 against him, the 2nd at 10, the 3rd at 25 and the fourth at 88. In the Jockey Club Cup Silvio started favorite at 5 to 4 against him, 6 ran and Insulaire, who ran second started at 20 to 1 against him. Pool-selling would be all right if each horse was sold separately, and all bets ought to be p. p. You're not forced to bet, if you do, you must take your chance. There is no pool-selling in Australia, all book-making. In conclusion, however, book-making demands more racing and larger fields than we are likely to see here for a short time.—TRAMP.

A HORSE CASE.

During the sitting of the Court of Chancery for the county of Oxford, which commenced on the 11th inst., a case was heard in which a couple of prominent horsemen were interested. The following report of the case is copied from a local paper:—

GILLESBY vs. McMURRAY.—The bill of complaint set out a statement of affairs as follows:—Gillesby is the owner of a stallion, Capt. Tom, and in the spring of 1876 transferred the horse over to McMurray, a hotel keeper in Ingersoll, to be engaged by that gentleman in standing for mares. The horse was kept by defendant for the season of 1876 and 1877, and the gross proceeds from both seasons were somewhere in the neighborhood of \$1,200. The plaintiff claimed that the agreement was that he should have one-half of the gross proceeds, while the defendant's contention was that he was only to have one-half of the net earnings, in which case the plaintiff's portion would be very little, as the expenses of the horse's keep were very heavy. The plaintiff, defendant, and one Mr. Smith gave evidence, and His Lordship gave a decision in plaintiff's favor, sustaining the agreement as claimed by Gillesby, and directing the Master here to take an account of the horse's earnings, and giving the plaintiff full power to collect the same, at the same time restraining defendant from handling the accounts. The accounts had some time ago been assigned to the Bixels, of Ingersoll, who claimed that they had no notice of this agreement, and that, therefore, the plaintiff could have no claim as against them. His Lordship, however, ruled against their claim, holding that they could have no better title than defendant, then Assignor. Wm. Norris for plaintiff; Mr. Wells, of Brown & Wells, for defendant.

The following gentlemen have been elected officers of the Kentucky Horse Breeders' Association, for the coming year: President, Hon. T. J. Megibben; First Vice-President, Major H. C. McDowell; Second Vice-President, Col. R. West; Directors, Messrs. J. T. Shackelford, James Miller, R. M. Ferguson, Isaac Smith and H. E. Bowman.

The Keene, N. H., Driving Park Association has failed, and the track is offered for sale by the Directors. It is said to be a perfect bijou of a track. It, however, has not paid, and has now been placed in the hands of the auctioneer. The cause which led to its early dissolution is said to have been too much hippodrome.

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SALE OF TROTTING STALLIONS.

By an advertisement in another column it will be seen that Mr. Andrew Henderson, auctioneer, has received instructions to sell by public auction at R. Bond's stables, Shepard Street, Toronto, on Wednesday next the very promising young trotting stallion Matt Cameron and his half-brother Young Erin Chief. The merits of Matt Cameron are set forth in the advertisement. He is 6 years old, by Highland Boy (Mr. S. James horse), he by Hamlet, by Volunteer, by Rydyk's Hambletonian, (the old hero of Chester); dam by Toronto Chief, he by old Toronto Chief (the sire of Tom Jefferson) 2nd dam the Goodenough mare, by St. Lawrence; 3rd dam by Tippo; 4th dam, by Tom Kimball. Young Erin Chief is 7 years old by Erin Chief, he by Howe's Royal George, by Field's Royal George, by old Royal George (the Dougherty horse); dam the dam of Matt Cameron. Matt Cameron has had but in different handling, while Young Erin Chief has never been in a trainer's hands. This is a rare chance to purchase a trotting stallion or get a team of drivers that would take snow from very few pairs in Canada.

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.)

F. L., Ottawa.—Hanlan has not won his races; he was beaten twice in 1877, by Fred Flaisted.

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To Correspondents.

Canadian Turf.

TROTTING AT CLINTON, ONT.

A trotting match took place on the Clinton Driving Park track on Tuesday of last week, between the stallions Renforth, owned by Mr. George Whaley, of Seaforth, and Sorrel Cloud, owned by Mr. Alexander Innes, of Stanley. This race created much interest in sporting circles in Seaforth, Clinton and Goderich, and there was a large crowd of spectators from these places. The race was for a purse of \$200, best three in harness. The first heat was closely contested, and was won by about a neck by Renforth. The second heat was also a keen race, and was won by Sorrel Cloud by a good length. The third and fourth heats were won by Renforth. The following is the summary:—

Clinton, Ont, Nov 5, 1878—\$200; Trotting; Best three in harness, 3 in 5 in harness.
 Whaley's Renforth 1 2 1 1
 Innes' Sorrel Cloud 2 1 2 2
 No time.

Aquatic.

THE LAST ROWS OF SUMMER.

By GAUDAUR BROS. BEAT M'KEN AND ELLIOTT.

On Friday last the much-talked-of race between the Gaudaur Bros., of Orillia, and M'Ken and Elliott, of this city, took place at Orillia. The weather was anything but favorable for an aquatic contest, the temperature being decidedly cool, and old Boreas making frequent visits, in which his strength was freely recognized by the spectators. The race was made immediately after the defeat of Hanlan and Adair by the local men, for \$400, distance two miles straightaway, in 4:00. The attendance was composed principally of those who reside in the neighborhood, the foreign element being conspicuous in its absence. Mr. Russell, hotel keeper, Orillia, was behind the Gaudaurs, and it is said Mr. Ed. Hanlan found the needful for the Toronto couple. Mr. John F. Scholes, of this city, was agreed upon as referee, and John Hanlan officiated as starter. The race was set down for 2 o'clock, but it was not until 4 before they got into position for the start. Upon getting the word both crews took the water together, and for a quarter of a mile the race was rather a pretty one, the pace quite fast. Here the Gaudaurs showed the benefit of their training, as from the start until the finish was reached they kept the race in their own hands, despite the frequent spurts the city chaps put on. During the trip the Toronto men steered a very wide course, and at the finish found themselves in the rear by about five boat lengths. The race throughout was a soft thing for the Torontonians. The Toronto men were very well exhausted after the race; Elliott was hurried to bed under a physician's care. The betting at the start was in favor of the city two, but we have not learned that a serious amount of money changed hands.

SPLASHES.

HONORED.—A new post office in Ontario has been honored with the name of Hanlan.
 AWAY.—Wallace Ross has left St. John's, England to spend a few months in the country. He sailed in the barque Ark.

REGULATION.—There is a talk of organizing a boat club at Lake George, and in the way of inviting Courtney and Hanlan to their second race on the waters of Lake George. Gas.

DEFERRED.—A petrified tear, taken from the cheek of a young man who lost his money on the Courtney race, is in the possession of J. Odgersburg, N. Y., chemist.

CONTEMPLATED.—From the Pacific Lure we learn it is in contemplation to give a grand racing race at San Francisco, Cal. It would

Athletic.

AND INTERNATIONAL

120 Yards Pedestrian Handicap,

TO BE RUN AT

TORONTO CRICKET GROUND

ON FRIDAY AND SATURDAY,

November 15 and 16.

PURSE \$100. 50 to first, 25 to second, \$15 to third, \$10 to fourth.

OPEN TO ALL AMERICA.

ENTRIES AND STARTS.

F W Stone, Australia,	scratch.
F Rogers, Trenton N J,	
H Grandell, Niles, Mich,	
J Wheat, Pittsburg, Pa,	2 feet.
C O Melver, Montreal,	
Ed Moulton, Chicago,	3 "
W O Hinman, Detroit, Ill,	4 "
J S Barnes, Toronto,	5 "
G Carruthers, Toronto,	
W Henriks, California,	
G Webster, Buffalo, N Y,	8 "
V Addsett, Philadelphia,	
J H Biggar, Toledo, Ont,	
P Duffy, Ottawa, Ont,	
W F Stevens, Toronto,	15
T P Howard, Toronto,	18
James Smith, Toronto,	19
John Simons, Toronto,	20
Frank Collins, Toronto,	25
G L Hayden, Toronto,	
G W Irvine, Toronto,	
R J Sparks, Toronto,	
Coogh, Toronto,	
G Bedding, Toronto,	
James Dixon, Toronto,	
H Ray, Toronto,	
J Riddell, Toronto,	

Mr. Ed. Hanlan, Referee.

To start from the back of a pistol. Any man getting over the mark before the pistol is fired will be put back on the track for the second offence two yards, and for the third offence will be disqualified. Any man entering under a false name of residence will be disqualified. Unknown names will be put back to be run in squads, the winners of squads to run in final heat on Saturday.

The first heat each day will be started at 2 o'clock. Admission, 25 cents. Spectators will not be allowed on running ground which is reserved for the runners engaged and the officials of the race.

P. COLLINS, Secy. to Com.

377-7t.

BICYCLING IN ENGLAND.

At the meeting of the Cambridge University Bicycle Club, Oct. 23 and 25, there was a five-mile race, amateur against professional riders, which was won by the Hon. J. Keith-Falconer, of Trinity College, Cambridge, some portions of the performance being really wonderful. His opponents were his fellow collegian, A. F. Trotter, and J. Keen, the professional champion. The track is one-quarter of a mile, and was in fine condition, the weather pleasant, wind light, and everything in favor of fast time. One mile, Trotter, 2m 59s; Keen, 2m 59.1s; Keith Falconer, 2m 58.8s. Two miles,

support to the innovation. From the method adopted of starting there will be little or no delay, the tedious scoring, which so often disgusts spectators, will at least be absent on this occasion. Judging from the great interest taken in foot racing in this city we will be surprised if there is not a very large attendance each afternoon to witness the sport. If the introduction of this system of racing should prove to be at all satisfactory in this experiment, it is altogether likely that early next spring a more valuable one will be undertaken. For full particulars see the advertisement.

SPRINTS.

TOO LATE.—The Toronto Lacrosse Club have abandoned all idea of playing the Shamrocks of Montreal this season for the championship.

MATCHED.—E. W. Johnston and James Daly are matched for \$200 a side, for an athletic contest, to come off on the grounds on which the Brooklyn, N. Y., Caledonian Club hold their club games on Thanksgiving Day. The contest will consist of putting the stone, throwing the hammer, running and jumping.

THE BEST.—A letter from Mr. D. E. Bowie the Hon. Secretary of the Montreal Lacrosse Club sets at rest any doubts there may have been as to Mr. Cuzner's putting the 17-lb. shot 87ft. 10in. Mr. Bowie was the judge and he says the measurement was correct, and the put made by rule and without follow. This is about as good as 89ft. with the regulation 16-lb shot. Mr. Cuzner's is the best performance on record for an amateur, and we can tally another one for Canada.

SPRINTING.—At the old half-mile track, Queen St. west, on Saturday afternoon last John Kennedy and William Fitzgerald contended in a 100-yds dash for \$50. Kennedy was the flecter, winning by two or three yards.

THE HANDICAP.—The Mail of Monday in speaking of the International 120-yds Pedestrian Handicap which is to take place to-day and to-morrow on the Cricket Ground here says: "There are more than sufficient names to ensure the success of the affair, and the handicapper would seem to have done his work well and impartially. There is bound to be an almost unanimous acceptance and one of the finest competitions ever seen on this continent must result."

MR. BONNER ADDS THE PHENOMENAL TROTTER EDWIN FORREST TO HIS COLLECTION.

One year ago last September our attention was first drawn to a bay horse, Edwin Forrest by name, in training on a very indifferent track in the suburbs of Georgetown, Ky. He showed amazing bursts of speed, but was difficult to handle, and manifested a strong disposition to go the reverse way of the track. Some days later we saw him in races at Lexington, and later still at Cynthiana. He was a rank puller and a wretched scorer; but when he was settled and received the word he trotted a gait which made his most speedy opponents look as if they were standing still. At that time he was so flighty, so unruly, that we doubted if he would ever make a successful track horse. The past Spring and Summer we were pleasantly disappointed to hear of Edwin Forrest behaving well in the Michigan campaign. At Cleveland, the last week in July, Gus Glidden, reclining in the shade of one of the wide-branching trees in front of John Splish's cottage, talked eloquently of Edwin Forrest, then a member of his stable. He said that he was an altered horse, that he had put small corks on his shoes behind, added a six-ounce toe-weight to his twelve-ounce shoe forward, and had taught him not to pull, and that he was almost afraid to say how fast he could trot. Mr. H. M. Whitehead, who was one of the party under the trees, who had carefully looked the horse over in his box, and had seen him in his work, turned to us and enthusiastically remarked, "Gus has a right to talk. I honestly believe that Edwin Forrest is the fastest horse in the world. Remember, he is but seven years old, and this really is his first season on the turf. If he does not make a 2:12 or a 2:10 horse, you may set me down for a mutton-head." The day after this conversation, Edwin Forrest

break, but, when another had occurred before the middle of the third quarter had been reached, he gave it up and had no expectation of beating 2:20 in the heat. He caught the horse again nicely, but did not hurry him, passed the three-quarter pole in 1:40, and was quite a distance down the home stretch when a friend, who had run up there, motioned to him to go on. From that point on, Edwin Forrest was sent along, and finished the mile in 2:16, and there can be little doubt if Greer had been aware of the terrible rate at which he had travelled during the first half, and had kept him up to his speed, that he would have trotted the full mile, including the two breaks, as fast as 2:13." The opinion of our neighbor, we are happy to say, accords in this instance with our own:

At Milwaukee, Aug. 30, Green drove Edwin Forrest an exhibition mile in 2:15, going to the first quarter in 34 seconds, and to the half in 1:06. The second quarter was trotted in 31 seconds—a 2:05 gait. At St. Paul, the first week in September, Edwin Forrest failed to do justice to himself, and then we noticed that Green had reduced his toe-weights from six ounces to four ounces. The horse did not seem to like the change. At least, he failed to trot up to the form that he had shown at Hartford. He made the rounds of the Western Circuit, winding up at Chicago and coming from there to New York. Mr. Robert Bonner first heard of the remarkable horse one year ago, when he was in Kentucky. He watched his career on the turf this year with the greatest interest, and last week ran down to Babylon, took another good look at him, and purchased him from Mr. Green, the price paid being \$16,000. Wednesday, Oct. 30, he sent him to his farm near Tarrytown. Thursday was a raw, disagreeable day, and the clay three-quarter track was sticky and heavy from recent rains; nevertheless, Edwin Forrest was started up, and he trotted a mile in 2:18, a performance, taking everything into consideration, equal to his 2:14 at Hartford. At Fleetwood, on Friday, it will be borne in mind that Hopeful, with a record of 2:14, could not do a mile in faster time than 2:21, and yet on that day the Fleetwood track was a better track than Mr. Bonner's. We mention this fact to show that Edwin Forrest has rounded to. It is impossible to say how low down in the seconds the beautiful bay will trot next year. As he is but seven years old, it is not too much to hope that he will show a mile in 2:12 or better. He was bred near Kansas City, Missouri, where he is an immense favorite, as was plainly demonstrated by the warmth of his reception at the great fair on the banks of the Missouri River in September. He was sired by Brannock's Ned Forrest, by Joe Downing, by Ned Forrest, by Alexander's Edwin Forrest; dam Fanny Mundy, by Flight, by Leviathan. The thoroughbred predominates in him. He stands 16 hands, and goes into winter quarters with the proud knowledge that he has trotted the fastest mile ever trotted by a horse of his age, and the fastest mile trotted this season, which has been so prolific of fast trotting, except by Rarus—Turf, Field and Farm.

TROTTING RECORDS.

The following table is from the National Live Stock Journal, and was compiled for that journal by its editor, Mr. J. H. Sanders.

IN HARNESS.

- One mile—Rarus, 2:13; Buffalo, Aug 3, 1878.
- Two miles—Flora Temple, 4:50; Eclipse Course, L I, Aug 15, 1859.
- Three miles—Huntress, 7:21; Prospect Park, Sept 23, 1873.
- Four miles—Trustee, 11:06; Union Course, L I, June 13, 1849.
- Five miles—Lady Mack, 13:00; San Francisco, April 2, 1874.
- Ten miles—Controller, 27:27; San Francisco, March 23, 1878.
- Twelve miles—Topgallant, 38:00; Philadelphia, July 24, 1830.
- Fifteen miles—Girda, 47:20; San Francisco, Aug 6, 1874.
- Twenty miles—Capt McGowan, 58:25; Riverside Course Boston, 1865.
- Thirty miles—Ariel, 3:55:40; Albany, N Y, 1846.
- One hundred miles—Conqueror, 8:55:53.
- Fastest first heat—Rarus, 2:14; Cleveland, July 27, 1878.
- Fastest second heat—Rarus, 2:13; Hartford, Aug 23, 1878.
- Fastest third heat—Rarus, 2:13; Hartford, Aug 23, 1878.
- Fastest fourth heat—Rarus, 2:13; Buffalo, Aug 3, 1878.
- Fastest fifth heat—Smuggler, 2:17; Cleveland, July 27, 1876.
- Fastest sixth heat—Goldsmith Maid, 2:19; Hartford, Aug 31, 1876.
- Fastest seventh heat—Sam Purdy 2:22;

UNDER SADDLE.

One mile—Great Eastern, 2:16; Fleetwood Park, Sept 27, 1877.
 Two miles—Dexter, 5:00; Long Island, 1865.
 Three miles—Dutchman, 7:52; August, 1839.
 Four miles—Dutchman, 10.51, 1830.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Fastest mile by a stallion—Smuggler, 2:16; J
 Fastest mile by a gelding—Rarus, 2:13.
 Fastest mile by a mare—Goldsmith Maid, 2:14.
 Fastest mile by a double team—Small Hopes and Lady Mac, 2:23; Fleetwood Park, Sept 11, 1877.
 Best mile by a yearling—Momento, 2:56; (not a record), Lexington, Oct 10, 1877.
 Best two-year-old record—So-So, 2:31, Lexington, Oct 12, 1877.
 Best three-year-old record—Elaine, 2:28, Hartford, Sept 19, 1877.
 Best four-year-old record—Elaine, 2:24, Hartford, Oct 26, 1878.
 Best five-year-old record—Gov Sprague, 2:31; Poughkeepsie, Aug 22, 1878.
 *This record is disputed by some authorities: 2:13 at Hartford, Conn, Aug 23, 1878, by Rarus, by Rarus, being claimed as the fastest technical record.—Ed. S. T.]

A CANNINE DISCUSSION.

The great dog fight—New York against Baltimore—between Roger's dog Danger, of New York, and McCandless's dog Butcher, of Baltimore, took place near Havro de Grace, on Nov. 7. The dogs fought at twenty-six pounds, give or take half a pound, according to the New York rules, for \$500 a side. Danger was the favorite at \$100 to \$75, which odds were readily taken by the Baltimore and Washington sporting men. The fight was a desperate one, and for fifty minutes it was hard to tell which one would win, as neither had gained any advantage after one hour's fighting. The New York dog had the advantage, but the Baltimore canine soon turned the tables. In the third turn, after the dogs had fought two hours and thirty minutes, Butcher got a firm grip on Danger's throat, held on and choked him to death. The Baltimore dog was declared the winner, and the sporting men from Washington, Georgetown and Baltimore were jubilant.

YOUNG BRUNO A RINGER.

We have recently received a number of letters from the West expressing a suspicion, almost amounting to a certainty, that the trotting gelding Young Bruno, formerly the property of Mr. Joseph Harker, has been put to the base uses of a "ringer," under the name of Tom Battery. As yet no correspondent has sent us any description of the horse that has been entered in slow classes under the latter name. This is a mistake, and we request those who suspect that horses are trotting wrongfully, when they write to us on the subject, always to give us as accurate a description as possible of the animal, as it will simplify our labors, and tend to serve the ends of justice. In this case, however, several well known horsemen, familiar with Young Bruno, whose record is 2:22, are said to have positively identified Tom Battery as being Young Bruno. He is an easy horse to recognize, but for the benefit of those not familiar with his appearance, we will say that he is a brown gelding, white strip on his face from his eyes to the end of his nose, three white feet up to his ankles, high fore leg enlarged from his knee to his ankle on the back tendon, goes with his head down, and had, when sold by Mr. Harker, a long full tail, but did not carry it up much. He was sold in the summer of 1877, to J. Springstead, of Albany, N. Y. With this information, those who have seen Tom Battery should be able to make a clear case for or against the animal.—Spirit.

Amusements.

CITY.

The Grand Opera House has been the centre of attraction this week with John Stetson's Opera Bouffe Company. On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the bill was Evangeline; Thursday, Babes in the Woods, which will be continued the rest of the week including the matinee to-morrow afternoon. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, the bill was the same.

Mr. Ed. Hanlan found the needful for Toronto couple. Mr. John F. Scholes, this city, was agreed upon as referee, and John Hanlan officiated as starter. The race was set down for 2 o'clock, but it was not until 4 before they got into position for the start. Upon getting the word both crews took the water together, and for a quarter of a mile the race was rather a pretty one, the pace quite fast. Here the Gaudaurs showed the benefit of their training, as from the point till the finish was reached they kept the race in their own hands, despite the great spirits the city chaps put on. During the trip the Toronto men steered a very wide course, and at the finish found themselves in the rear by about five boat lengths. The race throughout was a soft thing for the countrymen. The Toronto men were very well exhausted after the race; Elliott was hurried to bed under a physician's care. The betting at the start was in favor of the city two, but we have not learned that a serious amount of money changed hands.

SPLASHES.

HONORED.—A new post office in Ontario has been honored with the name of Hanlan.
 WAY.—Wallace Ross has left St. John England to spend a few months in the country. He sailed in the barque Ark-

REGULATION.—There is a talk of organization about club at Lake George, and in the way of inviting Courtney and Hanlan to their second race on the waters of Lake George. Gas.

TRIFLED.—A tear, taken from the cheek of a young man who lost his money on the Courtney race, is in the possession of Ugdensburg, N. Y., chemist.

CONTEMPLATED.—From the Pacific Life we learn it is in contemplation to give a grand regatta at San Francisco, Cal. It would be that several of the eastern scullers have been communicated with, Hanlan, Courtney and McKen among the number, but they want a guarantee of \$1,000 before they consent to give the exhibition.

MONEY SPENT ON RACES.

There has been a great deal of fault found by the Agricultural Societies give large purses for race horses to compete for at the track, and not one in ten knows where the money comes from that makes up the purses. They will not stop to consider it and are very informed, they must deride the purses for what seems to them a useless expenditure of money. For the benefit of those who desire to know how the purses are made up and where the money comes from, we will try and explain it. The society, we suppose, gives a \$1,000 purse for trotters. The rules require that not less than five shall start and four start for the money. An entrance fee of ten per cent. is charged each entrant. Now, it is seldom that there are more than ten entries, which would make the purse, therefore, is made up, and the society has not put up a cent. Many purses are twelve, and even fifteen entries, in which case any one may readily see that there will be considerable profit for the society. But, suppose there are only six entries; the society gets \$600, and is only obliged to pay \$400 to complete the purse. The trot there comes from one to five hundred people. Does the Society lose anything by it? Contrast the number of people who go to see a grand parade of stock with those who go to see a race, and then ask where the money would come from to pay the premiums on the stock; were the society depended on the gathering it would draw a large sum. It is to be regretted that persons who wish to wish the success of agricultural societies, by their persistent fault-finding, do more injury, instead of aid.—California

John Sedons, Holt, Ont.	15
Frank Collins, Dundas	18
G. L. Hayden, Stayner	19
G. W. Irvine, Gt. Falls	20
R. Sparks, Du Mont, Ont.	25
Coosh, Toronto	"
G. Beddingfield, Toronto	"
James Dixon, Toronto	"
H. Ray, Toronto	"
J. Riddell, Toronto	"

Mr. Ed. Hanlan, Referee.

To start from the back of a pistol. Any man getting over the mark before the pistol is fired will be put back on the track for the second offence two yards, and for the third offence will be disqualified. Any man entering under a false name or residence will be disqualified. Unknown men will not be admitted to the satisfaction of the committee. To be run in squads; the winners of squads to run in final heats on Saturday.

The first heat each day will be started at 2 o'clock. Admission, 25 cents. Spectators will not be allowed on running ground which is reserved for the runners engaged and the officials of the race.

P. COLLINS,
Sec'y. to Com.

BIOCYCLING IN ENGLAND.

At the meeting of the Cambridge University Bicycle Club, Oct. 28 and 29, there was a five-mile race, amateur against professional riders, which was won by the Hon. J. Keith-Falconer, of Trinity College, Cambridge, some portions of the performance being really wonderful. His opponents were his fellow collegian, A. F. Trotter, and J. Keen, the professional champion. The track is one-quarter of a mile, and was in fine condition, the weather pleasant, wind light, and everything in favor of fast time. One mile, Trotter, 2m 59s; Keen, 2m 59.1-5s; Keith-Falconer, 2m 59.3-5. Two miles, Trotter, 6m 1s; Keith-Falconer, 6m 1.2-5s; Keen, 6m 1.3-5s. Three miles, Keith-Falconer, 9m 8.1-5s; Keen, 9m 8.2-5s; Trotter, 9m 9.1-5s. Four miles, Keith-Falconer, 12m 20s; Keen, 12m 20.1-5s; Trotter, 12m 20.8-5s. Five miles, Keith-Falconer, 15m 18.2-5s; Keen, 15m 14s; Trotter did not finish. The last mile was ridden by Keith-Falconer in 2m 58.2-5s, and the last quarter-mile in 39.2-5s, which would be at the rate of 2m 37.8 5s for one mile. Keith-Falconer is 22 years old, and 6ft 8 in. in height. On Friday Keen rode twenty miles against time, finishing in 1h 6m 6.1-5s.

THE 120-YARDS PEDESTRIAN HANDICAP.

From the list of entries given in another portion of to-day's paper it will be seen the prospects for fine sport at the Handicap today and to-morrow on the Cricket Ground here are very good. The handicapper has very closely discriminated respecting the merits of the men, and if he has been any way correct in his ideas a series of very close contests should prove the result of his calculations. At the time of writing it is impossible to say who will be the acceptors. The men will be sent off in squads from the crack of a pistol, and the winners of these squads will run in the final heats on Saturday afternoon. Speculation has been quite rife already, and almost everybody on the list has his friends, which is indicative of the thoroughness of the handicapper's work. Several entries had to be declined which were proffered after the announced time of closing otherwise the list would have been swelled materially. Mr. Ed. Hanlan, the champion oarsman, has kindly consented to act as referee. In looking over the list it will be noticed the different localities in both the States and Canada are pretty well represented. Names are to be found from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and the recognized stars of the pedestrian arena have given their

aid to-morrow on the Cricket Ground here says: "There are more than sufficient names to ensure the success of the affair, and the handicapper would seem to have done his work well and impartially. There is bound to be an almost unanimous acceptance and one of the finest competitions ever seen on this continent must result."

MR. BONNER ADDS THE PHENOMENAL TROTTER EDWIN FORREST TO HIS COLLECTION.

One year ago last September our attention was first drawn to a bay horse, Edwin Forrest by name, in training on a very indifferent track in the suburbs of Georgetown, Ky. He showed amazing bursts of speed, but was difficult to handle, and manifested a strong disposition to go the reverse way of the track. Some days later we saw him in races at Lexington, and later still at Cynthia. He was a rank puller and a wretched scorer; but when he was settled and received the word he trotted a gait which made his most speedy opponents look as if they were standing still. At that time he was so flighty, so unruly, that we doubted if he would ever make a successful track horse. The past Spring and Summer we were pleasantly disappointed to hear of Edwin Forrest behaving well in the Michigan campaign. At Cleveland, the last week in July, Gus Glidden, reclining in the shade of one of the wide-branching trees in front of John Splan's cottage, talked eloquently of Edwin Forrest, then a member of his stable. He said that he was an altered horse, that he had put small corks on his shoes behind, added a six-ounce toe-weight to his twelve-ounce shoe forward, and had taught him not to pull, and that he was almost afraid to say how fast he could trot. Mr. H. M. Whitehead, who was one of the party under the trees, who had carefully looked the horse over in his box, and had seen him in his work, turned to us and enthusiastically remarked, "Gus has a right to talk. I honestly believe that Edwin Forrest is the fastest horse in the world. Remember, he is but seven years old, and this really is his first season on the turf. If he does not make a 2:12 or a 2:10 horse, you may set me down for a mutton-head." The day after this conversation, Edwin Forrest started in the 2:24 race, against such lights as Edward, Trampoline, Darby, Modoc, Woodford Mambrino, Nil Desperandum, Dick Moore, Carrie, Lewinski, and Deck Wright, and he won easily, after losing the first heat to Edward in 2:20. He fought his way through the formidable field, and lowered his record in the fourth heat to 2:18. After this he became a star of the first magnitude in the Circuit. It was conceded that he was greatly the superior of any other horse in his class. He won at Buffalo in straight heats in 2:20, 2:20, 2:20. At Rochester, the time of his three heats was 2:21, 2:20, 2:20, and at Utica he lost the race through fraudulent driving, after winning the first heat in 2:18. At the conclusion of this race, Charles S. Green was so strongly impressed with the ability of Edwin Forrest that he paid \$200 for the refusal of him at \$15,000. A few days later he completed the purchase and withdrew him from the 2:24 purse at Hartford. On Friday, August 23, the last day of the Hartford meeting, Green made a public performance with his new horse, which thrilled the twelve thousand people who witnessed it. Rarus came on the track and trotted a mile in 2:15. Before the applause had died away, Green jogged past the grand stand with Edwin Forrest, went up the stretch and came down for the word. "Go" was promptly shouted by Mr. Harrison, and the noble bay was at the first quarter in 34 seconds, at the half without skip or wobble in 1:06, at the three-quarter pole in 1:40, and down the homestretch with perfect motion, reaching the wire in 2:14. It was a great performance, and the shouting was terrific. Rarus next trotted a mile in 2:13, and when Green nodded for the word for the second trial with Edwin Forrest he seemed a trifle nervous. He erred in his judgment of pace, trotted the first quarter in 33 seconds, and, flying along the backstretch, was at the half-mile pole in 1:05. The speed was too great for the horse to live it out, consequently, he broke in going to the third quarter, and came home in 2:16. The special commissioner of our esteemed neighbor, The American Gentleman's Newspaper, was so highly elated over this performance that he wrote: "If ever a 2:00 gait was struck by a trotter, it was by Edwin Forrest during this quarter, and he would have reached the half-mile pole in 1:04 had he not left his feet when within one hundred and fifty yards of that point. Green knew that he had not lost much by that

the Missouri River in September. He was bred by Brannock's Ned Forrest, by Joe Downing, by Ned Forrest, by Alexander's Edwin Forrest, dam Fanny Mundy, by Flight, by Leviathan. The thoroughbred predominates in him. He stands 16 hands, and goes into winter quarters with the proud knowledge that he has trotted the fastest mile ever trotted by a horse of his age, and the fastest mile trotted this season, which has been so prolific of fast trotting, except by Rarus—Turf, Field and Farm.

TROTTER RECORDS.

The following table is from the National Live Stock Journal, and was compiled for that journal by its editor, Mr. J. H. Sanders:

- IN HARNESS.
- One mile—Rarus, 2:13; Buffalo, Aug 3, 1878.
 - Two miles—Flora Temple, 4:50; Eclipse Course, L. I., Aug 15, 1859.
 - Three miles—Huntress, 7 21; Prospect Park, Sept 23, 1873.
 - Four miles—Trustee, 11:06; Union Course, L. I., June 13, 1849.
 - Five miles—Lady Mack, 13:00; San Francisco, April 2, 1874.
 - Ten miles—Controller, 27:27; San Francisco, March 23, 1878.
 - Twelve miles—Topgallant, 38:00; Philadelphia, July 24, 1830.
 - Fifteen miles—Girda, 47:20; San Francisco, Aug 6, 1874.
 - Twenty miles—Capt McGowan, 58:25; Riverside Course Boston, 1865.
 - Kitty miles—Ariel, 3:55:40; Albany, N. Y., 1846.
 - One hundred miles—Conqueror, 8:55:53.
 - Fastest first heat—Rarus, 2:14; Cleveland, July 27, 1878.
 - Fastest second heat—Rarus, 2:13; Hartford, Aug 23, 1878.
 - Fastest third heat—Rarus, 2:13; Hartford, Aug 23, 1878.
 - Fastest fourth heat—Rarus, 2:13; Buffalo, Aug 3, 1878.
 - Fastest fifth heat—Smuggler, 2:17; Cleveland, July 27, 1876.
 - Fastest sixth heat—Goldsmith Maid, 2:19; Hartford, Aug 31, 1876.
 - Fastest seventh heat—Sam Purdy, 2:22; Hartford, Aug 31, 1876.
 - Fastest eighth heat—Crozie, 2:19; Buffalo, Aug 2, 1878.
 - Fastest two consecutive heats—Rarus, 2:13, 2:13, (second and third heats); Hartford, Aug 23, 1878.
 - Fastest three consecutive heats—Rarus, 2:15, 2:13, 2:13; Hartford, Aug 23, 1878 (first, second and third heats).
 - Fastest four consecutive heats—Goldsmith Maid, 2:16, 2:17, 2:18, 2:19; Hartford, Aug 31, 1876.
 - Best three-heat race—Goldsmith Maid, 2:16, 2:15, 2:15; Buffalo, Aug 3, 1876.
 - Best four heat race—Lula, 2:15, 2:16, 2:15, 2:17; Rochester, Aug 14, 1875. Goldsmith Maid won first heat.
 - Best five-heat race—Smuggler, 2:15, 2:17, 2:16, 2:19, 2:17; Cleveland, July 26, 1876. Goldsmith Maid won first and second heats.
 - Best six-heat race—Goldsmith Maid, 2:15, 2:17, 2:16, 2:17, 2:18, 2:19. Smuggler won first and second heats, and made the third heat dead between himself and the Maid.
 - Best seven-heat race—Powder, 2:24, 2:23, 2:23, 2:22, 2:22, 2:24; Rochester, Aug 9 and 10, 1878. John H won first heat, Banquo second, May Queer the third, Adelaide the fourth.
 - Best eight-heat race—Jersey Boy, 2:22, 2:22, 2:23, 2:25, 2:24, 2:24, 2:23, 2:25. Wolford Z won the first heat, Lady Voorbies the third, Bateman the fourth, Nancy Hackett the fifth and sixth, Jersey Boy the second, seventh and eighth.
- TO WAGON.
- One mile—Hopeful 2:16; Chicago, Oct 12, 1878.
 - Fastest second heat—Hopeful, 2:17; same time and place.
 - Fastest third heat—Hopeful, 2:17; same time and place.
 - Fastest three consecutive heats—Hopeful, 2:16, 2:17, 2:17, same time and place.
 - Two miles—Dexter, 4:56; Long Island Course, Oct 27, 1865. Gen Butler has the same record.
 - Three miles—Kemble Jackson, 8:08, June 1, 1853.
 - Four miles—Longfellow, 10:34; California, Dec 31, 1869.
 - Five miles—Little Mac, 13:43, Oct 29, 1863.
 - Twent miles—Controller, 58:57, San Francisco, April 30, 1878.
 - Fifty miles—Spangle, 8:59:04, Oct 15, 1855.

ing in Georgetown and Baltimore were jubilant.

YOUNG BRUNO A RINGER.

We have recently received a number of letters from the West expressing a suspicion, almost amounting to a certainty, that the trotting gelding Young Bruno, formerly the property of Mr. Joseph Harker, has been put to the base uses of a "ringer," under the name of Tom Battery. As yet no correspondent has sent us any description of the horse that has been entered in slow classes under the latter name. This is a mistake, and we request those who suspect that horses are trotting wrongfully, when they write to us on the subject, always to give us as accurate a description as possible of the animal, as it will simplify our labors, and tend to serve the ends of justice. In this case, however, several well known horsemen, familiar with Young Bruno, whose record is 2:23, are said to have positively identified Tom Battery as being Young Bruno. He is an easy horse to recognize; but for the benefit of those not familiar with his appearance, we will say that he is a brown gelding, white strip on his face from his eyes to the end of his nose, three white feet up to his ankles, right fore leg enlarged from his knee to his ankle on the back tendon, goes with his head down, and had, when sold by Mr. Harker, a long full tail, but did not carry it up much. He was sold in the summer of 1877, to J. Springstead, of Albany, N. Y. With this information, those who have seen Tom Battery should be able to make a clear case for or against the animal.—Spirit.

Amusements.

CITY.

The Grand Opera House has been the centre of attraction this week with John Stetson's Opera Bouffe Company. On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the bill was Evangeline; Thursday, Babes in the Woods, which will be continued the rest of the week including the matinee to-morrow afternoon. Miss Nellie Larkelle is the stellar attraction, but she is ably supported by a strong company. The attendance has been large, and the satisfaction given quite great. Next Monday, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence in the Mighty Dollar. Mr. Lawrence Barrett is underlined for an early appearance. May Fiske's Blondes will commence a short season at the Royal Opera House next week.

The Lyceum presented an entire new company on Monday evening, and is giving a model show. The Roze-Mapleson Grand Concert Combination are announced for two nights at Shattlesbury Hall, Nov. 20 and 21. Mr. Hamilton Corbett, Scottish vocalist, will commence a short season at Albert Hall, Nov. 19.

GENERAL.

MONTREAL.—Roze-Mapleson Opera Co., Academy of Music, Nov. 15 and 16.—The Theatre Royal has a large number of new faces this week, including Ira Paine, the shooter.—Annual concert of St. George's Cricket Club on Nov. 18.

OTTAWA.—Camilla Urso, violinist, and troupe on 21st.

BELLEVILLE.—Roze-Mapleson Operatic Co. on the 19th.

HAMILTON.—Magia; or, the Water Fiend, 11th and 12th, to good houses. The Roze-Mapleson Co. has given Hamilton the go-by.

LONDON.—The Roze-Mapleson Operatic Combination, Nov. 22.

DUNDAS.—Checkmate Comedy Co. Nov. 18. Their route is west.

A BEWHISKERED INFANT.—The Elora Express says that Mr. Thos. Thorne, formerly of Guelph, is the father of a boy sixteen months old who has a pair of side whiskers the size of which a sixteen year old boy would fight hard to aspire to, and moreover, which gents at twenty couldn't begin to raise. The boy is healthy looking, and seems to enjoy having his whiskers pulled to see if there is any deception.

Poetry.

THE WEIRD OF MISTER BROWN, OF SHAMONG, N. J.

Of an honest Farmer the tale I shall tell,
He had sold his fat Steers most uncommonly well;
With an innocent Heart and a fat Pocket-book
He was strolling down Broadway at the sights
for to look.

CHORUS.

Singing—Tooral, li looral, li looral, li lay;
Beware of false Friends to the Town when you
stray,
For the Nephew of Bankers, and the Y. M. O. A.,
Is too often a Capper to lure you to play.

At the Cornier he happened a young Man for to meet,
His Ustler came down to his polished Boots so neat,
His Hat it was silken, his Jewelry snide,
And his waxed Mustache stuck out a foot on each side.

Said the Young Man: "Is my Earsight deceiv-
ing my Eyes?
O, this is a total and joyous Surprise!
Whom did you from dear old Shamong come to
town,
And how did you leave all the Folks, Mr.
Brown?"

"Not know me? You surely remember—but,
stop!
Here's my Card"—and he gave one, "J. F.
Blenkinsop"—
"I met you at the House of my Uncle so dear,
Of the National Bank of Shamong he's Cashier.

Let's imbibe—it ain't often one meets you in
town.
Come, give it a name," and the good Mr. Brown
Took his Whiskey with gladness, and said to that
young
Man, "It warms my old Heart to meet friends
from Shamong."

"A Cigar? 'Tis pure Cuban, and that reminds
me
A Prize I have won in the Cuban Lotterie;
If you will but come with me till the Cash is
paid down,
Then safely I'll show you the Sights about
Town.

For know, Colonel Brown, in this Sodom of
ours,
The Capper prowls round, seeking whom he de-
vours,
And the Steerer he steers, and the Roper ropes
in
To the Den of the Bancoist simple Strangers
with Thū.

But here is the Office." They entered it.
There
Was a middle-aged Man with a clerical air,
A Pen at each Ear and a third in his Hand,
And an Aspect benevolent, business-like,
and bland.

"This ticket? 'Tis number 1—6—4—7—2.
One hundred in Gold is the Prize that it drew,
Here are 98 and two Tickets eke
For the very next Drawing; time, Saturday
day week."

"Woe is me! woe is me!" cried J. F. Blen-
kinsop.
"Till next Saturday week I, alas! cannot stop,
For this Evening I leave by the 6.50 Train
For a Sojourn of Weeks at Molunkus, in Maine."

"Then, sir," said the Agent, "to accommodate
you
We'll hold here a drawing," and he brought into
view
A Cloth marked with Numbers, a Box and Eight
dice,
"Which," said he, "you must shake and
throw on the Board twice."

Blenkinsop threw the dice. They turned up 29.
Said the Agent: "Sir, \$200 are thine."
Said the Winner: "Enough; 't'other ticket,
Judge Brown,
Is yours, upon Fortune, p'rhaps, may not
frown."

Brown rattled the Dice. They came up 82.
"Sir, \$70 are coming to you—
Not now, but next thrown; for this is an Event,
By the Rules of the Game, where you must 'Re-
present."

Brown placed on the Board seven \$5 bills
And threw 26. Said the Agent: "This kills
All that I ever saw, for 210
bills, sir, you will win—when you 'Represent'

At Shamong, N. J., still resides Mr. Brown;
He still rears fat cattle and sells them in Town.
But when Nephews of Bankiers accost him he,
more
In Anger than in Sorrow, says, "I've Been
There Before!"

CHORUS.

Singing—Tooral, li looral, li looral, li lay,
Beware of false Friends to the City if you stray;
For the Nephews of Bankers and the Y. M. O. A.
Is too often a Capper to lure you to play.—N.
Y. World.

A RELIABLE CIPHER.

In the matter of ciphers, here is one which
we find in the columns of the Boston Tran-
script, which will extort a sigh from the
hearts of Mr. Tilden and his coparceners be-
cause they did not hit upon it. To decipher
it would certainly puzzle the most adroit, as
it depends entirely on the use of the key-
word, which can be changed as often as may
be desired. It is only necessary for the per-
son writing to have a table like the following
and a key-word previously agreed upon.

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z
b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z a
c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z a b
d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z a b c
e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z a b c d
f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z a b c d e
g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z a b c d e f
h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z a b c d e f g
i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z a b c d e f g h
j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z a b c d e f g h i
k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z a b c d e f g h i j
l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z a b c d e f g h i j k
m n o p q r s t u v w x y z a b c d e f g h i j k l
n o p q r s t u v w x y z a b c d e f g h i j k l m
o p q r s t u v w x y z a b c d e f g h i j k l m n
p q r s t u v w x y z a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o
q r s t u v w x y z a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p
r s t u v w x y z a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q
s t u v w x y z a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r
t u v w x y z a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s
u v w x y z a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t
v w x y z a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u
w x y z a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v
x y z a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w
y z a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x
z a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

Let me suppose that A in Boston wants to
send B in Chicago the message, 'send me
five hundred,' and that 'love' is the key-
word agreed upon. He writes his message,
and under it, letter for letter, the key-word,
repeating the latter as often as may be neces-
sary, thus:

send me five hundred
love love love love

He now refers to his table, finds the first let-
ter 's' in the first horizontal line and runs
down vertically until he comes to the letter
which stands opposite to 'l' in the first
vertical line; it proves to be 'd.' This
is the first letter of his cipher message, and
he writes it under the 'l.' Next finding 'o',
the second letter in his message, he runs
down vertically until he comes to the letter
opposite 'o', the second letter in the key; it
proves to be 's.' This he writes as the sec-
ond letter of his cipher, under the 'o.'
Continuing in this way his three lines stand
thus:

send me five hundred
love love love love
d s i h x a m g s o y r m i o

And the cipher messages to be sent to Chicago
would be 'dsih xs amgs oyyrmio.' When
B in Chicago received this he would write it
out, and over it, letter for letter, the key
agreed upon thus

d s i h x a m g s o y r m i o
love love love love

Finding the first letter 'l' of the key in the
first vertical line he follows horizontally until
he comes to 'd', the first letter of the cipher
message; then going up vertically to the top
he finds 's' the first letter of his transla-
tion. Next he finds 'o', the second letter of
his key in the vertical column till he comes
to 's', the second letter in the cipher, and
thence going up vertically he comes at the
top to 'e.' Continuing in this way he de-
cipher the whole and gets 'Send me five
hundred.' It is evident that by changing
the key, which may be any word agreed
upon, the whole would be changed.



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I know, Colonel Brown, in the Salon of
ours,
The Copper prowls round, seeking whom he de-
vours,
And the Steeror he steers, and the Roper ropes
in
To the Don of the Baucoist simple Strangiers
with Tin.

But here is the Office." They entered it.
There

Was a middle-aged Man with a clerical air,
A Pen at each Ear and a third in his Hand,
And an Aspect benevolent, business-like,
and bland.

"This ticket? 'Tis number 1-6-4-7-2.
One hundred in Gold is the Prize that it drew,
Here are \$98 and two Tickets oke
For the very next Drawing; time, Saturday
day week."

"Woe is me! woe is me!" cried J. F. Blen-
kinsop.

"Till next Saturday week, alas I cannot stop,
For this Evening I leave by the 6.50 Train
For a Sojourn of Weeks at Molunkus, in Maine."

"Then, sir," said the Agent, "to accommodate
you
We'll hold here a drawing," and he brought into
view
A Cloth marked with Numbers, a Box and Eight
dice,

"Which," said he, "you must shake and
throw on the Board twice."

Blenkinsop threw the dice. They turned up 29.
Said the Agent: "Sir, \$200 are thine."
Said the Winner: "Enough; 't'other ticket,
Judge Brown,
Is yours, upon Fortune, p'rhaps, may not
frown."

Brown rattled the Dice. They came up 82.
"Sir, \$70 are coming to you—
Not now, but next thrown; for this is an Event,
By the Rules of the Game, where you must 'Re-
present.'"

Brown placed on the Board seven \$5 bills
And threw 20. Said the Agent: "This kills
All that I ever saw, for 210
Dollars, sir, you will win—when you 'Represent'
again."

Thus six times. Then the Agent: "A moment
give o'er,
By the Rules of the Game you need 'Represent'
no more.
This Throw is the last and you win when 'tis
done
All the way up from 1 to 10,000 for 1.

Thus the \$900 you've staked as your Pile
May return unincreased, or, if Fortune should
smile,
Be ten thousand fold swelled, which would make
you a long
Way the wealthiest Man in the Town of Sha-
mong."

Brown rattled the Dice and then threw them.
'Tis done—
Five 4's and a 5 and two 8's—31.
The Agent he gasped, "Can I credit my eyes?
You've thrown the sole Number that doesn't
win a Prize!"

Gaze here, on this Square; it's inscribed '81—
Loses all.' Every other square wins!! What
you've done;
Doctor Brown, in a Lifetime couldn't be done
twice!
The Devil himself must have been in the Dice!"

"Come, Brown," then said Blenkinsop, "come
from this Place;
My Grief at your Loss you can read in my Face."
Said Brown, "I much fear that that Agent did
fleece."

Said Blenkinsop, "Come, let's call in the Police.
Let us go to Mayor Ely; I know him full
well"—

And the Couple fared on to a Park Row
"Hotel."
"Ha, ha's inside there, lurching; a Moment
hort wait
And into your Presence I'll usher him straight."

He entered this Hostel; he passed from Brown's
view.
Brown waited. And waited, The Seconds they
grew

To Minutes, the Minutes to Hours; but alas!
J. F. Blenkinsop, Esquire, never came back!

He now refers to his table, finds the first let-
ter 's' in the first horizontal line and runs
down vertically until he comes to the letter
which stands opposite to 'l' in the
first vertical line; it proves to be 'd.' This
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the key, which may be any word agreed
upon, the whole would be changed.

A MIRROR TELEGRAPH.

A party of gentlemen were standing on the
Lake House porch yesterday afternoon watching
the telegraphing between two parties of United
States Signal Surveys. One party was stationed
on the highest peak of the mountain range
northeast of us and the other on one of the peaks
near Lake Tahoe. The telegraphing is done by
an instrument known as the heliotope, which
concentrates the rays of the sun to a focus and
casts them straight ahead, similar to a mirror,
and by an agreed series of long and short flashes
can communicate the temperature, etc., from
point to point, similar to telegraphing. This is
in general use over the United States, and is of
great value to the Weather Bureau. The party
whose signals were noted is situated thirty-five
miles from here, and yet the flashes were as
bright as the sun.—Reno (Nev.) Journal.

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—AND—

Sporting Times,

THE ONLY!

SPORTING PAPER

IN THE DOMINION

PUBLISHED

EVERY FRIDAY

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

—OFFICE—

80 KING STREET WEST

TORONTO, ONT.

The only Journal in the Dominion devoted exclusively to all legitimate Sports. A Weekly Review and Chronicle of the

TURF, FIELD, AND AQUATIC SPORTS

ART, BILLIARDS, VETERINARY

SHOOTING, TRAPPING, FISHING

ATHLETIC PASTIMES.

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Manufacture a Support for Pants just adapted to Sporting men, as it relieves all strain on the pants when bending or stooping. Sent to any address on receipt of 75 cents. 278-ty.

Turf Club House,

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Frank Martin, Proprietor.

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HORSE TIMERS—ACCUACY.

JUST RECEIVED, a small consignment of chronographs marking quarter-seconds, seconds, and minutes; plated cases, in neat boxes. Fly-wheel 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.

P. COLLINS,
SPORTING TIMES,
Toronto

Turf Club House,

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TORONTO.

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217-11

W. COPLAND,

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Since the change in the proprietorship (which took place May-1, 1876), "THE WORLD" has become the brightest, sprightliest, most scholarly and popular journal in the metropolis. "It is entertaining, interesting, bright, decent, fair and truthful."

It does wrong, wittingly, to no man, no creed, no interest and no party.

THE WORLD believes the Democratic Party to exist for the good of the public service. It does not believe the public service to exist for the Democratic Party.

It is generally acknowledged that the
Sporting News

of THE WORLD is fuller and more accurate than that of any other Daily Journal. During 1878 THE WORLD will spare no trouble or expense to obtain the earliest and best accounts of Races (running and trotting), Fox Hunting, Yachting, Rowing, Base Ball, Cricket, Football, Lacrosse, Curling, Rifle Matches, Pigeon Matches, &c., &c. Nothing of interest to sportsmen will escape the attention of THE WORLD.

The Agricultural Department of THE WORLD is under the charge of D. T. Moore, the founder and for many years editor of

MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER.

CASH PREMIUMS !

To the person from whom THE WORLD shall receive, previous to March 31, 1878, the money for the greatest number of subscriptions for one year to the WEEKLY WORLD, we give a first prize of \$300.

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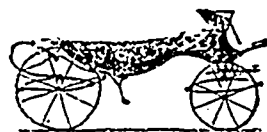
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Spavins, Splints, Ringbones, Bunches, Thoroughpins, Spring Knees cured without blemish. Strains, Shoulder Lameness, Navicular Disease. Shoe Boils, cure guaranteed. Send for pamphlet containing full information to

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Use only for horses the liniment in yellow wrappers. Sold by R. A. Wood, Druggist, 280 Yonge St., Toronto. \$28-um 284

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16 Page Illustrated Weekly Horse Paper. Single copy, 10c.; per year, \$1; 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.

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—AT—

170 E. MADISON ST., BET. CHICAGO.

THE FIELD is a complete weekly review of the higher branches of sport—Shooting, Fishing, Racing and Trotting, Aquatics, Base Ball, Cricket, Billiards, and General Sporting News, Music and the Drama.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One year.....\$4 00—Six Months.....\$2 00
To Clubs—Five Copies, \$16—Ten Copies, \$30.

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THE

Spirit of the Times

Office, No 8 Park Row, N. Y.

E. A. BUCK,

Editor

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In Advance

To Clubs—Five Copies \$21 00
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For claiming names our charge is \$1 00 each name, payable in advance.

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TORONTO, ONT.

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ART, BILLIARDS, VETERINARY

SHOOTING, TRAPPING, FISHING

ATHLETIC PASTIMES, NATURAL HISTORY

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All communications and telegrams must be paid.

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SPORTING TIMES.

Toronto.

Guy, Fin and Feather.

BREECH OR MUZZLE-LOADER.

The one great advantage possessed by the muzzle-loader is the fact that the muzzle of the weapon is always away from the shooter when loading. This we have over looked upon as more than compensating for the minor differences in which the breech-loading arm may be inferior to the other. The danger of accident has been lessened, so that with ordinary care and the exercise of the least caution the handler is comparatively safe. Accidents are now rare, for the price of a breech-loader has been so reduced that they are within the reach of those having the most moderate means. Now and again you come across them in the judgment of those who are against new things that they will not use a breech-loader. It would be a pity if there is in sight of a muzzle-loader to be gained in its use. His ideas are changed and taught by some thing or other that one is much the safer of the two. Of the Rev. Andrew Murray has furnished the latest example in the long chapter of accidents. We learn that that gentleman, while shooting ducks in Long Island Sound, was the victim of the premature discharge of his gun while loading, whereby one-half of his right hand was blown off; this, of course, while loading and with his hand over the muzzle. The trigger catches, or is caught, the gun is discharged, and the shooter is maimed for life. If it had been a gun loaded at the breech by the insertion of an already loaded shell, the Rev. Doctor could not have been so injured.

A NOBBY SHOOTER.

Since the 2nd of September Mr. Jerome Marble, of Worcester, Mass., has been hunting along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, this being the fourth season that he has gone thither in search of ducks, geese, prairie chickens and antelope. He has two cars in which he travels with his family, some invited guests, his servants and dogs. The palace car has a drawing-room twenty-four feet long, which in turn is used for dining-room and sleeping apartments. It has a velvet carpet, with easy-chairs and rockers and a piano. There is a neat kitchen, with all improved machinery, an armory and coat-room and the outside door has a door-bell. Under the car is a large coal and ice box. The rear platform is fenced in for kitchen buckets and game. There is also a common car for the dogs, boats and other necessary articles. By his contract any train which Mr. Marble signals must stop and take his cars, and when he has reached a spot that suits him they are uncoupled and placed on a siding, there to remain till it pleases him again to move.

ANOTHER NONDESCRIPT.

We have seen a dog, a setter which is no better. This animal belongs to Myer Brown, of Portchester, N. Y. He is a pure white in color, save one lemon-colored spot on his head. His coat is neither wool nor hair, but appears a mixture of each. His tail is the longest that was ever on a dog; so long that it looks as if it had been spliced. It is so long that if it were not for a double curl it would look as if the tail owned the dog, and the body but a part of the tail. Here would be a veritable instance of a tail wagging a dog. Nevertheless this animal is well bred, being of pure setter lineage for four generations on each side. In the field, on woodcock, he is regarded by the shooting men of the vicinity to be a crack dog. On quail he is equally good. Brown has one consolation—no one would steal him, either for his beauty or to hunt with, if they did not know him.—Turf.

His Bag.—The Ft. Sarnia correspondent of the London Free Press says, Messrs. Joseph Taylor, Richard Ardle, Robert Hunter and Thomas Winfield, of Toronto, and Mr. W. W. Taylor, of this town, have just arrived from the Johnson Channel, and bring

Important Auction Sale

Mat Cameron and Erin Chie.

The Undersigned is directed to sell by auction at Bond's Stable, 117 Queen St. West, in this City on
Wednesday, Nov. 20, 1878,
 At 12 o'clock, the following valuable Stallions—
MAT CAMERON and **ERIN CHIE**
 Mat Cameron is a fine young stallion, bred by Mr. J. M. Cameron, of the Province of Ontario, and is a descendant of the famous "Red Rover" and "The Duke." He is a powerful, well-proportioned animal, and is a great favorite with the public. He has won many prizes at the various shows and exhibitions held in this year.
 Erin Chie is a fine young mare, bred by Mr. J. M. Cameron, of the Province of Ontario, and is a descendant of the famous "Red Rover" and "The Duke." She is a powerful, well-proportioned animal, and is a great favorite with the public. She has won many prizes at the various shows and exhibitions held in this year.
 The horses can be seen at the place of sale. The pedigree can be had on application to the **CANADIAN SPORTING TIMES**: M. S. Bond, No. 117 Queen St. West; or Robert Bond, Sale place, at 12 o'clock. Terms Cash.
ANDREW HENDERSON,
 Auctioneer.
 November 12, 1878. 377-11



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Over Half a Million Distributed.

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during which will take place at the New Orleans Casino on
 Extraordinary Semi-Annual Drawing. At New Orleans, La.
TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1879.

Under the personal supervision and management of
 Gen. G. T. BEAUREGARD, of Louisiana, and
 Gen. JUBAL A. EARLY, of Virginia.

CAPITAL PRIZE, \$100,000.

Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, \$5. Fifths, \$2. Tenths, \$1.

LIST OF PRIZES

1 Capital Prize \$100,000.....	\$100,000
1 Grand Prize of 50,000.....	50,000
1 Grand Prize of 20,000.....	20,000
2 Large Prizes of 10,000.....	20,000
4 Large Prizes of 5,000.....	20,000
20 Prizes of 1,000.....	20,000
50 Prizes of 500.....	25,000
100 Prizes of 300.....	30,000
200 Prizes of 200.....	40,000
600 Prizes of 100.....	60,000
1000 Prizes of 10.....	10,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES:

100 Approximation Prizes of \$200..	20,000
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Write for circulars or send orders to
M. A. DAUPHIN,
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Life vs. Death!

Dr. Bumstead's Vital Remedies.

SANATIVE SYRUP

For the cure of Syphilis, Scrofula, all the various forms of Skin Diseases, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions, Glandular Swellings, Ulcers and suppurating sores upon the limbs or neck, Dry Cures of the Bones, and general breaking up of the constitution, stands without a rival. It eliminates the poison, cleanses the blood and restores the patient to sound and pristine health. It is a sovereign panacea for the diseases for which it is recommended. The Sanative Syrup must not be classed with the patent medicine nostrums so freely advertised by unscrupulous parties, it is prepared from the formula used by Dr. B. in his private practice for the past twenty years with the most unlimited success. The reputation of Dr. B. in his special line is world wide, and the introduction of his specific remedies will be hailed with pleasure and satisfaction by those who are so unfortunate as to require the assistance of these valuable remedial agents. The Sanative Syrup is an elegant preparation inoffensive to the palate and unobjectionable to the stomach. Price \$1 per bottle.

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For the immediate cure of Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Spermatorrhoea, and all abnormal discharges from whatever cause. The Sedative Lotion acts like magic in this class of disease, and requires no change in diet or habit of living. Its application is unaccompanied with pain or inconvenience of any kind, and its benefits are realized from the first trial. An experience of thousands of cases without a single failure is substantiative evidence of this remarkable remedy. In improperly treated or badly cured cases the patient should not lose a day in availing himself of this truly wonderful application. With its use there is no such word as fail. With this specific at hand the annoying and dangerous diseases for which it is recommended are disrobed of all their terrors and inconveniences. Price \$1 per bottle.

OLD MEN MADE YOUNG.

The VEGETABLE TONIC is a positive cure for Weakness, Impotency and all diseases arising from the indiscretions of youth or the excesses of maturer years, such as Nervous Debility, Depression of Spirits, Mental Anxiety, Loss of Memory, Premature Old Age, Pains in the Back and Side, &c., &c. It is a happy combination of the choicest vitalizing agents in the materia medica, and though a powerful remedy, does not contain strychnine, nux vomica, or any of those dangerous drugs so greatly used in the advertised tonics. Price \$1 per bottle.

Upon receipt of the price any of the above specific medicines will be sent securely packed free from observation. Address, PROF. JOHN B. WELLS, P. O. Box 1270, Toronto, Ont. 375-ty.

RYSZYK STOCK FARM!

1878.

The following Stallions will make the season at

RYSZYK STOCK FARM,

Prescott, Ont.

RYSZYK,

AT \$50.00.

PHIL SHERIDAN.

AT \$75.00.

CHESTNUT HILL,

AT \$30.00.

Service money payable at time of service. Mares not proving in foal can be returned the following season, free of charge for services.

Extended Pedigrees will be furnished on application. All accidents and escapes at risk of owners.

J. L. RAWBONE!

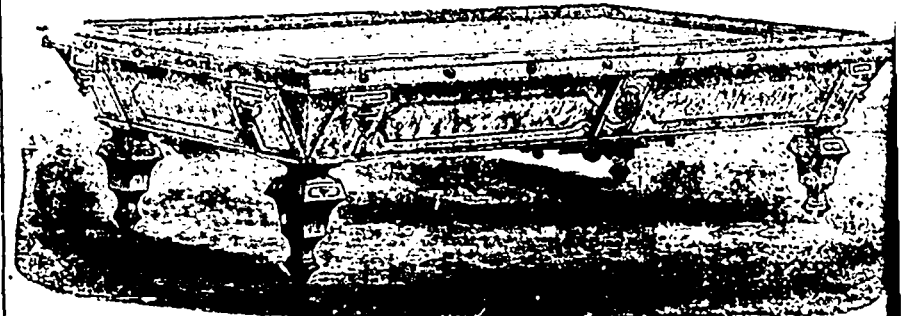
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With small pockets and very fast round edge cushions, also American Pool Tables with pockets and cushions for large balls.

Bowling Alley Balls and Pins, &c.

Lignum Vitae Balls for Bowling Greens.

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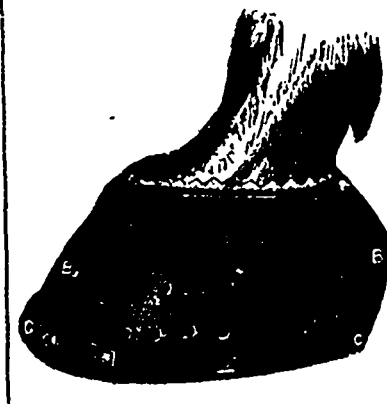
Indian Clubs, Rubber Exercising Bands, Horizontal Bars, &c., Martingale Rings. Send for illustrated price list.



HALL'S PATENT Anti-Contraction Horse Boot.

PREVENTS AND CURES CONTRACTION OF THE HOOF.

With this boot any stable can be provided with a pasture, so far as the feet are concerned, and one too that may be used any season of the year. Send for descriptive circular to LUGDEN & BARNETT, Saddlers, &c. 115 Yonge St. Toronto.



A. WHITE!

SHIRT MANUFACTURE

Maker of Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, and Men's Neck-Wear, Silk Umbrellas, Gloves, Valises, &c.

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WHITE STAR LINE!

New Train for Buffalo Direct. REDUCTION IN RATES

...ing-room and sleeping apartments. It has a velvet carpet, with easy-chairs and rockers and a piano. There is a neat kitchen, with all improved machinery, an armory and coat-room and the outside door has a door-bell. Under the car is a large coal and ice box. The rear platform is fenced in for kitchen buckets and game. There is also a common car for the dogs, boats and other necessary articles. By his contract any train which Mr. Marbo signals must stop and take his cars, and when he has reached a spot that suits him they are uncoupled and placed on a siding, there to remain till it pleases him again to move.

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BIG BAG.—The Pt. Sarnia correspondent of the London Free Press says, Messrs. Joseph Taylor, Richard Arde, Robert Hunter and Thomas Winfield, of Toronto, and Mr. Wm. Taylor, of this town, have just arrived from the Johnson Chenal, and bring back about 800 ducks. Mr. Winfield winged the largest drake.

The more heavily a gun is loaded the farther it will carry.

BIG FISH.—A monster maskinonge, weighing 62 pounds, measuring 5 feet 4 inches in length and girthing 26 inches, was caught in the bay at Belleville on Monday.

SPARROW.—Some English sparrows, imported into Strathroy a year or two, have increased and multiplied in a wonderful manner, and have established themselves in Watford, Parkhill, Forest and other places.

POOR.—Whitefishing on the Detroit River has ceased to be a profitable business, each year the number taken being much less than in the preceding one. This year the catch is so small that it seems ridiculous for men to waste their time over it. We have seen the nets drawn in repeatedly at several stations, and in no case were more than three fish taken at a haul, and in some cases none at all. Such a result for the labor of six or eight men and a pair of horses is certainly discouraging.

CRICKETERS' BALL.—Arrangements are being perfected for the annual ball of the London Cricket Club, which is to be held at the City Hall the latter part of this month. It promises to be quite as successful as its predecessor, and it was one of the best ever held in London.

DR. DON, the old established Specialist, of 800 Michigan St., Buffalo, N. Y., ranks among the most successful physicians of the city. Many years experience has made him an expert in treating all diseases of a virulent, chronic and special nature. Young and middle aged can obtain the most happy relief for diseases of a nervous, exhausting, and weakening character, result of errors and excesses. Consultation by letter or at office, free and confidential; medical books describing the above diseases, free. Medicine sent everywhere. 332-ty

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GRAND PRIZE NADE CONCERT,

during which will take place the
Extraordinary Annual Drawing. At New
TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 10th
Under the personal supervision and manage-
ment of
Gen. G. T. BEAUREGAR, of Louisiana, and
Gen. JUBAL A. EARLY, of Virginia.

CAPITAL PRIZE, \$100,000

Tickets are Ten Dollars only.
Halves, \$5. Fifths, \$2. Tenths, \$1.

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20 Prizes of	1,000	20,000
50 Prizes of	500	25,000
100 Prizes of	300	30,000
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ASSOCIATION

Claim July 1, 2, and 3, 1879,

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THE LITTLE GIANT POCKET SCALES.

SOMETHING NEW! JUST OUT

Weighs from one ounce to ten pounds, and can be easily carried in the pocket. It is elegantly nickel plated, and will last a life time. Something for sportsmen, fishermen, and family use. This little wonder is so constructed that you can tell exactly how much the matter weighs, after taking it from the scales, a very ingenious device, and quite a curiosity. Every scale is warranted accurate, or money refunded. Agents, dealers, and others can sell more of these pocket scales than any other article on the market. They sell at sight. Nothing like them. Send for circulars and price list. Novelty companies supplied at low figures. Sample, 50c.; 1 doz. \$3.50. Address orders to the inventor and manufacturer.

C. B. THOMPSON,
Bridgewater, Conn.

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THE VEGETABLE TONIC is a positive cure for Weakness, Impotency and all diseases arising from the indiscretions of youth or the excesses of maturer years, such as Nervous Debility, Depression of Spirits, Mental Anxiety, Loss of Memory, Premature Old Age, Pains in the Back and Side, &c., &c. It is a happy combination of the choicest vitalizing agents in the *materia medica*, and though a powerful remedy, does not contain strychnine, nux vomica, or any of those dangerous drugs so greatly used in the advertised tonics. Price \$1 per bottle.

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J. P. WISER,
Proprietor.
H. W. BROWN,
Superintendent.
849-um.



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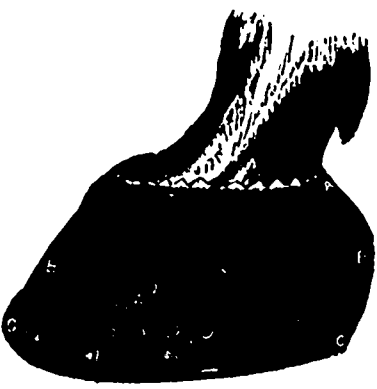
HOME PRODUCE STAKES.

Open, free of entrance, to two-year-old colts and fillies, bred and foaled in Ontario, by stallions the property of subscribers to the stake; dash of five furlongs, to be run in September, 1879, under Dominion Rules. Any number the get of any stallion named in the list can start. The stake and added money of \$— to be divided in the proportions of 75 per cent. to the winning horse, and 25 per cent. to the second.

CONDITIONS.—Owners of stallions desirous of the privilege of the get of their horses running in above stakes, must be subscribers to the stake on or before January 1, 1879, of \$50, that amount to accompany the nomination, which subscriptions, along with \$— added by the Association over whose track the race is run, shall form the total stake money. Entries for the race will close on June 1, 1879, with the Secretary-Treasurer of the Stake at the SPORTING TRACES Office, Toronto.

The following owners of stallions have already made nominations:
John White, Esq., Milton, for the get of *Terror*, by Ruric, dam Maratana by Flatcatcher.
J. L. Lyon, Esq., Toronto, for the get of *Hyder Ali*, by imported *Leamington*, dam Lady Duke by Lexington.

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