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American Quiff.

TROTTING AT MILWAUKEE.

MILWAUKEE, Aug 27.—Purse \$500; 2:50 class.
 Hight's ch g Royal Chief..... 1 1 1
 Waver's ch m Jessie..... 2 2 2
 Thorne's b m Daisy Dale..... 3 8 4
 Lady Alice, Whitewater Belle, Pate's Sentinel,
 Lizzie B, James Lupo, Wilmore, Charlie O and
 Highland Queen, also started.
 Time—2:32½, 2:33, 2:32.

Same Day—Purse \$500; 2:35 class.
 Bithar's blk g Edwin B..... 2 1 1 1
 Oliver's b g Punch..... 1 2 2 2
 N Howland's br m Mollie Pitcher .. 3 3 3 3
 Time—2:32, 2:33, 2:33½, 2:34½.

Aug 28.—Purse \$600; 2:31 class.
 Dyer's b g Frank..... 3 4 3 1 1 1
 Groesbeck's gr m Lady Groes-
 beck..... 1 1 3 2 3 3
 Simpson's b m Lady McFartridge-2 2 1 4 2 2
 Crook's gr m Maggie S..... 4 3 4 3 4 ro
 Time—2:25½, 2:27½, 2:29, 2:29, 2:20.

Barus, the great attraction was trotted between
 his heats. No remarkable time was expected as
 wind blew a gale, and the track was deep
 with dust. He did the first mile in 2:18½, the
 second in 2:16½, and the third in 2:14½.

Same Day—Purse \$800; 2:32 class.
 Smith's b g Woolford Z..... 1 1 0 1
 Green's blk m Dame Trot..... 2 2 0 2
 Oliver's b g Darby..... 3 3 6 3
 Bedger-Girl, Lady Turpin and Scotland also
 started.
 Time—2:21½, 2:23½, 2:23½, 2:23½.

Aug 29.—Purse \$500; 2:40 class.
 Dunn's b m Lady Alice..... 1 1 6 5 4 1
 Howland's blk g Oku..... 4 2 1 1 3 3
 Ester's b m Orphan Girl..... 2 3 5 2 1 2
 Beard's gr g Gray Eagle .. 5 8 3 4 2 ro
 Oliver's b g Punch..... 6 4 2 8 5 ro
 Time—2:32, 2:33, 2:35, 2:35½, 2:34, 2:33½.

Lula trotted three heats against time, for a
 special purse of \$1,000, making the first in 2:20,
 second in 2:17½, the third in 2:20½. She
 trotted very steady.

Same Day—Purse \$700; 2:25 class.
 Case's br g Neome..... 1 1 1
 Ribbard's b g Bonsetter..... 2 2 3
 Pate's b g Woodford Mambrino..... 0 6 2
 Dakota Maid, Dixie V, and Darby also started.
 Time—2:24, 2:24½, 2:24.

Aug 30.—Purse \$600; 2:23 class.
 Howland's br g Mambrino Gen-
 eral..... 2 2 1 1 1
 Bithar's blk g Don Pedro..... 1 1 2 2 3
 Wilson's br g Kentucky Wilkes 3 3 3 3 2
 Rader's b m Josephine..... 4 4 dis
 Time—2:30½, 2:27, 2:25½, 2:29, 2:31.

Same Day—Purse \$1,000; free for all.
 Van Ness' g g Albermarle..... 1 1 1
 Apple's b m Adalido..... 3 2 2
 Higgins's Little Fred..... 2 5 6
 Great Eastern and Lucille also started.
 Time—2:24½, 2:20, 2:24.

Same Day—Revere House Stakes, for two-year-olds, \$50 each, with \$400 added. Dash of one mile.

Volturno..... 1
 Scotilla (for Jessie Donaldson)..... 2
 Time, 1:54½.

Same Day—Parker House Purse, \$400. Two miles.
 Kilburn..... 1
 Shylock..... 2
 Daly Bros.' Patriot..... 3
 Time, 3:47½.

Same Day—\$400. Handicap hurdle race. Two miles, over eight hurdles.
 Lizzie Daley, 105 lbs..... 1
 Wild Oats, 125 lbs..... 2
 Daigasian, 143 lbs..... 3
 Durango, 123 lbs..... 0
 Fredericktown, 152 lbs..... 0
 Time, 3:57½.

TROTTING AT MONTPELIER, VT.

Montpelier, Aug 20.—Purse \$150; 2:50 class.
 H S Town's gr g Gray Friar..... 1 1 1
 F A Cutting's b m Lady Morrill..... 2 3 9
 J & T M Tierney's b g Bellevue Boy 10 2 3
 H G Smith's b m Volunteer Girl..... 5 4 2
 H Colby's br m Sizzie..... 3 8 5
 J C Dyer's b m Isabelle..... 4 5 7
 G M Delano's ch m Lotta..... 5 10 4
 E H Gilman's ch g Abdallah Prince.. 7 6 6
 M J Black's b g Young Columbus..... 8 7 8
 L M Avery's blk g Charles A..... 9 9 dis
 W H Maatin's gr g James H..... 11 dis
 Time—2:44½, 2:42, 2:42.

Same Day—Purse \$300; 2:35 class.
 J Atton's b s Drover Boy..... 1 1 1
 T M Tierney's blk g Village Boy..... 3 2 2
 H G Smith's b m Anna Low..... 2 3 3
 Time—2:35½, 2:38½, 2:38½.

TROTTING AT FREDONIA, N. Y.

Fredonia, Aug 30.—Purse \$200; 2:40 class.
 W Moore's b g Gowanda..... 1 1 1
 G N Frost's gr s Frank Martin..... 2 2 3
 S Willett's b g Allan Boy..... 3 3 2
 G B Moore's m m Carrie N..... 4 dr
 No time.

Same Day—Purse \$200; free for all.
 D v Clark's b m Adele Clark..... 1 1 1
 G R Moore's gr y Silver Cloud..... 2 2 2
 G N Frost's b m Versailles Girl..... 3 3 3
 Time—2:32½, 2:33½, 2:30.

TROTTING AT NEWARK, N. Y.

Newark, Aug 21.—Purse \$25, to wagon.
 C E Tuttle's blk m Blackbird..... 3 2 1 1 1
 E Brown's b m Newark Girl..... 1 1 3 2 3
 W E Clark's b m Maggie..... 2 3 2 3 3
 J D Bennett's b m Topsy..... dis
 Time—2:53, 3:52, 3:00, 2:56, 2:57½.

Same Day—Purse \$300; 2:30 class.

TROTTING AT WASHINGTON, N. Y.

WASHINGTON, N. Y. Sept 3.—Purse \$100, divided; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness, for 2:45 class.
 Wm Van Valkenburg's ch m Lady Grenville..... 2 4 1 1 1
 W H Brown's b g Barney Smith..... 1 1 2 2 2
 H B Proctor's b m Nellie Grant..... 3 2 3 4 8
 W N Staves' Helen Maigs..... 5 3 4 3 dr
 B Crary's gr m Lady Pierpoint..... 4 5 dr
 Time—2:40, 2:45, 2:43, 2:43.

Same Day—Purse \$75, divided, for four-year-olds; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.
 Charles Wagoner's br m Phillis..... 1 2 2 1 1
 W Van Valkenburg's ch's Mias..... 2 1 1 2 3
 F D Maxwell's b h Bob Dalzell..... 3 4 3 3 2
 S Leshman's b m St Lawrence Belle 4 3 dis
 Time—2:40, 2:40½, 2:36, 2:36, 2:33.

RACING AND TROTTING AT GOUVERNEUR, N. Y.

GOUVERNEUR, N. Y., Sept. 5.—\$100. Trotting; 3:00 class; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.
 G Moody, Watertown, ch m Julia..... 1 1 3 1
 C P Howe, Hallsbro, ch m Victoria... 4 3 1 3
 M Sinnott, Toronto, b h Mat, Cameron 3 2 2 2
 E F Gray, b m Lady Roxy..... 2 4 4 dr
 No time.

Same Day—\$—; Running; half-mile heats, for county horses.
 A Corbin, blk h Othello..... 1 3 1
 M Delaney, b m Careless Moll..... 2 1 2
 A Corbin, b m Bonnie Lass..... 3 2 3
 No time.

Sept 6—\$100; Running, mile heats. A J C Rules.

W E Owen, Toronto, b m Passion, aged, by Red Eye, dam Sympathy..... 1 1
 J P Dawes, Montreal, br m Little Jenny, 4 yrs, by Bayonet, dam Lizzie Stoghill... 2 2
 J Fitzsimmons, Ottawa, ch h Claudioboye, 6 yrs, by Enquirer, dam Leisure..... 3 3
 A H Rodas, Gouverneur, g g Frank Switz, aged, by Eugene, dam Faith..... 4 4
 Time—1:52½, 1:50.

Same Day—\$150; Trotting; 2:36 class; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.
 F E Gray, b m Lady Roxy..... 2 1 1 1
 T Love, Montreal, b m Fanny L..... 1 2 2 2
 J W Ivory, ch m Mattie K. Fuller..... 3 3 3 3
 Time—2:37, 2:38, 2:38, 2:38.

Same Day—Bonnet and Cigar Race; Running. Saddle and bridle to first, whip and spurs to second; half-mile dash.
 Mr Marrott, V-S, b g The Squire..... 1
 A Corbin, b m Bonnie Lass..... 2
 J Dawes, g m Camilla..... 3
 No time.

* Passed stand first, but was disqualified for cigar not being lit.

Sept 7—\$150. Trotting; 2:50 class; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.
 F E Gray, b m Lady Roxy..... 1 1 1
 G Moody, ch m Edna..... 3 3 2
 M Sincett, b h Mat Cameron..... 4 2 3
 C P Howes, ch m Victoria..... 2 dr
 Time—2:38, 2:38½, 2:33.

Same Day—\$75. Running, handicap; dash of three-quarters of a mile.
 W E Owen, b m Passion (see above), 120 lbs 1

Athletic.
A CANADIAN QUARTETTE.

The New York Caledonian Club held its annual picnic and games in Jones' Wood, New York, on the 5th. There were about 5,000 people in attendance. As usual, when the Canadian athletes put in an appearance, the lion's share of the prize money fell to them. The Canadian delegation was increased by the addition of Raine, of Ottawa. The following are the games in which they participated:—

D. C. Ross.—Trowing hammer, first, 90ft. 8½in.; putting the stone, first, 48ft. 10½in.; tossing the caber, first, 89ft. 6½in.

E. W. Johnson.—Standing broad jump, first, 10ft. 1in.; running broad jump, second, 17ft. 4½in.; putting the stone, second, 42ft. 5½in.; tossing the caber, third, 86ft. 3½in.

A. C. Reid.—Running broad jump, first, 18ft. 2in.

JOHN RAINE.—Mile race, \$50, first, 5.01½; two-mile race, \$75, first, 10:22.

WRESTLING MATCH.

A correspondent says arrangements had been in progress for some time past for a wrestling match between John McFarland, of Russell, champion of five counties, and Richard Burden, of Fallowfield, and last week the match came off, James Hogan, Burden's packer, and Tom Lawler, for McFarland, depositing \$20 each, as stakes. The agreement was three falls, catch and catch, which is Burden's favorite style, and three falls, side holds, McFarland's favorite, the man winning most falls out of the six to be the champion. The men met, and Burden won, taking three falls, catch and catch, and one, side holds. There were about 150 spectators present. Burden is a man weighing about 220 lbs., and is very active, having been a clown in a show for the past ten years.

LONG WALK.—A match has been made between two amateurs of Seaforth for \$80, to walk forty miles on the Driving Park track on the 16th. One is a painter (the favorite), and the other is a dispenser of fluids in the Royal Restaurant.

MUSING.—P. M. Duffy, the Ottawa athlete, had a pair of pants and a coat stolen from him while he was taking part in some picnic games in the capital last week.

BIG HOR, STRIP AND JUMP.—At the Caledonian games held on the Montreal Lacrosse Grounds, August 24, James Newton is said to have cleared 45ft. 6in. in a running hop, step and jump, which, if true, beats E. W. Jouveton's performance of 45ft. 1in., at Belleville, Ont., and gives Newton the best

Billiards.

Professor Roberts, of New Orleans, play billiards with his nose. A Cincinnati man tried it, but he had to give it up because he couldn't tell his nose from the "Jack red."

Through a meeting of all the prominent room-keepers in Boston the price of billiard has been raised by them in their respective rooms, from the reduced price of thirty cents per hour to fifty cents, the price formerly charged all through the East. The room keepers found that they could not make their rooms pay at the reduced price.

THE DION BROTHERS.—Not to be beaten by their brother experts, the Dions are making extensive changes in their room on Sixth Avenue, New York. The upholsterer, painter and other artisans are busy at work fixing up both the billiard-room and the ten-pin alleys. Lovely times are anticipated in the latter department this fall and winter, many new clubs having decided to hold their regular meetings there.

A RUN OF 459.—Albert Garnier informs us that in a recent exhibit on game between Mons E Margin and a Signor Palau of Spain, the former made a run of 459 with out missing, and hit a single shot in the corner. The game was 600 points up, through ball, and took place at Margin's cafe in Paris before a goodly assemblage. A number of gentlemen present signed a paper vouching for the validity of the run.—Turf.

TRIP.—Mr. Sam. May, the billiard-table manufacturer of this city, has been on a trip to the Lower Provinces. The New York papers of last week report him to that city, homeward bound. It is his first visit to the modern Gotham in two years. His success in the Maritime Provinces was quite marked, and the future possibilities are that the demand for billiard material in that section will be supplied from Toronto, as it naturally should be.

Lacrosse

SHANROCKS—CAUGHNAWAGAS.—These clubs played a game at Quebec on Saturday last. The Shanrocks (Montreal) beat the Indians in the first, third, and fifth games in two, nine and seven minutes respectively. The Governor-General witnessed the game.

THE PROFESSIONAL TOUR

Aug 28—Purse \$600; 2:31 class.

Table with 2 columns: Horses and Results. Includes entries like Dower's b g Frank, Groesbeck's gr m Lady Groesbeck, Simpson's b m Lady McFarridge.

Time—2:26½, 2:27½, 2:29, 2:30, 2:29, 2:20. Rare, the great attraction was trotted bowe in heats. No remarkable time was expected as the wind blew a gale, and the track was deep with dust. He did the first mile in 2:17½, the second in 2:16½, and the third in 2:14½.

Table with 2 columns: Horses and Results. Includes entries like F.S. Smith's b g Woolford Z, J Green's blk m Dame Trot, J Maco's b g Darby.

RACING AT BOSTON, MASS.

Boston, Mass., Sept. 3.—American House race of \$250. for all ages; three-quarters of a mile.

Table with 2 columns: Horses and Results. Includes entries like Powers & Buckle's b f Kate Claxton, 8 yrs, by Belle, dam Lizzie Vic.

Time—1:19. Same Day—Tremont House Purse, \$300, for all ages; winner to be sold at auction; one mile and a furlong.

Table with 2 columns: Horses and Results. Includes entries like W.I. Higgins, 4 yrs, by Pat Malloy—Yellowbird, 118 lbs.

Time—2:51. Same Day—Purse \$400, for all ages, mile and a half, over six hurdles.

Table with 2 columns: Horses and Results. Includes entries like J. Higgins, 6 yrs, by Pat Claxton, and Pat Murray.

RACING AND TROTting AT GOUVERN. NEUR, N. Y.

Table with 2 columns: Horses and Results. Includes entries like H.S. Town's gr g Gray Friar, F.A. Cutting's b m Lady Morrill.

Time—2:43½, 2:43, 2:42. Same Day—Purse \$300; 2:35 class.

Table with 2 columns: Horses and Results. Includes entries like W Moore's b g Gowanda, G N Frost's gr s Frank Martin.

TROTting AT FREDONIA, N. Y.

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TROTting AT NEWARK, N. Y.

Table with 2 columns: Horses and Results. Includes entries like Newark, Aug 21—Purse \$25, to wagon. O E Tuttle's blk m Blackbird.

Time—2:45, 2:40½, 2:40½. Same Day—Purse \$75, running; mile heats.

Table with 2 columns: Horses and Results. Includes entries like W Foot's br g Country Boy, J Fletcher's ch s Hartland.

Time—1:53, 1:51. Aug 23—Purse \$300; 2:42 class.

Table with 2 columns: Horses and Results. Includes entries like W Foot's br g Country Boy, C E Tuttle's b g Sentinel.

GOUVERN. NEUR, N. Y., Sept. 5.—\$100. Trotting, 3 m class, mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

Table with 2 columns: Horses and Results. Includes entries like G Moody, Watertown, ch m Enlia, C P Howe, Hallsboro, ch m Victoria.

Time—1:53½, 1:50. Same Day—\$150; Trotting, 2:36 class; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

Table with 2 columns: Horses and Results. Includes entries like F E Gray, b m Lady Roxy, T Love, Montreal, b m Fanny L.

Time—2:37, 2:38, 2:38, 2:38. Same Day—Purse \$300; 2:30 class.

Table with 2 columns: Horses and Results. Includes entries like W Morris' blk g Tom Malloy, J E Burlew's b m Nellie Rose.

Time—2:43, 2:37½, 2:39, 2:41, 2:42. Same Day—Purse \$50, running, half mile.

Table with 2 columns: Horses and Results. Includes entries like A W Scott's ch m Plenty, A B Hulbert's b f Farinell.

Time—2:42, 2:44½, 2:45, 2:45, 2:45. Same Day—Purse \$300, 2:50 class.

Table with 2 columns: Horses and Results. Includes entries like O E Tuttle's b g Sentinel, A J Bennett's ch g Clipper.

Time—2:45, 2:40½, 2:40½. Same Day—Purse \$75, running; mile heats.

Table with 2 columns: Horses and Results. Includes entries like J Fletcher's ch s Hartland, A W Scott's ch m Plenty.

E. W. JOHNSON.—Standing broad jump, first, 10ft. 1in.

running broad jump, second, 17ft. 4in.; putting the stone, second, 42ft. 5in.; tossing the caber, third, 86ft. 3in.

A. C. RAINB.—Running broad jump, first, 18ft. 2in.

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The Dion Brothers.—Not to be their brother experts, the Dion are making extensive changes in their room on Sixth Avenue, New York.

A RUN OF 454.—Albion Garnier informs us that in a recent exhibition game between Mons. E. Margin and a Signor Polaco, of Spain, the former made a run of 454 without missing, and not a single shot in the corner.

TRIP.—Mr. Sam. May, the billiard-table manufacturer of this city, has been on a trip to the Lower Provinces.

Lacrosse

SHAMROCKS.—CAUGHNAWAGAS.—These clubs played a game at Quebec on Saturday last. The Shamrocks (Montreal) beat the Indians in the first, third, and fifth games in two, nine and seven minutes respectively.

THE PROFESSIONAL TOUT.

The recent investigation at Saratoga, growing out of the attempt of a noted tout and scullawag named A. Platt, to bribe the trainer and jockey of Luelfer to throw a race, should admonish the regular clubs of the importance of excluding all the touts, both black and white, from their grounds.

The only way in which any man of intelligence can learn anything of the chances of horses in a race is by watching their public performances.

TORONTO.—The annual athletic games of the Toronto Lacrosse Club will be held to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon, on their grounds, Jarvis street.

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A RACE FOR A WIFE!

CHAPTER XII.

(CONCLUDED.)

We now stand to win, between us, £10,000 if Coriander wins the Two Thousand, and just quits it he loses. Not a bad book, Grenville?

'By Jove! no; and he's a good chance, hasn't he?'

'Yes, on previous running, wonderful. We know Fearman has backed him to win a lot of money. It's not likely he would have paid you £10,000 to-day unless he was very confident about his chance. To wind up with, his own commissioner backed him to-day for a good bit of money, although he had to take shortish odds, owing to our having appropriated all the long prices against the colt.'

Grenville's eyes sparkled, though he said nothing, but smoked on in silence for a minute or two. Yes, if that *coupe* should come off, he might marry Maude at once!

Dallison had regarded him intently. Suddenly he broke silence—

'Of course—what a fool I am! I saw your eye flash up, and then you dug into a reverie. I had forgotten the stake you told me you had on this, when you first spoke to me about it. Whether it's been any good to go so far, of course I don't know, but you stand as fair a chance as a man can do of winning £5,085 next week, if that will help you at all. There's no certainty about anything in this world—about how long it's been a world, or about how long we've been preying on each other in it. Practically, mind, we are as much cannibals as ever, and eat each other up with as much alacrity as the Feejee Islanders. A good heavy city swindle gulps us down much as a whale takes herrings; but there's plenty of pike about, who do their cannibalism one at a time, and not by the shoal. Fearman *per se* was a pike of renown; in fact, he might have aspired to the dignity of a shark, if he hadn't been of a retiring disposition, and ever anxious to hide his light under a bushel. Fearman *filii* had a fair dash of the pike about him, too. Which way he can make most money out of Coriander, I don't know; but, I should think, by winning; and, if I'm right in my conjecture, bar accidents, we shall win our money, Gren.'

'And if it is the other way?'

'Shan't lose it, thank goodness! But I'm afraid, if his book makes up a few hundred better on the lose, Coriander will not run up to his previous performances. We've done pretty well; win or lose, we stand a big stake to nothing. Good-night.'

Grenville smoked and mused far into the night. Yes, he had been playing for high stakes lately, and winning game after game. Let this only come off, and he should have fairly won his sweet cousin. Then the thought came into his head that he must see it, and then it flashed across him that Maude must be with him. How he was to manage it he didn't know. As inspirations flash across mankind, so do superstitions. Maude had had her sortilege, he had now his; Coriander's winning the Two Thousand depended upon him and his *fiancée* being there to see.

'Ridiculous,' you'll say. There is pretty well as much romance and superstition going about the world as heretofore; but our nineteenth century training teaches us, above all things, not to lay ourselves open to ridicule. We may inwardly admit such things, we don't acknowledge them. Still, the age that recognizes 'spirit-rapping' need not altogether turn up its nose at sortilege.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RACE FOR THE TWO THOUSAND.

Two classic heath is crowded; ay, over-crowded. The carriages stand four and five deep next the ropes. The horsemen feel themselves overwhelmed by the chariots. Jealous *habitués* of long standing glare disdainfully as huge inncheon-hampers meet

cock-fight, we can race; if we must not race we can row, or draw straws, or bet upon the weather. You may pass what laws you choose anent usury; the more harm you do. The fool to borrow and the shark to lend will always exist; you merely increase the percentage. Both are evils which you cannot eradicate. The next best thing is to keep them under surveillance. Besides, how you increase demand by a prohibitory tariff! It wrong to bet; that alone gives zest to the pursuit; but make it illegal, and you give a real impetus to the business. Free trade ruined smuggling. If the street fountains played spirits, and a vexatious tax was placed on water, we should undergo a testotal revolution to which Father Mathew's movement would be child's play.

In a carriage very close to the cords are Harold Denison, Maude, and Grenville Rose, or rather, I should say, were, inasmuch as they had arrived there together, but, though Denison had for some years eschewed the green sward and its fatal seductions, of course there were numerous old friends whom he had known well in the days that the sky-blue and silver braid (his colors) was prominent at most large race meetings. He had naturally drawn off to chat over old times with some of them, and left Maude in charge of her cousin.

The girl was in a state of the greatest excitement. She had never before seen a race of any kind. It was a bright day but not warm; except in the July meeting, it never is on Newmarket Heath. Thanks to her father's experience, Maude was heavily shawled, and therefore comfortable. In the last few minutes Rose had confided to her what a big stake he stood to win on Coriander. 'Though, Maude, recollect, I shan't be a penny the worse if he loses.'

'Oh, Gren, how can you stand still? I can hardly, as it is, though it is you who are to win, and not me.'

'My darling, you are as much interested as I am. I never did bet before, I never shall again. Can't you guess why I have this time?'

'I think so,' she replied, as her face flushed.

'It's for me, is it not?'

'Yes, Maude; if Coriander wins, I can claim you from your father at once; if he don't—well, you will wait while I work, won't you?'

'You know I will. I'm yours whenever you come for me,' whispered the girl; and, as long as we may write, I shall never—and she paused:

'What? inquired her cousin.

'Don't ask me!—well, never be as happy as I have been.'

Grenville pressed the little hand that rested in his, but said nothing; in which he showed great discretion. In love-making, silence is often more effective than conversation.

But the noise of the bursting cork is hushed in Jarvis—the ring is deserted. Flies and horsemen tear across to where the cords, placed in funnel-shape, indicate the finest of the Rowley miles. Every one is on the *qui vive* to see the result of the first great three-year-old race of the season. Carefully have the horses been scrutinized in the Bird-cage and elsewhere, and the scattered ring from the foot of the Jockey Club stand and from amid the carriages still shriek forth spasmodic offers against outsiders. Grenville has never left his cousin's side. As he has already said, the turf was a great mystery to him. All he knows—and this is derived from Dallison—is, that Coriander is favorite, and that Fauxpas and The Saint are each backed for a great deal of money, and that the Lightning colt is a dangerous outsider.

'Now, Maude, stand up on the seat. Are the glasses right? Try.'

'Quite; I can see beautifully.'

'Very well; now repeat what I have taught you. What are the colors?'

'Coriander, black and white hoops; Fauxpas, green and white braid; The Saint, cherry and black cap; and—and, oh dear, I forget that Lightning thing.'

'Mazarine blue; don't forget again. Do you see those two bushes? As soon as we hear they are off, bring your glasses to bear on those. Wait till you catch the horses in their field, and then follow them till you don't want glasses.'

'Yes, Gren, but my hand shakes so. I wish you hadn't told me about all that money if Coriander wins. Oh dear, way don't they start? What are they waiting

for 'Coriander wine, for a monkey! Coriander wins. Coriander, in a walk—and the black and white hoops glide past the judge's chair a clever length in front.'

Grenville draws a big breath. 'Is it true?' and he glares anxiously at the telegraph-board. From where he is it is impossible to tell for certain, though he thinks the favorite won. Hurray! Up goes the mazytic 7 that represents Coriander on the cards; and, with a yell, Grenville sends his hat into the air. Even as he does so, he feels that Maude leans wondrously heavy on his shoulder; he turns just in time to hear a low, gurgling sound, and ca... his cousin in his arms. She has fainted. He lays her back in the carriage, and sends one of the innumerable lads that infest a race-course in hot pursuit of water. Meanwhile he, in his ignorance and confusion, bathes her temples with sherry from a big flask. It has the desired effect, as if it were a more scientific remedy, and ere the myrtilon returns with water Maude has come to herself, with a choking sob or two.

'Oh, Gren, I didn't—I don't—I shall be well in a minute.' And after drinking, first a little sherry, and then a little water, Maude, with rather pale cheeks, began to wonder how she could have been so foolish.

'I got so excited about it, Gren; I couldn't help it. You shouldn't have told me what a lot of money you might win. Besides, I never saw a race before.'

'Never mind, you are all right now. We'll go home as soon as we can catch your father; there's nothing else to see—not for us, at least, darling. I've won you now, Maude.'

'No,' said the girl, with a smile, and a slight pressure of her little hand; 'you did that before. But where's your hat?'

'I don't know,' said Grenville, looking very confused. 'I threw it up in the air when the horse won, and then you fainted, and I never thought of it again. Looks awkward, don't it?'

'Oh, laughed Maude, 'I'm so glad. Why you were as bad as me. I think we had better go home, Gren; we are not fit to go racing. We haven't the requisite control of our feelings, and make shows of ourselves.'

'But, though the hat, a little the worse for its aerial excursion, was speedily returned by some jacks of the heath, Harold Denison was not so easily come at, and the cousins were—perforce doomed to see the day out. Though I doubt whether they ever saw another race, they bore themselves most resignedly, and, I fancy, passed a tolerably pleasant two hours. A gentleman on a neat hack, after a moment's hesitation, pulled up at their carriage. Lifting his hat to Maude, he nodded cheerily to Rose, and, leaning over, murmured:

'No end of congratulation. What a *coupe*! I'm very well satisfied; but Gren, you have played for high stakes, and I suppose I may say have won them? Adieu! And with another glance, and raising of his hat to Maude, he cantered off.

'Who was that?' she inquired.

'Dallison, who did all my betting for me.' 'And did he know?'

'He knew what that £5,000 meant to me. He's right, Maude. I have been playing high stakes, and to think that I should win all!'

Mr. Denison turned up in the most jubilant spirit. He had had a delightful day, and won a hundred and odd pounds, he told them. 'Don't think I am going on with it, Grenville, but, as I had come to see 'the Guinea's' run for once more, I determined to risk my pony on it, and backed the horse that had already been such a good friend to me; and, as that was successful, I invested two or three more ten-pound notes on the strength of my first win, so that my gains mounted up, my selections having proved successful.'

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gushed himself, has now retired into domestic life—one of his illustrious feet is to be placed at her disposal.

The squire is still muddling on, but, thanks to an occasional look-up from Grenville, and a change of bailiffs, continues to about make both ends meet. As for Mrs. Denison, with her temperament, cannot you fancy the delight she has in a visit to or from her darling daughter, and with a couple of grandchildren to pet and spoil?

THE END

DEATH OF DR. J. W. WELDON.

The death of Dr. James Wallace Weldon will bring pangs of regret to his friends throughout the Union. No turfman living was better known in this country than Dr. Weldon. He died at Saratoga, Sunday evening, August 25.

For more than forty years he has been actively engaged in pursuit of the pleasures of the manliest of all sports, to which he was as devoted as the strongest passion ever allows. From early manhood he was a very close observer, and his singular fondness for the horse strengthened this faculty to a great extent. On this account, when experience came to his assistance, he was regarded, in this country, as an accomplished judge, and one of the most prudent and careful handlers of horses in this country.

Dr. Weldon never controlled establishments of the proportions we occasionally find on the turf at this day, but he developed some of the best horses that have appeared in this country since he began his career. He had rare success with Lightning. He handled him with consummate skill, and, as a proof that he did so, Lightning conquered, while in Dr. Weldon's hands, the best horses in the country, including the famous Planet, who had proven himself to be a horse of remarkable speed, and no course was too long for him. He also had distinguished success with Local, Sympathy, Aldebaran, Moidore, Wagram, Blackbird, Frank Allen, and many others. The best proof of his ability as a handler was that he never let a horse pass from his hands as rejected that ever did better after than he did before he left him.

Dr. Weldon's career upon the turf, however, shows most conspicuous from a moral standpoint. Money had little influence over him, for he cared as little for it as almost any man living. We will not do him the injustice to say that he was prodigal with his earnings, but he never thought enough of money to allow it to corrupt him. His character among turfmen was that he was absolutely incorruptible, and though he passed more than forty years actively upon the turf, we never heard the slightest suspicion thrown on any of his actions.

His memory was singularly retentive, and clung tenaciously to all the details of a transaction, not one of which escaped either his observation or memory, no difference what may have been the flight of time or what vicissitudes fortune may have brought in the interim. Hence he was a sort of walking history of the American turf since he began his career. He had witnessed most of the prominent meetings in the country; never let either a meeting or a race escape him that he could possibly see, and he remembered, long years after, the distance of the race, horses engaged, the jockeys, weights, how the race was run, how it was lost or won, and even the time made. His memory was of great assistance to him in following pedigrees. With the prominent families of thoroughbreds of this country he was perfectly familiar, and although there was no Stud-book for more than thirty years after he entered the turf that was accepted in turf circles, he was rarely at fault in the pedigree of a horse springing from any of these families.

He was well learned in the laws of the turf, with all the details of training, was regarded as one of the most watchful and prudent men that ever handled young horses. He understood thoroughly the physical conformation and anatomy of the horse, studied each with great care, and a horse put under his charge was sure of protection from abuse, and to have all his powers preserved. This was a strong point with Dr. Weldon.

The crowning act of his life, however, was his last effort to elevate the standard of the turf in this country. He was advancing in years, had travelled much, had treasured all he had seen, and he finally resolved the whole to writing, and thus gave it to those who succeed him, that they may profit by his experience, observation and labor. Truly the "Thoroughbred Racehorse: How to Breed, Rear and Train Him," is by far the best work on the subject ever issued in any country. Many people differ with the author in some of the rules and maxims laid down by him, and, on this account, are disposed to reject the work. Is this an acknowledged feat of the value of an author's labors? The question is not whether all the rules laid down and theories taught in a book are infallibly true, for this has never been the fortune of a single author from the days of Herodotus to the present time;

AMERICAN JOCKEYS.

A SKETCH OF BARRETT.

As a companion table to that of *winning owners* is presented one of winning jockeys—those little old children," as a lady sitting in the stand called some of them. In respect to their ages the public at large are vastly mistaken. All are much older than they look. Few in seeing Billy Hayward, as he is called, think that he is a man over thirty and that he is the father of a family of three or four children, and yet Billy rode for Governor Bowie's *Belle* to victory for the Alabama Stakes, when, to make his weight at 113 pounds, it took a lead pad. Master William Barrett, who heads the list of winning jockeys, is in his nineteenth year, and weighs when stripped about ninety-two or ninety-three pounds. The career of this young jockey has been something wonderful. At Saratoga in 1875 Mr. Brown, now trainer for Mr. Pierre Lorillard's stable, rescued Barrett, then a hanger-on and shoeblack round the stables, from being beaten by some one he had offended. Brown took the boy to the stables, the former being then trainer for Frank Morris, and ordered the other boys to give him something to eat, and as it was near night he coupled that order with a permission to stay in the stable all night. In the morning Billy looked bright and willing, and as he weighed comparatively nothing Brown asked him if he would like to learn to ride. The answer was a prompt "Yes, sir." With the end of the meeting the stable returned to Monmouth County. In the winter Barrett went to school with the other boys. In the spring of 1876 Brown took charge of the Rancocas stable, and Barrett, with the rest of "Brown's boys," as they were called, enlisted under the cherry and black of Mr. Pierre Lorillard. How quickly Barrett learned the art of riding as a jockey may be imagined, for at the October meeting of the American Jockey Club in 1876 he is credited with winning the Champagne Stakes with Bombast. Since that time he has been constantly in the saddle, and in such demand was he at Saratoga that he rode in seventy-four out of the ninety-five races run on the flat. Billy is a good boy and is much liked by starters. He knows what is right, and by doing what is right has so far escaped suspension; in fact, as Captain Corner said on his way down from Saratoga, "Barrett will win the gold-mounted ring that I promised the best boy at the end of the season."

Although Barrett heads the list of winning jockeys, Hughes, the famous first jockey of the Islip stable, beats him in the total amount. But then Hughes rode the Duke of Magenta for the Travels, Segel, Kenner, and Harding stakes, and Harold for the flash and Saratoga. What Harold was beaten by Uncas for the Kentucky Stakes he was ridden by Holloway, Hughes being then under suspension; in fact his impetuous habit at the post kept him in trouble nearly all the meeting, to which fact may be attributed some of Barrett's numerous mounts.

HUNTING THE BUFFALO.

Hunting the buffalo is very different sport from stalking either the antelope or rodder and is intensely exciting. They are seldom, except by those who make their livelihood by selling the skins, shot with a rifle, the usual method being to ride at full gallop into a herd, select the most promising animal, and then shoot with a revolver. A good dead practice, and I might add nerve, is required before a man can expect to become an accomplished buffalo hunter; a well-trained horse is also necessary to insure success.

The first precaution to be observed after sighting a herd which it is proposed to hunt, are to lighten yourself and horse of all superfluous gear, which we always handed over to orderlies, tighten up the saddle-girths, unbutton your holster, and see your revolver handy and ready for use.

When everything is ready, advance towards the herd at a brisk trot or canter. As a rule, they will allow you to approach within about two hundred yards, when, being alarmed, the whole herd will scamper. This is the time to make the running, for, after retreating about two hundred yards, they will stop to look around to see whether they are being pursued or not. Before they can make up their minds to be off again the hunter ought to be in their midst, splitting the herd in two, and scattering them in all directions ahead of him. Singling out a particular animal—if only the skin is required, a six or seven-year old cow is selected, if food is wanted a three-year old is chosen—the hunter dashes up alongside and when within about twenty-two or three yards discharges his revolver rapidly into his victim sticking close to the poor animal until it falls.

Which way he can make most money out of Coriander, I don't know, but, I should think, by winning; and, if I'm right in my conjecture, bar accidents, we shall win our money, Gren.

'And if it is the other way?'

'Shan't lose it, thank goodness! But I'm afraid, if his book makes up a few hundred better on the lose, Coriander will not run up to his previous performances. We've done pretty well, win or lose, we stand a big stake to nothing. Good-night.'

Grenville smoked and mused far into the night. Yes, he had been playing for high stakes lately, and winning game after game. Let this only come off, and he should have fairly won his sweet cousin. Then the thought came into his head that he must see it, and then it flashed across him that Maude must be with him. How he was to manage it he didn't know. As inspirations flash across mankind, so do superstitions. Maude had had her sortilege, he had now his; Coriander's winning the Two Thousand depended upon him and his fiancée being there to see.

'Ridiculous,' you'll say. There is pretty well as much romance and superstition going about the world as heretofore; but our nineteenth century training teaches us, above all things, not to lay ourselves open to ridicule. We may inwardly admit such things, we don't acknowledge them. Still, the age that recognizes 'spirit-rapping' need not altogether turn up its nose at sortilege.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RACE FOR THE TWO THOUSAND.

The classic heath is crowded; ay, overcrowded. The carriages stand four and five deep next the ropes. The horsemen feel themselves overwhelmed by the chariots. Jealous habits of long standing glare disdainfully as huge luncheon-hampers meet their offended eyes; while the despairing tones of an old idolator, who, in accents of bitterest anguish, exclaims, 'Same three infernal machines, covered with pigeon-pies and Guinness's stout, upon my word!' strike chillily on the heart of the old Newmarket man.

Yes, there's no doubt about it. I don't say the world, but the civilized world, is not big enough. To use an Americanism, 'we're out.' Everybody goes everywhere now a-days. If you happen to have mixed much in the world there is no place of which you can predicate, 'Well, thank Heaven, I can't meet any one I know there.' Personally, I can simply affirm that my particular aversions always turn up on such occasions. At the Grand Mulets, the top of the Pyramids, on the crest of Table Mountain, or in the depths of the Catacombs, I should be on the lookout for them. I consider them as part of the scenery; the quassa-cup from which I quaff the nutty sherry of existence. I shudder, and submit to them accordingly. I hear Herne Bay spoken well of in this respect. The Andaman Islands, in the Bay of Bengal, folks say are not socially crowded; and there must be some retired spots about Lake Nyanza at present. The latter, of course, won't last. Steamers, ay, penny ones, probably, probably, will ply there before five years are over, and the Viceroy of Egypt will probably have established a Baden on its banks out of compliment to the prudery of Europe. I suppose we shouldn't mind gambling on another continent.

I wonder how often the world has had its virtuous paroxysms about gambling, and its fits of indignation about money-lending. Legislate! Yes, you may legislate on both subjects. What is the result? Legislation simply diverts gambling into other channels. Laws against usury have failed since the world began, or rather, since our present knowledge of it began. If we must not

she paused:

'What?' inquired her cousin.

'Don't ask me!—well, never be as happy as I have been.'

Grenville pressed the little band that rested in his, but said nothing; in which he showed great discretion. In love-making, silence is often more effective than conversation.

But the noise of the bursting cork is hushed in Jarvis—the ring is deserted. Flies and horsemen tear across to where the cords, placed in funnel-shape, indicate the finest of the Rowley miles. Every one is on the *qui vive* to see the result of the first great three-year-old race of the season. Carefully have the horses been scrutinized in the Birdcage and elsewhere, and the scattered ring from the foot of the Jockey Club stand and from amid the carriages still shriek forth spasmodic offers against outsiders. Grenville has never left his cousin's side. As he has already said, the turf was a great mystery to him. All he knows—and this is derived from Dallison—is, that Coriander is favorite, and that Fauxpas and The Saint are each backed for a great deal of money, and that the Lightning colt is a dangerous outsider.

'Now, Maude, stand up on the seat. Are the glasses right? Try.'

'Quite, I can see beautifully.'

'Very well; now repeat what I have taught you. What are the colors?'

'Coriander, black and white hoops; Fauxpas, green and white braid; The Saint, cherry and black cap; and—and, oh dear, I forget that Lightning thing.'

'Mazarine blue; don't forget again. Do you see those two bushes? As soon as we hear they are off, bring your glasses to bear on those. Wait till you catch the horses in their field, and then follow them till you don't want glasses.'

'Yes, Gren, but my hand shakes so. I wish you hadn't told me about all that money if Coriander wins. Oh dear, why don't they start? What are they waiting for?'

Ah me, faces are a study the five minutes before the flag falls for a great race. Emotion, it is true, is very *mauvaise ton*, but the teeth will go through the lip, or the mouth will twitch, and the hand that holds the race glass will shake a little on these occasions, when the possessors are involved in high stakes on the result. Once over, and as a rule it would be difficult to tell whether a man had lost much or little. Winners look jubilant, losers bland, at the hoisting of the numbers. To study faces, use your eyes while the horses still cluster at the starting-post. Still I recollect two heavy losers on the celebrated Derby of '67; the one as *nonchalant* as ever, but the other looked as if stricken with ague—and, for all I know, may have been, it was cold enough.

Suddenly is seen tumult among the distant horsemen, who have gone down some way to witness the start; and almost before Maude can realize that they are all tearing toward her, the fierce shriek of 'They're off!' announces that the race for the Two Thousand has begun. She has barely time to get the bushes within the field of her glasses, when half a dozen of the gay silken jackets pass them. Flashed, panting, excited, and utterly unaccustomed to the thing, Maude grinds her little white teeth in her agitation, as she finds they have passed the point, more like the glimpse of a kaleidoscope than anything else; then for a second she can't find them again. 'Oh, Gren,' she gasps, 'which is Coriander? I forget! Was it blue, or black and white hoops? I've lost them. Oh dear, that green thing will win! Oh, which is Coriander?' And there was a slight gurgle in Maude's throat.

'The Saint wins! No he don't, he's beat! Fauxpas wins! No, the Lightning Colt! Fauxpas—when, sharp and shrill as a clarion above the Babel, came Sam Pearman's cry

another race, they were themselves almost resignedly, and, I fancy, passed a tolerably pleasant two hours. A gentleman on a neat hack, after a moment's hesitation, pulled up at their carriage. Lifting his hat to Maude, he nodded cheerily to Rose, and, leaning over, murmured:

'No end of congratulation. What a *coupe!* I'm very well satisfied; but Gren, you have played for high stakes, and I suppose I may say have won them? Adieu!' And with another glance, and raising of his hat to Maude, he centered off.

'Who was that?' she inquired.

'Dallison, who did all my betting for me.'

'And did he know?'

'He knew what that £5,000 meant to me. He's right, Maude. I have been playing high stakes, and to think that I should win all!'

Mr. Denison turned up in the most jubilant spirits. He had had a delightful day, and won a hundred and odd pounds, he told them. 'Don't think I am going on with it, Grenville, but, as I had come to see 'the Guinea's' run for once more, I determined to risk my pony on it, and backed the horse that had already been such a good friend to me; and, as that was successful, I invested two or three more ten-pound notes on the strength of my first win, so that my gains mounted up, my selections having proved successful.'

Within twenty-four hours Grenville Rose had had a long confabulation with his uncle, and succeeded in convincing him that he was, thanks to the additional £5,000, in a position to marry his cousin at once: he could make up now £600 a year, and he was sure business would shortly come to him. Denison demurred a little, but he certainly was under some obligation to his nephew about that mortgage. The domestic current, too, ran strong in Grenville's favor; so after a little he yielded, saying that 'if they thought fit to begin the world on that income he had no more to say, further than that they could expect but little help from him during his lifetime.'

Maude and Grenville recked little of that, and in three months time they were married; and one of the handsomest wedding presents Maude received was, strange enough to say, from Sam Pearman, with a very correct note, to the effect that, 'forgetting all the past, he trusted Miss Denison would still consider him as a friend and well-wisher.'

Moreover, so immensely struck was that gentleman with Grenville's acuteness in the prosecution of the heriot claim, that he threw a considerable amount of his own and friends' legal business into Rose's hands; and three or four years after that memorable Two Thousand you seldom saw a horse case in which Grenville was not employed. Briefs, too, fell thick from other sources; the Coriander story, was bruited about, and the attorneys pronounced it smart, clever—very, and indorsed their opinions practically.

The picture of that distinguished race-horse may be seen in the dining-room at Mannersley, and Pearman often contemplates it, and soliloquizes as he does so: 'Yes; you cost me £10,000 hard cash, and the prettiest girl in England; but you won the Guinea's and the Derby, you did.'

Over Rose's study mantlepiece hangs a print of that same celebrity. Deep in his papers in the evenings sometimes, when work is so plentiful that it becomes hard to grapple with, Maude will glide softly in, and say, 'Come, Gren; tea is in. Come and drink Coriander's health—the dear old horse that gave us to each other.' And he yields to the voice of the charmer, and, to the benefit of his health, enjoys a twenty minutes' romp with a sturdy little boy of some three years old or so, who, having been once taken by his mother into court, has determined on being a judge almost immediately.

It is a solemn compact between Maude and Mr. Pearman that, when anything happens to Coriander—who, having much distin-

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THE BIGGEST FISH STORY.

Our readers may have seen an account in the Burlington Hawkeye of the little girl who has trained two pickerel so that they will draw her in a boat. Now the Whitehall Gazette is not to be beaten in telling a "fish" story, so it relates the following:

A man has an artificial trout pond with at least 3,000 fish, each weighing from half a pound to two pounds, more or less. He also has a little girl, five years old, who has succeeded in training the fish so that she can go to the edge of the pond and with a handful of crums feed them from her chubby hand. They have learned to jump out of the water and snatch worms from her fingers, and they are extremely fond of their little mistress. One day she lost her balance and pitched headlong into the water where it was deep: She says that when she went "way down" she called lustily for help. Her cries quickly attracted her parents, and they were horrified at seeing the little girl floating upon the surface of the pond. The father rushed to the water's edge and reached out for his pet, and as he raised her from the water a perfect solid mass of trout was found beneath her. These faithful subjects of the little queen, as she fell, quickly gathered beneath her and thus showed their love for their mistress by bearing up her body until aid arrived, thus preventing her from meeting a watery grave.

HUNTING THE BUFFALO.

Hunting the buffalo is very different sport from stalking either the antelope or redder and is intensely exciting. They are seldom, except by those who make their livelihood by selling the skins, shot with a rifle, the usual method being to ride at full gallop into a herd, select the most promising animal, and then shoot with a revolver. A good deal of practice, and I might add nerve, is required before a man can expect to become an accomplished buffalo hunter, a well-trained horse is also necessary to insure success.

The first precaution to be observed after sighting a herd which it is proposed to hunt, are to lighten yourself and horse of all superfluous gear, which we always handed over to orderlies, tighten up the saddle-girths, button your holster, and see your revolver handy and ready for use.

When everything is ready, advance towards the herd at a brisk trot or canter. As a rule, they will allow you to approach to within about two hundred yards, when, being alarmed, the whole herd will scamper off. This is the time to make the running, or, after retreating about two hundred yards, they will stop to look around to see whether they are being pursued or not. Before they can make up their minds to be off again the hunter ought to be in their midst, splitting the herd in two, and scattering them in all directions ahead of him. Singling out a particular animal—only the skin is required, a six or seven year old cow is selected; if food is wanted a three-year old is chosen—the hunter dashes up alongside and when within about twenty-two or three yards discharges his revolver rapidly into his victim, striking close to the poor animal until it falls.

The buffalo is wonderfully tenacious of life; I have myself chased an old bull, whose head I was desirous of possessing as a trophy for a distance of eight miles, and he only succumbed after twenty-five bullets had actually taken effect, the majority of which entered a vital part. When wounded they are naturally very savage, and, maddened with pain, will charge furiously, but are easily evaded by a well-mounted horseman.

When they see their efforts are futile, they will stop short, stamp their feet viciously, snort, and shake their heads and shaggy manes with impotent fury. An infuriated buffalo bull is a very ugly customer at close quarters, but is really harmless if the hunter is mounted on a tractable horse. The rapidity with which these clumsy, awkward-looking animals get over the ground is perfectly marvellous, apparently shuffling along in a drove of cows, they are in reality travelling at a great speed, and a man must be well mounted indeed who expects to overtake them if they have the advantage of a good start, or even to keep up with after he has once ranged alongside.

An inexperienced hunter is apt to think after a short chase, that his victim must succumb, from the fact that its head is hanging down and its tongue protruding, but these are not indications of exhaustion, a buffalo, made to 'bite the dust,' will flout the best horse carrying a rider capable of back.—*Capt. Markham.*

One McCue owns a shot-gun, but he was he didn't. In the course of a recent ble he shot a valuable hound, the property of Mr. Hamilton Duperow, which was large on the farm of Mr. Wm. O'Donnell South Easthope. Having been arrested arraigned before the P. M., he was assessed just \$28.50 for his fun.

DEATH OF GEORGE PAYNE.

A despatch from London brings news of the death of Mr. George Payne, an English sportsman of more than usual prominence as a turfman and a whist-player. In the death of this gentleman the English people have lost perhaps the last survivor of a generation of sportsmen long gone by. He was a sportsman of the same type as the late Lord Derby, Palmerston, Strathmore, and Chesterfield, Sir Tatton Sykes and the lamented Admiral Rous, and was the hero of half a hundred Derbys. Thanks to an admirable physique he long outlasted the race of men with whom, fifty-five years or more ago, he began his associations. In 1817 his uncle Payne won the Derby with a horse named Azor, and almost ever since that event the nephew had been trying unsuccessfully to accomplish the same feat.

In early days George Payne was a school boy at Eton, and from there went to Christ Church, Oxford, from which his devotion to hunting got him expelled. He was soon known on the turf, and when just come of age and into a fortune of \$2,600,000 went to Doncaster. In those days men betted heavily, and as Mr. Gascoigne's—afterwards Lord Glasgow's—Jerry shot past the post a winner of the Leger, young Mr. Payne comprehended that he had lost in the neighborhood of \$165,000. He was already popular and was consoled with, but he simply said it was a pleasure to lose the money and thus disposed of all verbal condolence. Among those, however, who called on Mr. Payne that day was the famous waddy, ex-prize-fighter, who afterwards represented Pontefract in Parliament. Gully had won a pile of money on Jerry, and said "Never mind, Mr. Payne, you can afford to wait. You will get it all back on Memnon next year." Young Payne backed Memnon for the Leger of next year and got a very considerable part of "it" back. Notoriously unlucky with his own horses, Mr. Payne was more fortunate in backing those of his friends. Once upon a time he and the late Mr. Grenville put their heads and their horses together, and several good stakes were landed, but as the horses ran in the colors of their respective owners it was curious to mark that of Mr. Payne was the unlucky one. His experience on the turf must have been very costly on the whole, for he has been known to back fifteen horses in a great race, thus almost rivalling a well-known marchioness who once backed every starter and at least half a dozen who did not start.

In 1824, when the greatest of England's North Country races was won by Jerry, that Mr. Payne met Admiral Rous, who also saw the race run for the first time that day. Their friendship was ever afterwards unbroken until death removed his old companion from within sound of the saddling-bell. Sir Tatton Sykes, while he lived, was also his friend. With the exception of the year when Charles XII. ran and won, Sir Tatton never missed a Leger for more than sixty years. He used to stand with Mr. Payne beside the rails of the enclosure under the shadow of the grand stand, and both of them were introduced the same day by their friend Gully to the redoubtable Tom Sayers and Sir Joseph Hawley. The turf was not the only medium of speculation employed by Mr. Payne. As a whist-player he had few equals, and at cards and piquet could take a hand with the best. He played for high stakes. A few years ago an exceedingly amiable and good-looking gentleman was conspicuous in London for his luck at cards. He lived right royally on a slender income, played heavily at two clubs most notorious for high stakes, and won steadily. Whist players of great skill and experience tried their hands against him, but retired losers. All wondered at his persistent good fortune, and at Mr. Payne's objection to play against him. "No, no," said the veteran; "he is a good fellow, a handsome fellow, and holds good cards. I like to back him."

As a country gentleman Mr. Payne, when he was known as the Squire of Sulby Abbey, was worshipped by the inhabitants of sport-loving Northamptonshire, where the merry-making which celebrated his coming of age over fifty-five years ago is not yet forgotten, any more than the magnificence of his turnout when he served as High Sheriff of the county. When in London he lived in Queen street, Mayfair, and here he has been lying these many weeks suffering. He was a great traveller, and was as much at home in France as in his own country. He was ever a welcome guest of the French Jockey Club, while the late Caron Darn and M. Lupin were among his friends.

EDWIN FORREST.

THE PHENOMENAL TROTTER OF 1878.

No more appropriate subject for a sketch

and twelve-ounce tea-weights. In 1877, he was launched out as a trotter, in the Michigan Circuit, where he was distanced in every race in which he started. A. T. Miller, of Georgetown, Ky., then took charge of him, and he started in a race at Lexington, Ky., Oct. 9, in which he is said to have shown a half mile in 1.08, but was distanced by Margaretta, in the first heat, in 2.25. Two days later, he started at the same place, and behaved better, winning the second and third heats in 2.25, 2.25. Later he won heats at Cynthiana, Ky., and his performances were witnessed by quite a party of gentlemen from the East, among whom were those liable to pay a long price for a phenomenon, but Edwin Forrest, while showing tremendous speed, was too uncertain to suit their notions. He could then have been bought very low. He first figured as a winner at Madison, Ind., taking first money Oct. 30 and Nov. 1, and closed the season with a record of 2:25. He was entered through the Michigan Circuit this year by Miller, but that trainer was taken sick at Jackson, and Forrest was turned over to Gus Glidden, whose superior skill in the management of horses of mixed gaits is universally acknowledged. He used pound shoes, with six ounces weight on one foot, and four ounces on the other, and soon was able to count upon him for comparative steadiness as well as speed. He was not, however, sent "for keeps" through Michigan, contenting himself with minor parts of the purse, and preserving his record intact until after the Grand Circuit entries were made. Then, at Toledo, he won in straight heats, best time 2:28, and people wove up to the fact that Glidden had a trotter. At Cleveland, the next week, however, he met new blood in Trampoline, Dick Moore, and Darby, and the betting was heavy, while in a race with eleven starters, each horse had his backers. Trampoline started as favorite, but Edwin Forrest took that place before the trotting begun. In the first heat he broke and finished tenth, but he captured the next three in grand style, in 2:19, 2:20, 2:18. The last heat being won at a jog, and amounting to a full exposure of his hand. A Buffalo few were willing to risk their money against him, and he won in three straight heats in 2:20, 2:20, 2:20. At Rochester, he won two heats, made a bad break in the third, and lost it to Dick Moore, but won the fourth easily, not being obliged to extend himself. The disgraceful job with which his name is connected at Utica is fresh in recollection. We are grateful that none of the odium of the transaction can attach to the noble horse. In the fourth heat of that race he came from the rear at the last with a burst of speed that amazed all beholders, and caused Charley Green to make a dead rush for the owner of Forrest, and secure the refusal of him at \$16,000, within five minutes. The bargain was consummated at Hartford, and Green is now the sole possessor of this wonderful trotter. All stories to the effect that he bought him for another party are erroneous. Green wisely did not start him at Hartford. He had not had time to learn the ways of the horse, and, after Utica, did not feel like trusting him with his old driver. He had purchased him for a star, and did not propose to have his light dimmed by another defeat. But the magnificent exhibition of speed made by him on the last day, which is fully described elsewhere, more than entitles him to the prominence now given him, and many, Green among the number, believe him to be the fastest trotter in the world.—*Spirit*.

CARRIER PIGEONS.

In his interesting manual of natural history, which is now appearing in small instalments, Scarpaneri says that carrier pigeons of good breed, although they may be started in company and bound for the same place, fly quite independently of one another. Each one selects its own course, some taking a higher, others a lower flight, and speeds on its way without taking any heed of its neighbors. The birds, in fact, seem to know that they are racing, and each one exerts itself to the utmost to arrive first at the goal. In the neighborhood of every pigeon house there are always certain places, trees, etc., which are usually favorite resorts of the birds; but when coming in in a race the well-bred pigeon never stops for a moment at any of these places, but flies straight to its own

Horse Notes.

SALE OF FUSILADE.—The b f Fusilade, 2 years old, by War Dance, dam Fly, by Planot, out of Maria Waxy, by imp. Fly-by-Night, after winning a selling race at Saratoga on Tuesday was purchased by the Messrs. Daily Bros., for \$300—just \$5.00 over the entered selling price.

HARPER.—The bay colt Harper, 3 years old, by Longfellow, dam Alert, by Lexington, out of Falcon, by Woodpecker, the property of Messrs. Beatty, McClellan & Co., Kentucky, pulled up very lame in one of his recent trial gallops, and it is feared will not have any further training this season.

BILLY O'NEIL STOLEN.—The trotter Billy O'Neil, record 2:27, was stolen from the stables of D. Jenkins, Troy, N.Y., on the 22d ult. He is a dark brown, speak on one eye, 15½ hands, weighs about 875 lbs. in condition, has a switch tail; no white. Parties giving information that will lead to his recovery, at this office will be liberally rewarded. All are warned from buying him.—*Spirit*.

LELAPS BROKEN DOWN.—The thoroughbred bay horse Lelaps, 6 years, old, by imp. Leamington, dam imp. Pussy, by Diophantus, out of Agapemone, by Bay Middleton, the property of Major B. G. Thomas, broke down a few days ago in a trial gallop. He had been doing remarkably well for some time, and the Major thought of running him this Fall.

The meeting of Himyar, Day Star, Spartan and Duke of Magenta, in the Dixie Stakes, two miles, at Baltimore, in October will attract national attention. It will be Kentucky against the East, and speculation will run high. Both Day Star and Himyar have been running out since the close of the Spring campaign, and both are looking lusty and strong. Their Kentucky admirers are confident that one of them will win the Dixie, and they will back them to this effect. The East will stick to Spartan and the Duke of Magenta, firmly believing that they will finish first and second; but which will be first and which will be second is a question which calls for a division. The Maryland Jockey Club is fortunate in having four such distinguished colts engaged in the Dixie. A large crowd will gather to witness the race.

ADVISABILITY OF PURCHASING PUPPIES.

The Field Editor is the constant recipient of communications in which the tenor of inquiry is invariably as to the advisability of purchasing puppies, say from four to eight weeks old. Our answer has been, so far, always in the negative. We have always thought, and still think, the purchase of such young things is about as poor an investment as a man can make with his money. For instance, Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones advertises he has for sale a litter of whelps, by the celebrated Skyrocket, ex Nitre. Then follows a long string of names, with probably as much meaning in the list as the pedigree of the whelps we refer to. They all run in similar style, namely: Skyrocket, by Paper, ex Gunpowder; Paper, by Pulp, ex Bags; Gunpowder, by Charcoal, ex Sulphur, Sulphur, by Miner, ex Mine; and Charcoal, by Fire, ex Wood. There is nothing so meaningless, in our opinion, in God's world as the fancy pedigrees of some of these whelps. We would ask what virtue there is in a long string of names, in which lengthy string there is not a field dog in the lot? Yet, despite all this, they find purchasers. As the fools in this world predominate, the breeders of these puppies find buyers. For the present it is the fashion, and so long as the current sets that way we cannot find fault with the breeders if they meet the demand.

These babies, therefore, are sold, and what is the consequence? Why, ninety per cent. die, and the purchaser tries his luck again, only to meet the same ending at another repetition of his folly. The breeder has a bitch who whelps, say on the average, ten at a litter—as often fifteen. These represent to him a certain cash value, for all can be sold at high prices if he can carry them along to a selling age. As soon as a whelped he advertises them for sale, to be delivered when they shall be four weeks old. Not a bitch is destroyed; not even the runt of the litter is made away with, but the mother is fed all the stimulating food she will eat. The puppies at a week old are taught to suck a finger held in a saucer of warm milk, so that all will, to all appearances, thrive. At ten days old, and before their eyes are opened, they are partially weaned. At two weeks old they are eating

owing to natural hardihood of constitution, pull through all and everything. These will thrive under any system, but these are only the exceptions that prove the rule. In the majority of cases the result is as we relate. To this, and to nothing else, comes the statement that dogs are not so hardy as they were a generation or so back; that the dogs of the present cannot stand so much—either work in the field or in the duration of time which they hunt—as they did years since. This is a fallacy. Bred properly, brought up as they should be, dogs would be as good this day as ever previously.

The best thinkers of this age doubt whether manhood is to-day what it was ages since. With increase of civilization came increase of diseases it is true, but with that came also an increase of physicians. To-day thousands are alive, living alone because their medical advisers by care and by physic keep them above ground. These, of course, marry and are married, only to perpetuate a race as weak as themselves, and when two weak ones are mated, a certainty in their offspring of being reproduced, but intensified, the weakest portions, physically, of their progenitors. As with the body, so with the mind. As with the human, so with the canine. This makes the dog of to-day what he is. Give him the chances of his ancestors, and our word for it, he will be as good. To return, bitches bred at least three times in two years; in many cases twice a year. The litters run from six to twenty. How much easier and more profitable to the breeder to sell one of these litters at an average, say, of twenty dollars each when from four to six weeks old, than to keep, break and sell when of suitable age the broken dogs! To show and prove the correctness of our views regarding the raising of puppies, we would ask our readers to think over the dog breakers they know. If every pup lived, or even nearly all, their name would be legion; as it is, we doubt if any one of our readers is acquainted with more than a couple. The puppies, we repeat, did as do a flock of sheep when attacked by foot-rot, or as chickens with the gapes on old feeding grounds. There is no remedy for it that we know of, save for buyers to have nothing to do with puppies. By this course they will save both their tempers and money. As this article has already spun itself to an unconscionable length, we will say what little there is to be said on the other side at a future time.—*Turf, Field and Farm*.

A WICKED OLD GENTLEMAN.

HOW HE SANG BASS AND BASELY TOOK IN THE BOYS.

Nice old gentleman he was; big white waistcoat, low-cut shoes, bald head and silver-bowed spectacles. He led in the singing on Sunday evening in the hotel parlor, and sung that old-fashioned bass in "Coronation" and "China" in that sonorous up-and-down style which country chorists used to practise in accompanying the big fiddle, and withal had the bland benevolent look of a good old up-country deacon.

He was 'looking round the house' next night, and stepped in where some of the boys were playing cards—something where they were talking of 'calls' and 'raises' and 'seeing.' The boys looked a little disconcerted, but the old man didn't say anything all the hand was played out, and one of the party, under pretense of having an engagement, winked at the others and said he must go, intending to break up till the old man had gone away and then resume the game. But he had scarce turned his back when the aged visitor remarked:

"I wonder he didn't 'raise' ye with the hand he held."

"Do you understand the game?" asked one of the party, taking a cigar from his mouth.

"Wall, a leetle; I've seen 'em playin' on it, an' sometimes thort that I'd like to take a hand jes' for fun."

"Just so," said another, "suppose you try a game or two with us."

"Wall, I don't mind jes' for the fun of the thing." So the old man sat down and with a good deal of instruction managed to get through with the game and won on the penny ante.

"Thar," said he, "if that feller that's gone had been spunky and put in \$5 he'd get it instead of these 8 cents, wouldn't he?"

"Why, certainly," said one of the young men, "certainly; it's your deal, uncle; now, why don't you go in for a \$5 ante?"

"Wall," said the old fellow, throwing round the cards, "I dono but I will, but I hain't got nothin' but a \$20 bill that I draw outen the bank to come here with."

TWO RACES RUN OVER IN ONE DAY.

HOW THEY ACT IN ENGLAND WHEN THE STARDER'S MODE OF DOING BUSINESS IS QUESTIONABLE.

It is rare that any mention is made by the English sporting papers of the merits or demerits of the starting at any of the great racemountings over there; but speaking of the Sutton Park autumn races, Bell's Life says:

"For years past the starting line over more or less a difficulty at Sutton Park, and on this occasion it culminated. With Mr. McGeorge's services not obtainable and Major Dixon engaged at Stockton, the clerk of the course had no other alternative than to try an almost new hand in the well-known coursing judge, Wentworth. We are sorry to add that although not his maiden attempt his Sutton Park effort was a total collapse."

A glance at the report of the first day's race shows that all the starts were bad, while on the second day two of the races had to be run over. One was a dash of five furlongs for all ages, which had seven starters, and was won by the six-year-old horse Kington, carrying 142 pound, with Newhouse riding. An objection was made to the start for the reason that two were left at the post.

The lot were at once ordered back to the post and the race run over again, when Kington again finished in front. The next event, Bell's Life says, was "the Sutton Park Velter Handicap Plate. Eight proceeded to the starting-post, and again a succession of false starts ensued, and a more disgraceful piece of business was never witnessed. Mr. Wentworth, the starter, apparently had not the slightest control over any of the jockeys, and so long did this continue that Mr. G. Graham, one of the stewards, volunteered to go down to the starting post and see what influence his presence would have, but he quickly returned in disgust. Mr. Graham's brother then took the flag out of the appointed starter's hand, and got some of them away, Mistress of the Robes coming in first by a length, Rhodoe being second and Somnus third, but an objection was quickly lodged, on the ground that Mr. Graham was not the authorized starter, and of course 'no start' was quickly announced and the second attempt was declined by Somnus, Valentine II. and Destitution. The well-named Mistress of the Robes now found supporters at 5 to 2, and adopting the same tactics as before, she waited to inside the distance, when she came with a rush and won easily by a length and a half."

After the race the starter lodged a complaint against the well-known jockeys Archer and Glover, and against Mr. Darling, the owner and rider of one of the horses.

TOUTS AND TOUTING.

Touting used to be difficult and dangerous in the famous training establishment of Master John Scott's blacksmith, Jacob, used to beat the woods at night with a huge bloodhound that had been trained to black slaves, and when he had treed a tout the smith would produce a huge horse-pistol and remark, "Now, then, then, man, come doon, and doon would come the watcher, to be hunted off by Captain, who however, was mercifully muzzled. The story is recalled apropos of the attempt to get at a Leger favorite, and another innocent is given of the Leger of 1852 when Mr. Watt started Belshazzar and Rockingham, the former being the favorite and Mr. Watt electing to win with him. At noon on the day of the race both horses were well, the boy who rode Belshazzar in training had been ordered not to take his eye off the colt till he was saddled, Mr. Watt and the trainer were watching the plating of the horse's mane when a friend called and they went to speak to him. The head boy, whose honesty was unsuspected, pretended to have a touch of cold and asked the boy to run and get him some pop permint, in the moment or two he was gone. Belshazzar was given half a pound of medicinal water, and his backers had lost hundreds of thousands of dollars, though the second, Rockingham, won. The head boy, who bribed him, and the bribe did him a deal of good for he lived and died in extreme destitution.

HOW TO RING A BULL.

Every bull should be ringed by the time he is a year old, and if done five or six months earlier it is all the better. Use only a copper wire two and a half inches outside diameter.

Payne not Admiral Hone, who also saw the race for the first time that day. Their friendship was ever afterwards unbroken until death removed his old companion from within sound of the saddling-bell. Sir Tatton Sykes, while he lived, was also his friend. With the exception of the year when Charles XII. ran and won, Sir Tatton never missed a Leger for more than sixty years. He used to stand with Mr. Payne beside the rails of the enclosure under the shadow of the grand stand, and both of them were introduced the same day by their friend Gully to the redoubtable Tom Sayers and Sir Joseph Hawley. The turf was not the only medium of speculation employed by Mr. Payne. As a whist-player he had few equals, and at *ecarte* and *piquet* could take a hand with the best. He played for high stakes. A few years ago an exceedingly amiable and good-looking gentleman was conspicuous in London for his luck at cards. He lived right loyally on a slender income played heavily at two clubs most notorious for high stakes, and won steadily. Whist-players of great skill and experience tried their hands against him, but retired losers. All wondered at his persistent good fortune and at Mr. Payne's objection to play against him. "No, no," said the veteran; "he is a good fellow, a handsome fellow, and holds good cards. I like to back him."

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EDWIN FORREST.

THE PHENOMENAL TROTTER OF 1878.

No more appropriate subject for a sketch could be chosen, at this time, than the wonderful horse Edwin Forrest, whose name is now on the lips of every admirer of the American trotter, and who has leaped at one bound from comparative obscurity into the very first rank. He is a rich bay in color, stands 16 hands, but is a full inch higher at his withers than at his rump. Indeed, a connoisseur upon inspecting the horse, and knowing nothing of his powers, would probably pronounce him deficient behind, as his quarters and stifles are not at all remarkable and suffer in comparison with his tremendous forward development. A better neck and chest, with more lung room and more capacious breathing apparatus, are seldom seen. He weighs ordinarily 1,150 lbs., and in trotting condition about 1,000 lbs. This horse was bred by Mr. James H. Haldock, at Harrisonville, Cass County, Mo., and was foaled in April, 1871. His sire was a horse of local reputation, named Ned Forrest, Jr., and owned by a Mr. Brannock, hence sometimes called Brannock's Ned Forrest, and the sire of Ned Forrest Jr. was Joe Downing, a son of Ned Forrest, by Alexander's Edwin Forrest; dam of Joe Downing, a Wagner mare. The dam of the present Edwin Forrest was named Fanny Mundy, and was by Flight, a son of Leviathan. Her dam is said to have come from Tennessee, but Fanny Mundy does not appear in the Stud-books, and, probably, was not strictly thoroughbred. We are informed, on what we consider good authority, and in contradiction to statements that have been made, that this Missouri wonder was a natural trotter, but he was broken to the saddle-gait when four and a half years old, and hence arose the necessity for a subsequent conversion of him to a trotter, which might more properly be called a revival. When broken to harness, he had forgotten his natural propensities, and was liable to go any gait under the sun. The party who took him in hand was G. H. Conkling, trainer, of Kansas City, and he educated him with one-pound shoes

to extend himself. The graceful job with which his name is connected at Utica is fresh in recollection. We are grateful that none of the odium of the transaction can attach to the noble horse. In the fourth heat of that race he came from the rear at the last with a burst of speed that amazed all beholders, and caused Charley Green to make a dead rush for the owner of Forrest, and secure the refusal of him at \$16,000, within five minutes. The bargain was consummated at Hartford, and Green is now the sole possessor of this wonderful trotter. All stories to the effect that he bought him for another party are erroneous. Green wisely did not start him at Hartford. He had not had time to learn the ways of the horse, and, after Utica, did not feel like trusting him with his old driver. He had purchased him for a star, and did not propose to have his light dimmed by another defeat. But the magnificent exhibition of speed made by him on the last day, which is fully described elsewhere, more than entitles him to the prominence now given him, and many, Green among the number, believe him to be the fastest trotter in the world.—*Spirit*.

CARRIER PIGEONS.

In his interesting manual of natural history, which is now appearing in small instalments, Scarpaneri says that carrier pigeons of good breed, although they may be started in company and bound for the same place, fly quite independently of one another. Each one selects its own course, some taking a higher, others a lower flight, and speeds on its way without taking any heed of its neighbors. The birds, in fact, seem to know that they are racing, and each one exerts itself to the utmost to arrive first at the goal. In the neighborhood of every pigeon house there are always certain places, trees, etc., which are usually favorite resorts of the birds; but when coming in in a race the well-bred pigeon never stops for a moment at any of these haunts, but flies straight to its own particular house, frequently arriving there in so exhausted a state as to be unable to eat the food it is most fond of. Birds which are sitting, or which have lately hatched young, are generally taken in preference to others for racing, but instances have been known in which carrier pigeons of good breed which have been taken to a fresh home, and which have hatched young there, have deserted their brood and flown away to their original home at the first opportunity that they had of escaping.

A DESPERATE FIGHT WITH AN EAGLE.

The Bakerville (N. C.) Republican, of the 14th ult., tells the following:—"Last week, while E. J. Campbell was engaged digging wild ginger on the side of the Roan, about one and a half miles from Clondland hotel, he found the nest of a gray eagle in a fallen tree-top under the cliff of the mountain, containing one young eagle. While examining the nest and its contents, suddenly he heard a loud noise, and before he could ascertain what it was, the old eagle had struck him in the face with her bill and claws, and, taking a circuit through the air, alighted on a tree about 200 yards distant, but in plain view of the nest. Again the parent bird made an attack, aiming at his head, but he avoided her, and she struck him on the arm, making a slight wound. She returned to her post of observation, but as soon as he attempted to touch the nest containing the young eagle she made a third attack, when Mr. Campbell struck her with a stick and brought her to the ground, where, after a severe struggle, he succeeded in killing her. She measured seven feet and two inches from tip to tip of her wings. The male bird was not seen. The place was a wild, unfrequented part of the mountain. It has generally been supposed that the eagle always built her nest in the cleft of the rocks, but this one had her nest in a fallen tree-top, some feet from the ground, but in a spot seldom visited by man. This bird is the one known as the gray or bald eagle."

weeks old. Our answer has been, so far, always in the negative. We have always thought, and still think, the purchase of such young things is about as poor an investment as a man can make with his money. For instance, Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones advertises he has for sale a litter of whelps, by the celebrated Skyrocket, ex Nitro. Then follows a long string of names, with probably as much meaning in the list as the pedigree of the whelps we refer to. They all run in similar style, namely, Skyrocket, by Paper, ex Gunpowder, Paper, by Pulp, ex Rage; Gunpowder, by Charcoal, ex Sulphur, Sulphur, by Miner, ex Mine, and Charcoal, by Fire, ex Wood. There is nothing so meaningless, in our opinion, in God's world as the fancy pedigrees of some of these whelps. We would ask what virtue there is in a long string of names, in which lengthy string there is not a field dog in the lot? Yet, despite all this, they find purchasers. As the fools in this world predominate, the breeders of these puppies find buyers. For the present it is the fashion, and so long as the current sets that way we cannot find fault with the breeders if they meet the demand.

These babies, therefore, are sold, and what is the consequence? Why, ninety per cent die, and the purchaser tries his luck again, only to meet the same ending at another repetition of his folly. The breeder has a bitch who whelps, say on the average, ten at a litter—as often fifteen. These represent to him a certain cash value, for all can be sold at high prices if he can carry them along to a selling age. As soon as whelped he advertises them for sale, to be delivered when they shall be four weeks old. Not a bitch is destroyed; not even the runt of the litter is made away with, but the mother is fed all the stimulating food she will eat. The puppies at a week old are taught to suck a finger held in a saucer of warm milk, so that all will, to all appearances, thrive. At ten days old, and before their eyes are opened, they are partially weaned. At two weeks old they are eating rich soups, thickened with oatmeal or barley meal. At three weeks they are getting scraps of meat, gravies—anything that will force them along. At four weeks they are ready for distribution. Do they look well? Of course they do. Their coats, from eating so much fat, are shiny and bright. They are as fat as a "roasting pig," and are of large size. The purchasers are pleased—delighted. The seller is the recipient of any number of letters, in which is related that Mr. Jones, having purchased and just received one of the famous litter of Skyrocket ex Nitro, is more than pleased with the puppy upon its arrival. These letters are so many endorsements of the breeder, and are reserved for future publication, if the character of the seller's stock should ever be defamed.

Now, the happy buyer, in a week's time, finds his puppy out of order. He has fed him, as all the books instruct him, on bread and milk or crackers and milk, but the youngster doesn't get along. He fancies the pup needs more food, and so the unfortunate whelp is crammed until his belly looks, after feeding-time, like the body of an angry blowfish—to speak plainly, all gut and nothing else. The puppy, musing the rich pap with which he had been stimulated, eats all that can be given him, or that he can get at. His digestive organs fail to perform the task allotted them. The food remains in the stomach as it was eaten. The worms always present—but, under a correct system of feeding, never hurtful—now come forward, and, under the present conditions, they thrive at the expense of the whelp. He goes from bad to worse, until death steps in and relieves him of his pains. This happens not once, and in exceptional cases, but all the time, and continuously.

If, after this life, the pup does sometimes pull through, he never becomes a sturdy, hardy dog. To be sure, once in a while, as in the human race, pups are whelped which,

will say what little there is to be said on the other side at a future time.—*Turf, Field and Farm*.

A WICKED OLD GENTLEMAN.

HOW HE RAN RACE AND BASELY TOOK IN THE BOYS.

Nice old gentleman he was; big white waistcoat, low-cut shoes, bald head and silver-bowed spectacles. He led in the singing on Sunday evening in the hotel parlor, and sung that old-fashioned bass in "Coronation" and "China" in that sonorous up-and-down style which country choristers used to practise in accompanying the big fiddle, and which had the bland benevolent look of a good old up-country deacon.

He was "looking round the house" next night, and stepped in where some of the boys were playing cards—something where they were talking of "calls" and "raises" and "seeing." The boys looked a little disconcerted, but the old man didn't say anything till the hand was played out, and one of the party, under pretense of having an engagement, winked at the others and said he must go, intending to break up till the old man had gone away and then resume the game. But he had scarce turned his back when the aged visitor remarked:

"I wonder he didn't 'raise' ye with the hand he held."

"Do you understand the game?" asked one of the party, taking a cigar from his mouth.

"Wall, a leetle, I've seen 'em playin' on it, an' sometimes thort that I'd like to take a hand jes' for fun."

"Just so," said another, "suppose you try a game or two with us."

"Wall, I don't mind jes for the fun or the thing." So the old man sat down and with a good deal of instruction managed to get through with the game and won on the penny ante.

"Thar," said he, "if that feller that's gone had been spunky and put in \$5 he'd get it instead of these 8 cents, wouldn't he?"

"Why, certainly," said one of the young men, "certainly; it's your deal, uncle; now, why don't you go in for a \$5 ante?"

"Wall," said the old fellow, throwing round the cards, "I dono but I will, but I hain't got nothin' but a \$20 bill that I drew outen the bank to come here with."

"Well, uncle," said the other, gathering up and glancing at his cards, "I'll go yer twenty, and you can put it in the missionary box when you win it if you like."

"Sho' so I ken," said the old man, "I don't think 'twad be gambolin' at all ef that's the case."

"Not at all," said the other, winking to his companions.

"Wall, then I don't care ef I go yer this 'ere other fifty—but I s'pose you'll think I'm doin' on it to skear ye—but our denomination's tarnal poor, and a big contribution is jest what they're hankerin' arter."

"Oh, no, I cover your fifty uncle, we ought to be liberal, you know," and so the game went on till finally the old man remarked, "Well, I'd no idee I had this ere roll o' bills in my pocket—so you call, do ye?—\$500 up!—yes, you hev got three pictures—three queens and a jack! Well 'tis kinder queer I got tother queen—haw! haw! haw!"

"Yes, I'm sorry for you, but what are your other cards?" said the young man, triumphant ly.

"Well, three oh 'em ez kings—why, darn it, all that ere pot o' money's mine, young feller," said he, stretching out a powerful paw and squeezing the bills out of the hand of the young man, who had already begun to roll them up.

"Praps, mister, you'd like to take your hand again," said he to the other who had returned meantime; "they are goin' to sing some sam tunes up stairs before going to bed, and I promised I'd jine 'em."

There was a blank look of amazement in that circle as he left, and the thought forced itself into more than one mind of the danger of trusting to appearances.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

A OARD.

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

352-em

supporters at 3 to 2, and adopting the tactics as before, she waited to inside the distance, when she came with a rush and won easily by a length and a half. After the race the starter lodged a complaint against the well-known jockeys Archer and Glover, and against Mr. Darling, the owner and rider of one of the horses.

TOOTS AND TOUTING.

Touting need to be difficult and dangerous as the famous training establishment of M. J. John Scott's blacksmith, Jacob, used to beat the woods at night with a huge bloodhound that had been trained to black slaves, and when he had trod a tout the smith would produce a horse-pistol and remark, "Noo, then, the main coom doon, and down would come the watcher, to be hunted off by Captain, wad however, was mercifully muzzled. The story is recalled apropos of the attempt to get at a Leger favorite, and another innocent is given of the Leger of 1880, when Mr. Watt started Bolshazar and Rockingham, the former being the favorite and Mr. Watt electing to win with him. At noon on the day of the race both horses were well, the boy who rode Bolshazar in training had been ordered not to take his eye off the cult till he was saddled, Mr. Watt and the trainer were watching the plying of the horse's mane when a friend called and they went to speak to him. The head boy, whose honesty was not suspected, pretended to have a touch of colic and asked the boy to run and get him some peppermint, in the moment or two he was gone. Bolshazar was given half a pail of medicated water, and his backers had lost hundreds of thousands of dollars, though the second runner, Rockingham, won. The head boy never was seen who bribed him, and the bribe did him no good for he lived and died in extreme destitution.

HOW TO RING A BULL.

Every bull should be ringed by the time he is a year old, and if done five or six months earlier it is all the better. Use only a copper ring two and a half inches outside diameter. With the little key accompanying take out the screw and with three pieces of pipe—one to be used as a wedge between—carefully, upon the ring, light taps on the wedge. This done, secure your animal firmly to a post, by the horns above and the muzzle below, using for the purpose a long and flexible rope. A good head stall will enable you to apply the rope more securely. Having everything in readiness, hold the nose in the left hand, and with a scratchawl puncture the thinnest place between the nostrils, just below the cartilage, thrusting the awl well through that the hole may be large enough to receive the ring readily. A little pointed metal shield on the ring will be found a great help in getting it through. Put the ring so that the head of the screw will be underneath, and with a little block of pine drive the ring well together, insert the screw, and finish off any rough pieces with the file blade of a pocket-knife or similar instrument. During the operation be very careful that the screw is not lost, to prevent which an apron or box should be held underneath to catch it, if accidentally dropped.

In leading never pull hard on the ring. To touch a bull to lead, attach a strap to the ring and another to the headstall, gently pull away at the same time, and he will soon learn to follow. I have known a calf resist the ring a first. With such cases hard pulling does no good, time and patience, with a switch behind, are the only remedies.

Those keeping dairy stock will find it a great convenience to have their cows ringed, and there is no cruelty in the operation. The temporary confinement is resisted more than the insertion of the ring, immediately after which any animal accustomed to being handled will hangry, proceed with its eating, manifesting neither uneasiness nor inconvenience.

Farmer.

The Sultan of Morocco has presented Emperor William with ten fine Arabian horses. These are of different colors and breed, rather small in build and well adapted solely for riding purposes.



The Gentleman's Journal

TORONTO, FRIDAY, SEPT. 18, 1878.

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. This will avoid any delay.

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

Are respectfully informed, that all Correspondents of the SPORTING TIMES are supplied with a card of a RED 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 July, 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 1878.

CANADIAN.

Kincardine.....Sept. 19 and 20
Ottawa (Jockey Club).....Sept. 19 and 21
Stallion Race, Toronto..... Oct. 10
Lepine Park, Montreal..... Oct 8 to 10

ENTRIES CLOSE.

Ottawa..... Sept. 14

AMERICAN.

RUNNING MEETINGS.

Traverse Park Oct 5 to 12
Baltimore, Md. (Fall) Oct 23 to 26

TROTTING

Hartford, Conn Sept. 10 to 18
Ogdensburg, N.Y.....Sept. 10 to 12
Cleveland Sept 10 to 18
Toledo, Ohio Sept 16 to 21
Dayton, Ohio Sept 23 to 27
Columbus, Ohio Sept 24 to 27
Rochester, N.Y Oct 1 to 7
Cincinnati, Ohio.....Oct 1 to 4
Zanesville, Ohio.....Oct 8 to 11

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 is 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

... Regarding the suppression of that, the "no timers" are as much at sea. The records go to show that more than one Canadian horse is now under the ban for having trotted under suppression on tracks in this country, which are not now or never have been National Association courses. There are two of these cases which occur to us now; one having taken place at Port Barwell, Ont., and the other at Homer, Ont. In the former case, we believe the horse is yet under the sentence of expulsion, while in the latter the matter was brought before the Board of Appeals on an *ex parte* application of his owner to have the penalty of expulsion removed. Upon hearing the evidence connected with the case, the expulsion was modified by a fine of \$100, the horse to remain expelled until the fine was paid. This action upsets all the statements that can be made by the advocates of the greatest curse—the "no time" system—that the Canadian turf was ever infested with. It admits of but one name—downright robbery from beginning to end. The Secretary of the National Association is now compiling a list of the "no time" trotters on the Canadian turf, and we have the authority of the New York Turf, Field and Farm for saying that they will be incorporated with the expelled list at the end of the season. This will not prove very acceptable evidence to the "no time" owners of the untruthfulness of their statements regarding the non intervention of the Association with outside tracks. The law in this respect is well known, and common honesty should prompt everyone to observe it.

A NEW ORDER OF THINGS.

In the good old days of sport when a match for any amount was made, it was then the custom to have something definitely fixed about it. This at least gave it the appearance of being *bona fide*. But of late it would appear that things have changed. Men agree to engage in a competition without attending to such little details as the amount at stake or the time it shall take place. Singular, too, they will come hundreds of miles from their home to try conclusions when the affair could just as well have taken place at their own doors. The Riley and Kennedy boat race at Owasco Lake the other week was an instance of this last contingency. And now we are to have in Canada a boat race under singular conditions. It is said Hosmer and Frenchy Johnson have been matched to row at Hamilton for nobody knows how much, or what distance. It is supposed to take place on the 18th, but even the Hamilton Times speaks very uncertainly about this. The Canadian people must have great faith in oarsmen if they can believe that two men living in the vicinity of Boston, Mass., should come to Hamilton, Ont., to row an up-and-up race, when a week before it is supposed to take place the public know nothing of the amount at stake, the distance to be rowed, or the certainty of the date. No articles have appeared signed by the men—and in one word the thing looks fishy. It may be a match, but it looks like a hippodrome, if not something worse. We venture to say not much outside speculation will take place. Canada has been the goose that laid the golden eggs for oarsmen this summer, and they should take care and not destroy this source of supply. Brockville, Barrie, Hamilton, Niagara, Toronto, and Sturgeon Point have all contributed liberally in their behalf, and the scullers themselves should be anxious to retain the good opinions of

... that everything may occur to war its progress, that everything may move smoothly, that a fair field and no favor may be shown, and that the best man may win.

BETTING ON ELECTIONS.

Our country exchanges have been liberal in their space in endeavoring to show that betting on elections brings the principals within the range of the penalties of Mr. Blake's anti-pool selling bill. By publishing a garbled draft of the act, it is made to appear that any one betting on a political or municipal election renders himself amenable to the punishments provided in this statute. We publish below a full text of the act, by which it will be seen that the penalties are wholly inoperative in bets between individuals, whether made upon the result of an election contest, of any race, or of any trial of skill or endurance of man or beast. The enactment was specially directed against pool-selling, and in as plain terms as the English language will permit says that its provisions shall not extend to bets between individuals. Where the moral difference is between individual betting and pool-selling we leave some of the puritanical hypocrites to show. The fact, however, remains that individual betting is not prohibited by the Blake anti pool selling bill, as is plainly shown by the law itself. So, so far as the penalties of this Act are concerned, any persons desirous of practically and financially backing their opinion of the result of any election, are quite as free to do so now as before this restrictive enactment was incorporated in our law-books. There is no earthly chance that they can be brought within the pool-law penalties, and they can bet their money as free as water in backing their favorites in the coming elections. The garbled version of the Act published by the political journals is no doubt done for a specific purpose, but it does not speak well for the honesty of these journalists who would thus publish the incomplete text to answer their own ends. The cause of morality can not be heightened by such deceptive tactics, and if betting on elections in any shape is wrong it should have been specifically provided for, which is not now the case, as reading the Act itself will show.

AN ACT FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF BETTING AND POOL SELLING.

Her Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate and House of Commons of Canada, enact as follows:—

1. In case any person uses or knowingly allows any part of any premises under his control to be used for the purpose of recording or registering any bet or wager, or selling any pool, or—

(2) Keeps, exhibits, or employs or knowingly allows to be kept, exhibited or employed in any part of any premises under his control, any device or apparatus, for the purpose of recording or registering any bet or wager or selling any pool, or—

(3) Becomes the custodian or depository of any money, property, or valuable things staked, wagered, or pledged, or—

(4) Records or registers any bet or wager, or sells any pool;—

Upon the result (a) of any political or municipal election, or (b) of any race, or (c) any contest or trial of skill or endurance of man or beast;—

Such person is guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be liable to be imprisoned in any common goal for any term less than one year, with or without hard labour, and to a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars.

2. Provided always that this Act shall not come into operation until the first day of May, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight, and shall not extend to any person by reason of his becoming the custodian or depository of any money, property or valuable thing staked, to be paid to the winner of any lawful race, sport, game or exercise, or to the owner of any horse engaged in any lawful race, or to bets between individuals.

3. The provisions of the Act thirty second

fifteen beats, averaging a fraction less than 2:18 each heat.

The Pool Bill does not affect private bets on the elections. It expressly provides that betting between private individuals is beyond the circle of its penalties—the rural press to the contrary notwithstanding.

The wonderful Hungarian race mare Kinsem (Maiden) scored her thirty-eighth successive victory in the Deauville Cup, France, on Sunday, Aug. 18. So far she has never been beaten. She has run in Hungary, Russia, Germany, Austria, England, and France. No Mollie McCarthy about her.

The Saratoga, N.Y., Racing Association has contributed \$250 toward the yellow fever fund.

Pool-selling in Canada is gradually unloosening the fetters which bind it. In many parts of the country pools are as openly sold as ever, popular opinion being clearly against the law. It is expected it will be open and free at Montreal during the Hurler-Courtney boat race.

There is a material falling off this year in the nominations for the Stake Races at Saratoga. For these which closed on Aug. 15, there is a total of 176 entries, against 840 last year. The deficiency is attributed to the bad luck of the Southern stables this year, and the growing popularity of the tracks at Lexington, Louisville, Cincinnati, and St. Louis.

Messrs. Quimby & Forbes have the pool privileges at the Elmira, N.Y., races this week.

"A horse can be educated to smoke and carry a cane, but he can't stand at a corner and leer at lady pedestrians." No, but asses can.

W. E. Owen, of this city, was fortunate with his small stable at Gouverneur, N. Y., last week. He won three first moneys with Passion, and Grey Cloud was second once.

The Milwaukee Driving Park cleared \$8,000 at their meeting just closed. When our Canadian Associations can show as good a financial exhibit as that, racing will be much more popular in this country than it is now.

The fastest mile made at Saratoga during the late season was run by Vermont, a four-year-old son of the celebrated Virgil, in 1:44. That was just the time Bill Bruce ran in at London, but the sapient judges hung out 1:45, because they did not want to spoil his record!

A monstrosity in the shape of a three-legged colt from Halifax, N. B., is on exhibition at Monckton, N. B. One of his fore legs is absent.

The old "ringer" Hotspur is again on his travels. He was lately sold by a Mr. Sherman, of Newport, R. I., for \$1,000, to an unknown man. He is not likely to pester Canada with his presence, our racing interests are so dead as to possess no attraction for horses of his class.

There is no truth in the report that a match is pending between Mollie McCarthy and Parole. We should say not.

Who are to be judges on the thoroughbred class of horses at the Provincial Fair is a question just now exciting the minds of owners. Again, to render horses eligible to compete in this class their pedigrees had to be certified. How many of the entries have had their pedigrees certified, and by what authority? This question may give trouble before the exhibition is over. Those who have gone to the trouble and expense of having the pedigrees of their horses certified to by some competent authority, will have good grounds for objecting to horses taking prizes

A great many newspaper subscribers and advertisers think that the proprietor of the paper can run his establishment on wind, and exist on air himself. They patronize the paper by reading it for years, and encourage it by advertising, but there they fancy their obligations cease. And with a great number it does; that's our experience.

Rarus trotted three exhibition heats at St. Paul, Minn., on Sept. 5. His time was 2:20, 2:16, 2:16.

The Le Roy, N. Y., Driving Park Association give a three days' meeting Sept. 24, 25, and 26. Medina, N. Y., will follow with a fall meeting.

The Canadian stallions were not unrepresented at the late Saratoga meeting. Helmsbold had one starter, Helmsman, who in six races won one, second twice, and third once. Oysterman, Jr., had one starter, Dandy, who in five races won one, and was placed third three times. Thunder had two starters, Lady D'Arcy and Grey Cloud, in nine races; D'Arcy won one, and was placed second three times.

As we are about to purchase Rarus, we should consider it a personal favor if those indebted to us for small sums of money—from four to twenty dollars—would kindly pay up without delay.

Mr. D. Hyndman, of Suelburne, has matched his stallion Young Boston to trot the stallion Royal Revenge, belonging to Mr. Carmichael, of Keenansville, nine heats, 8 in 5, for \$100 a side, at Orangeville, on October 12.

Mr. Jos. Leonard, a well-known sporting man of this city, left on Tuesday for New York to obtain medical advice in his affliction—partial paralysis of the lower extremities.

Wahlstrom, "the Swede," the champion pool player, is in town yet. Upon his identity being established his occupation was gone.

Rarus trotted at Minneapolis, Minn., on Sept. 6. For a purse of \$2,000 to beat 2:14, he made 2:15½, 2:15½, 2:14½.

TRAMP'S GOSSIP.

The Thames Regatta ended in a complete victory for the Northerners, they taking the sculls, pair oar, and four-oar races. I was certain that the Northerners would win the "fours," as although Higgins in the South country four is very lively, better than Elliott, Boyd, Lumsden, or Nicholson singly, still they are each better than either Green, Thomas, or Blackman, who made up Higgins' four.

Lady D'Arcy, to judge by her performances at Saratoga, seems to be a very smart filly, and I hope will often carry her present colours to the fore.

The other day I came across an item which may interest your readers, and is as follows:—In the year 1600, a middle-sized bay English gelding, the property of Bankes, a servant to the Earl of Essex, ascended to the top of St. Paul's (old), London. Bankes had taught his horse, which went by the name of Morocco, to count and perform a variety of feats. When the novelty had somewhat lessened in London, Bankes took his famous horse to Paris and afterwards to Rome. He had better have stayed at home, for both he and his horse, which was shod with silver, were burnt for witchcraft.

The Great Ebor Han used went to Caeray, a bay three-year-old colt by Marayas, out of Stockdale. He is a very near connection of George Frederick, the Derby winner of 1874. He ran seven times last year without earning a winning bracket.

At Ostend, Belgium, Kirtling landed a couple of races. Last year as a four-year-old he was about champion racing hunter in England, winning ten races, and running second five times out of fifteen starts, and carrying 180 lbs, 187 lbs, and such like weights.

At Dieppe, France, the principal race for

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 Station Race, Toronto..... Oct. 10
 LePage Park, Montreal..... Oct 8 to 10

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A NEW IDEA.

The "no time" theorists have got a new idea and we understand are making the best use of it to suit their own purposes. It is no less than the preposterous claim that the National Association will not recognize the doings of any track not connected with their organization. They boldly argue that no matter what record a horse may obtain on a non-Association track he will be eligible to start in the slowest class announced in the Bill of an Association belonging to the National body. And they laugh at the idea of the Board of Appeals taking any cognizance of complaints made to them respecting misrepresentation or suppression of time on any non-affiliated track. Unfortunately for these gentlemen, both common sense and the records are against them. The idea that a horse can obtain a record on one of our Canadian tracks of 2:30 and then be eligible to start in the 2:34 class at Cleveland, Buffalo or Rochester is so far from the truth that we are surprised that any man who wishes his statements to be considered, at all credible should for a moment advance it. It is well known that the National Association Rules provide that time made on any course, whether in or out of the Association, shall constitute a record, and any amount of specious pleading or equivocal argument will not change either the law in this respect, or the

ance of being *bona fide*. But of late it would appear that things have changed. Men agree to engage in a competition without attending to such little details as the amount at stake or the time it shall take place. Singular, too, they will come hundreds of miles from their home to try conclusions when the affair could just as well have taken place at their own doors. The Riley and Kennedy boat race at Owasco Lake the other week was an instance of this last contingency. And now we are to have in Canada a boat race under singular conditions. It is said Hosmer and Frenchy Johnson have been matched to row at Hamilton for nobody knows how much, or what distance. It is supposed to take place on the 18th, but even the Hamilton Times speaks very uncertainly about this. The Canadian people must have great faith in oursmen if they can believe that two men living in the vicinity of Boston, Mass., should come to Hamilton, Ont., to row an up-and-up race, when a week before it is supposed to take place the public know nothing of the amount at stake, the distance to be rowed, or the certainty of the date. No articles have appeared signed by the men—and in one word the thing looks fishy. It may be a match, but it looks like a hippodrome, if not something worse. We venture to say not much outside speculation will take place. Canada has been the goose that laid the golden eggs for oursmen this summer, and they should take care and not destroy this source of supply. Brockville, Barrie, Hamilton, Niagara, Toronto, and Sturgeon Point have all contributed liberally in their behalf, and the scullers themselves should be anxious to retain the good opinions of Canadians. But getting up questionable matches or suspicious hippodromes is not the way to advance them in the estimation of the people of this country.

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

As will be seen by the articles of agreement in another column, the match between Courtney and Hanlan has been fixed. It is to take place at Lachine, near Montreal, on Oct. 2, distance 5 miles with a turn, for \$2,500 a side. Since the articles were signed the Hanlan party have conceded the race will be for the championship, in consideration of the purse of \$5,000 or more which the Montreal people have agreed to add to the main stakes. This will make the amount to be contended for at least \$10,000, certainly a magnificent stake. No expenses are allowed on either side. Hanlan has already left for Lachine and will train over the course; Courtney is expected in a day or two. This match will, no doubt, create the greatest excitement in aquatic and sporting circles, and now that it has become a fixed fact after such lengthy and uncertain negotiations, a relief is felt. When Hanlan left he was in good health and spirits, and confident of the result. The American papers say Courtney is troubled with a severe pain in the side, which, if it does not cause him to forfeit, will result in his being beaten. Such reports must be taken with caution; the woods will be full of them on both sides; their object, however, is too plain to require explanation. Now the match is made, little more remains to be said, only wishing, it has now a good

specious purpose, but it does not speak well for the honesty of these journalists who would thus publish the incomplete text to answer their own ends. The cause of morality can not be heightened by such despoitive tactics, and if betting on elections in any shape is wrong it should have been specifically provided for, which is not now the case, as reading the Act itself will show.

AN ACT FOR THE DEPRESSION OF BETTING AND POOL SELLING.

Her Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate and House of Commons of Canada, enact as follows:—

1. In case any person uses or knowingly allows any part of any premises under his control to be used for the purpose of recording or registering any bet or wager, or selling any pool, or—
- (2.) Keeps, exhibits, or employs or knowingly allows to be kept, exhibited or employed in any part of any premises under his control, any device or apparatus, for the purpose of recording or registering any bet or wager or selling any pool, or—
- (3.) Becomes the custodian or depository of any money, property, or valuable things staked, wagered, or pledged, or—
- (4.) Records or registers any bet or wager, or sells any pool;—

Upon the result (a) of any political or municipal election, or (b) of any race, or (c) any contest or trial of skill or endurance of man or beast;—

Such person is guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be liable to be imprisoned in any common goal for any term less than one year, with or without hard labour, and to a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars.

2. Provided always that this Act shall not come into operation until the first day of May, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight, and shall not extend to any person by reason of his becoming the custodian or depository of any money, property or valuable thing staked, to be paid to the winner of any lawful race, sport, game or exercise, or to the owner of any horse engaged in any lawful race, or to bets between individuals.

3. The provisions of the Act thirty second and thirty-third Victoria, chapter thirty-two, intitled: "An Act respecting the prompt and summary administration of Criminal Justice in certain cases," shall apply to cases arising under this Act.

Sporting Gossip.

Henry Blaylock, the Canadian jockey, went from Saratoga to Boston, Mass., races. At Milwaukee, when Rarus trotted there, the lady guests of the Plankinton House, in that city, were heard singing in the parlor of the hotel, to the well-worn tune of "Whoa, Emma."

"Whoa, Rarus, Whoa, Rarus!! Rarus, you're trotting so fast that you scare us. Whoa, Rarus, Whoa, Rarus!! That's what we heard Splan say."

We have received several applications for the name and address of the man at Ottawa, who is trapping wild pigeons. Our enquirers wish to procure birds for trap-shooting. Will some Ottawa gentleman endeavor to find them for us.

Mr. Denis Lucier, of lot No. 2, N.M.R., Colchester, on Monday, 26th ult., lost a valuable three year-old stallion of disease of the liver. He was valued at \$500.

Fredericktown, the cross-country race horse, broke down on the second day of the Boston, Mass., meeting, in a hurdle race, after running a mile and a half.

At the Waddington, N.Y., races, a full report of which has not yet reached us, the 2:37 race was won by the Ottawa horse The Moose, who has been on the shelf for some time.

In the late trotting circuit Rarus trotted

93,000 at their meeting just closed. When our Canadian Associations can show as good a financial exhibit as that, racing will be much more popular in this country than it is now.

The fastest mile made at Saratoga during the late season was run by Vermont, a four-year-old son of the celebrated Virgil, in 1:44. That was just the time Bill Bruce ran in at London, but the sapient judges hung out 1:45, because they did not want to *spoil his record!*

A monstrosity in the shape of a three-legged colt from Halifax, N. B., is on exhibition at Morakton, N. B. One of his fore legs is absent.

The old "ringer" Hotspur is again on his travels. He was lately sold by a Mr. Sherman, of Newport, R. I., for \$1,000, to an unknown man. He is not likely to pester Canada with his presence, our racing interests are so dead as to possess no attraction for horses of his class.

There is no truth in the report that a match is pending between Mollie McCarthy and Parole. We should say not.

Who are to be judges on the thoroughbred class of horses at the Provincial Fair is a question just now exciting the minds of owners. Again, to render horses eligible to compete in this class their pedigrees had to be certified. How many of the entries have had their pedigrees certified, and by what authority? This question may give trouble before the exhibition is over. Those who have gone to the trouble and expense of having the pedigrees of their horses certified to by some competent authority, will have good grounds for objecting to horses taking prizes whose owners have not conformed to this requirement in the conditions of entry.

Mr. James Grant, formerly a well-known horseman of Ingersoll, Ont., died on Sept. 2, in the Asylum for the Insane, London, where he had been confined for some time.

The Louisville, Ky., Jockey Club give an extra day's racing on Sept. 30th, for the benefit of the yellow fever sufferers. Watts & Co., pool sellers, will donate the whole of their commissions on the occasion for this very worthy object.

Mollie McCarthy, the Californian crack, was badly beaten at Minneapolis, Minn., on Sept. 5, in the race for the Cup, a dash of two and a quarter miles. Mollie held the lead for a mile, but Gov. Neptune was in front all the rest of the road. It was run in 4:01; Bill Dillon was second, Calaz third, Joe McMahon fourth, and the invincible (?) Mollie fifth and last. The winner is owned by Isaac Staples, Stillwater, Minn.

The editor of the Peterboro Times was shown last week, a great curiosity in the shape of a deformed horse with a hump on his back like a camel. The "animale" is owned by Mr. W. Croft, of that town, who proposes to exhibit him through the country, and the editor thinks there is "millions in it;" whether for Mr. Croft or the country he does not say.

Mr. Mr. T. C. Patteson, of Eastwood, shipped from Toronto last week, for Glasgow, Scotland, fifteen fine geldings of rare substance and quality. They are affirmed by competent judges to be the best lot of Canadian horses ever exported from this country.

he made 2:15, 2:15, 2:14.

TRAMP'S GOSSIP.

The Thames Regatta ended in a complete victory for the Northerners, they taking the sculls, pair oar, and four-oar races. I was certain that the Northerners would win the "four," as although Higgins in the South country four is very lively, better than Elliott, Boyd, Lunsden, or Nicholson singly, still they are each better than either Green, Thomas, or Blackman, who made up Higgins' four.

Lady D'Arcy, to judge by her performances at Saratoga, seems to be a very smart filly, and I hope will often carry her present colours to the fore.

The other day I came across an item which may interest your readers, and is as follows:—In the year 1600, a middle-sized bay English gelding, the property of Bankes, a servant to the Earl of Essex, ascended to the top of St. Paul's (old), London. Bankes had taught his horse, which went by the name of Morocco, to count and perform a variety of feats. When the novelty had somewhat lessened in London, Bankes took his famous horse to Paris and afterwards to Rome. He had better have stayed at home, for both he and his horse, which was shod with silver, were burnt for witchcraft.

The Great Ebor Hanicap went to Caerag, a bay three-year-old colt by Marejas, out of Stockwale. He is a very near connection of George Frederick, the Derby winner of 1874. He ran seven times last year without earning a winning bracket.

At Ostend, Belgium, Kirtling loaded a couple of races. Last year as a four-year-old he was about champion racing hunter in England, winning ten races, and running second five times out of fifteen starts, and carrying 189 lbs, 187 lbs, and such like weights.

At Dieppe, France, the principal race for two-year-olds went to Baron Rothschild's bay colt Commandant, by Le Petit Corporal, carrying 128 lbs, beating ten others.

Beauclero still keeps at the head of the betting on the St. Leger, and all connected with him seem very confident, especially after the late victories of his stable companions, Adamite, Durham, and Coromandel II.

It is proposed to raise riding fees from \$15 for a mount and \$25 for win, to \$25 for a mount and \$40 for a win. Considering how much depends on the honesty and ability of the jockey, he is far too often very much underpaid for his services.

Pretender, winner of the Two Thousand and Derby in 1859 (in which last race he got home by the shortest of heads in front of Pero Gomez), is dead. He turned "musical" before the St. Leger, which was won by Pero Gomez.

Brown Bread, another good horse, has also gone to his long home. He was one of the most wear and tear looking customers I ever saw.

I see that Fred Archer has, from March 25 to Aug. 24, ridden 142 winners of 880 mounts, his total winnings since 1872 being 1,020.—TRAMP.

IMPORTED TRUE BLUE.

In answer to our enquiry of last week respecting this horse, Mr. C. J. Alloway, V.S., Montreal, kindly and promptly sends us the following particulars, under date of Sept. 9:

"In reply to an enquiry made in your issue of last week, I might say that imported True Blue is at present (and has been since his arrival in this country) standing at St. Louis de Gonzague, P.Q., near Montreal. True Blue is by Vidette, stands about 15:2, is dark brown in color, has plenty of bone and substance, is finely shaped, and shows a good deal of quality. Full particulars can be had from Dr. McCormick, V.S., St. Louis de Gonzague, P.Q."

Canadian Turf.

TROTTING AT WOODBINE.

On Friday last the match trot between the colts Hamilton and Valentine, for \$1,600...

WOODBINE PARK, TORONTO, Sept. 6, 1876. — 1,600. Match trot. The owner of Hamilton...

RACING AND TROTTING AT LUCAN.

LUCAN, Sept. 9, 1878. To the Editor of the Sporting Times: Lucan races were a perfect success...

Orion wins three prizes, viz., the Prince of Wales' cup for deep-draught boats to be held for a year...

THE HANLAN COURTNEY ARTICLES.

The following are the articles of agreement for the 5-mile race between Ed. Hanlan of Toronto and Chas. B. Courtney of Union Springs, N.Y.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT made this 4th day of September, 1878, between Edward Hanlan of Toronto, Canada, and Charles E. Courtney, of Union Springs, N. Y.

- 1. The parties hereto mutually agree as follows:—To row a five-mile race, 2 1/2 miles and turn, in best and best boats, over a course to be mutually agreed upon at Lachine, P.Q., on the 2nd October, 1878. 2. The race to be for \$2,500 a side; \$1,000 a side forfeit to be posted with General J. N. Knapp, Auburn, N.Y., as stakeholder...

DESECRATION.—A prominent city daily says the Regatta of the R. C. Y. C. took place on Sunday last. It didn't, though, all the same.

DARK.—Hanlan gave a couple of cups to be rowed for by colored men on Saturday last, in lieu of the postponed races from Saturday last, which was further put off until Monday. The water was rather rough. The race was rowed in 18-1/2 and under skiffs, sliding seats, about a mile and a half.

AGONY.—Mr. W. B. Wells, jr., of Chatham, Ont., will likely try Bowlsby of the Monroe, Mich., Amateurs again. The Michigan was beaten in his last essay, and wants another opportunity, which it is likely

To Correspondents.

W. B. A., Lucan.—1. The rule reads:—“Horses not bringing out the weight shown before the race, or within one pound of it, shall be disqualified for winning the race.”

G. A. P., Lucan.—They were not correct in giving the heat to King George. RARUS.—1. Dominion Rules provide that time made on any track, whether short or not, shall constitute a record.

SCULL, Cobourg.—Hanlan rowed in a regatta with Frenchy Johnson, at Silver Lake, near Boston, Mass., June 25, 1877, Hanlan winning, Johnson second.

Equine Obituary.

DEATH OF PRETENDER.

Our English exchanges of Aug. 24 report the death of this celebrated horse on Sunday, Aug. 11, at the Sheffield Lane Paddock, of strangulated bowels. In the death of this Two Thousand Guineas and Derby winner of 1869...

DEATH OF BROWN BREAD.

The noted English Stallion Brown Bread, foaled 1832, by Weatherbit, dam Brown Agnes, by West Australian; 2d dam Miss Agnes, by Irish Buncher, out of Agnes by Clarion, died on Monday, Aug. 19, of inflammation of the liver.

Mambrino, dam Lady McKinney, W G Croton 85. Posey, b m, 1875, by Ericsson, dam Boutou de Rose, by Hillsboro; C A O McClellan, Waterloo, Ind. 105.

Empress, ch m, 1869, by Tom Crowder, dam's pedigree unknown; C A O McClelland, Waterloo, Ind. 105.

Knights Templar, by Fullerscraft, dam Emma Johnson; W M Kenney 185.

Lilly of the Valley, by Lightning, dam Magelone, by Vandal, and gro Kenilworth, by Waverly, dam Lilly of the Valley, by Lightning, West Ross, Hatchman Station, Ky. 165.

DEATH OF CHARLES A. CHAMBERLAIN.

Charles A. Chamberlain, brother of John F. Chamberlain, the noted New York turfman, died in the Asylum for the Insane, on Ward's Island on Saturday last at 7:30 p.m.

THE MAXIMUM SPEED OF THE TROTTER.

2:14 remained unbeaten since September, 1874, and many thought the trotter would never appear who could wrest her crown from Goldsmith Maid. In the last few weeks, Rarus has beaten that time thrice, twice as a record, and once as a matter of fact, though not a technical record.

Horse Notes.

DEATH OF JENNIE H.—Mr. H. C. Mook Danville, Ky., lost on Friday, August 30th the brown mare Jennie H., 9 years old, by Black Diamond; dam by a Second Norman, of pneumonia. Mr. Mook recently refused \$4,000 for Jennie H., and she recently trotted a half mile in 1:00. She died at the stables of Messrs. Macey Bros., Versailles, Ky.

ACCIDENT.—This acknowledged hero of the Pacific slope is still the idol of the Californians. He has a record of 2:16 1/2, and Mr. Joseph C. Simpson, of the California Spirit, is of the opinion that he will this year reduce his record over the Bay District Course at San Francisco in the free for-all class.

A PROLIFIC MARE.—Mr. Green Henline, of Armington, McLean County, Ill., is the owner of a mare, now thirty-two years old, that is suckling her twenty-fifth foal, all of which were born alive. Sue was not bred this year, but will next if she lives. She enjoys good health, and promises to live some years longer.

SURVIVOR.—The ex-king of the trotting turf has served ninety mares this season, in charge of Wm. H. Wilson, Esq., Cythiana, Ky. He will now be allowed a holiday and will spend part of his vacation at Minneapolis, where he will receive \$1,000 for his engagements. It is likely Smuggler will be taken the rounds of the entire Western Circuit.

DEATH OF SALLIE BUNTING.—The trotting mare Sallie Bunting, while being driven to the track at Zanesville, O., last week, took fright from the breaking of the sulky wheels and ran away. The driver was thrown out and the mare, becoming unmanageable, dashed on the Cincinnati & Muskegon Valley Railroad bridge, where she fell through and was killed, striking her head against the timber.

It is reported that the owners of Proteus are anxious to back her against any horse in the world at two-mile heats. She is a mare of wonderful endurance. Albarado is said to be a great two-miler. Why should they not make a race, and beat Flora Temple's time? We are confident either one of them can do it, and yet the 450 lb of the little bob-tailed mare has stood at the head of the record for two miles since 1869.

Let every farmer who desires to engage in the breeding of horses obtain the services of the best stallions in his neighborhood, and strive to rear only first-class animals, always bearing in mind that any colts that are threatened with speed will not him far more if sold young, than after years of care and anxiety, with heavy outlays and loss of time; the animal, however good, is still at the mercy of horse-jockeys and the horse trotting fraternity.

BALLANTRAE.—This once popular horse, foaled 1871, by Asteroid, dam Schottische, by imp Abion, out of Dance, by imp Gleacoe, is again in training. It will be recalled that a violent attack of distemper compelled his temporary retirement from the turf. After recruiting from the attack he was relegated to the stud, but he has this year exhibited so fine a form, that Mr. Jennings, his owner, has deemed it advisable to train him again, and run him at the ball meeting at Louisville.

AN EMBLEM OF VICTORY.—John Splan, the driver of Rarus in the Grand Central Trotting Circuit, has typified the victory of that horse in his great trial against time at Buffalo, by having one of the shoes worn by Rarus gold plated and handsomely framed, and enclosing a photograph of himself. At the bottom is the inscription: "One of the shoes worn by Rarus at Buffalo, N.Y., when making the fastest time ever trotted—2:18 1/2. Presented to R. B. Conking, by his friend, John Splan."

Amusements.

A sensational drama, entitled The Owl of New York, produced by the Albert N. Allen combination, has been the attraction at the Grand Opera House this week. It is full of crime and incident, and took the gallery by storm. Our English Cousin, or, The Story

Lucan, Sept. 9, 1878.

The Editor of the Sporting Times.

Lucan races were a perfect success. Owners acknowledged the meeting to be one of the best ever attended, and state that our track is equal to any in Ontario. The entire meeting is conducted without a complaint against the management. The following are the summaries:—

Lucan, Ont, Sept 6—\$40; Running; for farm-horses; half-mile heats, 2 in 5. Turner, g g Gray Tom, by Beacon..... 1 1 Barnes, b g Harper, by Harper..... 2 2 Time—1:03, 1:02

Same Day—\$60; trotting; for hacks: mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness. Barnes, b g Little Dan..... 2 1 1 Webb, g m Molly..... 1 2 3 Doyle, br h Brown Dick..... 4 3 2 McClarty, g m Gray Nell..... 3 4 4 Owens, b m Lady Owens..... 5 5 dis Time—3:07, 3:04, 3:07, 3:05.

Same Day—\$5; Running; open to all; half-mile heats, 3 in 5.

Bawden, blk m Nettie, by Beacon 5 2 1 1 1 McLaughlan, ch h Prince Fdward..... 2 1 1 2 5 3 F Barnes, g g General Johber, by Beacon..... 1 4 2 5 8 2 Walker, br g Fear Nothing, by Fester..... 3 5 3 8 2 0 Brock, b m Polly Egoles..... 4 3 4 4 2 0 Time—55, 55, 55, 56, 55, 55.

Sept 7—\$100; Trotting; 2:40 class; mile-heats, 3 in 5, in harness. Webb, g g Oddfellow..... 1 2 1 1 L Odell, ch h Eden Goldust..... 2 1 3 2 F Dulmage, ch g Big Fellow..... 3 3 4 3 Time—2:51, 2:46, 2:50, 2:50.

Same Day—\$100; Running; mile heats; open all.

W Drake, b g Protection, aged, by Norton, dam by Wagner..... 4 2 1 1 Stephens, b g Paladin, aged, by Leanington, dam Garland..... 8 1 2 2 McLaughlan, br h King George, by King Tom..... 0 3 3 3 Hutchinson, ch h Galt Reporter, aged, by Colossus, dam Leon..... 0 dr* Bowden, blk mare, Nettie, by Beacon..... dr Time—1:53, 1:53, 1:54, 1:53.

Injured: Same Day—\$125; Trotting; free-for-all; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness. L Odell, ch h Eden Goldust..... 1 1 1 F Dulmage, ch g Billy Walker..... 3 2 2 Webb, g g Oddfellow..... 2 3 3 Time—2:46, 2:46, 2:50.

W. B. ABBOTT, Secy.

Aquatic.

THE R. C. Y. C. REGATTA.

The annual regatta of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club was held on Saturday last. The race sailed was about 88 miles. The entries were:—Oriole, 95 tons; Alarm, 88 tons; Geraldine, 28 tons; Rivet, 16 tons;quette, 18 tons; Madeleine, 6 tons. The race allowed her competitors 21 minutes at the finish. The start took place in front of the club house, and was a fly-gone. The Alarm was the first to get away at 10:23; followed by the Geraldine, 10:25:12; Rivet, 10:25:38; Oriole, 10:25:38;quette, 10:26:48; Madeleine, 10:27:08. The Alarm rapidly overhauled the leading boats, and before they had got clear of the bay was the first position; she rounded the Mimico point at 11:16, Coquette second, Alarm third, and fourth, Madeleine fifth, the Geraldine some reason or other having mistaken course was out of the race. The buoy Gibraltar Point was passed by the Oriole 1:59, and that opposite Scarboro' Heights rounded at 4:06. On the homeward the Oriole sped through the water like a winged bird. The winning point was off the point of the Island and was passed in the following order:—Oriole, 5:01; Coquette, 5:05; Rivet, 6:30. These were the only boats to cross the line, the others having dropped out of the race. In this race the

under the original conditions. No boat of boats in the interest of either contestants to accompany the men over the course.

9. The referee to be James A. Harding, Esq., of St. John, N.B., and his expenses to be paid by the contestants in equal shares.

10. Paragraph 2 of article 19 of said laws of boat-racing to be suspended, and each competitor to turn his own stake.

11. This race is not to be rowed for, and is not to involve or affect, the championship of either the United States or the Dominion of Canada now held by the said Edward Hanlan.

12. It is hereby further mutually agreed that the said Edward Hanlan or his representatives do hereby guarantee the sum of \$5,000 in the form of a purse, and as much more as may be raised for the purposes of the said match.

(Signed,) EDWARD HANLAN. (Signed,) CHAS. E. COURTNEY.

DESECRATION.—A prominent city daily says the Regatta of the R. C. Y. C. took place on Sunday last. It didn't, though, all the same.

DARK.—Hanlan gave a couple of cups to be rowed for by colored men on Saturday last, in lieu of the postponed races from Saturday last, which was further put off until Monday. The water was rather rough. The race was rowed in 18-ft. and under skiffs, sliding seats, about a mile and a half. The starters were Ben Johnson, Aaron Russell, Ed. Sarsenette, A. Williams, Chas. Bannister and Chas. Towne. After a good deal of trouble they were sent off, Johnson getting the lead, but he was speedily headed by Sarsenette, who kept his position all the way through. Johnson coming home about three lengths behind, Russell following about two minutes later. The remaining three did not finish.

No Go.—Wallace Ross denies that he has challenged Courtney.

AGAIN.—Mr. W. B. Wells, jr., of Chatham, Ont., will likely try Bowlsby of the Monroe, Mich., Amateurs again. The Michiganander was beaten in his last essay, and wants another opportunity, which it is likely the Canuck will not be slow to give him.

QUICK.—The yacht Wanderer recently ran from Port Dover, Ont., to Erie, Pa., a distance of fifty miles, in five hours.

CROOKED.—The N. Y. Sportsman of last week says:—"Considerable in-and-out rowing has been indulged in lately. One day we have Frenchy Johnson beating all comers, the next sees Plaisted or Riley at the head of affairs, and the day after Evan Morris heads the procession, with Plaisted at the tail. What does all this mean? Is there a combination in rowing circles?"

HIPPODROME.—"H. C." the Toronto correspondent of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times, in his letter last week to that journal, in speaking of the professional single scull race at the Hanlan Regatta on the 80th ult., says:—"There were at least 5,000 people present to witness the race, but the interest all subsided after the turn as if became apparent to everybody that the whole affair was a hippodrome." Another newspaper man not blind or deaf. Why do not our big dailies report things as they are?

REGATTA.—The Sturgeon Point Regatta will take place to-day and to-morrow.

GEOGRAPHY.—The San Francisco Pacific Life says Hanlan and Courtney are to row on Owasco Lake, Canada.

MORE THOROUGHBREDS FOR JAPAN.—Mr. Wm. H. Wilson, of Cynthiana, Kentucky, has added to his list of purchases for the Japanese Government, the two-year-old colt, Master Mason, by Fellowcraft, dam War Rael, by War Dance; 2d dam Dixie, by imp. Sovereign, out of St. Mary, by Hamlet. Price paid \$400. All of the thoroughbred stock, purchased by Mr. Wilson, in the selection of which that gentleman has displayed his usual good judgment, were shipped to their destination on the 27th ult. via the overland route to San Francisco, Cal.

capable of carrying a far heavier strain, but no made up into an exceedingly grand sire, and no doubt would have been afforded an opportunity of making a name at the stud had he been allowed to retire at the end of his three year season, or, at all events, the following season when he had shown himself devoid of that rare dash, which had carried him home from the Abingdon Mile Bottom past Belladrum, on whom Kenyon had set such a pace that the roaring son of Stockwell and Catharine Hayes cut down all save the Middleham champion; or which enabled him to fall off the brilliant rush with which Wells wrought Pero Gomez, making an almost superhuman effort for his fourth Derby. But Pero gained his revenge on Doncaster Town Moor, and Pretender has now been laid down to his last rest in a quiet corner of one of the spacious paddocks at Sheffield lane top—close to the spot where Warlock and Ocharis XII., both of them Leger winners, and other giants of the past, sleep. At the end Pretender would have done better had he not been in the same yard as his sire, the splendid Adventurer; but, as it was, his stock were beginning to run, and if spared he might have worthily borne the mantle of the great lord of Sheffield lane. Pretender was bred by Mr. Sadler in 1866, and was sired by Adventurer, who had also been ailing at the Sheffield Lane Stud, but only from ordinary influenza, and is now entirely recovered. Pretender's dam was Ferina, by Venison, and her dam Partiality, by Middleton, out of Favourite, by Blucher, &c.

DEATH OF BROWN BREAD.

The noted English stallion Brown Bread, foaled 1862, by Weatherbit, dam Brown Agnes, by West Australian; 2d dam Miss Agnes, by Irish Birdcatcher, out of Agnes, by Clarion, died on Monday, Aug. 19, of inflammation of the liver. He was a good performer on the turf, and a rare stayer. In 1865, being then a three-year old, he won the Northumberland Plate, carrying 89 lbs, the famous Caller On, who was then aged, being the second with 126 lbs.—In the same year he also won the Stockton Tradesmen's Handicap, carrying 103 lbs, and the Caledonian St. Leger, at Musselburgh. He was also a good fourth for the Cesarewitch, carrying 111 lbs, behind Salpinx, 3 years old, 87 lbs; Gratitude, 5 years old, 115 lbs, and John Davis, 4 years old, 124 lbs. He was a fair stallion, sire of Tartine, Mary White, White-belt, Picnic (second for the Two Thousand Guineas), Courtesy, Broadside, Pearlina, Hilarious (winner of the Cesarewitch), and others.

R. PENISTAN'S SALES.

The following trotters and thoroughbreds, late the property of R. Penistan, were sold on Monday, Aug. 26, at Lexington, Ky.:

TROTTERS.

- Standard Bearer, b s, foaled 1866, by Volunteer, dam by Roe's Abdallah Chief; P C Kidd, Lexington, Ky..... \$190
Cato, ch h; foaled 1872, by Mambrino Patchen, dam Phis Prall, by Mark Timé, T Maley, Philadelphia, Pa..... 270
Belle, blk s, foaled 1870, by Ericsson, dam Belle by Tom Crowder; J J Miller, Maysville, Ky..... 270
Beau Ideal, by William Welch, dam Lady McKinney; T Maley..... 250

TROTTERS MARES AND GELDINGS.

- Florence, blk f, foaled 1876, by Administrator, dam by Peck's Idol, by Mambrino Chief; T O Forman, Lexington, Ky..... 175
Namo, b f, foaled 1876, by William Welch, dam Lady Norwood, by Belmont; A J Alexander, Woodford Co, Ky..... 2.00
Heiress, b m, foaled 1874, by Jay Gould, dam Vermont Maid; B Crossan, Philadelphia, Pa..... 430
Theopie, b m, foaled 1874, by Sentinel, dam Lady Thompson, by Ericsson; Mr Duvall, Philadelphia, Pa..... 410
Stranger, gr c, foaled 1876, by Selim, dam by McDonald's Mambrino Chief; Webb Ross, Hutchinson Station, Ky..... 105
Ida, b m, foaled 1876, by William Welch, by Lady McKinney; A J Alexander..... 215
Emperor, ch c, foaled 1876, by William Welch, dam Empress; W G Croxton, Waterloo, Ind..... 300
Coquette, b m, foaled 1876, by William Welch, dam Belle of Fayette, by Ethan Allen; W F Weeks, Ibera, La..... 275
Belle of Kentucky, br m 1874, by Woodford

to jump from the third story of his residence to the street below. He was removed to the Asylum under the pretext of going to Long Branch, but did not notice the difference in his destination, and on Friday was unable to recognize his wife. The immediate cause of his death was apoplexy of the brain.

THE MAXIMUM SPEED OF THE TROTTER.

2.14 remained unbeaten since September, 1874, and many thought the trotter would never appear who could wrest her crown from Goldsmith Maid. In the last few weeks, Rarus has beaten that time thrice, twice as a record, and once as a matter of fact, though not a technical record, when Edwin Forrest has sufficiently demonstrated his ability to trot faster than 2.14 when conditions are favorable. These successes, however, indicate that the utmost tension of which a trotter is capable has about been reached, and show how difficult it is to cut off a quarter of a second at that tremendous rate of speed. Three times on unexceptionable tracks, and with favorable weather, Rarus has done his level best, and trotted in 2:13 1/2—2:13 3/4—2:13 3/4. The extra strain which was required to top off each additional quarter second was apparent, while the slight difference in these three fast heats shows that his maximum speed has been developed, at least within a trifling fraction. It may be that a trotter will some time appear, with a maximum speed of 82s. to the quarter, who can maintain it for a mile, but we doubt it. These trials have been instructive in showing that, as yet, no horse can maintain top speed, at the trotting gait, for a full mile. When Rarus trotted in 2:13 1/2, at Buffalo, he went to the three-quarter pole at a rate of 2:11 1/2, and the result was that he could do the last quarter at no better than a 2:19 gait. When he trotted at Hartford in 2:13 1/2, he went to the three-quarter pole at a rate of 2:14 1/2 only, and was then able to finish at a 2:10 gait, and the same was true in his 2:13 1/2 heat, except that he trotted his last quarter at a 2:11 gait. Edwin Forrest again, in his first exhibition heat, was content to go the half-mile pole in 1:06 1/2, and then trotted his mile out on his courage, in 2:14 1/2; while in his second exhibition heat, when he was hurried to the half in 1:05 1/2, he finished in but 2:16. It is a nice study regulating the speed of these flyers to obtain the fastest possible heat.—Spirit.

FOWL SLAUGHTERING.

Immediately at the expiration of the close time for grouse in England—Aug. 12—our English exchanges contain glowing accounts of the glorious sport Smith, Jones and Harrison have had among the birds. Among others of the same tenor, we would call attention to the following-mentioned instances:—

GROUSE SHOOTING EXTRAORDINARY.—Mr F. A. Millbank, Mr. Powlett Millbank, Capt Wade, Capt Vyner, and B. Pease, Esq., commenced shooting on Wemmerghill Moors on Monday. Sixteen hundred and ten (1,610) fell on the first day. On Wednesday eight hundred and three (803). The game was dispatched by a local dealer for the London markets, and the birds were in splendid condition.

Is this sport, or is it the bloody work of the butcher, whose familiarity with cruelty leads him to look upon the bleeding of an ox as sport and recreation? If this is the fashion abroad, we thank God it has not yet reached our sportsmen or been adopted by our shooting men. Twenty-four hundred and thirteen noble birds done to death in a brutal battue, recouping not a whit to the credit of those engaged in it! If these are your gentlemen shooters, we would ask where do you find your pot-hunters? No true sportsman, no man with a heart tender as it should be for all God's creatures—the more helpless, the more regard—would ever have been engaged in this killing, more worthy the butcher's assistant in the slaughter-house than a sportsman after game. We would none of it. All the journals of Great Britain teemed with articles during the early season as to the grouse disease. Yet here is a worse plague, from which none escape. The hardest and strongest, alike with the weakest, have to succumb to these, forsooth, gentleman sportsmen.—Turf.

to jump from the third story of his residence to the street below. Ho was removed to the Asylum under the pretext of going to Long Branch, but did not notice the difference in his destination, and on Friday was unable to recognize his wife. The immediate cause of his death was apoplexy of the brain.

Let every farmer who desires to engage in the breeding of horses obtain the services of the best stallions in his neighborhood, and strive to rear only first-class animals, always bearing in mind that any colts that are fattened with speed will not run far more if sold young, than after years of care and anxiety, with heavy outlays and loss of time; the animal, however good, is still at the mercy of horse-jockeys and the horse-trotting fraternity.

BALLANTRAE.—This once popular horse, foaled 1871, by Asteroid, dam Schottische, by imp. Abion, out of Dance, by imp. Anticoe, is again in training. It will be recalled that a violent attack of distemper compelled his temporary retirement from the turf. After recruiting from the attack he was relegated to the stud, but he has this year exhibited so fine a form, that Mr. Jennings, his owner, has deemed it advisable to train him again, and run him at the Fall meeting at Louisville.

AN EMBLEM OF VICTORY.—John Splan the driver of Rarus in the Grand Central Trotting Circuit, has typified the victory of that horse in his great trial against time at Buffalo, by having one of the shoes worn by Rarus gold-plated and handsomely framed, and inclosing a photograph of himself. At the bottom is the inscription: "One of the shoes worn by Rarus at Buffalo, N. Y., when making the fastest time ever trotted—2:13 1/2. Presented to R. B. Conkling, by his friend, John Splan."

Amusements.

CITY.

A sensational drama, entitled The Owl of New York, produced by the Albert W. Aiken combination, has been the attraction at the Grand Opera House this week. It is full of crime and incident, and took the gallery by storm. Our English Cousin; or, The Girls of New Orleans, is underlined. Grand Ladies' matinee to-morrow afternoon. Next week the Colville Folly Company.

At the Royal Opera House the Lincards closed their engagement on Tuesday evening. Mrs. Chanfrau, supported by her own company, commenced a short season on Wednesday, the bill being The Price of a Life. This (Friday) evening Jealousy; the regular matinee to-morrow afternoon; and Mrs. Chanfrau's specialty Christie Johnson for Saturday night.

The Lyceum has been doing a good business all week. The new people this week are Turner and Geyer, break neck song and dance. Along with Amy de Brent, Annie Clark, Mary Warran, Alice Smith, and Smith Bryne, musical mokes, they give a good show. The usual matinee Saturday afternoon.

GENERAL.

MONTREAL.—The Dominion Theatre is rushing things with a vim. This week Holmes Grover, jr., and Miss May DeLorne in the sensational drama off I. O. U.—Concert in Academy of Music, Sept. 30, by Kellogg and Cary, assisted by a talented corps of artists.—Mr. Lucien Barnes will run a dramatic season at the Academy of Music.

HAMILTON.—Mechanics Hall.—The Lincards, Sept. 12.—Farbich's Fifth Av. Combination, Sept. 18 and 14 in Light and False Shame.—The Owl of New York by the Aiken Co., Sept. 16. Cole's Circus, Sept. 20, London.—The benefit to Mrs. Holman on Friday last was a brilliant success, the opera of the Bells of Corneville being produced for the first time in London.—The Holman Opera Co. have gone to Elmira, N. Y., to play during the State Fair week.—Joe Thompson, a clog dancer, formerly of London, was killed at Kinton, Ohio, while attempting to jump on a freight train. He was a native of Stratford, Ont. BRANTFORD.—Cole's Circus, Sept. 18.

Miscellaneous.

Eugene Blackford, of Fulton market, New York, has discovered an American anchovy.

The Indianapolis News having rashly as at "hip-pockets are a comparatively dern invention," the classical Courier-points out that they were invented Hippocrates.

The "trout" which sportsmen in the White Mountain region have been catching in such quantities are without a doubt the young salmon with which the New England Fish Commissioners at great expense stocked the streams.

Captain James Slocum was trawling for bluefish in Warren River, Massachusetts, when a huge fish hawk swooped down upon his bait and carried it off. Recovering from his surprise the Captain began hauling in his line, and after ten minutes' hard labor secured the bird.

The Belfast (Mo.) Journal says that a bearsport man, in order that his cow may be better adapted for fly-time, has lengthened her tail by attaching thereto a piece of frayed Manila rope. She can whisk a fly from her nose every time.

During a cricket match recently between the Viceroyal and the Zingari clubs, at Dublin, Mr. Kempster, one of the first cricketers in Ireland, received a blow from a ball which entirely paralyzed his lower limbs. He may not recover.

It was the widow of M. Eiano, former proprietor of the gambling tables at Monaco and Hamburg, who paid nearly \$40,000 for the diamonds of ex-Queen Isabella's diadem. The piece was broken up, and the brilliants sold by weight.

Near Bromley, Ont., stands a log house, erected over two years ago, built of poplar and Balm of Gilead logs, which can now be seen growing, as green as a green tree, sprouts having been thrown out from the logs both inside and out, and making the structure one mass of foliage.

"By Jingo!" means "By God!" and is a common Bantu oath, the dialect forms of the word being Jingo, Jinco, Jainco, Gimoo, Yinko and Yianko. To "be jiggered" is an importation from the West Indies, and refers to the suffering caused by the chigoe insect, which burrows in the feet of barefoot negroes.

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The unhappiest visitor in the mountains is a New Jersey man, who has come up to look at some land—350 acres, for which he traded last spring a very fine colt. The trade was made on the Jersey flats, and the Jerseyman had never been to the mountains. He tells the story pathetically, and ends with—"Stranger, that three hundred and fifty acres is a little more than perpendicular!"

Mr. Copland, who resides on lot 18, con. 12, Brooke, lost a valuable ram under peculiar circumstances on Monday last. The animal was seized with a sort of frenzy, and butted its head ferociously against the corner of the barn, till unable to move. Its injuries were so severe that Mr. Copland was obliged to kill it.

In the city of Y— there lives the proprietor of a livery stable, who is noted for the bony horses he keeps. One day there came loitering along a green-looking fellow, who halted at the stable for a few moments. After looking around at the horses he remarked to the proprietor: "Say, is this a boss factory?" "A horse factory? No! Why?" ejaculated the proprietor. "Oh, nuthin'," was the reply, "only I saw some frames stanin' round, and I kinder thought it was."

chickens snake, with its head firmly held by a spider's web. The actions of the spider, which was of the small, ordinary red species, were watched, when it was found that it was gradually drawing the snake up from the floor to the seat of the chair. The snake was about eight inches long, and at a late hour in the evening, despite its desperate struggles to free itself from the meshes of the spider, it had been drawn up until two inches only of its tail remained on the floor.

Mr. George Barnett has just returned from a hunt in Union county, Va., and tells quite a marvellous tale about a snake he killed when near Brownsville. He and Mr. Schlater were walking along a short distance from the river when they saw an unusually large black-snake lying by the side of the path evidently in a torpid condition. Barnett raised his rifle and the snake happened to be lying in such a position that the rifle ball split it open from head to tail disclosing four young rabbits which the reptile had evidently just swallowed. This is a snake story but witnesses are ready to vouch for its correctness.

"A veritable joint-snake" has been captured in Georgia. The pupil of its eye is not oval nor is its head diamond-shaped; its largest diameter is about half an inch. It is in four pieces which, if joined together, would have a total length of about thirty inches. Above it is brown and regularly spotted, and below white. The divisions or fragments are all "below the viscera. Each joint shows six little cogs on one side corresponding to six apertures on the other, and the skin extending to the ends of the cogs and the mouth of the holes, so when the cogs are put in the holes the fit is exact. The first and second fragments are each one and a half inches long; the last, including the tail, is about nine inches long."

The Deaver brothers were riding in a buggy near Ashville, N.C., when they met a man against whom they had a grudge. One of them jumped from the buggy and taking the whip gave his enemy a terrible thrashing, ceasing only from exhaustion. Then they drove off, but had gone but a little way when the other Deaver said he would like to thrash the man too. So he got out and went back to where the whipped man was. The latter seeing him coming ran through the woods. Deaver followed close at his heels. Finally the pursued man's strength gave out and he could go no farther. As his pursuer came up with him he stood at bay, and told him to come no further, that he had submitted to one whipping, but would stand no more. Deaver yet came on, when the man shot him through the heart. Better late than never.

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Blaine's Encyclopedia of rural sports, or complete account (historical, practical and descriptive) of hunting, shooting, fishing, &c. 5th edition, 600 engravings on wood, from drawings by Leech, Aiken, Landseer, &c. \$5 00.

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

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

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

Yonatt's The Dog, edited with additions by E. J. Lewis. Illustrated. \$3 75. Castlemon's The Sportsman's Club in a saddle. Illustrated. \$1 25.

Castlemon's The Sportsman's Club and Illustrated. \$1 25. Castlemon's The Sportsman's Club and the trappers. Illustrated. \$1 25.

Gilmore's Prairie and Forest; a description of the game of North America, with personal ventures in their pursuit. Illustrated. \$1 75.

Stonehenge's British rural sports, comprising shooting, hunting, coursing, fishing, hawk racing, boating, pedestrianism, with all the games and amusements. Ninth edition. Illustrated. \$5 50.

Norris' American Anglers' book, embracing the natural history of sporting fish, and the of taking them, with instructions in fly-fishing, fly-making, and rod-making, and directions fish breeding. Illustrated with 80 engravings on wood. \$5 50.

Stonehenge's The Horse in the table and Field; his management in health and disease. 80 engravings. \$2 50.

McClure's American Gentleman's stable

'73 Jingo means "By God!" and is a common Basque oath, the dialect forms of the word being Jingo, Jinco, Jainco, Ginco, Yinko and Yianko. To "be jiggered" is an importation from the West Indies, and refers to the suffering caused by the chigoo insect, which burrows in the feet of barefoot negroes.

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A firm at Manchester, England, has constructed a novel kind of railway car, adapted for carrying meat, game, fruit, or similar perishable commodities. The car when loaded is hermetically closed, except where, by an automatic arrangement, air is taken in, and after undergoing a refrigerating and drying process, circulates over the whole contents of the car. It is then discharged through an exhaust pipe. Cars of this description will be principally used for large traffic in meat between Scotland, Liverpool, and London. They will enable importers to store their meat for several days should they find the markets overstocked.

The colt should be handled almost daily while with the dam, and made familiar with men. Great care should be taken to avoid frightening it. It should be taught to regard man as its greatest friend, from whom it may always expect a pleasant caress, or something agreeable to eat. This is not only important in reference to its future temper and usefulness, but vastly important to its rapid growth. Animals do not thrive under excitement and irritation. There is no place for a passionate man among young animals, and not a very profitable place for him anywhere.

The fortunate number which drew the capital prize of \$80,000 in the Louisiana lottery, March 12, was 12,988. Though it was widely advertised, no one appeared to claim the money. Finally, five months afterward, the little daughter of Henry Uthoff, a New Orleans furniture-dealer, found a lottery ticket while rumaging in a bureau drawer, and asked her mother if it had drawn anything. Mrs. Uthoff then remembered buying the ticket, and when she went shopping took it along and learned, to her great surprise, that it was worth \$30,000.

The remarkable incident of a spider capturing a snake is reported to have occurred at a saloon in Natchez, Miss. One of the employees discovered under a chair a small

to where the whipped man was. The latter seeing him coming ran through the woods. Deaver followed close at his heels. Finally the pursued man's strength gave out and he could go no farther. As his pursuer came up with him he stood at bay, and told him to come no further, that he had submitted to one whipping, but would stand no more. Deaver yet came on, when the man shot him through the heart. Better late than never.

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Since the recent healthy rise in stocks the spirit of gambling seems to have taken an unusually strong hold on the community. For months past the metaphorical tiger has been lying in his lair in a sort of half-dormant state, as if troubled with a torpid liver. During the past two weeks, however, the gamblesome gentry who hunt for big game have invaded his retreat, and he is now up on all fours, gnashing his teeth and thrashing the jungle brush savagely with his tail. On Thursday there was a stiff game over the International Saloon. The first man who attracted any attention was an old San Francisco sport, who, after a few preliminary moves, began to prod the "tiger" up with bets stacked to the limit all over the table.

"That's Old Moses from Frisco," said a looker-on, "and when he gets started you'll see the fur fly."

The man was right, for in a few minutes Old Moses closed with his antagonist in dead earnest by inquiring of the dealer if he could be allowed to raise the amount to \$100. The dealer graciously allowed the privilege, and Moses lost several hundred dollars in a few turns, at which he asked if he could raise the limit again, and, obtaining the kind permission of the dealer, was playing up to \$200 a bet, being sometimes \$1,000 or so ahead and sometimes as much behind. Several other parties soon slid into the game, betting up to the limit and creating considerable excitement, until there was such a crowd round the table that those on the outer edge of the spectators could only now and then get a sight of the dealers' bald head. One player drew out \$1,000 when he left. Yesterday afternoon a stranger came in, made a few four-bit bets, and then surprised the dealer by stacking a pile of \$20-pieces in front of him and playing up to the \$100 limit. He won heavily all the afternoon, and, coming back flushed with victor in the evening, lost his luck and was badly mangled by the tiger. To day the game is doing a heavy business, and men who play there are expected to do so on a gold basis. Red and blue chips are the rule, all of which is considered good, indicating that business is picking up and money is getting easier than it has been for many months.—*Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle*.

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

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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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This Premium is Unprecedented.

CORRESPONDENTS WANTED in every town from Maine to the Pacific.

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THE TURF EVENT OF THE YEAR.

"THE CANADIAN SPORTING TIMES"
Stallion Stake

On Thursday, October 10, 1878.

CONDITIONS.

The Stallion Stake will be trotted for by all Stallions owned in Canada on Saturday, 1st Oct. 1878 (the 11th September) at 11 o'clock, and making the season of 1878 in Canada. The season's service to consist of not less than ten mares. \$100 each, \$50 forfeit, with Gold medal added by the proprietor of the CANADIAN SPORTING TIMES to the winning horse. Mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness. Forfeit money must accompany nominations, and the other \$50 payable on Friday, Sept. 20; 75 per cent. of money to first horse, and 25 per cent. to second. Closed on June 1, with the following

- NOMINATIONS:
1. H. SWIFT, Quebec, blk horse, BLACK PRINCE, 5 years, by Shaughraun, dam unknown.
 2. E. BARNEAU & Co., Laprairie, P.Q., brown horse BEN MORRILL, 10 years, by Winthrop Morrill, dam by old Columbus.
 3. J. P. WISER, Prescott, Ont., bay horse CHESTNUT HILL, 6 years, by Rysdyk, dam by Bully King.
- P. COLLINS.

J. W. Hornsby & Bro.,
OF EMINENCE, KY., WILL BE AT

The Provincial Fair, Toronto,
With eight head of young
GOLD DUST HORSES,
STALLIONS AND FILLIES.

The above is the best lot ever shipped to Canada, and will be sold during the Fair.



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CLAIM

September, 19 & 21, '78

For their Inaugural Meeting, when liberal programmes will be given for flat racing, hurdling and steeplechasing.
For programmes, particulars, &c., address,
W. H. AUMOND, Secy.,
Rossin House,
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TO WIN A FORTUNE.

Tenth Grand Distribution, 1878 at New Orleans
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Louisiana State Lottery Company.

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100 TICKETS AT TWO DOLLARS EACH	1000 TICKETS AT ONE DOLLAR EACH
1 Capital Prize of \$300,000	100 Prizes of \$10,000
1 Capital Prize of \$100,000	100 Prizes of \$5,000
2 Prizes of \$50,000	100 Prizes of \$2,000
5 Prizes of \$10,000	100 Prizes of \$1,000
20 Prizes of \$5,000	1000 Prizes of \$500
100 Prizes of \$2,000	
200 Prizes of \$1,000	
500 Prizes of \$500	
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APPROXIMATION PRIZES:	
6 Approximation Prizes of \$300	2,700
9 Approximation Prizes of 200	1,800
9 Approximation Prizes of 100	900

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Application for rates to clubs should only be made to the Home Office in New Orleans.
Write, clearly stating full address, for further information, or send orders to
M. A. DAUPHIN,
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H. L. PLUM,
819 Broadway, New York.
All our Grand Extraordinary Drawings are under the supervision and management of GENERALS G. T. BEAUREGARD and JUBAL A. EARLY.
364-nt

RACE HORSE FOR SALE.

Will be sold very cheap, the fast and well-bred gelding

RANCOCUS,

chestnut, 15.3, 4 years old, by imported Eclipse, dam imported Blue Stocking by Thormanby; 2nd dam by Stockwell; 3rd dam by Touchstone. Good jumper and would be valuable as a hurdler or hunter. Address, RANCOCUS, Sporting Times, office, Toronto, for particulars. 364-nt

THE KENTUCKY TROTTER STALLION



Almont Marion,

Will make the season of 1878 at Thos. Hodgson's Veterinary Stable, corner of Duchess and Sherbourne streets Toronto.
ALMONT MARION was bred by Gen. W. T. Withers, Lexington, Ky., who says he is the finest trotting colt he ever had, having more trotting points than any colt of his age that he ever knew.
ALMONT MARION is two years old, May 1, 1878. 15.3 high, dark bay with black points, shows a remarkable gait for speed, with flat bone and good feet.
CERTIFIED PEDIGREE.—"Almont Marion, sired by Almont, the great sire of trotters, (sire of Allie West 2:35; Alice West, 2:29; Piedmont, 4 years, 2:30; Katie Jackson, 4 years, 2:25; Consul, 3 years, 2:39; and a number of others equally speedy. 1st dam by Marion, a son of Mambrino Chief a fast trotter and a sire of trotters, 2nd dam, by Capt. Gay a son of Berthune; 3rd dam, by imported Nonplus; 4th dam, by

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Messrs. Grand Interior Holding
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HAMILTON, 11th and 12th,
GUELPH, 13th and 14th,
BRANTFORD, 16th and 17th.

When 200 entries will be received for each place. These sales will be extensively advertised all over Europe, America, and Canada, as the great secret of success in these sales is to bring lots of buyers.
This spring 83 horses were disposed of at Toronto, Hamilton, and London, at an average price of \$147, and if those buying horses of the right stamp bring them forward good sales are guaranteed. For all terms and particulars apply for the present to
GRAND,
Adelaide Street,
Auctioneer and Proprietor.
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1878.
The following Stallions will make the season at
RYSDYK STOCK FARM,
Prescott, Ont.
RYSDYK,
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. P. WISER, Proprietor.
H. W. BROWN, Superintendent.
849-um.

FOR SALE.

Abdallah Chief,

dark chestnut; 16.1; 5 years old, by Caledonia Chief (2:29), dam Maggie by Abdallah, sire of Rysdyk's Hambletonian. Also the beautiful Gold Dust stallion,

BLACKSTONE GOLD DUST,

dark brown, 2 years old, by Gold Dust, dam May Flower, by Wide Awake, he by American Eclipse.
Either or both of these stallions will be disposed of at a bargain, as they must be sold. They will be shown on the track any time to intending purchasers. I invite inspection, and claim they are the two finest and most promising horses of their age in Canada. Abdallah Chief is ready to go in training for the Fall campaign, is very speedy and improving fast.
F. J. CHUBB,
Guelph, Ont.
360.
July 17, 1878.

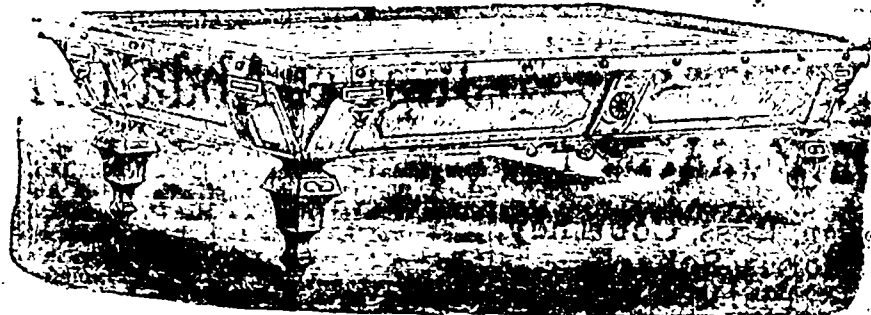
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POOL TABLES
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Horse Boot.
PREVENTS AND CURES
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With this boot any stable can be provided with a pasture, so far as the feet are concerned, and one top that may be used any season of the year. Send for descriptive circular to LEONARD & BARNETT, Saddlers, &c. 15 Yonge St. Toronto.

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WHITE STAR LINE!
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GOLD DUST HORSES,
 STALLIONS AND FILLIES.

The above is the best lot ever shipped to
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For their Inaugural Meeting, when liberal pro-
 motions will be given for flat racing, hurdling and
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 ROSSIN HOUSE,
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365-ut



ONTARIO
HOME PRODUCE STAKES.

Open, tree of entrance, to two-year-old colts
 and fillies, bred and foaled in Ontario, by stall-
 ions 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 div-
 ided 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 As-
 sociation 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 Sec-
 retary-Treasurer of the Stake at the Sporting
 Times Office, Toronto.

The following owners of stallions have already
 made nominations:

John White, Esq., Milton, for the get of *Terror*,
 by Ruric, dam Maratans by Flatcatcher.
 J. L. Lyon, Esq., Toronto, for the get of *Hyder*
Ah, by imported Leamington, dam Lady
 Duke by Lexington.

P. COLLINS, Sec.-Treas.,
 pro tem.

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 Pembroke, Ont.,

THE LEADING HOTEL OF THE UPPER
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Spacious Parlor Rooms en suite. Large Sam-
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 358-1f **JONES & Co., Pro.**

RACE HORSE FOR SALE.

Will be sold very cheap, the fast and well-
 bred gelding

RANCOCUS,

chestnut, 15.3, 4 years old, by imported Eclipse,
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 2nd dam by Stockwell; 3rd dam by Touchstone.
 Good jumper and would be valuable as a hur-
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Times, office, Toronto, for particulars. 364-1f

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ALMONT MARION is two years old, May 1, 1878,
 15.3 high, dark bay with black points, shows a
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 good feet.

CERTAIN PEDIGREE.—Almont Marion, sired
 by Almont, the great sire of trotters, (sire of
 Allie West, 2:25; Alice West, 2:29; Pradmont,
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 Consul, 3 years, 2:39; and a number of others
 equally speedy. 1st dam by Marion, a son of
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 3rd dam, by imported Nonplus; 4th dam, by
 Fredericksburg; 5th dam, by Sir Archy; 6th
 dam, by imported Diomed; 7th dam, by impor-
 ted Firetail.

(Signed) WM. T. WITHERS,
 Fairlawn, Lexington, Ky."

Having purchased this colt from Gen. With-
 ers at a cost of nearly \$2,000 laid here, his own-
 er thinks the breeders of Canada should avail
 themselves of the opportunity thus afforded by
 using him to improve our stock.

TERMS.—Insurance, \$40; season, \$30; leap,
 \$20

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DOUBLE VICTORIA CARRIAGE,

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H. W. BROWN,
 Superintendent.
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 Proprietor.

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 They will be shown on the track any time to
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 Chief is ready to go in training for the Fall cam-
 paign, is very speedy and improving fast.

F. J. CHUBB,
 Guelph, Ont.
 July 17, 1878. 360.

THE THOROUGHBRED RACE HORSE AND STALLION,



Oysterman, Jr.,

Will make the season of 1878 at his owner's
 stables, 4 miles west of Port Hope; and also in
 Cobourg and vicinity.

OYSTERMAN, JR., is a bright bay, about 16
 hands, by Oysterman, dam by imp Phil Brown;
 (See Bruce's American Stud Book, Vol. II, p.
 459). Oysterman by Revenue, dam Miss Countess
 by Boston. (See Bruce's American Stud Book,
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OYSTERMAN, JR., was the greatest cross-coun-
 try horse ever in America, and during his years
 was one of the most successful horses on the
 flat. He is the sire of the noted steeplechase
 horses Dandy and Doubtful, the former having
 won six races in 1877.

TERMS.—Common mares, \$16; thoroughbred,
 \$20 to insure; \$10 single service. Pasturage
 at reasonable rates.

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SOMETHING NEW! JUST OUT
 Weighs from one ounce to ten pounds, and can
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