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VOL. V.

TORONTO, ONT., FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1876.

NO. 257

American Turf.

LONG BRANCH RACES.

The appended tables will show the result of the two meetings, giving the amount won by the get of the different sires, and also the amount won by each stable.

By Lexington, he by Boston, dam Alice Carnal, by imp Sarpedon—

Acrobat, dam Sally Lewis, by Glencoe.. \$5,000
Tom Ochiltree, dam Katona, by Voucher 4,450
Fiddletick, dam Filigree, by Stockwell 2,750
Cheespeak, dam Roxana, by Chesterfield 500
Shylock, dam Edith, by Sovereign..... 435

Total ..... \$13,035
By Parmesan (English), he by Sweetmeat, dam Gruyere, by Verulam—

Patience (imp), dam Patronage, by Primo Minister ..... \$5,150
By imp Australian, he by West Australian, dam Emilia, by Young Emilius—

Zoo Zoo, dam Mazurka, by Lexington.. \$2,600
Barricade, dam Lavender, by Wagner.. 1,950
Arctonion, dam Lily Ward, by Lexington 300

Total ..... \$4,950
By Kentucky, he by Lexington, dam Magnolia, by Glencoe—

May D, dam Florae, by imp Mickey Free \$366
Leander, dam by Bonnie Scotland.... 40
Total ..... \$407
By Concord, he by Lexington, dam Bellamira, by imp Monarch—

Galway, dam Maudina, by Australian.. \$400
By Planet, he by Revenue, dam Nina, by Boston—

Sunburst, dam Betty Ward, by Lexington \$150
Milton, dam Mildred, by Glencoe..... 100
Egypt, dam Lady Barry, by imp Emu.. 92

Total ..... \$342
By imp Phaeon, he by King Tom, dam Merry Sunshine, by Storm—

St Martin, dam Tokay by Yorkshire.... \$260
By imp Hampton Court, he by Young Melbourne, dam Durindana, by Orlando—

Explosion, dam Naptha, by imp Eclipse \$200
By Dickens, he by Australian, dam Alabama, by Brown Dick—

Mary, dam by My Maryland, by Brown Dick ..... \$200
By War Dance, he by Lexington, dam Reel by Glencoe—

July 15—Purse \$500; 2:36 class.
C Dickerman's ch m Lady Lowe.... 1 3 2 1 1
R Steel's b m Fleetfoot ..... 3 1 5 2 2
J T Smith's blk g Billy Barefoot.... 4 2 1 3 5
Queen May, Hunter, Odd Stocking and Alonzo also started.

Time—2:33, 2:32, 2:34, 2:34, 2:36.

RACING AT LAKE CITY, MINN.
LAKE CITY, July 11—Purse \$200; running.
Owner's Gcl Ricely..... 1 2 1
Owner's Alice Ward ..... 5 1 2
Owner's Modoc ..... 2 3 ro
Owner's Uncle Tom..... 3 5 ro
Owner's Janitor..... 4 4 ro

Time—1:50, 1:47, 1:50.
TROTTING AT ALBANY, N.Y.
ALBANY, July 12—Purse \$200; 2:30 class.
D F Nugent's b g G H Mitchell ..... 1 1 1
L E Dunham's ch g Silver Tail ..... 3 2 2
G Haner's blk g Prince..... 2 3 3
P Kelly, ch m Kitty ..... dis

Time—2:36, 2:34, 2:34.
July 14—Match, \$500.
W Smith's b g Joker ..... 2 1 1 1
T Grady's b m Idol ..... 1 2 2 2

Time—2:29, 2:32, 2:36, 2:28.
TROTTING AT MYSTIC PARK, BOSTON, MASS.
MYSTIC PARK, July 12—Purse \$600, 2:27 class.
A N Williams' ch g Charley Mack, by Hollibaird's Young Ethan..... 1 6 6 1 1
D W Becker's ch m Flora Bell.... 4 1 1 2 3
J J Bower's blk m Maggie S..... 2 3 2 3 3

King William, Sheppard Knapp, Henry Chase, and Sir William Wallace also started:
Time—2:27, 2:27, 2:28, 2:28, 2:29.
July 12 and 13.—Sweepstakes \$200.

J Ramsay's b g Bay George.... 2 4 2 3 1 1 1
H Woodruff, gm Lady Lawrence 4 1 1 3 2 2 3
D Key's m g Jim Fiske..... 1 2 3 1 3 3 2
M Welch's b m Bena G..... 3 3 4 4 4 ro

Time—2:43, 2:46, 2:43, 2:43, 2:44, 2:42, 2:43.
July 14 and 15.—Purse \$600; 2:30 class.
J J Bowen, gr g Hazor..... 1 1 2 4 4 0 1
T Sullivan, b g Bully Brooks.. 4 7 4 1 1 3 3
F Haight, br m Georgio M.... 3 2 1 7 6 0 2

Baby Boy, Joe G, Dusty, and King William also started.
Time—2:23, 2:23, 2:26, 2:26, 2:32, 2:34, 2:29.
Same Day—Purse \$300; free for all.
W W Comee, b g Comee..... 1 3 3 3 1 1
C W Davis, ch g Unknown.... 3 2 1 1 2 2 2
J J Bowen, mg Honest Harry.. 2 1 2 2 1 3 3
A Thompson, b s Sir W Wallace 4 4 4 4 4 ro

SARATOGA SUMMER MEETING.

SARATOGA, N.Y., July 25—The first meeting of the Saratoga Racing Association opened today. The weather was very favorable and the track was in excellent condition. The attendance was large.

July 25—Purse of \$400, for all ages; five furlongs; seven starters.
Geo Langstaff's b c Bhadamanthus, 4 yrs, by Leanington, dam Nemesis ..... 1
Clas Boyle's br f Inspiration, 5 yrs, by Warminster, dam Sophia ..... 2
D McDaniel's ch f Madge, 5 yrs, by Australian, dam Alabama..... 3

Time—1:03, Madge was favorite at starting.
Same Day—The Travers Stakes, for three-year olds, at \$100 each, h f, with \$1,000 added by the Association, and \$500 in plate by Mr W R Travers; 1 1/2 miles; 48 entries; 4 starters.
Hon A Belmont's b f Sultana, by Lexington, dam Mildred ..... 1
P Lorillard's ch c Barricade, by Australian, dam Lavender..... 2
J M Harney's br c Fredericktown, by Pat Malloy, dam Kate Leonard..... 3

Time—3:15, Sultana was favorite.
Same Day—Sweepstakes for all ages, \$50 each, p p, with \$800 added; 1 1/2 miles; 21 entries, 3 starters.

P Lorillard's br g Parole, by Leanington, dam Maiden ..... 1
G L Lorillard's b c Tom Ochiltree, 4 yrs, by Lexington, dam Katona ..... 2
D McDaniel's ch f Mattie A, 4 yrs, by Australian, dam Minnie Mansfield..... 3

Time—2:13, Parole was favorite.
Same Day—Selling race, for all ages, purse of \$500; 1 1/2 miles.
E A Claiborn's b h Piccolo, 5 yrs, by Concord, dam Maudina ..... 1
A D Brown's b h Paladin, 5 yrs, by Leanington, dam Garland ..... 2
J Donahue's b m Oage, 5 yrs, by Pat Malloy, dam Kate Leonard..... 3

TROTTING AT CLEVELAND.

CLEVELAND, O., July 25—The 2:24 trot for \$2,500, was won to-day by Mr M Highbee's b g Little Fred, in three straight heats, his best time being 2:21. Broeze, Carrie, May Bird, Amy B, Sleepy John, Belle Brasfield, Little Gypsy, Richard, and Blue Mare started.
The 2:36 trot for \$2,500 was won by Messrs. Nye & Foster's gm Mambrino Kate, her best time being 2:36. Kingsman Boy, Irene, Charmar, Romeo, and Bose started.

The running race for a purse of \$500, mile heats, was won by Mr T G Moore's ch c Waddell (formerly Bazar), 3 yrs, by Jack Malone out of a mare by Australian, in 1:43, and 1:46. Daisy Miller, War Jig, Bill Bruce, and Vicksburg, were entered in this race.

ENTRIES TO BUFFALO SUMMER MEETING.

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY, AUGUST 1.
2:36 Class—b m Versailles Girl, gm Mambrino Kate, b m Rose, ch g Moon, gm Irene, b g Romeo, b s Enfield, bg St Patrick Alexander

ENTRIES FOR THE ROCHESTER, N.Y. MEETING, AUG. 8, 9, 10, 11.

2:36 Class—gm Mambrino Kate, br m Rose, b m Hattie B, bg Moon, b g Romeo.
2:24 Class—blk m May Bird, b g Broeze, b m Carrie, b m Nettie Burrell, Amy B, b g Frank Bo, b g Orient, b m Nellie Irwin, gm m Blue Mare.

2:29 Class—b m Mattie, br h Damon, dn g Colborn, b g Frank Davis, gg Geo A Ayer, b g Banquo, g u Lady Munroe, ch g Marion, ch g Planter, ch g Gen Grant.
2:23 Class—b m Icol, blk g Prospero, b m Amy, ch g Bonner, b m Adelaide, blk m Cosette, br m Lady Turpin, gm m Badger Girl, bg John H, g h Joe Brown.

Special Fast Trial—b m Lula.
2:32 Class—b g Proctor, bg Judge, g g Capt Smith, blk g Frank, g g Gray Salam, blk h Younk Wilkes, — Woodpecker Goldust, sp g Albermarle, b g Romeo, b g Allen, dn g Jerry Postler.
Free For All—b m Lucille Goldust, b h Smurgler, b g Bodine, b m Lula, ch g Judge Fullerton.

2:26 Class—br s Suzudan, g g Jack Draper, ch g Mazomanie, b g Great Eastern, b g Lowinski, b g Lew Ives, g g Gray Chief, b m Ella Madden, br m Frank, b m Nellie, b g T A, ch g Tom Brown, br m Hannah D.
2:20 Class—ch m Susie, b m May Queen, b g General Garfield, b g Rarus.
2:15 Class—b g Dexter, b m Hattie B, b g Moon, g m Irene, b h Enfield, b g Prince Arthur.

Athletic.

COLLEGE SPORTS AT SARATOGA.

BOAT RACING.
The college boating events which, last year and year before, created so much excitement all over the country, and attracted tons of thousands of visitors to Saratoga, have fallen decidedly flat this season. The cause of this is somewhat difficult to explain, but it is true that but few seem to take any interest whatever in the contests. On Tuesday, when the minor events should have been rowed, the lake was too much disturbed by the wind, rendering several short postponements necessary, and finally the entire programme was bodily thrown over until Wednesday. Fortunately for those who had suffered the disappointments of Tuesday, Wednesday dawned calm, and the lovely lake was as peaceful as an infant asleep. At 10:35, the University Race was called, and six crews being in line—Cornell, Harvard, Columbia, Union, Wesleyan, and Princeton—the word was given and they were off. Cornell, with a splendid stroke, at once pushed into the lead, the Columbia following. At the close of the first mile Columbia had obtained the lead, the Harvard second, Cornell third, and all doing their best work. Between this and the two-mile, Cornell spurted and retook the lead, Harvard passing Columbia. These positions were held to the finish, Cornell winning in 17:01; Harvard 17:07, Columbia 17:18, Union, Wesleyan, and Princeton coming home in the order named. The single scull was one more bright laurel in the green wreath which crowns Cornell, their trusty sculler Francis winning this race, against three competitors, in 13:42, Danforth of Harvard second, Farmley of Princeton, and Weeks of Columbia third and fourth. Again, in the third race, the Freshman, Cornell carried her end to the front, Harvard

Table with columns for names and amounts, including 'WINNING OWNERS' and 'Winnings'.

RACING AT CHICAGO.

DEXTER PARK, July 18.—Purse \$1,250 for 2:40 class. \$625 to first, 300 to second, 200 to third, 125 to fourth.
F N Fancher, br s Solkirk..... 0 1 1 1
P Wineman, b m Lady Logan..... 0 2 3 2
J W Dwell, br g Wonder..... 3 7 6 5

By Lexington, he by Boston, dam Alice Carneal, by imp Saipidon—

Acrobat, dam Sally Lewis, by Glencoe.. \$5,000  
 Tom Ochiltree, dam Katona, by Voucher 4,450  
 Fiddlestick, dam Filigree, by Stockwell 2,760  
 Chesapeake, dam Roxana, by Chesterfield 500  
 Shylock, dam Edith, by Sovereign..... 435

Total ..... \$13,035

By Parmesan (English), he by Sweetmeat, dam Gruyere, by Verulam—

Patience (imp), dam Patronage, by Primo Minister ..... \$5,150

By imp Australian, he by West Australian, dam Emilia, by Young Emilias—

Zoo-Zoo, dam Mazurka, by Lexington.. \$2,600  
 Barricade, dam Lavender, by Wagner.. 1,950  
 Association, dam Lily Ward, by Lexington 300

Total ..... \$4,850

By Kentucky, he by Lexington, dam Magnolia, by Glencoe—

Bartram, dam imp Bernice, by Stockwell \$4,600  
 By Narragansett, he by imp Eclipse, dam Jessie Dixon, by Arlington—

Kingland, dam Maidstone, by Censor.. \$1,000  
 Meco, dam Julietta, by Censor..... 500  
 Waco, dam Julietta, by Censor..... 240  
 Puryear's filly, dam Minnie Minor, by Lexington ..... 150  
 Weasel, dam Maidstone, by Censor.... 50

Total ..... \$1,940

By imp Glenelg, he by Citadel, dam imp Batta, by Kingston—

Idealis, dam Ito, by Lexington..... \$1,550  
 By Jonesboro, he by Lexington, dam Alice Jones, by Glencoe—

Coronet, dam Garland, by Uncle Vic.. \$1,250  
 By imp Hurrah, he by Newminster, dam Jovial, by Bay Middle-on—

Burgoo, dam Emma Downing, by Capt Beard ..... \$900

By Lightning, he by Lexington, dam Blue Bonnet, by imp Hedgeford—

Donnybrook, dam Jessamine Porter, by Australian ..... \$910  
 Coupon, dam Income, by Revenue..... 25

Total ..... \$935

By Brown Dick, he by imp Margrave, dam Fanny King, by imp Glencoe—

Woodland, dam Woodbine, by Lexington \$750  
 By Bulletin, he by Lexington, dam Maria Innis, by Yorkshire—

Bullet, dam by Wagner..... \$675

By Curles, he by Revenue, dam Florence, by Herald—

Romney, dam Poll..... \$464  
 Kanny, dam Red Eye..... 143

Total ..... \$607

By Bay Dick, he by Lexington, dam Alabama, by Brown Dick—

Stanford, dam by imp Scythian..... \$550

By imp Leamington, he by Faugh-a-Ballagh, dam a daughter of Pantaloon and Daphne—

Hibernia, dam Henrietta Welch, by Colton ..... \$150

Love Chase, dam Henrietta Welch, by Colton ..... 133  
 Cornucopia, dam Vivandiere, by Revenue Leamington 2nd, dam Susan Bean, by Lexington ..... 70  
 James A, dam Maiden, by Lexington.. 50  
 Janet Norton, dam Carrie Atherton, by Lexington ..... 25

Total ..... \$528

By imp Bonnie Scotland, he by Iago, dam Queen Mary, by Gladiator—

Paper Maker, dam Maria, by Australian \$133  
 Bombast, dam Benicia, by Jack Malone 50  
 Spindrift, dam by Wagner..... 25

Total ..... \$508

By King Lear, he by Lexington, dam Tokay, by imp Yorkshire—

Rappahannock, dam Fannie Washington, by Revenue..... \$500

By Melbourne, Jr, he by imp Knight of St George, dam Melrose, by Melbourne—

Mettle, dam Alumina, by Eclipse..... \$433

By Enquirer, he by imp Leamington, dam Lida, by Lexington—

By imp Phaseton, he by King Tom, dam Merry Sunshine, by Storm—

St Martin, dam Tokay by Yorkshire.... \$360

By imp Hampton Court, he by Young Melbourne, dam Duriudaus, by Orlando—

Explosion, dam Naptha, by imp Eclipse \$200

By Dickens, he by Australian, dam Alabama, by Brown Dick—

Mary, dam by My Maryland, by Brown Dick..... \$200

By War Dauce, he by Lexington, dam Reel by Glencoe—

Stampede, dam Dolly Morgan, by Revenue ..... \$200

By imp Eclipse, he by Orlando, dam Gaze, by Bay Middleton—

Merciless, dam Barbarity, by Simoon.. \$100  
 Oleaster, dam Oliata, by Lexington.... 50

Total ..... \$150

By Harry of the West, he by Lexington, dam Laura, by imp Leviathan—

Colonel Nelligan, dam Emeline, by Brown Dick..... \$150

By Eugene, he by Revenue, dam Fanny Fern, by imp Glencoe—

Derby, dam Kate Sovereign, by Sovereign ..... \$125

By Longfellow, he by Leamington, dam Nantura, by Branner's Eclipse—

Leonard, dam Colleen Bawn, by Endorser \$100

By Jack Malone, he by Lexington, dam Gloriana, by American Eclipse—

Durango, dam Fanny Barrow, by Albion \$75

By Revolver, he by Revenue, dam Balloon, by imp Yorkshire—

Resolute, dam Mattie C, by Yorkshire.. \$75

By Pat Malloy, he by Lexington, dam Gleriana, by American Eclipse—

Alton, dam Alta Vela, by Vandal..... \$70

By Rogers, he by Lexington, dam Sea Breeze, by Albion—

Bill Munday, dam by Engineer..... \$25

WINNING OWNERS.

A Belmont.... \$12,650 J G K Lawrence \$519  
 P Lorillard.... 6,300 T W Doswell.... 500  
 K W Sears.... 5,000 C H & W A Mullen 434  
 Geo L Lorillard 4,700 L A Hitchcock... 400  
 T Puryear & Co 1,650 O Bowie..... 200  
 A D Brown.. 1,250 J Carter Brown.. 200  
 T & W Davis 1,023 J R Gibney..... 158  
 J G Bethuae.. 900 Dr Lynch ..... 125  
 J Donahue... 865 M A Littell..... 100  
 W B Babcock 841 A P Green..... 100  
 J Coffee..... 810 M McNery..... 75  
 J A Grinstead 793 J H Racey..... 70  
 J Sutcliffe... 675 J Ross..... 70  
 W Cottrill... 650 M Jordan... 25  
 H P McGrath 600 E C Norton... 25

TROTTLING AT SUFFOLK PARK, PHILADELPHIA.

SUFFOLK PARK, July 11—Purse \$700; 2:29 class.

J E Turner's b m Mattie Lyle..... 3 4 1 1 1  
 C D Dickerman's b g Harry Spanker 1 1 2 3 2  
 W H Doble's blk g Scotland..... 2 2 3 2 3  
 Lady Kildeer and Star also started.  
 Time—2:33, 2:30, 2:31, 2:35, 2:35.

July 11 and 12—Purse \$500; 2:42 class.

R Steel's b g Hall McAllister.. 11 10 2 4 1 1 1  
 C H Smith's b g Billy Watson 1 3 9 6 2 2 2  
 C Reed's br s Bismarck..... 2 2 3 3 3 3 3  
 Little Mike, Rip Rap, Little Nell, Top, Gipsy Maid, Capitola, Morning, Sallie Bodine and Sparkle also started.  
 Time—2:34, 2:35, 2:34, 2:36, 2:38, 2:41, 2:37.

July 14—Purse \$500; 2:50 class.

R P White's b m Venus..... 1 1 0 1  
 R Steel's b s Milton Medium ..... 4 2 0 2  
 J E Turner's b c Carl Burr ..... 2 3 4 4  
 Bismark, Rip Rap, Belle of Phila., Diadem, and Sandbank also started.  
 Time—2:32, 2:31, 2:31, 2:35.

July 14 and 15—Purse \$300, for gentlemen's road horses, amateurs to drive.

D Cummings's b m Lyde ..... 4 2 2 1 1 1  
 Owner's br g Rosebud ..... 3 1 1 2 2 2  
 Morning, Arthur Wild, Minnie Medium also started.  
 Time—2:40, 2:37, 2:37, 2:36, 2:37, 2:35.

Owner's Modoc ..... 3 3 ro  
 Owner's Uncle Tom ..... 3 5 ro  
 Owner's Janitor..... 4 4 ro

Time—1:50, 1:47, 1:50.

TROTTLING AT ALBANY, N.Y.

ALBANY, July 12—Purse \$200; 2:30 class.

D F Nugent's b g G H Mitchell ..... 1 1 1  
 L E Danham's ch g Silver Tail ..... 3 2 2  
 G Haner's blk g Prince..... 2 3 3  
 P Kelly, ch m Kitty ..... dis

Time—2:36, 2:34, 2:34.

July 14—Match, \$500.

W Smith's b g Joker..... 2 1 1 1  
 T Grady's b m Idol..... 1 2 2 2

Time—2:29, 2:32, 2:30, 2:29.

TROTTLING AT MYSTIC PARK, BOSTON, MASS.

MYSTIC PARK, July 12—Purse \$600, 2:27 class.

A N Williams' ch g Charley Mack, by Holibaird's Young Ethan..... 1 6 6 1 1  
 D W Becker's ch m Flora Bell.... 4 1 1 2 3  
 J J Bowen's blk m Maggie S..... 2 3 2 3 3  
 King William, Sheppard Knapp, Henry Chase, and Sir William Wallace also started:  
 Time—2:27, 2:27, 2:28, 2:28, 2:29.

July 12 and 13—Sweepstakes \$200.

J Ramsey's b g Bay George.... 3 4 2 3 1 1 1  
 H Woodruff, gm Lady Lawrence 4 1 1 3 2 2 3  
 D Key's m g Jim Fiske..... 1 2 3 1 3 3 2  
 M Welch's b m Rena G..... 3 3 4 4 4 ro

Time—2:43, 2:46, 2:43, 2:43, 2:44, 2:42, 2:43.

July 14 and 15—Purse \$600; 2:30 class.

J J Bowen, gr g Hazor..... 1 1 2 4 4 0 1  
 T Sullivan, b g Bully Brooks.. 4 7 1 1 1 3 3  
 F Haight, br m Georgie M.... 3 2 1 7 6 0 2  
 Baby Boy, Joe G, Dusty, and King William also started.  
 Time—2:28, 2:28, 2:28, 2:28; 2:32, 2:34, 2:29

Same Day—Purse \$300; free for all.

W W Comee, b g Comee..... 1 3 3 3 3 1 1  
 C W Davis, ch g Unknown.... 3 2 1 1 2 2 2  
 J J Bowen, gm Honest Harry.. 2 1 2 3 1 3 3  
 A Thompson, br s Sir W Wallace 4 4 4 4 4 ro

Time—2:26, 2:29, 2:28, 2:28, 2:30, 2:30, 2:34.

RACING AT CHICAGO.

DIXTER PARK, July 18—Purse \$1,250 for 2:40 class. \$625 to first, 300 to second, 200 to third, 125 to fourth.

F N Fancher, br s Selkirk..... 0 1 1 1  
 P Wineman, b m Lady Logan..... 0 2 3 2  
 J W Dwells, br g Wonder..... 3 7 6 5

Advent, Gipsy Tom, Arkansas Bob, Josie, Zella K, Nodaway, Border Eagle, David H, Roxie, and Maud Williams also started.  
 Time—2:34, 2:29, 2:32, 2:29.

Same Day—Running premium, \$600; mile heats, three in five.

Chas Platner's br h Council Bluffs (for Newbern), by Vandal, dam Lena Harding, 108 lbs ..... 4 1 1 1  
 F M Lily, b c Jack Hardy, by imported Phaton, dam by Sovereign, 108 lbs.. 1 3 5 2  
 T G Moore's ch c Waddil (for Bazar), by Jack Malone, dam by Australian, 90 lbs ..... 3 5 2 ro  
 J Forbes' ch h Vickburg, by Vandal, dam Biandin, 108 lbs..... 2 2 3 ro  
 Charles Peine, ch g Kilbourn, by Ringmaster, dam Ontario, 112 lbs..... 5 4 4 ro

Time—1:44, 1:45, 1:45, 1:52.

TROTTLING AT RUTLAND, VT.

RUTLAND, July 4—Purse \$60; 3:00 class.

G H Bailey's b g Banker ..... 3 3 1 1 1  
 J E Daniel's b m Nellie..... 1 2 2 2 2  
 R Thornton's b g Maximilian ..... 2 1 3 3 3

No time.

TROTTLING AT WATERFORD, N.Y.

WATERFORD, July 13—Match, \$200.

R Brott's br g Modoc..... 1 1 1  
 J Bryant's blk g Johnnie ..... 2 2 3

Time—2:40, 2:43, 2:41.

han, dam Alabama..... 3 3 ro  
 Time—1:03.

Madge was favorite at starting.

Same Day—The Travers Stakes, for three-year olds, at \$100 each, h f, with \$1,000 added by the Association, and \$500 in plate by Mr W R Travers; 1 1/2 miles; 48 entries; 4 starters.

Hon A Belmont's b f Sultana, by Lexington, dam Mildred ..... 1  
 P Lorillard's ch c Barricade, by Australian, dam Lavender..... 2  
 J M Harney's br c Fredericktown, by Pat Malloy, dam Kate Leonard..... 3

Time—3:15.

Sultana was favorite.

Same Day—Sweepstakes for all ages, \$50 each, p p, with \$900 added; 1 1/2 miles; 21 entries; 3 starters.

P Lorillard's br g Parole, by Leamington, dam Maiden ..... 1  
 G L Lorillard's b c Tom Ochiltree, 4 yrs, by Lexington, dam Katona ..... 2  
 D McDaniel's ch f Mattie A, 4 yrs, by Australian, dam Minnie Mansfield..... 3

Time—2:13.

Parole was favorite.

Same Day—Selling race, for all ages, purse of \$500; 1 1/2 miles.

E A Claibough's b h Piccolo, 5 yrs, by Concord, dam Maudina ..... 1  
 A D Brown's b h Paladin, 5 yrs, by Leamington, dam Garland ..... 2  
 J Donahue's b m Osage, 5 yrs, by Pat Malloy, dam Kate Leonard..... 3

Time—2:43.

TROTTLING AT CLEVELAND.

CLEVELAND, O., July 25—The 2:24 trot for \$2,500, was won to-day by Mr M Highbee's b g Little Fred, in three straight heats, his best time being 2:21 1/2. Breeze, Carrie, May Bird, Amy B, Sleepy John, Belle Brasfield, Little Gipsy, Richard, and Blue Mare started.

The 2:36 trot for \$2,500 was won by Messrs. Nye & Foster's g m Mambrino Kate, her best time being 2:36. Kineman Boy, Irene, Charmer, Romeo, and Rose started.

The running race for a purse of \$500, mile heats, was won by Mr T G Moore's ch c Waddil (formerly Bazar), 3 yrs, by Jack Malone out of a mare by Australian, in 1:43, and 1:46. Daisy Miller, War Jig, Bill Bruce, and Vicksburg, were entered in this race.

ENTRIES TO BUFFALO SUMMER MEETING.

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY, AUGUST 1.

2:36 Class.—b m Versailles Girl, g m Mambrino Kate, b m Rose, ch g Moose, gr m Irene, b g Romeo, b s Enfield, b g St. Patrick, ALEXANDER.

2:24 Class.—ch g Richard, b g Frank Reeves, b m Carrie, blk m May Bird, b m Nettie Burlew, b g Breeze, b m Amy B, b m Nellie Irwin, m m Blue Mare, b g Little Fred, b m Little Gipsy, b m Belle Brasfield.

SECOND DAY—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2.

2:20 Class.—b g Banquo, gr m Lady Munroe, b g Colburn, b s Damon, gr g George A Ayer, b m Mattie, b m Hattie H, ch g Platner, ch s General Grant, ch g Marion, br m Trio.

2:22 Class.—b g Prospero, b m Cosette, gr m Badger Girl, b s Sam Purdy, blk m Lady Turpin.

Special Fast Trial of Speed—Chas. S. Green s b m Lula.

THIRD DAY—THURSDAY, AUGUST 3.

2:32 Class.—b m Adele Clarke, b m Versailles Girl, gr g Gray Salem, gr g Proctor, gr g Captain Smith, b g Judge, sp g Albemarle, blk g Frank, blk s Young Wilkes, b g Romeo, br g S W McD (for Ripon Boy), dn g Jerry Postel, b g Allen, b s Thorndale.

Free-for-All.—b m Lucille Golddust, b g Bodine, b s Smuggler, b m Lula, ch g Judge Fullerton, b m Goldsmith Maid.

FOURTH DAY—FRIDAY, AUGUST 4.

2:26 Class.—gr g Gray Chief, b g Lewinski, b g Low Ives, ch g Mazonie, gr g Jack Draper, b s PAUL SHUKRAN br m Frank, ch g Tom Brown, gr g Abe Edgerton, br g Bateman, br m Hannah D.

2:30 Class.—b m May Queen, b m Carrie, b g Gen Garfield, ch m Susie, b g Rarus.

Amv, ch g Bonner, b m Aleta, b m Cosette, br m Lady Turpin, g m Badger Girl, b g John H, g h Joe Brown.

Special Fast Trial—b m Lula.

2:32 Class.—b g Proctor, b g Judge, g g Capt Smith, blk g Frank, g g Gray Salem, blk h Young Wilkes, — Woodpooper Golddust, sp g Albemarle, b g Romeo, b g Allen, dn g Jerry Postel.

Free For All.—b m Lucille Golddust, b h Smuggler, b g Bodine, b m Lula, ch g Judge Fullerton.

2:30 Class.—br s SHUKRAN, g g Jack Draper, ch g Mazonie, b g Great Eastern, b g Lewinski, b g Low Ives, g g Gray Chief, b m Ella Madden, br m Frank, b m Nellie, b g T A, ch g Tom Brown, br m Hannah D.

2:30 Class.—ch m Susie, b m May Queen, b g General Garfield, b g Rarus.

2:45 Class.—b g DEXTER, b m Hattie B, b g Moorax, g m Irene, b h Enfield, b g Prince Arthur.

### Athletic.

#### COLLEGE SPORTS AT SARATOGA.

##### BOAT RACING.

The college boating events which, last year and year before, created so much excitement all over the country, and attracted tens of thousands of visitors to Saratoga, have fallen decidedly flat this season. The cause of this is somewhat difficult to explain, but it is true that but few seem to take any interest whatever in the contests. On Tuesday, when the minor events should have been rowed, the lake was too much disturbed by the wind, rendering several short postponements necessary, and finally the entire programme was bodily thrown over until Wednesday. Fortunately for those who had suffered the disappointments of Tuesday, Wednesday dawned calm, and the lovely lake was as peaceful as an infant asleep. At 10:35, the University Race was called, and six crews being in line—Cornell, Harvard, Columbia, Union, Wesleyan, and Princeton—the word was given and they were off. Cornell, with a splendid stroke, at once pushed into the lead, the Columbia following. At the close of the first mile Columbia had obtained the lead, the Harvard second, Cornell third, and all doing their best work. Between this and the two-mile, Cornell spurred and retook the lead, Harvard passing Columbia. These positions were held to the finish, Cornell winning in 17:01 1/2; Harvard 17:05 1/2, Columbia 17:18 1/2, Union, Wesleyan, and Princeton coming home in the order named. The single scull was one more bright laurel in the green wreath which crowns Cornell, their trusty sculler Francis winning this race, against three competitors, in 13:42, Danforth of Harvard second, Farley of Princeton, and Weeks of Columbia third and fourth. Again, in the third race, the Freshman, Cornell carried her colors to the front, Harvard second, Columbia third. It was the grandest series of victories ever won by a single college in any one day in history, and stamps the system of training under direction of Ostrom of Cornell, as perfection.

##### ATHLETIC SPORTS.

On Friday, the athletic sports closed. The track was in good order, and a fine breeze made it much pleasanter than yesterday. The three-mile race was contested by E C Stinson and Hayes, both of Dartmouth. Stinson won, making the time in 16:21 1/2—the first mile in 5:25.

For the one-mile walk, five started. Watson of the City college, New York, who fell out at the last part of the three mile walk yesterday, won. Time—8:02. T A Noble of Princeton, was second. Time—8:22.

Mr Merritt of Bowdoin, J Woodbridge of Union, and Mr Driscoll of Williams, did not finish the graduates' mile run, and it was won by Mr Downs, of Wesleyan. Time—5:33 1/2. E A Ransom, of Wesleyan started, but did not finish.

The high jump was sharply contested by J W Prior, of Columbia, and J W Mann, of Princeton. Prior made five feet four inches, and J W Mann failed, after making five feet one inch.

The mile run was contested by E. C. Stinson, of Dartmouth, and F B Green of Princeton. Green led over three-quarters of the distance, and then Stinson passed and came in winner. Time—12:54.

The quarter-mile run was contested by Stephen Young, of Dartmouth, H W Stephens, of Williams, and D Robertson, of Wesleyan. Young was three seconds behind, and fell from exhaustion after crossing the score.

# KATERFELTO,

A STORY OF EXMOOR.

CHAPTER IV.

THE OLD STORY.

"Here's a coal!" said John Garnet to himself, making an abortive effort to rise, but sufficiently convinced him he had overrated his strength.

"Why the devil couldn't I let her go on, and keep my own foolish tongue between my teeth? It's always the way with me. I speak, and then I'm sorry for it. Am I sorry for it now? I doubt if I am. She's the prettiest lass, for all her tawny skin, I've seen since I came out of the North, and there's no harm done after all. I wonder how long I shall be kept lying here? A week more, at least. Say a week. The time will pass all the quicker with this gipsy beauty to talk to, and if she do care for me a little more than is good for her, why I suppose she can't help it. No more can I. What eyes she has, and what hair! I could not in my heart to wish she was not quite handsome; but that's not my fault. I've a pretty name, though outlandish—much better than Waif. I shall call her *Tyria* when she comes back. It won't be long first, I'll wager a guinea!"

But he would have lost his guinea. Noon passed, and afternoon, and day drew to an end, but brought no Waif with its lengthening shadows. When his usual supper-time arrived, he began to grow fretful and impatient, as much perhaps from cravings of the stomach as the heart. A step in the passage, the bump of a tray against his door, restored him to good humor, but it was with a feeling of disappointment, keen enough to dull the vigorous appetites of convalescence, that he saw the skull-cap and velvet gown of his host, instead of Waif with her scarlet draperies and getty gold-studded hair. When a girl has told a man she likes him, he always wants to hear the avowal again.

"My young friend," said Katerfelto, in a low grave voice to which he owed so much of his influence, "I have brought you to eat and drink, food plain and nourishing, drink that shall restore, and not inflame. The tongue is clean, the eye clear, the pulse full, if a little irregular. My coming into the room suddenly flurried you, no doubt. If you go on well through the night, to-morrow I shall pronounce you convalescent. I never speak without being sure. When Constantine Katerfelto uses the word 'convalescent,' a patient may order his boots to be blacked and his spurs cleaned."

"You've brought me through right well, Doctor," replied John Garnet, glancing at the door, "you and Waif together. You must give the nurse some of the credit! Since been very careful and attentive. I think she has hardly let me for an hour at a time, till—till to-day."

How differently thirty and sixty look upon the absence of eighteen!

"Waif's a good girl," answered the Doctor, coolly, "and for a more child, shows a fair amount of intelligence. I am glad you are satisfied with her."

"She does not ill to-day, I hope, and added the patient, eating, however, heartily enough, notwithstanding the anxiety to be inferred from his inquiry."

"Ah!" was the answer, "you know very little of Waif, or you would scarcely ask such a question. None of her race are ever any more than the beasts of prey. They are, indeed, but it is like the wolf and the jackal, in some forest-den. Skill, science, experience, are of no avail. It's in the blood, nothing can cure them when they have once been down. I've tried it a score of times, and failed."

"Is she a thoroughbred gipsy?" he asked, "it was pleasant to talk of her, even to this unsympathizing old man."

"As the Queen of Sheba," assented the doctor. "Some day, when we are better acquainted, I may tell you more of her history; but I give not my friendship lightly," he added, with a scrutinizing glance from his eagle grey eyes, "it is offered only to such as owe me, or to whom I owe, a debt of gratitude."

"I am sure I ought to be grateful to you, I mean Garnet, and so I am, but I can't seem to prove it till you get me off this bed, and out of this room. Then, Doctor, I'll ask up boldly. Say what you want, and say your man!"

But other laughed a noiseless laugh, peering at himself. "You owe me but little," said he, "perhaps you may live to pay me my debt than for the healing of my ailment. Not that I mean to say the doctor was a trifling one. I tell you honestly, a surgeon would have given you up as hopeless, and you ought to be thankful, if you young men ever are thankful, that you fell into my hands. No; for a meddling fellow, in the prime of life, with his eyes, whose fingers, as I guess, close about me pretty readily, I might do

whistle has cost us simply all we had, but not one of us ever complained; we bought defeat too dear."

"I know you, John Garnet," answered Katerfelto. "You come of a trusty race."

"Know me!" repeated the other, "How did you find me out? I would have told you without hesitation, but you never asked my name—no more did Waif."

"I know a great many things," replied the charlatan. "In many ways you could not understand, unless you had studied, as I have, the hidden mysteries of Heaven and Earth, and of places under the Earth. I know that the Garnet lost titles and lands for the—for the Blackbird—we will say. I know that the last of them would leap from that bed, bandages and all, to burn powder and draw steel if the yellow beak did but so much as whistle from its garden in the South."

"You learned all that in the 'Annual Register' or the 'North Briton,'" said John Garnet, proudly, "but how did you guess I belonged to the family who have been so loyal, so constant, and proved themselves such—fools?"

Katerfelto smiled. "Fools," he replied, "are my special study. As the worm feeds the blackbird, so the fool feeds the philosopher. You are no fool notwithstanding, and yet I know all about you. There was a supper-party 't'other night—a jest—an altercation—a duel—without witnesses, mark you. When a man is killed under those circumstances, the law sometimes brings it in—murder!"

John Garnet turned pale. The truth of his host's surmises affected him no less than the consideration of the danger he had incurred. It did not strike him that Katerfelto's guesses, however shrewd, were the mere offspring of analogy and observation. A wounded man at midnight inferred an after-supper brawl, while the fact of his staggering into Deadman's Alley faint from loss of blood, alone and unassisted, argued the absence of seconds, one of whom would doubtless have conveyed his principal to a place of safety, while the identity of that principal must long since have become the talk of this town.

"You know everything," he murmured. "Everything—I wish you could tell me whether the poor fellow I ran through the bricket is alive."

For reasons of his own the charlatan was anxious to impress his patient with a conviction of his powerful character and superior intelligence.

"Not so," said he, with an air of extreme frankness. "I have no knowledge, for I have taken no trouble to learn. If I can spare the time to-night, when the moon goes down, I will set those to work who shall bring me all the information I require in less than forty-eight hours."

John Garnet, though scarcely a model Christian, was a good Catholic. He crossed himself and faltered a feeble protest against the employment of evil spirits or unorthodox powers of the air.

"I had rather not get well at all," said he, "than be cured by magic or witchcraft! I would leave the house this minute if I believed you were more than a doctor! I'll wager a fair stake and risk my life any day, but I won't sit down to play for my soul!"

"Your soul!" echoed Katerfelto, with his characteristic laugh. "My young friend, what should I do with your soul if I won it? My concern is with men's bodies, their energies, their courage, and their intellect. I shall set you on your legs in a week, and you can carry your soul about with you, if you have one, wherever you like. In the meantime keep quiet, take your medicine, drugs of the veriest earth—curly; eat your food and drink your posset, prepared by no fairy hands, but those of a woman, real flesh and blood, with a human temper, worse, I daresay, than that of many average fiends, and so get well. In a few days I will talk to you again on matters of business to our mutual advantage. Meantime I relegate you once more to the care of Waif."

His spirits rose at once, and he bade the charlatan good-night with an excess of cordiality not lost on that shrewd observer, who was as good as his word, for his voice could be heard in the passage bidding Waif hasten her house-work and watch by the patient till he slept. A mandate the gipsy girl obeyed to the letter, returning without delay to her former post, but taking up a station in the obscurity where John Garnet could not see her face. Neither did she vouchsafe a syllable of greeting or explanation, so that the patient felt uncomfortably hurt and perplexed.

"Have I offended you?" he asked at length, in an humble tone, contrasting preciously with the coldness of that in which she replied.

"Who am I, to be offended? My only business is to obey. The Patron bids me watch here till you sleep."

So he shut his eyes, yet not too tight, and scanned her the while covertly beneath their lids, thus detecting on her face, when she turned it towards him, a look of tender wistful longing, that told only too plainly the secret of her love.

seemed to say, "I am a match for the best of you, and profitable as is the victory, I am not sure but the real pleasure consists in the strife!"

The plot thickened with nightfall. He was hardly ready before a cautious tap made itself heard at the street door. Waif, watching her patient's slumbers, flew to admit the visitor, and was at her post again ere he had time to pay a single compliment on her good looks.

In his own opinion, this gentleman was a consummate judge of such matters. On the points of a horse, or a woman, he held no man so well qualified to give an opinion, and indeed had spent the greater part of his fortune in researches after speed and beauty. His accomplishments were those of his time and class. A better and bolder card-player than Lord Bellingher never held a trump. He cracked his bottle like an honest fellow without flushing, played tennis, danced a minuet to admiration, bowed and took snuff with inimitable grace, fenced beautifully, swore fearfully, and corrupted his mother tongue into a jargon only intelligible at Ranelagh or the Cocoa Tree.

When the cloak was thrown open in which this pargon was enveloped, Katerfelto did not fail to recognise in that worn, handsome face and attenuated form the most frequent and productive of his customers.

"Your lordship is welcome," said the Charlatan, with gracious dignity. "How liable is our poor glimmering of human science to error; the mistake of a decimal caused me to expect you nearly an hour ago."

"What? You know it!" replied the other, not without an oath. "Why, Katerfelto, you know everything! Yes, here I am. It's not very difficult to guess why. Have you found out anything more? Who is she? And what is she? How much longer am I to go on toasting her without so much as knowing her name, haunted by those clear, cold eyes, that proud, delicate face, that queenly shape and air? Tell me all about her, now at once! Here! I've brought you the staff in a bag. Look at it, man. Does it make your eyes shine and your mouth water? It cost me six hours' work to get that little purse together last night at the Cocoa Tree. Never were such cards! Never was such luck!"

"Fortune is a woman," answered the other. "Like all women, coy to be wooed, but grateful to be won."

"She hath played me more slippery tricks than I choose to count," laughed his lordship. "It may be that I solicit her too often, and trust her too fondly. Last night she did me a rare jade's turn! Look you here, man; I had won a cool four thousand at piquet, and St. Leger wanted to leave off. I was always too strong for him at piquet. Well, sir, four thousand was no use to me, but eight would have taken my lady's diamonds out of pawn, and I offered him one more chance, double or quits."

"I know you did," observed Katerfelto with the utmost effrontery, "and left off quits; I wish I had been at your lordship's elbow."

"I wish you had!" replied the other: "for I believe you are the devil himself, or in close league with him. However, I did not come here to prate about my luck, and I have little time to waste; my lady thinks I am at Ranelagh. She's to meet me there later. Now business is business, my good friend; what have you done for me?"

"Little and yet enough," answered the other. "You will meet somebody at Ranelagh to-night; you are to be wary and cautious. Do not seem to recognise her till you find her unattended. You may then speak three words, no more. It is her express stipulation. They will be answered in due time. She goes to Ranelagh early and remains only an hour."

"Then I had better be off!" exclaimed his lordship, pressing a purse into Katerfelto's hand. "What? are you so ceremonious? Must you needs come to the door yourself? Where's the pretty gipsy lass? I saw her not ten minutes ago. I say, Katerfelto, if ever you sell her back into bondage, let me have the refusal. By Jupiter! if I was to put that girl into velvet and brocade I could take the town by storm."

"Your lordship does her too much honor," answered Katerfelto, bowing profoundly while he opened the door, but there was a malicious twinkle in his eye, and a curl of scorn about the corners of his mouth, to belie the outward show of deference with which he dismissed his visitor.

The latter had been gone but a few minutes ere a sedan-chair was set down at the end of Deadman's Alley, and a lady closely veiled, carrying a riding mask, not over her face, but in her hand, alighted with some trepidation, peering up and down the passage, as if fearful of being observed, while she made for the red lamp in Katerfelto's window. This visitor was also admitted after a little cautious tap, but unlike her predecessor, looked with scorn rather than admiration on Waif's jark locks and flashing glances. "Tell the Doctor, child," said she, "that I am not to be disturbed while I consult him, and beware of eaves-dropping. I do not wish to be overheard

a run of luck with the cards that should last a week."

"And I wore it out in a night," she complained. "Whist, ombre, piquet, and three-card loo, I have never risen a winner but once since I came here last. You dare not deceive me, Doctor; nay, you would not deceive a woman, I am sure. Can you—couldn't you put me in the way of winning a game or two? I protest I shall have to pawn my diamonds else."

No one knew better than the doctor that this expedient had been resorted to long ago, and her ladyship was at present wearing paste; but he did not say so.

"Are you willing to learn?" he asked, with his quiet sarcastic smile. "An hour's practice every day for ten days would make your ladyship independent of chance and all its fluctuations. Chance, forsooth! there's no such thing. Do you think I trust to chance when I direct your actions and forecast your future? Fate is the ruling power of the universe; but science and skill, the quick brain and the ready hand—these may control Fate."

On a weak mind so high-sounding a sentence, meaning nothing, took no small effect. She blushed, she smpered, she bit her lips, she hesitated.

"I should like it prodigiously," she said, with a nervous laugh, "if—if it wasn't dishonest, you know; and—and if it couldn't be found out!"

He took a pack of cards from a drawer. "Observe my fingers," he began, but she interrupted him with a scream.

"Not now!" she exclaimed; "some other time, Doctor. I'm so frightened! I'm sure I heard somebody at the door. It is cheating, you know. Besides, I must be at Ranelagh in an hour, and I have to dress, all but my head, that was done this morning. I wish I hadn't come. La! I know I could never find courage. Let me out, please. This is between ourselves, of course. Shall I find you to-morrow night at the same time?"

Assuring her that he never left his post, Katerfelto ushered her ladyship with much ceremony to the door, which was opened by Waif, on whom the departing visitor found nothing better to bestow than a look of supreme indifference and scorn.

Not so the next comer. Hardly had the chairman, who winked at each other as they took up their precious burden, moved a dozen paces, when a heavy step was heard in Deadman's Alley, and a burly figure, that seemed to ignore all considerations of secrecy and disguise, stopped at Katerfelto's door to thump till it shook again.

Undoing the fastening, hastily as she might, Waif found herself confronted by a stout, middle-aged person, in a rusty black riding suit, who looked as if he had been taking hasty refreshment, washed down by strong potations, as indeed was the case.

Parson Gale—for it was none other—had ridden post from Exmoor to London on receiving the news of his brother's death in a midnight brawl. Arrived in the metropolis, he lost no time in communicating with the officers of justice; and from the particulars thus furnished, satisfied himself that the affray took place without witnesses, and that the survivor had escaped. The Parson swore a great oath that he would avenge the crime, and if the perpetrator was above ground, hunt him down to death. His difficulty was to find out where John Garnet lay concealed. Every day, and all day long, he pursued his inquiries, without success. Tired and hungry, while sitting at his tavern supper he chanced to hear Katerfelto spoken of as a cunning man, for whom there were secrets in this world or the next; and having ascertained the locality of Deadman's Alley, finished his bottle, and started without delay on his search.

The apparition of Waif, in answer to his summons, may have surprised him a little; but when a pretty lass was in question, Parson Gale was never at a loss; he recovered his astonishment in time to chuck her under the chin, and bestow on her a most unwelcome caress. The girl's eyes glittered, and her lithe fingers stole to the knife at her girdle. He caught her by the wrist, and kissed her again. She disengaged herself, with one dexterous twirl, and pushed rather than ushered this unwelcome admirer into the presence of Katerfelto, muttering, in her own outlandish tongue, something that sounded less like a blessing than a curse.

When roused to wrath, it was her nature to resent an insult or an injury on the spot; but if immediate retaliation seemed impossible, to wait for an opportunity with untiring patience, not to be diverted from its purpose by any consideration of clemency or forgiveness.

"If I can learn something about you," she thought, "I shall know when and where to strike. Before our reckoning is over, you will wish your lips had been seared with a red-hot iron, rather than laid to mine against my will!" Then casting one loving look towards the chamber in which John Garnet was sleeping, she took up her post at the door of the surgery, and listened eagerly to the conversation within.

"I'm a plain man, Doctor," began Parson Gale, in his rough, frank notes. "I speak

of life and death."

For a bow drawn at a venture, it was a good shot, and the arrow reached its mark.

"That's enough!" exclaimed the Parson. "You're the man to tell me what I want. Name your price. 'Tis blood-money, and I'm not going to stand for a guinea one way or the other!"

"Justice must be done first!" said Katerfelto with exceeding gravity. "Let me hear your own tale in your own words, and rely on my help."

Thus encouraged, the Parson embarked on a narrative of his brother's duel, but little exaggerated, nor indeed very different from the facts set forth above, interspersing his account with dire threats of vengeance and solemn oaths, whereat Waif's blood ran cold, that he would take no rest till he had discovered and hunted down the perpetrator of this murder, as he persisted in calling it, to the death!

Listening at the keyhole, she lost not a syllable of their conversation, and the gipsy-girl vowed in her heart to come between the avenger and his victim, even though she must steep her hands in blood, and swing for it on Tyburntree.

Little by little Katerfelto gathered enough from Parson Gale's repetitions, threats, and assertions, to feel sure that his patient in the next room was the individual whom the visitor wished to identify and bring to justice. In his plotting brain such a complication was simply a problem to be solved, a sum to be worked out, a plot to be elaborated for his own advantage. With a gravity not lost on the West-country parson, who, for all his mother wit, felt overawed by the other's assumption of superior intelligence, he promised to furnish the information required, as soon as he should himself have consulted those spiritual intelligences he held at command.

"You shall come again when the moon is full," said he, accepting the broad pieces which his visitor thrust on him clumsily enough. "Ere then I shall discover his hiding, though he have taken refuge forty fathoms deep, below the sea. But, mark you—I am not a man of blood, and I make no promise to deliver him into your hand."

Again Waif's fingers stole to her knife while the Parson's savage laugh grated on her ear.

"Show me where the deer is harbored," said he, passing into the street. "I can do all the rest myself. The Lord have mercy on him, for I will not, when once I set him up to bay."

## CHAPTER VI.

MY LORD AND MY LADY.

They occupied separate apartments now. There had been a time indeed when Lord and Lady Bellingher might have competed for the fitch of Bacon at Dunmow, so well satisfied was each with the other, for weeks, nay months, after a marriage of vanity, with some little inclination. Was not my lord the best-dressed man at court? Had not my lady the finest hand, the tightest waist, the loftiest head-gear in London? Did not both exist only in the atmosphere of the great world, sacrificing to the airs and graces time, health, money, and reputation? Many tastes had they in common, some vices, not a few follies, prejudices and frivolities; yet they soon began to differ, and after passing through the customary phases of disappointment, pique, resentment and disgust, subsided into a sullen, stony indifference that was perhaps the most hopeless condition of all. Rarely meeting, except at meals, or in the presence of others, they had few opportunities for quarreling; when they did fall out, it is only fair to say that her ladyship usually took the initiative. Let us give her precedence, therefore, now.

She is seldom stirring before noon. The sun is already at mid-heaven when she rings for her chocolate, sighs, yawns, thrusts on her small feet her small slippers, wriggles into a much embroidered morning gown, and totters across the room to look at herself in the glass. The face she sees therein reflected affords, alas! a history and a moral.

Its features are delicate, and the smile that has now become rigid from force of habit was once very flexible and sweet, but late hours and false excitement have scored premature wrinkles round the eyes, and the free use of paint has served to deaden, and, as it were, rough-cast the surface of the skin.

Lady Bellingher was never quite a pretty woman, though with the advantages of dress, manner, and candle-light she could hold her own in general society against many a professional beauty, and counted her ball-room conquests in numbers that, if they did not satisfy her rapacity, were quite enough for her reputation. This border-land between good looks and an ordinary exterior is, perhaps, the most dangerous ground of all. Vanity is excited, but not gratified. Wit, vivacity, freedom of gesture and conversation are called in to supplement the charms that nature has left imperfect. The player grows more reckless as the game goes on, and at last she stakes the whole of her high

"grave voice, to which he owed so much of his influence." "I have brought you to eat and drink; food plain and nourishing, drink that shall restore, and not inflame." The tongue is clean, the eye clear, the pulse full, if a little irregular. My coming into the room suddenly flurried you, no doubt. If you go on well through the night, to-morrow I shall pronounce you convalescent. I never speak without being sure. When Constantine Katerfelto uses the word 'convalescent,' a patient may order his boots to be blacked and his spurs cleaned."

"You've brought me through right well, Doctor," replied John Garnet, glancing at the door, "you and Waif together. You must give the nurse some of the credit! She's been very careful and attentive. I think she has hardly left me for an hour at a time, till—till to-day."

How differently thirty and sixty look upon the ahrenoc of eighteen!

"Waif's a good girl," answered the Doctor, coolly, "and for a mere child, shows a fair amount of intelligence. I am glad you are satisfied with her."

"She—she's not ill to-day, I hope," hazarded the patient, eating, however, heartily enough, notwithstanding the anxiety to be inferred from his inquiry.

"Ah!" was the answer; "you know very little of Waif, or you would scarcely ask such a question. None of her race are over ill, any more than the beasts of prey. They die, indeed, but it is like the wolf and the jackal, in some forest-den. Skill, science, experience, are of no avail. It's in the blood,—nothing can cure them when they have once lain down. I've tried it a score of times, and failed."

"Is she a thoroughbred gipsy?" he asked, for it was pleasant to talk of her, even to this unsympathizing old man.

"As the Queen of Sheba," assented the other. "Some day, when we are better acquainted, I may tell you more of her history; but I give not my friendship lightly," he added, with a scrutinizing glance from his shining gray eyes; "it is offered only to those who owe me, or to whom I owe, a heavy debt of gratitude."

"I am sure I ought to be grateful to you," said John Garnet, "and so I am; but I can do nothing to prove it till you get me off this bed, and out of this room. Then, Doctor, speak up boldly. Say what you want, and I am your man!"

The other laughed a noiseless laugh, peculiar to himself. "You owe me but little as yet," said he; "perhaps you may live to be deeper in my debt than for the healing of a scratch. Not that I mean to say the scratch was a trifling one. I tell you honestly, many a surgeon would have given your case up as hopeless; and you ought to be thankful, if you young men ever are thankful, that you fell into my hands. No; for a bold, enterprising fellow, in the prime of life and strength, whose fingers, as I guess, close round his hilt pretty readily, I might do something better than stop a hole in the side. There are paths to fortune, plenty of them, for men who look upward and onward, steep it may be, and leading through miry places, not seldom slippery with blood. To a bold spirit this is half the charm! You are lying here, unable to leave your bed to-day; but do you not long for the time when you shall be riding wild horses, pledging lawless healths, drinking, dicing, and brawling once more? When the frost is bitter, and the earth white with snow, and the robin hops to your window for crumbs, do you not look forward to the opening spring, the soft south wind, the coming of the blackbird at last?"

A look of intelligence passed between them, and the sick man's eye brightened. It was the pass-word of a losing, nay, of a ruined cause. The handful of Jacobites remaining in England had not yet relinquished all hope of his return, who had proved indeed a bird of ill-omen, blacker than night, to those whose loyalty waged life and lands on his behalf.

"Nay, Doctor," said the other, with a flush of pride on his face, "the blackbird's

brisk it is alive."

For reasons of his own the charlatan was anxious to impress his patient with a conviction of his powerful character and superior intelligence.

"Not so," said he, with an air of extreme frankness. "I have no knowledge, for I have taken no trouble to learn. If I can spare the time to-night, when the moon goes down, I will set those to work who shall bring me all the information I require in less than forty-eight hours."

John Garnet, though scarcely a model Christian, was a good Catholic. He crossed himself and faltered a feeble protest against the employment of evil spirits or unorthodox powers of the air.

"I had rather not get well at all," said he, "than be cured by magic or witchcraft! I would leave the house this minute if I believed you were more than a doctor! I'll wager a fair stake and risk my life any day, but I won't sit down to play for my soul!"

"Your soul!" echoed Katerfelto, with his characteristic laugh. "My young friend, what should I do with your soul if I won it? My concern is with men's bodies, their energies, their courage, and their intellect. I shall not you on your legs in a week, and you can carry your soul about with you, if you have one, wherever you like. In the meantime keep quiet, take your medicine, drugs of the veriest earth—earthy; eat your food and drink your posset, prepared by no fairy hands, but those of a woman, real flesh and blood, with a human temper, worse, I daresay, than that of many average fends, and so get well. In a few days I will talk to you again on matters of business to our mutual advantage. Meantime I relegate you once more to the care of Waif."

His spirits rose at once, and he bade the charlatan good-night with an excess of cordiality not lost on that shrewd observer, who was as good as his word, for his voice could be heard in the passage bidding Waif hasten her house-work and watch by the patient till he slept, a mandate the gipsy girl obeyed to the letter, returning without delay to her former post, but taking up a station in the obscurity where John Garnet could not see her face. Neither did she vouchsafe a syllable of greeting or explanation, so that the patient felt uncomfortably hurt and perplexed.

"Have I offended you?" he asked at length, in an humble tone, contrasting preciously with the coldness of that in which she replied.

"Who am I, to be offended? My only business is to obey. The Patron bids me watch here till you sleep."

So he shut his eyes, yet not too tight, and scanned her the while covertly beneath their lids, thus detecting on her face, when she turned it towards him, a look of tender wistful longing, that told only too plainly the secret of her love.

Then he drew a deep breath of relief and contentment, satisfied he would rise a winner from the unequal game, and so fell sound asleep.

## CHAPTER V.

### A CHARLATAN.

In the surgery Katerfelto began to prepare for the reception of his visitors. Standing at a bright little mirror, he was soon immersed in the task. A spot of carmine on the cheek-bones, a line or two of paint round the mouth, about the eyes, and across the forehead added a score of years to his appearance and made him look a man of eighty. A flowing white beard, in which his own gray tresses mingled freely, and a black cloak bordered with crimson, drawn over the velvet gown, completed his equipment. Surveying the whole in his glass, he drew himself up, with something of the confidence a knight must have felt when armed from head to heel. "Come one, come all," he

cards! Never was such luck!"

"Fortune is a woman," answered the other. "Like all women, coy to be wooed, but grateful to be won."

"She hath played me more slippery tricks than I choose to count," laughed his lordship. "It may be that I solicit her too often, and trust her too fondly. Last night she did me a rare jade's turn! Look ye here, man; I had won a cool four thousand at pique, and St. Leger wanted to leave off. I was always too strong for him at pique. Well, sir, four thousand was no use to me, but eight would have taken my lady's diamonds out of pawn, and I offered him one more chance, double or quits."

"I know you did," observed Katerfelto with the utmost effrontery, "and left off quits; I wish I had been at your lordship's elbow."

"I wish you had!" replied the other: "for I believe you are the devil himself, or in close league with him. However, I did not come here to prate about my luck, and I have little time to waste; my lady thinks I am at Ranelagh. She's to meet me there later. Now business is business, my good friend; what have you done for me?"

"Little and yet enough," answered the other. "You will meet somebody at Ranelagh to-night; you are to be wary and cautious. Do not seem to recognise her till you find her unattended. You may then speak three words, no more. It is her express stipulation. They will be answered in due time. She goes to Ranelagh early and remains only an hour."

Then I had better be off!" exclaimed his lordship, pressing a purse into Katerfelto's hand. "What? are you so ceremonious? Must you needs come to the door yourself? Where's the pretty gipsy lass? I saw her not ten minutes ago. I say, Katerfelto, if ever you sell her back into bondage, let me have the refusal. By Jupiter! if I was to put that girl into velvet and brocade I could take the town by storm."

"Your lordship does her too much honor," answered Katerfelto, bowing profoundly while he opened the door, but there was a malicious twinkle in his eye, and a curl of scorn about the corners of his mouth, to belie the outward show of deference with which he dismissed his visitor.

The latter had been gone but a few minutes ere a sedan-chair was set down at the end of Deadman's Alley, and a lady closely veiled, carrying a riding mask, not over her face, but in her hand, alighted with some trepidation, peering up and down the passage, as if fearful of being observed, while she made for the red lamp in Katerfelto's window. This visitor was also admitted after a little cautious tap, but, unlike her predecessor, looked with scorn rather than admiration on Waif's jark locks and flashing glances. "Tell the Doctor, child," said she, "that I am not to be disturbed while I consult him, and beware of eaves-dropping. I do not choose to share my secrets with a waiting-maid, for all hersaucy looks and sallow skin!"

Waif scarcely heard and certainly did not heed, for her heart was in the sick-chamber with John Garnet, whither her agile body lost no time in following it.

"Your ladyship is early," said Katerfelto, with an obeisance courtly, but not subservient. "Ranelagh need wait the less impatiently for its fairest ornament."

"La, Doctor!" was the answer, "who could have told you I was going to Ranelagh? I protest you know everything. My lord thinks I am there now."

"My lord will be there as surely as my lady," answered the other. "But it was not to learn his lordship's movements that your ladyship came here!"

"Fie, Doctor!" she replied; what woman of fashion cares to know the doings of a husband? I have a crow to pluck with you. Do you remember what you promised me the last time I was here?"

"Triumphs by the hundred," said he; "compliments by the thousand; conquests and flatteries innumerable. Better than these,

chairman, who winked at each other as they took up their precious burden, moved a dozen paces, when a heavy step was heard in Deadman's Alley, and a burly figure, that seemed to ignore all considerations of secrecy and disguise, stopped at Katerfelto's door to thump till it shook again.

Undoing the fastening, hastily as she might, Waif found herself confronted by a stout, middle-aged person, in a rusty black riding suit, who looked as if he had been taking hasty refreshment, washed down by strong potations, as indeed was the case.

Parson Gale—for it was none other—had ridden post from Exmoor to London on receiving the news of his brother's death in a midnight brawl. Arrived in the metropolis, he lost no time in communicating with the officers of justice; and from the particulars thus furnished, satisfied himself that the affray took place without witnesses, and that the survivor had escaped. The Parson swore a great oath that he would avenge the crime, and if the perpetrator was above ground, he hunt him down to death. His difficulty was to find out where John Garnet lay concealed. Every day, and all day long, he pursued his inquiries, without success. Tired and hungry, while sitting at his tavern supper he chanced to hear Katerfelto spoken of as a cunning man, for whom there were secrets in this world or the next; and having ascertained the locality of Deadman's Alley, finished his bottle, and started without delay on his search.

The apparition of Waif, in answer to his summons, may have surprised him a little; but when a pretty lass was in question, Parson Gale was never at a loss; he recovered his astonishment in time to chuck her under the chin, and bestow on her a most unwelcome caress. The girl's eyes glittered, and her lithe figness stole to the knife at her girdle. He caught her by the wrist, and kissed her again. She disengaged herself, with one dexterous twirl, and pushed rather than ushered this unwelcome admirer into the presence of Katerfelto, muttering, in her own outlandish tongue, something that sounded less like a blessing than a curse.

When roused to wrath, it was her nature to resent an insult or an injury on the spot; but if immediate retaliation seemed impossible, to wait for an opportunity with untiring patience, not to be diverted from its purpose by any consideration of clemency or forgiveness.

"If I can learn something about you," she thought, "I shall know when and where to strike. Before our reckoning is over, you will wish your lips had been scared with a red-hot iron, rather than laid to mine against my will!" Then casting one loving look towards the chamber in which John Garnet was sleeping, she took up her post at the door of the surgery, and listened eagerly to the conversation within.

"I'm a plain man, Doctor," began Parson Gale, in his rough, frank notes. "I speak the truth mostly myself, and expect others will speak it to me. Now I am told that you know more, good and bad, than ever another person in this great wicked town. That's what brought me here."

Katerfelto nodded gravely. "Good and bad," said he, "are relative terms. Knowledge cannot of itself be evil, whether it be gleaned from the crowded footway or the solitary moor. Wisdom crieth aloud, could we but hear her, from the dome of St. Paul's, no less than from the purple outline of the Quaker Hills and the brown rido under Dunkerry Beacon."

The mention of the familiar places startled his listener; and Katerfelto, who had already detected the kindly West-country accent, did not fail to notice his surprise.

"I believe you are a conjuror," said the Parson, "as sure as I am not! Well—if you can tell me where I came from, perhaps you will tell me what I came for."

The charlatan smiled. "You wish to learn something very near your heart," said he, watching the other's countenance.

"Not quite the nearest and dearest of all! yet a matter of great importance. A matter

"Show me where the deer is harbored," said he, passing into the street. "I can do all the rest myself. The Lord have mercy on him, for I will not, when once I set him up to bay."

## CHAPTER VI.

### MY LORD AND MY LADY.

They occupied separate apartments now. There had been a time indeed when Lord and Lady Bellinger might have competed for the sitch of Bacon at Dunmow, so well satisfied was each with the other, for weeks, nay months, after a marriage of vanity, with some little inclination. Was not my lord the best-dressed man at court? Had not my lady the finest hand, the tightest waist, the loftiest head-gear in London? Did not both exist only in the atmosphere of the great world, sacrificing to the airs and graces time, health, money, and reputation? Many tastes had they in common, some vices, not a few follies, prejudices and frivolities; yet they soon began to differ, and after passing through the customary phases of disappointment, pique, resentment and disgust, subsided into a sullen, stony indifference that was perhaps the most hopeless condition of all. Rarely meeting, except at meals, or in the presence of others, they had few opportunities for quarreling; when they did fall out, it is only fair to say that her ladyship usually took the initiative. Let us give her precedence, therefore, now.

She is seldom stirring before noon. The sun is already at mid-heaven when she rings for her chocolate, sighs, yawns, thrusts on her small feet her small slippers, wriggles into a much embroidered morning gown, and totters across the room to look at herself in the glass. The face she seen therein reflected affords, alas! a history and a moral.

Its features are delicate, and the smile that has now become rigid from force of habit was once very flexible and sweet, but late hours and false excitement have scored premature wrinkles round the eyes, and the free use of paint has served to deaden, and, as it were, rough-cast the surface of the skin. Lady Bellinger was never quite a pretty woman, though with the advantages of dress, manner, and candle-light she could hold her own in general society against many a professional beauty, and counted her ball-room conquests in numbers that, if they did not satisfy her rapacity, were quite enough for her reputation. This border-land between good looks and an ordinary exterior is, perhaps, the most dangerous ground of all. Vanity is excited, but not gratified. Wit, vivacity, freedom of gesture and conversation are called in to supplement the charms that nature has left imperfect. The player grows more reckless as the game goes on, and at last no stake is thought too high to risk on a winning card.

The face she is studying wears a mournful expression to-day. Weary, perhaps, rather than dissatisfied, for she won twenty guineas last night at ombre, and overheard Sir Hector Bellairs ask who she was; that refined young gentleman, a rising light at Newmarket and the Cocoa Tree, adding with an oath, "She has a game look about her, like a wild, thoroughbred mare!"

And yet; was it worth while, she pondered lazily, to tremble half an hour over the cards for twenty guineas? Were the pains lavished on dress and toilet to yield no higher triumph than Sir Hector's silly comparison, or the sneer with which it was received by the man he addressed? Harry St. Leger used to admire her once, at least he told her so, and now—he only smiled at Sir Hector's idle talk, and turned away to a little bread-and-butter miss, whose round blue eyes were becoming the rage of the town.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**Aquatics.**

**THE TRICKETT-SADLER RACE.**

From Bell's Life of July 1 we take the subjoined account of the interesting championship scullers' race for £200 a side, which came off on the Thames River, on Tuesday, June 27. As in the preceding contest between Higgins and Boyd, the course rowed over was somewhat shorter than usual in championship matches on this stream, the start being made opposite the Star and Garter, and the race finishing at the ship at Mortlake: "Tuesday was as hot, and the sun came down with as fierce a glare, as could be desired by any 'missing link' from that delectable land the interior of Africa, at 3:10 p.m., when the good ship Citizen J steamed away with the members of the press from the Temple Pier. The interest taken in the match may be judged from the fact that it was only at the last moment, so to speak, that the 'fourth cetate' were enabled to get a boat, so many having been chartered by the men and their friends, but the steamboat company stretched a point in their behalf. As on all championship days on the Thames, the river was studded with all kinds of small craft, whose hardy occupants were bent upon backing their fancy, and eagerly discussing the merits of the Australian and Sadler. In London Joe was the favorite, 2 to 1 being offered on him, but when we reached Putney 4 to 4 was the most we could quote in Sadler's favor. Sadler was the first to put off, at about 20 minutes past 5, and hearty cheers greeted our champion as he paddled quietly down to his station opposite the Star and Garter, where skiffs were moored beside the steamer on which the umpire was waiting to give the signal for the momentous struggle to commence. Trickett came out a few minutes later, with a long, easy sweep, and was greeted quite as enthusiastically as Joe, while a fleet of boats put off from the shore. As the Australian stripped he showed to perfection, being as cleanly developed in the point of muscle as it is possible to get a man; his age is 24, height 6ft, 3 1/2 in., and his weight on the morning was 169 1/2 lbs. On January 26, this year, he rowed R. Green, of Australia, for the Champion Sculls, value £25, at Sydney Harbor, and on the same day won a double-sculling race for 15 guineas, in company with an elder brother. At length both were fairly held, and the steamers from behind slipped their moorings in anticipation, and were being borne up by the tide when the umpire gave the signal, which was slightly anticipated by Sadler. So much did the late champion gain that he was nearly a length in front in a few strokes, but, although Trickett apparently did not exert himself, he came up, was level about opposite the London Boat-house, and at Simmons' had a trifling lead. Sadler, in our opinion, seemed to row as well, and in the same perfect style, as ever, but the noticeable part was the apparent lack of effort on the part of Trickett, who was about two lengths in front at the Point. The Australian here hugged the Middlesex shore a trifle too close, but his able mentor, Harry Kelley, signalled him out; and, although Sadler rowed as gamely as possible, the other widened the gap to the Grass-wharf and past the Crab tree, which was reached in 5m. 20sec. When they made the shoot the Sydney sculler was rowing at the same steady style, and amidst a deafening roar from the tow-path, the Soap-works were passed, and Hammermith Bridge reached in 9m. 35sec., by the youthful Australian giant, about a dozen lengths in advance of his opponent. As the pair rowed on past Biffen's and Cheswick Eyot we timed Trickett at 31 strokes to the minute, and at the latter point it seemed on the cards that there would be a change in the fortunes of the race, as Sadler pulled up considerably, and Kelley signalled his man over, as he was rather too close to Surrey. When they crossed the excitement was intense, but Trickett was as fresh as could be, and the only thing we feared was that he might be fouled by one of the multitude of skiffs that hovered in front. Opposite the Bull's Head, Sadler came with another good spurt, but Trickett was able to respond, and, going steadily on, won by four lengths, as near as can be calculated in a steamer. We timed the race as 24min. 36sec. Trickett's credentials are not very startling or numerous, but he must have acquitted himself in every way to the satisfaction of the colonials, who had a good line in Green to form an opinion of his qualifications for the task. At the early age of 14, we understand, he had a taste for sculling, but his first engagement of any consequence was in the Woolloomooloo Regatta, where he met Wm. Hickey, the champion of Australia, on Boxing Day, 1868, and was defeated. He then rowed H. Pearce twice in working skiffs, for £25 a side, the race taking place in Sydney harbor, and each time Trickett was the conqueror. In 1864 Michael Rusch had become champion, and Trickett was matched against him, but suffered a reverse. Subsequently he threw down the gauntlet to Rusch, but they could not come to terms, and he left Australia for England virtually champion."

William Lomsden of Blytho has issued a challenge to row Trickett on the Tyne, from the High Level Bridge to Lemington Point, in two or three months from the first deposit, for £200 a side and the championship of the world. A match can be made at any time at James Taylor's, the Trafalgar Inn, New Bridge street, Newcastle, or an answer through Bell's Life will meet with attention.

**AN OLD HERO.**

John A. Thompson, an old hero of the frontier, has lately died in Nevada. He was known as Snow-Shoe Thompson. His life story is thus briefly told in the Carson Appeal: "Thompson was born at Upper Tins, Prestfield, Norway, in 1837. His first trip across the Sierra was made in January, 1856. He went

last February, and called at the Appeal office. He had then determined to ask Congress to grant him some compensation for carrying the mails. But he never received any, and now he has passed over to the other shore where he will need none. Possessed of heroic strength, with nerves of steel and an iron will, and a heart susceptible of the kindest feelings, he was the best ideal of strong manhood." The Virginia City Enterprise speaks affectionately of the old man, saying: "To the ordinary man who is familiar with the peril, there is nothing much more terrible than a winter's snow storm in the Sierras. People unfamiliar with the mountains can never realize what tremendous forces are at work when a southwester with accompanying snow breaks upon the hills. But these terrors seemed only fascinations to Thompson. Into the fiercest storm he would disappear as though its wild spirits—which were rocking the pines and heaping up the snows—were simply in accord with his own tremendous vitality, and as though from them there was nothing to fear. All the turmoil of a midnight tempest could never disconcert him or cause him to wander from his path. He knew the trees and the sun by day, and the watching stars by night, and when they were shut out he would quietly sink down behind some tree or rock and go to sleep until daylight returned. He bore a heavier burden than ever Roman soldier bent under, he made marches that no Roman soldier would ever have undertaken, and he never failed. He found the Sierras when little was known of their passes, and when, six months in the year, they rose up like an impassable barrier between California and the desert on this side. Something of the danger or the splendor of the hill-tops seemed to fascinate him; he would never give them up. Away back eighteen years ago, Snow-shoe Thompson carried over the Sierras from Genoa—done up in the remnant of a check-shirt—some strange black material which was bothering the miners who were working in Gold Canyon, about where Cold Hill is now, or perhaps below there. He showed the 'stuff' to Prof. Frank Stewart, who was then managing a newspaper at Placerville, and asked what it was. Stewart said instantly, 'Sulphuret of silver mixed heavily with gold.' Thompson carried the material to Sacramento and had it assayed, and the result was several hundred dollars per ton in gold, and several hundred dollars per ton also in silver. That was the commencement of the Comstock. But for that little circumstance it might have been years before the wonders which have been going on here for seventeen years would have been started. But the strong man who was the harbinger of all the prosperity which has succeeded the wonderful discovery, died in poverty the other day in his little cabin among the mountains, with only a faithful friend or two around his rude couch."

**DEAD HEATS.**

In a leading article the London Field calls attention to the fact that the Committee of the Jockey Club to which the revision of the laws of racing has been entrusted shows no disposition to make a report, and then it proceeds to discuss with considerable earnestness the recent dead heat between Camelia and Enguerrand for the Oaks, and the subsequent division of the stakes between them. As the question is strongly presented, and as it is of interest to the lovers of racing everywhere, we make room for the largest portion of the article.

There are five three-year-old races in the course of every year which, in our opinion, ought never to be allowed to terminate in a dead heat. These races are, of course, the Derby and Oaks at Epsom, the St. Leger at Doncaster, and the Two Thousand and One Thousand at Newmarket. A colt can win but three of them, and the five have never yet been carried off by the same filly, although there is little doubt that, if entered, Queen of Trumps would have won them all in 1835, and Virago in 1852. The art of the aspiring three-year-old what the Senior Wranglership, the headship of the Classical Tripos, and Smith's Prize are to the ambitious Cantabrigian undergraduate. It may indeed be urged that it is possible for two men to be bracketed equal in any of the Cambridge competitions, as was the case with the late Lord Lytton and Dr. Vaughan in the Classical Tripos of 1838. But it is not possible for the human dead heat, if we may so express it, to be run off; whereas the equine dead heat invites, and even demands the solution of a deciding trial. Nothing is more certain than that the innovation of dividing stakes for the great three-year-old races is in direct antagonism to the hitherto received usage and practice of the British turf; and we do not scruple to aver that the Derby and St. Leger would have lost something of their national lustre if they had been divided between any of the three pairs of dead-heaters which the judges was unable to separate in 1838; 1839, and 1850. As matters now stand, Cadland, Charles the Twelfth and Voltigeur are indelibly registered upon the illustrious scroll of Derby and St. Leger winners; whereas Formosa received much less credit for the Two Thousand which she divided with Moslem than for either of the other three great races—the One Thousand, the Oaks, and the St. Leger—in which the honors were all her own. We can affirm from personal recollection that when Voltigeur and Russborough passed the judges' chair abreast in the St. Leger of 1850, the suggestion of a draw was never mooted for a second. Such a proposition would have been indignantly scouted by a fine old-fashioned sportsman like the late Lord Zetland, and the managers of Russborough were equally averse from contemplating it. It is much to be regretted that the evil precedent of dividing the Two Thousand, which was admitted for the first time in 1868, was not immediately repudiated by the Jockey Club, and its repetition made impossible for the future. But even if the Two Thousand and One Thousand should be deemed inferior in rank to the histor-

"Why," ask our opponents, "should not the two owners of dead-heaters be left to divide it they choose, and if the ground is so hard that they are apprehensive about the legs and sinews of their favorites?" We reply that, if the state of the ground is to be taken into consideration, it would be better to follow the example of our kinsmen in the United States, who often defer a race from day to day until the weather and ground are suitable for its celebration. But, in addition, the popular instinct, which is seldom wrong, emphatically pronounces that the Derby and Oaks are not really won when partitioned between two dead-heaters. The "blue riband of the turf" does not admit of being sliced down the centre and divided into two strips, deliverable to a brace of recipients. In the words of Montrose's old love song,

He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who dares not put it to the touch  
To gain or lose it all.

As for the argument that the proposed enactment would operate solely in the interest of the bookmakers, it is too absurd to be maintained for a moment. The truth lies in an exactly opposite direction, for the interest of the bookmakers prescribes that the existing law shall not be altered. Who that was present at Epsom upon the Oaks day can forget the roar of triumph which issued from the ring when the numbers of Camelia and Enguerrand went up side by side? That roar meant that many bookmakers had laid double or treble even bets, which they would have lost if Camelia had won the Oaks outright. But the truth is that the sole thing calculated to prevent or decay the introduction of an all but universally demanded emendation is the unaccountable conservative torpor which has long possessed the Jockey Club. "Men," says Mr. Disraeli, "are more governed by words than by acts," and the mere phrase that some proposed law "will operate in the interest of the bookmakers" is sufficient to induce our Turf legislators to do nothing, even after the falsity of the said phrase has been again and again laid bare. It is as impossible to have two winners of the Derby as to have two Prime Ministers with co-ordinate rank and equal weight. In the days of the Roman republic some such compromise was attempted in the arrangement which gave supreme authority to each of the two Consuls upon alternate days. The result was that the most crushing defeat ever experienced by the former mistress of the world was her portion at Cannae. Prior to that fatal day one of the Consuls, Emilius Paulus was disinclined to give battle; but his colleague, Terentius Varro, was equally bent upon fighting it out. Consequently upon Varro's day of command the red ensign, the well-known signal for battle, was seen flying over his quarters, and we all know the catastrophe which followed. It is our emphatic hope that the Rip Van Winkles of the Jockey Club will awake to a consciousness that something is expected from their revising committee, and that no reform can possibly be more popular than the enactment of such a law as we have ventured to recommend.

**BASE BALL SALARIES.**

Ball playing would seem to be a profitable business by the following salaries, which are paid some of the crack players: Spalding, as pitcher and manager of the Chicagoes, receives \$3,000 for the year, with \$1,000 bonus for producing the sensation from the Hub to Chicago. White, Barnes and McVey receive \$2,500 each, Anson, \$2,200, Hines, \$1,800, and the rest of the club from \$1,000 to \$1,500 each, or a total of \$21,500. Harry Wright, the manager of the Boston, and his brother George, receive \$2,500 each for the season. Leonard is in the first year of a three years' engagement at \$2,000 per season; the other players get from \$800 to \$1,800 each; total, \$10,000. Of the St. Louis Browns, Clapp and McGeary receive \$2,500 each, Bradley \$2,200, Cuthbert and Pike \$1,800 each. Of the Hartford, Ferguson, captain, Bond, pitcher, and Burdock, second baseman, receive \$2,200; each; Allison and Cummings \$2,000 each, and Remsen, Carey, Higham and Mills, \$1,000 each. Harbige, the substitute, gets \$1,200. John C. Chapman is the manager of the Louisville, and receives \$2,200 for his services; Snyder and Devlin get \$2,000 each, Fulmer and Somerville \$1,000 each. The highest salary paid by the Athletics is \$2,000, and by the Cincinnati \$1,500. The lowest salary paid by any professional is \$600. Nichols, the pitcher for the New Havana, has been engaged by the St. Louis club to fill Bradley's place at a salary of \$2,500.

**TROUT IN WELLS.**

Few people are aware of the quantity of dirt that falls into a well and increases the impurity of the water. The filth comes in the form of worms, flies, bugs, grasshoppers, and everything in the insect tribe that flies or crawls about the yard. Nine-tenths of this insect filth would be eaten by a good-sized trout, and when put in a well, a trout requires not little attention, other than to give him a few bread crumbs in winter, and flies and grasshoppers in summer, for in eating habits a trout is as voracious as a crow, or, like him, can subsist on a very small quantity of food. In my well a common brook trout had nothing to eat save what fell into the well by accident, and a few grasshoppers in summer, for five years; yet in the aquarium, a trout six inches long, will regularly eat two or three minnows a day, and when first taken from the brook, he will eat double that amount of minnows two inches long. Yet in the well tended aquarium this speckled member of the finny tribe excels the trout in his native haunts as much as does the high grade or full blood Shorthorn, the native steer. In fact, I think this is a truthful comparison, and any one who is familiar with the trout in the shady pool of sparkling water, and in the aquarium will endorse this assertion.

cilled to have the objects for which the grant was made carried into effect in connection with the Ontario Veterinary College. This decision on the part of the association is meeting with general and hearty approval, and we understand that Professor Smith has made arrangements to expend between \$4,000 and \$5,000 from his private means in the construction of a suitable building for the reception of the specimens to be placed in the museum and for the library. These additions to the College will be of great advantage to the students who, we feel assured, will properly appreciate the efforts of Prof. Smith in their behalf. But no doubt the Government in its generosity and justice, will not allow Prof. Smith to be at a loss in connection with the enlargement of the College, but will make an additional grant equal to the sum he intends to expend in the erection of the museum and library. No better evidence of the value of this institution can be obtained than the marked success which has attended the gentlemen who have graduated there, with one or two exceptions. Even so-called veterinary surgeons who had practised twenty years have been compelled to take a course of studies at the Ontario College in order to keep pace with the times; thus proving the popularity of the College with the public generally. We understand that models are to be procured from Paris for the museum, and a large number of the articles to be placed in it are already on the way, and will have arrived when the classes begin. We wish Professor Smith the most entire success in carrying on an institution which was established by himself several years ago, and carried on since until it has outgrown its local reputation and earned a name which has extended all over the American continent.

**"HIS HONOR" IN NEVADA.**

The Judge stood at the door of his court-room, with his hands in his pockets and his felt hat drawn down over his eyes. He was chewing tobacco, and spat gloomily. In answer to a sympathetic inquiry in regard to the cause of his evident depression, his Honor replied:

"This is the d—dest town I ever see. I ain't taken in a cent since day afore yesterday. I wish I could get a job of some kind or 'nother."

It appears that the Court, until within a few years, was a mule-driver in the mountains, and wears occasionally of the monotony of civilization.

"I never will be anythin' but a cussed fool," continued his Honor. "Last night I won \$40 on the king an' seven, an' then I had to copper the jack an' git flat busted. Hello, Mike, that case of yours comes up at four. The jury's all subpoenaed, and don't you slip up on puttin' in an appearance."

The gentleman thus addressed in his walk said "All right," and jerked his thumb invitingly in the direction of a corner grocery. The Court accepted, and was presently listening amiably over a glass of whiskey to Mike's account of how he became involved in an assault-and-battery case.

**A TORONTO BOY'S SUCCESS.**

A well-known American artist temporarily sojourning in Italy, sends the Clipper the appended account of the successful debut of Mr. John Chatterton, at one time a member of the Holman Opera Company here.

"The truly great Galletti having, after many postponements, taken Milan by storm, and electrified its musical and critical public with her wonderful and incomparable phrasing of La Favorita, at the Teatro dal Verme, left no excitement in the musical centre of sunny Italy (where, by the way, it has been storming daily for the past week, much to the discomfort of singers), except the debut of a young American gentleman at the Teatro Manzoni in the role of Il Conte d'Almaviva in 'Il Barbiere di Siviglia.' His success was attained amid numerous predictions of utter failure, and 'serve him right for his impudence in attempting such a difficult role for his first appearance, and before a Milanese audience, but I am proud to add that, in spite of two croakings and the remembrance of great artists celebrated in the same role, Mr. John Chatterton, singing under the name of Signor Giovanni Perugini, made an unqualified success, vide criticisms in your exchanges by Philippi and other acknowledged art critics. The theatre was full in every part, and the Princess Margherita honored the performance until the close. There was never a more trying and critical audience to appear before composed as it was, of unprejudiced, unexcited, established artists, nearly all the English-speaking pupils studying in Milan, and a scattering of the general public, always to be seen at the first representation of an opera. Though just, it was precisely the audience to willingly assist in making a success upon the slightest opportunity given them by the singer, which, I am happy to state, Mr. Chatterton never gave them. He won their favor by his beautiful voice, wonderful 'agilita,' correct singing, and excellent acting, and was honored with the only call of the evening. This is not another case of 'Patti' kissing her upon the eyebrow, and 'Nilson' pulling off her shoes and saying, 'You have millions in your throat, my dear, but the plain truth, which this industrious and ambitious young man deserves to have

**Poetry.**

**THE CRICKETER.**

To live a life free from gout, pain, or phthisis.  
Athletic employment is found the best physician.  
The nerves are by exercise hardened and strengthened,  
And vigor attends it, by which life is lengthened.

What conduces to health deserves commendation.  
Twill entail a strong race on the most generous nation,  
And of all the field games ever practised  
That cricket stands foremost each Briton must own.

Let dull pensive souls boast the pleasure of angling,  
And let ponds and brooks be eternally dawning,  
Such drowsy worm-killers are sought with delight,  
If but once in a week they obtain a fair bite.

The cricketer, noble in mind as in merit,  
A taste for impression can never inherit;  
A stranger to swindling, he never could wish  
To seduce by false baits and betray a poor fish.

No sting of remorse hurts the cricketer's mind,  
To innocent animals never unkind,  
The guiltless his doctrine is ever to spare,  
Averse to the hunting or killing the hare.

To every great duke and to each noble lord,  
Let each fill his glass with most hearty accord,  
And to all brother knights, whether absent or present,  
Drink health and success from the poor to the peasant.

**DEATH OF A VALUABLE TROTTER HORSE.**

We find the following in the Syracuse Journal:

On Saturday the young and promising trotter, known as Charlie Langworthy, owned by Messrs. Hawley & Langworthy, and valued at between \$6,000 to \$7,000, was being exercised by his trainer, Heber Jewell, and while being driven through Warren Street, took fright at the curb, and suddenly wheeled about, when in front of Hendricks's looking glass store, upsetting the skeleton wagon, and throwing Jewell out upon the ground. The frightened animal dashed off down Warren Street, dragging Jewell, who lunged to the reins in hopes to stop him. The position occupied by Jewell was a dangerous one, and he was forced to let go of the reins to save being killed. The animal continued south, and ran to near Brighton, where he collided with a lime-wagon, tearing one of the wheels from the wagon. Getting clear of this obstruction the horse continued running, the axle coming in contact with his fetlock joints, cutting them badly. The horse was finally stopped some distance beyond Brighton Corners, on the Jamesville road. It was then found that one of his legs were broken and the cords of both severed. It became necessary to kill the animal, which was done. The horse had a good record for a young one, and was a very promising animal. Jewell escaped with slight injuries. In an exhibition trial, he showed a remarkable two-mile heat. The first mile was trotted out in 2:30, and the second mile in 2:26, with the last half of the second in 1:10. He was valued last season at \$7,000, but probably could have been purchased a shade less.

**ORLOFF CARRIAGE HORSES.**

**AN IMPORTANT IMPORTATION.**

We have just had the pleasure of examining the Russian horse Sobol, recently received from Paris, by Mr. Robert Battell, of Norfolk, Conn. This steed is the choice one of the lot of five which Col. M. C. Weld, of this city, saw in Paris last winter, on their arrival from Russia, and described in his letters to The Spirit of the Times. He was purchased through Col. Weld, Mr. J. M. Terrell, of Middlefield, Conn., at whose stable Mr. Battell proposes to have him stand, being sent for him, returning and going in exactly twenty-eight days. The horse is jet black, with two white feet. He stands a little under 16 hands, is long bodied, round barrelled, well ribbed back, with a massive chest, excellent shoulders, arched crest, neatly joined to a fine head, with full eyes, small mouth ears, and clean throat. The hind quarters show great power in the loins, a well-rounded rump, and strong gambrels. His legs are clean and flat, and the hoofs small. His mane and tail are not heavy, the latter well carried and the action of the horse both in moderate and fast movement, very stylish and spirited. He is perhaps the most perfectly broken horse we ever saw—a lady might drive him with ease. He is a fine character, steam and smoke, and even the elevated railroad train, seen for the first time, nearly over head, did not frighten him in the least. He came out in capital order, by the steamship Canada of the Erie & Ontario trans-Atlantic line, and we are aware, is the first of his breed brought to this country. We have had only three

strokes, but, although Trickett apparently did not exert himself, he came up, was level about opposite the London Boat-house, and at Simmons' had a trifling lead. Sadler, in our opinion, seemed to row as well, and in the same perfect style, as over, but the noticeable part was the apparent lack of effort on the part of Trickett, who was about two lengths in front at the Point. The Australian here hugged the Middlesex shore a trifle too close, but his able mentor, Harry Kelley, signalled him out; and, although Sadler rowed as gamely as possible, the other widened the gap to the Grass-wharf and past the Crab tree, which was reached in 5m. 20sec. When they made the shoot the Sydney sculler was rowing at the same steady style, and amidst a deafening roar from the tow-path, the Soap-works were passed, and Hammermill Bridge reached in 9m. 35sec, by the youthful Australian giant, about a dozen lengths in advance of his opponent. As the pair rowed on past Biffen's and Cheswick Eyot we timed Trickett at 31 strokes to the minute, and at the latter point it seemed on the cards that there would be a change in the fortunes of the race, as Sadler pulled up considerably, and Kelley signalled his man over, as he was rather too close to Surrey. When they crossed the excitement was intense, but Trickett was as fresh as could be, and the only thing we feared was that he might be fouled by one of the multitude of skiffs that hovered in front. Opposite the Bull's Head, Sadler came with another good spurt, but Trickett was able to respond, and, going steadily on, won by four lengths, as near as can be calculated in a steamer. We timed the race as 24min. 36sec. Trickett's credentials are not very startling or numerous, but he must have acquitted himself in every way to the satisfaction of the colonials, who had a good line in Green to form an opinion of his qualifications for the task. At the early age of 14, we understand, he had a taste for sculling, but his first engagement of any consequence was in the Woomooloo Begatta, where he met Wm. Hickey, the champion of Australia, on Boxing Day, 1868, and was defeated. He then rowed H. Pearce twice in working skills, for £25 a side, the race taking place in Sydney harbor, and each time Trickett was the conqueror. In 1864 Michael Rush had become champion, and Trickett was matched against him, but suffered a reverse. Subsequently he threw down the gauntlet to Rush, but they could not come to terms, and he left Australia for England virtually champion."

William Lumsden of Blythe has issued a challenge to row Trickett on the Tyne, from the High Level Bridge to Lemington Point, in two or three months from the first deposit, for £200 a side and the championship of the world. A match can be made at any time at James Taylor's, the Trafalgar Inn, New Bridge street, Newcastle, or an answer through Bell's Life will meet with attention.

#### AN OLD HERO.

John A. Thompson, an old hero of the frontier, has lately died in Nevada. He was known as Snow-Shoe Thompson. His life story is thus briefly told in the Carson Appeal:

"Thompson was born at Upper Tins, Prestjeld, Norway, in 1827. His first trip across the Sierra was made in January, 1856. He went from Placerfield to Genoa, a distance of ninety miles, carrying the mail-bags strapped upon his back, and gliding over fields of snow from thirty to fifty feet in depth, his long Norwegian snow-shoes bearing him safely and swiftly upon the surface of the snow. He performed this service during the severest winter weather for years. The mail bags he carried weighed from sixty to seventy pounds. In his mountain travels he has saved many lives. Compared with other men in snows and snow storms, he was as much superior as the St. Bernard is to the ordinary dog. He was never lost. Though the snow was pitiless and blinding, he never strayed from the straight path. The trip from Genoa to Placerfield he made easily in two days in the stormiest weather. He slept wherever night overtook him. He never went armed, because he never wanted to be incumbered by weight. He was proof against cold, never having had his feet or fingers frozen. He has stated that he never was frightened but once, and that was when he was confronted by a pack of hungry wolves. But he kept up his steady march, paying no heed to them, and they did not molest him. But these fatiguing trips, he stated lately, had broken his constitution. He was in Carson on the 8th of

January, with only a faithful friend or two around his rude couch."

#### DEAD HEATS

In a leading article the London Field calls attention to the fact that the Committee of the Jockey Club to which the revision of the laws of racing has been entrusted shows no disposition to make a report, and then it proceeds to discuss with considerable earnestness the recent dead heat between Camelia and Enquerrade for the Oaks, and the subsequent division of the stakes between them. As the question is strongly presented, and as it is of interest to the lovers of racing everywhere, we make room for the largest portion of the article:

There are five three-year-old races in the course of every year which, in our opinion, ought never to be allowed to terminate in a dead heat. These races are, of course, the Derby and Oaks at Epsom, the St. Leger at Doncaster, and the Two Thousand and One Thousand at Newmarket. A colt can win but three of them, and the five have never yet been carried off by the same filly, although there is little doubt that, if entered, Queen of Trumps would have won them all in 1835, and Virago in 1854. The are to the aspiring three-year-old what the Senior Wranglership, the headship of the Classical Tripos, and Smith's Prize are to the ambitious Cantabrigian undergraduate. It may indeed be urged that it is possible for two men to be bracketed equal in any of the Cambridge competitions, as was the case with the late Lord Lytton and Dr. Vaughan in the Classical Tripos of 1838. But it is not possible for the human dead heat, if we may so express it, to be run off; whereas the equine dead heat invites, and even demands the solution of a deciding trial. Nothing is more certain than that the innovation of dividing stakes for the great three-year-old races is in direct antagonism to the hitherto received usage and practice of the British turf; and we do not scruple to aver that the Derby and St. Leger would have lost something of their national lustre if they had been divided between any of the three pairs of dead-heaters which the judges was unable to separate in 1828, 1839, and 1850. As matters now stand, Cadlaud, Charles the Twelfth and Voltigeur are indelibly registered upon the illustrious scroll of Derby and St. Leger winners; whereas Formosa received much less credit for the Two Thousand which she divided with Moslem than for either of the other three great races—the One Thousand, the Oaks, and the St. Leger—in which the honors were all her own. We can affirm from personal recollection that when Voltigeur and Russborough passed the judges' chair abreast in the St. Leger of 1850, the suggestion of a draw was never mooted for a second. Such a proposition would have been indignantly scouted by a fine old-fashioned sportsman like the late Lord Zetland, and the managers of Russborough were equally averse from contemplating it. It is much to be regretted that the evil precedent of dividing the Two Thousand, which was admitted for the first time in 1868, was not immediately repudiated by the Jockey Club, and its repetition made impossible for the future. But even if the Two Thousand and One Thousand should be deemed inferior in rank to the historical races of Epsom and Doncaster, we can conceive no possible reason why a law should not be passed forbidding the Derby, Oaks and St. Leger to be divided after a dead heat. The only vision which has ever taken place in any of them ought to be regarded as a French innovation, deserving to be frowned down, and discouraged by English owners of racehorses. We have no manner of doubt that if the question of dividing or running off the last Oaks had been put to the vote among all the adult males who were assembled on the course, an immense majority of voices would have declared in favor of a deciding heat. It is not possible for General Peel, Lord Roseberry, and their revising coadjutors, to emancipate themselves for once from the lethargic sleep which has so long held the Jockey Club spellbound, and to convert the unwritten tradition of the turf into a living statute, defining certain three-year-old races in which divisions after dead heats shall be forbidden henceforth and forever?

It is maintained, we are informed, on the other hand, that such a statute as we propose will, in the first place, militate against an owner's rights of property, and, secondly, will operate solely in the interest of the bookmakers.

battle, was seen flying over his quarters, and we all know the catastrophe which followed. It is our emphatic hope that the Rip Van Winkles of the Jockey Club will awake to a consciousness that something is expected from their revising committee, and that no reform can possibly be more popular than the enactment of such a law as we have ventured to recommend.

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#### ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.

The classes in this popular College will begin on the 25th Oct., when young men desirous of graduating should be in attendance. It is gratifying to observe the continued prosperity which has been a marked feature of this excellent institution, and it is daily increasing in public favor. At the last session of the Ontario Legislature a grant of \$2,000 was made for the purpose of establishing a veterinary museum and library, and it is gratifying to learn that the Council of Agriculture and Arts Association, which had control of the funds, very wisely de-

had to copper the jack an' git that bust. Hullo, Mike, that case of yours comes up at four. The jury's all subpoenaed, and don't you slip up on puttin' in an appearance. The gentleman thus addressed in his walk said "All right," and jerked his thumb invitingly in the direction of a corner grocery. The Court accepted, and was presently listening amiably over a glass of whiskey to Mike's account of how he became involved in an assault-and-battery case.

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#### THE WAY THEY RULE RIDERS OFF IN TEXAS.

The following report is given in The Spirit of the Times:—Quarter mile dash, stakes, \$250 gold, 100 head of stock, and 500 acres of land, a side: P. Gonzales' run m Anata, 1; H McBrides' ch h Crockett, 2. Won by a head. The belting heavy at evens, not less than \$5,000 in stock and lands changed hands. The rider of the horse was suspected of having sold the race, and was "ruled off" from riding more races this season by the summary process of having his leg broken by a pistol ball, presented by one of his admirers who had backed the horse. Another race between these horses has been made to come off July 25, stakes \$2,500 a side in land and cattle, and it is predicted that nearly all the land in the county will change owners on the occasion, and I hardly think that the rider of the losing horse will stop to receive congratulations.

The frightened animal dashed down Warren Street, dragging Jewell, who hung to the reins in hopes to stop him. The position occupied by Jewell was a dangerous one, and he was forced to let go of the reins to save being killed. The animal continued south, and ran to near Brighton, where he collided with a lime-wagon, tearing one of the wheels from the wagon. Getting clear of this obstruction the horse continued running, the axle coming in contact with his fetlock joints, cutting them badly. The horse was finally stopped some distance beyond Brighton Corners, on the Jameville road. It was then found that one of his legs were broken and the cords of both severed. It became necessary to kill the animal, which was done. The horse had a good record for a young one, and was a very promising animal. Jewell escaped with slight injuries. In an exhibition trial, he showed a remarkable two-mile heat. The first mile was trotted out in 2:30, and the second mile in 2:26, with the last half of the second in 1:10. He was valued last season at \$7,000, but probably could have been purchased a shade less.

#### ORLOFF CARRIAGE HORSES.

##### AN IMPORTANT IMPORTATION.

We have just had the pleasure of examining the Russian horse Sobol, recently received from Paris, by Mr. Robert Battell, of Norfolk, Conn. This stallion is the choice one of the lot of five which Col. M. C. Weld, of this city, saw in Paris last winter, on their arrival from Russia, and described in his letters to The Spirit of the Times. He was purchased through Col. Weld, Mr. J. M. Terrell, of Middlefield, Conn., at whose stable Mr. Battell proposes to have him stand, being sent for him, returning and going in exactly twenty-eight days. The horse is jet black, with three white feet; stands a little under 16 hands; is long bodied, round barreled, well ribbed back, with a massive chest, excellent shoulders, arching crest, neatly joined to a fine head, with full eyes and small mobile ears, and clean throat. The hind quarters show great power in the loins, a well-rounded rump, and strong gambrels. The legs are clean and flat, and the hoofs small. His mane and tail are not heavy, the latter well carried, and the action of the horse both in moderate and fast movement, very stylish and spirited. He is perhaps the most perfectly broken horse we ever saw—a lady might drive him with ease. Pistols, firecrackers, steam and smoke, and even the elevated railroad trams, seen for the first time, nearly over head, did not frighten him in the least. He came out in capital order, by the steamship Canada—the French trans-atlantic line, and, so far as we are aware, is the first of his breed brought to this country. We have had Orloff trotters of both sexes imported previously, but these have been of the smaller driving breed, for use generally in single harness. The Orloffs being placed in the shafts of light road wagons, gigs or sleighs, with a running horse on each side, the gentlemen driving for pleasure are able to get up gr. at speed and to keep it up for a long time. Sooner and squarely do they trot, that they may be depended upon not to break their gait, and thus the driver enjoys the easy motion of trot at the high speed of the running gait. These carriage-horses have been bred for greater size, and this has been attained without a perceptible loss of the remarkable properties which have become thoroughly hereditary in Orloffs, and combined with the style and action which is indispensable in first-class barouche and coach-horses. Sobol was bred by Count Nicholas Sologub, at his pedigree runs back to the importation made by Count Orloff, one hundred years ago in 1775, on the side of the sire the origin generations of named progenitors, all on that of the dam through several generations.—Wilkes.



The Gentleman's Journal

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1876.

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

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

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

Are respectfully informed, that all Correspondents of the SPORTING TIMES are supplied with a card of a PURPLE 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 left upper corner, and dated July 1st, 1876, each card remaining 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 1876.

Table with columns for location and dates. Includes entries for Saratoga, N.Y., Freeport, Ill., Buffalo, Rochester, Utica, Mendota, Poughkeepsie, N.Y., Earlville, Ill., Muskegon, Mich., Lima, O., Zanesville, O., Warwick, N.Y., Lewiston, Me., Point Breeze, Philadelphia, Quaker City, O., Gardner, Me., Rock Island, Ill., Point Breeze (Running), Hartford, Conn., Dubuque, Ia., Macomb, Ill., Davenport, Ia., Springfield, Mass., West Chester, Pa., Elmira, N.Y., Mystic Park, Boston, Jerome Park (Running), Philadelphia, Pa., and Washington, D.C.

Table with columns for location and dates. Includes entries for Oshawa, Barrie (match), and Canadian Station Race.

ENTRIES CLOSE.

Oshawa Aug. 1. Correspondents and others will remember the change of our office, No. 90 King St. West, Toronto, is our present address.

INFORMATION.

While every exertion is being made by the managers of the SPORTING TIMES to obtain summaries of the different racing countries taking place throughout Canada, they cannot but complain of the apathy shown in many cases by those having control of the tracks in assisting them in this matter. We are the more anxious to have the public look to it as a matter of record. The columns of our journal are the only permanent record of racing affairs in Canada, and to make them valuable as such the kind and names of our friends are solicited in that behalf. In the future, when questions of dispute will come up for reference, our files will be the testimony upon which the decisions will be based. It is quite within the power of those of the officials who are so successful in furnishing summaries of the races, that in after years, have

Newspaper reports are valuable so far as they go, but implicit reliance can not be placed upon their descriptions, placing or timing. It would be quite safe to assume that a large proportion of the minor races never find a permanent place of record. In our humble efforts in behalf of the turf in this country, we desire to make our columns a record of its history in Canada, where in years to come its rise and progress can be traced step by step. In this we are endeavoring to fill a position which the magnitude of the interests involved in the turf demands; and in the future the records will be immeasurably more valuable than they are interesting to the present reader. In this manner the case must present itself to all who have the welfare of the turf at heart, and when it is placed in this light before our Racing Associations, it is difficult to believe we cannot command their co-operation.

SPURIOUS RECORDS.

When men trot their horses for substantial advantages they should be made to take all the chances of disabilities if they should prove successful. It has been currently reported that at more than one meeting in Canada this year the record has been purposely withheld, and it is asserted a distinct understanding existed between clubs, owners, judges and timers in some places, that such should be the case. The unfairness of this mode of racing admits of no denial and is unworthy of any defence. When horses are entered in a race, no matter how small a stake, if they beat their record the penalty should be attached to them. The injustice of permitting a horse that can and does trot five seconds under his record, and still not give him the time to the prejudice of other horses in the same class is too patent to require an explanation. It should make no difference what rich prizes are in prospective or other considerations beneficial for the owner of the horse which he is liable to receive if the horse remain in his class, equity demands as soon as he trots below his figures in a race his record should be reduced. If owners do not want to trot their horses otherwise than in a fair and square manner, without any mutual arrangements, then let them be withheld until a time arises when it will be deemed expedient to send him to the front, with a full knowledge that the letter and spirit of the rules will be carried out in their entirety, dispensing even-handed justice to all concerned. The time from the stand and that taken by watches in the hands of outsiders has shown such a great difference as to admit of no explanation other than the blackboard was lettered with a fraudulent intent, with the knowledge of the principals interested.

Such a state of affairs does not show the sports of the turf to the advantage they are capable of being exhibited in; and a change in the system would be found to work to its benefit, while if carried out in its fullness, no injustice would be done to any entrant, and the horses then would be classed on their proper basis.

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second heats, leaving some other contestant to fight for the earlier advantage, while, they coolly lay back and come in at the latter part of the struggle and secure the major portion of the substantial benefits.

A NOTABLE PURCHASE.

Mr. J. P. Wiser, of the Rysdyk Stock Farm, Prescott, Ont., has lately come into possession of the celebrated trotting stallion Phil Sheridan, and his home in future will be beneath the folds of the Union Jack on the banks of the beautiful St. Lawrence. Phil Sheridan is a dark brown horse, 16 hands high, and will weigh about 1,100 pounds. He is by Young Columbus, by Old Columbus, dam Black Fly a Tippe mare. Probably his best performance was in the great stallion race at Boston in 1874, when he was second to the mighty Smuggler in 2:28, 2:28, 2:20; and one of his sons Commonwealth received fourth money, thus showing in a marked degree Sheridan's ability to transmit the trotting instinct. Sheridan's present record is 2:26. He is entered in the 2:26 class in five of the meetings of the Grand Septilateral, where he will doubtless give a good account of himself. The addition of Phil Sheridan to our stock of trotting stallions must prove of great value; and the enterprise displayed by Mr. Wiser in bring him to Canada is deserving of the warmest commendation and strongest support.

While speaking of the Rysdyk Stock Farm it will be quite appropriate to mention that it has recently been enlarged by the addition of one hundred and thirty acres, comprising now over 500 acres; which with the complete and beautiful buildings with which it is graced makes it one of the most extensive breeding establishments in America, a credit to its proprietor, and a treasure to the country.

OSHAWA RACES.

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PRESS MISREPRESENTATION OF TURF MATTERS.

The gross misstatement and misrepresentations of turf matters by the provincial press have long been familiar to us as well as to that portion of the public who take an interest in our national sports. This week our able contemporary, the CANADIAN GENTLEMAN'S JOURNAL, in a well-written editorial, calls general attention to the gross misstatements made by the Hamilton (Can.) Times, in which it is boldly avowed that "Kisber won the Grand Prize of Paris with the ni-

Sporting Gossip.

A couple of Canadians are entered in the handicap pedestrian races of the New York Athletic Club, to be run to-morrow. Mr. James Smith, of Galt, Ont., is named in the 100-yard dash; and Mr. David Woods, of the same place, in the one mile race.

Hopful, the grey gelding, about whom Dan Mace made such a blow in his articles on the Trotting Horse last Spring, is badly off, and has been turned out to pasture. Most people would have liked to have seen him in the Free-for-all in the big circuit; then they would have had a chance of forming an opinion whether Daniel had been drawing a long bow when he claimed he was able to drive him a mile in 2:10 or better. But the opportunity will not present itself this season at least.

Among the entries in the Septilateral are to be found the following Canadian horse:—The Moose, Decit, St. Patrick, Colbourne, Alexander, and Mr. Wiser's latest acquisition, the stallion Phil Sheridan.

"Can we afford hurdle races and steeplechases?" is becoming a question among the turfmen of Canada. During the past year three good race horses have been lost to the turf through their effects—Frank Ross, Major Macon and Helen Bennett; besides numerous injuries to the jockeys and gentlemen amateurs who have been bold enough to take mounts.

Last week Mr. A. M. Thomas, of the English Chop House, this city, was presented by Mr. J. Grand, with a handsome pair of silver plated spurs and an elegant riding whip in acknowledgement of his brilliant riding at Woodbine on the 15th, when he brought the Ruric colt to the front.

Mr. John Fishburne, Veterinary Surgeon of Exeter, has had \$50,000 left him by a deceased brother in the old country.

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Messrs. Bauter and Locke, Kingston, are cross-firing about the trotting merits of their respective stallions, Tom Allen and Black Hawk. If they wanted to see what they were worth in this respect they should have nominated them in the SPORTING TIMES Stallion Race. That would be the balance to weigh them in.

The Turf, Field and Farm have offered a prize of \$10,000 in gold to be competed for by Russian and American trotting stallions, the race to come off at Philadelphia in October. Mr. Maerder, Secretary of the General Directory of the Imperial Stud of Russia holds out a prospect that the match will take place.

An accident happened to Mr. Wm. Murphy, superintendent of Messrs. Enright Bro's trotting stock, at Dundas, last week. He was working one of the colts on the

The runner Warrior, by War Danco, has been taken west; so the contemplated match between him and Passion may be considered one of the things that was to be.

Inspiration was only beaten a head by Rhadamanthus at Saratoga, on Tuesday, in the dash of five furlongs.

Buffalo Races commence on Tuesday next, and will continue four days. Many Canadians will avail themselves of this opportunity to witness the crack trotters of the American turf.

An afternoon's sport will be held at the half mile track Queen Street West on Friday. Two races will take place.

The Rochester, N. Y., Races, the third of the big circuit, will commence on the 8th of August. By that time the horses will be in the best of fix, their previous efforts at Cleveland and Buffalo properly seasoning them. From the well-known perfection of the Rochester tracks it is quite probable the fastest time in the circuit will be credited to it. If Lula, in the Fast Trial of Speed, does not clip 2:14 there, her performance will be less favorable in the balance of the circuit.

FASTEST STALLION TIME ON RECORD

July 15th Belmont Park was the scene of great excitement. A magnificent day greeted those who had decided to visit Belmont Park and see the the glorious stallion Smuggler show his speed. There was not a large concourse present, but had the Philadelphians imagined such wonderful speed was to be developed the grounds could not have held the throng who would have poured out to the track. The great trouble with Quakerites is that they are proverbially slow to get excited, and in all cases they work themselves into enthusiasm when it is too late to enjoy the cause personally. It was announced in the dailies that the stallion Smuggler and the famous Judge Fullerton would trot for the special purse, and it was rumored that Smuggler would be sent not only to beat the best stallion time on record, but that he would, if possible, cook Fullerton also. Both horses were reported in the best possible form for fast work, and the result proved the correctness of this conclusion, as in four heats neither horse made a break. Smuggler was driven by Charley Marvin, who knows the king so well, while Budd Doble held the ribbons over Fullerton. No one looked for such a grand effort, and there was wild enthusiasm over Smuggler as he captured heat after heat, and when the time was announced loud cheers rent the air. The second heat was a dead heat, other than this the stallion captured each, and lowered the fastest stallion record to 2:17, beating the famous Dexter all to pieces. Smuggler, by winning in such fast time, has shut himself out of the 2:20 class in the Grand Septilateral and forces him into the 'Twee' for All, where he will do credit to himself. There is no knowing where he may not go; there are many, including his enthusiastic owner as well as his driver, who think with reason he can trot close to 2:14, if not below it. A contest between the Maid, Lula and Smuggler is now on the cards. The betting at the start was \$10 to \$6 on Fullerton; after first heat, the gelding still favorite at \$12 to \$10.

First Heat—To a good send off Fullerton took the lead, and at the quarter swept by four lengths. Smuggler now settled into that magnificent loig, sweeping stride which has rendered him so famous, and which at the great stallion race at Boston electrified the thousands present. At the half he had closed to within two lengths still steady as a clock. From this to the three-quarters he rapidly shut up the daylight, gaining at every stride. Entering the homestretch his driver forced him up a little, and he responded nobly, never making a skip, he closed on Fullerton, and sweeping by him, shot under the wire a winner. Immense applause greeted this effort.

Second Heat—Both the horses came up for the word fresh as daisies. At the third scoring they got the word, Fullerton on the outside, a half a length the best of it. Trotting very rapidly, the Judge opened a gap, and, at the quarter, he led three clear lengths. From there to the half no change occurred, but now Marvin shook up Smuggler, and he struck his lightning gait; before the three-quarters was reached, he had closed to a length on Fullerton. Coming up the homestretch, Smuggler never trotted better; he collared the Judge, and showed a neck in advance. Doble gave Fullerton a taste of the whip, and the gelding answered to it in a flash, and held his own with the whirlwind, dashing under the wire yoked on dead, even terms. It was a stunning finish, and made the lookers on wild with excitement. The judges announced a dead heat.

Third Heat—The betting, which had been largely in favor of Fullerton, now swung around and Smuggler had the call at 20 to 17. Both steppers had cooled off well, and came up, as it were, smiling. At the third attempt, they got the word, once again Fullerton a little the best of it. As before he trotted rapidly to the turn, leading two lengths. Both horses now were sent for all they were worth, and a tremendous struggle ensued, Smuggler gradually but surely closing; at the half he lapped Fullerton.



Stendota, Ill.....3rd	"	"
Loughkeepan, N.Y.....4th	"	"
Earlville, Ill.....4th	"	"
Muskegon, Mich.....August 1 to 7	1 to 7	7
Piqua, O....." 7 to 12	7 to 12	12
Zanesville, O....." 14 to 19	14 to 19	19
Warwick, N.Y....." 15 to 17	15 to 17	17
Le-winton, Mo....." 15 to 18	15 to 18	18
Point Breeze, Philadelphia....." 21 to 26	21 to 26	26
Quaker City, O....." 22 to 25	22 to 25	25
Gardner, Mo.....August 20 to Sept. 2	20 to 2	2
Rock Island, Ill.....August 20 to Sept. 1	20 to 1	1
Point Breeze (Running).....Aug. 29 to Sept. 1	29 to 1	1
Hartford, Conn.....Aug. 29 to Sept. 1	29 to 1	1
Dubuque, Ia.....Sept. 4 to 9	4 to 9	9
Maccoub, Ill....." 4 to 9	4 to 9	9
Davenport, Ia....." 4 to 9	4 to 9	9
Springfield, Mass....." 5 to 8	5 to 8	8
West Chester, Pa....." 6 to 9	6 to 9	9
Elmira, N.Y....." 12 to 14	12 to 14	14
Myrtle Park, Boston....." 12 to 15	12 to 15	15
Jerome Park (Running).....Sept. 30 to Oct. 14	30 to 14	14
Pottstown, Pa.....Oct. 3 to 6	3 to 6	6
Washington, D.C. (Running).....Oct. 24 to 27	24 to 27	27

CANADIAN.

Oshawa.....Aug. 2	2
Barrie (match).....Sept. 15	15
Canadian Station Race.....Sept. —	—

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Bill Bruce and Vicksburg are entered for the running races given at Cleveland this week.

Messrs. Bouter and Locke, Kingston, are cross-firing about the trotting merits of their respective stallions, Tom Allen and Black Hawk. If they wanted to see what they were worth in this respect they should have nominated them in the SPORTING TIMES Stallion Race. That would be the balance to weigh them in.

The Turf, Field and Farm have offered a prize of \$10,000 in gold to be competed for by Russian and American trotting stallions, the race to come off at Philadelphia in October. Mr. Maerder, Secretary of the General Directory of the Imperial Stud of Russia holds out a prospect that the match will take place.

An accident happened to Mr. Wm. Murphy, superintendent of Messrs. Enright Bro's trotting stock, at Dundas, last week. He was working one of the colts on the Driving Park when it took fright, upset the sulky and ran away. Mr. Murphy had his ankle broken by being caught in the wheel. The colt was somewhat banged up around the legs.

A county turf club has been formed in Guelph, with Dr. Clarke as President.

The reason given by a Commissioner for his opposing the opening of the Centennial Exhibition on Sundays, is that it is the only day he has the time to go fishing.

A sweepstake match is spoken of for 2:35 horses at Woodbine. The following horses, it is thought, would take part in it:—Black Mack, Lady Hill, Grey Eddie, and Little Ethan. It would probably be left open to Boyle, Vanderbilt and such others as would feel disposed to come in. The conditions proposed were \$100 each with 100 added by the Association.

would, if possible, book Fullerton also. Both horses were reported in the best possible form for first work, and the result proved the correctness of this conclusion, as in four heats neither horse made a break. Smuggler was driven by Charley Marvin, who knows the king so well, while Budd Doble held the ribbons over Fullerton. No one looked for such a grand effort, and there was wild enthusiasm over Smuggler as he captured heat after heat, and when the time was announced loud cheers rent the air. The second heat was a dead heat, other than this the stallion captured each, and lowered the fastest stallion record to 2:17, beating the famous Dexter all to pieces. Smuggler, by winning in such fast time, has shut himself out of the 2:20 class in the grand Septilateral and forces him into the 'Fryes' for All, where he will do credit to himself. There is no knowing where he may not go; there are many, including his enthusiastic owner as well as his driver, who think with reason he can trot close to 2:14, if not below it. A contest between the Maid, Lula and Smuggler is now on the cards. The betting at the start was \$10 to \$6 on Fullerton; after first heat, the gelding still favorite at \$12 to \$10.

First Heat—To a good send off Fullerton took the lead, and at the quarter swept by four lengths. Smuggler now settled into that magnificent long, sweeping stride which has rendered him so famous, and which at the great stallion race at Boston electrified the thousands present. At the half he had closed to within two lengths still steady as a clock. From this to the three-quarters he rapidly shut up the daylight, gaining at every stride. Entering the homestretch his driver forced him up a little, and he responded nobly, never making a skip, he closed on Fullerton, and sweeping by him, shot under the wire a winner. Immense applause greeted this effort.

Second Heat—Both the horses came up for the word fresh as daisies. At the third scoring they got the word, Fullerton on the outside, a half a length the best of it. Trotting very rapidly, the Judge opened a gap, and, at the quarter, he led three clear lengths. From there to the half no change occurred, but now Marvin shook up Smuggler, and he struck his lightning gait; before the three-quarters was reached, he had closed to a length on Fullerton. Coming up the homestretch, Smuggler never trotted better; he collared the Judge, and showed a neck in advance. Doble gave Fullerton a taste of the whip, and the gelding answered to it in a flash, and held his own with the whirlwind, dashing under the wire yoked on dead, even terms. It was a stunning finish, and made the lookers on wild with excitement. The judges announced a dead heat.

Third Heat—The betting, which had been largely in favor of Fullerton, now swung around and Smuggler had the call at 20 to 17. Both steppers had cooled off well, and came up, as it were, smiling. At the third attempt, they got the word, once again Fullerton a little the best of it. As before he trotted rapidly to the turn, leading two lengths. Both horses now were sent for all they were worth, and a tremendous struggle ensued, Smuggler gradually but surely closing; at the half he lapped Fullerton's wheel; the time being 1:06. The struggle was kept up to the three-quarter pole, the stallion gaining steadily. Holding his feet superbly, he shot by this point with the lead, and swept up the stretch, winning by two lengths, in the magnificent time of 2:17.

Fourth Heat—Again, at the third attempt, they received the word. This time it was a tussle from the wire. Fullerton did his best to take his usual lead, but Smuggler never let go his hold, and at the quarter they were neck and neck; on they swept to the half, both doing tremendous work—reaching this point it was a question of endurance, Smuggler's head showing in front—the time being 1:07. The Judge now seemed to tire on the up grade; Smuggler, fresh as at the start, and held well in hand, drew ahead, and as they rounded into the stretch he had two lengths the best of it. From this point home he joggled in an easy winner of the grandest contest ever seen on a trotting course, winning by five lengths in 2:20.

BELMONT PARK, July 15—Special purse of \$2,000.  
H S Russell's br s Smuggler.... Marvin 1 0 1 1  
Budd Doble's ch g Judge Fullerton.... 2 0 2 2  
Time—2:17½, 2:18, 2:17, 2:20.

Canadian Turf

TROTTING AT WOODBINE.

Last Saturday the second of the weekly series of races took place at Woodbine, Toronto. There were two events down for decision—A 8:00 and a 2:50 trot. The weather was very unfavorable, the afternoon being quite showery. Messrs. Joseph Duggan and William Dixon occupied the Judges' stand; and J. P. Bond, V.S., officiated as starter. With the exception of the first heat, which was seven-eighths of a mile, the horses were started about seventy-five yards from the wire, making the distance that much short of a mile. In the 8-minute affair Ed. Bright or Canary Bird, was picked out for the winner, selling for about \$10 each in about \$80 pools. It proved to be a good race, being hotly contested by North Star and Canary Bird. In the second heat the gray gelding lost a shoe, which compelled him to take a rear position; No official time was taken. Outside timing was (first heat seven-eighths of a mile), 2:35, 2:53, 3:02, 2:59.

The 2:50 contest had five entries. Avenue Boy was made the favorite and did not disappoint his backers. The distance trotted was the same as in the former race. As in the other no official time was taken, but some of the more interested spectators held watches, which showed the heats as follows, 2:48, 2:52, 2:55.

WOODBINE PARK, Toronto, July 22—Purse \$50; for three-minute class; trotting, less than a mile, heats, 3 in 5, in harness. W Johnson's gr g North Star ..... 1 4 1 1 J Somer's ch m Canary Bird ..... 2 1 2 2 Griffon's br g Chicago ..... 3 3 3 4 J Scales' b g Ed Bright ..... 4 4 4 3 No time taken officially.

Same Day—Purse \$70; for 2:50 class; trotting, less than a mile, heats, 3 in 5, in harness. W Kennedy's ch g Avenue Boy ..... 1 1 1 I Harris' ch m Lady Morgan ..... 5 2 2 B James, blk g Lookout ..... 2 3 3 T Eck's gr g Fearless ..... 3 4 5 H Giddings' b g Silas Rich ..... 4 5 4 No time taken officially.

TROTTING AT MONTREAL.

The following are the summaries of the Trotting Meeting held at Lepine Park, Hochelaga, on the 17th and 18th inst. The attendance was large, the weather was fine, and Mr. Lepine's new track was in first-rate order. Fine order was maintained, and the decision of the judges gave uniform satisfaction.

LEPINE PARK, Hochelaga, P. Q., July 17. \$50; for horses that never won public money. Mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness. \$30, 15, 5. M Beliveau's Buchanan Boy ..... 2 2 1 1 M Keblanc's Black Diamond ..... 1 1 3 2 Quebec Boy ..... 6 3 2 3 Mr Lariviere's Jean Baptiste ..... 3 6 4 3 4 Mr Gilbeault's Lady Gilbert ..... 4 4 dis Mr Bouchard's City Girl ..... 5 5 dis No time.

Same Day.—\$100; free for all; under saddle. \$60, 30, 10. F Owen's Policeman ..... 1 1 1 Mr Desmaria's Black Belle ..... 3 2 2 Mr Dauphinais's Dan Geroux ..... 2 3 3 Mr Gaulier's Early Winker ..... 4 dis No time.

Same Day.—\$150; 3:00 class. \$90, 40, 20. Mr Lepine's Belone ..... 1 1 1 Mr Charbonneau's City Boy ..... 2 2 2 No time.

July 18.—\$50; for Rulcher's horses. \$30, 15, 5. Mr Granger's Dangerous ..... 2 1 1 1 Mr Coutre's Harry Grey ..... 1 2 2 2 Mr L Demer's Black Belle ..... 3 3 3 0 No time.

Same Day.—\$300; for 2:35 class. \$150, 100, 50. Mr Plante's Village Girl ..... 1 1 1 J B Lepine's Belone ..... 3 2 2 Mr Charbonneau's City Boy ..... 2 3 3 Mr Cing Mar's Safe ..... 4 dis No time.

Same Day.—\$150; ten mile trot. \$90, 40, 20. L Demer's Policeman ..... 1 J B Lepine's Joe Beef ..... 2 J B Lepine's Soral Boy ..... 3 M Merault's Trompense ..... 0 M Bryere's Shakespeare ..... 0 Time—30:50.

TROTTING AT LISTOWELL.

A couple of match trots took place at Listowell on the 8th inst. The Judges were, Mr. John Parker, Brussels; Messrs. T. E. Hay and John Haffner, Listowell.

LISTOWELL, July 9.—\$100. R R Hay's Mossy Banks ..... 1 1 1 S McLean's Trifid ..... 2 2 2 No time.

Same Day.—\$50. Match trot. Con Hickey's Listowell Boy ..... 1 1 1 N Kargu's Old Deception ..... 2 2 2 No time.

TROTTING AT PORT ROBINSON.

A couple of little trots took place at Port Robinson on Saturday last, of which the following are the summaries:—

CENTRAL PARK, Port Robinson, July 22—Sweep-stake trot; \$4 each, with 10 added. Mr Macklom, b g Maltou ..... 1 2 1 2 Mr Flummerfelt, blk m Gipsey ..... 3 1 2 2 Mr Griffith, gr g Grantham ..... 2 3 3 3 Mr Dell, blk m Black Bess ..... 4 4 4 4 No time.

Same Day.—\$25; trotting, for three-minute class. \$15, 6, 4. Mr Flummerfelt, b g Black Bear ..... 2 0 1 1 Mr Macklom, blk m Nello ..... 0 1 2 2 Mr Gould, ch g Bewler ..... 1 3 0 3 Mr Danbar, gr g Heathwood ..... 3 2 3 0 Mr McKinney, gr g Crowland Boy ..... 0 0 0 0 No time.

FIRE AT MR. ANDREW ALLAN'S MODEL FARM, MONTREAL.

On Friday afternoon 21st, a very destructive fire occurred at the model farm of Mr. Andrew Allan, situated at Lunderston, Point aux Trembles. Joseph Clark, the groom, was the first to discover smoke issuing from the stables in the centre of the farm buildings. He immediately gave the alarm, and the farm hands were soon collected from the fields where they were engaged. Clark made an attempt to save a pair of valuable Clydesdale mares, but, owing to the density of the smoke and the glare of the flames, he only succeeded in saving one of the animals. The second was at the stable door, but, becoming frightened, retreated into the burning building. Clark got severely, but not dangerously, burned in his brave attempts to rescue the animals. There was a fresh south wind blowing, and the flames soon spread over the entire quadrangle. In less than three quarters of an hour the extensive farm buildings occupying over an acre of ground, were completely consumed. The steward's dwelling-house was saved in consequence of the wind blowing in a contrary direction. In the fore part of the day a number of men had been engaged in filling the loft, where Clark first discovered the fire, with hay. They deny having been smoking during the operation, but a spark must have been left behind in some way, as there was not substance in the place to cause spontaneous combustion. All the stud and thoroughbred horses were saved, including Argyle, Helmbold, Owen Cutler and Rob Roy. In addition to the Clydesdale mare, there was a lot of poultry burned. The farm buildings are a total loss. The damage is very heavy, but cannot be estimated at present with any accuracy. The Citizens' Insurance Company had the whole risk, amounting to \$16,000, but had judiciously distributed it over the Royal Canadian, Mercantile and North British to the extent of \$4,000 in each of these offices, so that its own loss will only amount to a similar sum.

CURIOS BETTING DILEMMA AT ROUEN.

The betting question in France has entered into a new phase, and a law formally regulating the rights and privileges of the betting fraternity is every day becoming more necessary. Not content with arresting the bookmakers, the police are now commencing to interfere with the public, and, owing to the officious zeal of certain subaltern functionaries, there were some very disgraceful scenes recently at Rouen. The June meeting in the old Norman city is one of our most attractive summer reunions. While the races were proceeding on Sunday afternoon, the ring was suddenly surrounded by gendarmes and police agents, and the bookmakers, together with several people belonging to the general public, were arbitrarily arrested, their money, pocket-books, and papers being taken from them by the leading commissary of police. The Vicomte de B., one of Count de Lagrange's partners, was also molested by the police, who in their excess of zeal, moreover, laid violent hands on offending journalists, who were quietly engaged in taking notes of the proceedings. The authorities may perhaps have had cause to secure the persons of various bookmakers engaged in ready-money betting, and whose malpractices have been recently visited with heavy condemnations, emanating from the Parisian tribunal of Correctional Police, but assuredly they had no necessity to interfere with the general public. On Monday a number of people arrived from Paris, and at the opening of the reunion the scene that the authorities were obliged to reinforce the troops and the police whom they had installed there. The public lost no opportunity of expressing its hostile sentiments, and surrounded by a group of attentive listeners, a well-known Count, whose name is familiar to all who interest themselves in the French Turf, vehemently protested against the arbitrary conduct of the authorities. At length a telegram arrived from Paris, rescinding the absurd interdiction of the Rouen authorities, and authorizing the resumption of book-betting. In the course of a few minutes, odds were once more being freely exchanged, and the meeting, which at one moment had threatened to end in a riot, came to a most successful termination.

DIED FROM A STING.

A sad occurrence happened in Montreal on Thursday in the death of Mr. Ed. Joseph, of the firm of M. Kortosk & Co., St. Paul-Street.

FROM KINGSTON.

Kingston, July 25, 1876.

To the Editor of the Sporting Times.

DEAR SIR,—Your remarks in last issue of JOURNAL, suggesting the propriety of an early selection of dates by Associations for their Autumn Meetings, and recommending the month of August as a time suitable for holding some of the earlier Meetings, have stirred up a few of the sporting fraternity here, who have resolved to take your advice and select three or four days in August for a Meeting at Catersqui Park. The Park is in excellent condition, and several good horses are at present in training on it.

Two stables are in successful operation, one under the management of Mr. H. Becker, late of Watertown, N. Y., the other under the superintendence of Mr. James Guosa. Both of these gentlemen have had considerable experience with trotters, and the condition and speed of the several horses under their management, fully sustain their former reputation as good trainers and drivers of trotting stock. For the information of some of your readers who may desire to become acquainted with the ability of the trotters of this vicinity, I will describe a few of the performances of some of the fastest of the horses. In Mr. Becker's stable, which is situated on the track, may be noticed: 1st—Dock Wright, a bay gelding, six years old, bred in the vicinity of Watertown, N. Y., and owned by Mr. Becker. This is a very speedy horse and is rapidly improving, he can beat thirty quite easy.

2nd—Yarrow, a dark grey gelding almost black, owned by Messrs. Wilson & Davis, of this City. This horse is very speedy, and is one of the most promising young horses in Ontario. He is five years old, and can trot a plump mile easily in forty. He trotted to the half mile pole last Friday in 1:16, and trotted the mile in 2:38.

3rd—White Rose, owned by Mr. Samuel Sloan, of Storrington. White Rose is a white mare with small brown spots on her neck, back and sides, very handsome and gamey—can trot five miles quite fast—has been driven several trials better than forty-five. She is eleven years old, and was bred in the Province of Quebec.

4th—George Betts, owned by James Murray, Esq. of Watertown, N. Y. He is a fine bay gelding, six years old, beautiful mane and tail, and can trot in 2:38.

5th—A bay horse, owned by Mr. Phillip Ham, of Bath, Ont.—not yet named—is quite green, and has only been handled a few weeks. He trotted a mile last Friday in 2:42, and repeated in 2:45.

6th—Deser, a grey gelding, owned by Messrs. Meicaffe & Rigney. This horse is six years old, has fine action, and can trot in 2:50. This is the horse that trotted on the ice with Lady Emma, last winter, and proved quite a hard horse to beat.

7th—A dark bay horse owned by Mr. Hawley of Bath, six years old, can trot in 3:14. 8th—A gray horse owned by Mr. Horne, of Long Island. This horse is a pacer, but Mr. Becker will soon have him converted to vrite a good trotter. He is a very promising horse, and is said to be out of a Goldust mare and sired by Grey Hawk.

There are four or five other horses in Mr. Becker's stable, but as they are not very speedy I will not describe them. Mr. Guess' stable is situated just across the road from the track, and there may be seen: 1st—Gray Harry, the property of Mr. Joseph Upper. This horse is nine years old. A beautiful animal, dappled gray, lovely action, a clear strider. In several trials this horse has beaten thirty. On one occasion, a few days ago, he trotted to the half-mile pole in 1:12, and the mile in 2:28. Last week he trotted a trial in 2:29. In the rapid improvement of this horse Mr. Guess has shown that he is a first-class trainer, as last season this horse could not trot better than 2:36.

2nd—A brown mare owned by Mr. C. Fournier, called by some Silver Hoel. She comes from eastern Canada, and trotted a trial last week in 2:38.

3rd—Lady Jane, the property of Mr. M. Conroy, a dark bay mare, seven years old. A fine rangy animal, has trotted several trials very fast.

4th—Lady Emma, owned by the same gentleman, a beautiful dappled gray mare; seven years old, very reliable, and can trot better than fifty.

5th—A chestnut colt, four years old, owned by Mr. Guess. This is a fine animal, and shows quite a fine trotting action.

6th—A brown horse, owned by Messrs. Folger Bros., five years old, has trotted half-mile in 1:21.

7th—Jim Swift, the property of Mr. Fred Volger. He is a white horse, five years old, very fine action, and has shown several trials close to forty.

Respectfully yours, KINGSTON.

GRATUITOUS PUFFS OR ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Colorado Farmer adopts an editorial from the Concord Patriot on gratuitous puffs.

Base Ball.

Owing to the demands on our space we are compelled to omit the detailed scores and descriptions of the Championship games played the past week, and simply give a resume of the games in innings.

\* The Tecumsehs and Maple Leafs played their second game at Guelph, on Thursday the 20th inst., with the following result: Maple Leaf.....2 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 3—7 Tecumseh.....0 0 0 2 5 0 0 2 1—10

On Saturday last, the Tecumsehs met the Ontonagos, on the Cricket Grounds here, and after a game of seven innings, ran putting a stop to further proceedings, were victorious by the following score: Toronto.....1 2 0 0 0 0 0—8 Tecumseh.....0 0 4 1 0 2—11

The Trigger.

A LITTLE POP.

A Pigeon Shooting Sweepstakes took place at Komptville on the 13th, when, after some very good shooting the stakes had to be divided, owing to an insufficient supply of birds—a number ordered by the club not arriving in time.

G Taylor..... 1 1 1 1—4 H Harris..... 1 1 1 1—4 O Bascom..... 1 1 1 1—4 A Kennedy..... 1 1 1 1—4 W Botham..... 1 1 0 1—3 F Jones..... 1 0 0 1—2 E Hassard..... 1 0 0 0—1

Checkers.

MARTINS COMING TO CANADA.

Mr. Martins left New York, on Saturday last with the intention of making an extended tour through the United States and Canada, giving exhibition games, playing matches and giving instructions in the popular and scientific game of checkers or draughts. Players will find in Mr. Martins a very pleasant and genial gentleman, one who is over willing and ready to practice or play, and who will explain to them the mysteries and show them the beauties of the game, and withal so affable and well informed, his merits will be appreciated by all.

Mr. Martins was the champion at the game of Great Britain for many years, until the title was wrested from him by the "Herd Laddie" in 1864, since which time they had several matches, and their final score stands, Martins 19, Wylie 24, drawn 255, total 298 games, leaving but a small majority of games in favor of Wylie—enough, however, to keep the title of champion; but Martins claims he has never been beaten in playing the game, which are not really the game of draughts.

While on his tour he will play all players who wish to; will play matches with any one for a small stake; will play the weakest as well as the strongest, and Mr. Wylie in particular he challenges to play a match of 50 games for the honor alone, or for any sum to \$100 a side, at any time or at any place in this country Mr. Wylie may appoint. He declines to play any one for a large stake, as the beauties of the game can be brought out as well by a small stake as by a larger one.

A CURIOUS INCIDENT.

Mr. F. B. Farnsworth, of Paris, Ont., writing to the Chicago Field says:—"Permit me to correct an error in the last issue of the Field as regards sex of whelps from my imported field trial setter bitch Rose; instead of being all dogs, there is but one dog and five bitches, born June 19th. I have had rather a curious incident come under my observation in connection with the above whelps. I have in my kennel a pointer bitch which came into heat about the same time that Rose (as I afterwards learned) did, but as I wished to use her during the early woodcock shooting did not permit her to be mated. After Rose had whelped I observed that Juno seemed to be making bag, and in a few days time she was dividing the honor of nursing Rose's whelps, and has continued to do so ever since. Ros' seems perfectly contented and the two bitches are upon the most amicable terms. Laverack makes mention of a similar occurrence in his work, The Setter, but I believe it to be rather an unusual circumstance."

A Lockport, N. Y., paper says:—We have reliable information—in fact from old John Sanders himself, that last Friday his old mare thirty-three years of age, with a rake we don't know how old, raked over an eight-acre lot twice, and old John Sanders, 76 years old, sat on the machine all the time.

Amusements.

CITY.

The leading attraction in amusement circles this week has been Van Amburg's Menagerie and Circus on Tuesday and Wednesday. The attendance was very large and the performance worthy of the support it received. Many of the features are of more than ordinary merit and a spirit of novelty runs through the whole show. It shortly leaves Canada, and makes a route through New York State.

Jim Maco and Steve Taylor are the bright particular stars at the Queen's this week. Their pugilistic displays have been singularly attractive, full houses being the rule. This Friday evening Mr. Maco takes his benefit, when he will be assisted by the leading "glove" talent of the city. A fine variety bill will likewise be offered.

Mr. Don Thompson, "Uncle Josh," is in town.

Mr. Chas. M. Atkins, who has been spending the past year on the Pacific side will shortly return to Canada.

The Vokes' concluded a successful engagement at the Grand Opera House on Saturday. They opened in Montreal on Monday.

The programme for next week at the Queen's will consist of Don Thompson's side-splitting Yankee Drama of Joshua Whitcomb in which the inimitable Don will appear as Uncle Josh. In addition the variety features will be strengthened by the appearance of Miss Sadie Rogers, Miss Julia Wilson, Mr. Chas. Howard, &c. &c.

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



Races Races.

THE FOLLOWING RACES WILL BE HELD ON Oshawa Driving Park, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2nd, '76

1st—For horses that never beat 2:50. Purse \$100, \$20 to first, \$30 to second, \$20 to third. 2nd—Open to all green horses. Purse \$50 \$30 to first, 20 to second, 10 to third

Rules and Regulations.

Trotting, 3 in 5, in harness. Four horses to enter and two to start. A horse finishing the field will only receive first money. Entries close on Tuesday, August 1st. Entrance fee 10 per cent of purse. Horses eligible from date of birth. Races start at Two o'clock, p.m. Admission, 25 cents. Ladies free.

W. H. CONANT, Secretary & Treasurer. Oshawa, July 24th, 1876. 257 10

DOGS & SHOOTING

THE AMERICAN KENNEL & SPORTING FIELD.

By ARTHUR BURNER, late Editor of Sporting Times. Giving full practical instructions in Breeding, Breaking, and Kennel Management, and Stud List of Pedigrees of 300 Imported and Native Dogs in the U. S. Square 8vo. Illustrated. Cloth \$1.00.

FIELD, COVER, AND TRAP SHOOTING.

By CAPT. A. B. DEARBORN, Champion Wing-Shot of the World. Illustrated. Price \$2.00.

AMERICAN WILD-POWL SHOOTING. By JOSEPH W. LOWN. Illustrated with models and plans for Boats, Decoys, Rhods, Camps, Utensils etc and spirited Sporting Scenes. Price \$2.00. Sold by all Booksellers, or mailed, post paid on receipt of price, by J. B. FORD & CO. N. York.

Trotting Meeting held at Lepine Park, Hochelaga, on the 17th and 18th inst. The attendance was large, the weather was fine, and Mr. Lepine's new track was in first-rate order. Fine order was maintained, and the decision of the judges gave uniform satisfaction.

LEPINE PARK, Hochelaga, P. Q., July 17. \$50; for horses that never won public money. Mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness. \$30, 15, 5.

M Bellevue's Buchanan Boy.....	2 3 1 1 1
M Koblanc's Black Diamond.....	1 1 3 2 2
Quebec Boy.....	6 8 2 3 3
Mr Larivière's Jean Baptiste.....	3 6 4 3 4
Mr Gilbeault's Lady Gilbert.....	4 4 dis
Mr Bouchard's City Girl.....	5 5 dis

No time.

Same Day.—\$100; free for all; under saddle. \$60, 30, 10.

F Owen's Policeman.....	1 1 1
Mr Desmaria's Black Belle.....	3 2 2
Mr Dauphinau's Dan Geroux.....	2 3 3
Mr Gaulier's Early Winker.....	4 dis

No time.

Same Day.—\$150; 3:00 class. \$90, 40, 20.

Mr Lepine's Beldine.....	1 1 1
Mr Charbonneau's City Boy.....	2 3 3

No time.

July 18.—\$50; for Butcher's horses. \$30, 15, 5.

Mr Granger's Dangereux.....	2 1 1 1
Mr Coutre's Harry Grey.....	1 2 2 2
Mr L Demer's Black Belle.....	3 3 3 0

No time.

Same Day.—\$300; for 2:35 class. \$150, 100, 50.

Mr Plante's Village Girl.....	1 1 1
J B Lepine's Baldine.....	3 2 2
Mr Charbonneau's City Boy.....	2 3 3
Mr Cing Mar's Safe.....	4 dis

No time.

Same Day.—\$150; ten mile trot. \$90, 40, 20.

L Demer's Policeman.....	1
M Laforce's Joe Beef.....	2
J B Lepine's Sorel Boy.....	3
M Merault's Trompeuse.....	0
M Bryere's Shakespear.....	0

Time—30:50.

#### TROTTING AT LISTOWELL.

A couple of match trots took place at Listowell on the 8th inst. The Judges were Mr. John Parker, Brussels; Messrs. T. E. Hay and John Haffner, Listowell.

Listowell, July 8.—\$100.

R R Hay's Mossy Banks.....	1 1 1
S McLean's Trifle.....	2 2 2

No time.

Same Day.—\$50. Match trot.

Con Hickey's Listowell Boy.....	1 1 1
N Kargu's Old Deception.....	2 2 2

No time.

#### TROTTING AT DUNDAS.

A trot against time took place at Dundas on the 15th inst. Mr. W. Laurence, of West Flamboro, matched his horse to beat 3:20, which he did. The summary follows.

DUNDAS, July 15.—\$20. Match trot, to beat 3:20.

Wm Laurence's horse.....	1
Time.....	2

Time—3:19.

#### RACING AT THREE RIVERS, P.Q.

The Queen's Plate for the Province of Quebec was run for at Three Rivers, on the 18th inst. It was won by Mr. Alfred Gouin's Jacques Cartier.

THREE RIVERS, P.Q., July 18—Queen's Plate.	
Mr Alfred Gouin's Jacques Cartier.....	1
Mr W Carson's Cecelia.....	2

Same Day.—\$400. City Purse.

D Driscoll's Masons.....	1
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Three others started.

cause spontaneous combustion. All the stud and thoroughbred horses were saved, including Argyle, Helmbold, Owen Cutler and Rob Roy. In addition to the Clydesdale mare, there was a lot of poultry burned. The farm buildings are a total loss. The damage is very heavy, but cannot be estimated at present with any accuracy. The Citizens' Insurance Company had the whole risk, amounting to \$16,000, but had judiciously distributed it over the Royal Canadian, Mercantile and North British to the extent of \$4,000 in each of these offices, so that its own loss will only amount to a similar sum.

#### CURIOS BETTING DILEMMA AT ROUEN.

The betting question in France has entered into a new phase, and a law formally regulating the rights and privileges of the betting fraternity is every day becoming more necessary. Not content with arresting the bookmakers, the police are now commencing to interfere with the public, and, owing to the officious zeal of certain subaltern functionaries, there were some very disgraceful scenes recently at Rouen. The June meeting in the old Norman city is one of our most attractive summer reunions. While the races were proceeding on Sunday afternoon, the ring was suddenly surrounded by gendarmes and police agents, and the bookmakers, together with several people belonging to the general public, were arbitrarily arrested, their money, pocket-books, and papers being taken from them by the leading commissary of police. The Vicomte de B., one of Count de Lagrange's partners, was also molested by the police, who in their excess of zeal, moreover, laid violent hands on unoffending journalists, who were quietly engaged in taking notes of the proceedings. The authorities may perhaps have had cause to secure the persons of various bookmakers engaged in risky money betting, and whose malpractices have been recently visited with heavy condemnations, emanating from the Parisian tribunal of Correctional Police, but assuredly they had no necessity to interfere with the general public. On Monday a number of people arrived from Paris, and at the opening of the reunion the *enciente du pesage* presented such a turbulent scene that the authorities were obliged to reinforce the troops and the police whom they had installed there. The public lost no opportunity of expressing its hostile sentiments, and surrounded by a group of attentive listeners, a well-known Count, whose name is familiar to all who interest themselves in the French Turf, vehemently protested against the arbitrary conduct of the authorities. At length a telegram arrived from Paris, rescinding the absurd interdiction of the Rouen authorities, and authorizing the resumption of book-betting. In the course of a few minutes, odds were once more being freely exchanged, and the meeting, which at one moment had threatened to end in a riot, came to a most successful termination.

#### DIED FROM A STING.

A sad occurrence happened in Montreal on Thursday in the death of Mr. Ed. Joseph, of the firm of M. Kortok & Co., St. Paul-Street from the bite of some insect. It appears that while driving on Sunday afternoon last he felt something which he supposed to be a fly on his upper lip, and immediately afterwards was sharply stung. He paid no attention to the matter at the time, but some hours afterwards his lip began to swell and became very much inflamed. In a day or two the swelling extended into his face and subsequently into his body. He took to his bed on Wednesday, but his friends did not anticipate fatal results until Friday morning when he became delirious. His death took place about nine o'clock. Deceased was a son of the late J. G. Joseph, of Toronto, formerly senior partner of the well known firm of J. G. Joseph & Co., jewellers, King street.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, Bible House, New York City. 250-em

and tail, and can trot in 2:38.

5th—A bay horse, owned by Mr. Phillip Ham, of Bath, Ont.—not yet named—is quite green, and has only been handled a few weeks. He trotted a mile last Friday in 2:42, and repeated in 2:45.

6th—Described a grey gelding, owned by Messrs. Metcalfe & Rigney. This horse is six years old, has fine action, and can trot in 2:50. This is the horse that trotted on the ice with Lady Emma, last winter, and proved quite a hard horse to beat.

7th—A dark bay horse owned by Mr. Hawley of Bath, six years old, can trot in 3:14.

8th—A gray horse owned by Mr. Horne, of Long Island. This horse is a pacer, but Mr. Becker will soon have him converted to quite a good trotter. He is a very promising horse, and is said to be out of a Gold dust mare and sired by Grey Hawk.

There are four or five other horses in Mr. Becker's stable, but as they are not very speedy I will not describe them.

Mr. Guess' stable is situated just across the road from the track, and there may be seen: 1st.—Gray Harry, the property of Mr. Joseph Upper. This horse is nine years old. A beautiful animal, dappled gray, lovely action, a clear strider. In several trials this horse has beaten thirty. On one occasion, a few days ago, he trotted to the half-mile pole in 1:12½, and the mile in 2:23½. Last week he trotted a trial in 2:29. In the rapid improvement of this horse Mr. Guess has shown that he is a first-class trainer, as last season this horse could not trot better than 2:36.

2nd.—A brown mare owned by Mr. C. Fournier, called by some Silver Heel. She comes from eastern Canada, and trotted a trial last week in 2:38.

3rd.—Lady Jane, the property of Mr. M. Conroy, a dark bay mare, seven years old. A fine rangy animal, has trotted several trials very fast.

4th.—Lady Emma, owned by the same gentleman, a beautiful dappled gray mare; seven years old, very reliable, and can trot better than fifty.

5th.—A chestnut colt, four years old, owned by Mr. Guess. This is a fine animal, and shows quite a fine trotting action.

6th.—A brown horse, owned by Messrs. Folger Bros., five years old, has trotted half-mile in 1:21½.

7th.—Jim Swift, the property of Mr. Fred Folger. He is a white horse, five years old, very fine action, and has shown several trials close to forty.

Respectfully yours,  
KINGSTON.

#### GRATUITOUS PUFFS OR ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Colorado Farmer adopts an editorial from the Concord Patriot on gratuitous puffs, which hits the nail on the head every lick. Somehow the idea has obtained that the proprietor or a newspaper ought to be exceedingly liberal in giving puffs or advertisements of nearly everything when he is asked to do it. This is as unjust as it would be to ask a grocer to give away his goods in small amounts, ranging from twenty-five cents to two or three dollars each. No one will ask this of a merchant, but many persons will boldly ask it of a newspaper editor, and feel deeply offended if it is refused. It is astonishing how many persons carry axes to be ground on the newspaper grindstone, and never dream that they ought to pay a cent for it. The owners of property are the parties benefited by advertisements, not the editor, unless he is paid a stipulated sum for publishing it. To get something valuable out of another without giving a just compensation for it, is not honorable; yet how often is the attempt made to get puffs or notices—which are advertisements—gratis. The newspaper profession owes it to common right and fair dealing to break up this entire dead-head business, and the sooner it is done the better.

pleasant and genial gentleman, one who is ever willing and ready to practice or play, and who will explain to them the mysteries and show them the beauties of the game, and withal so affable and well informed, his merits will be appreciated by all.

Mr. Martins was the champion at the game of Great Britain for many years, until the title was wrested from him by the "Herd Laddie" in 1864, since which time they had several matches, and their final score stands, Martins 19, Wyllie 24, drawn 255, total 290 games, leaving but a small majority of games in favor of Wyllie—enough, however, to keep the title of champion; but Martins claims he was never beaten in playing the game, has been beaten only in "restricted games," which are not really the game of draughts.

While on his tour he will play all players who wish to; will play matches with any one for a small stake; will play the weakest as well as the strongest, and Mr. Wyllie in particular he challenges to play a match of 50 games for the honor alone, or for any sum to \$100 a side, at any time or at any place in this country Mr. Wyllie may appoint. He declines to play any one for a large stake, as the beauties of the game can be brought out as well by a small stake as by a larger one.

#### A CURIOUS INCIDENT.

Mr. F. B. Farnsworth, of Paris, Ont., writing to the Chicago Field says:—"Permit me to correct an error in the last issue of the Field as regards sex of whelps from my imported field trial setter bitch Rose; instead of being all dogs, there is but one dog and five bitches, born June 19th. I have had rather a curious incident come under my observation in connection with the above whelps. I have in my kennel a pointer bitch which came into heat about the same time that Rose (as I afterwards learned) did, but as I wished to use her during the early woodcock shooting did not permit her to be mated. After Rose had whelped I observed that Juno seemed to be making bag, and in a few days time she was dividing the honor of nursing Rose's whelps, and has continued to do so ever since. Rose seems perfectly contented and the two bitches are upon the most amicable terms. Laverack makes mention of a similar occurrence in his work, The Setter, but I believe it to be rather an unusual circumstance."

A Lockport, N. Y., paper says:—"We have reliable information—in fact from old John Sanders himself, that last Friday his old mare thirty-three years of age, with a rake we don't know how old, raked over an eight-acre lot twice, and old John Sanders, 76 years old, sat on the machine all the time. That may be called old business."

CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE.—Report from Dr. J. Baker Edwards, Ph. D. D.C.L. F.C.S. Professor of Chemistry and Microscopy.

I hereby certify that I have carefully analysed the samples of "Quinine Wine" submitted to me by Messrs. Kenneth Campbell & Co., with the following result:

No. 1—Dark in color and turbid, deposits a muddy sediment on standing, has a sweet and acid taste, Orange Flavor and scarcely bitter, yields on evaporation a thick syrup of inverted sugar, contains only a microscopic trace of Quinine and Quinidine. Is made with Orange Wine.

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

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

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

JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph. D. D.C.L. F.C.S. Prof. of Chemistry and Microscopy Bishops' College and College of Arts, Montreal.



## Races Races.

THE FOLLOWING RACES WILL BE HELD AT

## Oshawa Driving Park.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2nd, '76

1st—For horses that never beat 2:50. Purse \$100; \$50 to first, 30 to second, 20 to third.  
2nd—Open to all green horses. Purse \$50 \$30 to first, 20 to second, 10 to third.

## Rules and Regulations.

Trotting, 3 in 5, in harness. Four horses to enter and two to start. A horse mistaking the field will only receive flat money. Entries close on Tuesday, August 1st. Entrance fee 10 per cent of purse. All eligible from date of birth. Races start at 10 o'clock, p.m. Admission, 25 cents. Ladies free.

W. H. CONANT,

Secretary & Treasurer.

Oshawa, July 24th, 1876. 25-11

## DOGS & SHOOTING

### THE AMERICAN KENNEL & SPORTING FIELD.

By ARNOLD BURNER, late editor Am. Sporting Field.

Giving full practical instructions for Breeding, Breaking, and Kennel Management, and Small List of Pedigrees of 300 Imported and Native Dogs in the U. S. Square 8vo. Illustrated. Cloth \$1.00.

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### AMERICAN WILD-FOWL SHOOTING.

By JOSEPH W. LONCA. Illustrated with models and plans for Boats, Decoys, Blinds, Camouflages, Utensils, etc., and spirited Sporting Scenes. Price \$2.00.

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**CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE**

AN UNPARALLELED AND GENUINE STIMULATING TONIC

ONE GLASS THREE TIMES A DAY

PREPARED ONLY AT THE  
**MEDICAL HALL, MONTREAL.**

A specific in cases of Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Nervous Debility, Slow Digestion, and a certain preventive of Fever and Ague.

## Miscellaneous

In one of the pre-historic Aztec villages of Arizona nearly two hundred petrified cats have been found.

The Bay Lord Derby has been heavily "hit" by the unexpected turn of the English races. His losses at Ascott alone are estimated at £18,000.

Four rattlesnakes were recently killed in Woodstock. They are the first of the species known in that part of the country for many years.

A Waubesa woman named Sweet is suffering intensely from the bite of a rattlesnake, received about a week ago.

Numbers of fish in the shallow waters of the creeks, near Whitby, have been killed by hot weather of the past few days.

A strange *luxus naturae* came to light in North Memphis. A cat gave birth to two kittens and two dog puppies, and one of the latter is yet alive and kicking.

Mrs. Carmoyle, of Brockridge county, Ky., has a child five years old whose body appears to be absolutely boneless. Although well developed in every particular, its limbs can literally be tied in a knot.

A Ponn Yan pig was recently born which had one head, two eyes, three nostrils, one mouth, four ears, two sets of brains, two tails and eight legs, two of them being located on its back.

A Californian has got into ostrich farming, and estimates his profits in four years, from the sale of the feathers of twenty birds and their young, at above \$100,000.

Miss Agnes Beckwith succeeded on Wednesday in swimming the distance of ten miles in the Thames, from Chelsea to Greenwich. The time taken was two hours and 41 minutes. The young swimmer is not yet 16 years old.

FRIDAY STORY.—Friday evening, in three-quarters of an hour, Mr. A. S. Wink, of Dundas, caught at the west end of the south pier at the Beach, fifteen pounds of large fish with a fly hook, and without the assistance of a landing net.

Weston, the pedestrian, has had a varied experience in Europe. Owing to able management he was financially successful at the outset in England. The profits of his first exhibition are said to have been from \$10,000 to \$15,000, and he was for a time the chief subject of talk in London. Then his best performances were outdone in a contest of minutes, and he was advised that his harvest of money was over; but he persists in walking more. His business manager has putted company with him, and he is likely to lose all he has made.

A crow was recently killed in the orchard of Mr. Barbric, of Plymouth, Me., and upon opening his crop more than twenty nests of caterpillar eggs were found, showing that this much-abused bird had dined on about four or five thousand caterpillar eggs. The crow is not only a scavenger, but very useful also in destroying insects and worms that prey upon crops. The damage it sometimes does to young corn is more than counterbalanced by the service it renders on the farm.

Richard James, a colored man, living in London, received a bullet in his head on Sunday accidentally while fooling with a revolver. It struck him over the right eye, and penetrated straight through the flesh. Dr. Moore was called in, and extracted the ball, which was found flattened against the skull. The man was famous in the railway gang as a "buttist." He can split a board with ease. He is walking about to-day apparently none the worse.

A VETERAN.—An Ottawa despatch says: "A veteran of 1812 called at the Militia Department yesterday to receive his \$20 gratuity. He was 82 years old, and was accompanied by his father, aged 104. The latter was asked if he too had not served, but the centenarian replied that at the time of the war he was exempted, as he was too old and had a large family dependent on him.

She had been fishing for trout very long and patiently without catching any, when her husband espied her, and asked her what sort of flies she used. "Oh," she answered, "some nice ones that I bought in Paris on purpose." "But," exclaimed the husband, pulling out her line and looking at the flies, "these flies will never catch trout. Who ever heard of anybody fishing for trout with flies of this color?" "Why," replied the wife, "they are all right—they match my dress, you see!"

Mr. Wm. Jackson, of Guelph, says the Monday, a day or two ago undertook to split a large hard-head stone. A slight crack extended part of the way round the stone into which he inserted a wedge, and by repeated blows with a large mallet separated it. Imagine his surprise when he discovered that an immense toad had been embedded in the center of the rock. The toad remained quiet long enough to be inspected by Jackson, and then jumped away.

**A NEW METHOD OF HATCHING CHICKENS.**  
The other day in Mr. Wesley Able's backyard near Troy, Boverly, a strange noise as if made by a brood of young chickens was heard proceeding from a dung heap, and on examination it was found that a large brood of chickens had been hatched out by the heat of the manure heap, the eggs which had been deposited by the hens being protected from the rays of the sun by a bunch of straw which had accidentally been thrown over the nest. And now we suppose our farmers will be trying the experiment of keeping their hens attending strictly to the business of laying eggs while they undertake to have all the hatching done on the manure heap.

### A DOG COMMITS SUICIDE.

Casper Usinger, living in the western part of New York, owned a large dog, part blood-hound and part terrier. About six weeks ago, Mr. Usinger was taken sick and died. During his sickness the dog showed great uneasiness, and often walked from the bed to the door, as if to make its master understand that it wished to have him accompany it out doors. After the death of Mr. Usinger the dog insisted on staying in the room in which he was lying: as soon as the funeral procession left the house the dog ran up stairs, looking through all the rooms as if in search of some one, but being unable to find the object of his search, he showed great signs of distress, often whining and acting as if some one was going to whip him. A lady who happened to be near watched the dog very closely. After a little while she saw him going toward the railroad. She followed him, but only got there in time to see the poor brute lay himself on the track and be cut in two by a westward bound express train. It is supposed by every one in that vicinity, that the dog's affections were so great to its master that it could not survive his death, and therefore wilfully terminated its existence by committing suicide.

### A FUNNY GAME OF CHESS.

The Chicago Tribune says: "Chess is a slow game at the best, more than ordinarily so with Charley Thorne and Mr. Parselle. A few days ago these gentlemen entered the exchange of the Tremont House, and setting the chess men, composed themselves to study the game. Stuart Robson dropped in, and then came Theodore Hamilton, and then Morris, followed by about half the Union Square company. They looked on with interest and speculated on the result. One or two side bets were made, but neither player stirred. The game became exciting; the lookers on grew more and more interested, and still the players with bent brows figured on the squares and the result of a move. Finally it became unbearable, when Thorne and Parselle arose, and sighing over lost opportunities, announced that they knew nothing about the game, but they hoped to some time. And the barkeeper smiled pensively as he turned for fresh mint."

### A TOUGH STORY.

Count Paul de Gabriac publishes in his travels the following reminiscence of Lima: One day when dining with the French consul, "the man with the silver head" was announced. He was a Frenchman, owning a small property near the city. When taking a walk some months ago he heard cries of agony, and hastening in the direction from which they came, surprised three brigands one of whom held a traveler's head between his knees, while another cut his ears off and a third stabbed him. The undaunted Frenchman killed one of the villains, whereupon the two others fled. At this moment, and while attending to the dying traveler, Peruvian gendarmes appeared, one of whom, thinking the Frenchman a murderer, with a powerful horizontal blow of his sword cut the top part of his head clean off, laying the brain bare. The Frenchman, after lying an hour unconscious, revived, picked up the upper part of his head, walked home in the broiling sun and had a silver plate made in lieu of the original scalp, which had shrunk too much.

### A ROGUE'S ARGUMENT.

That is a very nice distinction the law makes between the three-card monte man and the idiot called his "victim." Why not punish the simple knave who lost his money as well as the shrewd knave who has won it? What's the difference, morally, between the two? Each seeks to get the other's money without equivalent. It is stealing, any way you can fix it. The man who holds the cards knows he will rob the "victim," and the "victim" thinks he will rob the card man. It's only a question of brains. There should be no law for one that does not reach the other. We never could get up any sympathy for a "victim" of a three-card monte man. There are cases of confidence games in which the rascal who plays it appeals to the soft side of human nature, and the law should jerk the teeth out of every "confidence" man; but the three-card monte man only appeals to that trait in

## Horse Notes.

**DEATH OF NANKEEN.**—The brood mare Nankeen, the property of Mr. John E. Green, of Louisville, Ky., in jumping a fence recently, fell and broke her thigh, from the effects of which she died. Nankeen was foaled in 1862, sired by imp. Albion, dam by Altorf. She was the dam of Tarleton, and leaves a suckling filly by Byron, which is said to be very promising.

**CHARLEY GREEN AND THE SEPTILATERAL.**—This week the well-known driver, Charles S. Green, started for Cleveland, preliminary to the Septilateral campaign. The stable accompanying him will be headed by the great flyer, Lula, and will also contain Lucille Goldust, May Queen, Prospero, Breeze, Josephine, and Proctor, and perhaps one or two others; but these are about enough to give Green employment in every race of the circuit. Lula, it is said, has trotted the Babylon course this season in 2:17, and it is a slow track. Her driver is quite confident that she will beat 2:14 this year.

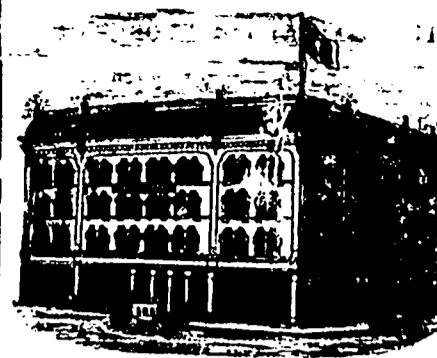
**BIG MIKE.**—The Rural Sun says: "This 'long distance' trotter has lately returned from the South to his old home in Nashville, looking as fresh and lively as a three-year-old. Mr. Black informs us he is matched to trot a five-mile race early in July in Memphis, for \$500. Last spring, over the Nashville driving park, he was matched to trot seventeen miles in one hour to a wagon, for \$250. He accomplished the distance in 59:18. He was afterwards matched for \$250, to trot eighteen miles in one hour to harness; he did the distance in 59:37. He is a grand-looking horse in harness, and as game as a thoroughbred. His Memphis antagonist will be weary when he gets to the end of his journey if he beats Mike."

**JOE BROWN AT PITTSBURGH.**—A race took place at Friendship Park, Pittsburg, on Monday, July 8, at which the best time ever made on the track was scored against the winner. The contestants were Joe Brown, Nellie Irwin, John H. and Blue Mare, though there were several other horses in the race. It was won in three straight heats by Joe Brown; time—2:23, 2:26, 2:26. The favorite in the pools was Nellie Irwin, and her supporters consequently dropped heavily. The time made was faster than that made by Goldsmith Maid on the same track. A large crowd was in attendance. At the close of the trot a quarrel arose between John McKee, the backer of Joe Brown, and "Jack," the "rubber down" of Nellie Irwin, in which McKee shot Jack in the shoulder, inflicting a severe wound. There were no arrests.

**HEAVY BOY.**—The Turf, Field and Farm notices an Orange County trotter that for shape and weight is well named, and is a nonpareil in his way. He is eleven years old, a bay in color, stands 16 hands high, has a blaze, and four white feet. The circumference of his hoofs are so immense, that it would be difficult to get one into an ordinary water bucket. His ungainly, clumsy look does not portray the trotter, but when hitched up the mistake is discovered. All clumsiness vanishes; his gait is clear and open, and in a recent race proved himself to possess plenty of game. He was fresh from pasture, and was driven seventeen miles to Dukertown, N.J., when he was entered. He won the race after a six-heat contest, and the boys who had despised his trotting abilities, dropped terribly. The track was heavy, and he scored the sixth heat in three minutes. This being his initial race, the performance was a creditable one, and our contemporary suggests the propriety of his being purchased and made the wheeler of one of those fine tandem teams which ventilate daily in Central Park; he can also pull a wagon with four men at a 2:40 gait. The secret of all this is explained when we reach his breeding. He was sired by Sayer's Harry Clay, dam by Roe's Abdallah Chief, granddam by Bonar's Saltram. The blood of his dam is as stout as the best.

### LAI D HIM IN HIS GRAVE.

Carlo for 11 dog years the constant companion of the elephant Betsy, with Cooper, Bailey & Co's circus, was lately run over in Knoxville, Iowa, and received injuries from which he died at Galesburg, Ill. He was at the time of his death nineteen years old. After the matinee performance his body which had been sewn up in canvas, was taken up tenderly by Betsy in her trunk, and she headed a procession to a grave which had been dug near the circus ring. Four other elephants following. After marching twice around the arena, a halt was made at the grave, and after the keepers had caused the other elephants to kneel down, Betsy deposited Carlo's remains in the grave, and covered them with her trunk. When the evening procession was made Betsy pulled up a stake, which had been driven into the earth to mark Carlo's last resting place, and threw it one side, and it was with difficulty that her keeper could get her away from the spot. She moaned pitiably, and was deeply affected.



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CORNER KING AND YORK STREETS,  
TORONTO, - ONT  
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The large and convenient sample rooms, for the accommodation of Commercial Travellers, are commodious, and conveniently located on the first flat.

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

Telephone Office in connection with this House  
TERMS, \$1.50 PER DAY.  
Toronto, April 16, 1875. 190ty

## Bonney's Hotel,

Only 8 minutes walk to Post Office and R.R. Depots.

GEO. WARNER, Proprietor.

Cor. of Washington and Carroll Streets,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

TERMS MODERATE. Come and try me.

## DEADY HOUSE,

COR. YORK AND BOLTON STS.,

Near King-St., Toronto.

M. DEADY, PROPRIETOR

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

## Daniels' Hotel,

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

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7 ADELAIDE STREET WEST,

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**COLLINS'**  
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BELL, EWART, ONT.

This is one of the finest houses in the northern section, and recommends itself to tourists. Splendid fishing and shooting. Yachts, boats, skiffs, &c., for use of guests. Terms—\$1.00 per day. 247-nm-77

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## SHAKESPEARE HOTEL,

CORNER OF KING AND YORK STREETS,

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Bath Rooms in connection.

237-ty JAMES POWELL, Proprietor.

### THE

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George Briggs - Propr.

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

## FABO TOOLS!

REDUCED PRICE LIST.

We call attention to our new price list, we quote

Fabo Checks, in sets of 600.....	\$25
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Case Keeper, wood markers.....	5
Check Tray.....	3
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will furnish the above with six packs of Cards,

COMPLETE SET OF TOOLS FOR \$65.

A deposit of \$5 with order, balance "C. O. D.

MASON & CO., 84 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO.

Send for our Complete Price List!

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## MACNAB & MARSH,

LATE JOHN MACNAB & CO.,

Hardware Merchants,

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Victorious at the great "Field" trial held at Wimbledon last April.

154 GUNS ENTERED—

GREENER'S figure of merit, 297-5

DAVISON'S " " " 286-6

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GREENER TOOK 1st PRIZE & CUP

These Guns make the best patterns, and have the greatest penetration of any in the world. We are also agents for, and have in stock, the celebrated

## CHILLED SHOT,

Which was used by all the winners at the Field trial, and more than three-fourths of the competitors

This is the most perfect shot made, and being VERY HARD, is more effective at sixty yards than ordinary shot is at forty yards.

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Agents in Canada for W. W. GREENER.

## WYOMING MONTHLY LOTTERY.

Drawn on the 30th of each month. By authority of the Legislature. \$275,000 IN CASH PRIZES, 1 CHANCE IN 5, TICKETS \$1 EACH, or 10 for \$5, leaving \$5 to be deducted from the prizes after the drawing. Full particulars sent free. Address

J. M. PATTEE, Laramie City, Wyoming.

224-ty

England. The profits of his first exhibition are said to have been from \$10,000 to \$15,000, and he was for a time the chief subject of talk in London. Then his best performances were outdone in a contest of amateurs, and he was advised that his harvest of money was over; but he persists in walking more. His business manager has parted company with him, and he is likely to lose all he has made.

A crow was recently killed in the orchard of Mr. Barbrie, of Plymouth, Me., and upon opening his crop more than twenty nests of caterpillar eggs were found, showing that this much-abused bird had dined on about four or five thousand caterpillar eggs. The crow is not only a scavenger, but very useful also in destroying insects and worms that prey upon crops. The damage it sometimes does to young corn is more than counterbalanced by the service it renders on the farm.

Richard James, a colored man, living in London, received a bullet in his head on Sunday accidentally while fooling with a revolver. It struck him over the right eye, and penetrated straight through the flesh. Dr. Moore was called in, and extracted the ball, which was found flattened against the skull. The man was famous in the railway gang as a "buttie." He can split a board with ease. He is walking about to-day apparently none the worse.

A VETERAN.—An Ottawa despatch says: "A veteran of 1812 called at the Militia Department yesterday to receive his \$20 gratuity. He was 82 years old, and was accompanied by his father, aged 104. The latter was asked if he too had not served, but the centenarian replied that at the time of the war he was exempted, as he was too old and had a large family dependent on him.

She had been fishing for trout very long and patiently without catching any, when her husband espied her, and asked her what sort of flies she used. "Oh," she answered, "some nice ones that I bought in Paris on purpose." "But," exclaimed the husband, pulling out her line and looking at the flies, "these flies will never catch trout. Who ever heard of anybody fishing for trout with flies of this color?" "Why," replied the wife, "they are all right—they match my dress, you see!"

Mr. Wm. Jackson, of Guelph, says the Mercury, a day or two ago undertook to split a large hard-head stone. A slight crack extended part of the way round the stone into which he inserted a wedge, and by repeated blows with a large mallet separated it. Imagine his surprise when he discovered that an immense toad had been embedded in the centre of the rock. The toad remained quiet long enough to be inspected by Mr. Jackson, and then jumped away.

POTATO BUG EXTERMINATOR.—Last week a man from the Hawkesbury district had an exhibition, at the Queen's Wharf, Ottawa, a box of potato bugs and a bottle of blue flies. He occasionally put a fly into the box, and the result was that in less than ten seconds it decapitated several of the bugs. The man says these flies are very plentiful near Hawkesbury, and are doing good work in exterminating the bugs.

In olden days, the peacock was a favorite dish with lords and ladies of high degree. It was customary to skin the bird without plucking, and send the roast bird to table in its natural envelope. The peacock was considered, in the days of chivalry, not simply as an exquisite delicacy, but as a dish of peculiar solemnity. When it was brought to the table, decorated with its plumage, its comb gilded and a sponge in its bill, wet with spirits of wine and lighted, it was the signal for the gallant knight-present to make vows to accomplish some deed of chivalry before the peacock and the ladies."

then came Theodore Hamilton, and then Morris, followed by about half the Union Square company. They looked on with interest and speculated on the result. One or two side bets were made, but neither player stirred. The game became exciting; the lookers on grew more and more interested, and still the players with bent brows figured on the squares and the result of a move. Finally it became unbearable, when Thorne and Parsello arose, and sighing over lost opportunities, announced that they knew nothing about the game, but they hoped to some time. And the barkeeper smiled pensively as he turned for fresh mint."

#### A TOUGH STORY.

Count Paul de Gabriac publishes in his travels the following reminiscence of Lima: One day when dining with the French consul, "the man with the silver head" was announced. He was a Frenchman, owning a small property near the city. When taking a walk some months ago he heard cries of agony, and hastening in the direction from which they came, surprised three brigands one of whom held a traveler's head between his knees, while another cut his ears off and a third stabbed him. The undaunted Frenchman killed one of the villains, whereupon the two others fled. At this moment, and while attending to the dying traveler, Peruvian gendarmes appeared, one of whom, thinking the Frenchman a murderer, with a powerful horizontal blow of his sword cut the top part of his head clean off, laying the brain bare. The Frenchman, after lying an hour unconscious, revived, picked up the upper part of his head, walked home in the broiling sun and had a silver plate made in lieu of the original scalp, which had shrunk too much.

#### A ROGUE'S ARGUMENT.

That is a very nice distinction the law makes between the three-card monte man and the idiot called his "victim." Why not punish the simple knave who lost his money as well as the shrewd knave who has won it? What's the difference, morally, between the two? Each seeks to get the other's money without equivalent. It is stealing, any way you can fix it. The man who holds the cards knows he will rob the "victim," and the "victim" thinks he will rob the card man. It's only a question of brains. There should be no law for one that does not reach the other. We never could get up any sympathy for a "victim" of a three-card monte man. There are cases of confidence games in which the rascal who plays it appeals to the soft side of human nature, and the law should jerk the teeth out of every "confidence" man; but the three-card monte man only appeals to that trait in a man's character which fills our penitentiaries—cupidity, and the gaining money without honest exertion. For such witless knaves the law should give no protection, nor discriminate between the winner and loser.

#### A STRANGE HORSE DISEASE.

The Philadelphia Press says:—The horses of the various passenger railways, as well as those of the livery stables, are just now said to be suffering to a considerable extent from what horsemen call "the pink-eyed distemper." The disease made its appearance suddenly a short time since, and appears to be spreading. The malady acts differently upon the animals. In some it affects in eyes, which become swollen, and assume a pinkish hue. In others the limbs are attacked. The horses thus smitten usually hurt themselves considerably by kicking and tossing. The malady is not considered necessarily fatal, if properly cared for.

track. A large crowd was in attendance. At the close of the trot a quarrel arose between John McKee, the backer of Joe Brown, and "Jack," the "rubber down" of Nellie Irwin, in which McKee shot Jack in the shoulder, inflicting a severe wound. There were no arrests.

HEAVY BOY.—The Turf, Field and Farm notices an Orange County trotter that for shape and weight is well named, and is a nonpareil in his way. He is eleven years old, a bay in color, stands 16 hands high, has a blaze, and four white feet. The circumference of his hoofs are so immense, that it would be difficult to get one into an ordinary water bucket. His ungainly, clumsy look does not portray the trotter, but when hitched up the mistake is discovered. All clumsiness vanishes; his gait is clear and open, and in a recent race proved himself to possess plenty of game. He was fresh from pasture, and was driven seventeen miles to Dukertown, N.J., when he was entered. He won the race after a six-heat contest, and the boys who had despised his trotting abilities, dropped terribly. The track was heavy, and he scored the sixth heat in three minutes. This being his initial race, the performance was a creditable one, and our contemporary suggests the propriety of his being purchased and made the wheeler of one of those fine tandem teams which ventilate daily in Central Park; he can also pull a wagon with four men at a 2:40 gait. The secret of all this is explained when we reach his breeding. He was sired by Sayer's Harry Clay, dam by Roe's Abdallah Chief, grandam by Bonarge's Saltram. The blood of his dam is as stout as the best.

#### LAI D HIM IN HIS GRAVE.

Carlo for 11 dog years the constant companion of the elephant Betsy, with Couper, Bailey & Co's circus, was lately run over in Knoxville, Iowa, and received injuries from which he died at Galesburg, Ill. He was at the time of his death nineteen years old. After the matinee performance his body which had been sewn up in canvas, was taken up tenderly by Betsy in her trunk, and she headed a procession to a grave which had been dug near the circus ring. Four other elephants following. After marching twice around the arena, a halt was made at the grave, and after the keepers had caused the other elephants to kneel down, Betsy deposited Carlo's remains in the grave, and covered them with her trunk. When the evening procession was made Betsy pulled up a stake, which had been driven into the earth to mark Carlo's last resting place, and threw it one side, and it was with difficulty that her keeper could get her away from the spot. She moaned pitiously, and was deeply affected.

#### TAME TURTLE.

Mr. Tom Lewis, of the Robson House, Hamilton, has in his possession a curiosity in the shape of a tame snapping turtle, which he has imprisoned in a common preserve dish, which holds about a quart of water. In this basin is a sponge and a chip, so that it is a matter of taste with his turtleship which one he sits upon. His shell is about as large as a penny, but, in spite of his size, he has become quite learned, plays tricks in the water, and knows his friends. He is fed upon flies, which his many acquaintances catch for him, and it is quite amusing to see the little fellow endeavor to eat some more when he has had quite enough. He was captured on Mr. Walter Green's farm in Saultslet, and, when first in Mr. Lewis' possession, was only a little larger than a ten cent piece.

A 15 foot snake has been caught near Pigeon river.

TERMS MODERATE. Come and try me.

## DEADY HOUSE,

COR. YORK AND BOLTON STS.,

Near King-St., Toronto.

M. DEADY, PROPRIETOR

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

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## Daniels' Hotel,

Prescott, Canada.

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

L. H. DANIELS,

187-ty.

Proprietor.

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## 'GRAND' SALOON

7 ADELAIDE STREET WEST,

MRS. MORRISON'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

F. C. LAYTON, Proprietor.

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## COLLINS'

## North American

## HOTEL,

KING STREET,

DUNDAS.

## Turf Club House,

40 KING-ST. WEST,

TORONTO.

Frank Martin, Proprietor.

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## Woodbine Park

## CLUB HOUSE

Situated Three miles East of St. Lawrence Hall on the Kingston road; Attached to Woodbine Riding and Driving Park.

W. J. HOWELL,

Proprietor.

215-ty

Faro Checks, in sets of 600.....\$25  
" Dealing Box, plated ..... 15  
" Layout, on folding board ..... 15  
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Card Press, with screw..... 3

will furnish the above with six packs of Cards,

### COMPLETE SET OF TOOLS FOR \$65.

A deposit of \$5 with order, balance " C. O. D.

MASON & CO., 84 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO.

Send for our Complete Price List!

206-om

## MACNAB & MARSH,

LATE JOHN MACNAB & CO.,

Hardware Merchants,

5 FRONT STREET EAST.

## Greener Guns!

Victorious at the great "Field" trial held at Wimbledon last April.

154 GUNS ENTERED—

GREENER'S figure of merit, 297-5

DAVISON'S " " 286-6  
PAPE " " 275-7

GREENER TOOK 1st PRIZE & CUP

These Guns make the best patterns, and have the greatest penetration of any in the world. We are also agents for, and have in stock, the celebrated

## CHILLED SHOT,

Which was used by all the winners at the Field trial, and more than three-fourths of the competitors

This is the most perfect shot made, and being VERY HARD, is more effective at sixty yards than ordinary shot is at forty yards.

MACNAB & MARSH,

5 Front-St., Toronto.

Agents in Canada for W. W. GREENER.

## WYOMING MONTHLY

## LOTTERY.

Drawn on the 30th of each month. By authority of the Legislature. \$275,000 IN CASH PRIZES, 1 CHANCE IN 5, TICKETS \$1 EACH, or 10 for \$5, leaving \$5 to be deducted from the prizes after the drawing. Full particulars sent free. Address

J. M. PATTEE, Laramie City, Wyoming.  
224-ty

## PEDESTRIAN SHOES.

All descriptions of pedestrian, running, cricket and base ball shoes, as good as any made, at

WM. GUNAN'S,

243-um 105 Yonge Street, Toronto.

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## MANSION HOUSE BARBER SHOP

The Leading Tonsorial Saloon in the City.

DIVORCES obtained from Courts of different States for numerous causes, without publicity. Terms satisfactory. Legal in all countries with which we have International treaties. F. I. KING, Counselor-at-law, Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds for every State, No. 6 St. Mark's Place, near Cooper Institute, New York City.  
233-em



Valley Stock Farm, one mile north of the town of St. Mary's, Ont. Terms, \$25 to insure. Good pasturage and care of mares, but all accidents and escapes at owner's risk.

**BASHAW ABDALLAH** is a jet-black, flowing mane, and tail, 15-3; weighs 1,160 lbs., with fine trotting action, good carriage, kind disposition, and great development of muscle. He was sired by Freehold Bashaw, of New Jersey (record of 2:36), he by old Black Bashaw, he by Young Bashaw, and he by the Arabian horse Grand Bashaw. Bashaw Abdallah's dam was Mary Trary, by New York Rattler, he by Old Abdallah, he by Mambrino, by imported Messenger. Rattler is a half-brother to Rysdyk's Hambletonian. Young Bashaw's dam was Peri, by First Consul; granddam Fancy, by imported Messenger. Black Bashaw's dam was by True American; grand dam by Hickory. Freehold Bashaw's dam was by Old Abdallah, the sire of Rysdyk's Hambletonian.

Address,

A. F. DEFOE,  
St. Mary's, Ont.

235-nm



## Matt Cameron.

This well bred trotting stallion will make the season of 1876 for a limited number of mares at the stables of Harry Giddings, Half-mile track, Queen Street West, Toronto.

**MATT CAMERON** is a beautiful bay, 4 yrs. old, sired by S. James' Highland Boy, he by Hamlet by Volunteer, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian; dam by Toronto Chief, 2nd dam the Goodenough mare by St. Lawrence, 3rd dam by Tippeo, 4th dam by Tom Kimble.

Terms—\$25 to insure; \$10 single service. Mr. Giddings will be pleased to show the horse's action to any intending breeders. Matt Cameron, although notoriously out of shape, was second last year in the Boylo Colt Stake at Hamilton, and has frequently shown his owner a '40 gait or better.

246-tf

M. SINNOTT.



## Columbus and Hambletonian

STALLION

## Warr Hulett.

He is a beautiful bay, black legs, mane and tail; stands 15½ hands high; foaled in 1864; sired by Woodruff's Columbus; 1st dam by Andrus' Hambletonian (sire of Princess); 2nd dam by Green Mountain Morgan.

**HULETT** is a natural trotter, and has a record of 2:41, made at Middle Granville, N.Y., during his season of 1874. He is no untried stallion, and is a sure foal getter and the sire of some very fast colts, including Belle of Pawlet, 2:31; Robinson, 2:32; Lady Brown (3 yrs), 2:52; Baby Belle (Jan 8, 1876), 3 yrs old, trotted ¼ mile heats in 1:29, 1:27, 1:26; Daniel Drew (3 yrs), 2:45; Sally Brown "Norton Colt," Hiram Drew, Louise Hulett, &c., &c.

**HULETT** has more Messenger blood in him than any horse in Canada.

TERMS—\$50 the season, secured by note due 1st November, 1876. Mares not proven in foal to be returned free of charge until proven in foal, while I own the horse.

Will stand at the Woodbine Driving Park, Toronto, the season of 1876, from 1st May till 1st August—limited to 60 mares.

Send for circular giving extended pedigree and full particulars. Address, James Addison, Hartman P.O., North York. Pasture furnished at reasonable rate to mares bred to Hulett.

239-em

J. ADDISON.

348-tf

## HORSE TIMERS—ACCURACY.

JUST RECEIVED, a small consignment of Chronographs marking quarter-seconds, seconds, and minutes; plated cases, in neat boxes. Fly-back movement. Superior to a \$250 Stop Watch for timing. Used by the leading horse-men of America. Price \$25. Will be sent C.O.D., subject to examination, upon receipt of \$5 to guarantee express charges. Takes up no more room than a watch. Requires no key.

P. COLLINS & CO.,

"Sporting Times" Office,  
Toronto.

253-tf

## A NEW DEVICE!



White's Patent Rubber Boot, warranted to cure Interfering, Ankle and Knee Thumping. We challenge any other six boots combined to do the work that this will. It does not chafe the leg. It is put on the part that does the striking, not the part struck. Sent by mail on receipt

of price, \$2.00 per pair. Address H. G. WHITE,  
Port Hope, Canada. 255-nm



10,000 Words and meanings not in other Dictionaries.

3,000 Engravings; 1,840 Pages. Price \$12.

FOUR PAGES COLORED PLATES.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED, and using it freely, and another not having it, the first will become much the most intelligent men and women. Ask your teacher or minister if it is not so, then buy the book and urge your children to use it freely. Published by

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## Ontario Veterinary College.

Under patronage Agricultural Council. Infirmary for sick and lame horses. A. SMITH, Veterinary Surgeon, Temperance St., Toronto.

The class for junior students will begin January 5th, 1876. 222-ty

UNIVERSITY

## VETERINARY COLLEGE

(In connection with the Medical Faculty of McGill University. Under the patronage of the Council of Agriculture, P.Q.)

SESSION 1876-77—Lectures commence OCT. 3. For prospectus apply to

D. McEACHRAN, M.B.O.V.S.,  
240-ty Vet. College, Montreal.

JOHN P. BOND,

## Veterinary Surgeon,

GRADUATE OF THE ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.

ANY COLLEGE).

Treats all diseases of the Domesticated Animals. Comfortable box stalls, and all the appliances of a first-class Infirmary.

Horses examined as to soundness. Office and Infirmary—23 and 25 Sheppard Street, Toronto. 191-tf

## Chestnut Hill,

By Rysdyk, out of the Miller mare; by Bully King, son of Geo. M. Patchen, g d by Duroc, will make the season of 1876 at the same stable. The services of this high bred trotting sire will be held at

## \$75 TO INSURE,

\$20 to be paid at time of service.

Terms in other respects the same as those of his sire, Rysdyk. 239-nm



## Wm. B. Smith,

By Thomas Jefferson, son of Toronto Chief, dam imp. Heatherbloom, by Tally Ho, will make the season of 1876 at the same stable.

## \$50 TO INSURE,

\$15 to be paid at time of service.

For durability, stamina, and gameness, this stallion has no superior. His famous sire, Thomas Jefferson, the Black Whirlwind of the East, is one of the fastest trotting stallions in America, having secured for himself in public trial a record of 2:22, winning the stallion purse at the great Buffalo meeting of 1874. 239-nm



## North America,

By Bombardier, son of imp. Glencoe; dam the Harrison mare, by Doiance, will make the season of 1876 at the same stable;

## \$50 TO INSURE,

\$15 to be paid at time of service.

This well-bred horse affords an excellent opportunity to the breeders of this section for obtaining good stock.

THE

## BYSDYK STOCK FARM

Is most easy of access, situated as it is on the River St. Lawrence, and at the terminus of six railroads. Patrons from abroad can rely upon their stock being met at the various depots by careful and painstaking attendants, by notifying the Superintendent of the time of arrival.

For circular containing tabulated pedigrees, address

H. W. BROWN, J. P. WISER,

SUPERINTENDENT. PRESCOTT, ONT.

Prescott, March 15, 1876.

the great sire, derived through the dam of his sire, and you have a combination of the lightest and purest types that may be equalled possibly, but cannot be excelled by that of any trotting sire in the world. ANN BLOOD WILL TELL !!

TERMS:—\$30 the season, payable 1st Sept. next, or if preferred, \$50 to insure. Season will end 31st July.

All mares owned out of the Counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry, must be paid for at the time of service or before removal.

Mares will be pastured or stabled carefully, and fed grain, as the owners may desire, at the most reasonable rates. Every care will be taken of mares, but all accidents and escapes must be at the risk of their owners.

Mares from a distance will be met at the steamer or cars and taken to and from the farm, free of expense, by a careful man. Send for tabulated pedigree.

All letters to be addressed,

D. & J. BERGIN,  
Stormont Stock Farm,  
Coruwall, Ontario.

243-nm



## ERIN CHIEF.

This celebrated trotting stallion will make the season of 1876 as follows: Monday, May 1st, Newmarket, for noon; Bradford, for night; Tuesday, Boudhead, for noon; Schomberg, for night, and remain until Thursday; thence to Kitley, for noon; and home to his own stable, Aurora, for night, where he will remain till the following Monday. This route to be continued for the season. Terms—Insurance, \$30; season, \$25; single leap, \$20. Single leap, cash at time of service; season, to be paid last round; insurance, 1st Feb., 1877. Good pasturage and stabling furnished at cheap rates. All accidents at owner's risk.

**ERIN CHIEF** is a golden chestnut, 15-3, and for style of action and appearance is faultless; as a stock-getter, he is a great success, as can be proved by his many and valuable colts. He was sired by Howe's Royal George, he by Field's Royal George of Buffalo, he by old Royal George, he by Warrior, he by Tippeo, he by Ogden's Messenger, he by old imported Messenger. His dam, Erin Queen, by imported Charon, g d by Sir Henry, g g dam by imported Blacklock (formerly Fidget), he by Phantom, he by old Blacklock. Erin Chief has no record, but can trot in 2:30 or better, and is entered as a competitor at the Centennial Exhibition.

DOUGLAS & WELLS,  
Aurora, Ont.

242-nm



## Frank Allison.

This fine trotting stallion will serve a limited number of mares at the farm of the subscriber, Oak Ridges.

**FRANK ALLISON** is a beautiful bay, 7 years old, 16 hands, sired by Blackbird, he by Little Cassius, he by Cassius M. Clay, he by Henry Clay, he by Andrew Jackson, he by Young Bashaw, he by Grand Bashaw; dam by the Harris Horse (a Messenger), grand-dam by Gifford's Morgan.

Frank Allison possesses great bone and substance, with fine trotting action. Terms, \$25 to insure; \$10 single leap.

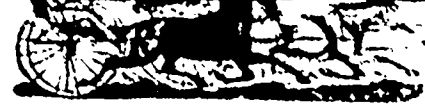
C. I. DOUGLAS.

242-nm

## Avenue Blacksmith Shop.

PASSMORE & BRAZEL (LATE OF BARRIE TRACK),

Shoers of Trotters, Race and Road Horses. Track Horses a Specialty. We treat knee-knockers, over-reaches, interferers, contracted feet, &c. Shop, 157 QUEEN STREET WEST, Toronto. Refer to Messrs. G. & W. Morse; Archie Fisher, Toronto. 252-ty



## "SPORTING TIMES"

## Stallion Race,

TO BE TROTTED IN

SEPTEMBER, '76

## CONDITIONS.

\$50 each, \$25 forfeit, with \$100 added by the Proprietors of the CANADIAN SPORTING TIMES, and a Gold Medal to the winning horse. Open to all Stallions owned in Canada, on March 17, 1876 (bar Caledonia Chief and Dominion Boy, publicly advertised to and making the season of 1876 in Canada. The season's service to consist of not less than ten mares. Mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness. 60 per cent. of money to first horse, 25 to second, 15 to third. Balance of entrance money payable on 1st September. Closed June 1, with the following

NOMINATIONS.

1. Thomas Gillespie, Hamilton, Ont. man b. CAUT. TOM, by McGregor's Warrior, he by old Royal George; dam by Volcano, 2nd dam by Blackwood.

2. Robert Davies, Don Brewery, Toronto, ch h WHIRLWIND, by Tempest, he by old Royal George; dam by old Royal George, 2nd dam a well-bred mare used for racing.

3. Douglas & Wells, Aurora, Ont. ch h ERIN CHIEF, by Howe's Royal George, he by Field's Royal George of Buffalo, he by old Royal George; dam Erin Queen, by imp Charon; 2nd dam by Sir Henry; 3rd dam by imp Blacklock.

4. Geo. Gibson, St. Catharines, Ont., br h DOUGLAS, by Pelham Tartar, he by the original Toronto Chief, he by old Royal George, dam by Black Prince.

5. James Addison, Hartman, Ont., b h WARR HULETT, by Woodruff's Columbus, dam by Andrus' Hambletonian; 2nd dam by Green Mountain Morgan.

6. O. Flanigan, Toronto, blk h CHANNIS DOUGLAS, by old Royal George, dam by American Star (a horse imp to the neighborhood of Hamilton by Mr. Runyon, of Philadelphia); 2nd dam by Volcano.

7. D. Gilles, St. Catharines, ch h FULTON, by old Tempest, dam unknown.

8. Hon. C. I. Douglas, Oak Ridges, Ont., b h FRANK ALLISON, by Blackbird, he by Little Cassius, he by Cassius M. Clay, he by Andrew Jackson, he by Young Bashaw; dam by the Harris Horse; 2nd dam by Gifford's Morgan.

9. Alex. McLean, Lancaster, Glengary Co., Ont., ch h YOUNG HARRY CLAY, by Cassius M. Clay, he by Cassius M. Clay, he by Henry Clay, dam by Wetherell's Messenger.

10. T.W. Eck, Port Perry, bl h TORONTO CHIEF, by Toronto Chief, by Toronto Chief, he by old Royal George; dam by Black Prince.

11. M. Sinnot, Queen street west, Toronto, b h MATT CAMERON, by Highland Boy, by Hamlet by Volunteer, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam by Toronto Chief; 2nd dam, the Goodenough mare, by St. Lawrence.

P. COLLINS & CO.,

Sporting Times Office,

90 King St. West,

Toronto, Ont.

251-tf

## STANLEY G. TATTERSALL,

Veterinary SURGEON

(LONDON, ENGLAND),

AILS CRAIG, ONTARIO

220-ty

Miscellaneous.

At a recent meeting of the Messrs. G. Griffin and J. Hamilton, while fishing in front of the Ocean House, Friday, caught a large fish weighing 18 lbs. which is, we believe, the largest caught in the Bay. Six other fish weighing from 1 lbs. to 6 lbs. were also caught by the same gentleman.

The Suspension Bridge Journal says: "The French guests of the Hotel, who were in the Rapids at the time of the late day, when a sturgeon made his appearance and became wedged between the rocks. The impetuous fishermen dashed in and captured his fish, which may be called fishing extraordinary. The sturgeon weighed about 80 pounds."

A MONSTER FISH PURSUER BOAT.—While a party of men were out rowing in Whitley Bay, south of the town-line, a monster fish, measuring from fifteen to twenty feet in length and about a foot and a-half across the head, rose up suddenly and made at the boat. The boat was pursued to the shore by the fish, when shot guns were procured and the monster fired at but without effect. It remained in sight until dark. Mr. Richard Collins and others were on the shore at the time and saw the fish.

DOMESTIC QUAILS.—Mr James Littlehale, of Stockton, California, has for a year or two been raising quails in a very successful way. He recently set fifty quail eggs under a hen, and some days since thirty-eight of them hatched out. They seem to take particular delight in their big mother, gathering around and under her constantly, obeying her call and taking the food she scratches for them. Mr. Littlehale has thirty or forty grown quails that keep the family in eggs, which, although small, he asserts to be of finer and richer flavor than any other he ever ate. The quails are of two species, the mountain quails, brown, with white and black spots, and the valley quails, bluish slate color, with black tuft on head, breast and wings.

Horse Notes.

DOUBLE BIRTH.—A cart mare belonging to a farmer in England, foaled a live colt, and a fortnight after took the horse again; and in about a week afterwards was delivered of another foal, which, though dead at birth, did not appear to have died more than a few days previous.

MR. ABLEY BONNER, the eldest son of R. B., knows how to pull the lines over a trotter. A few days ago he drove Pocahontas on the three-quarter track on his father's place, a mile in 2:17. This, good judges say, is equal to a mile at Prospect Park in 2:16. He also drove the young mare Mamie B. a mile in 2:22. Fast work. A. B. is a chip of the old block.

When you ship horses you should send watchful attendants with them. A single spark from the locomotive falling in the loose hay will produce a conflagration. Recently a number of well selected horses, intended for cavalry use on the plains, were burned alive. The loose hay caught fire and the flames rose so furiously that human help was in vain. The cries of the struggling animals are described as harrowing. Finding they could not be rescued, those which had not perished outright in the flames were humanely shot. A little foresight and watchfulness would have prevented this distressing accident.

THE FATHER OF COL. JAMES FISK, JR.—James Fisk, father of the late Col James Fisk, Jr., resides at Brattleboro, Vt. he is a handsome, well-preserved man, and drives a spirited white horse, attached to a light open wagon. Driving along the street, the old gentleman creates a sensation. His horse, at full speed, is suddenly separated from the wagon, which immediately stops. He then enjoys exhibiting the secret of this little operation. By moving a lever, he simultaneously entirely detaches the horse, and applies a break to the wagon. By this simple contrivance, a horse, when running away at full speed, can be at once detached and allowed to go his way rejoicing, while the occupants of the vehicle, safe from harm, sit in their seats, quietly contemplating the foolish runaway. This contrivance should be attached to all harness when a spirited animal is being driven.

BODINE made a very good race at Detroit on Saturday, July 8. His competitors were Kansas Chief and General Garfield. The race was a sharp struggle all the way between Bodine and the Chief, the former winning by half a length in 2:21. The time of the second heat was 2:22, and Bodine was the winner, Kansas Chief being somewhat behind. The third heat was also won by Bodine, in 2:22. General Garfield was beaten by Kansas Chief, and the judges made the latter third instead of second. Bodine himself again. His race in the hands of the Michigan was not a true test.

Mountain Maid, by Harry clay (full brother to Prospero), both foals of 1873, to trot a race of mile heats, in a three-year old form, has been consummated. The race is to come off in September next, and will be play or pay. The track has not yet been determined on.

BEATEN THEIR RECORDS.—Mr. Alden Goldsmith's bay mare Huntress has lowered her record from 2:22 1/2 to 2:20 1/2. Susie, from 2:25, has got down to 2:21; Joe Brown has tumbled from 2:26 1/2 to 2:22; Blackwood, Jr., has stepped down from thirties to 2:22 1/2. Smuggler has made a sudden leap from 2:20 to 2:17, May Bird, from 2:27, has reached 2:24. Of the old campaigners, John H.; Adelaide, Kansas Chief, Blue Mare, Richard, Clifton Boy, White Cloud, Spotted Colt, Kitty Cook, Ned Wallace, Batman, Judge Fullerton, Commonwealth, Annie Collins, Hannah D., Gen. Howard, Barus, &c., have most of them lowered their last year's records.

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