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GENTLEMEN'S CANADIAN JOURNAL



VOL. VII. TORONTO, ONT., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1878. NO. 376

American Turf.

TROTTING AT NARRAGANSETT PARK.

NARRAGANSETT PARK, Cranston, R. I., Oct. 22
 1878.—Purse \$150, for 250 class; \$75 to first, \$40 to second, \$20 to third, and \$15 to fourth; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness. (Four heats trotted on October 22.)

1 Carpenter's ch g T.S. 2 2 1 1 1
 2 W.S. Seldon's ch g Narragansett... 1 1 3 2 2
 3 J.B. Olney's gr g Henry S. 4 3 2 4 3
 4 Brown's m g John Howard ... 5 4 5 3 4
 5 Dennis' b g Steve Lewis 6 5 4 5 5
 6 Doyle's b g Tip. 6 6 dis
 Time—2:40, 2:44, 2:45, 2:46, 2:47.

Oct 24.—Purse \$400, for 2:25 class; \$200, \$100, \$40; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

1 Goldsmith's b g Driver 2 1 1 1 1
 2 E. Weeks' b g Wizz. 1 4 2 3 3
 3 Brown's ch m Foxie 4 3 2 4 3
 4 Eley's b m Lady Dagmont 4 3 4 2
 5 Hayden's ch g Charles Mac. 5 5 5 dr
 Time—2:53, 2:32, 2:27, 2:27.

Oct 24 and 25.—Purse \$500, for 2:34 horses; \$250 to first, \$75 to second, \$45 to third, \$30 to fourth; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness. (Postponed from Oct 24 after four heats.)

1 W. Brown's b a Little Wonder. 2 1 3 1 1
 2 Dinham's b m Volunteer Maid. 1 5 1 3 4
 3 Bennett's b a Archie. 5 2 6 3 3
 4 Doyle's b g Jim Briggs. 3 6 5 2 2
 5 Woodard's b a Frank. 6 4 6 2 5
 6 Woodard's b a Peabody 5 3 4 6
 Time—2:32, 2:33, 2:34, 2:34, 2:31.

Oct 25.—Purse \$900, for 2:33 horses; \$150 to first, \$75 to second, \$45 to third and \$30 to fourth; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness. (Postponed until Oct 26, after four heats.)

1 Woodley's gr m Nonotite. 4 4 4 1 1
 2 G. Smith's b g Richmond. 6 1 1 2 2
 3 Bagley, Jr's gr m Emma B. 2 2 2 4 3
 4 Goldsmith's b g Judgment 3 3 3 3 4
 5 Howland's ch m Aileen. 8 5 6 6 6
 6 Rankin's b m Westcott. 4 6 6 dis
 7 Foster's b g Democrat 5 7 dis
 8 Sheldon's b m Ashland Maid. 7 8 dis
 Time—2:28, 2:26, 2:27, 2:29, 2:26.

One Day.—Purse \$400, for 2:28 horses; \$300 to first, \$100 to second, \$60 to third and \$40 to fourth; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness. (Postponed after three heats, until Oct 26.)

1 Bennett's wh m Mary Russell 4 1 1 1 1
 2 W. Brown's b m Chestnut Hill 1 2 3 2
 3 W. Brown's m g Iron Age 2 6 6 3
 4 E. Weeks' ch g Captain Edmund. 6 3 2 4
 5 E. Katon's ch a Virginia Prince. 5 5 4 5
 6 Hubert's br s E. ulus 3 4 5 dr
 Time—2:27, 2:24, 2:23, 2:26.

Oct 26.—Purse \$300, for 2:31 horses; \$150 to first, \$75 to second, \$45 to third and \$30 to fourth; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

1 Dinham's b m Volunteer Maid ... 1 0 1 1

TROTTING AT DETROIT, MICH.

HANTRACK Driving Park, Detroit, Oct 25.—Purse \$200; free for all.

1 J.M. French's b k m Colette. 1 1 1
 2 G.W. Vooch's ch a Ocean Chief 2 2 2
 3 W.E. Stearns' br g Brown Dick. dr
 Time—2:27, 2:23, 2:29.

The last two heats trotted in the rain, and track very slow.

Crurling.

Goderich.—The annual meeting of the Goderich Curling Club was held in the Colborne Hotel on Thursday evening. The following officers were elected for the current year:—Sheriff Gibbons, President; Mr Jas Thomson, Vice-President; Messrs A M Ross and D Walker, Representative Members; Rev Dr Ure, Chaplain; Mr Peter Adamson, Secretary-Treasurer; Sheriff Gibbons and Messrs James Thomson, Matthew Hutchinson and Henry Horton, a Committee or Council of Management; Messrs Archibald Dickson, T N Dancy and Thomas Hood, a Rink Committee.

Union Club, London.—Following are the recently elected officers of the Union Club, of London:—Patrons, Hon E Leonard and Hon John Carling; President, Ald Christie, Vice-President, Mr D Dodd; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr Thomas Wastie; Auditors, Col Moffat and Mr W Durand; Representative member, Col Moffat; Chaplain, Rev Dr Proudfoot; Committee of Management, Col Moffat, Robt Reid, H Eysch, Chas Murray, W Y Branton, G W Andrus.

Fergus.—Following are the officers of the Fergus Club for the current year:—Patron, Mr John Watt; Patroness, Mrs M Anderson; President, Mr James Watt; Vice-President, Mr Thos Hughes; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr J C Donaldson; Representative Members, M Anderson and D Forbes; Committee of Management, Peter King, Wm Hamilton, Charles Young, John Davis and Alex Menzie.

OTTAWA.—The result of the recent election for officers was as follows:—President, Col Allan Gilmore; 1st Vice-President, Thomas McKay, 2nd Vice-President, James W Russell; 3rd Vice-President, John Manuel; Sec-Treasurer, George Hutchinson; Chaplain, Rev D M Gordon; Managers of Rink, Messrs O S Scott, Chas Magee, Wm Kerr and J C Wallis. Col A A Stevenson and Mr A C Hutchinson of Montreal, were appointed members to the Canadian branch of

Billiards.

VIGNAUX WILL PLAY ANYONE.

Vignaux, the French billiard champion, has issued a challenge, offering to play any man in the United States a billiard match for \$2,000 a side, and championship of the world. Conditions, 1,000 points up, three balls, game to be played four or six weeks from signing articles, at Paris, and the American to receive expenses. If American experts will not agree to play for the championship in Paris, Vignaux agrees to arrange a home-and-home match, one to be played in Paris and the other in New York, 1,000 points each game. First game to be played in Paris in December, and return game in New York in January, each player to defray his own expenses. Should each player win one game, a third to be arranged for \$2,000, 1,000 points up, and to toss for choice of place.

WAHLSTROM'S WHEREABOUTS.

As there is some enquiry in this city as to the present residence of G. E. Wahlstrom, the Swede, the champion pool player, by some of his friends let short on his departure, the following communication will show us whereabouts. It Wahlstrom does not want to be considered absolutely "crooked," and have himself written down as such, he had better square himself in this city, with its printers particularly. His conduct here would not go for with any person acquainted with it in giving him a certificate of financial reliability:

Chicago, Oct. 26.—I hereby challenge any player in the city of Chicago to play me a match at fifteen-ball pool, best twenty-two in forty-one games, 1 to give the odds of the fifteen-ball in each game. This challenge will remain open for five days from date. I have this day deposited \$25 forfeit with Henry Rhines, Brunswick a billiard hall.—G. E. WAHLSTROM.

CAROMS.

OTTAWA.—Mr. Jas. Johnston, late of Toronto, has charge of the new Billiard Room in the Union Hotel, Ottawa.

THE NEW GAME AGITATION.—The Chicago Inter-Ocean, in speaking of the proposed J. M. Brunswick & Balke Co. tournament, to be held in New York, comments thus: "The proposed tournament has revived the discussion as to the propriety of continuing the present state of the billiard game."

Veterinary.

MANGE.

Inquiries are being constantly made by gentlemen from different parts of the country. There are, of course, slight variations noticeable, but the gist of the matter is that many animals just now suffer from cutaneous disease, which in many cases is, beyond a doubt, nothing more or less than mange, and frequently it is difficult to say positively that it is not this particular disease which causes the trouble. Therefore, in order to assist those who have animals so affected, and to give them an opportunity of judging for themselves whether they have this or some other malady to contend with, we give the symptoms and treatment of the disease. We do this on account of its being contagious, and sometimes difficult of being entirely brought under control. Mange results directly from the attack of a parasitical insect, so small as to be undistinguishable by the naked eye. The ravages of these animalcules cause irritation and itching of the skin, the result being that the hair falls off in patches. Though no part of the body can be exempt from mange, it is more common in certain parts than others, such as the neck, shoulder, mane, tail, etc. Mange is not, in the first instance, a skin disease, but the result of insects being allowed to lodge in the skin. Mange is, as a general rule, so common that it is almost everywhere a safe sign of neglect or mismanagement of some kind, the skin, either from bad grooming or poverty of the blood, being thus made a suitable receptacle for the insect. It is not found in healthy, well-groomed, well-fed horses, and we wish to impress this particularly on our readers, who may feel disposed to question the correctness of our assertion, owing to their consciousness of having some all in their power to keep their horses in a perfectly healthy condition. They may rest assured that when mange makes its appearance there has been over-sight somewhere. Mange is, perhaps, the most contagious disease to which the horse is liable, glanders excepted, still in those cases where some of the insects have been conveyed from a diseased to a healthy horse, the latter will remain and breed in a skin which receives the proper attention of the groom, and thus made an inhospitable habitation for them, by being well combed, cleaned, and brushed frequently. We can hence readily imagine, when the nicest care is requisite to preserve healthy horses, exposed to attack, from contracting the affection, how rapidly it spreads where the subject is in a debilitated condition. Then the greatest caution must be exercised, and the isolation of the affected ones rightly insisted on, and the brushes and clothing be held separate. Symptoms. On attention is first attracted by observing the horse rub himself, and were we then to examine closely the state of the skin, we should be at once apprised of the danger, and apply the proper remedy. It is to be awake to the

boil the blankets, and sponge the harness over with water and perchloride of mercury, the proportion being about two ounces of mercury to the gallon of water. Before using the bleach dust over the portion of it which comes in contact with the horse with sulphur. This has reference only to the first or second time using the harness after they have been treated as above.—Spirit.

ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.

The first weekly meeting of the Ontario Veterinary College Medical Society was held on Tuesday evening in the lecture room of the College. The President, Prof. A. Smith, was in the chair. After a few remarks from the chairman the meeting proceeded to elect two officers for the ensuing term, as follows:—Secretary Treasurer, Mr J. L. Uemmel, Assistant Secretaries, Mr J. M. L. Lauranau, Mr D. J. Fenker, Assistant Lauranau, Mr E. Prentice. Thirty-seven members were enrolled. The President called on Mr C. Green, of Hammond, Ont., to read a communication on a case of foot-rot, which he had met with during his practice this summer. After reading the paper, Mr Green was asked several questions by the members, to which he returned satisfactory answers. The President made a few remarks on the disease, and, after arranging the programme and date of next meeting, and a vote of thanks to Mr Green for his paper, the meeting adjourned.

Horse Notes.

KILLED.—George Lupton, the steeple chaser jockey, was killed recently while riding a hurdle race at the Suffolk meeting. The horse fell and roused over him, Thorpe J., who soon after from intestinal obstructions.

A SPARKING TEAM.—Mr Wm H. Vanderbilt's new team, Lexington and Lexington were, for the first time, given an airing at the Suffolk meeting on Tuesday night. After jogging them a mile the track Mr Vanderbilt drove the pair a mile in 2:31, the first half was trotted in 1:18.

MAMBRINO OLIVER.—This fine young colt, who, by the way, was never trained until this year, was recently given a trial at the Fair Grounds, Lexington, Ky. Dr. Hertz used the rubbers. After being warmed up, Mambrino Oliver trotted a mile without a break in 2:37. He is very early in, and was a member by Mambrino's Pasture.

FAST TRIAL OF LEXINGTON.—Mr. J. P. Poston's chestnut gelding Lexington was given a trial mile to 2:19, over Lexington, on the track on Saturday, Oct. 26. It

Dennis' b g Fove Lewis	5 4 5
Doyler's b g Rip	6 5 5
Time—2:40, 2:46, 2:40, 2:47.	
Oct 24—Purse \$400, for 2:35 class; \$200, \$100, \$40; mile heats, 3 in 6, in harness.	
Goldsmith's b g Driver	2 1 1
W Weeks' b g Driver	1 4 3
Rowley's ch m Kozie	3 3 4
Welder's m Lady Daggott	3 4 2
Woods' ch g Charlie Mac	6 6 5 dr
Time—2:33, 2:32, 2:27, 2:27.	
Oct 24 and 25—Purse \$300, for 2:34 horses; \$150 to first, \$75 to second, \$45 to third and \$30 to fourth; mile heats, 3 in 6, in harness. (Posted from Oct 24 after four heats.)	
W Brown's b Little Wonder	2 1 3 1
D Danham's m Volunteer Maid	1 5 1 3 4
Bisset's b s Archie	5 2 2 6 3
Doyle's b Jim Briggs	3 6 6 2
Goodin's b s Frank	6 4 2 6
Woodward's b s Penobly	6 3 4 4 5
Time—2:32, 2:30, 2:34, 2:34, 2:31.	
Oct 25—Purse \$300, for 2:38 horses; \$150 to first, \$75 to second, \$45 to third and \$30 to fourth; mile heats, 3 in 6, in harness. (Posted from Oct 25 after four heats.)	
F Keady's gr m Noontide	1 4 4 1
H Smith's blk g Richmond	6 1 1 2 2
Bigly, Jr's gr m Emma B	2 2 4 3
Goldsmith's br g Judgment	3 3 3 4
Howland's ch m Aileen	8 5 5 5 ds
Jenkins' b m Westcott	4 6 6 5
Forster's b g Democrat	5 7 ds
Sheldon's blk m Ashland Maid	7 8 ds
Time—2:32, 2:26, 2:37, 2:29, 2:26.	
Same Day—Purse \$400, for 2:38 horses; \$200 to first, \$100 to second, \$60 to third and \$40 to fourth; mile heats, 3 in 6, in harness. (Posted from Oct 25 after four heats, until Oct 26.)	
Jenkins' wh m Mary Russell	4 1 1 1
W Brown's b s Cheviot Hill	1 2 3 2
W Weeks' g m Age	2 6 3 4
W Weeks' ch g Captain Emmans	6 3 2 4
Estes' ch s Cassius Prince	5 5 4 5
Kalber's b s Julius	3 4 5 dr
Time—2:24, 2:24, 2:23, 2:26.	
Oct 26—Purse \$300, for 2:31 horses; \$150 to first, \$75 to second, \$45 to third and \$30 to fourth; mile heats, 3 in 6, in harness.	
D Danham's b m Volunteer Maid	1 0 1 1
W Brown's b Little Wonder	3 0 2 3
Smith's ch g Croff	3 3 3 3
Doyle's m Delight	4 4 4 4
Woodward's b s Young Buchanan	2 dis
Time—2:27, 2:30, 2:28, 2:20.	
Same Day—Purse \$500, free for all; \$250 to first, \$125 to second, \$75 to third and \$50 to fourth; mile heats, 3 in 6, in harness.	
Martin's Kansas Chief	2 1 1 1
W Weeks' ch g Thaxpolne	1 3 3 2
Goldsmith's br s Potomac	3 3 2 2
Time—2:23, 2:24, 2:24, 2:24.	

RACING AT ITHACA, N. Y.	
Oct 17—Purse \$100; 3:15 class.	
W Weeks' ch g J D Sprague	2 1 1 1
Reynolds' b m Ross Hill	1 4 4 1
McGee's ch g Newby	3 2 2 2
W Weeks' b m Lady Bates	4 3 3 3
W Weeks' b g Bay Christie	5 5 5 dr
No time.	
Same Day—Purse \$120, 2:40 class.	
Burgess' b g Billy Bolden	3 1 3 1
W Weeks' br m Ida Gray	1 2 3 3
Fero's b m Lib	3 3 2 2
W Weeks' b m Hastue Fisher	4 4 4 4
W Weeks' b g Bashaw	5 dr
No time.	
Oct 21—Purse \$100; 3:00 class.	
W Weeks' ch g J D Sprague	3 1 1 1
McGee's ch g Tony Mack	1 3 4 5
Fero's b m Polly G	4 2 2 2
W Weeks' br m Ida Gray	2 4 3 4
W Weeks' b g Harris	5 5 5 3
No time.	
Same Day—Purse \$60, running; half-mile.	
W Weeks' ch g Wessol	1 1 1
Batterton's b m Sada	2 2 2
W Weeks' ch m Kit Carson	3 3 3
Bourville's ch g Fred	4 4 4
Moble's gr g Gray Duke	5 5 dr
Time—1:54, 1:55, 1:55.	
Same Day—Purse \$130, 2:30 class.	
W Weeks' b g Coolo	1 1 1
W Weeks' ch g Charley B	5 2 2
Fero's b m Lib	2 4 3
W Weeks' blk g Tom Malloy	3 3 4
W Weeks' ch m Lady Burget	4 dr
Time—2:32, 2:37, 2:32.	

GODERICH.—The annual meeting of the Goderich Curling Club was held in the Colborne Hotel on Thursday evening. The following officers were elected for the current year:—Sheriff Gibbons, President; Mr Jas Thomson, Vice-President; Messrs A M Ross and D Walker, Representative Members; Rev Dr Ure, Chaplain; Mr Peter Adamson, Secretary-Treasurer; Sheriff Gibbons and Messrs James Thomson, Matthew Hutchison and Henry Horton, a Committee or Council of Management; Messrs Archibald Dickson, T N Dancy and Thomas Hood, a Rink Committee.

UNION CLUB, LONDON.—Following are the recently elected officers of the Union Club, of London:—Patrons, Hon E Leonard and Hon John Carling; President, Aid Christie; Vice-President, Mr D Dodd; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr Thomas Wasio; Auditors, Col Moffat and Mr W Durand; Representative member, Col Moffat; Chaplain, Rev Dr Proudfoot; Committee of Management, Col Moffat, Robert Reid, H Fysh, Chas Murray, W Y Branton, G W Andrus.

FERGUS.—Following are the officers of the Fergus Club for the current year:—Patron, Mr John Watt; Patroness, Mrs M Anderson; President, Mr James Watt; Vice-President, Mr Thos Hughes; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr J C Donaldson; Representative Members, M Anderson and D Forbes; Committee of Management, Peter King, Wm Hamilton, Charles Young, John Davis and Alex Menzie.

OTTAWA.—The result of the recent election for officers was as follows:—President, Col Allan Gilmour; 1st Vice-President, Thomas McKay, 2nd Vice-President, James W Russell; 3rd Vice-President, John Manuel; Sec-Treasurer, George Hutchison; Chaplain, Rev D M Gordon; Managers of Bunk, Messrs C S Scott, Chas Magee, Wm Kerr and J D Wallis. Col A Stevenson and Mr A C Hutchinson of Montreal, were appointed members to the Canadian branch of the Belleville Club.

BELLEVILLE.—At a meeting of the Belleville Club a short time since, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—F C Ridley, President; S S Lazier, Vice-President; Rev W McLean, Chaplain; Jas Gordon, Treasurer; D B Robertson, Secretary; Council of Management, Messrs Jas Gordon, Thomas McCrae, John Jellett, Angus McFee, D Piteachay, Wm Jellett, W A Sheppard, William Robertson.

WINNING SIRES.
Lexington, the dead hero of Woodburn, again leads all the sires of America, although he has been dead two years. He had 17 representatives on the turf this year, who started in 104 races. They won 23, were placed second in 20, third in 21, and were unplaced in 35. The aggregate winnings of the 17 amount to \$54,245, of which Duke of Magenta is credited with \$65,625, Lucas with \$4,550, Spartan, \$4,300, Invermore, \$3,000, Garrick, \$2,750, and Frederick the Great, \$1,770. These are the four-figured winners. Bonnie Scotland stands second. He had 30 representatives, who ran 216 times, won 69 races, were placed second in 65, third in 19, and were unplaced 78 times. Their aggregate winnings are \$48,035. Bramble leads with \$11,835. Balance All is second, with \$5,000. Bushwhacker third, with \$4,905. Boardman has \$3,700. Dan K, \$3,675; Bonnetwood, \$2,635; Scotilla, \$2,215; Bayard, \$1,450; Bergamot, \$1,475; The Bonham, \$1,220. This includes all of the four-figured winners of Bonnie Scotland. Duke of Magenta ran 12 races, won 11, and was third to Spartan and Danicheff for the Jersey Derby. Bramble ran 21 races, won 12, and was second 9 times. He won the largest stake of the year, the Great American Stallion Stakes at Louisville, which netted him \$7,325. Embroidered in this was the celebrated Woodburn Challenge Vase, manufactured by Tiffany & Co., of this city, in 1861, and now on exhibition at their establishment on Union Square. It was valued at \$2,500. Dan K ran 22 races, won 14, was second 4 times, third once, and was three times unplaced.—Spirit.

not agree to play for the championship in Paris. Vignaux agrees to arrange a home-and-home match, one to be played in Paris and the other in New York, 1,000 points each game. First game to be played in Paris in December, and return game in New York in January, each player to defray his own expenses. Should each player win one game, a third to be arranged for \$2,000, 1,000 points up, and to toss for choice of place.

WALSTROM'S WHEREABOUTS.

As there is some enquiry in this city as to the present residence of G. E. Wahlstrom, the Swede, the champion pool player, by some of his friends left short on his departure, the following communication will show his whereabouts. If Wahlstrom does not want to be bothered absolutely "croaked," and have himself writ-on down as such, he had better square himself in this city, with his printers particularly. His conduct here would not go far with any person acquainted with it in giving him a certificate of financial reliability:

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CAROMS.

OTTAWA.—Mr. Jas. J. O'neil, late of Toronto, has charge of the new Billiard Room in the Union Hotel, Ottawa.

THE NEW GAME AGITATION.—The Chicago Inter-Occur, in speaking of the proposed J. M. Brunswick & Balke Co. tournament, to be held in New York, comments thus:—"The proposed tournament has revived the discussion as to the propriety of continuing the present style of the three-ball game any longer. There is no doubt that the great skill of the nursery has robbed the game of its interest, and while requiring very nice play to make long runs, becomes monotonous. Billiard-players are in doubt what the change shall be. Four-ball cushion-caroms and the balk line have been suggested, but as yet nothing has been decided on.

REMARKABLE CASE OF CALCULI IN A HORSE.

Professor F. McClellan, Veterinary surgeon, of Bridgeport, Conn., has had recently a remarkable case under his charge of calculi in the intestines of a horse. The horse was the property of A. L. Vinton, Esq., of Bridgeport, and, after death, an examination revealed the presence of eight calculi in the larger intestines. They were all concretion of slow growth and regular formation, were smooth, round, hard, presented the appearance of a lot of small paving stones, worn smooth by attrition. Dr. McClellan has them in his possession and exhibits to the curious as remarkable specimens. One on being broken open was found to have for a nucleus a small nail, and probably each of the others had some like substance, for a centre. One having grown too large for passage out of the intestine in which it was formed, ulcerated and occasioned the death of the animal. Cases of a single calculus are comparatively common, but seven of them weighing an average of half a pound each is a very rare occurrence. Prof. Morton accounts for the appearance of calculi in such cases as follows:—"In the cereal plants, certain of the phosphates are met with in considerable quantities. It is then to this food that we are to look for their origin, coupled with a morbid state of the digestive functions, by which it does not undergo the necessary change, probably from the gastric juices not being sufficiently powerful to dissolve these phosphates. A foreign body being accidentally taken into the stomach which may be a nail, or anything else, as a piece of stone, serves as a common centre, the phosphates arrange themselves in their turn, and in doing so they blunt that which of itself would wound the lining membrane of the organ."

order to assist those who have animals so affected, and to give them an opportunity of judging for themselves whether they have this or some other disease, we have prepared the following symptoms and treatment of the disease. We do so on account of its being contagious, and sometimes difficult of being entirely brought under control. Many results directly from the attack of a parasitical insect, so small as to be undistinguishable by the naked eye. The ravages of these minute cause irritation and it is of the skin, the result being that the hair falls off in patches. Although no part of the body can be exempt from mange, it is more common in certain parts than others, such as the neck, scrotum, mane, tail, etc. Mange is not, in the first instance, a skin disease, but the result of insects being allowed to lodge in the skin. Mange is, as a general rule, to which of course there are exceptions—a rare sign of neglect or mismanagement of some kind, the skin, either from bad grooming or poverty of the blood, being thus made a suitable receptacle for the insect. It is not found in healthy, well-groomed, well-fed horses, and we wish to impress this particularly upon readers who are disposed to question the correctness of our assertions. We do so on their consciousness of having done all in their power to keep their horses in a perfectly healthy condition. They may rest assured that when mange makes its appearance there has been oversight somewhere. Mange is, perhaps, the most contagious disease to which the horse is liable, glanders excepted, still in those cases where some of the insects have been conveyed from a diseased to a healthy horse, they will not remain and breed in a skin which receives the proper attention of the groom, and thus made an inhospitable habitation for them, by being well combed, cleaned, and brushed frequently. We can hence readily imagine, when the insect case is requisite to preserve healthy horses, exposed to attack, from contracting the affection, how rapidly it spreads where the subject is in a debilitated condition. Then the greatest caution must be exercised, and the isolation of the affected ones rightly insisted on, and the brushes and clothing be held separate. Symptoms: Our attention is first attracted by observing the horse rubbing himself, or scratching himself, especially the state of the skin, he should be at once removed from the danger, and apply the proper remedy, but the trouble is, we awake to the knowledge that the animal has mange only when we begin to see the hair falling off in patches. First, minute pimples are formed, the apex of which by degrees spread into vesicles which burst into conical, and become encrusted; the hair then is loosened, and falls off, leaving the cuticle dry and white. Small red spots may be perceived on the skin when the hair has left bare, because the insects have a rubber of the cuticle, and thus generally causes bleeding, producing little bloody scabs. In obstinate cases, some change of structure in the skin takes place, causing it to become corrugated or puckered. Causes: There is no doubt that the disease may be generated in the animal's system, without contagion. Mr. Blaine says: "Among the truly healing it never arises spontaneously, but it does find a spontaneous origin among the unhealthy. Its chief origin may be pretty safely attributed to want of cleanliness. We do not entirely endorse the statement made by Mr. Blaine as to the animal's origin, it is spontaneously generated, out of view of the matter being that the ova of the insect is placed upon any animal that do not become affected with the disease, but those kept in an unhealthy or unhealthy condition are susceptible to its influence, and, as it were, become inoculated with it, for want of vitality to resist it. We do not consider this too nice a distinction, for the point we wish to emphasize is, that many animals that are exposed to the disease are taken ill on account of the abundance, on the part of groom or master, of the laws of hygiene, or cleanliness—good grooming, fresh air, and wholesome food. Treatment: In British India mange is treated successfully by the natives by steeping bristled castor oil seeds in sweet milk, for twelve hours, wash the parts well, and apply with a brush, or wash the affected parts every second day with English green soap and water. Dry, and apply an ointment made of Veterinary Cosmothe and sulphur. The following, also, is considered very reliable, it is a mixture of those which of the recipe are used: Take of whale oil, six ounces, oil of tar, three ounces, lin sulphur, two ounces. Mix, and having washed as above, apply with a brush. Two or three applications of this will be sufficient. Allow three days between each application. It would be well, in order to disinfest the place thoroughly, to scatter carbolic acid, diluted in the stable, whitewash the wall, etc., and

to be in the best of health. The President of the Board, Prof. A. Smith, was in the chair. A few remarks from the chairman of the meeting proceeded to elect the officers of the ensuing year, as follows:—Secretary, Treasurer, Mr J E Cummer, Assistant Secretary, Mr J Massey, Librarian, Mr S J Foster, Assessor, Mr W M E. Forster. Thirty-seven new members were elected. The President called on Mr C. G. Brown of Richmond, to read a communication on a case of conjunctivitis, which he had met with during his practice this season. After reading the paper, Mr. G. W. asked several questions from other members, to which he returned satisfactory answers. The President made a few remarks on the disease, and, after arranging the programme and date of next meeting, and a vote of thanks to Mr. G. W. for his paper, the meeting adjourned.

Horse Notes.

KILLED.—Mr. J. M. G. the steple class jockey, was killed recently while training a hurdle race at the Suffolk meeting. Two horses fell and rolled over him, Thorpe dying soon after from internal injuries.

A SPANNING TEAM.—Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt's new team, Lysander and Leander, were, for the first time, given an airing together at Freshwood Park on Tuesday last. After jogging them around the track, Mr. Vanderbilt drove the pair into in 2:31; the first half was trotted in 1:13.

MANBRINO OLIVER.—This fine young horse, who, by the way, was never trained until this year, was a only given a trial at the Fair Grounds, Lexington, Ky. Dr. Herr handled the ribbons. After being warmed up, Manbrino Oliver trotted a mile without a break in 2:27. He is 3 years old, and was sired by Manbrino Patocue.

FAST TRIAL OF LEVIATHAN.—Mr. Richard Penistan's obedient gelding Leviathan was a trial mile to 2:10, over Lexington, Ky., mile track on Saturday, Oct. 26. He has a powerful way of going, and although a double gaited horse he has trotted a half mile in 1:12, and full mile in 2:30. This is quite a success for Mr. Penistan, who has attained a prominent position upon the trotting turf by his universal desire to have the trotting horses driven to the front. Among those he has brought before the public are Lady Stout, Grayton, Nil Desperam, Rich, Richard, Chance, Dora, and Stiletto.

SPORTSMEN IN THE POLITICAL RACE.—Among the most popular candidates for political offices we find a number of well-known sportsmen, among whom we note Mr. Lawrence Jerome, who looks to have a "walk over" for Congress from the Eighth District, while Mr. William B. Finley's friends feel almost equally confident to elect this well-known sportsman to the Assembly from the Seventeenth District. The strong rally of sportsmen who earnestly labor to elect their friends without any selfish motives, should be noted as one of the pleasant features of sporting life, and will go far to prove that to be recognized as a good, square and popular sportsman is a distinction worth striving for.

SUICIDE OF A HORSE.—D. N. Davidson, clerk of the Criminal Court at Indianapolis, was the owner of a valuable horse, which ended its career Saturday afternoon by an explicit bordering upon the suicidal. The animal was remarkable for its decided opposition to doing more work than it thought it was right and proper, and at times was unmanageable. One trip a day to the city from Crown Hill was what it thought proper, when two hired men hitched up to drive down in the afternoon and see a time, the horse was very angry. A stop was made at Armstrong's, and after getting on the road again, instead of obeying the line and coming south, it seized the bit between its teeth and started for home on a dead run. In front of Mr. Davidson's house a farmer had stopped his wagon, and the runaway dashed into it at full speed, breaking his neck.

Hugh Melton!

CHAPTER IX.

A MYSTERY.

(CONTINUED.)

If we manage well, he may not start immediately for Calcutta, as I am sure he will do when he knows where I have gone, on purpose to try and destroy any record that may exist. I shall be able to find the proofs before he suspects we are on the scent.

How can I thank you, Cairnsford? Melton replied. 'You are too good to me, taking all this trouble for one who can do so little for you in return. Do you know that I never thought till now that hearing of such dreadful villainy could make my heart so light? It has given me hope, and I shall live now with more purpose than I have done for months past. If ever I have it in my power to revenge on that man his wickedness to her, I will do so, cost what it may, be it soon or late. To him who can wait, vengeance will come.'

His tone was vindictive, and a sullen light shone in his eyes as he spoke that showed my friend was not the perfect self-controlled being I had imagined him. However, the time for action had come, and, only waiting to impress on him the necessity of dissimulating before Captain Cameron, I left to seek out the colonel and apply for leave.

It was granted without difficulty. I do not know that I can assert that I was a favorite with the old fellow, but he had a most nineteenth century veneration for riches, and would always bow down and worship my golden calf that might be set up before him. Now Fortune had favored me in this respect, so I never found any trouble in getting my request granted by old Armstrong, and this occasion was no exception to the rule.

Having obtained leave I set about preparations for an early start next morning. At three o'clock in the night or morning, or whatever you like to call it, I set out without having seen Cameron since our parting at Gooderabad. I was not even aware whether he had yet returned. It was a horribly long and tiresome journey, and, though I made the best speed I could, took me nearly a week to accomplish. At such times how slowly life seems to move! I felt like one reading an interesting novel, who longs to skip the intermediate pages and arrive at the end of the story. I had an intense curiosity to see how this romance, to which I had suddenly become a spectator, would terminate. I felt as if every little exertion on my part to discover proofs of Cameron's guilt was the turning over of a leaf in the life's story up to before me. But it was slow work, waiting, even though working, it might take years before the denouement came, and the question was, would my interest then survive, would it not probably have died out ages before, and though Hugh would still be my friend, would not his love and its success have ceased, from a too familiar acquaintance with all its details, to be a matter of interest to me? Very likely it would. In the meantime the journey was dull, and I had nothing else to think of; so I thought of that till I worked myself into a perfect fever of impatience, and longed to leap over two or three years of my life, and see how matters would stand then. In these sultry summer days when we rested under the shade of the banana-trees, and I listlessly watched the Hindoos cooking their rice, I felt that with an intolerable overpowering sense of helplessness to make it otherwise I should, no doubt, have felt it even more but for the miserable old fellows of all its species that nearly drove me distracted, and made any thing else as tedious thought out of the question.

At last I reached Calcutta, but I hope no one ever has to read an account of how I passed my time during the week I spent there, resting from the fatigues of my previous journey, and preparing for the one before me. As I had suspected, the story of the case was a canard, artfully found out and framed by an unsuspecting wit. The vestry

I had believed his assertions that the lady I had rescued was not his wife, and that my friend being now out of the way, I should not consider it worth my while to interfere. In that supposition he was mistaken; knowing what I did about him, it was imperative on me to let the girl's parents understand what kind of man they would be son-in-law was. Accordingly home I went with a year's sick-leave, and as Cairns Hall, where my mother and sisters resided, was not far from Abbot's Park, one of the places held by Miss Meares during the time the terms of the will remained unsettled, I went over one morning to call on Mr. Meares, and to acquaint him with my discoveries.

He received me alone in the library, and seemed both distressed and shocked at the news I had to communicate. No doubt the thought of the comparative poverty they would be called upon to endure, after their brief taste of wealth and the pleasures it can purchase, was not agreeable; but he was a brave old man, and in a few minutes rose superior to any regrets he might have felt, and thanked me heartily for what he was pleased to term my very friendly conduct in letting him know the danger that menaced his daughter in connection with that man.

'And now,' he continued, rising, 'it is just luncheon time; let me persuade you to join the ladies and take something before setting out on your walk home. It is warm to-day, though no doubt after the heat of India you do not feel so.'

Thus Mr. Meares stopped me as I was about to leave, and bringing me into the dining room, introduced me to his wife, whom I had never before seen, and his daughter, who recollected me perfectly, but, somewhat to my astonishment, made no enquiry after Hugh, as I thought, knowing our friendship she might have done. Of course it was pleasant to me not to have so painful a subject touched upon; but while admiring her beautiful features and clear deep eyes, I could not help mentally calling her a heartless flirt, wondering whether she would be annoyed that her marriage was broken off, and dislike me as the bearer of bad tidings. Not that it would matter much to me; doubtless they would soon leave Abbot's Park, and then any unbecomingly intercourse that my mother might have had with them would cease, unless they remained somewhere near.

As I walked slowly home that day I felt little pity for the downfall of the heiress, though some curiosity as to how she would bear it. I had a conviction—whence derived I know not—that her proud beautiful head would never equal unworthily before any reverse of fortune.

For a day or two I heard nothing farther about them; then one morning, on my entering the breakfast room, my mother looked up from a pile of letters before her, and said:

'I hear, Charlie, the Meareses are leaving Abbot's Park. Miss Meares has refused to marry that Captain Cameron, to whom she was bound to be so long, and therefore, according to the terms of the will, all the money that was to have been hers in the event of the marriage goes to a number of different charities. I am sorry for them; they were nice people and pleasant neighbors. I think of writing and asking them here until they have settled their plant, and made up their minds what to do next. Have you any objection?'

Of course I said that I had not, and the two girls, Lillia and May, were in ecstasies of delight at the thought of having Miss Meares with them, hoping, no doubt, to make a bosom friend of her, as the manner of some girls is. I did not want to disappoint them, so I did not tell them my impression, which was, that Miss Meares would very likely receive all their confidences and sympathies to any amount, but would give none herself in return. Something about her face gave me the idea that, though she had a surface of friendliness very taking to strangers, there was beneath it a very reserved nature that would never reveal its dearest thoughts and wishes but to one beloved object, and that to the one she loved there would be no reserve, no concealment. The passion of her life would be steady, absorbing, expanding, if rightly placed and worthily returned, intense, secret, and self-consuming, if unrequited or mis-

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'Oh, Major Cairnsford (I had gained a step lately), how very fortunate I have met you! I have lost my way, and am afraid I shall be late for breakfast.'

'No fear of that, Miss Meares; we are in plenty of time. I can show you a short way back to the house.' So saying, we walked on together.

We had not gone far, and while I was still thinking of some remark to make—for, to tell the truth, I both feared and mistrusted this young beauty, and felt silent and uncomfortable in her presence, she on her part being equally abstracted and thought—when suddenly she exclaimed, without preface or leading up to the subject, 'By-the-by, Major Cairnsford, I saw an account of the mysterious disappearance and supposed death of Captain Melton, of your regiment, while you were at A—. Would you tell me all about it? I knew him years ago, and feel interested in his melancholy fate.'

She tried to utter the words in a matter-of-fact, unemphatic manner, but a glance at her half-averted face showed me that her eyelids trembled and her lips quivered as she spoke. Of course, painful as the subject was, I could not refuse to gratify her request, knowing that Hugh would have wished me to comply with anything she might desire. I felt that in making such a demand she evinced an interest, weak and tardy though it was, in the man who had loved her, and who would have given worlds to have heard even that expression of interest from her lips.

I told her all that I knew about my friend's fate, not concealing my own early suspicions of Captain Cameron, who, I said, nourished, as I well knew, a very bitter dislike to his comrade Melton. She listened in silence till I had finished, and then exclaimed, abruptly:

'You were right, Major Cairnsford, Captain Cameron is in some way implicated in Captain Melton's disappearance. I do not say he has killed him—in fact, I hardly believe that he is dead—but that I have been made away with in some way, by Captain Cameron's agency, I am convinced. It remains for us to find out what has really happened—whether he is still alive, or indeed dead—and whichever be the case, to punish the man who has worked this wickedness.'

She looked at me boldly now, with her head up, her cheeks flushed, and her deep flashing eyes meeting mine frankly and bravely.

I shook my head and answered, 'You are mistaken, Miss Meares, and for once wrong Captain Cameron, whom Heaven knows it is not easy to wrong, for he is as bad a man as the sun ever shone on; but in this, at least, he is innocent. I thought as you do at first, and, guided by the light of my suspicions, I scrutinized his every act, in the endeavor to obtain a clue to my comrade's fate; but I was forced at last, after many a long and weary search, to arrive at what I am convinced is the true conclusion, namely, that poor Hugh was devoured by a tiger, as my brother officers at first supposed.'

'I wish I could think with you,' she answered in an unconvinced tone. 'That Captain Melton is dead must, I fear, be true; that Captain Cameron had no hand in his death I can hardly bring myself to believe. For a long time I struggled against my own convictions to believe Captain Cameron such a man as Captain Melton was—such a man; in fact, as I could have wished him to be; but now his baseness has been so fully revealed to me, and I remember so many little things, that used to annoy me in him, which tend now to throw a clear light on his character, that nothing seems to me too bad to accuse him of. I can not feel as if I could wrong him by any charge I brought against him.'

Thus as we walked homeward we fell into conversation on subjects all more or less connected with that first started. She told me how they had first met Melton in Ireland; of their poor dwelling and frugal mode of living;

'I shall try to find some one weak enough to intrust me with the education of the rising generation. I have no doubt I shall make a very skillful governess; and something must be done, I am sure.'

I looked at her as she spoke, and saw from her heightened color and sparkling eyes that she was determined to face the world boldly and fight the battle of life bravely; but alas! poor girl, she little knew what was before her, and I could not think of the trials and humiliations that bright spirit would be called upon to endure without an inward thrill of pain. My mother tried hard to dissuade our visitors from this plan, and to make them remain longer with us, at least until some better expedient might be discovered; but they were impracticable, and a length resolved to speak to Miss Meares my self about it, and try to bring her over to our side, when I felt sure her parents' objection would soon vanish. We had become great friends by this time: she would let me now and then get a glimpse of her kindly, honest, upright heart, and would not scruple to propound her queer unworldly theories to me on any subject on which we might be talking. She met me always as a man might meet a friend, with full frank look and glad smiling welcome; and I—alas! I had begun to think there was nothing better in the world to live for than the soft friendly glance of those deep violet eyes, the gentle welcoming smile on that lovely face, the touch of her soft white hand at morning's opening. I never wondered now at my friend's infatuation; I only wondered how guessing, or knowing rather, that her heart was with him, he had not taken her by force of the stronger will and held her against the world. It was what I would do, I told myself, it only I could be sure she felt for me, she had once felt for him; but that affection for my lost friend was the barrier between us, as it was also the connecting link. I knew well I should never have occupied the position I now did in her regard had I been Hugh's friend; and our longest and most intimate conversations were always of some act of his life, or some trait of his noble character.

Was it not possible, I asked myself, that this pearl above all price that I so ardently desired could be won again? If he had been but a girlish fancy, or whims might; but if the whole of her true woman's heart had been given to Hugh, I feared I had no hope. There are some women who love but once, whose first girlish fancy is also the love of their womanhood. I feared, I gloried to believe, that my peerless Melton was one of these. I could not but have shed me leave us, though I dared tell her nothing of this, and met her always with us, as if the imitation of her own fearless friendship could assume. But she must not go away into those squallid London lodgings; on that point I was determined. Rather than that should happen I would conquer my feverish passion, and pour all my passionate prayers and longings into her pitying ears, and if it were possible, nay, if it were impossible, win from her promise that one day at least I should be a right to protect and shelter her from the hardships and cares of the strange world into which she was about to enter.

CHAPTER X.

AND THUS IT CAME TO PASS.

I remember well the lovely morning in June when I opened my heart before her, who so entirely possessed it; not, as I intended, with deliberate purpose, and prepared at all points with prayers and entreaties against the denials I dreaded, in broken, disjointed, vague words, that made themselves better understood than I had so often thought or would probably have done. So was to leave the next day, yet I had not spoken, and she, intending to speak, could not summon courage to do so. But accident broke in at last the opportunity for which I waited, and the words that could not be uttered broke from my heart before I knew they were uttered.

She was out somewhere about the park that morning quite alone; the girls and I were there.

I had time to scan the delicate outlines of her face, and I imagined that she looked paler and more thoughtful than usual. When I got near, a branch cracked under my foot; she started, and turned hastily, but without any signs of fear on her fair open brow. Recognizing me she held out her hand frankly, and exclaimed:

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Thus as we walked homeward we fell into conversation on subjects all more or less connected with that first started. She told me how they had first met Melton in Ireland; of their poor dwelling and frugal mode of living;

'I shall try to find some one weak enough to intrust me with the education of the rising generation. I have no doubt I shall make a very skillful governess; and something must be done, I am sure.'

I looked at her as she spoke, and saw from her heightened color and sparkling eyes that she was determined to face the world boldly and fight the battle of life bravely; but alas! poor girl, she little knew what was before her, and I could not think of the trials and humiliations that bright spirit would be called upon to endure without an inward thrill of pain. My mother tried hard to dissuade our visitors from this plan, and to make them remain longer with us, at least until some better expedient might be discovered; but they were impracticable, and a length resolved to speak to Miss Meares my self about it, and try to bring her over to our side, when I felt sure her parents' objection would soon vanish. We had become great friends by this time: she would let me now and then get a glimpse of her kindly, honest, upright heart, and would not scruple to propound her queer unworldly theories to me on any subject on which we might be talking. She met me always as a man might meet a friend, with full frank look and glad smiling welcome; and I—alas! I had begun to think there was nothing better in the world to live for than the soft friendly glance of those deep violet eyes, the gentle welcoming smile on that lovely face, the touch of her soft white hand at morning's opening. I never wondered now at my friend's infatuation; I only wondered how guessing, or knowing rather, that her heart was with him, he had not taken her by force of the stronger will and held her against the world. It was what I would do, I told myself, it only I could be sure she felt for me, she had once felt for him; but that affection for my lost friend was the barrier between us, as it was also the connecting link. I knew well I should never have occupied the position I now did in her regard had I been Hugh's friend; and our longest and most intimate conversations were always of some act of his life, or some trait of his noble character.

Was it not possible, I asked myself, that this pearl above all price that I so ardently desired could be won again? If he had been but a girlish fancy, or whims might; but if the whole of her true woman's heart had been given to Hugh, I feared I had no hope. There are some women who love but once, whose first girlish fancy is also the love of their womanhood. I feared, I gloried to believe, that my peerless Melton was one of these. I could not but have shed me leave us, though I dared tell her nothing of this, and met her always with us, as if the imitation of her own fearless friendship could assume. But she must not go away into those squallid London lodgings; on that point I was determined. Rather than that should happen I would conquer my feverish passion, and pour all my passionate prayers and longings into her pitying ears, and if it were possible, nay, if it were impossible, win from her promise that one day at least I should be a right to protect and shelter her from the hardships and cares of the strange world into which she was about to enter.

CHAPTER X.

AND THUS IT CAME TO PASS.

I remember well the lovely morning in June when I opened my heart before her, who so entirely possessed it; not, as I intended, with deliberate purpose, and prepared at all points with prayers and entreaties against the denials I dreaded, in broken, disjointed, vague words, that made themselves better understood than I had so often thought or would probably have done. So was to leave the next day, yet I had not spoken, and she, intending to speak, could not summon courage to do so. But accident broke in at last the opportunity for which I waited, and the words that could not be uttered broke from my heart before I knew they were uttered.

She was out somewhere about the park that morning quite alone; the girls and I were there.

I had had it. I was not even aware that I had had it until it was a horribly long and tiresome burn, and, though I made the best speed I could, took me nearly a week to accomplish. At such times, how slowly life seems to move! I felt like one reading an interesting novel, who longs to skip the intermediate pages and arrive at the end of the story. I had an intense curiosity to see how this romance, to which I had suddenly become a spectator, would terminate. I felt as if every little exertion on my part to discover proofs of Cameron's guilt was the turning over of a leaf in the slow story upon before me. But it was slow work waiting, even though working; it might take years before the denouement came, and the question was, would my interest then survive; would it not probably have died out ages before; and though Hugh would still be my friend, would not his love and its success have ceased, from a too familiar acquaintance with all its details, to be a matter of interest to me? Very likely it would. In the meantime the journey was dull, and I had nothing else to think of; so I thought of that till I worked myself into a perfect fever of impatience, and longed to leap over two or three years of my life, and see how matters would stand then. In those sultry summer days when we rested under the shade of the banyan-trees, and I listlessly watched the Hindoos cooking their rice, I felt that, with an intolerable overpowering sense of helplessness to make it otherwise. I should no doubt, have felt it even more but for the myriads of flies of all sorts and species that nearly drove me distracted, and made any thing like a serious thought out of the question.

At last I reached Calcutta; but I hope you do not expect me to render an account of how I passed my time during the week I spent there, resting from the fatigues of my past journey, and preparing for the one before me. As I had suspected, the story of the fire was a canard, artfully founded on fact to mislead his unsuspecting wife. The vestry had been partially burned, but the books were safe, and I not only saw the registry of Captain Cameron's marriage, but got a copy of it for my own and Melton's satisfaction; for the rest, I was even more unwell than I had been up the country, and longed insanely for a whiff of the cool sea-breezes on my native sea coast, and a glimpse of the green Atlantic breakers as they surge in on the tall gray cliffs of my fatherland.

The week I had allowed myself was over at last, and I set out on my return, wondering lazily during those dull hot days of travel whether Hugh would be guided by my advice in this matter, or whether he would act in a headstrong, needless manner, that would damage him before the world, and give his orally opponent some loop-holes through which to creep, and appear before all eyes as a blameless character, whom circumstances, as represented and stirred up by that maniac Melton, had been very much against. It was quite on the cards that this would be the end of the whole business. I was prepared to see myself appear in rather a ridiculous light; but if such things were to deter me, I should have thought of them at first, and now; and I could only hope Hugh might be more manageable and willing to listen to reason than when I left.

I did not see him, or indeed, any one else about the place when I returned, and of course concluded they were all out at their usual amusements, as it was rather late in the evening, the most favorite time for outing in our station. I went, therefore, at once to the Colonel's quarters to report myself, and found him in, looking, as I thought, very grave and busy.

In each a dry old stick as he was that did not attract my notice, but I wished I had come at another time; for though busy, I saw by the way he motioned me to sit down and I hustled the papers together that he intended to have a chat.

This is a very sad business, Carnsford, he began. Can you throw any light on it? I suppose not, as you were away. Still, you were his friend.

Old Carnsford, after all was said, but I had thought him; he seemed really moved as he pronounced this quaint and characterful statement, and I cordially grasped the hand he held toward me. He then told me all the particulars of my poor friend's disappearance.

Just the fifth day after I left, Melton went out early in the morning to sketch, which was his habit, but nothing extraordinary. He did not return at night, which was certainly not a little strange; but so one thought much about it till the end of the second day, when his prolonged absence induced Solace and Langham, and some of the others, to get up a party and go out in search of him. His sketch-block and other traps were found in a remote forest glade, but how he had left the spot could not be discovered. There were no foot prints leading in any direction out of the glade, though the path by which he had entered was visible enough to the keen eyes engaged in the search. Hence some supposed a tiger must have carried him off, though others, combating that supposition, urged that a tiger would have left traces that might have been recognized as easily as those of a man.

It was now two weeks since his disappearance, and I no farther light had been thrown upon the matter. I resolved, if my suspicions were correct, that the whole case should be cleared up.

On leaving the colonel I immediately sought out Solace, who I knew to be a nice young fellow and sincerely attached to Melton. It was some time before I found him as he was at the racket-court with Langham, and I hunted in every other place before going there to look for him. They told me everything had been done to discover the truth about Melton's fate, and that after a fortnight's strict search no more was known than when he was first missing. Of course, though satisfied that they had done their best, I could not rest without renewing the investigation on myself, trusting that, guided by my suspicions, I should be able to find some clue that would enable me to expose the perpetrator of this ostentatious murder; for that there had been a murder, and that Cameron had been implicated in it, I at this time never doubted.

Day by day I examined the glade where the last traces of my friend had been found, and searched the jungle for miles round in hopes of lighting upon signs that had been overlooked in former expeditions; but without avail. My health gave way under distress and anxiety of mind, and I was at length obliged to submit to the doctor's imperative orders, and return to England on sick leave, having obtained only this one certainty in the matter, that Cameron had for once been wronged by my suspicions, and that he was no more connected with poor Hugh's death than I was. Indeed, I had by this time began to incur in the general belief that a tiger must have devoured him. The only thing that puzzled me in this supposition was the fact that we had been unable to find any traces of his garments, though we had certainly discovered a tiger's lair some three or four miles off in the jungle, and had avenged our comrade by slaying the inhabitant of it, generally supposed to have been poor Hugh's destroyer. Poor fellow! it was, indeed, a sad fate. Both officers and men regretted him sorely, and remembered when too late what a kind, helpful friend he had been, both to his equals and inferiors. As a mark of the respect and esteem in which he had been held, it was proposed to erect a tablet to his memory in the parish church of Marshampton, his native place, and I was commissioned to see that the order (a subscription had been got up for the tablet among the officers and men) was properly executed during my stay in England. Just before I left, some words that fell from Captain Cameron showed me that, notwithstanding our meeting at Boodorah, that gentleman intended to prosecute his designs on Miss Meares, intending for that purpose to get leave, and return to England at the end of the year. I suppose he thought

As I walked slowly home that day I felt little sympathy for the downfall of the heiress, though some curiosity as to how she would bear it.

I had a conviction—whence derived I know not—but her proud beautiful head would never quail unworthily before any reverse of fortune.

For a day or two I heard nothing farther about them; then one morning, on my entering the breakfast room, my mother looked up from a pile of letters before her, and said:

"I hear, Clarie, the Meares are leaving Abby's Park. Miss Meares has refused to marry that Captain Cameron, to whom she was engaged for so long, and therefore, according to the terms of the will, all the money that was to have been hers in the event of the marriage goes to a number of different charities. I am sorry for them; they were nice people and pleasant neighbors. I think of writing and asking them here until they have settled their plant, and made up their minds what to do next. Have you any objection?"

Of course I said that I had not, and the two girls, Lillia and May, were in ecstasies of delight at the thought of having Miss Meares with them, hoping, no doubt, to make a bosom friend of her, as the manner of some girls is. I did not want to disappoint them, so did not tell them my impression, which was, that Miss Meares would very likely receive all their confidences and sympathies to any amount, but would give none herself in return. Something about her face gave me the idea that, though she had a surface of friendliness very taking to strangers, there was beneath it a very reserved nature that would never reveal its dearest thoughts and wishes but to one beloved object, and that to the one she loved there would be no reserve, no concealment. The passion of her life would be steady, absorbing, expanding, if rightly placed and worthily returned; intense, secret, and self-consuming, if unrequited or misplaced.

I said nothing, and my mother asked them. I hardly thought they would accept her invitation; but I was mistaken. They did; they agreed to run with us for a few weeks, while looking for a small place somewhere, near, suited to their now limited means. The first night I fancied Miss Meares was cold and distant to me, though friendly enough to my mother and the girls. I thought she brooded over her loss of fortune, yet I felt almost angry with myself for imagining that the sad expression in her glorious eyes was brought there by any such sordid motive. Her singing was exquisite, and I felt that I could forgive any amount of coldness if only I might be permitted to listen to that thrilling voice and watch that noble passionate face unobserved. How is it that people perfectly soulless and uninteresting in themselves are gifted with such glorious talents? I almost hated her, as I watched and admired, when I thought that but for the glamour cast around him by that perfect face and angel's voice poor Hugh might have been alive and happy yet.

We breakfasted late at Carns. My mother and sisters were not early risers; but I often went out those bright spring mornings with my rod to a stream that ran through the place, and which from my earliest years I remembered as being a favorite resort of the speckled trout, so dear to the soul of the angler.

Next morning, after spending an hour or two fishing, I was wending my way home, when, as I approached a stile that I must cross to strike the nearest path to the house, I perceived a figure leaning against the fence, with the back turned toward me. It was a woman, simply yet handsomely dressed in a pretty walking costume. After a few minutes' puzzled scrutiny I became aware that it was no other than Miss Meares.

She did not see me at first, and I watched her for a minute as she turned about with an anxious air, as though she had lost her way. I advanced towards her quietly, so that she did not hear me coming; and as I approached

lieve that he is dead—but that I have been made away with in some way, by Captain Cameron's agency, I am convinced. It remains for us to find out what has really happened—whether he is still alive, or indeed dead—and whichever be the case, to punish the man who has worked this wickedness."

She looked at me boldly now, with her head up, her cheeks flushed, and her deep flushing eyes meeting mine frankly and bravely.

I shook my head and answered, "You are mistaken, Miss Meares, and far once wrong Captain Cameron, whom Heaven knows it is not easy to wrong, for he is as bad a man as the sun ever shone on; but in this, at least, he is innocent. I thought as you do at first, and, guided by the light of my suspicions, I scrutinized his every act, in the endeavor to obtain a clue to my comrade's fate; but I was forced at last, after many a long and weary search, to arrive at what I am convinced is the true conclusion, namely, that poor Hugh was devoured by a tiger, as my brother officers at first supposed."

"I wish I could think with you," she answered in an unconvinced tone. "That Captain Melton is dead must, I fear, be true; that Captain Cameron had no hand in his death I can hardly bring myself to believe. For a long time I struggled against my own convictions to believe Captain Cameron such a man as Captain Melton was—such a man; but now, as I could have wished him to be; in fact, as his baseness has been so fully revealed to me, and I remember so many little things, that used to annoy me in him; which tend now to throw a clear light on his character, that nothing seems to me so good as to accuse him of it. I can not feel as if I could forgive him by any charge I brought against him."

Thus as we walked homeward we fell into conversation on subjects all more or less connected with that first started. She told me how they had first met Melton in Ireland; of their poor dwelling and frugal mode of living, to which, however, they soon did not feel to invite him when they found how easily contented and kindly was his nature, just as much at home with them, and as friendly in his intercourse with them, as he was with the gay inhabitants of Moortown Castle, where he was also a favorite and a frequent guest. Then she spoke of his great talent, of the pleasant days when he taught her some of the secrets of art, and praised her aptness as some more than usually happy touch evinced her progress and the success of his lessons. Her voice grew sweet and low, and her cheeks flushed brightly, as she spoke with real feeling that trust of all eloquence in this subject, evidently dear to her thoughts. As I watched her I regretted more and more that Hugh had not lived to meet her now, when she dared to own to herself and to show to the world that she loved him. We reached the house at last, and my prejudice against Miss Meares was completely dispelled as I left her at the porch, while I went to put away my fishing tackle. My morning had been tolerably successful; I had six fine trout in my basket, the result of my three hours' stroll. It was not bad sport, and it had given me the opportunity of penetrating a little beneath our charming guest's professed armor of reserve, and had enabled me to find out that a heart beat underneath, closely watched and guarded though that heart might be.

I liked her better after that walk, and as I followed her into the breakfast-room began to think that perhaps my friend had not been so wrong after all when he committed the happiness of his life to her keeping. The Meareses stopped with us for two or three weeks, while looking out for a small house in the neighborhood, but at last, not finding any thing of the sort was to be had, they determined to move to London, and in one of the suburbs of that busy city make themselves as comfortable as their very limited means would permit.

"And if we find we can not make both ends meet any other way," said Maud, gent-

ly; but if the whole of her true woman's heart had been given to Hugh, I fear I had no hope. There are some women who love but once, whose first girlish fancy is also the love of their womanhood. I feared, I gloried to believe, that my peerless Maud was one of these. I could not bear she should leave us, though I dared tell her nothing this, and met her always with as good an imitation of her own fearless friendship as could assume. But she must not go away into those squalid London lodgings; on that point I was determined. Rather than that should happen I would conquer my fear, pour all my passionate prayers and longings into her pitying ears, and if it were possible, nay, if it were impossible, win from her promise that one day at least I should have a right to protect and shelter her from the hardships and cares of the strange world into which she was about to enter.

CHAPTER X.

AND THUS IT CAME TO PASS.

I remember well the lovely morning in June when I possessed my heart before he who so entirely possessed it; not, as I intended, with deliberate purpose, arms and prepared at all points with prayers and entreaties against the denial I dreaded, but in broken, disjointed, vague words, that made themselves better understood than the I had so often thought over would probably have done. She was to leave the next day, but one, yet I had not spoken, and though intending to speak, could not summon courage to do so. But accident broke about at last the opportunity for which I waited, and the words that could not be controlled broke from my heart before I knew they were uttered.

She was out somewhere about the place that morning quite alone; the girls and my mother were all in different parts of the house, and I wandered out to seek her whose presence my heart delighted. It was a glorious morning. I remember yet a brilliant summer sunlight making gold gleams on the shaded grass under the lime-trees, the sweet scent of hay that floated by upon the breeze, the lazy hum of bees that fell upon the ear as they floated incessant swarms through the scented line blossoms; everything seemed in a state of blissful repose, such as the lotus-eaters enjoy on that dreamy shore where it was "aiv afternoon." She was not in the garden looked in vain in every nook for a glimpse of the white dress I knew so well; I would have called, but I dared not utter aloud that name; I searched and waited.

I turned at last down toward our little river, that ran flashing and glancing in a light and shade through many a mile of old domain. It was deep; too, though by small river, and the current in parts dangerous strong; just below the garden it flowed in between high rocky banks that perpendicularity to the height of about five feet above the water. The whole stream there was, at the narrowest part, at fourteen feet across; but the water looked black and dark, and the rocky walls on either side fearfully sharp and jagged.

As I sauntered down to the river just as I hardly expected to see Maud at that place, but I thought it very probable I should see her farther on, under some old chestnut-tree that spread their dark foliage far out over the water. I knew the smooth rocks on their drooping branches were her favorite seat. I found her sooner than I had expected. As I approached the stream, which though it here ran deep and dark, made the faintest bubbling noise, the sound of voices struck on my ear, and, gaining bank, I perceived her on the other side of the river in conversation with a lady, whose back was turned toward me, but whose face seemed somehow strangely familiar to me.

To be continued.

Aquatic.

TRICKETT'S ALLEGED PERFORMANCES.

The Melbourne Times is credited with some wonderful stories about Trickett's rowing. The journal is published 800 miles from Trickett's home, and it is to be feared that these astounding performances have grown during their voyage from Sydney to Melbourne. The alleged rowing includes: Straightaway, with the tide—3 miles, 17m. 31s.; 4 miles, 28m. 80s.; 5 miles, 39m. 34s. With a turn, half against and half with the tide—3 miles, 19m.; 4 miles, 26m. 24s.; 5 miles, 34m. 4s. These times are undoubtedly a senseless fabrication, and their falsity is proven in several ways.

Men who are backing an oarsman, and seeing a match, would not spoil their own game, and score off all intending contestants, by publishing such unheard of performances.

Trickett is not in all probability a first-class sculler. His raid on England was planned with rare intelligence, and carried out with consummate ability. He dropped down upon the Thames in an "off year," when the championship of England was held by Sadler, an old man, long past his prime. He beat "Old Joe," and then "folded up his leg like the Arab, and silently stole away" home again. He had agreed to row against an English sculler, but backed out, and the backers of several men were willing and anxious to make matches with him. He had thought himself able to beat any man in England he could have remained a few cents, rowed two matches, and won money enough to have made him independent for life, and relieved him of the disagreeable necessity of keeping a drinking-shop, and tending about beer-kogs for a living, an occupation in which he recently lost a finger, and easily raised himself for future sculling. He was announced to return by way of the United States, and row at the Centennial regatta, but dodged this competition also, and sailed away to the Antipodes with the cheap boats won from a man old enough to be his father. Now, thousands of miles away from anywhere, he fulminates one-sided challenges, and does—on paper—wonderful feats. He has had offers from England and America which would have made him a rich man if he could have beaten the champions of either country, but fails to accept them. He is a very unwise man to be beating all the records in practice pulls for the amusement of his backers. The probability is that he has sailed to be a novelty in Sydney, and the number of customers at his beer-consumption small, he wishes to get a little newspaper, and be again a lion.

The figures do not stand inspection. The time of speed per mile, with the tide, was: 1 mile, 6m 54s.; 4 miles, 6m 52s.; 5 miles, 6m 54s. These show that he can row 4 miles at a faster pace than 3 miles, and after rowing 3 miles at the rate of 6m 54s., his fourth mile is done in 6m 52s. Such a course is the difference between 4 and 6 miles. He can row 4 miles better than 3 miles, but goes all at pieces at 5 miles. His average for 5 miles is 6m 54s., and after rowing 4 miles at 6m 52s per mile, it takes 6m 54s. to row the fifth mile. His 8 miles, with turn, with and against tide, is 1m 34s. slower than the 8 miles straightaway, or 1/2 per mile slower. His 4 miles, with turn, is 1m 54s. slower than the 4 miles straightaway, or 10.4-5 slower per mile. We learn that he cannot row 5 miles, straightaway, nearly as well as he can 4 miles, but can row 5 miles, with a turn, much better than 4 or 3 miles, when compared with his straightaway record.

Evidently the perpetrator of this latest hoax is not much of a mathematician.—Spirit.

SINGULAR INSTINCT OF A DUCK.

The Pembroke Observer—Ducks are not like the feathered ones usually credited with the possession of much of the higher powers of affection or intelligence. And yet a

Veterinary.

PROF. McEACHRAN'S ADDRESS.

The following address was delivered by Prof. McEachran, V. S., principal of the Montreal Veterinary College, at a meeting of the students on the 24th ult.

GENTLEMEN,—Composed as this Association is mostly of students, I venture to leave the fields of scientific researches and turn your attention to some matters of great importance to you professionally, which are not embraced in your regular course of lectures. I refer to those aids and methods of restoring our poor dumb patients, both for the administration of medicines and performances of operations. It must be remembered that the great aim and object of our science is to relieve disease and suffering in the lower animals, hence the members of our profession should be constant and active in the prevention of cruelty to animals. We become the more impressed with this fact when we consider man's moral responsibility with regard to his treatment of the dumb creatures committed to his care; creatures though dumb and incapable of conveying his views or expression to their feelings of pleasure or pain, of gratification or disappointment, of joy or grief.

Your knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of the animal body must teach you that in all animals even from the lowest grade and upwards wherever you find a nervous system we have sensation or feeling, and the more we ascend in the scale the more delicate and acute does the sensibility become. Your dissections must also impress you with the fact that apart from the communicative intelligence of the typical animal, man, and his possessing an immortal living principle called the soul, there is but little organic difference. All are essentially constructed alike, and the same principle called life is originated, preserved and ended by the same laws. How we are justified in concluding that the lower animals feel pain as acutely as we do ourselves. And keeping this as a law before us, we will learn to do unto others as we would be done to.

All are not constructed alike even in the same species, or the same family. We will find a marked difference in the pain enduring qualities. In the practice of your profession you will often be called upon to subject to temporary pain for curative purposes. Various restraints have to be resorted to to enable you to administer medicines and perform operations—restraints which are often unnecessarily cruel and employ with the most unfeeling thoughtlessness; in many cases the restraint causing more pain and suffering than the disease itself and the operation to be performed. It is to such aids and restraints I wish to direct your attention especially, to-night, in the hope that by a careful consideration of the subject you will all be induced to discourage cruelty to animals, whenever it presents itself to you, and in your practice reduce suffering to a minimum. One of the most important essentials in a member of our profession is a patient yet firm and determined will. Were all our patients treated by kindness and proper care, treatment as that degree of docility which is necessary to enable us to find them much easier than we do to manage when coming under our professional care.

Many animals, from being teased by grooms, become dangerous for strangers to approach. Others are naturally shy, and if a stranger suddenly approaches them, in their terror they are apt to resort to their natural defence, their heels or their mouth, while some are naturally vicious, and will resent the least interference of a stranger.

For this reason you will have to practice the art of handling horses, to approach with confidence, yet cautious determination, so as to avoid alarming them. You should always speak to a strange horse on approaching him, or professional examination. Many, in fact, most horses, require to be placed under severe restraints to enable us to administer medicine or perform operations, but it is most astonishing how much they will stand in this way if properly managed.

He then described the various aids and restraints used in administering medicines. First, for giving boluses, the varieties of balling irons and pop-guns were exhibited and explained; for drenches, the various contrivances of bottles and pullies, &c. Speaking of the twitch, he remarked that it was a very old restraint, that it is very severe, and far too frequently resorted to, when we consider that the muzzle of the horse is the seat of touch, and consequently is this part that many horses will scream when twined in this way.

The running nose-gag, the side line, the

SALE OF PUPPIES AND PRICES OBTAINED.

We wrote in these columns, some few weeks since, regarding the purchase of young whelps. In these remarks we did not refer to the prices at which these puppies are generally sold. The prices securing are astounding, especially so to those breeding blue blooded dogs, during the existing rage for imported stock. We do not for a moment suppose we can affect public opinion on this, but will have, nevertheless the satisfaction of both knowing and feeling that we have given our almost unsupported antagonism to a hasty, to the full as great, though not so far-reaching in its pecuniary results, as the South Sea scheme of a Law or the tulip mania of Holland. The sporting press has much to answer for in this connection, for, with but few exceptions, for the sake of advertising patronage, they have induced the unthinking portion of the public to purchase these wares, and so damaged our native stock for generations to come. That there may be individual dogs of imported blood that are good, we should not for a moment deny, but that the majority are a damage and a disgrace to those purchasing them we equally insist upon. The moment a disparaging remark is made, an unfavorable comment heard, oceans of ink are along cradled in the weakest of communications, the gist of all being:—

"Why, didn't we win with a blue-blooded dog and a bench show? It ain't beat all your native dogs as such a field trial?"

We have yet to learn what worth is either. The bench show, instead of redounding to the improvement of our dogs, are but side shows of a circus, only intended to draw shelds from visitors and exhibitors alike. As to field trials, we would ask, Who are the men who attend them? With but few exceptions, the owners of large kennels, who make the breeding of dogs a profit, and the exhibition of partially-broken dogs at trials their cheap advertisement. We contend, and most truly so, that the sterling sportsman of the country—men who love both gun and dog for sport's sake, and the most honorable of men in this connection. But it is a capital advertisement, most cheaply gotten, to be able to say:—

"For Sale—My litter of whelps, sired by Vulcan, winner at Preston, or my bitch Sallie, winner at Delaware.

Never was a prettier trap set for the unwary. It reminds us of a sugar-corn id. pill—sweet to the palate, but horrible to the stomach. Never did flies walk into the parlor of the spider with so little coaxing as do these blue-blooded buyers walk to these kennels to make their purchases. Now as to profits. The importer pays for a bitch, the refuse of litters abroad (for the picked ones are sold at home), say \$300. This is over rather than under the price paid. This bitch will whelp two litters a year. Each litter will average ten whelps.

The interest on first cost can obtain for twenty years—this is a return of sixteen dollars a year. The cost of boarding your bitch is, at the outside, eighteen dollars a year. You have together a total of thirty-three dollars. Yet, what interest do these breeders demand. They expect to obtain, if the pedigree is a good and fashionable one, for these "dogonate scions of an old family, who crawl around crushed by the weight of their formidable pedigrees," fifty dollars each. Twenty puppies to return them in a year—this is a return of twenty dollars. An investor at this rate is not so clamoring as to get a return of thirty-three per cent. yearly for ten years, for a bitch will breed to that age always, and once over the hills of puppy-hood, there is but little danger of loss by disease. Thirty-three hundred per cent. return in ten years for the first investment. Do our readers see now why this blue-blooded snake is so hard to scotch? Do they wonder at the loud, clamorous shouting by these breeders for the beauties of imported stock? Who would not advertise his wares at the most favorable manner when such a return lies beyond sales. We contend that ten dollars each for these puppies would be a magnificent return for the funds invested. In fact, if the pups are taken away at weaning time, five dollars each would pay an interest on the first cost of nearly seventeen per cent. annually. The risk is but little, the profits more than great. It easily accounts for the enormous increase in breeding kennels and their consequent advertising competition. Fools are to be gulled; let's each get the first picking. We predict that in five years more their number will be so small as to make them ridiculous in comparison with the over-run time of today. We would our readers will recall at that future time our prophecy of the present. Make your law, gentlemen, while the sun shineth. The storm is coming on apace. To-day is your flush time of 1864 and 1865. To-morrow comes your Black Friday of 1873. Our country is too large, breeders are too numerous and bitches are too plenty for these kennels to prove a permanent institution. Landholders are too many for dogs to become scarce. Americans, as a whole, are too fondness for pets, and what makes a better

BEN HOGAN'S CHANGE OF LIFE.

A GAMBLER AND PRIZE-FIGHTER WHO HAS FORGOTTEN DRINK AND THE DEVIL.

"Ben" Hogan, noted once as a prize-fighter, was found by a World reporter in small apartments on the second floor of 76 Crosby street, New York, married to a wise little housewife, who keeps their rooms neat as a pin. Ben was seated by a table, thoughtfully mauling an apple and poring over a well-worn Bible. He is a large man, with broad, square shoulders and muscular limbs, and a broad, good natured face, not much impaired in expression by the scars of many ring and bar-room fights.

"I was going up town on Sunday night," he said, "hunting for some sort of amusement. You see I had always spent Sunday evenings in variety halls, and when I saw the lights in front of the Park Theatre I went in to see what was going on. Instead of dancing and variety business I found Brother Sawyer pronouncing to a good house and telling them how he had been a drunkard and a gambler, and how contented and comfortable he was after he had reformed. Somehow Sawyer's story interested me. I was all of a shake with wine-drinking, and, although I had come East with \$10,000, I had drunk and gambled it all away. It interested me to know that a man could get out of such a slough. On my way home I determined to give up drinking. When I got home I told her (jerking his head towards his wife), and she could hardly sleep for anxiety to have me take the pledge. She persuaded me until early next morning, when we went up to a place on the Bowery and I signed the pledge. It was small n'thing to keep, I can tell you. My nerves were all gone. I walked the floor that day in an agony. Every muscle was in a quiver and I could not sleep. Late that evening, for the first time in my life, I prayed to God to help me. I don't know how long it was, but after some time it seemed like a flash came over me and I felt ease and relieved. I sent her out for a Bible. I never won'd have one in the house before. She gave 75 cents for this one (lifting the worn volume) that he had been reading, and soon afterwards I went to bed and slept easy through the night. We went to see Brother Sawyer, and every night since we go to meetings somewhere."

"When did your prize fighting life begin?" the reporter asked.

"When the war broke out I was in Nashville," Hogan answered. "I began by following the army—not as a soldier, for I don't think I'd have made much of a fighter that way—looking out for myself always. Well, I made lots of money, but somehow I always had to spend it in getting myself out of trouble. I never fought much on my own account, and never a bar room fight unless I was in liquor. Well, I followed the army down to Fort Royal and Hilton Head, and from there I went to the Dry Tortugas. I played cards of all sorts from New Orleans up the river to Cincinnati and Pittsburg. Why, I had plenty of money when I was in Pittsburg. I had a span of horses and \$27,000 to the good in bank. I made up mind then to quit drinking and gambling, for I had plenty to keep me the rest of my life. That did not last long, though. My money dwindled away in loans and other ways until I landed in Saratoga at the beginning of the summer with only \$10,000 in my pocket. I left there with \$15, and that I borrowed."

"Was that about the time of your fight with Tom Allen?" the reporter asked.

"Oh, about that fight," Hogan replied somewhat irresponsibly, but with increased interest. "That came about in this way. I had been living around in the oil regions making plenty of money and drinking the heavily. My stomach was all gone. The skin of my hands was shrivelled and cracked and the doctors told me that the Hot Springs water was all that could cure me. Me and my partner started right off and stopped in St. Louis. There we met Tom Allen, who was spilling to fight some one. I was willing to accommodate him, but my friends urged me to cure myself first. I would not do that, but plunked the money right down. You see, I always backed myself," Hogan said with manifest professional pride. "Everything was fixed, but when I got to the Hot Springs the doctors said that they

Horse Notes.

PERSONAL.—The sale of Lyander Boy to Wm. H. Vanderbilt makes the second sale by J. S. Fook to that gentleman, the handsome chestnut named Lady Emma being the first. Handsome Jack Fook is the horseman of Syracuse, N. Y., whose driving park includes. Fook stands foremost as a trainer and driver in Central New York, and partly through the Great shows in, in his style and goes his full share of turf honors. Besides the above qualities, Mr. Fook is a gentlemanly, courteous man of the world. We wish him a continuance of good luck.

NAME YOUR HORSES.—Why do certain owners of trotting stock persist in retaining to name their horses? Want have they to gain by their obstinacy? The honest man loses by it, people have no confidence in buying an unnamed horse from him, and the better the pedigree the less confidence they have in its authenticity. The *summa bonum* of their reasoning amounts to this: A good horse is worthy of a name. The name does not benefit by it, for every honest man desirous of making a purchase regards with suspicion a horse with out a name. There are too many sons of Hambletonian and too many daughters of Maumbray Chief, Alexander & Abdallah, &c., without names. Three-fourths of them are frauds. Every one of them will be pulled when the Trotting Stud Book is published. Never buy a horse without a name—a stallion especially.

WORMS IN WHELPS.

We are the subject of repeated inquiries as to the best method of getting rid of and expelling these pests. To those living in cities where conveniences for handling puppies are never given, we would advise the using of grower's formula, as follows: One grain of salutarina mixed in ten grains of sugar of milk. This to be divided in ten doses, and for puppies two to three months old, two a day, to be administered at equal intervals of time to each pup, one to six doses last. This will be found thoroughly successful. To those living in country places where druggists and drugs are almost unknown, we would advise the use of bruised pumpkin seeds, boiled in the usual pot of feed. This will produce the result desired, sometimes when all other medicines seem to fail. Arise not we never advise the use of it. It is said to be good, but our experience leads us to think that it produces intestinal irritation, especially when there is weakness, which is extremely difficult to reduce. Therefore, despite the course of our contemporaries in their answers, we say most positively to eschew arica nut, and use either one or the other of the above remedies.—Turf

BRINE FOR BATHING HORSES FEET.

A correspondent, writing to the Practical Farmer, in relation to the use of salt and lime for bathing the feet of horses, says: "I have tried strong brine on foundered or hoof-bound horses, and with good results. I made a solution of salt and water and applied it three times a day, by washing the legs and immersing up to the bottom of the feet, and holding them up a few minutes to let it dry in. I saw two wonderful effects in a few days. I can run for it in the way Salt will extract moisture from the atmosphere which keeps the feet moist. Salt operates nearly like melted grease upon the feet. The hoof becomes tough, wet pliable. Like a chunk of wood saturated with salt or brine, it is tough, yet moist. Thus it is with a horse's foot. Here let me add the practice of rasping a crack in the hoof to toughen it is folly. Apply brine and you will cure a cure. A horse that is driven upon a hard road is liable to get stiffened. I have seen valuable horses driven upon our own plank roads a few days get lame. I reasoned to myself as to the cause and adopted the use of brine as a remedy which proved effectual."

HOW PLAYING CARDS ARE MADE.

In an article that recently appeared in the Cincinnati Commercial some very interesting information was given in relation to the manufacture of playing cards. We learn that card board used consists of several thicknesses of paper pasted together, generally four, and the paper takes readily past, paint and polish. The sheets being pasted, are united by cold and hot drying and hydraulic pressure. Each sheet is large enough for 40 cards. The outer surfaces of coating, which gives sharpness to the figures, that is laid on generally with the green and blue temper color, or pigments mixed with wax melted on. The printing of the design is on sheets of paper before the pasting to the card board. The paper spots in the face

It has had others from England and America which would have made him a rich man if he could have beaten the champions of either country, but fails to accept them. He is a very unlikely man to be beating all the records in practice pulls for the amusement of the backers. The probability is that he has been used by a novelty in Sydney, and the number of customers at his beer-counter growing small, he wishes to get a little occupation, and to be again a lion.

The figures do not stand inspection. The rate of speed per mile, with the tide, was 1 mile, 5m 52½; 4 miles, 5m 52½; 5 miles, 5m 52.4-5. These show that he can row 4 miles at a faster pace than 5 miles, and after rowing 3 miles at the rate of 5m 52½, his fourth mile is done in 5m 52½. Still more gross is the difference between 4 and 5 miles. He can row 4 miles better than 5 miles, but goes all to pieces at 5 miles. His average for 5 miles is 5m 52.4-5, and after rowing 4 miles at 5m 52½ per mile, it takes 5m 52½ to row the fifth mile. His 3 miles, with turn, with and against tide, is 1m 5 slower than the 3 miles straightaway, or ½ per mile slower. His 4 miles, with turn, 1m 5½ slower than the 4 miles straight away, or 4½ per mile slower per mile; and his 5 miles, with turn, is only 5½ slower than his 4 miles with tide, or 10.4-6 slower per mile. How we learn that he cannot row 5 miles straightaway, nearly as well as he can 4 miles, but can row 5 miles, with a turn, much better than 4 or 3 miles, when compared with his straightaway record.

Evidently the perpetrator of this latest swag hoax is not much of a mathematician.—*Spirit.*

SINGULAR INSTINCT OF A DUCK.

Says the Pembroke Observer.—Ducks are not least the feathered ones usually credited with the possession of intelligence. And very recently some just come under our notice had such unmistakable proof to prove that they are by no means devoid of either quality. A German woman from the township of Wilberforce some time since sold two live wild ducks to her father, Corkery, of this town, who wished to preserve them as a sort of curiosity. It may be necessary to explain that they were part of a brood which had been hatched from a nest of wild ducks eggs found by the children of the German woman in the woods near her home, and being brought up by the ordinary domestic means, had become thoroughly tame. Their names, however, does not seem to have in any way impaired their powers of flight. On the evening of the first day they came into possession of their new owner, one of the ducks, when driven into a coup for the night took wing and flew, as was supposed, merely out of the coup. A diligent search was made for it, but no sign of its whereabouts could be found. At first it was thought to have hidden underneath one of the adjoining sidewalks, but as several days elapsed and nothing was seen, it was finally given up for lost. About a week afterwards, however, the German woman once again appeared at the residence of her reverend, and much to his surprise, greeted him with the remark, "I have brought you back your duck," at the same time producing from a basket the identical duck which had flown away so unconsciously a week before. After its escape on the evening of its purchase, the duck, guided by a strange but unerring instinct, had flown down to its former home in Wilberforce, a distance of fully fourteen miles, for it was there as soon as its late owner, very much to her wonder and amazement.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and distractions of youth, nervous weakness, early loss of manhood, &c. I will send a receipt on receipt of FREE OF CHARGE. This cure, recently discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to Mr. Joseph T. Inman, Station D, Bible House, New York City.

with the most unfeeling thoughtlessness; in many cases the restraint causing more pain and suffering than the disease itself and the operation to be performed. It is to such aids and restraints I wish to direct your attention especially, in the hope that by a careful consideration of the subject you will be induced to discourage cruelly to animals, whenever it presents itself to you, and in your practice reduce to a minimum. One of the most important essentials in a member of our profession is a patient yet firm and determined will. Were all our patients educated by kindness and proper treatment to that degree of docility which they are capable of, we would find them much easier than we do to manage when coming under our professional care.

Many animals, from being teased by grooms, become dangerous for strangers to approach. Others are naturally shy, and if a stranger suddenly approaches them, in their terror they are apt to resort to the most violent measures, which are to the mutual benefit of both parties, and will resent the least interference of a stranger.

For this reason you will have to preface the art of handling horses, to approach with confidence, yet cautious determination, so as to avoid alarming them. You should always speak to a strange horse on approaching him for professional purposes, fondle and encourage him, and having gained his confidence, proceed to your examination. Many, in fact most horses, require to be placed under severe restraints to enable us to administer medicine or perform operations, but it is most astonishing how much they will stand in this way if properly managed.

He then described the various aids and restraints used in administering medicines. First, for driving the horse, he referred to medicinal aids Chloroform and Ether. On this subject he remarked that the great discovery of general anaesthesia by Sir Humphrey Davy, the later developments of the same by an American, Mr. Horace Wells, and finally general and successful appliances of it by the late Sir James Y. Simpson, of Edinburgh, to whom is due the credit of conferring one of the greatest blessings which it has ever been the privilege of science to confer on suffering humanity in this or any other age. He regretted that so few owners of animals are desirous to pay the cost of such accidents, and from the use of chloroform on the lower animals, and thus the use of anaesthetics in them had made comparatively little progress.

He next explained in detail and illustrated the use of local anaesthesia by rendering the hand of one of the students locally insensible to pain by Ether Spray, from Richardson's Spray Apparatus, and read from Dr. Richardson's pamphlet a description of the operations on animals to which it was especially adapted. The discussion which followed brought out many interesting points in connection with the subject. Dr. Deane described a very ingenious method of placing medium sized animals on a table, in use at the Brown Institute in London.

A writer in the Canadian Spectator remarks on a recent entertainment: "But anything so unreasonable as the repeated demands for encore I have never seen as that displayed by the audience. They had paid their money and were determined to have their money's worth. But they should remember that they had paid a certain price to hear a certain number of songs and instrumental pieces. What right, in reason or honesty, have people to demand twice as much as they bargained for? Madame Rive-King was encored, and many looked surprised when she was finally given up for lost. About a week afterwards, however, the German woman once again appeared at the residence of her reverend, and much to his surprise, greeted him with the remark, "I have brought you back your duck," at the same time producing from a basket the identical duck which had flown away so unconsciously a week before. After its escape on the evening of its purchase, the duck, guided by a strange but unerring instinct, had flown down to its former home in Wilberforce, a distance of fully fourteen miles, for it was there as soon as its late owner, very much to her wonder and amazement.

are sold at home), say \$300. This is over rather than under the price paid. This bitch will whelp two litters a year. Each litter will average ten pups.—This is the interest in first cost at five per cent.—which is more than you can obtain for money anywhere at present.—is six percent dollars a year. The cost of boarding your bitch is, at the outside, eighteen dollars a year. You have together a total of twenty nine dollars. Yet, what interest do these breeders demand. They expect to obtain, if the pedigree is a good and fashionable one, for these "degenerate scions of an old family, who crawl around crushed by the weight of their formidable pedigrees, fifty dollars each. Twenty puppies to return them in good solid cash a thousand dollars. An interest so great, a return so astounding as to putry us at their audacity in claiming it. Three hundred and thirty-three per cent. yearly for ten years, for a bitch will brood that age always, and once over the hills of puppy-hood, there is but little danger of loss by disease. Thirty-three hundred per cent. return in ten years for the first investment. Do our readers see now why this blue-blood make is so hard sooth? Do they wonder at the loud, clamorous shouting by these breeders for the beauties of imported stock? Who are the most advertised breeders in the most lavish manner who such a return has beyond seas. We contend that ten dollars each for these puppies would be a magnificent return for the funds invested. In fact, if the pups are taken away at weaning time, five dollars each would pay an interest on the first cost of nearly seventeen per cent. annually. The risk is but little, for the profits more than great. It easily accounts for the enormous increase in breeding kennels and their consequent advertising competition. Fools are to be guided; let's each get the first picking. We predict that in five years more their number will be so small as to make them ridiculous in comparison with the ordinary time of to-day. We would our readers will recall at that future time our prophecy of the present. Make your hay, gentlemen, while the sun shineth. The storm is coming on space. To-day is your flash time of 1864 and 1865. To-morrow comes your Black Friday of 1873. Our country is too large, breeders are too numerous and bitches are too plenty for these kennels to prove a permanent institution. Landholders are too many for dogs to become scarce. Americans, as a whole, have a fondness for pets, and what makes a better pet for home and children than a setter or pointer. If a bitch, the owner will raise a litter or two while he owns the breeder, and his friends are supplied at the cost of a "thank you." Here is where these kennels will meet their Waterloo. They have been so grasping for immediate gain, that they have sold all bitch-puppies whelped, and that, too, at a less cost than the dogs of the litters. They have pursued exactly an opposite course from that of the wise breeders of game birds, who have for years demanded and received double the price for a hen that they would ask for a cock, and they have concluded on destroying their own golden eggs, distribute broadcast through the land all the birds for the sake of a little lucre, so that blue-blood, in but a short time, will prove more common in numbers, than it now is in good qualities, to our own native stock.—*Turf.*

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When did your prize fighting life begin? the reporter asked.

When the war broke out I was in Nashville, Hogan answered. I began by following the army—not as a soldier, for I don't think I'd have made much of a fighter that way—looking out for myself always. Well, I made lots of money, but somehow I always had to spend it in getting myself out of trouble. I never fought much on my own account, and never a bar-room fight unless I was in liquor. Well, I followed the army down to Fort Royal and Hinton Head, and from there I went to the Dry Tortugas. I played cards of all sorts from New Orleans up the river to Cincinnati and Pittsburg. Why, I had plenty of money when I was in Pittsburg. I had a span of horses and \$27,000 to the good in bank. I made up my mind then to quit drinking and gambling, for I had plenty to keep me the rest of my life. That did not last long, though. My money dwindled away in loans and other ways until I landed at Saratoga at the beginning of the summer with only \$10,000 in my pocket. I left there with \$15, and that I borrowed.

Was that about the time of your fight with Tom Allen? the reporter asked.

Oh, about that fight? Hogan replied somewhat irresponsibly, but with increased interest. "That came about in this way. I had been living around in the oil regions making plenty of money and drinking heavily. My stomach was all gone. The skin of my hands was shrivelled and cracked and the doctors told me that the Hot Springs water was all that could cure me. Me and my partner started right off and stopped in St. Louis. There we met Tom Allen, who was spoiling to fight some one. I was willing to accommodate him, but my friends urged me to cure myself first. I would not wait, but planked the money right down. You see, I always backed myself," Hogan said with manifest professional pride.

Everything was fixed, but when I got to the Hot Springs the doctors said that they could do nothing for me. They advised me to go over into the Choctaw nation and drink the fresh blood of game for a while. My partner and I took nine gallons of whiskey and a lot of ammunition and started right off. We had a glorious time for nine weeks and I was all right after that, and Allen and I had our fight. It was a tough one. It came out a draw.

You had other ring fights, had you not? the reporter inquired.

Oh, yes, and I never lost one of them," he answered. "There was Ryan and H. Hilday, both of them easy jobs. That fight with Donnelly was the hardest I ever had. I was roped into that. They thought they had put up a job to have me well hooked. I had gone over to Canada on a gambling tour, and they brought me against Donnelly in a bar-room. Crowing soon resulted in a match to be fought within two weeks. We fought thirty-eight minutes, and he knocked me down eleven times. I gave him a crusher in the side that broke three of his ribs for him and won me the fight."

Have you met many of your sporting friends since your reformation? the reporter inquired.

Yes, they have called on me from all sides. "What are you going to do, Ben?" they ask. "All you know is gambling, prize-fighting and saloon-keeping." I answer them that I have broad shoulders, strong hands and a stout heart. Since my reformation she and I find that \$5 a week is enough to pay our rent and give us all we want. I used to make almost a hundred a week, you can make it lodge, clothe and board us, and we'll know just where it comes from and where it goes to, every cent of it. I am happier since the change, and she I know," he said, with another backward nod towards his wife, who buried her face in her handkerchief and sobbed noticeably, if not audibly.

THE CHAMPION.

(Virginia (New) Chronicle)

"The laziest duffer I ever seed," remarked Jim Rodgers, "were a man that the boys used to call Old Laydown. They couldn't find out his first name, cause he were too lazy to recollect it. He belonged to the same sick society as me and we paid him \$10 a week sick benefits for three weeks. Said he hurt his leg. Found afterwards by the doctor and a dozen eye-witnesses that he injured his shins by walkin' up again a cobweb. Fact. Lazy? You bet he were easy gone! One afternoon he fainted in the street and were brought home to bed. We weren't to be crotch'd this time on benefits. Said he had fainted from loss of blood. Doctor examined him and found a mosquito bite under his left ear. Fact. You bet he took things in comfortable. He used to lurr a small boy in warm weather to hold his straw for him while he smacked his sherry cobbler. Axed me one day if there weren't some cheap way of workin' a tooth-brush by machinery. Said he wished he could eat without workin' his jaws. 'I could if I'd wear out too soon. Fact. Well, I don't mind if I do."

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BRINE FOR BATHING HORSES FEET.

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HOW PLAYING CARDS ARE MADE.

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HOW HE CAUGHT A TURTLE.

[From the Lumphin (Ga.) Independent.]

A few days ago a negro man was fishing in the Patula Creek, Georgia, when he hung a huge turtle in the mouth with a small perch hook. He managed to raise the turtle's head partly out of the water, and held him in that position until his mouth open until several gallons of water had run down his throat. The turtle then dropped its head over to one side and the negro, thinking he had drowned it, jumped into the creek. He caught the turtle by the tail, put it between his teeth and held on to it, while he cut it all in two of the feet and hand-holds. He then started for the bank, but found it a severe struggle, as the turtle would hold to roots and branches of trees in the creek. The negro finally got the turtle on its back and pushed it out of the water. The turtle weighed seventy-seven pounds, and had a head the measured seven-and-a-half inches across the top.



The Gentleman's Journal

TORONTO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, '78

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

All Communications intended for the "Sporting Times" should be addressed to P. COLLINS, Sporting Times Office, No. 90 King St. W. to any of our employees. This will avoid any delay.

Managers, Agents, Dealers, &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 the Yellow color with the name of the city or town and correspondent, signed by the proprietors of this paper, with a punch stamp of a horse's head upon the right upper corner, and dated October 1, 1878. 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 is 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 SPACE A NEGATIVE.

DATES CLAIMED FOR 1879.

CANADIAN.

Dundas May 24
Hamilton July 1 to 8

AMERICAN.

Milwaukee, Wis. June 2 to 6
Chicago, Ill. July 15 to 19
Cleveland, O. July 22 to 25
Buffalo, N. Y. Aug. 5 to 8
Rochester, N. Y. Aug. 5 to 8
Cleveland, O. Sept. 9 to 12

RUNNING.

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

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the change of system. The per centage plank of the platform was made to do your man's duty, and it was easily shown by their own method how much more satisfactory in the end it would be to conduct such transactions without a discount which it was claimed was ruinous to the investors, and only wanted a short time to render them all bankrupt. In this style of business such an argument looked not only feasible but correct. There was no doubt of the correctness of the premises, but the deductions proved absolutely faulty as practice has indisputably shown. When a direct per centage is taken as in pool-selling, every one knows exactly what it is, and what they have to contend against in this respect. But in book-making this discount is concealed, and does not appear to the novice, until laid bare by a practical example.

It is not necessary here to go into an explanation of the system of book-making. We have given it before, and by this time it is doubtless well understood by the major portion of our readers. It may, however, be stated that the principle is to bet a certain amount against each individual horse in the race. The odds are so adjusted against the horses that the book-maker, if a man understanding his business, is sure to have a balance in his favor no matter what horse in the race should win. This balance is the concealed per centage in his favor, against which unknowingly the bettor has to contend. He has no idea whether it is 1 per cent. or 20 per cent., or even more. An illustration of this would probably have more effect in elucidating the position than pages of writing. To give a fair idea of it we quote an actual transaction—the book betting on the Hotel Handicap at Jerome Park on last Tuesday. It must be understood that in this system all bets are "play or pay," there are no "draws" as in pools. If you back a horse and he doesn't start you lose, whereas in pools the money would be returned to you. Well, to make the matter as short as possible, and for the purposes of our calculation it will be assumed that in this instance the book-maker made \$1,000 book, that is bet \$1,000 at the odds quoted against each horse in the race. In any case this \$1,000 is all he could lose, while he would have the amounts invested on all the horses except the winner to recoup him for this loss. The statement is submitted in tabular form so it can be understood at a glance, the amounts in the right hand column showing what the backers of each individual horse would wager against \$1,000 laid by the book-maker.

3 to 2 against Duke of Magenta	\$667
2 to 1 " Bayard	500
2 to 1 " Bertha	500
5 to 2 " Warfield	400
3 to 1 " Lonslainer	333
4 to 1 " Bramble	250
5 to 1 " Gen Phillips	200
5 to 1 " Garrick	200
6 to 1 " Albert	166
8 to 1 " Shylock	125
10 to 1 " Franklin	100
	\$9,441

Here it will be seen that the book maker would have \$3,441 in hand before the race started, if his book was full. Now the most he would have to pay out of this would be if the Duke of Magenta won, \$1,667, the \$1,000 he lost and the \$667 deposited to make the bet. If Franklin won he would only have to repay \$1,100. Now, in looking at the table it will be seen the book-maker stood to win all the way from \$1,774 to \$2,841 without any risk. This is the concealed per centage. If the amount staked on the several horses had been invested in pools, the per centage deducted from the total sum would be about \$100 and the purchaser of the winning horse

Purpose." will hardly get up to \$600, and these young and in good condition. This low state of the horse market is due to a cause we have previously mentioned, namely:—Breeding too few horses that are fit for the foreign market. At the present time, in Ontario fully one half of the horse stock are mere plugs, and a dead loss to their owners; not only in a marketable commodity are they a dead loss, but every farmer in the country nearly has a surplus stock that are eating their heads off. Now a horse, unless he is producing something in the shape of work, is a losing game, and is capital badly invested, as an investment in horse flesh is only safe in one way, and that is for so much work." The "general purpose" horse, as he is called, is the curse to profitable horse breeding in this country. He is "neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring." Under any circumstances they are never acceptable in any position they may be placed. For heavy work they are inferior to the Clydes; they are no drivers; no sane person would ever think of purchasing one for saddle purposes; and on the farm, where a genuine general purpose horse is required, they are about worthless. They are mongrels with all the faults of their progenitors. Why men professing to have the exercise of their reason will continue to reproduce year after year such worthless types of equine stock is a mystery. The best general purpose you can have is one true to the name, and the experience of all horse producing countries is that a large proportion of thoroughbred blood is necessary to produce this article. If you want trotters bred to some well-established family in that line—be it Hambletonian, Star, Mambrino, or whatnot, only know what you are getting is genuine. But to waste money and valuable time in perpetuating a race of mongrels is labor and material badly applied. The old country demand is showing our farmers the value of thoroughbred blood in their horses, and the sooner they wake up to the merits of this question, the better it will be for themselves. It is a law of nature that like begets like, and so long as our small breeders will, for the sake of a dollar or two, patronize some monstrosity in the shape of a general purpose stallion, just so long will they continue in the slough in which they are now found. Nobody wants the so-called general purpose horse. He is a vulgar exercise on a noble object. By all means breed to the highest type of blood available for the purposes you desire—and if the primary cost is a little more, the result will pay you more than ten-fold. The best is none too good. Exercise discretion and caution—be sure you know what you want—and then proceed in accordance with the unalterable law of nature. You must not expect figs from thistles, but you have the same right to expect this phenomenon, as to base your calculations on getting anything good from the so-called general purpose horse. The eccentricities of nature will once in a long while depart from the usual routine, but this is the exception and not the rule. Breeders have no right, or is it policy for them to do so, to take the risk of such long chances, when the right way is so apparent. Every authority on the horse condemns this mongrel system of breeding, and their experience is it leads from bad to worse in continuity. The breeder and farmer are troubled with many pests and parasites, but it is doubtful if the general purpose horse is not as expensive an enemy to the whole country as the ravages of other evils which have called forth the interference of the government to protect the country from their destructive habit.

a horse's merits, and past experience in the exportation ventures leads to the belief that there is a strong stratum of fact underneath the statement.

It is likely the three-year-old colt the Duke of Magenta, certainly the best of his year in America, will be shipped for England on Saturday next, under the same auspices, and will strengthen the Lorillard string on the other side of the water. He will be sent out under the charge of Mr. Brown, the trainer, and will arrive in ample time to be entered for the spring handicaps. The New York World says in regard to this, "Whether the Duke runs or not, Mr. Lorillard can easily find out what the English authorities think of American 'cracks' like the Duke and Parole for such events as the Lincoln Handicap, Newmarket Handicap, City and Suburban, Great Metropolitan and Chester Cup, the running in which races might possibly fit either horse for the Ascot Stakes, Ascot Gold Cup or Alexandra Plate."

Sporting Gossip.

Mr. Wm. Slack, the well-known driver of Oshawa, has purchased from Mr. Stevens of the same place, the Leithan trotting gelding, Frank Ross. He is a roan, stands about 16.3, and is reputed to be able to crack in his heats in :30 or thereabouts; 7 years old, and has a record of 2:40. He has had but little handling, and Mr. S. thinks he has struck a bonanza. The terms were private.

A boy's first bet—Alpha-bet. The fast four-year-old records are given as follows.—Eric, by Ericson, 1877, 2:28 1/2; Elaine, 2:24 1/2, at Hartford, 1878; Noentide, Hartford, 1878, 2:28 1/2; Keen Jim, Lexington, 1878, 2:24 1/2. Maud S.'s 2:17 1/2 is not a record, having been made in a trial.

In the trot at Kingston on Saturday last, sire against son, the old "on Ethan Allen, 26 years, beat the younger Tom Allen. The match was for \$200.

A put-up job—Producing the money for a wager.

Mr. Augustus McCorquodale, Youngsville, Ont., has recently purchased from Mr. J. Drummond, Scotland, the Clyde stallion What's Wanted, for £800; and the filly Jessie for £150.

Mr. Wm. Long, lately of Toronto, lost the black trotting stallion Messenger Star, by Messenger Duroc, by death a few days since of spasmodic colic, at Ogden, Utah, while in transit for Walla Walla, Wenonah Territory.

That was a sick-looking youth who tried to throw double sixes with the jaundice. Mr. C. C. Kelleff, of Oshawa, and the bay gelding Honest Billy, have been suspended by the Le Roy, N. Y., Association for non-payment of entrance money.

Mr. A. W. Richmond has not sold Hopeful, and he declares that the horse is not for sale. Mr. R. thinks he has the fastest horse in the world, and he intends to comply with the injunction—hold on to those things that are good.

"Do you know a horse from a jackass when you see them?" asked a brow-beating barrister of a dull-looking witness. "Oh, yes, just so," drawled out the intended victim, raving intently, at his legal tormentor, "I know the difference, and I'd never take you for a horse."

Mr. C. E. Lindsay, of Guelph, has purchased the fast trotting pony Bendigo from Mr. James Walsh. The price, though not made public, is said to be a good one. At the late Ferris Races, Bendigo got a record

2:30 and has not been handled. More will probably be heard of him shortly if there is anything in the story.

It seems rather odd to see two men playing seven up for a dinner that is to be at up.

Mr. McKee Rankin, the actor, has imported from France a fine large Norman stallion at an expense of \$2,500. The horse is now stabled at the old Rankin farm, near Sandwich, Ont.

We are sorry to know that Gov. Stanford, of San Francisco, is now quite ill. He is known as one of the enterprising breeders of the Pacific coast.

Mr. James Russell, of Richmond Hill, Ont., recently sold a sixteen months old heavy draught colt Young Dundonald to Mr. John Ingram, of Manitoulin Island, for \$900. This is the first heavy weight fellow on the Island. He weighs 1,850 lbs.

It is pleasant to see a husband and wife play draw poker, when the wife holds the poker and the husband sneaks off to the nearest saloon and tells his friends that he is trying to enjoy himself.

The proposed handicap race at Woodbine last Saturday did not take place.

The wonderful trotting horse Edwin Forrest has been sold by Charley Green to Robert Bonner of the New York Ledger. Thus another bright star sinks from sight.

The demand for trotting horses is steadily on the increase in the old country. Canada has already supplied her, with some, and our stock is not yet exhausted.

The Rev. Ezra Haskell, a most intemperate temperance lecturer, now at Chatham singled out the Royal Exchange Hotel, kept by Mr. Sam. Perrin, as a target for his volleys of abuse and mendacity. Mr. Perrin was not disposed to allow the Rev. sibbler to go unchallenged, but held him to a personal account for his statements. Not being given that satisfaction from the intemperate temperance man that Mr. P. deemed was due to him, he administered a severe lesson in the way of the public defamer, which will probably make him a little more cautious in the future, and teach him the value of reading up the early life of Geo. Washington at the history of his little hatchet.

Dr. Coleman's thoroughbred stallion Glendeboye made his debut on the stage last week at Ottawa in the horse shoeing scene the third act of Kerry Gow.

The proposed race between Russian Star and a Montreal horse has been allowed dropping to the lateness of the season.

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SPEED CLASSES AT FAIRS.—RACING AT BROCKVILLE.

BROCKVILLE, Nov. 4, '78. To the Editor of the Sporting Times: In the last issue of the SPORTING TIMES noticed an excellent article under the heading of "Speed Classes at Agricultural Fairs in which you commented upon the almost entire absence of such classes in connection with Fair Exhibitions. While I thoroughly agree with you in the practical utility said classes as likely to promote the interest of breeders, yet I must, in justice to myself and neighbors, draw your attention to a fact that in some of the rural districts near our town the managers of the Fairs have awakened to the urgent necessity of such a step, and now announce regularly in connection with their old time programme a series of special prizes for speed in single, double and saddle horses. The first to inaugurate this feature was the Directors of the Notting Riding Leeds and Grenville Agricultural

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BOOK-MAKING VS. POOL-SELLING.

When the anti-pool-selling crusade was inaugurated it was submitted the decline of the American system of investment would serve to introduce the English method of turf speculation—book-making. The merits of the latter style were boldly preached up by its advocates, and a multiplicity of reasons strongly advanced to show that the foreign plant only required to be introduced to become as much an institution in this country as it had been to the manner born. Possibly the strongest argument put forth in its behalf was that when a regular system of book-making became established that investors would escape the grinding per centage of discount which pool sellers demanded in the way of a three or five per cent. commission on their sales. This claim was figured up mathematically to show that in the course of a very short time the whole of the capital stock involved in speculation in the turf would find its way into the hands of those who had the management or control of the pool-selling privileges. It was shown unmistakably, by figures, that the voracious appetite, as it was termed, of the pool-selling system would necessarily in course of time destroy itself by a cessation of the source of supply which gave it its vitality. To those who could impartially and disinterestedly look at the subject these statements looked chimerical. Experience was against the arguments advanced; and popular feeling was not led away entirely by the specious reasoning of the promoters or advocates of

make the matter as short as possible, and for the purposes of our calculation it will be assumed that in this instance the book maker made \$1,000 book, that is bet \$1,000 at the odds quoted against each horse in the race. In any case this \$1,000 is all he could lose, while he would have the amounts invested on all the horses except the winner to recoup him for this loss. The statement is submitted in tabular form so it can be understood at a glance; the amounts in the right hand column showing what the backers of each individual horse would wager against \$1,000 laid by the book-maker.

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\$9,411

Here it will be seen that the book maker would have \$9,411 in hand before the race started, if his book was full. Now the most he would have to pay out of this would be if the Duke of Magenta won, \$1,667, the \$1,000 he lost and the \$667 deposited to make the bet. If Franklin won he would only have to repay \$1,100. Now, in looking at the table it will be seen the book-maker stood to win all the way from \$1,774 to \$2,341 without any risk. This is the concealed vercentage. If the amount staked on the several horses had been invested in pools, the per centage deducted from the total sum would have been about \$100 and the purchaser of the winning horse would have received about \$8,340 instead of from \$1,100 to \$1,667 as the case may have been. In fact under the pool-selling system his profits would have been fully 100 per cent. more, than in backing his choice against a book-maker. This should go a long way to show that pool-betting is not only the better for the backer of the horse, but is conducted at a much less cost to him, only as submitted above, the lesser expense is a direct tax on the gross amount, while the book-maker's profits are concealed under the cover of a specific contract. It may be said that in most instances book-makers never get their books full, but this illustration shows if it was only half full the chances of their profits being larger than the pool-sellers is greater. We have all along contended that investment in pools was more consistent with the American character, and after digesting the above exhibit we have no doubt many of our readers who have not given the subject any study before, will agree with us now.

WHAT TO BREED.

A gentleman who has devoted considerable attention and time to the subject writes on the question of horse breeding in Canada. He says, "The auction sales of stock through the country held during the last month should be a fair guide to our farmers what was most in demand, and what the most money could be made out of. At recent sale horses, unless of unexceptionable style and build, were a mere drug, good booky farm horses, or what is called a "General

they wake up to the merits of this question, the better it will be for themselves. It is a law of nature that like begets like, and so long as our small breeders will, for the sake of a dollar or two, patronize some monstrosity in the shape of a general purpose stallion, just so long will they continue in the slough in which they are now found. Nobody wants the so-called general purpose horse. He is a vulgar excrement on a noble object. By him means bred to the highest type of blood available for the purposes you desire—and if the primary cost is a little more, the result will pay you more than ten-fold. The best is none too good. Exercise discretion and caution—be sure you know what you want—and then proceed in accordance with the unalterable law of nature. You must not expect figs from thistles, but you have the same right to expect this phenomenon, as to base your calculations on getting anything good from the so-called general purpose horse. The eccentricities of nature will once in a long while depart from the usual routine; but this is the exception and not the rule. Breeders have no right, or is it policy for them to do so, to take the risk of such long chances, when the right way is so apparent. Every authority on the horse condemns this mongrel system of breeding, and their experience is it leads from bad to worse in continuity. The breeder and farmer are troubled with many pests and parasites, but it is doubtful if the general purpose horse is not as expensive an enemy to the whole country as the ravages of other evils which have called forth the interference of the government to protect the country from their destructive habits.

THE AMERICAN HORSES IN ENGLAND.

It will be remembered that Mr. Pierre Lorillard, of New York, on October 19, shipped to England the well-known race horse Parole, the 2 year-old Uncas, and half-a-dozen more promising youngsters, which would be engaged in some of the prominent English events of 1879. On Saturday last he received a telegram per cable from the Messrs. Weatherby, of London, Eng., to whom the horses were consigned, that they were all landed safely and in good condition. Thus one hard part of the trouble has been overcome satisfactorily. The question of acclimatization has yet to be solved in their cases, and judging from Mr. Sanford's experience with American horses in Britain this is not the least difficulty they will have to encounter. It is certainly to be hoped that the whole stable will have the best of luck, and that in the Spring they will come out in as good shape as if they had been wintered in the favored climate of Kentucky, instead of among the rains and fogs of Albion. Parole was undoubtedly a good horse in this country, and as promising a representative as could have been selected to carry the American colors in the battles in which it is likely he will be engaged on British soil. Still too much must not be anticipated—so far American race horses have not obtained the position on the English turf that was originally expected. It is said the ocean voyage, either way, detracts materially from

years, beat the youngster Tom Allen. The match was for \$200.

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The next meeting of the Board of Review of the National Trotting Association will be held at the 6th Ave. Hotel, New York, on Dec. 3. The Board is empowered to act on all cases brought before them.

There is no material difference between trapeze performers, liquor dealers and lawyers, as they must be admitted to the bar in order to practice their professions.

At the late meeting at Frederickton, N.B., the receipts at the gate alone amounted to \$1,100. This is better than can be done in Toronto.

Mollie McCarthy, the celebrated (no account) mare, has been taken back to California. The climate there appears to suit her.

As the horses came tearing down the homestretch, the one in the rear was steadily gaining on his antagonist. Cries Pat in his excitement, "Five dollars that the hind horse comes in first!" The bet was taken and Pat lost, though his favorite won.

Mr. Rembler Paul, V.S., of this city, proprietor of "Grand's," has had a severe attack of pneumonia, but he is now getting better, and is considered out of all danger.

The American bred filly Doans, 4 yrs, by Baywood out of Dot, won a selling hurdle-race at Sandown Park, near London, on Oct. 17, carrying 154 lbs., and winning by a neck. She was then bought by Sir W. Throckmorton for 165 guineas. She had been entered to be sold for £50.

It is said they have unearthed a trotting wonder in the vicinity of Port Perry. The report is that he can trot easily inside of

him, he administered a severe lesson in the manly art to the public defamer, which will probably make him a little more cautious in the future, and teach him the value of reading up the early life of Geo. Washington and the history of his little hatchet.

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For some reason best known to—well, don't know whom—we have not had a race meeting here since last winter; and so far there are no indications of the regular Fall gathering. Why is this. Have our fortunes succumbed to the benign influences of the Oswego praying band, or have they resolved to wait and see who is going to take the initiative towards filling out the purse. It will never do, for such open evidences of lethargic slumber to be made, and we trust some one, and the proper one will take the matter in hand. If a Fall meeting cannot be arranged, why not broach the subject of the winter term, and thus infuse some life and interest in the matter.

Yours, L. S.

of the Atlanta Boat Club, while rowing back after winning the race, were run over by the motorboat Peter Cray, their shells injured, and the occupants forced to swim for their lives, before passing under the steamer and receiving a scalp wound from the paddle-wheels. After several postponements the case was held last week before Judge Sheridan and a jury. The oarsmen were awarded \$250 each, and \$65 for damages to their boat. A few more such verdicts might teach the captains of lightboats some lessons of decency which nothing but pecuniary argument will ever impress upon their minds.

FIRE.—We have received from Messrs. Hager & Co. of this city a beautifully colored engraving of Haulan in his shell. The scene is taken on Toronto bay, and has Union Station, &c., for a background. It is a clever work of art, and every admirer of the champion oarsman should have one. Its size is about 15 inches by 22 inches, and it will make a handsome adornment for the walls of a club or sample room as well as for a parlor or sleeping apartment. The publisher's address is P. O. Box 689, Toronto.

LINDSAY.—A double gull race, one and a half miles, with a turn, took place at Lindsay last week between Messrs. Crandell and Johnson and Messrs. Kells and Britton, representatives of local clubs. The latter pair ran by ten lengths, in 9:50.

JUDGE FULLERTON.

Judge Fullerton, the chestnut son of Edward Everett, seems to be himself again. October 5, at San Jose, California, he beat Deacid and Nutwood in straight heats, the time of which was 2:18 1/2, 2:20 1/2, 2:19. His trainer, Orrin A. Hickok, writes that he does not tire in his legs like he formerly did, and he attributes this marked improvement to the fact that he has reduced the weight of his shoes. When Mace trained the horse he wore twenty ounces of iron forward. Now his hind shoes weigh seven ounces and his fore shoes ten ounces each. The weight has been reduced one-half. As Fullerton has an excess of action rather than otherwise, it was a mistake to have loaded him down with so much iron. His owner, Mr. Humphrey, is of the opinion that he will yet clip the wings of some of our greatest flyers.—*Turf.*

To Correspondents.

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

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

P. H. Allandale.—The referee's decision decides the money.

W. B. St. Catharines.—We are waiting to see one of the principals in the race for his statement.

A. READE, Cheltenham.—We can not decide, unless we know the conditions of the race. However, it appears if he was permitted to start he was entitled to the prize.

We have a letter for Mr. Bennett, one-sided sporting man.

NAME CLAIMED.

BONUS.—I claim the name of Bonus; for my chestnut gelding, high hind foot white, and a small star in forehead; 4 years old; by Emerald; by Albemarle, dam a Royal George mare.—*Wm. SLACK, Oshawa, Ont.*

Mr. J. Barnes, Toronto:
 DEAR SIR,—I lost \$10 on last Saturday's race between Mr. Carruthers and you. Now, I am acquainted with a little circumstance concerning that race, which would bring you liable, legally speaking, or at the very least, spoil your future races in Toronto. If you make that \$10 good to me I will keep quiet, if not I will publish what I know in the newspapers. I do not want to expose anybody—that is far from my desire. I merely want my money back that I consider I was cheated out of. Now, take a friend's advice and send me \$10 by post. You know me very well, and I consider you treated me, as well as others, mean. However, as far as others are concerned, it is none of my business. I do not wish to fall out with you. I am a good friend, but a bad enemy. I will wait till Wednesday next for an answer. You can depend on this note being genuine.
 Yours, &c.,
 Address, "W. R. Bond,"
 Toronto P. O.

To remain till called for.

ENTRIES FOR THE PEDESTRIAN HANDICAP CLOSE THIS FRIDAY AFTERNOON AT 6 O'CLOCK.

ENGLISH PEDESTRIANS.

There is to be a grand handicap of 180 yards, at Manchester, Eng., on Nov. 28 and 29. All the leading pedestrians of England have made entries, and the starts have already been declared. The annexed list will give a good idea of the estimate placed upon the men's speed. It will be noticed that George Wallace of Thornley Colliery is on the scratch. Good pedestrian authorities think he is the best sprint runner that ever put on a shoe. It is thought he can equal or surpass Geo. Seward's 100-yd. record, 9 1/2 s. any time he wants to start with that object. The following names do not comprise all the contestants, but are given simply to show who are considered the best men in England, and how they rate with one another in the handicapper's idea. Among the rest will be noticed the names of F. W. Stone, now in this country, and J. F. Crossley of Philadelphia:—

- J. Wallace, Thornley Colliery, scratch.
- J. Taylor, Jarvis, 1 1/2 yards start; G. Jackson, Barnwell, 2; G. Pettley, Finchley, 2; J. Richards, Middlesbrough, 2 1/2; E. Parsons, Belling, 2 1/2; H. Hutchins, Putney, 3; R. Rowell, Newburn, 3; J. Airton, Gusbrough, 3; F. Payley, Woodhouses, 3 1/2; J. Kitchen, Thorne, 3 1/2; D. Wight, Jedburgh, 3 1/2; J. Wilkinson, Idle, 4; F. W. Stone, Melbourne, 4; A. Witham, Sheffield, 4; H. Shaw, Sheffield, 4; J. O. Booth, Bradford, 4; E. Bayntun, London, 4 1/2; G. Elmes, Northampton, 4 1/2; J. Walls, London, 5; W. Bayles, Gainsford, 5; B. Waring, Blackburn, 5 1/2; J. T. Crossley, America, 5 1/2.

THE SIX DAY'S PEDESTRIAN TOURNAMENT.

LONDON, Eng., Nov. 2.—The great international pedestrian tournament, which began at Agricultural Hall, Islington, last Monday morning, at five minutes past one o'clock, terminated at 10.30 to-night. The competitors in this match numbered twenty-three, and were as follows:

- William Barnett, of Leeds; H. Brown ("Blower"), of Fulham; W. Clarkson, of Hull; William Corkey, of Bethnal Green; Arthur Courtney, of Barnet; W. Croft, of Hull; Peter Crossland, of Sheffield; S. Day, of Northampton; John Ennis, of Chicago, Ill.; U. S. A.; Owen Hancock, of Shadwell; Joseph Hayward, of Billingsgate; John Hibbert, of Bethnal Green; John Higgins, of Hornsey; John Jackson Holmes, of Nottingham; William Howes, of the city; George Ide, of Woolwich; G. Pellett, of Sittingbourne; W. H. Richardson, of America; O. Rowell, of Cambridge; Alfred Thatcher, of Ganning Town; Harry Vaughan, of Chester; Edward Payson Weston, of Providence, U.

120 Yards Pedestrian Handicap,

TO BE RUN AT THE

TORONTO CRICKET GROUND

ON FRIDAY AND SATURDAY,

November 15 and 16.

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

OPEN TO ALL AMERICA.

Entrance \$1, acceptance \$1. Entries close on Friday, Nov. 8, and must be in the hands of the Secretary before 6 o'clock, p.m. of that day, accompanied with the entrance fee. Acceptances to be made by Thursday, Nov. 14, before 6 o'clock p.m. Handicap will be declared on Monday, Nov. 11.

To start from the crack of a pistol. Any man getting over his mark before the pistol is fired will be put back one yard, for the second offence two yards, and for the third offence will be disqualified. Any man entering under a false name or residence will be disqualified. Unknown men will have to be identified to the satisfaction of the Committee. To be run in squads; the winners of squads to run in final heats on Saturday. All communications to the Secretary, Sports and Times office, Toronto.

374-11. P. COLLINS, Sec'y.

SPRINTS.

The irrepressible "Wobler" is what the English press term E. P. Weston.

The times are harder than we thought. It is rumored that Sergeant Bates has been compelled to go to work.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

COMING.—William Perkins, the celebrated English pedestrian, intends paying this country a visit. His friends have tendered him a benefit prior to leaving, at South London Music Hall, which is set down for Nov. 7.

The young man who will lose half a day, and journey eight or ten miles to have the pleasure of entering a five-mile walk would feel very much imposed upon if he had to get up in the middle of the night and walk half a mile for the doctor.

ENTRIES FOR THE PEDESTRIAN HANDICAP CLOSE THIS FRIDAY AFTERNOON AT 6 O'CLOCK.

RUNNING AT LOWELL, MASS.—Oct. 26, D. J. McCarty, of Lowell, defeated D. J. Ross, of Canada, (?) in a half-mile race, done in 2m. 16s. This is the Ross that has strutted around Boston for some as the great Canadian runner, but "beaten a half-mile easily in 2m. 16s." seems to puncture his balloon.

A NOVEL GAME OF FOOT-BALL.—At Sheffield, England, Oct. 14, two elevens, captained by the brothers J. O. and W. E. Clegg, played a match by electric light. W. E. Clegg's team winning by 2 goals to 0. The light was satisfactory, it being mellow, and not oppressive, and the smallest type could be read with ease on any part of the grounds.

But we are further inclined to think that he also does outside of the family. The career of the Duke of Magenta has been one of extraordinary success this year. If he is not one of the best three-year-olds that ever was trained in America, those he has so often and so easily defeated must have been a very poor lot indeed. We have never seen the Duke really squeezed, for in the race at Long Branch he was badly off and in no condition, and in all his other races he has won with something in his hand, walloping along in a very resolute but lazy sort of style, as if he should say to the backers, "I'm going to win, and that's enough for you." Now, in view of such an extraordinarily successful career, we might please some by declaring that the Duke will win hand over hand in England when he gets there. But we shall do nothing of the kind. It has already been proclaimed by one of our neighbors that Uncas is a wonderful racehorse for the matter, and we have no idea that Uncas will be as good next year as Duke of Magenta is now, and yet we do not think that the latter will anything like equal in England, under the colors of Mr. Pierre Lorillard, the victories he has so gallantly achieved here, "beyond St. George's banner bright." In the first place, he must encounter a sea voyage in the worst season of the year. Some think it is a light matter, but the most of these have never been out of soundings, and they should take the opinion of Master McGrath on this point. A heavy gale in the Atlantic or in the chops of the Channel is a serious affair. The steamship Colina, which sailed from Montreal and recently arrived in the Clyde, lost 160 head of cattle on the passage. The change of climate is another thing to be considered, and then there is such a great difference between the race-courses of England and those to which Duke of Magenta has been accustomed, that nobody can tell how he will be affected by the change. Brown's English experience will, of course, be an advantage, and the horses will have in him an able, skillful, and experienced trainer. But with all that, and in the contingency that in spite of all obstacles Brown brings Duke of Magenta to the post in fine condition, is there anything like certitude that he can beat the best English and French horses at even weights? It will, no doubt, be said that there is, by those who believe that there are in England no good horses over a distance of ground, but this has always been the cry. It was fondly imagined, twenty years ago, that if horses once got their head in front, it would be all over with English horses; but yet, when they began to run in the Goodwood Cup, they left her behind, though she had 14 lbs. the best of the weights. It was the conclusion of A. J. Minor that a first-class English racehorse could give Kentucky from 10 lbs. to 14 lbs. It was the firm opinion of Mr. J. B. Pryor that Sterling could easily defeat Harry Bassett two miles at Newmarket. Now, we have no reason to be certain that Duke of Magenta is any better than the horses he has so often made a fool of itself by setting up crude opinions, and following the ignorant clamor of the crowd, in the teeth of views expressed by the most able and experienced Americans who have been in England during the last quarter of a century. We ardently desire the success of this grand, game good young horse Duke of Magenta, and in order that he may have a fair chance in England, he ought not to be overrated.—*N. Y. Sportsman.*

the presents of the city, with half an acre, she was unable to move an inch further. An 11th and 12th street to the cavity between had been arranged. She had to be put up at the nearest stable, where she lay down dead, beating all over and reliving, fished and water. Thanks, however, to the care bestowed upon her, she was comparatively all right again the following day. Capt. Savioli started from Bergamo on the 23rd ult. at 11 a.m. and arrived at Naples on the 3rd inst., at half past 6. Previous to starting he made a net of 6,000 francs to do the distance in ten days.

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS IN CALIFORNIA.—The last American game of the visitors was played Oct. 24, 25 and 26, at San Francisco, against a picked twenty-two Australian, 803 in one inning; California, 63 and 105.

Amusements.

CITY.
 The spectacular drama of *Magia*, or, the Water Fiend, produced by Briscoe's Grand Aggregation, has been the attraction at the Grand Opera House this week. The merit of the piece is principally in the scenery which is varied and captivating. The action of the play, as in most similar dramatic efforts, does not amount to much. For its success it depends to a great extent upon the efforts of the scene painter, the baller and the machinist, assisted by the vocalists of the company, the dancing of the premieres, and the acrobatic performances of a couple of gymnasts. It furnishes an enjoyable night's entertainment of the light and vaudeville character, and has been well received throughout the week. The usual matinee to-morrow afternoon. Next week Stetson's Opera House Company, opening in Evangeline, with Miss Nellie Lavelle as the prima donna.

On Thursday evening Havorley's Master and Minstrels commenced an engagement of three nights and one matinee at the Royal Opera House. This is the strongest company of black face artists that has ever visited our city, and their reception was a flattering tribute to the energy of the manager in putting such an extensive combination on the road. Forty artists and musicians constitute the company, and the salient features of the profession are rendered in the best of style by performers who are monarchs in their specialities. Matinee to-morrow afternoon.

The Lyceum this week, as the piece *de resistance*, announces the Red Stocking Minstrels, a galaxy of female beauty, in cardinal understandings; in addition to the regular variety programme. The attendance has been good and the entertainment first class. This Friday evening ladies, accompanied by gentlemen, will be admitted free. The regular matinee to-morrow afternoon. Next week almost an entire new company will be put on.

GENERAL.

MONTREAL.—Academy of Music.—Stetson's Opera House Co. for five nights and matinee, commencing Nov. 5.—Mechanics' Hall.—Camilla Urso, the violinist, 19 and 20.—Theatre Royal.—Eight new people this week.

HAMILTON.—Mechanics' Hall.—Briscoe's Spectacular Organization, Nov. 11 and 12; Stetson's Evangeline Co., Nov. 18; Lawrence Barrett, Nov. 20.

LONDON.—Holman Opera House.—Lawrence Barrett as Richard III., Nov. 19.

BARRIE.—Miss Henrietta Monroe, reader, Town Hall, Nov. 6.

The Holman Opera Company open in Troy, N.Y., on the 8th, and at Albany on 11th for a week.

Cool Burgess has made a big hit in London, Eng., as Nicodemus Johnson.

Mr. Lucien Barnes has withdrawn from the management of the Academy of Music, Montreal.

AWARD TO A JOCKEY.

One of the side incidents of the meeting which closed at Pimlico Course on Saturday was the award of a costly gold-mounted whip to the best-behaved and most successful jockey of the season. The whip is said to have cost \$150. The butt is crowned with a jockey's cap of solid gold, and otherwise ornamented with whip, spurs, surcingle, and a band, on which the name of the successful jockey will be engraved. It was understood from the beginning that the whip was to be given for good conduct and success throughout the circuit of the full season, terminating at the spring meeting in the round. At the spring meeting of the Maryland Jockey Club, Capt. William M. Connor, the starter, made the announcement that a prize would be given to the conditions named. On Saturday, after the first heat of the fourth race, the jockeys were assembled in front of the judges' stand, where Capt. Connor made the award to William Bar-

Poetry.

I'M LONELY NOW SINCE MASSA DIED.

While thinking of old Massa and the good old times,
How fast will the bitter tears flow,
For I loved that dear old cabin where do ivy
climbs,
Where do sugar cane and corn used to grow.

CHORUS.

I'm lonely now since Massa's in his grave,
At the church by do side ob de ribbon;
My head it used to bow when I was a slave,
But now it's bowed lower than ever.

I never shall forget that night when dear old
Massa died,
And was laid in his grave on the morrow,
I used to go among de corn and sugar cane to
hide,
So no one should see my bitter sorrow.

Chorus—I'm very lonely, &c.

My banjo it am all I've left to cheer me on my
way,
It's my life, my comfort, and my all,
But now it's growing old it's going to decay,
It's hung so long against the cabin wall.

Chorus—I'm very lonely, &c.

But oft when evening shadows fall around de
cabin door,
Do darkies gather round in mournful song,
For merry notes are out of place since Massa
am no more,
Den do broken banjo helps the tearful throng.

Chorus—I'm very lonely, &c.

ALF. DEAN.

Orrilla, Oct. 26th, 1878.

GAME OF LIFE.

Life is but a game of cards
Which mortals have to learn—
Each shuffle, cut, and deals the pack,
And each a trump doth turn;
Some bring a high card to the top,
While others bring a low;
Some hold a hand quite flush of trumps,
While others none can show.

Now, if you will but list a while,
I'll teach you how to play,
And you will always win your trick
If you do just what I say;
Your chances always reckon sure
Before you "pass" or "make,"
Or else a little "joker" will
Your good trumps come and take.

When playing, you may throw out the ace
Your counting cards to save,
Or else the deuce, or else the ten,
But never play the knave;
Then watch the queen with careful eyes
Whoever she is turned;
Take my advice—don't fool with her;
You'll get your fingers burned.

When diamonds chance to crown the pack
The stake is played for gold,
And then large sums are lost and won
By gamblers young and old.
When hearts are trumps, we play for love,
And pleasure rules the hour;
No thoughts of sorrow check our joy
In beauty's Summer bower.

When clubs are trumps, look out for war
If a "cop" holds them in hand,
For he knows how to use the club
To rule and to command.
Last game of all is when the spade,
Turned by the hand of "time,
Is sure to dig the player's grave,
In every land and clime.

Now, perhaps for money you have played,
Or then, again, for fame—
It matters not what the stakes may be,
The game is still the same;
And when your points are counted up,
Should you have chanced to win,
You're "jacked" your cards in fancy style,
And your game of life is done.

Miscellaneous.

A BATTLE OF BOACONSTRUCTORS.

On Saturday afternoon there was an exciting scene in the house at the Zoological Garden occupied by the dozen huge boa constrictors recently imported from South America. One of the snakes had crept up the branch of a tree that was occupied by another. At this the one with a pro-empted claim to this resting-place seemed to take serious offence, for it suddenly, having taken two or three tight coils around the limb, arched its neck, and with lightning-like swiftness of its tongue shot forth its head and buried one of its fangs in the skin of the other at about its middle. The bitten boa, instead of striking back, immediately let go its hold on the limb and dropped off, its entire length of nine feet hanging down, partly in the air and partly on the floor. It was held thus by the fangs of the attacking boa that remained caught in a loop of the skin. This placed both snakes in a position of pain. The biter's neck was pulled out taut by the weight that it could not shake off, and its jaws were wrenched wide apart. It seemed that it either lacked the instinct to release itself of its coils on the limb, or was prevented so by the strain. The other snake, evidently suffering from the wounds and the strain on its skin, was writhing in pain, with its tail on the floor and its neck and body quivering in the air. Occasionally it would raise its head as if to strike the other in the neck, but was not observed to do so. At last one of the attendants opened the door, and with a stick raised up the lower snake in such a way that it managed to wriggle off. The other snake then dropped on the floor. It appeared to be suffering greatly, and there is fear that it may die. The bitten snake does not seem to suffer much. —*Cincinnati Commercial.*

SINGULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

HOW SOME MISERS THINK THEY ARE FOREWARNED OF DEATH.

[From the Virginia (New) Chronicle.]

There are wonderful things to be studied in the vast laboratory where Nature has stored her treasures. The men who toil in the caverns of the ground and tread the endless windings of the drifts have their presentiments of coming calamity, and at times feel the touch of Death in the very air. A Chronicle reporter was talking with an old miner a few days ago who implicitly believed that no death ever took place in the mines without a warning of some kind. 'You see,' he said, 'death never comes of a sudden upon the men in the mines. You reporters write up accidents and tell how something gave way or fell quick and killed somebody. Now this ain't so. There's always some warning. When I see my lantern begin to burn low down and blue, I know that there is danger ahead. If it keeps on for a few days and then begins to waver and flicker, I'll watch it close to see where it points. Now, you may set me up for a fool, but what I'm tellin' is the gospel truth. When the flame leans over (as if it was being worked by a blow-pipe) and points to a man, death has marked him. Some years ago when Bill Hendricks was killed in the Savage, the flame of my lantern pointed right to him for over an hour, and when it moved to flame over turn, just as if Bill was a lantern and the flame was a miner's needle. I knew he was gone, and told him to be careful about the blast. Well, he got through that all right, and got on the cage. As we went up the candle kept acting strangely, and at times the flame would stretch out long and thin towards Bill. At length it gave a sudden flicker, and Bill reeled to one side and was caught in the timbers. I heard his dreadful cry as he disappeared down the shaft, and while he was bounding from side to side, dashing out his brains and scattering his ribs down to the bottom, my light went out. I never lit that lantern again. It hangs up in my cabin now and it always will. There's more in a candle-flame than people think. I'd rather see a cocked revolver pointed at me than a candle-flame; a revolver sometimes missees, but a candle-flame is sure to kill when it starts towards a man. I must start for my shift now. Don't give my name to anybody. There are some who would laugh at me.' The man here picked up his bucket and walked away. There are plenty of miners on the Comstock who have just such superstitions. Some believe that bad and good luck come in streaks, just as quartz and porphyry. For three years past there had been no accident in the North Consolidated Virginia until a few days ago, when Champion had his thigh crushed. The miners said at once that a 'bad streak' had been struck, and more accidents might be expected. Yesterday two more men were injured by falling thirty feet into the sump. This was caused by the breaking of a two-inch plank that seemed able to bear a dozen men.

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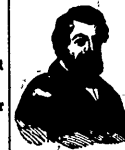
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While others bring a blow,
Some hold a hand quite flush of trumps,
While others none can show.

Now, if you will but list a while,
I'll teach you how to play,
And you will always win your trick
If you do just what I say;
Your chances always reckon sure
Before you "pass" or "make."
Or else a little "joker" will
Your good trumps come and take.

When playing, you may throw out the ace
Your counting cards to save,
Or else the deuce, or else the ten,
But never play the knave;
Then watch the queen with careful eyes
Whichever she is turned;
Take my advice—don't fool with her;
You'll get your fingers burned.

When diamonds chance to crown the pack
The stake is played for gold,
And then large sums are lost and won
By gamblers young and old,
When hearts are trumps, we play for love,
And pleasure rules the hour;
No thoughts of sorrow check our joy
In beauty's Summer bower.

When clubs are trumps, look out for war
If a "cop" holds them in hand,
For he knows how to use the club
To rule and to command.
Last game of all is when the spade,
Turned by the hand of time,
Is sure to dig the player's grave,
In every land and clime.

Now, perhaps for money you have played,
Or then, again, for fame,
It matters not what the stakes may be,
The game is still the same;
And when your points are counted up,
Should you have chanced to win,
You've "joked" your cards in fancy style,
And your game of life is done.

Miscellaneous.

A Marietta (Ga.) woman of an unbounded
to each for quail has eaten thirty of those
agreeable birds in thirty consecutive days.

A man's finger is worth \$291 in Peoria, Ill.,
when it is bitten off in a fight. The jury doubt-
less ciphered this out by the rule of thumb.

Edward Payson Weston, the pedestrian, has
filed a petition in bankruptcy at Bradford, Eng-
land. His liabilities are given at \$5,300.

Two prominent members of the criminal class
at Halifax, who always spend the winter in
prison, have been stocking the jail-yard with
cats. They were troubled with rats last year.

A young lady riding over Brighton (England)
Downs remarked that her horse went badly,
and presently it dropped dead, having been shot
by a bullet by some of the Sussex Rifles at the
neighboring range.

The intelligent Mr. James Wilson, of Bruce,
Ont., went to shoot crows and placed his left
hand over the muzzle of his gun so as "to keep
the crows from smelling the powder" till the
last moment. He has more sense now, but less
hands.

A stud of thirty horses, belonging to Lord
Castlereagh, who has horsed and driven the
London and Dorking coach this season, were
sold the other day at Aldridge's Repository.
They brought 2,102 guineas, or about \$867.50
each.

A well-known Newport man, who is wealthy
but close, recently counted the shingles in about
twenty bundles, with which he was to have his
house covered, and because one bundle was two
shingles short he took it back to the lumber
yard and demanded that the deficiency be made
up.

"Do you pray before you eat?" asked Ned
(loud of a gentleman who entertained that clever
old savage at dinner. "No," said his host some-
what shamefacedly. "Then you will not steal
from me," replied the chief with evident satis-
faction and earnestness.

or fell quick and killed somebody. Now, this
ain't so. There's always some warning. When
I see my lantern begin to burn low down and
blue, I know that there is danger ahead. If it
keeps on for a few days and then begins to
waver and flicker, I'll watch it close to see where
it points. Now, you may set me up for a fool,
but what I'm tellin' is the gospel truth. When
the flame leans over (as it was being worked
by a blow-pipe) and points to a man, death has
marked him. Some years ago when Bill Hand-
ricks was killed in the Savage, the flame of my
lantern pointed right to him for over an hour,
and when he moved the flame would turn, just
as if Bill was a loadstone and the flame was a
mariner's needle. I know he was gone, and told
him to be careful about the blast. Well, he got
through that all right, and got on the cage. As
we went up the candle kept acting strangely,
and at times the flame would stretch out long
and thin towards Bill. At length it gave a sud-
den flicker, and Bill roared to one side and was
caught in the timbers. I heard his death cry
as he disappeared down the shaft, and while he
was bounding from side to side, dashing out his
brains and scattering his flesh down to the bot-
tom, my light went out. I never lit that lantern
again. It hangs up in my cabin now and it al-
ways will. There's more in a candle-flame than
people think. I'd rather see a cocked revolver
pointed at me than a candle-flame; a revolver
sometimes misses, but a candle-flame is sure to
kill when it starts towards a man. "I must start
for my shift now. Don't give my name to any-
body. There are some who would laugh at me."
The man here picked up his bucket and walked
away. There are plenty of miners on the Com-
stock who have just such superstitions. Some
believe that bad and good luck come in streaks,
just as quartz and porphyry. For three years
past there had been no accident in the North
Consolidated Virginia until a few days ago, when
Champion had his thigh crushed. The miners
said at once that a "bad streak" had been struck,
and more accidents might be expected. Yester-
day two more men were injured by falling thirty
feet into the sump. This was caused by the
breaking of a two-inch plank that seemed able
to bear a dozen men.

VITALITY OF A GOLD-FISH.

From the Springfield Union.

Jessie Tapley, of Maple Street, has a gold-
fish that performs some singular feats. The
other evening he astonished the family circle
by jumping out of the globe upon the table,
but was put back without apparent injury.
This morning he was found on the carpet dry
and stiff, and to all appearance dead, having
jumped out of the globe during the night.
Funeral ceremonies were being performed
over the remains when a slight movement of
the gills was detected. Instead of being
buried he was put into water and in a few
minutes began to move a fin and gradually
revived and now is swimming round just as
though he had never been dead, or rather
hadn't come so near committing suicide by
several hours sojourn on the floor.

SALE OF A CLARK CHEF MARE.—Mr. T. P.
Bruce, Danville, Ky., has sold to H. C. Jewett,
Esq., Buffalo, N. Y., the bay mare, 5 years old,
by Bowman's Clark Chief, dam by Mambrino.
Price not given. Mr. Jewett made several pur-
chases at the recent auction sales in Kentucky,
and has otherwise added largely to his list of
trouting stock at Buffalo. He is a keen judge
of horse-flesh, and whenever he strikes he seems to
have the faculty of hitting something good.

\$777 is not easily earned in these times, but
it can be made in three months by any
one of either sex, in any part of the country who
is willing to work steadily at the employment
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SPORTING TIMERS,
Toronto

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Late the property of Mr. Van Wyck, Flatbush, Long Island. Bright bay, black points, 15.3. Got by Rich's Jupiter, out of Kate by Old Abdallah, sire of Rysdyk's Hamblotonian, and grand sire of Goldsmith Maid. Rich's Jupiter by Long Island Black Hawk. Jupiter Abdallah's stock have records under 2:30. Terms, to insure, \$25.

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WM. HENDRIE, ARCHIBALD WHITE,
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Hamilton, Ont., March 1878. 344-41

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MAUD S., THE GREAT FOUR-YEAR-OLD.

Maud S., the sensational four-year-old is a chestnut without a hair, standing 15 3/4. She is blood-like in appearance, has an intelligent head, good legs and feet, a short back, a substantial neck, and unusual length from point of hip to loins. She was bred at Woodburn, Ky., and was foaled in the early spring of 1874. Her sire was Harold, bred to Abdullah, and her dam was Miss Russell, by Pilot, Jr. Harold was got by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, Pilot, Jr., from whose loins came Miss Russell, was son of old Pilot, a trotting and pacing stallion but little appreciated in Kentucky. The dam of Pilot, Jr., was Nancy Pop, by Hancock, by Sir Charles, by Sir Ancy, by Imp. Dioned. Maud S. was purchased as a yearling at Mr. Alexander's sale for \$250 by Capt. Stone, of Cincinnati. Captain Stone used, and in the spring of 1877 his father placed the now famous Maud S. in the stable of the young trainer W. W. Bair, and ordered her to be sent to any one who would pay \$350 for her. Bair had bid her so well that he tried to induce Capt. Stone to buy her. After some persuasion the Captain said he would take her if she could be bought for \$300. Bair replied that \$300 was the lowest price, and he added that he feared she would pass into another man's hands if the sale was not consummated that afternoon. In a postulant mood Capt. Stone led the track, but shortly returned and said: "Bair, you seem to want the filly so bad you may take her, and give me my order on me for \$350." The Captain was fairly hounded into a piece of good fortune. Had it not been for the persistence of his trainer he would not have become the purchaser of the filly. The chestnut daughter of Harold and Miss Russell was named Maud S., after Capt. Stone's daughter, a charming miss, now in her thirteenth year.

On the 28th of March, 1877, she showed Mr. Bair a half-mile at the rate of 3:22 to the mile. After this she was never given a trial without beating her previous time several seconds. The past summer she started in a green race at Carthage, Ohio, over a two-thirds of a mile track and won easily in 1:41, 1:40, 1:41. The object in putting her in a race was to see how she would act in company, and the Carthage track was selected to avoid a record. In the latter part of September Capt. Stone proposed to match Maud S. against So So for \$5,000 a side, a proposition which was not accepted. During the meeting at Chester Park the first week in October, the daughter of Harold was sent a mile in 2:24, and among the timers was Mr. Jos. Harter, who said that he would give \$20,000 for her if she should show a mile in 2:20 in her four-year-old form. The Sunday following the meeting she trotted a mile in 2:23, which was a remarkable performance when we remember the track is half-mile. The day after this wonderful trial she was shipped to Lexington, Ky., and during the meeting of the Horse-Breeder's Association at that place, the second week in October, she was a star of attraction. So So and Red Jim also were on the grounds, and an effort was made to get up a race between the famous three-year-old and the two four-year-olds. The negotiations came to nothing, and, owing to the bad weather, neither Maud S. nor So So was able to show a fast mile to the crowd during the race week. A day was appointed the following week for trials of speed, but the weather continued bad, and the exhibition was postponed. Wednesday, Oct. 23, was next selected for the public trials. Tuesday, the 22d, it was announced that the administrator would trot against his record of 2:23, and as the morning was soft and lovely quite a number of gentlemen drove out to the track. At twelve o'clock the sky became overcast, and it looked so much like rain that Mr. Bair decided to anticipate the arrival of Captain Stone and give Maud S. a mile before the storm again spoiled the track. When he came to the stand for the word a rain, chilling wind was fiercely blowing, and spectators were freely made that 2:25 would not be beaten. The first quarter was done in 35 1/2, the half mile in 1:14, and the mile was finished in 2:23. There was no hitching, no swerving. Tuesday night Captain Stone arrived from Cincinnati and he drove to the Phoenix under dreaching skies. He told Bair to get the mare ready for shipment home, deeming it useless to remain in Lexington for another effort. Wednesday morning the sun came out bright, and we got into the carriage with Captain Stone to drive out to Dr. Herr's. During the drive Bair remarked that he had left Maud S. at the depot in charge of her groom, and that in an hour she would be on her way to Cincinnati. Turning to Captain Stone, we said: "You have tarried nearly three weeks in Lexington waiting for a good day and track. All of your appointments have been disastrous. If you think Maud S. can trot in 2:20, why not stop a few days longer. We have not had our autumn summer yet. It looks as if the storm

better, and would, in all probability, have beaten 2:17. In all of his fast miles, Rarus was never at the half-mile pole in 1:06. Maud S. quickly recovered her wind. Fifteen minutes after the performance she breathed freely and ate eagerly of the bunch of hay held before her. She is a hearty feeder and nothing seems to affect her appetite. She trotted in ten ounce shoes behind and in one-pound shoes forward. She wore nice two-weights, and ankle boots behind. She never hits herself, but the boots are put on for safety. In trotting a 2:27 gait she does not require too weights. It is thought that she will get along next year without any weights whatever. She very seldom leaves her feet. She is all trot. She has never been handled by any one but Mr. Bair; he deserves too credit for making her what she is. The mile at Lexington, on Saturday last, was the thirteenth mile won by Maud S. had been driven at speed. Sunday, Capt. Stone received a despatch from Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt saying that he would take Maud S. at \$20,000. He replied Monday morning that he had been put to additional expense, that he had promised his trainer, Mr. Bair, \$1,000 in case he beat 2:18, and that, therefore, his price was \$21,000. Monday night Mr. Vanderbilt telegraphed back to collect \$21,000 from the American Express Company, and to ship the mare to him by express. This closed the matter. Capt. Stone had offers from other parties, but Mr. Vanderbilt was first in the field and so secured the prize.—*Turf*, Nov. 1.



The Hamilton Association

Claim July 1, 2, and 3, 1879, FOR THEIR SUMMER MEETING 371-11 R. R. WADDELL.

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For the immediate cure of Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Spermatorrhoea, and all abnormal discharges from whatever cause. The Sedative Lotion acts like magic in this class of disease, and requires no change in diet or habit of living. Its application is unaccompanied with pain or inconvenience of any kind, and its benefits are realized from the first trial. An experience of thousands of cases without a single failure is

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100 Prizes of 100	100
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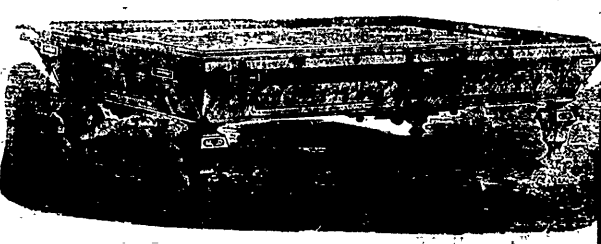
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Maker of Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, and Men's Neck-Wear, Silk Umbrellas, Gloves, Valises, &c.
65 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

Great Western Railway
AND
WHITE STAR LINE!
New Train for Buffalo Direct. REDUCTION IN RATES

It is thought that a mile in 2:20 is not a very good form. The Sunday following the meeting she trotted a mile in 2:22, which was a remarkable performance when we remember the track is half-mile. The day after this wonderful trial she was shipped to Lexington, Ky., and during the meeting of the Horse-Breeder's Association at that place, the second week in October, she was a star of attraction. So she and Hot Jim also went on the grounds, and an effort was made to get up a race between the famous three-year-old and the two-year-old. The negotiations came to nothing, and, owing to the bad weather, neither Maud S. nor So was able to show a fast mile to the crowd during that week. A day was appointed the following week for trials of speed, but the weather continued bad, and the exhibit was postponed Wednesday, Oct. 23, was next selected for the public trials. Tuesday, the 22d, it was announced that Administrator would trot against his record of 2:23, and as the morning was soft and lively quite a number of gentlemen came out to the track. At twelve o'clock the sky became overcast, and it looked so much like rain that Mr. Bair decided to anticipate the arrival of Captain Stone and give Maud S. a mile before the storm again spoiled the track. When he came to the stand for the word a raw, chilling wind was fiercely blowing, and predictions were freely made that 2:23 would not be beaten. The last quarter mile was finished in 1:13, and the morning was bright and sunny. There was no lightning, no snowing. Tuesday night Captain Stone arrived from Cincinnati and he drove to the house under drizzling skies. He told Bair to go to the mare ready for shipment home, deeming it useless to remain in Lexington for another effort. Wednesday morning the sun came out bright, and we got into the carriage with Captain Stone to drive out to Dr. Herr's. During the drive Bair remarked that he had left Maud S. at the depot in charge of her groom, and that in an hour she would be on her way to Cincinnati. Turning to Captain Stone, we said: "You have tarried nearly three weeks in Lexington waiting for a good day and track all of your appointments have been disastrous. If you think Maud S. can trot in 2:20, why not stop a few days longer. We have not had our season yet. It looks as if the storm had spent its strength, and as if bright, warm days were before us. You may honestly believe that Maud S. can beat Gov. Sprague's 2:21, but unless you permit her to do it you may talk until you are blind without making a cent of money at it. These words seemed to make a deep impression upon him. Fortunately, there had been a detention of the trains, and so Maud S., with her luggage, was returned to her stable without difficulty. Had the trains been on time she would have been on her road to Cincinnati, and it is safe to say that 2:17 would not have been written on the blackboard. Thursday, Friday and Saturday were mild, hazy days, and the sun caused the track to dry up rapidly. In the morning Mr. Bair gave Maud S. a warning-up mile in 2:23, and some of the critics cautiously remarked that he had trotted the mare—that the performance a public would not be better than 2:25. At 11 o'clock Captain Stone and a party of ladies and gentlemen arrived in Lexington from Cincinnati, and at half-past seven Maud S. was brought out for her great effort. The official time, Gen. James F. Robinson, the President of the Kentucky Association, Dr. L. Herr, Robert Ferguson and R. S. S. Baker, entered the stand. Bair, with full weight on, then jogged around the track three times, without one word around again, and started up his mare at the distance stand. He came to the wire at full speed, nodded for the word, and the hands of the watches began to move. There is a sharp turn in the first quarter, but the handsome chestnut filly flew around it and was at the pole in :33. On she went with Huras-like speed and was at the half in 1:06, a 2:12 gait. Now the pace began to slacken. The three-quarter pole was reached in 1:41, and down the home-straight she struggled under the whip, her head striking the shadow of the wire in 2:17. The muffs could scarcely believe their watches, but there it was—2:17. Gov. Sprague's four-year-old time was beaten 3/4 seconds, and by a mare short of work at that. The mile was badly driven, but as she went so strongly and without being spoken to the first half, Bair says he did not know she was making such havoc with the seconds. Besides, 2:17 was the fastest mile he had ever ridden. The first quarter was trotted at a 2:15 gait, the second quarter at a 2:11 gait, the third quarter at a 2:20 gait, and the fourth quarter at a 2:26 gait. Had the half mile been trotted in 1:08, the mare would have finished

371-ut R. R. WADDELL.

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RYSDYK,
AT \$50.00.

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

The following owners of stallions have already made nominations:

John White, Esq., Milton, for the get of *Terror*, by Burie, dam Maratans by Flatcatcher.

J. L. Lyon, Esq., Toronto, for the get of *Hyder* Ath, by imported Leamington, dam Lady Duke by Lexington.

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