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American Turf.

WASHINGTON RACES.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—A dash of three-quarters of a mile for all ages; entrance \$10, and entrance money to second horse, purse, \$150.
 A Smith's br m Inspiration, by Warminster, dam Sophia, 5 yrs old, 102 lbs. Blaylock 1
 P M West's b c Courier, by Star Davis, dam by Lexington, 3 yrs, 95 lbs. 2
 C W Medinger's ch h First Chance, by Baywood, dam Dot, 5 yrs, 111 lbs. 3
 T W Dowdell's ch f Sunbeam, by Leamington, dam Eclipse, 3 yrs old, 92 lbs. 0
 M Donahue's br h Matador, by Gladiator, dam Nonpariel, 4 yrs, 103 lbs. 0
 J H Racey's b c Leamington Second, by Leamington, dam Susan Bean, 3 yrs, 95 lbs. 0
 T B & W R Davis' ch f May D by Enquirer, dam Flora, 3 yrs, 92 lbs. 0
 T B & W R Davis' ch h Faddeeen, by War Dance, dam Nora Creina, aged, 118 lbs. 0
 Time—1:19 1/2.

SAME DAY—Purse of \$300. \$50 to second, mile heats.
 Forbes & Armstrong's br c Bill Bruce, by Enquirer, dam Aurora Baby, 4 yrs, 108 lbs Blaylock 1 1
 J G Bethune's b g Bethune, by imp Hurrash, dam Emma Downing, 5 yrs, 111 lbs. 3 2
 W Wykes' b c Hatteras, by Red Dick, dam by Planet, 3 yrs, 95 lbs. 2 3
 F M Hall's b f Rose, by Eugene, dam La Rose, 4 yrs 105 lbs. 5 4
 T B & W R Davis' ch h Faddeeen, by War Dance, dam Nora Creina, aged, 118 lbs. 4 5
 Time—1:45, 1:46 1/2.

Hurdle Race of two miles over eight hurdles; purse \$400, of which \$100 to the second, and 50 to third.
 T A Lynch's g c Derby, by Eugene, dam Kate Sovereign, 4 yrs, 148 lbs. 1
 J C K Lawrence's ch h Resolute, by Revolver, dam Mattie C, aged, 158 lbs. 2
 M Donahue's ch c New York, by Planet, dam Hooper, 4 yrs, 148 lbs. 3
 Paladin, Risk, Captain Hammer, Bill Munday and Jack Trigg also started.
 Time 3:54 1/2.

Nov. 2.—Purse \$350, for all ages; \$50 to second; a dash of one mile and a half.
 A Smith's br m Inspiration, by Warminster, dam Sophia, 5 yrs, 111 lbs. Blaylock 1
 J G Bethune's b g Burgo, by imp Hurrash, dam Emma Downing, 111 lbs. 2
 J Wilson & Co's b g Tom O'Neil, by Lightning, dam Zingara, 5 yrs, 114 lbs. 3
 T B & W R Davis' ch c Kenny, by Curlew, dam by R-d Dick, 3 yrs, 95 lbs. 4
 Barton & Medinger's ch f Libbie L, by Bay Dick, dam by Jo Stoner, 3 yrs, 92 lbs. 5
 Time—2:41 1/2.

SAME DAY—Purse \$400; 100 to second; for three-year olds. Mile heats.
 P M West's b c Courier, by Star Davis, dam by Lexington, 95 lbs. 1 1
 Midgeley & Tully's g f Moorhen, by Dickon, dam Anne Arundel, 92 lbs. 7 2
 W Wykes' ch c Hobkirk, by Red Dick, dam by Tar River, 95 lbs. 5 3
 Hattie F, Sancom, Leamington II, Waco and Gale also started.

J F Wilson's b c Tom O'Neil, by Lightning, dam Zingara, 5 yrs. 2 5
 F M Hall's b f Rose, by Eugene, dam La Rose, 4 yrs, 105 lbs. dis
 W P Bench's b c Waterloo, by Prussian, dam by Charley Ball, 3 yrs, 95 lbs. dis
 Time—3:41, 3:45 1/2.

SAME DAY—Mile heats over four hurdles for a purse of \$300, of which 50 was to go to the second horse; welter weights.
 W Callahan's b g Bay Rum, by Baywood, dam Gonril, 5 yrs, 151 lbs. 1 8 1
 J Forbes' b h Paladin, by Leamington, dam Garland, 5 yrs. 2 4ds
 T A Lynch's g c Derby, by Eugene, dam Kate Sovereign, 4 yrs, 158 lbs. 5 3ds
 Thomas Murray's ch h Captain Hammer, 2 4ds
 J G K Lawrence's b c Risk 5 1ds
 J F Wilson & Co's b c Jack Trigg 6 ds
 Time not taken.

The French pools on Bay Rum paid \$277 80.

JEROME PARK RACES.

EXTRA DAY.

JEROME PARK, Nov. 4.—Purse \$400; the winner to be sold at auction. If entered to be sold for \$2,000 (highest price), to carry weight for age; if for \$1,500 allowed 3 lbs; if for \$1,000 7 lbs; if for \$500, 12 lbs; if for \$300, 18 lbs. One mile and a quarter.
 L O Chase's ch f Springlet, by Australian, dam Springbrook, 4 yrs, 97 lbs, \$300. 1
 P Dwyer & Bros' ch h Galway, by Concord, dam Maidina, 6 yrs, 106 lbs, \$300. 2
 Charles Reed's ch c Red Coat, by Australian, dam Sally, by Lexington, 3 yrs, 95 lbs, \$500 3 Partnership, Sister of Mercy, Waco, Explosion and Ella Wotten, also started.
 Time—2:15 1/2.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for all ages; \$200 entrance, half forfeit, with \$2,000 added; the second horse to receive 500 out of the stakes. Two miles.
 P Dwyer & Bros' b c Vigil, by Virgil, dam Bevan, 3 yrs, 103 lbs. 1
 J A Grinstead's ch h St Martins, by Phacton, dam Tokay, 4 yrs, 103 lbs. 2
 D McDaniel's blk c Virginias, by Virgil, dam Lute, 3 yrs, 103 lbs. 3
 Time—3:40.

SAME DAY—Purse \$600; beaten maidens allowed 8 lbs. Mile heats.
 D McDaniel's ch m Madge, by Australian, dam Alabama, 5 yrs, 121 lbs. 5 1 1
 J A Grinstead's b c Mettle, by Melbourne, Jr., dam by Eclipse, 3 yrs, 105 lbs. 1 2 2
 Charles Reed's ch f Athlene. 4 3ro
 P Dwyer & Bros' blk h Bhadamanthus .. 3 4ro
 W R Babcock's ch h Egypt 2 5ro
 Time—1:47 1/2, 1:47 1/2, 1:48.

SAME DAY—Purse \$500 (presented by Mr. Pierre Lorillard), of which \$100 to the second horse; for horses that have not been in a training stable within the last six months; entrance free; gentlemen riders; walter weights, with 10 lbs added. One mile.
 B Centro's b f by Narragansett, dam Minnie Minor, 3 yrs, 140 lbs. 1
 H Alexander's b m Pollywog, by Eclipse, dam Ollata, 5 yrs, 159 lbs. 2
 A B Parley's b f Florrie, 3 yrs, by Pat Malloy, dam —, 144 lbs. 3

H Boker's Jerry Manioke 3 2 1 1 2 1
 B Stanley's ch m Utica 2 1 2 3 3 2
 B Karrer's br g Brown Ned 5 4 5 4 4 4
 P Brennan's br g Jim Sherman .. 4 5 4 5 5 5
 No time.

SAME DAY—Purse \$—; running; half-mile.
 W S Slago's ch g Singular 4 2 1 1 1
 F Chappell's b g Millionaire 2 1 3 2 2
 F Lampshire's gr g Pat Malloy 1 4 5 4 3
 B Burk's ch g Colouel Milligan 3 3 2 3 4
 G Haggin's br m Orphan Girl 5 5 4 5 5
 Time—5 1/2, 5 1/2, 5 1/2, 5 1/2, 5 1/2.

HAMTRACKE PARK—Oct. 27—Purse \$200; running.
 F Chappell's b g Millionaire 1 1 1
 W S Slago's ch g Sinclair 2 2 2
 B Bush's b g Bosconnon dis
 A Van Syke's b m Victorine dis
 Time—1:51 1/2, 1:52, 1:52.

TROTTING AT OGDENSBURG, N.Y.

OGDENSBURG, Oct 27 and 28—Match \$500.
 Owner's Joe Brown, by Biggart's Rattler 2 2 1 1 0 1
 Owner's Phil Sheridan, by Smith's Young Columbus 1 1 2 2 0 dr
 Time—2:33 1/2, 2:32 1/2, 2:35, 2:33, 2:33 1/2, 2:53 1/2
SAME DAY—Purse \$150.
 Owner's White Cloud, by Joe Brown 1 1 1
 Owner's Lew Ives 2 2 2
 Time—2:30 1/2, 2:32, 2:35.

A HARD TROT AT WOONSOCKET, RHODE ISLAND.

WOONSOCKET, Oct 19.—Purse \$150; 2:50 class.
 T Lewis' blk m Sarah Gould 3 1 3 8 2 2 1 0 1
 W H Bailey's ch m Mount Rose 6 4 4 4 1 1 2 0 2
 L Baro's wh g Silver Mine .. 4 3 1 1 3 3 0 3
 H Kont's b m Eva 2 2 2 3 3 dr
 H H Coville's blk m Blanche 5 5 dr
 U Field's blk h Raven 1 dis

GOOD TROT AT BOONVILLE, IND.

BOONVILLE, Oct 12. Purse \$500, free-for-all.
 E Johnston's br g Huckleberry.. 4 3 3 1 1 1
 H O Holly's ch g Little Sam 2 1 1 2 3 3
 J S Waco's b g Red Cloud 1 2 2 2 2 2
 D P Bissell's gr g Echo 3 4 4 4 4 4
 Time—2:41, 2:40, 2:36, 2:35, 2:38 1/2, 2:42.

GOOD TROT AT BETHEL, VT.

BETHEL, Oct 17 and 18.—Purse \$300; 2:40 class.
 W N Staves' ch g Twinkle.. 3 3 4 5 3 1 1 1
 S D Jones' ch h Henry 4 2 2 1 1 6 2 2
 H G Smith's br m Moxie 2 1 3 2 4 3 4 3
 T E Moxley's blk g Nigger Bety 1 6 6 8 2 3 5
 O Bond's b s willy Bowlegs 7 7 1 3 7 5 5 4
 G M Stevens' gr g Good-enough 6 3 7 4 9 4 dr
 Utton Bros' blk g Black Dexter 8 8 5 6 5 dr
 D Nichols' b m Alice 8 10 9 7 dr
 J J Bowen's ch s Dagger 5 5 8 dr
 J Harkness' b g Billy Patter-son 10 9 dr

Curling.

CALEDONIAN CLUB, TORONTO.

The annual general meeting of the Caledonian Curling Club of this city was held on the evening of the 2nd inst., in Ronnie's seed store. Office-bearers were elected as follows:—Wm. Rennie, President; Dr. Carlyle, Vice President; Jas. Rennie, Treasurer and Secretary; Committee, A. Noble, W. D. McIntosh, J. Forsyth, and J. Pringle; Chaplains, Rev. Dr. Robb, and Rev. J. Macdonnell; Representative Members, Dr. Carlyle and R. H. Ramsay; Patron, Hon. Attorney-General Mowat; Patroness, Mrs. Mowat; Skips, R. H. Ramsay, J. Pringle, R. Malcolm, and W. Rennie; Instructors, Dr. Carlyle, A. Noble, R. Pollock, and J. Thomson.

FERGUS.

The annual meeting of the Fergus Curling Club for the election of officers for the ensuing season was held in Mr. Grieve's Ontario House, when the following office-bearers were elected:—Patron, John Watt; Patroness, Mrs. James Perry; President, W. Hamilton; Vice-President, H. Michie; Representative members, D. Forbes, M. Anderson, Sec.-Treasurer, J. C. Donaldson, Chaplain, Alex. Harvey; Committee of Management, P. King, W. Hamilton, C. Young, A. Anderson. Skips—M. Anderson, H. Michie, Jas. Wilson, Alex. Anderson.

HAMILTON.

On the evening of the 25th ult., the annual meeting of the Mechanics' Curling Club was held, when the following gentlemen were elected skips for the ensuing year:—Messrs. L. Weeks, Samuel Scott, Andrew Tinline, H. Robinson, Robt. Chisholm, and James Malcolm. The meeting then adjourned upon a motion to receive the report of the Committee appointed to select a piece of ground sufficiently large for four rinks, in a convenient or central part of the city. The bowling green in rear of Black's Club House, James street, is spoken of as likely to be the place selected. This ground, if selected, will be very convenient to all parties concerned.

Football.

ARGONAUTS OF TORONTO, vs. LONDON.

On Thursday, 2nd a match took place between the Argonauts of Toronto, and the London Football Club, on the Hamilton Cricket Ground. The Toronto team were

The Trigger.

POPPING AT BOWMANVILLE.

A couple of sweepstakes were shot at Bowmanville on Thanksgiving Day, the summaries of which are furnished as by an obliging correspondent.

BOWMANVILLE, Nov. 2, 1876—Sweepstakes of \$— each; 10 birds.
 E Groves 1111010111—8
 F Ruebottom 1111011109—7
 T Lawlor 0110010011—6
 — Gould 0110011011—6
 P Higgison 1001101100—5
 E Armstrong 0010010111—5
 F Henderson 1000001010—5

SAME DAY—Second match. 10 birds.
 E Armstrong 11101—4
 F Ruebottom 11100—3 1 } Divide
 T Lawlor 11100—3 1 }
 E Groves 10110—3 0
 F Henderson 01010—2
 — Stewart 10010—2

A MATCH AT ROCKWOOD.

On Thanksgiving Day a party went down from Guelph to Rockwood for a friendly pigeon shooting match with a team from that village. As will be seen by the following score, the Rockwood team were the winners. Eight birds were shot at by each contestant.

ROCKWOOD.	GUELPH.
B Driffield..... 2	M Deady..... 2
J Martin 6	J O'Connor..... 5
J Gay 2	Tos O'Connor..... 2
J McQuarrie 4	M Doran..... 1
Jas Leslie..... 1	M French 2
..... 15 12

SMALL SHOT.

At the pistol shooting Nov. 3 by the Dominion Police, Ottawa, three scored twenty-three out of a possible twenty-four.

A Belleville despatch says four local sportsmen succeeded in bagging 82 snipe and some other small game in a half-day's shooting in that neighborhood.

Mr. Whiteber, Commissioner of Fisheries, Ottawa, who has been absent some days on a duck shooting expedition, has sent some seventy-eight brace of Long Point ducks home. We understand that in one week he shot some 417 ducks.

Mr. George Jackson, of London, while on a shooting expedition recently, shot a splendid specimen of the peewee, and also a sandhill crane of fine plumage. Both of these are rare birds in this part of the country. They have been handed over to Mr. Mummery, for mounting, one for Mr. Jackson's private collection, and the other for the museum at the Mechanics' Institute.

A Perth paper says: "A great many deer have been killed in this neighborhood since the season came in, and hunters are yet out in all directions. Last Wednesday morning we noticed a fine load of four or five passing through town en route for the front. One day at each of these places the deer are

First Chance, by Baywood, dam Dot, 5 yrs, 111 lbs. 3
 T W Dowell's ch f Sunbeam, by Leamington, dam Eclipse, 3 yrs old, 92 lbs. 0
 M Donahue's br h Matador, by Gladiateur, dam Nonpariel, 4 yrs, 108 lbs. 0
 J H Racey's b c Leamington Second, by Leamington, dam Susan Bean, 3 yrs, 95 lbs. 0
 T B & W R Davis ch f May D by Enquirer, dam Flora, 3 yrs, 92 lbs. 0
 T B & W R Davis' ch h Fadladeen, by War Dance, dam Nora Creina, aged, 118 lbs. 0
 Time—1:19½.

SAME DAY—Purse of \$300. \$50 to second, mile heats.

Forbes & Armstrong's br c Bill Bruce, by Enquirer, dam Aurora Raby, 4 yrs, 108 lbs. 1
 J G Bethune's b g Bethune, by imp Hurrab, dam Emma Downing, 5 yrs, 111 lbs. 8 2
 W Wycke's b c Hatteras, by Red Dick, dam by Planet, 3 yrs, 95 lbs. 2 3
 F M Hall's b f Rose, by Eugene, dam La Rosa, 4 yrs, 105 lbs. 5 4
 T B & W R Davis' ch h Fadladeen, by War Dance, dam Nora Creina, aged, 118 lbs. 4 5
 Time—1:45, 1:46½.

Hurdle Race of two miles over eight hurdles; purse \$400, of which \$100 to the second, and 50 to third.

T A Lynch's g c Derby, by Engeno, dam Kate Sovereign, 4 yrs, 148 lbs. 1
 J C K Lawrence's ch h Resolute, by Revolver, dam Mattie C, aged, 158 lbs. 2
 M Donahue's ch c New York, by Planet, dam Hester, 4 yrs, 148 lbs. 3
 Paladio, Risk, Captain Hammer, Bill Munday and Jack Trigg also started.
 Time 3:64½.

Nov 2.—Purse \$250. for all ages; \$50 to second; a dash of one mile and a half.

A Smith's br m Inspiration, by Warminster, dam Sophia, 5 yrs, 111 lbs. 1
 J G Bethune's b g Burgoo, by imp Hurrab, dam Emma Downing, 11 lbs. 2
 J Wilson & Co's b g Tom O'Neil, by Lightning, dam Zingara, 5 yrs, 114 lbs. 3
 T B & W R Davis' ch c Kenny, by Curles, dam by Red Dick, 3 yrs, 95 lbs. 4
 Barton & Medinger's ch f Libbie L, by Bay Dick, dam by Jo Stoner, 3 yrs, 92 lbs. 5
 Time—2:41½.

SAME DAY—Purse \$400; 100 to second; for three-year olds. Mile heats.

P M West's b c Courier, by Star Davis, dam by Lexington, 95 lbs. 1 1
 Midgeley & Tulley's g f Moorhen, by Dickens, dam Anne Arundel, 92 lbs. 7 3
 W Wyche's ch c Hubkirk, by Red Dick, dam by Tar River, 95 lbs. 5 3
 Hattie F, Sunbeam, Leamington II, Waco and Gale also started.
 Time—1:44½, 1:46.

Hurdle Race—For horses that have never won a hurdle race or steeplechase; one and a half miles, over six hurdles; light welter weights. Purse \$200, of which 50 to the second.

J G K Lawrence's v c Risk, by Revolver, dam Syren, 4 yrs, 136 lbs. 1
 Forbes & Burgess's b h Paladin, by Leamington, dam Garland, 5 yrs, 142 lbs. 2
 M Donahue's ch c New York, by Planet, dam Hester, 4 yrs, 142 lbs. 3
 Bay Rum, Culpepper, and Lorena also started.
 Time—2:56.

Nov. 3—Last Day—Consolation Purse, for horses that had run and not won during the meeting; one-and-quarter miles; horses beaten once allowed five pounds, and those twice beaten ten pounds; purse \$150 to the first, and 50 to the second.

J G Bethune's b g Burgoo, by imp Hurrab, dam Emma Downing, 5 yrs. 1
 J H Racey's b c Leamington II, by Leamington, dam Sarah Bean, 3 yrs. 2
 C W Medinger's ch g First Chance, by Baywood, dam Dot, 3 yrs. 3
 T B & W R Davis' ch h Fadladeen. 4
 Midgeley & Tulley's gr f Moorhen. 5
 Time—2:14.

SAME DAY—Two mile heats, for all ages; purse \$500, of which 100 to second.

A Smith's br m Inspiration, by Warminster, dam Sophia, 5 yrs, 111 lbs. 1 1
 P West's b c Courier, by Star Davis, dam by Lexington, 3 yrs, 95 lbs. 4 2
 W Wyche's b c Hatteras, by Red Dick, dam by Planet, 3 yrs, 95 lbs. 5 3
 T B & W R Davis' ch c Kenny, by Curles, dam by Red Eye, 3 yrs, 95 lbs. 8 4

J Forbes' b h Paladin, by Leamington, dam Garland, 5 yrs. 2 4ds
 T A Lynch's g c Derby, by Eugene, dam Kate Sovereign, 4 yrs, 168 lbs. 5 3ds
 Thomas Murray's ch h Captain Haumer. 2 4ds
 J G K Lawrence's b c Risk. 5 1dc
 J F Wilson & Co's b c Jack Trigg. 6 ds
 Time not taken.

The French pools on Bay Rum paid \$277 80.

JEROME PARK RACES

EXTRA DAY.

JEROME PARK, Nov. 4.—Purse \$400; the winner to be sold at auction. If entered to be sold for \$2,000 (highest price), to carry weight for age; if for \$1,500 allowed 5 lbs., if for \$1,000 7 lbs.; if for \$500, 12 lbs.; if for \$300, 18 lbs. One mile and a quarter.

L C Chase's ch f Springlet, by Australian, dam Springbrook, 4 yrs, 97 lbs. 1
 P Dwyer & Bros' ch h Galwar, by Concord, dam Maudlin, 6 yrs, 106 lbs. 2
 Charles Reed's ch c Red Coat, by Australian, dam Sally, by Lexington, 3 yrs, 95 lbs. 3
 Partnership, Sister of Mercy, Waco, Explosion and Ella Wotten, also started.
 Time—2:16½.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for all ages; \$200 entrance, half forfeit, with \$2,000 added; the second horse to receive 500 out of the stakes. Two miles.

P Dwyer & Bros' b c Vigil, by Virgil, dam Bevan, 3 yrs, 103 lbs. 1
 J A Grinstead's ch h St Martins, by Phaeton, dam Tokay, 4 yrs, 103 lbs. 2
 D McDaniel's blk c Virginina, by Virgil, dam Lute, 3 yrs, 103 lbs. 3
 Time—3:40.

SAME DAY—Purse \$600; beaten maidens allowed 3 lbs. Mile heats.

D McDaniel's ch m Madge, by Australian, dam Alabama, 5 yrs, 121 lbs. 5 1 1
 J A Grinstead's b c Mettle, by Melbourne, Jr., dam by Eclipse, 3 yrs, 105 lbs. 1 2 2
 Charles Reed's ch f Athlene. 4 3ro
 P Dwyer & Bros' blk h Rhadamanthus. 3 4ro
 W B Babcock's ch h Egypt. 2 5ro
 Time—1:47½, 1:47½, 1:48.

SAME DAY—Purse \$500 (presented by Mr. Pierre Lorillard), of which \$100 to the second horse; for horses that have not been in a training stable within the last six months; entrance free; gentlemen riders; welter weights, with 10 lbs added. One mile.

R Centre's b f by Narragansett, dam Minnie Minor, 3 yrs, 140 lbs. 1
 H Alexander's b m Pollywog, by Eclipse, dam Olist, 5 yrs, 159 lbs. 2
 A B Pardy's b f Florrie, 3 yrs, by Pat Malloy, dam, 144 lbs. 3
 W E Peet's (J Reed's), b h Retriever. 4
 Time—1:55.

SAME DAY—Handicap Steeplechase; purse \$700 (presented by James Gordon Bennett), of which 100 to the second horse; entrance free; the usual course.

Geo Sutcliffe's ch g Bullet, by Bulletin, dam by Wagner, aged, 154 lbs. 1
 M Donahue's b g Deadhead, by Julius, dam Leisure, 5 yrs, 154 lbs. 2
 J G K Lawrence's ch h Resolute, by Revolver, dam Mattie C, 6 yrs, 147 lbs. 3
 Chas Boed's b g Doubtful. 0
 Time—4:16.

TROTTING AT DETROIT, MICH.

HAMTRAMCK PARK, Oct. 25—Purse \$200; 2:34 class.
 G. W Voorhis' ch m Lady Voorhees, for Lady Rigles. 1 2 1 1
 J B Cornell's b m Vesta. 2 1 3 8
 W Campbell's b m Lady Greiner. 5 3 2 2
 J Bradburn's blk m Lady Hill. 4 4 4 4
 C L Yost's ch m Louisa. 3 5 dr
 H L Allen's ch g Profit. 6 dr
 No time.

SAME DAY—Purse \$—; 2:50 class.

O O'Leary's ch g Fleet. 1 1 1
 H L Allen's ch g Croft. 3 2 2
 H Becker's ch g Jerry Manicke. 2 4 3
 J Winter's blk g Butcher Boy. 4 3 4
 B T Foster's gr g Jim Elastic. 5 5 5
 No time.

HAMTRAMCK PARK, Oct. 26—Purse \$200; running; one mile.

HAMTRAMCK PARK—Oct. 27—Purse \$200; running.
 F Chappell's b g Millionaire. 1 1 1
 W S Stage's ch g Sinclair. 2 2 2
 J Bush's b g Roscommon. dis
 A Van Byke's b m Victorious. dis
 Time—1:51½, 1:52, 1:52.

TROTTING AT OGDENSBURG, N.Y.

OGDENSBURG, Oct 27 and 28—Match \$500.

Owner's Joe Brown, by Biggart's Battler. 2 2 1 1 0 1
 Owner's Phil Sheridan, by Smith's Young Columbus. 1 1 2 2 0 dr
 Time—2:33½, 2:32½, 2:35, 2:38, 2:33½, 2:53.½
SAME DAY—Purse \$150.
 Owner's White Cloud, by Joe Brown. 1 1 1
 Owner's Low Ives. 2 2 2
 Time—2:30½, 2:32, 2:35.

A HARD TROT AT WOUNSOCKET, RHODE ISLAND.

WOUNSOCKET, Oct 19.—Purse \$150; 2:50 class.
 T Lewis' blk m Sarah Gould 3 1 3 3 2 2 1 0 1
 W H Bailey's ch m Mountain Rose. 6 4 4 1 1 2 0 2
 L Baro's wh g Silver Mine. 4 3 1 1 4 3 3 0 3
 H Kont's b m Eva. 2 2 2 3 dr
 H H Coville's blk m Blanche 5 5 dr
 C Field's blk h Raven. 1 dis

GOOD TROT AT BOONVILLE, IND.

BOONVILLE, Oct 12. Purse \$500, free-for-all.
 E Johnston's br g Huckleberry. 4 3 3 1 1
 B C Holly's ch g Little Sam. 2 1 1 2 3 3
 J S Wace's b g Red Cloud. 1 2 2 2 2 2
 D P Bisell's gr g Echo. 3 4 4 4 4 4
 Time—2:41, 2:40, 2:36, 2:35, 2:38½, 2:42.

GOOD TROT AT BETHEL, VT.

BETHEL, Oct 17 and 18.—Purse \$300; 2:40 class.
 W N Staves' ch g Twinkle. 3 3 4 5 3 1 1 1
 S D Jones' ch h Henry. 4 2 2 1 1 5 2 2
 H G Smith's gr m Moxie. 2 1 3 2 1 3 4 3
 T K Moxley's blk g Nigger Bats. 1 6 6 8 2 3 5
 C Round's b s sully Bowlegs 7 7 1 3 7 5 5 4
 G M Stevens' gr g Good-enough. 6 3 7 4 9 4 dr
 Utton Bros' blk g Black Dexter. 8 8 5 6 5 dr
 D Nichols' b m Alice. 8 10 9 7 dr
 J J Bowen's ch s Danger. 5 5 2 dr
 J Harkness' b g Billy Patterson. 10 9 dr
 Time—2:41½, 2:41, 2:45, 2:43½, 2:38½, 2:41½, 2:41½, 2:43.

TROTTING AT FLEETWOOD PARK, N.Y.

FLEETWOOD PARK, Oct 26 and 27—Purse \$3,000; free for all.
 R W Conklin's b g Barus. 6 8 1 1 1
 J Hamill's b g Great Eastern. 5 1 2 2 3
 W M Humphrey's ch g Judge Fullerton. 1 2 4 4 4
 Thompson & Green's b m Lucille Goldust. 3 4 3 3 2
 J Merrill's b g Frank Reeves. 2 5 5 8 5
 H B Russell's br s Smuggler. 4 6 6 dis
 Time—2:22, 2:20½, 2:21½, 2:23, 2:20.
SAME DAY—Extra purse \$150; 2:33 class.
 D G Cameron's ch g W C Derby. 1 1 1
 E H Doty's b m Moxie. 2 3 3
 B C Guerin's dn g Don. 3 4 2
 W Barber's b g Thomas L. 4 3 5
 M Coon's dn g Orange Billy. 5 5 4
 Time—2:33, 2:33½, 2:34.

SAME DAY—Match \$100 a side.

W Lovell's br g Barney Kelly. 2 1 1 2 1
 J Splan's sp g Prince. 1 2 3 1 2
 Time—2:34, 2:31, 2:33, 2:11, 2:30.

GOLDSMITH MAID.—This grand old mare goes to California to winter, where she will be jugged and kept in condition. It is her owner's intention to trot her only against time next season, and he has made a figure for her of 2:11½. Mr. Dupely Dodge would remark that these figures are rather "hockey."

follows.—Wm. R. Hunt, President; Dr. Carlyle, Vice President; Jas. R. Hunt, Treasurer and Secretary; Committee, A. Noble, W. D. McIntosh, J. Forsyth, an J. Pringle; Chaplains, Rev. Dr. Robb, and Rev. J. Macdonnell; Representative Members, Dr. Carlyle and R. H. Ramsay; Patron, Hon. Attorney-General Mowat; Patroness, Mrs. Mowat; Skips, R. H. Ramsay, J. Pringle, R. Malcolm, and W. Rennie; Instructors, Dr. Carlyle, A. Noble, R. Pollock, and J. Thomson.

FERGUS.

The annual meeting of the Fergus Curling Club for the election of officers for the ensuing season was held in Mr. Griev's Ontario House, when the following office-bearers were elected:—Patron, John Watt; Patroness, Mrs. James Perry; President, W. Hamilton; Vice-President, H. Michie; Representative members, D. Forbes, M. Anderson, Sec.-Treasurer, J. C. Donaldson; Chaplain, Alex. Harvey; Committee of Management, P. King, W. Hamilton, C. Young, A. Anderson. Skips—M. Anderson, H. Michie, Jas. Wilson, Alex. Anderson.

HAMILTON.

On the evening of the 25th ult., the annual meeting of the Mechanics' Curling Club was held, when the following gentlemen were elected skips for the ensuing year:—Messrs. L. Weeks, Samuel Scott, Andrew Tinline, H. Robinson, Robt. Chisholm, and James Malcolm. The meeting then adjourned upon a motion to receive the report of the Committee appointed to select a piece of ground sufficiently large for four rinks, in a convenient or central part of the city. The bowling green in rear of Black's Club House, James street, is spoken of as likely to be the place selected. This ground, if selected, will be very convenient to all parties concerned.

Football.

ARGONAUTS OF TORONTO, vs. LONDON.

On Thursday, 2nd a match took place between the Argonauts of Toronto, and the London Football Club, on the Hamilton Cricket Ground. The Toronto team were both heavier and faster than the London men, and this added to their previous experience as football players, made the match one sided. The result of the game was a victory for Toronto by two goals, eight touch downs and five rouges to nothing. For Toronto Purrain, as usual, played magnificently and is undoubtedly the best football man in Canada.

HAMILTON vs. ARGONAUTS.

The return match between the above clubs was played on the Cricket Ground here, on Saturday last, and was witnessed by a large number of spectators. The final result, after a most evenly contested game throughout, was a draw, neither side being able to claim the slightest decided advantage.

LACROSSE CLUB vs. CARLTON.

A match was played on Saturday between the Lacrosse Football Club and the Carlton Football Club on the grounds of the latter, Wellesley street, under the new association rules, which does not allow of handling or running with the ball. The game was very exciting throughout, and occasionally afforded much amusement to the spectators. Neither side had the advantage, the game ending in a draw. It is understood that these clubs will play again, on the same ground next Saturday.

ROCKWOOD. GUELPH.
 S Duffield. 2 M Deady. 2
 J Martin. 6 Joe O'Connor. 5
 J Gay. 2 T Howar. 2
 J McQuarrie. 4 M Doran. 1
 Jas Lealie. 1 M French. 2
 15 12

A MATCH AT ROCKWOOD.

On Thanksgiving Day a party went down from Guelph to Rockwood for a friendly pigeon shooting match with a team from that village. As will be seen by the following score, the Rockwood team were the winners. Eight birds were shot at by each contestant.

ROCKWOOD. GUELPH.
 S Duffield. 2 M Deady. 2
 J Martin. 6 Joe O'Connor. 5
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SMALL SHOT.

At the pistol shooting Nov. 3 by the Dominion Police, Ottawa, three scored twenty-three out of a possible twenty-four.

A Belleville despatch says four local sportsmen succeeded in bagging 82 snipe and some other small game in a half-day's shooting in that neighborhood.

Mr. Whiteher, Commissioner of Fisheries, Ottawa, who has been absent some days on a duck shooting expedition, has sent some seventy-eight brace of Long Point ducks home. We understand that in one week he shot some 417 ducks.

Mr. George Jackson, of London, while on a shooting expedition recently, shot a splendid specimen of the pelican, and also a sandhill crane of fine plumage. Both of these are rare birds in this part of the country. They have been handed over to Mr. Mummary, for mounting, one for Mr. Jackson's private collection, and the other for the museum at the Mechanics' Institute.

A Perth paper says: "A great many deer have been killed in this neighborhood since the season came in, and hunters are yet out in all directions. Last Wednesday morning we noticed a fine load of four or five passing through town en route for the front. One day last week, a deer, pursued by Mr. Wm. McGarry's hounds, rusted out of the Long Swamp with the dogs in hot pursuit, and crossing the town line made for the river by way of Caroline Village. Swimming the river here it gave the dogs the slip and escaped."

Messrs. Tisdale and William Holliday returned to Guelph on Saturday from Point Pelee, on the Essex coast, where they have been shooting since October 24th. They succeeded in bagging 19 quails and 95 ducks, and would no doubt have secured more of the latter had not warm weather set in, when the ducks at once sought other quarters. The sportsmen report mosquitoes as being very plentiful there.

Quoiting.

THE SCARBORO' CLUB.

The first annual competition for the Malcolm medal, which was previously won by the Scarboro' Quoiting club from the Galt club, took place on Saturday last at Scarboro quoiting grounds, when fourteen members participated, resulting in Mr. Simpson Rennie being successful on the fourth draw, which is annexed:—Rennie, 81; George Sheppard, 26.

When races first came into fashion in France the many went for fun, the few to bet. Now the betting element assumes an alarmingly large proportion and great sums are lost and won.

MARKET HARBOURGH;

How Mr. Sawyer went to the Shires.

CHAPTER I.

The same objection, however, applied to the last mentioned places that drove him from home, viz., the want of society. That deficiency seemed to threaten him wherever he set up his staff. At Wansford he would be as solitary as in the Old Country; also he would be further from High Leicester-shire than he liked. The same drawback was attached to Lutterworth, and Rugby, and Northampton. It was not till the third glass that the inspiration seized him. Dashing the end of his cigar under the grate, he rose from his easy chair, stuck his hands in his pockets and his back to the waning fire, stamped thrice on the hearth-rug, like a necromancer summoning his familiar, and exclaimed aloud, "The very place! I wonder I never thought of it before. Strike me, if I won't go to Market Harborough!" Then he finished his brandy-and-water at a gulp, lit his candle, and tumbled up to bed, where he dreamed he was riding a rocking-horse over the Skeffington Lordship, with no one in the same field with him but the late Mr William Scott, the vehemence of whose language was in exact proportion to the strength of the beverage which had constituted his own night-cap.

CHAPTER II.

"MR. JOB SLOPER."

The ancient Persians, who seem also to have been wonderful fellows to ride, had a pleasing system of debilitation, which has somewhat fallen into disuse in our modern Parliaments. According to the old historians, it was their practice to discuss all graver matters of policy when in a state of inebriety, giving their debate the advantage of being resumed and repeated next morning; also, should they inadvertently convene a meeting when sober, to reverse the process, and ascertain whether on getting drunk over it they arrived at the same result. The system was not without its merits, no doubt, one of the most prominent of which seems to have been that it entailed a double amount of liquor. Mr. Sawyer was sufficiently a Persian to reconsider his decision of the previous night, when he woke next morning with a trifling head-ache, and a tongue more like that of a mason than the organ of speech and digestion peculiar to the human subject.

It was a hard fellow enough; but no man can smoke cigars and drink hot-stopping the last thing at night, and get up in the morning without remembering that he has done so. A plunge into his cold bath, however, a cup of warm tea, with a rasher of bacon frizzling from the fire, and well peppered, soon restored the brightness to our friend's eye and the color to his cheek. When he lit his cigar on his own well-cleaned door-step, and turned his face to the balmy breath of "yesterday," under a soft November sky, dappled, and mellowed, and tinged here and there with gold by the winter sun, he felt, as he expressed it, "fit as a fiddle, and hotter upon Market Harborough than ever."

He was a man of few words though, when he meant business, and only pausing for a moment at the stable, and feeling the grey's legs, which somehow always did fill after a day's hunting, he took no living mortal into his confidence, not even the taciturn Isaac (of whom more hereafter); but started for a five-mile walk, to inspect the stables of a certain horse-coping worthy, with whom he had long been too well acquainted, and who generally had a good bit of stuff somewhere about the premises, provided only you could get hold of the right one.

Mr Sawyer was not a man to order a horse out of the stable in the hunting season for any but the legitimate purpose of the chase. "Wakka," he said, kept him in a trot. It started down a narrow lane that in summer was thick with black-berran and the long with dog roses, and over a stile and across a fallow, and through a wood, at an honest five-mile-an-hour, heeled and every turn in the path reminding him as he stepped along, of some feat of his manly or skilful shot, or other pleasant recollection connected with his country. A fallow is one of the greatest ad-

Conquing loudly, and shuffling his feet against the sanded floor, he soon succeeded in summoning a bar-armed maid-of-all work, with a dirty face and flouting ribbons in her cap, who, to his inquiries whether "Mr. Sloper was at home," answered, as maids-of-all-work invariably do, that "Master had just stepped out for a minute, but left word he would be back directly: would you please to take a seat?"

This interval, our friend, who, as he often remarked, "wasn't born yesterday," determined to spend in a private visit to the stables, and left the kitchen accordingly for that purpose. It is needless to observe that he had barely coasted a third of the ocean of muck which constituted the centre of the yard, ere he encountered the proprietor himself coming leisurely to greet him, with a welcome on his ruddy face and a straw in his mouth.

Mr. Sloper was a halo hearty man of some three-score years or so, who must have been very good-looking in his prime; but whose countenance, from the combined effects of good-living and hard weather, had acquired that mottled crimson tinge which, according to Dickens, is seldom observed except in underdone boiled beef and the faces of old mail-coachmen and guards. It would have puzzled a physiognomist to say whether good-humour or cunning prevailed in the twinkle of his bright little blue eye; but the way in which he wore his slaved hat and stuck his hands into the pockets of his wide-skirted grey riding-coat, would have warned any observer of human nature that he was skilled in horseflesh and versed in all the secrets that lend their interest to that fascinating animal. Somehow Honesty seems to go faster on horseback than afoot.

Not that a man of Mr. Sloper's years and weight ever got upon the backs of his purchases, save perhaps in very extreme cases, and where "the lie with circumstances" was as indispensable as "the lie direct." No, he confined himself to dealing for them over dark-coloured glasses of brandy-and-water, puffing them unconsciously in the stable, and pretending to ignore them completely when he met his own property out-o'-doors. "His eyesight," he said "was failing him; positively he didn't know his own nags now, when he met them in his neighbour's field!"

Tradition asserted, however, that Job Sloper, when a younger man, had been one of the best and boldest riders in the Old Country. The limp which affected his walk had been earned in a rattling fall over a turnpike-gate for a wager of a new hat, and Fiction herself panted in detailing his many exploits by flood and field when he first went into the trade. These had lost nothing by time and repetition, but even now, in those exceptional cases where he condescended to get into the saddle, there was no question that the old man could put them along still; for, as lusty and heavy as he'd grown, "I'm a sad cripple now, sir," he'd say, in a mild reflective voice; "and they wants to be very quiet and gentle for me. I never had not what I call good nerve in the best of times, though I liked to see the hounds run a bit too. I was always fond of the sport, you see; and even now it does me good to watch a gent like yourself in the saddle. What I call a real horseman—as can give-an'-take, and bend his back like Old Sir 'Arey: you puts me in mind of him so much, the way you carries your hands!"

The old hypocrite! Ingenious youth was pretty sure to "stop and have a bit of lunch" after that, and after lunch was it not human nature that it should buy?

CHAPTER III.

"YOUR HAND-WRITING, SIR."

"Mornin', sir," says Mr. Sloper, seeing a customer as he accosts his guest. "Oh, it's you, is it, Mr. Sawyer? Won't ye step in and set down after your walk? Take a glass of mild ale and a crust of bread-and-cheese, or a drop of sherry or anything?"

"No hunting to-day, Job," answers the visitor, declining the refreshment; "so I just toddled over to see how you're getting on, and have a look round the stables; no harm in looking, you know."

Mr. Sloper's face assumes an expression of profound mystery. "I'm glad you come over to-day, sir," he says, in a tone of confidential frankness, "of all days in the year. I've a horse here, as I should like to ask your opinion about—a gent like you as knows what aunter really is. And so you should, Mr. Sawyer, for there's no man alive takes greater liberties with 'em when they can go and do it. And I've got one in that box, as I think, just is more than cur-

Our purchaser began to think that he might possibly have hit upon the animal at last. Often as he had been at the game, and often as he had been disappointed, he was still as guine enough to believe he might draw the prize-ticket in the lottery at any time. As I imagine every man who pulls on his boots to go out hunting has a sort of vague hope that to-day may be his day of triumph with the hounds, so the oldest and wisest of us cannot go into a dealer's yard without a sort of half-conscious idea that there must be a trump card somewhere in the pack, and it may be our luck to hold it as well as another's.

But Sloper, like the rest of his trade, was not going to show his game first. It seems to be a maxim with all salesmen to prove their customers with inferior articles before they come to the real thing. Mr. Sawyer had to walk through a four stall stable, and inspect, preparatory to de-livering, a merely bay cob, a lame grey, a broken-winded chestnut, and an enormous brown animal, very tall, very narrow, very ugly, with extremely upright forelegs and shoulders to match. The latter his owner affirmed to be "an extraordinary shaped 'un," as no doubt he was. A little playful badinage on the merits of this last enlivened the visit.

"What will you take for the brown, Sloper, if I buy him at so much the foot?" said the customer, as they emerged into the fresh air.

"Say ten pound a foot, sir!" answered Job, with the utmost gravity, "and ten over, because he always has a foot to spare. Come now, Mr. Sawyer, I can afford to let a good customer like you have that horse for fifty. Fifty guineas, or even pounds, sir, to you. I got him in a bad debt, you see, sir;—it's Bible truth I'm telling ye;—and he only stood me in forty-seven pounds ten and a sov. I gave the man as ought him over. He's not everybody's loss, Mr. Sawyer, that isn't; but I think he'll carry you remarkably well."

"I don't think I'll ever give him a chance was the rejoinder." "Com, Job, we're burning daylight; let's go and have a look at the crack."

One individual had been listening to the above conversation with thrilling interest. This was no less a personage than Barney, Mr. Sloper's head groom, general factotum, and rough-rider in ordinary—an official whose business it was to ride anything at anything, for anybody who asked him. He was a little old man, with one eye, a red handkerchief, and the general appearance of a post-boy on half pay; a sober fellow, too, and as brave as King Richard; yet had he expressed himself strongly about this said brown horse, the previous evening, to the maid-of-all-work. He's the wussett we've had yet," was his fiat. "It's natural for 'em to fall; but when he falls, he's all over a chap till he's crumpled him." So his heroic heart beat more freely when they adjourned to the neighboring box.

Mr. Sloper threw the door open with an air. It must be confessed he seldom had one that would bear, without preparation, a minut. inspection from the eye of a sportsman; but he knew this was a sound one, and made the most of it. Clothed and hooded, littered to the hocks, and sheeted to the tail, there was yet something about his general appearance that fascinated Mr. Sawyer at once. Job saw the spell was working, and abstaining from disturbing it. As far as could be seen, the animal was a long, low, wellbred-looking roan, with short flat legs, large clean hocks, ank swelling muscular thighs. His supple skin threw off a bloom, as if he was in first-rate condition; and when, laying his ears back and biting the manger, he lifted a foreleg, as it were, to expostulate with his visitors, the hoof was round, open, and well developed, as blue, and to all appearance as hard as a flint.

"Has he fashion enough, thank ye, sir?" asked Job, at length, breaking the silence. "Strip him, Barney," he added, taking the straw from his mouth.

The roan winced, and stamped, and whisked his tail, and set his back up during the process; but when it was concluded, Mr. Sawyer could not but confess to himself, that if he was only as good as he looked, he would do.

TO BE CONTINUED.

KATERFELTO,

A STORY OF EXMOOR.

CHAPTER XXX.

REPARATION.

He could not but acknowledge the dangers she must incur toiling through the snow in his heavy riding boots, and she might draw his pursuers from the path he actually followed. She might perish of cold and exhaustion on the open moor. She might be burned in some snow-drift from which she had not strength to extricate herself. Worse than all, when overtaken and caught, what fatal penalty might not be exacted by the vengeance of that half-savage husband whom she had deceived for the sake of her gentle loves.

If Walf herself entertained any such misgivings, they were swallowed up in the single consideration of outwitting his pursuers, to save John Garnet from death.

So she plunged and labored on, faint, breathless, weary, sustained only by the one earnest aim of her brave and loving heart, listening eagerly for the voices of those who were on her track, and exulting, with fierce and bitter triumph, to lead them farther and farther from their prey.

One more mile. If her strength would last but for one more mile, he must have reached his refuge then, and she would be content to lie down and die. Shrouded in a snow-drift on her wedding-day. (She laughed to herself at the conceit) and married, like a Gorgio bride, all in white!

Fin Cooper and Dick Boss, galloping down to the spot at which the gray horse fell, made sure of his rider at such a grievous disadvantage, and laughed, while they pointed out to each other the heavy footmarks printed off distinctly in the snow.

"He'll not travel far in them boots, wading through the snow!" remarked Dick Boss, who was little given to conversation at the best of times.

"The our hunted stag," answered Fin, showing his white teeth, with a pitiless laugh, "he's beginning to weary already, I can tell by the slot!"

So they followed, with renewed ardor, upward, always upward into the hill, and pointing for the wildest part of the moor.

But the horses were beginning to tire, toiling more than felock deep in snow, and the brooding flakes that insued the faces of their riders not only shrouded everything from their view, but filed up and obliterated the track on which they depended for guidance and success. "We are beat, man!" said Dick, drawing rein, sulkily, and wringing the heavy snow from his sleeves and holsters. "There's not a drop of blood left unfrozen in my body, and I shall give out!" turning his bride doggedly down hill, while the gypsy, trusting to his knowledge of the country, declared his own intention of making a wide sweep forward, hoping thus to catch a glimpse of the pedestrian, and ride him down, so soon as the storm modified sufficiently to distinguish an object at ten paces' distance.

Once parted, the two men had no chance of coming home together. The sheriff's officer, through sheer good luck, did eventually find his way back to Porlock, but Fin Cooper wandered aimlessly on many a mile further into the wilderness. He, too, was at last obliged to confess himself defeated. Not only baffled in his search, but lost, like an overfed Gorgio, on the moor.

The snow, falling and fallen, so completely effaced or altered every familiar landmark, that he rode blindly round and round, ashamed to admit he was unable to find his way out of this weary, interminable, undulating waste of white.

After a hundred mistakes, a hundred disappointments, he came to a standstill perforce. Floundering through a deep snow drift, he was compelled to halt and take a survey of the misty surface, over which every passing moment made it more unsafe to travel. The storm, that had raged and lurred at intervals, now lifted for a time, disclosing at a hundred paces' distance something that caused Fin to start in his saddle, and brought a blasphemy of malice and exultation to his lips.

Yonder, almost within pistol-shot, lay a motionless heap, half buried, half revealed, and yes, his keen hawk's eye did not deceive him, a horseman's heavy boots protruded from the snow!

With a cry of triumph he spurred eagerly to the spot, and leaped from the saddle in such fierce and hungry hate as impels the pounce of a wild cat—the swoop of a bird of prey.

She lay dead—stone dead. The girl he had loved all these years. The woman that to-day, this very day, was to have been his wife! And he thought it was John Garnet, whose life he had thirsted to take for a reward of twenty guineas. Twenty guineas to spend in rioting and drunkenness at his wedding feast! He burst into so wild a shriek of laughter as startled the very horse from which he had dismounted, and fell on his knees beside the rigid form, that he had last seen warm and supple, clothed with living grace and beauty in his t. n.

the Severa Sea. Not a patch of white was left to spot the swarthy uplands where Den-kerry Beacon lords it over the moor, and along the warm sheltered coast from Water-mouth to Watchet, summer seemed to have returned, only softer and kinder for her desertion. But the fairest flower in Devon languished and faded in the genial sunshine, more obviously than she had dropped beneath the storm. Nelly Carew, in deep mourning for her grandfather, looking none the less beautiful in her sorrow, felt as lonely and unprotected now, that in her moments of despondency she almost wished she could die too, like the others, and be at rest.

Katerfelto vainly endeavored to persuade her that by accompanying him in his flight to the Continent she might probably join John Garnet, who must surely have preceded them to some of the usual refuges for such political outlaws, believing, no doubt, that, accompanied by so beautiful an associate, he could ply his old trade with every prospect of success; but the girl's own sense of right forbade her to think for an instant of such a scheme, and he, too, went his way, after Master Carew's funeral, leaving Nelly entirely forsaken and alone. The neighbors, though liberal in expressions of sympathy, and offers of help which was not required, shook their heads and whispered to each other that there was something unlucky about the lass—things went wrong with all who took a fancy to her. The old grandfather, who couldn't keep his eyes off her, and thought gold wasn't good enough for her to eat off, he died—well—a man in years certainly, but still very little over eighty after all! Then there was that godless parson who broke his neck just above the Witches' Wash-pot, and indeed every bone in his body, so that they could scarce straighten him decently for burial. Was he not a lover of Mistress Nelly's?

As to the young spark, a comely lad, forth-ward, and a gallant, who came and went with his gray horse like a flash of lightning, so that nobody in Porlock ever knew what was gone with him, why it wasn't likely was it? that she would ever set eyes on him again! Altogether, Nelly felt very unhappy, and despondent. It seemed hard, at her age, to be left so friendless, so utterly alone in the world.

But one afternoon, when the days were at their shortest, came a letter by the weekly post from Launton, stamped with a French mark, tied in a bright new ribbon, and directed in a bold masculine hand to Mistress Nelly Carew.

From the date of its receipt the neighbors could not but observe how the girl's eye grew brighter, and the color returned to her cheek. The hope that had nearly died out in her heart began to bloom once more, and her trust came back in John Garnet, just as poor Walf's did, but with better reason, and a happier result.

She learned that powerful friends had made inter-est for this proscribed young gentleman at court. The king was a thorough Englishman, placible, courageous, extremely averse to severity when an enemy was conquered and under foot. John Garnet counted a free pardon, and even hinted at the possibility of the northern estates reverting hereafter to their rightful owner. Lord Bellin-gor had made a famous speech on the Cider Bill, which brought him into notice, and gave him, for the time, considerable influence. This influence he had exerted in Master Garnet's favor, reasoning with characteristic inconsequence, that but for the exploit attributed to Galloping Jack, of which his penetration had discovered the real originator, he would have been buried alive in the West at the very time when he seized his opportunity to distinguish himself in the House of Lords. Nelly must be patient and constant, as the writer vowed to be himself. There was a good time coming, and she must wait.

That Nelly did wait, I gather from a picture in the possession of the Garnet family, representing a woman in the bloom of youth, with a pair of outrageously beautiful blue eyes, smiling, from under a mushroom lace on a child in a white frock and coral necklace at her feet. The whole purporting as set forth in gold letters on a corner of the canvas, to be a portrait of Dame Elinor Garnet and her eldest son. If this indeed be the Nelly Carew of his desperate expedition into Devon, I can readily understand that sickness of heart which came over Walf, when peering stealthily into the orchard at Porlock, she espied so comely a damsel in affectionate converse with the man she loved.

But what became of the good gray horse? Tradition, on the authority of Red Rube, affirms that he was never retaken after his bridle broke, but passed on rejoicing, to life-long freedom on the moor. The harborer was wont to declare that as soon as he had forwarded his rider, whom he kept in close hiding for a week, to the little coast town

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ing association connected with his country
home. And this is one of the greatest ad-
vantages of hunting from home. After all,
notwithstanding her irresistible attractions,
we cannot follow Diana every day of our
lives, and surely it is wiser and pleasanter to
take her as we want her amongst our own
woods and glades, and breezy uplands, and
pleasant shady nooks, than to go all the way
to Ephesus on purpose to worship with the
crowd. Mixed motives, however, seem to
be the springs that set in motion our human
frames; and if Care sits behind the horse-
man on the cantle of his saddle, Ambition
may also be detected clinging somewhere
about his spurs.

In little more than an hour Mr. Sawyer
found himself entering a dilapidated farm-
yard, of which three sales consisted of lambs
down sheds and out-houses; while the
house, in somewhat better repair, denoted
by a ventilating window, latched doors,
and occasional stable-buckets, that its in-
habitants were of the equine race. Stamping
up a broken passage, on either side of which
many plants were dying in about three
inches of mould, our friend wisely entered
the open door of the kitchen, preferring that
easy access to the adjacent porta, of which
a low scraper and rusty kitcher seemed to
point out that it was chiefly intended for
vases of carnation. Here he encountered
nothing more formidable than a white cat
sleeping by the fire, and a Dutch clock,
with an enormous countenance, ticking
drowsily in the warmest corner of the apart-
ment.

...falling him, possibly he did not know his
own name now, when he met them in his
neighbour's field!

Tradition asserted, however, that Job
Sloper, when a younger man, had been one
of the best and boldest riders in the Old
Country. The limp which affected his walk
had been earned in a rattling fall over a
turnpike-gate for a wager of a new hat, and
fiction has itself painted in detailing his many
exploits by flood and field when he first
went into the trade. These had lost nothing
by time and repetition, but even now, in
those exceptional cases where he conde-
scended to get into the saddle, there was no
question that the old man could put them
along still; for, as lusty and heavy as he'd
grown, "I'm a sad cripple now, sir," he'd
say, in a mild reflective voice; "and they
wants to be very quiet and gentle for me. I
never had not what I call good nerve in the
best of times, though I liked to see the
hounds run a bit too. I was always fond of
the sport, you see; and even now it does
me good to watch a gent like yourself in the
saddle. What I calls a real 'orse-man—as
can give-an'-take, and bend his back like
Old Sir 'Arcy; you puts me in mind of him
so much, the way you carries your 'ands!"

The old hypocrite! Ingenuous youth was
pretty sure to "stop and have a bit of
lunch" after that, and after lunch was it
not human nature that it should buy?

—3—

CHAPTER III.

"YOUR HAND-WRITING, SIR."

"Mornin', sir," says Mr. Sloper, scenting
a customer as he accosts his guest. "Oh,
it's you, is it, Mr. Sawyer? Won't ye step
in and set down after your walk? Take a
glass of mild ale and a crust of bread-and-
cheese, or a drop of sherry or anything?"

"No hunting to-day, Job," answers the
visitor, declining the refreshment; "so I
just toddled over to see how you're getting
on, and have a look round the stables; no
harm in looking, you know."

Mr. Sloper's face assumes an expression
of profound mystery. "I'm glad you come
over to-day, sir," he says, in a tone of con-
fidential frankness, "of all days in the year.
I've a 'orse here, as I should like to ask your
opinion about—a gent like you as knows
what a 'unter really is. And so you should,
Mr. Sawyer, for there's no man alive takes
greater liberties with 'em when they
can go and do it. And I've got one in
that box, as I think, just is more than curi-
ous."

"Would he carry me?" asks Mr. Sawyer,
with well-affecting indifference, as if he had
not come over expressly to find one that
would. "Not that I want a horse, you
know; but if I saw one I liked very much,
and you didn't price him too high, why I
might be induced to buy against next sea-
son, perhaps."

Job took his hands out of his coat-
pockets, and spread them abroad, as it were
to dry. The action denoted extreme purity
and candour.

"No; I don't think as he ought to carry
you, sir," was the unexpected reply. "Now,
I ain't a-going to tell you a lie, Mr. Sawyer.
This horse didn't ought to be ridden, not
the way you take and ride them, Mr. Saw-
yer; leastways not over such a blind heart-
breaking country as this here. He's too good
he is, for that kind of work; he ought to be
in Leicester-shire, he ought; the Harborough
country, that's the country for him. He's
too fast for us, and that's the truth. Only,
to be sure, we have a vast of plough here-
about, and I never see such a sticker
through dirt. It makes no odds to him, pas-
ture or plough, and the sweetest hack ever I
clapped eyes on besides. However, you
shall judge for yourself, Mr. Sawyer. I
won't ask you to believe me. You've a
quicker eye to a horse than I have, by a
long chalk, and I'd sooner have your opin-
ion than my own. I would now, and that's
the truth."

This was no less a personage than Barney,
Mr. Sloper's head groom, general factotum,
and rough-rider in ordinary—an official
whose business it was to ride anything at
anything, for anybody who ask'd him. He
was a little old man, with one eye, a red
handkerchief, and the general appearance
of a post-boy on half pay; a sober fellow,
too, and as brave as King Richard; yet had
he expressed himself strongly about this
said brown horse, the previous evening, to
the maid-of-all-work. He's the wussett
we've had yet," was his fiat. "It's natural
for em to fall; but when he falls, he's all
over a chap till he's crumpled him." So his
heroic heart beat more freely when they ad-
journed to the neighboring wh.

Mr. Sloper threw the door open with an
air. It must be confessed he seldom had
one that would bear, without preparation, a
moment's inspection from the eye of a sports-
man; but he knew this was a sound one,
and made the most of it. Clothed and hood-
ed, littered to the hocks, and ancted to the
tail, there was yet something about his gen-
eral appearance that fascinated Mr. Sawyer
at once. Job saw the spell was working,
and abstaining from disturbing it. As far
as could be seen, the animal was a long, low,
wellbred-looking roan, with short flat legs,
large clean hocks, ank swelling muscular
thighs. His supple skin threw off a bloom,
as if he was in first-rate condition; and
when, laying his ears back and biting the
manger, he lifted a foreleg, as it were, to ex-
postulate with his visitors, the hoof was
round, open, and well developed, as blue,
and to all appearance as hard as a flint.

"Has he fashion enough, thank ye sir?"
asked Job, at length, breaking the silence.
"Strip him, Barney," he added, taking the
straw from his mouth.

The roan winced, and stamped, and
whisked his tail, and set his back up during
the process; but when it was concluded,
Mr. Sawyer could not but confess to himself,
that if he was only as good as he looked, he
would do.

TO BE CONTINUED.

KATERFELTO,

A STORY OF EXMOOR.

CHAPTER XXX.

REPARATION.

He stretched his arms towards her. For
one brief moment she stood looking at him,
like a woman of real flesh and blood
than some visionary phantom of the night.
To his dying day, John Garnet never forgot
that figure of the gipsy girl, her pale face,
her raven hair, the folds of her scarlet hood seen
through the slanting downfall of the storm.
Those solemn eyes, with their yearning gaze,
seemed still bent on him, long after the
slender shape had vanished in that gray and
thickening gloom; vanished for ever, to re-
turn no more but in his dreams.

Shouts at no great distance warned him
that he must attend to his own safety, and
slipping into the coombe, he obeyed Walf's
direction to the letter, keeping studiously un-
der cover in the brushwood, and making
his way along the bed of the stream, as num-
bered feet, protected only by hosi-
ery, would allow. Ere he reached Red Rube's
hut, where he found the harbinger at home
and willing to give him shelter, he had plenty
of time to reflect on his future plans, and
to appreciate the devotion and self-sacrifice
of the girl whose heart he had won so lightly
and cared so little to retain. Pangs he felt,
no doubt, of pity, regret, even remorse, but
through them all he could not but admit,
that one glance from Nelly Carow's blue
eyes would be enough to make him forget
his own thoughtless frivolity, and the gipsy's
unreasoning, uncontrollable affection that was
now risking dear life for his sake.

when on which they depended for guidance
and success. "We are beat, man!" said
Dick, drawing rein, sulkily, and wringing
the heavy snow from his sleeves and hol-
sters. "There's not a drop of blood left un-
frozen in my body, and I shall give out!"
turning his bridle doggedly down hill, while
the gipsy, trusting to his knowledge of the
country, declared his own intention of mak-
ing a wide sweep forward, hoping thus to
catch a glimpse of the pedestrian, and ride
him down, so soon as the storm modified
sufficiently to distinguish an object at ten
paces' distance.

Once parted, the two men had no chance
of coming home together. The sheriff's
officer, through sheer good luck, did eventu-
ally find his way back to Porlock, but Fiu
Cooper wandered aimlessly on many a mile
further into the wilderness. He, too, was at
last obliged to confess himself defeated. Not
only baffled in his search, but lost, like an
overfed Gorgio, on the moor.

The snow, falling and fallen, so comple-
tely effaced or altered every familiar land-
mark, that he rode blindly round and round,
ashamed to admit he was unable to find his
way out of this weary, interminable, undulat-
ing waste of white.

After a hundred mistakes, a hundred dis-
appointments, he came to a standstill per-
force. Floundering through a deep snow
drift, he was compelled to halt and take a
survey of the misty surface, over which
every passing moment made it more unsafe
to travel. The storm, that had raged and
lur'd at intervals, now lifted for a time,
disclosing at a hundred paces' distance some-
thing that caused Fiu to start in his saddle,
and brought a blasphemy of malice and ex-
ultation to his lips.

Yonder, almost within pistol-shot, lay a
motionless heap, half buried, half revealed,
and yes, his keen hawk's eye did not deceive
him, a horseman's heavy boots protruded
from the snow!

With a cry of triumph he spurred eagerly
to the spot, and leaped from the saddle in
such fierce and hungry hate as impels the
pounce of a wild cat—the swoop of a bird of
prey.

She lay dead—stone dead. The girl he
had loved all these years. The woman that
to-day, this very day, was to have been his
wife! And he thought it was John Garnet,
whose life he had thirsted to take for a re-
ward of twenty guineas. Twenty guineas to
spend in rioting and drunkenness at his wed-
ding feast! He burst into so wild a shriek
of laughter as startled the very horse from
which he had dismounted, and fell on his
knees beside the rigid form, that he had last
seen warm and supple, clothed with living
grace and beauty in his tent.

It seemed impossible. She had not surely
lain there many minutes, and yet how stiff
she had grown and cold! Against that fixed
gray face he had laid his own, and tried
hard in his agony to breathe life into those
pale parted lips, but it was hoping against
hope, and while he swore that it could not,
should not be, his bursting heart told him
the truth, and he knew that Thyra Lovel's
deep dark eyes would look on him again,
gladly or sadly, never more! Even in his
utter misery he saw it all; the ingenious
shut, the false track, the artifice by which
she had outwitted him, and led him skillfully
on the line of his pursuit, to spend his wed-
ding-day with her here, locked in each other's
arms, the only occupants of the frozen, dis-
olate waste.

The gipsy's mind was very pitiful and ten-
der while he sat and watched by her corpse
in the falling snow, waiting till his horse
should be sufficiently rested to carry a double
burthen, thinking, more in sorrow than in
anger, of their two blighted lives, and the
love he had given so lavishly without return,
wondering in his heathen reasonings why
these things were so, wishing in his despair
that the storm would fall thicker and thicker
to wrap them for ever on this their marriage-
bed in its shroud of eternal white.

After a few days, however, all traces of
winter again disappeared from those smiling
valleys and shaggy woodlands that border

...to be left so friendless, so utterly alone
in the world.

But one afternoon, when the days were at
their shortest, came a letter by the weekly
post from Taunton, stamped with a French
mark, tied in a bright new ribbon, and di-
rected in a bold masculine hand to Mistress
Nelly Carow.

From the date of its receipt the neighbors
could not but observe how the girl's eye
grew brighter, and the color returned to her
cheek. The hope that had nearly died out
in her heart began to bloom once more, and
her trust came back in John Garnet, just as
poor Walf's did, but with better reason, and
a happier result.

She learned that powerful friends had
made intercession for this proscribed young gen-
tleman at court. The king was a thorough
Englishman, placible, courageous, extremely
averse to severity when an enemy was con-
quered and under foot. John Garnet counted
a free pardon, and even hinted at the possi-
bility of the northern estates reverting by
right to their rightful owner. Lord Ballin-
ger had made a famous speech on the Cider
Bill, which brought him into notice, and
gave him, for the time, considerable influ-
ence. This influence he had exerted in
Master Garnet's favor, reasoning with char-
acteristic inconsequence, that but for the ex-
ploit attributed to Galloping Jack, of which
his penetration had discovered the real origi-
nator, he would have been buried alive in
the West at the very time when he seized
his opportunity to distinguish himself in the
House of Lords. Nelly must be patient and
constant, as the writer vowed to be himself.
There was a good time coming, and she
must wait.

That Nelly did wait, I gather from a pic-
ture in the possession of the Garnet family,
representing a woman in the bloom of youth,
with a pair of outrageously beautiful blue
eyes, smiling from under a mushroom hat,
on a child in a white frock and coral neck-
lace at her feet. This whole purporting as
set forth in gold letters on a corner of the
canvas, to be a portrait of Dame Ennor Gar-
net and her eldest son. If this indeed be
the Nelly Carow of his desperate expedition
into Devon, I can readily understand that
sickness of heart which came over Walf,
when peering stealthily into the orchard at
Porlock, she espied so comely a damsel in
affectionate converse with the man she loved.

But what became of the good gray horse?
Tradition, on the authority of Red Rube,
affirms that he was never retaken after his
bridle broke, but passed on rejoicing, to life-
long freedom on the moor. The harbinger
was wont to declare that as soon as he had
forwarded his rider, whom he kept in close
hiding for a week, to the little coast town
where an escape was arranged by sea, he
himself set out in pursuit of the incomparable
stallion, determined to tax all his science
and ingenuity for the capture of such a valu-
able prize. The very first day of his search,
he came upon the saddle and furniture from
which the horse had kicked himself clear.
And many a time afterwards, he followed
the iron-shod hoof-marks till the iron too
had dropped off, leaving only the point of a
smooth oval foot, with the patience and per-
sistence of his trade; but slyer, and wavier
than any red-deer, the animal never allowed
him to come within hearing, and seldom
within sight. Doubtless he joined those
herds of wild horses and ponies, which to
this day roam through the remote coombs
and moorland wastes of West Somerset and
North Devon, free and unrestrained as the
very breeze that sweeps across the scanty
herbage on which they feed. Here it is to
be presumed that he fulfilled his destiny,
doing good in his generation, for even now,
when some bold and reckless rider has been
carried more gallantly than usual, in one of
those wild, glorious, but exhausting runs
that seem peculiar to the West, he lays a
loving hand on the reeking neck of his favor-
ite, and observes, triumphantly, "It always
tells at the finish. You never get to the end
of them when they've a strain of blood that
goes back to old Katerfelto!"

THE END.

Pedestrianism.

FIFTY MILES WALKING RACE.

THE FASTEST RECORD BADLY BEATEN.

With a view to testing the question of superiority between the numerous promising professional walkers which have sprung up in England since the advent of E. P. Weston, the Amateur Athletic Club of London projected a fifty-mile tournament, and arranged that it should take place in the Little Bridge Grounds on Oct. 16. They offered the following prizes, which had the effect of securing thirty entries: £5 to the first man at ten miles, £10 at twenty-one miles, and £25 to the first man at fifty miles; £7 to second man, and £3 to the third, if he completed the fifty miles in 9h., 30min.; while one-sixth of the gate, in addition to the prizes, was divided amongst those who completed the distance under nine hours, and the first six of those who received no prizes, but completed the distance within ten hours, received £2 each. The arrangements for the accommodation of the public were admirable, and over six thousand spectators assembled upon the ground. The new quarter-mile track was used, which answered the purpose exceedingly well, save that the newly-made portion was rather loose and holding, and at dusk half of this was lit up with innumerable naphtha lamps, suspended from poles overhanging the path. The men then had to walk to and fro to complete the 440 yards, and, although the turns were rather awkward, it proved an admirable course, the track on this portion being in fine condition. Twenty-five out of the thirty entries came to the post, including the one hundred miles champion, Vaughan. We clip from *The Sporting Life* the following account of the contest, which ended in four of the walkers eclipsing the fastest time ever accomplished: "J. Miles dashed off with the lead, followed by J. Barnes and W. Vaughan, out at the turn Clark trotted past and assumed premier position, and passing the post the first time, the order was: A. Clark, first; Miles, second; Vaughan, third; T. Ashburn, fourth; A. Hibberd, fifth; J. Coleman, last. This order was maintained with little variation until the end of the second mile, when Miles raced past Clark; but the latter was quickly in front again, the pair now being 809 yards ahead of Vaughan, who was closely pressed by G. Ide. At the end of the third mile Miles went clean away from Clark, going remarkably well and in unexceptionable style, overlapping Vaughan, Ide and G. Parry, who were walking in close company, and going further away at every stride. In the last lap of the fifth mile Vaughan passed Clark, an example followed by Parry, while Ide had drawn up into second place, closely attended by Hibberd. The weather now was exceedingly favorable, the sun shining brightly. Miles covered his first ten miles in 69min. 59sec., being about a lap and a half in front of the whole field. Soon afterwards Clark was disqualified for "lifting," and Hibberd was cautioned, and Miles, maintaining his great pace, finished his tenth mile in 1h. 25min. 26sec., finally completing in the first two hours thirteen miles and three-quarters. Hibberd had then passed Ide, and was going second. At ten miles S. Berry stopped, and his example was soon followed by Barnes, H. Orris, J. Carpenter, and T. Hall. It took Miles 2h. 2m. 29sec. to make fourteen miles, and finally he knocked off twenty-one miles in 8h. 10min. 15sec., thus carrying off the prizes for being first at ten and twenty-one miles. Hibberd's time for the twenty-one miles was 8h. 15min.; Ide's, 8h. 18min. 8sec.; Parry's, 8h. 23min. 26sec.; and Vaughan's 8h. 24min. 8sec., the rest of the field being several laps behind. Ide, Vaughan, and Parry at this point showed no sign of exhaustion, keeping on at one uniform pace, varied with a few well-timed spurts; but Miles had evidently shot his bolt and he now lost ground at every lap. At the finish of his twenty-fifth mile he was hardly a lap in front of Ide, who two miles further on assumed premier position amidst great cheering, and Hibberd also succeeded in passing Miles, and, after doing twenty-eight miles two laps, the latter gave up. At dusk the lamps were lit, and the course was changed to the shorter track. This appeared to suit Ide well, for he mastered the turns at each end cleverly, and kept widening the gap at every stride. Ide flashed his fortieth mile in 6h. 33min. 15sec. (fastest on record by 27m.), three-quarters of a mile ahead, and Hibberd being disqualified in the thirty-eighth mile for "lifting," Vaughan took second place, and, making some terrific spurts, he tried to overhaul the leader, but in vain; for, although at one time he got within half a mile, he did away again, and at the end of the forty-fifth mile (covered by Ide in

HOW A GATINEAU FARMER OUTWITTED A BEAR.

THE STORY AS IT WAS TOLD.

Yesterday about noon, an innocent looking farmer from the Gatineau regions, and he was a married man too, while waiting to dispose of a load of potatoes, held quite a host of idlers spell-bound, while he related in his own peculiar way, an adventure which he had with a bear last June or July. The narrative arose from discussing the frequency with which these animals were seen during the past summer, and the intelligence often displayed by them. The old man's yarn was somewhat as follows, and our readers must decide for themselves how much of it is true:—You see, we had a cow, and she used to ramble down where the good fresh grass was to be found, at Beaver Caus Lake. One evening she was late in coming home. The lake was about a mile from the house, and I started to look for her. The way I had to go was by a "blazed" road or pathway through the bush, along which in days gone by we used to draw saw-logs to the river. The bush on each side was very thick, and as I was trudging along whistling I thought I heard some noise, and on looking behind me what did I see but a big bear trotting along after me. You see, lads, I often was near bears before, but if I was I always had a gun. This time, however, I had none, and as I did not like him to get too near me I started at a little trot, too. I soon saw, however, that as I kept running the lad of a bear kept improving in his gait, and I came to the conclusion that sure enough he was after me. I could not turn either to the right or to the left, as the bush was a regular brake, and I had nothing left to do but to keep straight ahead. This you may be sure I did, but as I ran I recollected that the path came to an end at the little lake or pond a short distance ahead of me, and when I got there I must stand. Now, you see, it so happened that many years before a "cull" saw-log had been left on the roadside near the lake, and through rotting had become hollow in the centre. As I got near this log the bear was gaining rapidly on me, and I had scarcely time left to get into the log head first when the brute came up. You'd think the hole was made to fit me, for as my head could go no further my boots just shut up the other end. The bear set to work at once to get me out, but on account of the boots he couldn't get his head in. He scratched at the sides a while and then growled, but it was all no use. While he was engaged, was thinking to myself that I was safe for the present at least, and, though it was probable I would be there all night, my sons would be along looking for me in the morning. But I soon found that my calculations were all wrong, for the first thing I knew was that the brute had actually seized the log by the end and very coolly began to lift it up on its other end with my head downwards. The log being done he raised and let it fall again several times without letting it out of his clutch, and finally let it fall full length and ran to the end which had been on the ground, to see if it had fallen out. I saw him looking at me. In a moment after he again lifted the log up on its end, and this time my feet were downward. He repeated the previous operation, and with the same result, for I held on to the inside like grim death. Now then, lads, I, you're stuck, but he wasn't, for he deliberately took log and all under his arm or bear limb, and started off leathery for the pond. I saw the point at once—he was going to drown me, and if he didn't succeed it wasn't his fault. When he got to the bank he flung the log into the water and got in himself too, and sat outside the log so as to sink it down. Now, when I was a boy, long ago, near the Lakes of Kilmarey, in Ireland, I learned to swim, and as the bear saw he log I quietly slipped out behind his back and took a dive into the long bullrushes which lined the bank, where I could see the bear without him seeing me. After a while the rogue thought I must be dead, for he slipped off the log into the water and then looked into the hole in the log. Well, boys, you'd have split your sides laughing if you'd seen the black look of disappointment that was on that bear's face when he found I wasn't inside. I can't paint it for you. After a little while he started for shore, and I was certain he would give it up. But he had no such thought, the vagabond, as you'll see when I tell you. Now, you see, the water was kept in this little pond by a dam which the beavers built some time, and was not very deep. The bear walked all around the pond several times, and every time he passed near where I was. I popped my head down among the rushes, and sometimes nearly under water, so that he would not smell where I was. By this time it was getting dark, and he sat down on his hunkers to think a while. He did not sit down though, for he jumped and started to the dam and set to work to tear a hole in it on the opposite side from the water. Think I go myself, I'm done now, for it was evident that being drowned, he believed I had sunk to the bottom of the pond, and he was determined to drain off the water. Of course, when this was done he would get me sure, and, as by this time the water was rushing through the breach in the dam, I determined to try and take a dive through the hole from where I stood, although the bear sat right there watching and licking his lips all the time. I blessed myself and took a dive through the hole all right when

"What do you want for your load of potatoes" exclaimed a gentleman who came up just then.

FAST AMATEUR TIMES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Our latest batch of foreign exchanges contains accounts of no fewer than four events, occurring in England and Ireland on Oct. 7, in which the best previously recorded amateur times were excelled. The performer to whom the honors are chiefly due is F. T. Elborough, who, at the games of the London Athletic Club, held at Little Bridge, won the race for the 220yds. challenge cup (then held by him) in 22 3/5 sec., thus eclipsing E. J. Colbeck's 22 1/2 sec. by a fraction. His only competitor, A. Powles, pulled up dead beat, about thirty yards from home. Subsequently Elborough won the half mile challenge cup, doing one-quarter in 56 1/2 sec., and the full distance in 1min. 57 1/2 sec. H. W. Hill was second, W. Slade third, and Hon. A. L. Pelham fourth. The winner ran along contentedly in the rear until about eighty yards from the goal, when he let himself out, went through his men in the next fifty yards and finally won by twelve feet, Hill beating Slade (who pulled up) by six yards, Pelham about half a dozen yards behind. At the Irish Champion A. C. Ground, Dublin, C. H. Ford and W. C. Williams walked a fifty mile match for a cup and a silver medal, Ford, who was conceded a start of five miles, winning in the very fast time of 9h. 4m. 52 1/2 s., which has never been equalled by an amateur anywhere. With the exception of a couple of seconds' stoppage, to have the heel of one of his shoes cut at the end of the end of the eleventh mile, Ford kept right on from the commencement until the end of his contest, Williams started after Ford had finished his five miles, and caught up with the latter on his eleventh mile, but was unable to shake him off, gaining but one lap in twenty miles, when he retired from the track for good. F. J. Ball (I. C. A. C.) was judge and referee. The other event was also a fifty-mile walk, and came off at the Star Grounds, Fulham, London, J. Elwin Dixon undertaking to cover that distance in nine hours and a half. The athlete is a member of the Mars and Hermits' Football Club, and commenced his task under very unfavorable auspices, the rain pouring down in torrents. He finished the journey in 9h. 20m. 30 3/5 sec., beating the best amateur record in England from 27 to 50 miles. J. Jena acted as time-keeper and referee. His stoppages occupied 14m. and 48 sec.

CENTENNIAL SNAKE STORY

A KANSAS EDITOR VISITS A DEN OF ADDERS AND BLUE RACERS AND COUNTS THREE THOUSAND.

On Saturday last we were asked by Mr. Jonathan Fulford if we had "heard about the snakes." We hadn't, and he proceeded to tell us a story that we at first thought incredible, but which we were at last fain to believe and which we now know to be true, having seen the horrid sight, and can vouch with sworn affidavit if necessary, as can others who may have visited the scene within the past two weeks, as to the truth of what we have to relate.

On the 2nd inst., towards evening, a young son of Mr. A. Thompson, who lives about eight and a half miles from town southward, was passing over a hill on the farm of Mr. Gibbs Myers, a neighbor, in quest of his father's cattle, when he accidentally stepped into a small hole, and drawing his leg out quickly, drew with it several serpents. The sight frightened the lad, and he ran home with all speed and reported his experience. He soon returned, however, with another lad, and found that the hill-top was the home of a community of crawling reptiles, and before they left the spot they had despatched forty-six.

Day after day this work went on, until last Sunday the snakes were picked up and counted, and placed in a pile near the mouth of the den. The number of 1,776 were counted, and still the work of killing goes on from day to day. We went to the place on Monday, accompanied by L. H. Smyth, and the astounding sight of near 2,000 snakes in one pile met our gaze, with live ones still in apparently undiminished numbers upon the hill. We killed fifteen in as minutes and had enough, while two little lads were all the time at work. And the work of killing has been going on ever since, until now we hear that about 8,000 have been despatched, and there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, left.

The snakes are of the species called the blue racer, with a sprinkling of adders, and vary in size from the thickness of a man's finger to that of his wrist and in length from a foot to four or five feet. They run with remarkable speed and at first were cowardly endeavoring to escape and not much disposed to show fight. They are now, however, becoming vicious and show fight, and at

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT BLIND TOM.

Blind Tom's birthplace is Georgia, and he began to excite attention as a musician at the age of four years. All sounds afforded him delight, even the crying of a child caused him to dance about in a state of ecstasy. When at home he often bit and pinched his brothers and sisters to make them omit cries of pain. If kept away from a piano he will beat against the wall, drag chairs about the room, and make all sorts of noises. When in London a flute was procured for him of a very complicated pattern and having twenty-eight keys. He frequently rises up at night and plays his instrument, imitating upon it all kinds of sounds which he may hear at the time. Once, when the agent attempted to make him stop playing a piano in a high-toned hotel, at three o'clock in the morning, Tom seized him and threw him through the door. In Washington he threw a man down stairs who came into his room. When at home in Georgia he lives in a building about 500 yards from the house, and there remains alone with his piano, playing all day and all night like one possessed with madness. Bad weather has an effect on his music. In cloudy, rainy seasons, he plays sombre music. Sometimes he will hammer away for hours, producing the most horrible discords imaginable. Suddenly a change comes over him, and he indulges in magnificent bursts of harmony taken from the best productions of the masters. Since his childhood he has been an idiot, and he played nearly as well at the age of 7 as he does now; but now his repertoire is much larger, as he can play anything he has ever heard. He now plays about 7,000 pieces, and picks up new ones everywhere. It is a curious fact, that he will not play any Sunday-school music, if he can help it, having a great dislike for it.

A NEW BRACE FOR OUR NERVES.

The use of cocoa as a stimulus to the nerves, which does not leave behind it any ill effects, is becoming more extended. Travelers in the Cordilleras have long used it with marked benefit to counteract the enervating effects consequent upon breathing the rarified air of great heights. Sportsmen, also, are beginning to find that it enables them to withstand fatigue and steadies their nerves, although there is no testimony to prove that it is a cure of the "buck ague." A correspondent of Land and Water, who could not hit half his birds on account of nervousness, drank two ounces of the tincture before starting in the morning on a shooting expedition, as an experiment. Of the result he writes:—

"The effect produced was in a direction altogether new and unexpected. As soon as the dogs pointed I expected the usual inward commotion with its usual results; but, to my surprise, nothing of the kind happened, and down went the birds right and left. 'Eureka!' I said to myself; 'the cocoa has made me a steady shot.' So, in fact, it subsequently proved, to the wonder and pleasure of my host, who is more gratified at seeing his friends enjoy good sport than in having the sport himself. I tried chewing the leaves also with effect. From what I know of the strength of the tincture I am inclined to think that the drug is more active when simply chewed. Unfortunately, however, my power of chewing the leaves is limited by a nauseating effect of the process."

Judged by the effects described, cocoa would seem to be invaluable as regards the action of the heart. Whether this result is produced by indirect action through the mental functions upon which the drug is said to act remains to be proved. The hints afforded in the meantime may prove of great value. Cocoa in sufficient doses would seem to be a powerful nervous tonic; and as its effects appear to be entirely harmless its use will be hailed as a boon by many a sportsman.

PHEASANT KILLED BY STARBINGS.

A correspondent of Land and Water was recently informed of the following extraordinary incident by a gentleman who was out partridge shooting on the last day of the year, in Glamorganshire. The party consisted of my informant, another gentleman, and a game-keeper. A pheasant had just got up in front of them, and flown back over their heads, when the keeper suddenly exclaimed, "That bird is dead!" and, to verify his statement, he ran back and picked the pheasant up, which he found quite dead.

MORE THAN HE WANTED.

Max Adoler relates that an editor in Reading advertised the other day that he would take a good dog in payment of one year's subscription for his paper. The next day forty three dogs were sent to his office. The day afterward, when the news had spread out into the country, 400 farmers sent two dogs apiece by express, with eight baskets full of puppies, all marked C.O.D. In the meantime the offer found its way into the neighboring States, and before the end of the week there were 8,000 dogs tied up with ropes in the editor's front and back yards. The assortment included all the kinds, from bloodhounds down to poodles. A few hundred broke loose and swarmed on the stairways and in the entries, and sat outside the sanctum and howled, and had their heads and sniffs under the crack of the door as if they were hungry for some editor. The editor climbed out of the window, up the water spout, and out on the comb of the roof and wept. There was no issue of the paper for six days, and the only way the friends of the eminent journalist could feed him was by sending lunch up to him in baskets. At last somebody bought a barrel of arsenic and three tons of coal, and poisoned the dogs, and the editor came down only to find on his desk a bill from the Mayor for \$20,000, being the tax on dogs at \$1 per head. He is not offering his same inadequate remuneration now, and he doesn't want a dog.

POOL ROOM INCIDENT.

Quite a funny thing happened at Jerry Thomas' pool room, New York, the other night. It appears that some person in the room had lost a pocket book containing about \$400, and the loser went to the auctioneer to state his case. The auctioneer (George) at once responded in his usual bland style. "Gentlemen, there has been a pocketbook lost in this place containing \$400, and then turning to the loser, he asked, 'How much reward?' One hundred dollars," says the loser. "Gentlemen, the owner offers a reward of one hundred dollars." "One hundred and ten!" shouted an enthusiastic buyer at the lower end of the room, and the thing being appreciated by all present, the laugh was at around."

HE DIDN'T WANT ANY VENISON.

A colored man who lives in Dinwiddie county, not far from Omaha, was surprised a few mornings ago by the discovery of a fat fawn fast asleep near a spring on his farm. With a little caution and activity the prize was secured, and, throwing it over his shoulder, Cuffie started on his way homeward rejoicing. The fawn set up a pitiful bleating, and in a few minutes the face of the affair was most risibly changed by the appearance of a formidable buck, followed by a doe, both intent upon making war on Cuffie. Had just time enough to drop the fawn and reach a tree when the buck overtook him and tore off a part of his coat tails as a trophy of his victory. In quick succession the tree fell safely two hours, at the expiration of which time Cuffie descended, and with an appetite for breakfast, carried off dreams of broiled venison steak, and set his way home.

A MUSICAL DOG.

The Troy Whig has the following narrative:—"A gentleman in the city is the owner of a small Scotch terrier that shows a decided taste for music. A young lady, his daughter, is taking lessons on the piano, and many hours are given to practice. One day when the dog was in the room he showed great interest in the piano. He jumped upon the table and looked at it, ran round it several times, and leaped up on it, and tried to do as if trying to find out where the keys came from. One day when the young lady was playing the dog tried to imitate the notes. Afterward, when she was practicing, the dog would daily would try to sing. He did not bark, nor howl, as dogs will often do at the sound of bells. At such times he could not produce fa, sol, la, mi, do, &c., he succeeded in producing imitation of the sounds and could even utter a voice to sing and fall with the notes. At this was at first in the presence only of the young lady. When she told her mother and invited us to be present the dog would sing. By and by, however, he learned to imitate more notes, his beautiful voice would sing in the presence of the whole family. Afterward, when in the presence of the

until the end of the second mile, when Miles raced past Clark; but the latter was quickly in front again, the pair now being 300 yards ahead of Vaughan, who was closely pressed by G. Ide. At the end of the third mile Miles went clean away from Clark, going remarkably well and in unexceptionable style, overlapping Vaughan, Ide and G. Parry, who were walking in close company, and going further away at every stride. In the last lap of the fifth mile Vaughan passed Clark, an example followed by Parry, while Ide had drawn up into second place, closely attended by Hibberd. The weather now was exceedingly favorable, the sun shining brightly. Miles covered his first five miles in 59min. 59sec., being about a lap and a half in front of the whole field. Soon afterwards Clark was disqualified for "hitting," and Hibberd was cautioned, and Miles, maintaining his great pace, finished his tenth mile in 1h. 25min. 26sec. Finally completing in the first two hours thirteen miles and three-quarters. Hibberd had then passed Ide, and was going second. At ten miles S. Berry stopped, and his example was soon followed by Burnes, H. Orris, J. Carpenter, and T. Hall. It took Miles 2h. 2m. 29sec. to make fourteen miles, and finally he knocked off twenty-one miles in 8h. 10min. 15sec., thus carrying off the prizes for being first at ten and twenty-one miles. Hibberd's time for the twenty-one miles was 8h. 15min.; Ide's, 8h. 18min. 8sec.; Parry's, 8h. 23min. 26sec.; and Vaughan's 8h. 24min. 8-cc., the rest of the field being several laps behind. Ide, Vaughan and Parry at this point showed no sign of exhaustion, keeping on at one uniform pace, varied with a few well-timed spurts; but Miles had evidently shot his bolt and he now lost ground at every lap. At the finish of his twenty-fifth mile he was hardly a lap in front of Ide, who two miles further on assumed premier position amidst great cheering, and Hibberd also succeeded in passing Miles, and, after doing twenty-eight miles two laps, the latter gave up. At dusk the lamps were lit, and the course was changed to the shorter track. This appeared to suit Ide well, for he mastered the turns at each end cleverly, and kept widening the gap at every stride. Ide finished his fortieth mile in 6h. 38min. 1sec. (fastest on record by 27m.), three-quarters of a mile ahead, and Hibberd being disqualified in the thirty-eighth mile for "lifting." Vaughan took second place, and, making some terrific spurts, he tried to overhaul the leader, but in vain; for, although at one time he got within half a mile, he died away again, and at the end of the forty-fifth mile (covered by Ide in 7h. 26min. 2s.) their positions remained as before. Ide made his forty-eighth mile in 7h. 57m. 40s., and, going strong and walking in grand fashion to the end, ultimately won, amidst great cheering, by about three-quarters of a mile, Parry finishing about a mile behind Vaughan, who was second. The winner's time for the fifty miles was 8h. 19m. 55s.—a truly wonderful performance—and his times from the forty miles upwards are the fastest on record, while it is remarkable that all the first four men beat record time.

AN ENTERPRISING COW.

A Western paper says:—"Over two weeks ago, Mr. T. B. Scott, of Caradoc, lost a heifer. It was on Monday she was missed, and for several days he searched for her, but she was not to be found. At last he went to a straw stack where the cow had been in the habit of running. There he saw a hole eaten into the stack, and at once he suspected his cow was in it. He went in cautiously, for it was dark as Egypt. The passage seemed to have no end. He had gone twenty-five feet, and no cow found yet; and the passage still open. At last, at a distance of thirty feet from the mouth, he came upon the animal. She was alive and doing well on the straw; and a good warm house she had under the stack. The passage she made was a winding one, or she would have found her way out at the opposite side."

sous would be along looking for me in the morning. But I soon found that my calculations were all wrong, for the first thing I knew was that the brute had actually seized the log by the end and very coolly began to lift it up on its other end with my head downwards. This being done he raised and let it fall again several times without letting it out of his clutch, and finally let it fall full length and ran to the end which had been on the ground, to see if it had fallen out. I saw him looking at me. In a moment after he again raised the log up on its end, and this time my feet were downward. He repeated the previous operation, and with the same result, for I held on to the inside like grim death. Now then, thinks I, you're stuck, but he wasn't, for he deliberately took log and all under his arm or bear him, and started off leisurely for the pond. I saw the point at once—he was going to drown me, and if he didn't succeed it wasn't his fault. When he got to the bank he flung the log into the water and got in himself too, and sat outside the log so as to sink it down. Now, when I was a boy, long ago, near the Lakes of Kintarney, in Ireland, I learned to swim, and as the bear sank the log I quietly slipped out behind his back and took a dive into the long ballrushes which lined the bank, where I could see the bear without him seeing me. After a while the rogue thought I must be dead, for he slipped off the log into the water and then looked into the hole in the log. Well, boys, you'd have split your sides laughing if you'd seen the black look of disappointment that was on that bear's face when he found I wasn't inside. I can't paint it for you. After a little while he started for shore, and I was certain he would give it up. But he had no such thought, the vagabond, as you'll see when I tell you. Now, you see, the water was kept in this little pond by a dam which the beavers built some time, and was not very deep. The bear walked all around the pond several times, and every time he passed near where I was. I popped my head down among the rushes, and sometimes nearly under water, so that he would not smell where I was. By this time it was getting dark, and he sat down on his hunkers to tina a while. He did not sit down though, for he jumped and started to the dam and set to work to tear a hole in it on the opposite side from the water. Think I go myself, I'm done now, for it was evident that being drowned, he believed I had sunk to the bottom of the pond, and he was determined to drain off the water. Of course, when this was done he could get me sure, and, as by this time the water was rushing through the breach in the dam, I determined to try and take a dive through the hole from where I stood, although the bear sat right there watching and licking his lips all the time. I blessed myself and took a dive through the hole all right when

"What do you want for your load of potatoes?" exclaimed a gentleman who came up just then.

"Fifty cents a bushel" said the farmer, as he jumped off the backster's table on which he sat.

"Drive them to No. — on Sparks street, and not one of those who stood with their mouths aghast listening a minute before will ever know how that farmer escaped from that bear, for he started at once to deliver the potatoes, as ordered:

ADMINISTERING MEDICINE TO SHEEP.

Sheep medicines administered internally should be in a fluid form, for otherwise they fall into the rumen branch, where they do not produce much effect. Even fluids should be poured into the throat with care and deliberation, or they are likely to take the same course. It is common, as in the case of horses, to give sheep medicine through a horn. Some persons fasten their mouths open by means of a bit of three-quarter inch board, two and a half inches wide and four inches long, with an inch and a half hole through its centre, and a scarp attached to each end. The piece of wood is placed in the mouth so as to hold it fully distended, and is confined there by tying the straps over the back of the head. By holding up the head of the sheep and thus ring a horn or tube through the hole in that wood, fluid can be poured into the throat without difficulty. A probang can more conveniently be inserted through the same aperture in case of choking.

Janet d. 27th Nov. 1871. Her stoppage occupied 14m. and 48 sec.

CENTENNIAL SNAKE STORY.

A KANSAS EDITOR VISITS A DEN OF ADDERS AND BLUE RACERS AND COUNTS THREE THOUSAND.

On Saturday last we were asked by Mr. Jonathan Fairford if we had "heard about the snakes." We hadn't, and he proceeded to tell us a story that we at first thought incredible, but which we were at last led to believe and which we now know to be true, having seen the horrid sight, and can vouch with sworn affidavit if necessary, as can others who may have visited the scene within the past two weeks, as to the truth of what we have to relate.

On the 2nd inst., towards evening, a young son of Mr. A. Thompson, who lives about eight and a half miles from town southward, was passing over a hill on the farm of Mr. Gibbs Myers, a neighbor, in quest of his father's cattle, when he accidentally stepped into a small hole, and drawing his leg out quickly, drew with it several serpents. The sight frightened the lad, and he ran home with all speed and reported his experience. He soon returned, however, with another lad, and found that the hill top was the home of a community of crawling reptiles, and before they left the spot they had despatched forty-six.

Day after day this work went on, until last Sunday the snakes were picked up and counted, and placed in a pile near the mouth of the den. The number of 1,776 were counted, and still the work of killing goes on from day to day. We went to the place on Monday, accompanied by L. H. Smyth, and the astounding sight of near 2,000 snakes in one pile met our gaze, with live ones still in apparently undiminished numbers upon the hill. We killed fifteen in as minutes and had enough, while two little lads were all the time at work. And the work of killing has been going on ever since, until now we hear that about 3,000 have been despatched, and there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, left.

The snakes are of the species called the blue racer, with a sprinkling of adders, and vary in size from the thickness of a man's finger to that of his wrist and in length from a foot to four or five feet. They run with remarkable speed and at first were cowardly endeavoring to escape and not much disposed to show fight. They are now, however, becoming vicious and show fight, and at times get startlingly aggressive.

The above statement is absolutely true, and the sight is worth a pilgrimage to see.

ATTACKED BY AN OWL.

Mr. Holmes, of Gloucester, was in Ottawa with a large blue owl, which he captured in his hen house, after a hard struggle, several nights ago. It appears his owliship had been playing possum with the hens, carrying off from six to eight every night. Mr. Holmes had a decided objection to such familiarity, and sat up one night to watch the bird. About midnight the owl sailed into the henery and created quite a commotion among the hens. Just then Mr. Holmes rushed to the door and closed it. No sooner had he done this than the owl "lit" on his head and stuck there. Mr. Holmes tried to shake it off, but the more he shook the more the owl stuck to him. Finally he tried to remove the talons with his hands, when the owl grabbed one of his hands with a nice little grip. Mr. Holmes now thought that the best of his play was to make a bee line for home. On reaching the house he called a young man to his assistance, but they did not succeed in tearing the owl away for some few minutes. It was then found that Mr. Holmes' head was badly torn, and his hand severely blue from the squeezing the bird gave him.

it with marked benefit to counteract the irritating effects consequent upon breathing the rarified air of great heights. Sportsmen, also, are beginning to find that it enables them to withstand fatigue and steady their nerves, although there is no testimony to prove that it is a cure of the "lark ague." A correspondent of Land and Water, who could not hit half his birds on account of nervousness, drank two ounces of the tincture before starting in the morning on a shooting expedition, as an experiment. Of the result he writes:—

"The effect produced was in a direction altogether new and unexpected. As soon as the dogs pointed I expected the usual forward commotion with its usual results, but, to my surprise, nothing of the kind happened, and down went the birds right and left. 'Eureka!' I said to myself; 'the cocoon has made me a steady shot.' So, in fact, it subsequently proved, to the wonder and pleasure of my host, who is more gratified at seeing his friends enjoy good sport than in having the sport himself. I tried chewing the leaves also with off et. From what I know of the strength of the tincture I am minded to think that the drug is more active when simply chewed. Unfortunately, however, my power of chewing the leaves is limited by a nauseating effect of the process."

Judged by the effects described, coca would seem to be inhibitory as regards the action of the heart. Whether this result is produced by indirect action through the mental functions upon which the drug is said to act remains to be proved. The hints afforded in the meantime may prove of great value. Coca in sufficient doses would seem to be a powerful in vivo tonic; and as its effects appear to be entirely harmless its use will be hailed as a boon by many a sportsman.

PHEASANT KILLED BY STARLINGS.

A correspondent of Land and Water was recently informed of the following extraordinary incident by a gentleman who was out partridge shooting on the 1st, near Lincoln, in Gloucestershire: The party consisted of my informant, another gentleman, and a game-keeper. A pheasant had just got up in front of them, and flown back over their heads, when the keeper suddenly exclaimed, "That bird is dead;" and, to verify his statement, he ran back and picked the pheasant up, which he found quite dead, with a dead starling by its side. The pheasant had evidently met a flock of starlings, flying at great speed in opposite direction, and had come into collision with one of them, and, as although it had sustained no apparent injury itself, the starling's bill was completely broken. This is by no means a strange coincidence, when compared with the well-known fact that one of our largest pieces of ordnance at the Crimean war was burst by a ball from a Russian gun entering the muzzle at the moment of its being discharged.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, YANK OR CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, Bible House, New York City. 250-6m

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

around.

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CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE.—Report from Dr. J. Baker Edwards, Ph. D. D.C.L. F.R.S. Prof. of Chemistry and Microscopy. I hereby certify that I have carefully analysed the samples of "Quinine Wine" submitted to me by Messrs. Kenneth Campbell & Co., with the following result:—
No. 1.—Dark in color and turbid, deposited muddy sediment on standing, has a sweet acid taste, Orange flavor and scanty bitter yields on evaporation a thick syrup of invert sugar, contains only a microscopic trace of quinine and Quinidine. Is made with Orange Wine.
Sample X.—Dark color, with dark muddy deposit on standing, has an acid and slightly bitter taste, contains Cinchonine but no Quinine. Is made with an acid malt extract.
No. 3.—Campbell's Light color, contains no deposit, contains the phosphate of quinine in the proportion of 1 grain to two fluid ounces, made with sweet tartar wine.
N.B.—The latter sample, in the genuine Quinine Wine of the three examined. Stamped.
JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph. D. D.C.L. F.R.S. Prof. of Chemistry and Microscopy, College and College of Industry, Montreal.



The Gentleman's Journal

TORONTO, FRIDAY, NOV. 10, 1876.

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

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

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

Are respectfully informed, that all Correspondents of the SPORTING TIMES are supplied with a card of a LIGHT GREEN 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 1st, 1876, each card running for three months. No person is authorized to use any other credential on our behalf. Managers will save themselves from imposition by demanding an exhibition of said card, and refusing to accept any excuse which ever for its non-production. The card is not transferable; and if it be presented by any person other than the one whose name it bears, managers and others will retain it and mail it to this office.

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

DATES CLAIMED FOR 1877.

AMERICAN.

Frankfort, Ill.	May 20 to June 1
Cleveland, O.	July 24 to 27
Springfield, Mass.	July 24 to 27
Buffalo, N. Y.	July 31 to Aug. 3
Indianapolis, Ind.	July 31 to Aug. 3
Richmond, N. Y.	2d week in Aug.
Providence, Ill.	2d " "
Tiskilwa, Ill.	2d " "
Utica, N. Y.	3d " "
Earlville, Ill.	4th " "

Correspondents and others will remember the change of our office, No. 90 King-St. West, Toronto, as our present address.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We acknowledge the kindness of subscribers who have, so far, accepted our subscription drafts; and would state that in many cases no instructions have been received as to what of our premium pictures they would like to have forwarded. By simply dropping us a post card with the request to send the one named thereon, it will be promptly forwarded. Until this information is furnished we do not know which to send.

THE PAST SEASON.

Upon taking everything into consideration, it can safely be said the racing season just closed has been so successful as the votaries of the turf would have desired, or as the promoters of the different meetings anticipated. It is not our purpose to give a resume of the different gatherings in Canada, pointing out where one was a success and another a failure, and to devote any portion of our space to an exposition of the causes of individual fortune or its more unacceptable negative. Generalities will answer the purpose equally as well, and if they do not direct notice to the localities in which improvements are necessary, will, at all events, it is hoped tend to bring about a better ordering of turf matters for the campaign of 1877.

As usual, on the opening of the season there was a plethora of meetings advertised for Queen's Birthday, and clashing right

entries are taken. It should be a cast-iron rule of every meeting that no notice would be taken of any nomination that is not accompanied by the required entry-fee. Make this a principle, and its benefits would be immediately felt. This laxity is also responsible for an indirect loss, consequent on the Association not being able to keep faith with their advertised programme. A large field of horses is billed, and only two or three come to the post, the others deeming it politic not to start where adverse chances are visible. This causes a feeling of dissatisfaction among the spectators, which seriously prejudices the financial prospects of the club. If an owner has paid his entry fee he has then nothing to gain by drawing his horse, and he will as a rule take his chance in the race.

Lack of publicity has been the cause of failures in some localities, and why some clubs will persistently refuse to make their announcements outside of their own limited circle is a mystery of which they must have the solution in their own hands.

This process of individualization might be carried on to an indefinite extent, so many are the reformation and improvements required, but the above will suffice for this week. It is possible, this topic may again be referred to, and an extension of the causes of failure entered into. The golden rules to be observed are good faith and confidence between the respective Associations in the country, and a compliance with those every day requirements with which any man would protect a business of his own of similar magnitude; a fulfillment of promises, either given or implied, to the public and horse owners; and a stern adherence to the established laws and usage of the turf in the government of their races.

STILL COMING.

Last week it was mentioned that a gentleman in Hamilton had purchased the well-known race horse Big Sam's, and to-day we have the pleasure of calling attention to the fact that Mr. John Forbes of Woodstock, purchased at the late race meeting in Baltimore, Md., the bay colt Paladin, from Mr. A. D. Brown, of Baltimore.

Paladin was foaled in 1871, by imported Leamington, (the sire of Hyder Ali) dam Garland, by Uncle Vic; 2nd dam, The Gloamin, by imported Glencoe; 3rd dam, Blue Bonnet, by imported Hedgeford; 4th dam, Grey Fanny, by Bertrand; 5th dam by imported Buzzard; 6th dam Arminia, by imported Medley; 7th dam by imported Bolton; 8th dam Sally Wright, by Yorick, &c. Uncle Vic was by Lexington, dam Undine, by imported Yorkshire; 2nd dam Lady Margrave, by imported Margrave. Blue Bonnet, Paladin's grand dam, was the dam of Lightning, Thunder, Loadstone, Lancaster, &c. Thunder, it will be remembered, was brought to Canada. From the above short resume of Paladin's pedigree it will be seen he comes from the finest racing stock in America, having a close blending of the Leamington, Lexington, Yorkshire, and Glencoe strains in his breeding.

As a race horse he has started quite a number of times but has not been over-successful for his former owners. At Washington, as will be seen by our summaries of the races there, he started three times over sticks, but failed on each occasion to get to the front, though on the second day it was quite a race for the winner to beat him. It is likely he will receive a cross-country education in the hands of his new owner, and he may turn out a valuable addition to our stock of hurdlers. Mr. Forbes has been the means of bringing some fine race-horses to Canada, notably Mohawk, Vicksburg, and Bill Bruce; and it is hoped his last purchase will at least come up to his expectations.

ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.

The Fall term of the Ontario Veterinary

College is now in progress, and the State-veterinary few avenues for promotion are open in which the chances for honor, name and wealth are so favorable as that of the veterinarian.

THE TORONTO HUNT CLUB.

A large number of horse-owners, both members and others, assembled at the meeting which was held at the corner of Bathurst and Bloor streets, on Saturday afternoon. They evidently anticipated some fine sport, and were not disappointed, for the run surpassed any this season in length, speed, and the number of good jumps of divers description. The hounds were sent off a short distance from the kennels, and continued along parallel with Bloor street until near the Dundas road, thence took a northerly direction, and crossed the Davenport road near the Wilson House. As about three quarters of the number of horse-owners were too far behind, when they reached this point, to overtake those on the lead (some on account of being delayed in the start, and others unable to keep the pace) pulled up, leaving nine to continue to the end of the drag, which was about a mile farther, but subsequently finished where the others had stopped. After giving the horses a little time to recover their wind, the hounds were put on the scent of Reynard, but failed to capture him, for by the time they reached his whereabouts, he had already been taken by another class of sportsman, viz., a farmer living on the Dundas road, seeing the fox running through his barn yard, not knowing the hounds were after him, took his gun and shot him, thereby having the honor of taking the "brush," head and body, (so the huntsmen and hounds got none.) Most of the jumps being very stiff and high, caused twelve or fifteen of the horses to fall, seven falling at one fence, and it is thought that three or four of the riders were badly hurt. Those who continued to the end were Messrs. W. Copeland, G. Gooderham, R. Bond, M. A. Thomas, C. H. Scales, N. F. Hagel, W. Lee, and W. D. Darlington.

On account of the rain on Thanksgiving Day there was no hunt, which was a disappointment to a large number of ladies and gentlemen.

The following are the names of a few who were out on Saturday:—Messrs. W. Copeland, master, J. G. Worts, Fred. Worts, Geo. Gooderham and ladies, John Leys and lady, N. F. Hagel and lady, Walter Lee and lady, John A. Donaldson, W. D. Darlington, John Burns, A. Godson, C. H. Scales, A. Shields, C. Shields, R. Bond, whip, J. Murray, J. Mead, jr., C. Mead, W. Ramsay, W. Lee, M. A. Thomas, whip, C. Brown, S. B. Fuller, Jos. Walker, Fred. Walker, and Stewart, Sheriff Jarvis and son, Dr. Hagel, Dr. A. Smith, V. S., A. McNab, P. M., and about 40 others. Com.

FROM LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.

To the Editor of Sporting Times:

LEAVENWORTH, Oct., 31st, 1876.

Sir—I enclose you a statement of the Leavenworth Fair, and it will give you an idea of the kind of fairs we have in the wild West. As it was one of the first Western fairs I ever saw, I thought I would take a few notes. The Fair ground is half a mile from the city; it is used for racing purposes also. It has a half-mile track in the centre of the enclosure, and in the inside of the track there is an amphitheatre which is supposed to hold 25,000 people. The track is very narrow, and up and down hill. It is impossible to get a level place as the country is rolling. As to the Fair part, the cattle were excellent, Durham, Devon, Ayrshire, Jersey, of the best kinds, and as fine as you would wish to see. The horse show was very good, with large competition, in which Toronto came out first best with Cataract Chief, one first prize and one second, and Earl Marshall for thoroughbreds, the two first prizes. The pigs and poultry were very fair, with wild geese in addition.

The people here attend the fairs in all kinds of costumes, that means, go as you please. The ladies go on horseback, and mule back; just the same as the men. They do not put on the airs that they do in the East. They are all fire out here, as wild as Indians when they get excited, they will stop and yell and act like mad men, and if interloped with, you may expect a little steel or a buttonhole.

Yours, etc.,
R. P.

Sporting Gossip.

Inspiration and Bill Bruce won everything they started for at Washington. Pretty good for a couple of Canucks.

Mr. C. Hamlin, of Buffalo, N. Y., in addition to the purchase of Almont, jr., which was mentioned last week, invested in Black Knight, a yearling colt, by Mambrino Patchon, dam by Melbourne, jr. Consideration reported \$510.

Mr. Allen, of Kingston, the gentleman who had control of the horse Jerry Manic in the 8:00 race at Kingston, calls our attention to an error in the time reported in the third heat. It was given in our summary as 2:45; but Mr. A. assures us no heat in the race was trotted faster than 2:50, to which not only he claims Jerry Manic belongs.

EDITORIAL CHANGE.—We hear that Col. F. G. Skinner, so long and favorably known as Field Editor of the Turf, Field and Farm, is about to leave that excellent journal and join the staff of some other paper connected with field sports.

The race horse Ivanhoe, that died recently at Winnipeg, Manitoba, was foaled in 1867, and was by Revolver, dam Belle Canadiane by Calmus.

Mr. James Cox, of Strathroy, Ont., imported by the steamer City of Chester from Liverpool via New York, a fine shepherd dog.

They had a horse fair at Ottawa on the 1st inst. One of the papers published there says the market will be forever famous for the number of lean animals offered for sale. An auctioneer was endeavoring to dispose of them at prices ranging from \$1 to \$25.

Dr. Smith, of the Ontario Veterinary College, received rather a severe fall at the hunt on Saturday. It was at one time thought several of his ribs were broken, but he was fortunate enough to escape with a general shaking up, of which the left side of his face displays the most prominent traces.

Mr. C. C. Pearce, of Owen Sound, claims to have an entire colt 17 months old, that stands 15:2, girls 6 ft. 2½ in., and weighs 1,200 lbs.

Pool silling here on the Presidential election was not much of a success.

In the race at Ogdensburg between the stallions Phil. Sheridan and Joe Brown, the driver of the latter used a very long whip which he played in the face of Sheridan with such effect as to keep Phil. back. On complaint to the judges these officials set Brown back and declared it a dead heat, which decision did not meet with the approbation of Sheridan's owners, who insisted on the heat being given to their horse, which being denied, they drew him from the race. The Spirit of the Times has been appealed to in the matter, and upon the representations given above, says Sheridan should have had the heat, and if the impeding was intentional, the could distance Brown and expel him and his driver.

A new weekly journal, in the interests of the Licensed Victuallers, will shortly be published by Messrs. Barrett, Smallpiece & Pirie, of this city.

The air is full of rumors of race horses being purchased for the next Canadian campaign. No doubt we will be favored with some additional American horses this winter and next spring, but not to the extent Dame Rumor gives currency. Many have the disposition to invest in fast horse flesh, but the means are weak.

The Montreal horse market has been very quiet the past week. At Mr. Elwes' weekly sale, about thirty fair to good horses were disposed of at prices ranging from \$70 to \$120.

A sweepstake trot was proposed for the Half-mile track on Tuesday last, between Lady Hill, Grey Eddie, Chas. Douglas, Croft, and Jerry Manic, but from some cause or other it fell through.

INFORMATION WANTED.—Mr. Johnny Hickory, the billiard player, at present engaged at

After two false starts Leamington Second got away best, Matador second, Sunbeam third, First Chance fourth, the others bunched together. On the back-stretch Matador went to the front and opened a gap of two lengths, Leamington Second next, First Chance third. On the lower turn Inspiration went up and took the first place, followed by Courier, Matador however would not just then allow Courier to pass him, and ran second until they entered the homestretch, when Courier collared him and beat him for second place. Inspiration won the race. Time—1:10½.

SECOND DAY—One mile and a half dash. The horses started well, with Inspiration leading, Burgoo second, Libbie L. third, Tom O'Neil fourth and Kenny fifth. Burgoo went forward and took first place, leaving Inspiration second, with no change in the positions of the other horses. The same positions were held until they neared the three-quarter post when Kenny and Tom O'Neil changed places. At the mile post Burgoo led Inspiration by two lengths, Tom O'Neil third, Kenny fourth, Libbie L. fifth. At the one mile and a quarter Burgoo still led, with Inspiration one length behind, Libbie L. third, Kenny fourth and Tom O'Neil fifth. On entering the homestretch Inspiration rushed forward and captured Burgoo. The two horses came down the stretch neck and neck when Inspiration made a desperate rush, took the lead and held it to the finish. Time—2:41½.

THIRD DAY—Two mile heats. First heat. Rose led off, with Inspiration second, Wateree third, Kenny fourth, Courier fifth, Tom O'Neil sixth, Hatteras seventh. Rose held the lead to the quarter pole, but Courier had the second place on the upper turn and Inspiration had fallen back to the fourth place. On the back stretch Hatteras moved up to the front, but Kenny in turn captured him on the lower turn. Down the quarter stretch and passed the judges' stand the racing was fine, and Courier passed in front, with Tom O'Neil second, Kenny third, Hatteras fourth, Inspiration fifth, Wateree sixth, and Rose seventh. Going into the second mile Courier showed the way to the quarter pole, with Kenny second; but Inspiration ran up to second place and ran even with Kenny and Tom O'Neil to the half mile pole, and around the lower turn. Wateree and Rose were so far behind. Inspiration entered the homestretch with a slight advantage over Tom O'Neil and Kenny, and the run to the finish was excellent, Inspiration winning by a length. Time—3:41.

Second heat—Inspiration was so great a favorite that she could not be sold in the pools. The horses got away well, with Kenny in front, Hatteras second, Tom O'Neil third, Courier fourth, Inspiration fifth. On the upper turn Courier went to the front, and at the quarter pole Hatteras was second, Kenny third, Tom O'Neil fourth, Inspiration close in the rear. Down the backstretch and around the lower turn Inspiration steadily closed on the others, and as they ran up the homestretch and passed the judges' stand their positions were—Courier first, Kenny second, Inspiration third, Hatteras fourth, Tom O'Neil fifth. There was then no change of positions until the half-mile pole was passed. On the lower turn Inspiration went forward and came into the homestretch in front. Leaving the others she came home an easy winner of the heat and race. Time—3:45.

BILL BRUCE

only started once, in the mile heat race the first day. Burgoo was the favorite with Bruce as second choice.

First Heat—The horses got away well together, with Fadladeen in front, Bill Bruce second, Burgoo third, Hatteras fourth, Rose fifth. Going around the upper turn Bill Bruce captured Fadladeen, besides which there were no changes of position. On the backstretch the places of the horses remained unchanged, but on the lower turn Burgoo went up and lapped Bill Bruce, and the run to within a furlong of the finish was fine. Burgoo then pulled up and Bill Bruce took the heat by a length. Time—1:45.

Second Heat—Bill Bruce was the favorite though there were those who bought Burgoo freely. The start was good, with Burgoo in front, Fadladeen second, Bill Bruce third, Rose fourth and Hatteras fifth. On the upper turn Bill Bruce went to the front, and at the quarter pole was half a length ahead. Burgoo struggled hard down the backstretch and into the lower turn, but Bill Bruce ran easily apparently and maintained his advantage. Down the homestretch the race was in the hands of Bill Bruce, who came to the finish an easy winner by two lengths. Time—1:46½.

PALADIN.

The best race this horse took part in was a mile and a half dash over six hurdles

1st week in Aug.	21	"	"
2nd " " "	21	"	"
3rd " " "	21	"	"
4th " " "	21	"	"
5th " " "	21	"	"
6th " " "	21	"	"
7th " " "	21	"	"
8th " " "	21	"	"
9th " " "	21	"	"
10th " " "	21	"	"

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

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We acknowledge the kindness of subscribers who have, so far, accepted our subscription drafts; and would state that in many cases no instructions have been received as to which of our premium pictures they would like to have forwarded. By simply dropping us a post card with the request to send the one named thereon, it will be promptly forwarded. Until this information is furnished we do not know which to send.

THE PAST SEASON

Upon taking everything into consideration, it can hardly be said the racing season just closed has been so successful as the vocarice of the turf would have desired, or as the promoters of the different meetings anticipated in the commencement of the season. It is not our purpose to give a resume of the different gatherings in Canada, pointing out where one was a success and another a failure, nor do we intend to devote any portion of our space to an exposition of the causes of individual fortune or its more unacceptable negative. Generalities will answer the purpose equally as well, and if they do not direct notice to the localities in which improvements are necessary, will, at all events, it is hoped tend to bring about a better ordering of turf matters for the campaign of 1877.

As usual, on the opening of the season there was a plethora of meetings advertised for the Queen's Birthday, and clashing right and left was seen all around. This split up the horses, and the failure through unavoidable causes of one of the leading Associations to bring their meeting to a termination at the advertised date, caused confusion all through, it may be said, the Spring campaign. Their postponement caused adjournments in some other cases, which in turn assisted to make the meetings nonproductive. There can be no doubt that if the dates of our leading meetings were fixed, say in January, so that a closely connected circuit would be formed, and a rigid adherence to this arrangement maintained, it would be much better than the present style of giving two or three weeks' notice of the days selected, which may, as has been done before, be at the same time claimed by some other club, and time not permitting to negotiate any arrangement, both suffer, where success should have been guaranteed. This want of mutual understanding, and consequent direct rivalry, has been a prolific cause of dissatisfaction and loss to our clubs, and will continue to be until some better order is established among the principals.

Another great source of direct financial loss to Associations is the very loose way in which

known in Hamilton had pure stock of the well-known race horse Big Sandy, and to-day we have the pleasure of calling attention to the fact that Mr. John Forbes of Woodstock, purchased at the late race meeting in Baltimore, Md., the bay colt Paladin, from Mr. A. D. Brown, of Baltimore.

Paladin was foaled in 1871, by imported Leamington, (the sire of Hyder Ali) dam Garland, by Uncle Vic; 2nd dam, The Oboaman, by imported Glencoe; 3rd dam, Blue Bonnet, by imported Hedgetord; 4th dam, Grey Fanny, by Bertrand; 5th dam by imported Buzzard; 6th dam Arminda, by imported Maddy; 7th dam by imported Bolton; 8th dam Sally Wright, by Yorick, &c., &c. Uncle Vic was by Lexington, dam Undine, by imported Yorkshire, 2nd dam Lady Margrave, by imported Margrave. Blue Bonnet, Paladin's grand dam, was the dam of Lightning, Thunder, Loadstone, Lancaster, &c. Thunder, it will be remembered, was brought to Canada. From the above short resume of Paladin's pedigree it will be seen he comes from the finest racing stock in America, having a close blending of the Leamington, Lexington, Yorkshire, and Glencoe strains in his breeding.

As a race horse he has started quite a number of times but has not been over-successful for his former owners. At Washington, as will be seen by our summaries of the races there, he started three times over sticks, but failed on each occasion to get to the front, though on the second day it was quite a race for the winner to beat him. It is likely he will receive a cross-country education in the hands of his new owner, and he may turn out a valuable addition to our stock of hurdlers. Mr. Forbes has been the means of bringing some fine race-horses to Canada, notably Mohawk, Vicksburg, and Bill Bruce; and it is hoped his last purchase will at least come up to his expectations.

ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.

The Fall term of the Ontario Veterinary College, Temperance street, Toronto, opened on the 31st ult., and was attended by a large number of students from all over the country. A very marked increase was noticed of students from the United States, which, no doubt, can be attributed to the success of the graduates of this Institution on the other side of the lines. Junior students will be admitted until January 1877.

There have been extensive alterations and additions made to the College buildings under the direction of Dr. A. Smith, the esteemed principal, until now they are the most complete of any in the country, and are admirably adapted for the purposes to which they are designed, containing all the facilities necessary for the prosecution of the study of the veterinary art, which the long and successful career of Dr. S. could suggest.

Present students will have the advantage of the same staff of professors which have earned for this Institution the high reputation it enjoys. To young men the Ontario Veterinary College offers facilities for the acquirement of a thorough knowledge of the veterinary profession which cannot probably be excelled anywhere; and with the deep interest that is taken in the breeding of valu-

able stock, which was a disappointment to a large number of ladies and gentlemen.

The following are the names of a few who were out on Saturday.—Messrs. W. Copeland, master, J. G. Worts, Fred. Worts, Geo. Gooderham and ladies, John Leys and lady, N. F. Hagel and lady, Walter Lee and lady, John A. Donaldson, W. D. Darlington, John Burns, A. Gordon, C. H. Seales, A. Shields, C. Shields, R. Bond, whip, J. Murray, J. Mead, jr., C. Mead, W. Ramsay, W. Lee, M. A. Thomas, whip, C. Brown, S. B. Fuller, Jos. Walker, Fred. Walker, Aud. Stewart, Sheriff Jarvis and son, Dr. Hagel, Dr. A. Smith, V.S., A. McNab, P. M., and about 40 others. Com.

FROM LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.

To the Editor of Sporting Times:
LEAVENWORTH, Oct., 31st, 1876.

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Yours, etc.,
R. P.

Pedestrianism.

A REPLY FROM BARNES.

KINGSTON, Nov. 1st, 1876.

To the Editor of Sporting Times:

DEAR SIR,—Before leaving Toronto I challenged Mr. T. Brown personally to run me 76 yards, and he refused, saying he would not run me a foot less than 160 yards. When he heard I had gone away he challenges me to run him 75 yards. Now I have got other matches on at present, and after I get through with them if Mr. Brown feels so disposed he can pile up another forfeit which will be covered by me.

Yours Respectfully,
JOHN S. BARNES.

A foot race was run at Washago (distance not stated) on November 1st, between D. McColl, of Galt, and D. Boyd of Muskoka, for \$75. McColl won easily.

D. Staunton, the English champion, on the 14th ult., essayed to ride 100 miles in 6 hours 45 minutes. He accomplished 99 miles in 6.44.15, and after going 800 yards further retired.

displays the most prominent traces.

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A sweepstake trot was proposed for the Half-mile track on Tuesday last, between Lady Hill, Grey Eddie, Chas. Douglas, Croft, and Jerry Manic, but from some cause or other it fell through.

INFORMATION WANTED.—Mr. Johnny Hickoy, the billiard player, at present engaged at McVittie's Billiard Parlor, 801 Notre Dame street, Montreal, is anxious to hear of the whereabouts of his brother Michael Hickey, a hurdle rider. Any information sent to the above address will be thankfully received.

CANADIAN HORSES AT WASHINGTON RACES.

The following are the reports of races at Washington, D. C., in which Canadian-owned horses took part. It will be seen by these accounts, and our summaries in another column, that our Ontario representatives gave a pretty good account of themselves. Inspiration placed three races to her credit and Bill Bruce one, being all the events for which they were eligible; the balance of the programme being composed of three hurdle races, a three-year old event, and a consolation purse. Mr. John Forbes' new purchase, Paladin, started in the hurdle races, and was successful in running up second twice. He will probably prove quite an addition to our stock of hurdlers. We will start our resume with the performances of

INSPIRATION.

FIRST DAY—Three-quarter mile dash—

inspiration entered the homestretch with a slight advantage over Tom O'Neil and Kenny, and the run to the finish was excellent, Inspiration winning by a length. Time—3:41.

Second heat—Inspiration was so great a favorite that she could not be sold in the pools. The horses got away well, with Kenney in front, Hatteras second, Tom O'Neil third, Courier fourth, Inspiration fifth. On the upper turn Courier went to the front, and at the quarter pole Hatteras was second, Kenney third, Tom O'Neil fourth, Inspiration close in the rear. Down the backstretch and around the lower turn Inspiration steadily closed on the others, and as they ran up the homestretch and passed the judges' stand their positions were—Courier first, Kenney second, Inspiration third, Hatteras fourth, Tom O'Neil fifth. There was then no change of positions until the half-mile pole was passed. On the lower turn Inspiration went forward and came into the homestretch in front. Leaving the others she came home an easy winner of the heat and race. Time—3:46.

BILL BRUCE

only started once, in the mile heat race the first day. Burgo was the favorite with Bruce as second choice.

First Heat—The horses got away well together, with Fadladeen in front, Bill Bruce second, Burgo third, Hatteras fourth, Rose fifth. Going around the upper turn Bill Bruce captured Fadladeen, besides which there were no changes of position. On the backstretch the places of the horses remained unchanged, but on the lower turn Burgo went up and lapped Bill Bruce, and the run to within a furlong of the finish was fine. Burgo then pulled up and Bill Bruce took the heat by a length. Time—1:45.

Second Heat—Bill Bruce was the favorite though there were those who bought Burgo freely. The start was good, with Burgo in front, Fadladeen second, Bill Bruce third, Rose fourth and Hatteras fifth. On the upper turn Bill Bruce went to the front, and at the quarter pole was half a length ahead. Burgo struggled hard down the backstretch and into the lower turn, but Bill Bruce ran easily apparently and maintained his advantage. Down the homestretch the race was in the hands of Bill Bruce, who came to the finish an easy winner by two lengths. Time—1:46 1/2.

PALADIN.

The best race this horse took part in was a mile and a half dash over six hurdles the second day which he was very near capturing as the report shows:

Risk took the lead, followed by Culpepper, Paladin third, Bay Rum fourth, Lorena fifth and New York last. Risk went over the first hurdle, closely followed by Culpepper, and the others in the order named. Paladin passed Culpepper and Risk, and showed the way over the second hurdle, Risk was second, Culpepper third, New York fourth, Bay Rum fifth, Lorena bringing up the rear. The third hurdle was jumped in the same order. New York then took second place, and the fourth hurdle was passed over in the following order:—Paladin first, New York second, Risk third, Culpepper fourth, Bay Rum fifth and Lorena last. Risk again went to the second place, leaving New York third, with the others as before, and the horses went over the fifth hurdle in the order named before. The sixth hurdle was jumped in the same order, with the exception that Culpepper and Bay Rum exchanged places. Risk and New York pressed forward, and with Paladin came down to the finish at a cracking pace, with Paladin leading by a neck, but Risk lengthened his stride and came home first, Paladin second. Time—2:56.

The Græco-Roman wrestlers, Miller and Bauer, give a grand athletic entertainment in the Royal Opera House on Monday evening next, for particulars of which see advertisement.

Canadian Turf.

OTTAWA HUNT CLUB STEEPLECHASES.

The first races of the above club, under the patronage of His Excellency the Governor General, came off on Mutchmor Park on Saturday last, and turned out a decided success, so much so indeed as to surpass the most sanguine expectations of its promoters.

The following summaries of the different events, have been kindly furnished us by W. H. Aumont, Esq., the very efficient Secretary and Treasurer.

OTTAWA, Saturday Nov. 4.—Ottawa Hunt Cup (The gift of His Excellency the Governor General), for all horses bona fide the property of members of the Ottawa Hunt Club and that have been regularly hunted with the Ottawa Fox Hounds during this season; weights for age, members to ride. About 9 1/2 miles over fair hunting country.

- H A Palmer's ch g Barrister, 4 yrs, by Don Juan, dam unknown, 149 lbs 1
St Leger Herbert's b m Midnight, aged, by Jack the Barber, dam unknown, 160 lbs 2
Dr Coleman's blk h Phantom, aged, by Don Juan, dam by Rescoe, 168 lbs 3
C G Geddes' ch g Marmion, 4 yrs, by imp Hampton Court, dam Rebecca, by Glenoco, 149 lbs 0
W F Powell's b g The Squire, aged, by King Lear dr
Owner's b m Nora, 5 yrs, by Sunshine dr

Bolted after 1st fence and did not go the course. Same Day—Open Steeplechase, for a purse of \$125; for all horses owned in Ottawa and the Counties of Carleton, Russell and Ottawa; weights for age. \$100 to 1st, 25 to second. Cup course.

- D White's ch g Harcourt, aged, by Bay Boston, 153 lbs 1
J P Esmonde's b g Count Killrush, aged, by Jack the Barber, dam unknown, 153 lbs 2
J Fitzsimmons' b g The Squire, pedigree unknown, 168 lbs 0
C G Geddes' ch g Marmion, 4 yrs, pedigree unknown, 149 lbs 0
H Palmer's ch g Barrister, 4 yrs, pedigree unknown dr
A Todd's b g Edenton, aged, by Uiverston dr
H L Herbert's b m Midnight, aged, pedigree above dr
Dr Coleman's blk h Phantom, aged, pedigree above dr
J Fitzsimmons' b g Wagram, by Wagram dr
Owner's b m Nora, 5 yrs, pedigree above dr

Same Day—Consolation Handicap. Open to all beaten horses. Same course as Nos. 1 and 2. \$50 to 1st.

- J Fitzsimmons' b g The Squire, 168 lbs 1
J P Esmonde's b g Count Killrush, 160 lbs 2
D White's b m Midnight, 158 lbs 3
Dr Coleman's blk h Phantom, 165 lbs 0
C G Geddes' ch g Marmion, 152 lbs 0

WALLACEBURG RACES.

On account of soft weather the races were postponed one week. The meeting could hardly be called a success financially, but the interest taken in it augurs well for the future prosperity of the Association. The Secretary, Mr. Forhan, has forwarded us the following summaries of the different events.

- WALLACEBURG, Ont., Oct 31—\$100, trotting, 2:37 class. \$75, 25.
Wm Allen, ch g Croft 3 1 1 1
B James, gr, Grey Eddie 1 2 2 2
G Clarkson, blk h Chas Douglas 4 3 3 8
F Goulding, gr g Grey Bird 2 5 0 0
J K Doud, b g Quaker Boy 5 4 0 0
No time.

Same Day—\$70, trotting, 3:00 class. \$50, 20. Wm Allen, ch g Jerry Manic 1 1 1 1 W Robinson, b g Doc Griswold 2 2 2 2 F Restorick, blk g Larkin 3 3 3 3

No time. Same Day—\$70; trotting, local horses. \$40, 20. B Forham, b g Macter Freddy 1 1 1 1 W D McCros, b m Kitty Mc 2 2 2 2 Jas McCarron, b L Free Press 3 3 3 3

RACING AT BRAMPTON.

A mat. h race in which considerable interest was taken took place at Brampton on 27th ult. The following is the summary.

BRAMPTON, Ont., Oct. 27—\$100. Running. Match. Mile heats.

John D Orr's (Brampton) Sporting Phoebe... 1 1 E Waterhouse's (Cooksville) King Tom.... 2 2

No time.

TROTTING AT MONTREAL.

LEPINE PARK, MONTREAL, Oct. 30—Match trot Mile heats, 3 in 5.

M Lesage's Farmer Boy 1 2 1 1 M Ronaud's Happy John 2 1 2 2

No time.

SAME DAY—Mr Plante's Village Girl 1 1 1 1 J Edgell's Jack Draper 2 2 2 2 W Lesage's Drummer Boy 3 3 3 3

Time—2:30 1/2, 2:30, 2:28.

To Correspondents.

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

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

J. H., Montreal.—The last time we heard of him he was at Ottawa. Address Mr. John P. Esmonde, there, who will probably be able to give you the information you desire.

Billiards.

PHELAN BEAT'S HILL.

On Friday evening a very interesting billiard match took place at Mr. Sam Davis' Billiard Rooms, the International, Hamilton. The contestants were Messrs. James Phelan, the champion of Hamilton and proprietor of the Queen's Billiard Rooms, and M. John Hill, of the Royal Hotel Billiard Room. The game was the French carom one, 800 points up, and for \$100. Betting was spirited. Phelan, however, was a strong favorite and sold for first choice at \$20, while his opponent only brought \$10.

THE HAMILTON TOURNAMENT.

At a meeting of the billiardists held in the rooms of Mr. James Phelan, all the arrangements for the forthcoming amateur tournament for the championship of the city were finally settled. The tournament will commence on Monday evening, Nov. 27, in the rooms of Mr. Phelan, when \$100 in prizes will be given as follows: \$60 to 1st, \$30 to second, \$20 to third. The entrance will be \$10.

Base Ball.

GUELPH.

A well-attended and enthusiastic meeting of those who had subscribed stock for the purpose of running the base ball club in Guelph next season was held at the Royal Hotel on Tuesday evening. Mr. Geo. Sleeman occupied the chair, Mr. John Mitchell acting as secretary. The chairman explained the object of the meeting, and reported that a large amount of stock had been subscribed. After a full discussion, it was decided that the club be known as the Guelph Maple Leaf Club, and that it be managed by a Board consisting of a President, two Directors, a Secretary and a Treasurer. The officers elected were: Secretary, John Mitchell; Treasurer, J. G. ...

LONDON.

At the annual meeting of the Atlantic base ball club, on the 31st ult., the following officers were elected: President, H. O. Smith; Sec and Treas. A. McDonald; Capt. Jas.

Obituary.

WILLIAM WHEATLEY, ACTOR AND MANAGER.

Mr Wm. Wheatley expired at his residence in New York, at the hour of two o'clock Friday morning. He was in the sixtieth year of his age, having been born in New York on the 6th of December, in the year 1810, and made his first appearance on the stage at the Park Theatre when he was ten years old, during the engagement of McCready. McCready was much pleased with the boy's performance of Albert, in "William Tell," and prevailed on his parents to let him accompany him on a tour through the States professionally. After this tour he returned to New York, where he played in "Tom Thumb," gotten up expressly for him at the Park Theatre. In 1842, when twenty-six years old, he joined the company at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, appearing as Dorecourt in "The Belle's Stratagem." In 1843 he retired from the stage and visited Nicaragua, raising the first American flag at Virgin Bay. Unable to keep away from the theatre, however, he returned to it in 1853, managing the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in company with John Drew. After 1855 Mr. Wheatley remained sole manager up to 1858, when Mr. J. S. Clarke joined him. In 1861 both these gentlemen withdrew from the management, and soon after Mr. Wheatley became sole manager of the Continental Theatre, Philadelphia. His fortunes never became bright until he became lessee of Niblo's Garden, which he did in April, 1862. He continued here until 1868, and during those six years became possessed of all the fortune that he ever made. The immense success of "The Black Crook" contributed to this. After retiring from Niblo's Garden Mr. Wheatley was for many years at Coney Island, passing his life in retirement and only occasionally going among his old friends in the city. A few years ago his wife died, and this unhappy event had of course some effect in making life seem less bright and enjoyable to him than before. One of the most artistic periods of his career was while he was managing the Arch Street Theatre, now under the dominion of Mrs. John Drew. Here many of the old comedies were produced and reproduced, and the characters were delineated by a very able company, among whom might be counted Mrs. Drew, Mrs. Bowers, Miss Emma Taylor (since dead), Mr Dolman (since retired), Mr. John S. Clarke and Mr. Wheatley himself. Financial success came to him late in life, but having acquired money he was too prudent to squander it.

A FUNNY FOX HUNT.

"Rupert," the Hamilton correspondent of the Mail, gives the following ludicrous account of a fox hunt in that city on Thanksgiving Day:—

"A few of the more erratic and vigorous bloods had a fox hunt upon the race course, and such a hunt. The fox, besides being an old resident and well acquainted with the huntsmen, was prevented by a cordon of boys from jumping the fence, one of the sportsmen was on horseback—like General O'Neil at the battle of Ridgeway, or G. P. R. James' solitary horseman on a November evening—the rest being on foot. Whenever the dogs threatened to catch the fox, the horseman would ride up and put the game in a bag. After considerable of this "excellent fooling," Reynard was taken home and well fed, and is now enjoying a rest in order to make at some future time another Roman holiday. Surely this is humane sport—for the fox—whatever it may be for the other parties to it."

STARTLE'S GREAT PERFORMANCE.

TESTIMONY OF AN EYE WITNESS.

The Spirit of the Times has received the following communication from General Withers, in reference to the wonderful performance of Mr. Bonner's horse Startle drawing a wagon over a hill, &c. &c. &c. of which we have daily heard. The testimony of a competent and experienced General Withers, who was present at the performance, and his account of the manner in which it was done, will be read with interest by all.

FAIRLAW'S STOCK FARM, LEXINGTON, KY., Oct. 28, 1876.

DEAR SPIRIT:—On my arrival home I read to-day, for the first time, your brief mention of the fact that Mr. Robert Bonner's stallion Startle had recently created a sensation in a

over made. Startle accomplished the feat so easily, and finished so well within himself, that I was convinced that, great as was the performance, he was capable of readily accomplishing a still greater.

Startle, in his physical conformation, is a marvel of power, and the fact that a horse of his size could draw a wagon a 2:10 gait under such unfavorable circumstances, and without any special preparation, stamps him as the most wonderful horse of the age. The skillful and artistic manner in which he was handled by his amateur driver excited my admiration to a degree only excelled by the emotions excited by the wonderful performance of the horse.

WM. T. WITHERS.

WINNERS AT BALTIMORE.

At the head of the list of the winning owners at the recent Fall Meeting of the Maryland Jockey Club, stand the names of the firm of Dwyers Brothers of Brooklyn, a new accession to the turf, who are credited with the handsome sum of \$13,000, won by Vigil and Gray; the former having the largest share \$12,000 attached to his name. P. Lorillard comes next with \$3,800, won by Bombast, Shirley and Parole. D. J. Crouse takes back to Ohio \$3,000, won by Add and Sallis McCrea. A. Belmont is indebted to his only winning representative Susquehanna, for \$1,700; and B. G. Thomas must thank Herotog for the \$1,300 appended to his name. G. L. Lorillard ranks sixth with \$750, won by Ambush and Warlock. J. G. K. Lawrence \$650, won by Resolute and Shylock. M. Robinson, Jr., for \$550, including \$100 in plate, to Jackson, in the Gentleman's Steeplechase, Burgoon won \$225 for Mr. Bethune; Bill Braco \$350 for Messrs. Forbes & Armstrong; Virginius \$300 for Colonel McDaniel; and Inspiration \$275 for Dr. A. Smith. The other winners were of lesser amount from \$250 to \$75.

HURLING.

A hurling match was played in the Queen's Park, Toronto, on Thanksgiving Day, between sides headed by Mr. Joseph Campton (Captain), Alex. Wilson, M. Johnston, and Richard Flock, and Messrs. W. G. Gibson, (Captain), W. Milligan, James Collaghey and John Taylor, respectively. Mr. Gibson's team won three straight games, the conditions being the first three in five. Mr. Campton's side played with vigour, but were altogether overmatched, as they frankly admitted.

The Norwood Registrar says: "Our neighboring townships are reported to be thickly populated with bears, which are doing mischief among the sheep and cattle. A few nights ago a bear entered the yard of Mr. Burgess, of Belmont, and partly demolished the contents of a hive of honey. Mr. Burgess determined to play sharp on his bearship, and, on the following night, placed a lighted candle on the hive to guard the remaining contents: but the solitary light didn't scare old bruin worth a cent. He paid no attention to the sentinel, quietly opened the hive and finished the honey, and then departed in peace, feeling thankful, no doubt, for the thoughtfulness of the kind proprietor in providing him light for his meal."

Eric—Conspicuous among the fast representatives of the Mambrino Chief class that trotted into prominence at the late Lexington meeting, is Mr. Robert S. Strader's entry, Eric, by Ericsson, son of Mambrino Chief; 1st dam by son of Deumark, who was by top Hedgeford; 2nd dam the dam of the "Slaughter" horse. In addition to reducing Allie West's four-year-old record of 2:29 1/2 to 2:28 1/2, on the first day of the meeting, he defeated a fine field in the 2:30 class, in first, fourth and fifth heats, in 2:34 1/2, 2:34 1/2 and 2:34 1/2. Eric began his career, in his three-year-old form, in the hands of the well-known trainer, Mr. Richard Lowell, who named him Willy Woodman in honor of Mr. Frank T. Bruce, and upon Mr. Lowell's removal to N. Y., passed into the stable of Mr. Strader, with whom he achieved such lasting honors.

Joab Scales & Co

call special attention to their new brands of smoking tobacco, Fine granulated, and ... THE OLD MAN'S FAVORITE, Manufactured of the Virginia leaf. Sold by all wholesale dealers. Manufactured solely at the TORONTO TOBACCO WORKS, 120 & 122 WELLINGTON STREET, WEST.

Amusements.

city.

Mr. John T. Raymond has been the stellar attraction at Mrs. Morrison's Grand Opera House the present week, appearing as Col. Sellers in Mark Twain's drama of The Child-Edo. Mr. Raymond's name is as intimately connected with Col. Sellers as Southern's is with Dunderbary; and as the ever speculating unfortunate, Mr. R. has really created the character. It is a wonderful piece of comic acting, and the peculiar talent evinced by Mr. R. in this piece has placed him in the front rank of dramatic stars in America. The audiences have nightly testified their appreciation of his abilities. The support by the members of the Grand is very fair. Only three more representations of the piece will be given—to-night and Saturday matinee and evening. Those who have not seen Mr. Raymond already should not lose the opportunity. "There's millions in it."

The event of the week was the production of Julius Caesar at the Royal Opera House by the Barrett Davenport Combination, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. Such a strong combination is rarely seen in any theatre, and the treat has not escaped our amusement patronising citizens. Mr. Lawrence Barrett appeared as Cains Cassius, Mr. E. L. Davenport as Brutus, and Mr. F. B. Wards as Marc Anthony. The latter has the fattest part in the piece, and his oration over the dead body of Caesar met with tremendous rounds of applause. Barrett's Cassius and Davenport's Brutus were polished pieces of classical acting, which were heartily appreciated. Our space will not permit us to give an extended notice, suffice it to state, that it was the greatest dramatic representation that was ever given in this city, with every character properly held, and all due attention paid to costume, scenery and effects. The houses were very large, notwithstanding the increased rate of admission.

Miss Maud Branscombe's benefit at the Royal Opera House on Monday evening was not very successful, the unpropitious state of the weather probably keeping many away.

Keywood's New York Sorenaders gave a couple of very fine entertainments in St. Lawrence Hall on Saturday and Monday evenings. The company are very strong, both in numbers and talent, and presented rich programmes, the cream of the variety profession.

General Tom Thumb and wife, accompanied by Miss Minnie Warren and Major Newell, will be at Music Hall on the 10th, 17th, and 18th inst., giving two performances daily. Their entertainment is unique, and no doubt the little people will meet with a large share of patronage from our citizens.

The Gungero Troupe of Royal Japs occupy the Royal Opera this Friday and Saturday evenings. They are accompanied by the Blaisdell Specialty Artists and Lauchlin Bell Ringers.

Prof. Fowler delivers a free lecture at the Music Hall to-night.

GENERAL. Mr. E. A. McDowell, on Monday evening, produced for the first time at the Academy of Music, Montreal, Daly's Under the Gaslight. It will probably be continued all week.

The Montreal Star, in speaking of Miss Sallie Holman in Grosse Grotto, says: "As a vocalist she has had no equal here, not even excepting the lively Almee, whose voice cannot be placed in comparison with our native prima donna's for richness and power."

The Holman Opera Troupe are at Ottawa this week for five nights, closing their engagement on Friday.

Mr. Martha Farquhar Tupper, the distinguished English litterateur, will give a reading from his own works, at Mechanics Hall, Hamilton, on Nov. 16.

Bengough, the caricaturist, puts in one evening at Peterborough, this Friday. McEvoy's New Pictorial Entertainment is at Peterborough on Saturday, 11th.

Gen. Tom Thumb and party show at Lindsay 10th, Pt. Hope 11th, Bowmanville 12th, Oshawa 14th, and Whitby 15th. Mr. Don Thompson opened at Toronto's Opera House, New York, on 15th.

course.
 Same Day—Open Steeplechase, for a purse of \$125; for all horses owned in Ottawa and the Counties of Carleton, Russell and Ottawa; weights for age. \$100 to 1st, 25 to second. Cup course.
 D White's ch g Harcourt, aged, by Bay Boston, 153 lbs. 1
 J P Esmonde's b g Count Killrush, aged, by Jack the Barber, dam unknown, 153 lbs. 2
 J Fitzsimmons' b g The Squire, pedigree unknown, 168 lbs. 0
 C G Goddes' ch g Marmion, 4 yrs, pedigree unknown, 149 lbs. 0
 H Palmer's ch g Buriator, 4 yrs, pedigree unknown dr
 A Todd's b g Edenton, aged, by Ulverston ... dr
 H L Herbert's b m Midnight, aged, pedigree above dr
 Dr Coleman's blk h Phantom, aged, pedigree above dr
 J Fitzsimmons' br g Wagram, by Wagram... dr
 Owner's b m Nora, 5 yrs, pedigree above.... dr
 Same Day—Consolation Handicap. Open to all beaten horses. Same course as Nos. 1 and 2. \$50 to 1st.
 J Fitzsimmons' b g The Squire, 168 lbs. 1
 J P Esmonde's b g Count Killrush, 160 lbs. 2
 D White's b m Midnight, 168 lbs. 3
 Dr Coleman's blk h Phantom, 165 lbs. 0
 C G Goddes' ch g Marmion, 152 lbs. 0

WALLACEBURG RACES.

On account of soft weather the races were postponed one week. The meeting could hardly be called a success financially, but the interest taken in it augurs well for the future prosperity of the Association. The Secretary, Mr. Forhan, has forwarded us the following summaries of the different events.
 WALLACEBURG, Ont., Oct 31—\$100; trotting, 2:37 class. \$75, 25.
 Wm Allen, ch g Croft 3 1 1 1
 R James, gr g Grey Eddie 1 2 2 2
 G Clarkson, blk h Chas Douglas 4 3 3 3
 F Goulding, gr g Grey Bird 2 5 0 0
 J K Doud, b g Quaker Boy 5 4 0 0
 No time.
 Same Day—\$70; trotting, 3:00 class. \$50, 20.
 Wm Allen, ch g Jerry Manic 1 1 1 1
 W Robinson, b g Doc Griswold 2 2 2 2
 F Bestorick, blk g Larkin 3 3 3 3
 No time.
 Same Day—\$70; trotting, local horses. \$40, 20.
 B Forham, b g Master Freddy 1 1 1 1
 W D McCrea, b m Kitty Mo 2 2 2 2
 Jas McCarron, b l Free Press 3 3 3 3
 No time.
 Nov. 1—\$100; trotting, open to all. \$75, 25.
 B Bradburn, blk m Lady Hill 1 2 1 0 1
 J Dodridge, ch g Croft 2 1 2 0 2
 R James, gr g Grey Eddie 3 3 3 0 3
 Geo Clarkson, blk h Chas Douglas... 4 4 4 0 0
 No time.
 Same Day—\$70; trotting, 2:50 class. \$50, 20.
 H Becker, ch g Jerry Manic 3 1 1 1 1
 W F Robinson, b g Doc Griswold 1 3 3 3 3
 J K Doud, b g Quaker Boy 2 2 2 2 2
 No time.

RACING AT ASHCROFT, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

ASHCROFT, Oct. 4—Purse \$—: running, mile heats.
 A McConnell's b h Butralph, 6 yrs, 128 lbs. 1 1
 W Dixon's br m Nell Flaherty, aged, 124 lbs. 2 2
 Time—1:51, 1:50.
 Same Day—Purse \$—; half-mile dash.
 Barnes & Brink's ch c Pilot, 3 yrs, 105 lbs. ... 1
 J Wilson's b g Okanagan, 4 yrs, 134 lbs. 2
 W Dixon's b c Senator, 3 yrs, 128 lbs. 3
 Crusader not placed.
 Time—54s.
 Oct. 5—Purse \$—; half-mile dash, catch weight.
 A McConnell's b c Butralph, 6 yrs, 83 lbs. 1
 W Dixon's br m Nell Flaherty, aged, 95 lbs. ... 2
 Time—50½s.

M. John Hill, of the Royal Hotel Billiard Room. The game was the French carrom one, 300 points up, and for \$100. Betting was spirited. Phelan, however, was a strong favorite and sold for first choice at \$20, while his opponent only brought \$10. Neither player was extremely brilliant, the highest run being 20, by Phelan, who eventually won the game pretty easily, the score being Phelan 300, Hill 253.

THE HAMILTON TOURNAMENT.

At a meeting of the billiardists held in the rooms of Mr. James Phelan, all the arrangements for the forthcoming amateur tournament for the championship of the city were finally settled. The tournament will commence on Monday evening, Nov. 27, in the rooms of Mr. Phelan, when \$100 in prizes will be given as follows: \$50 to 1st, \$30 to second, \$20 to third. The entrance will be \$10.

Base Ball.

GUELPH.

A well attended and enthusiastic meeting of those who had subscribed stock for the purpose of running the base ball club in Guelph next season was held at the Royal Hotel on Tuesday evening. Mr. Geo. Sleoman occupied the chair, Mr. John Mitchell acting as secretary. The chairman explained the object of the meeting, and reported that a large amount of stock had been subscribed. After a full discussion, it was decided that the club be known as the Guelph Maple Leaf Club, and that it be managed by a Board consisting of a President, two Directors, a Secretary and a Treasurer. The officers elected were: Secretary, John Mitchell; Treasurer, J. W. Green; Auditor, Fred Barrows. A subsequent meeting of directors, Mr. George Sleoman was elected President of the club, which has been re-organized under the most favorable auspices, with every prospect of success.

LONDON.

At the annual meeting of the Atlantic base ball club, on the 31st ult., the following officers were elected: President, H. O. Smith; Sec. and Treas., A. McDonald; Capt., Jas. Ross.

A NOVEL WAGER.

One day last week Mr. H. Fletcher, of the office of Blake, Kerr & Boyd, Toronto, made a bet of \$10 with a friend that he could write five thousand words in eight hours. According to the terms of the wager there was not to be two words alike in the entire five thousand, and it was agreed that if Mr. Fletcher succeeded in writing three thousand words within the time settled upon, he would win the bet in so far that he would not lose the \$10 he had put up; failing to write the three thousand words it was to be held that he had lost. The bet was taken up, and Mr. Fletcher commenced his work at 10 o'clock one morning. He wrote on foolscap paper, 144 words to the page. Having written till a little after five o'clock, which included an hour's relaxation, making about seven hours' work, he found he had written, 3,500 words. It was unnecessary to go any further, as it was impossible to write the remaining 1,500 in an hour. Mr. Fletcher won one part of the bet and saved his \$10.

CRAZY KATE.—This mare, formerly the property of Commodore Vanderbilt, and a fast trotter on the road, is at present working in a street car in New York.

How many of his old comedies were produced and reproduced, and the characters were lived up to by a very able company, among whom might be counted Mrs. Drew, Mrs. Bowers, Miss Emma Taylor (since dead), Mr. Dolman (since retired), Mr. John S. Clarke and Mr. Wheatly himself. Financial success came to him late in life, but having acquired money he was too prudent to squander it.

A FUNNY FOX HUNT.

"Rupert," the Hamilton correspondent of the Mail, gives the following ludicrous account of a fox hunt in that city on Thanksgiving Day:—

"A few of the more erratic and vigorous bloods had a fox hunt upon the race course, and such a hunt. The fox, besides being an old resident and well acquainted with the huntsmen, was prevented by a cordon of boys from jumping the fence, one of the sportsmen was on horseback—like General O'Neil at the battle of Ridgeway, or G. P. R. James' solitary horseman on a November evening—the rest being on foot. Whenever the dogs threatened to catch the fox, the horseman would ride up and put the game in a bag. After considerable of this "excellent fooling," Reynard was taken home and well fed, and is now enjoying a rest in order to make at some future time another Roman holiday. Surely this is humane sport—for the fox—whatever it may be for the other parties to it."

STARTLE'S GREAT PERFORMANCE.

TESTIMONY OF AN EYE WITNESS.

The Spirit of the Times has received the following communication from General Withers, in reference to the wonderful performance of Mr. Bonner's horse Startle drawing a wagon of eight tons, 3500 lbs. of which was water, in 82½ seconds. The testimony of an eye witness, General Withers, of the genuineness of the performance, and his account of the manner in which it was done, will be read with interest by all.

FAIRLAW STOCK FARM,
 LEXINGTON, KY., Oct. 23, 1876.

DEAR SPIRIT:—On my arrival home I read to-day, for the first time, your brief mention of the fact that Mr. Robert Bonner's stallion Startle had recently trotted a quarter of a wagon in my presence in 82½ seconds. It is a matter of public interest that the precise circumstances under which this remarkable feat was accomplished should be made known.

When Mr. Bonner and I drove up to the stable, Startle was already harnessed to a wagon and just about to start to the track to exhibit his great strength. Mr. Robert Bonner, who was in the wagon, kindly stopped and gave me an opportunity to examine the horse. He then drove to the track, and David Bonner and I went to the shop where Mr. Robert Bonner was superintending the shoeing of one of his flyers. I was so much interested in Mr. Bonner's system of shoeing his horses that we remained some time at the shop, and when we started for the track we met Startle returning to the stable, having finished his exercise. Mr. Bonner requested his son to return to the track, which is three-quarters of a mile around, and instructed him to drive twice around the track and let him go a 2:40 gait on the third quarter, and on the second round to "let him go" on the sixth quarter. The instructions were obeyed, and the sixth quarter was trotted in 82½. A heavy gale of wind was blowing at the time; one-fourth of the last quarter is on the turn of the track, and Startle had to face the gale on the turn.

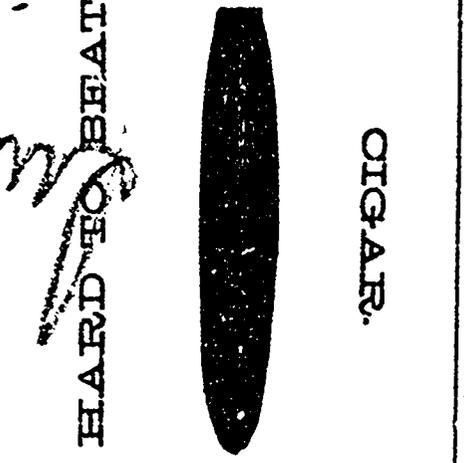
When all the facts are considered, the performance was certainly the most wonderful

The Norwood Registrar says: "Our neighboring townships are reported to be thickly populated with bears, which are doing mischief among the sheep and cattle. A few nights ago a bear entered the yard of Mr. Burgess, of Belmont, and partly demolished the contents of a hive of honey. Mr. Burgess determined to play sharp on his bearship, and on the following night, placed a lighted candle on the hive to guard the remaining contents; but the solitary light didn't scare old Bruin worth a cent. He paid no attention to the sentinel, quietly opened the hive and finished the honey, and then departed in peace, feeling thankful, no doubt, for the thoughtfulness of the kind proprietor in providing him light for his meal."

ERIC—Conspicuous among the fast representatives of the Mambrino Chief class that trotted into prominence at the late Lexington meeting, is Mr. Robert S. Strader a entry, Eric, by Ericsson, son of Mambrino Chief; 1st dam by son of Denmark, who was by Inup, Hedgeford; 2nd dam the dam of the "Slaughter" horse. In addition to reducing Allie West's four-year-old record of 2:20½ to 2:29½, on the first day of the meeting, he defeated a fine field in the 2:30 class, in first, fourth and fifth heats, in 2:34½, 2:34½ and 2:34½. Eric began his career, in his three-year-old form, in the hands of the well-known trainer, Mr. Richard Lowell, who named him Wily Woodman in honor of Mr. Frank T. Bruce, and upon Mr. Lowell's removal to N. Y., passed into the stable of Mr. Strader, with whom he achieved such lasting honors.

Joab Scales & Co

call special attention to their new brands of smoking tobacco. Fine granulated, all over bar,
HERETIC.
 and of present day
THE OLD MAN'S FAVORITE,
 Manufactured of the virgin leaf. Sold by all wholesale dealers. Manufactured solely at the TORONTO TOBACCO WORKS,
 120 & 122 WELLINGTON STREET, WEST.
 272-ty



Heyneman
 and
Harris,
 Manufacturers, Montreal

scenery and objects. The house was a large, notwithstanding the narrowness of admission.

Miss Maud Braucombe's benefit at the Royal Opera House on Monday evening was not very successful, the unpromising state of the weather probably keeping many away.

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McEvoy's New Pictorial Entertainment is at Peterborough on Saturday, 11th.

Gen. Tom Thumb and party show at Lindsay 10th, Ft. Hope 11th, Bowmanville 18th, Oshawa 14th, and Whitby 16th.

Mr. Den Thompson opened at Tony P. tor's Opera House, New York, on Monday evening as Joshua Whitcomb, in his down east drama. He is supported by Miss Julia Wilson.

The Wallaceburg, Ont., Town Hall, recently completed, is 104 feet long, by 56 feet wide, and 72 feet in height. It is built upon a stone foundation, and consumed 320,000 bricks.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE

Monday Evening, Nov. 13, 1876

Grand Athletic Contest. The World's Champion

GLADIATORS

MONSIEUR BAUMANN

FRANCIS M. MILLER

(of Australia)

The Hercules of the Arena will give an Exhibition in (Graco) man

WRESTLING!

For a Gold Medal, the Championship of the Dominion, and the receipt of the Royal Opera House, Monday, Nov. 13th, 1876.

For particulars see small bills.

Handwritten signature or scribble at the bottom of the page.

Poetry.

"ONLY A CIRCUS CLOWN!"

"Only a clown in the circus!
Only a circus clown!"
Thus says ungodly ones,
As he passes through the town;
But the heart was brave and manly
Beneath the motley vest,
And that comprises manliness
Among the very best.

He was not in his motley
As he walked along the street;
A plainer-garbed gentleman
You'd scarcely chance to meet
Thou genial Jerry Hopper,
As in the fading light
He passed with thoughtful features
To the business of the night.

Leaning from a window
At a dizzy height
Was a merry youngster,
Laughing with delight;
And the circus jester,
Casting up his eyes,
Startles at the danger
That he there descries.

"Take care, little darling!"
But the warning came
Much too late, for falling
Was that tiny frame.
Was the stony sidewalk
Doomed to crush the load,
With its curling ringlets
Dabbled gory red?

No! strong arms are waiting,
Upraised hands enclose
Mother's darling baby
With a manly grasp,
Mother called him "Angol,"
As she hastened down:
"No!" said Jerry, laughing,
"I'm but a circus clown."

*Jerry Hopper, the clown with Barnum's Great Show, on the evening of Aug. 30, while passing up Broadway, in Saratoga Springs, N.Y., saw a little child fall from the window of the third story of a house. Mr. Hopper at once placed himself in a position to break its fall, and caught it with so firm a grasp that the child did not reach the pavement.

Miscellaneous

In what respect does a bishop resemble a fish? Both live in the sea.

Fishermen are exhausting the supply of white fish in Lake Erie.

There is a man in Oregon who never saw a woman. He was blind.

A Kentucky cow, 18 years old, has given birth to 19 calves, 16 of them males, and all of them fine blooded stock.

The whole amount of the money necessary to send the Cornell University crew to England has been pledged.

Mr. Price, drover, is now in North Middlesex, buying sheep for shipment to England.

No less than 25 vessels with 15,000 quintals of dry fish were lost off the Labrador coast during the gale on the 12th ult., thus sinking \$100,000 out of sight.

A negro girl is playing Topsey in San Francisco, but she is not black enough to do without burnt cork.

The County Council of Lanark at its session last week introduced a by-law which offers \$20 as a reward for the capture of horse thieves.

It has been ascertained that nine hundred and sixty women in the United States professionally practice what they call astrology as a means of livelihood.

A boa constrictor, measuring eight feet in length, has been captured in the hold of the ship Kit Carson, which recently arrived at Grenock from the West Indies.

Fifty tons of oysters in the shell were recently exported to England by the steamship Egypt of the National line. The oysters were kept in ice bins erected for the purpose.

Huxley, my boy! you haven't come a bit too soon, for when we hear of a man up in London, Pennsylvania, being beaten at cubby by a learned dog, it is time to ask whether we are drifting.

Large numbers of lacrosse are being shipped from Montreal to Great Britain, thus showing that the Canadian national game is becoming popular in the mother country.

Some of the poultry fanciers in Peterborough and neighborhood have organized a club called "The Midland Central

Joseph Worth, of Westchester, N. Y., has a hen partridge that answers to its name when called with a low whistle and exhibits as much fondness for Mr. Worth as any pet dog for its mistress. The bird is on most intimate terms with the cat. After having been away for a couple of days, the bird flew to the cat, rubbed against it in a petting manner, cooing a low note of joy, while the cat returned caresses and purred loudly its pleasure at the return of its feathered friend.

The Kingsville Reporter says that on Saturday last a fine dog passed through the village and towards the lake at a rapid pace. Instantly some boys with guns gave chase, but on their arrival at the shore the deer was a good half mile out in the bay. Some few of the more determined ones, however, took a fish boat and gave chase, and captured the "voyageur."

Mr. John Ryan, an employe in the Mount Forest Examiner Office, undertook to set, this week, twenty-four thousand "ems" of solid bourgeois in twenty-four hours. He commenced at twenty minutes past seven o'clock on Monday morning last, and at six o'clock on Tuesday morning had completed the task for himself—having one hour and twenty minutes to spare.

A young girl, now living in the Rue d'Altaire, in Bordeaux, France, who was born without arms, uses her mouth in the most extraordinary manner. She can write with the greatest facility, can thread the finest needle, embroider, knit, do crochet work, mark linen, &c., with marvellous regularity, and can even with her mouth tie a sailor's knot.

The Malahide Agricultural Society sued Mr. J. Gillott for twenty cents, being the amount they claimed he underpaid for admittance to the grounds at the late show. Mr. Gillott considered he had a right to enter the grounds as often as he chose for one price of admittance. Judge Hughes decided he had not, so gave judgment for the Society.

The oldest sportsmen in Constantinople does not remember such a season for quail shooting as the present. The quails are passing over to Asia and Africa. The neighborhood of San Stefano, which is their last European resting place, is swarming with them. The residents in that village had, a fortnight ago, a perfect battue; four sportsmen of one family shot 800 quail among them, and 407 fell to the gun of one gentleman alone.

When swimming a horse never touch the bridle, as a horse is easily drowned when checked up or otherwise interfered with about the head. Sit well back and guide the horse with the hand, gently slapping him on either side as required; thus a horse will swim a mile or more with a fall-grower man on his back, and suffer but little. Or better still, throw yourself from the horse on the down stream side, and with the right hand grasping the mane at the withers, aid the progress of the horse with the other and feet as in swimming.

STERN JUSTICE.

We have frequently referred to the absurd revivals of the old Sabbatarian laws now and again. At one time the mania crops out in Canada, and another in the United States, and vice versa. If we are going to adopt the Mosaic code let us do so entirely, and it will soon be repealed, but do not let us relapse into Judaism spasmodically. Such a strict code of laws may have been suited for perverse, fanatical, semi-barbarians like the Jews, who followed Moses out of Egypt, but for this age we prefer the teachings of one who, by his actions and his precepts, placed a low estimate upon a Puritan Sabbath. The Grand Rapids, Mich., City Council, a few weeks since, at the instance of more than a hundred and sixty religious citizens, ordered the chief of police to enforce the State Sunday law. The chief notified the people through the press that he should so in good earnest. Consequently the police took the names of all who were seen driving on the streets, or entering or leaving their place of business, or standing conversing on the sidewalk, or lingering outside church doors after service; also all who entered the post office at the usual noon hour, or who in any manner whatever attended to secular business. That was a sensible sort of a chief of police, for he adopted the right means to bring the maniacs to their senses. He went for the Mosaic law in toto, and as a consequence about three hundred of the best citizens were arrested, and among them a number of the petitioners and clergymen. We do not think they will petition again!

QUAIL RAISING.

Mr. David Taggart, in the Fanciers' Journal, describes his experience in raising quail. He says: "I have eleven, nearly four weeks old, hatched by a game bantam, and carefully nursed by her. I keep them in one of my hen houses—10 x 14—with ground floor and southeast windows. I give them, besides other food proper for gallinaceous birds, a dog's fill of house flies once a day. It takes twenty-two and a half days to hatch the eggs. I have had bantam eggs in mid-summer hatch in eighteen and a half days, and brown leghorns from eighteen days eighteen and a half hours to nineteen days ten hours, after being transported from Freehold, N. J. I am satisfied that quail can be raised with great certainty, if they can be kept from running away. To avoid this, it is necessary to plug or putty all nail or worm holes."

A DISCOVERY.

The St. John, N. B., Telegraph says:—One day last week, while Mr. Samuel Joy was roaming through the woods, near Bolton lake, a strange and ferocious looking animal which he describes as fully seven feet in length, standing somewhat higher than a large Newfoundland dog, and of a light, grayish color, came out of the undergrowth a few rods ahead of him. Mr. Joy, having his fowling piece in his hand, let fly and hit the monster in the shoulder, but as his gun was only loaded for partridges, the shot had no other apparent effect than to make it bound off through the forest. Mr. Joy has been lumbering over thirty years, and, until last week, thought he knew all the wild beasts that infest the woods of New Brunswick.

A BAD SHOT.

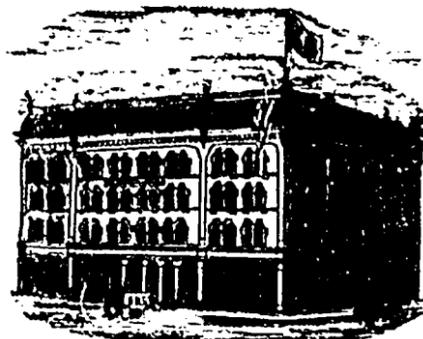
The Ottawa Free Press has the following story, which may be a true one, though it has rather a mudcap appearance:—James McLeod is a farmer residing in the Township of Huntley, and last week he went out with the intention of shooting a pig. The animal to be killed was held, or at least tried to be, by John Blake, the hired man, who had rather a trying time, as the hog was a very unsteady brute. At last Mr. McLeod took a shot at it, but unfortunately missed the pig, hitting a cow instead, which in falling, fell on a calf and killed it. The report of the gun so frightened the hog that it broke away, and making for the woods, has not been seen since. The cow died from the effects of the wound inflicted by the buck-shot."

A QUEER BET.

A very queer bet is that which two wealthy and influential Berlin bankers, desiring to provide for their children's heirs, and fearing that, through disastrous reverses, they might become poor and, therefore, unable to do so, are reported to have made concerning the United States. The one bet 2,000 marks (a mark is equal to about 25 cents of our money) that the United States will not remain a republic, but advance to higher knowledge of the arts and sciences; while the other, just as confident of winning, of course, bets 4,000 marks that the United States will remain a republic, all the time, intervening between this and the second centennial, but not retain the high position in the arts and sciences which she now occupies. This sum of 7,000 marks (about \$1,750 American money) has been placed on interest for the period of one hundred years, at the expiration of which period the royal court of Germany will decide which party is winner and entitled to the money, the total sum of which will then be \$18,323 American currency. Explicit agreements and stipulations have been entered into by both parties in due form of law, one of which provides that under no circumstances shall the money on any part thereof be withdrawn before the expiration of the allotted period of one hundred years.—Springfield Republican.

HEAVES IN HORSES.

Mr. B. F. Akers, of Lawrence, Kansas, writes to the Spirit as follows:—Having been a resident of Kansas for the last twenty years, during that time I never have seen a case of heaves in the State, unless of recent importation. During the war I furnished the Government thousands of cavalry and artillery horses, and in purchasing in Indiana and some parts of Illinois I frequently bought



MANSION HOUSE

CORNER KING AND YORK STREETS,
TORONTO, - ONT

William Kelly, Proprietor.

This Hotel is situated in the central portion of the city, convenient to the wholesale establishments and public buildings, and for tourists and commercial travellers is a most eligible situation. The house has been thoroughly re-organized and re-furnished throughout, and is fitted up in the most comfortable and fashionable style, equal to any first-class house in the Dominion. The bedrooms and drawing-rooms are large and airy, and the best sanitary regulations are observed.

The large and convenient sample rooms, for the accommodation of Commercial Travellers, are commodious, and conveniently located on the first floor.

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

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

Bonney's Hotel,

Only 3 minutes walk to Post Office and R.R. Depots.

GEO. WARNER, Proprietor.

Cor. of Washington and Carroll Streets,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

TERMS MODERATE. Come and try me.

DEADY HOUSE,

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Near King-St., Toronto.

M. DEADY, PROPRIETOR.

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

219-ty

Daniels' Hotel,

Prescott, Canada.

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

L. H. DANIELS,

187-ty.

Proprietor.

THE

'GRAND' SALOON

7 ADELAIDE STREET WEST,

MRS. MORRISON'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

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221-ty.

COLLINS'

North American

Hanmer House,

E. V. HANMER, - PROPRIETOR,

BELL EWART, ONT.

This is one of the finest houses in the northern section, and commends itself to tourists. Splendid fishing and shooting. Yachts, boats, skiffs, &c., for use of guests.

TERMS—\$1.00 per day. 247-nm

THE PACIFIC

Saloon & Billiard Parlor

No. 8 RICHMOND ST. EAST,

Mike Halloran, - Proprietor.

217-ly

SHAKESPEARE HOTEL,

CORNER OF KING AND YORK STREETS,

TORONTO, - ONTARIO.

Bath Rooms in connection.

237-ff

JAMES POWELL, Proprietor.

THE

Renforth House,

268 YONGE STREET,

George Briggs - Propr.

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

FARO TOOLS!

REDUCED PRICE LIST.

We call attention to our new price list, we quote

Faro Checks, in sets of 600.....\$25
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" Layout, on folding board 15
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206-em

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...the payment.

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Twenty-nine thousand dollars have been received from a Virginia City (Nov.) gambling saloon in one year in the way of a license. The money is collected monthly, and gambling is not restricted at all.

In the Black Hills, or what is known as Castle creek is a large pyramid of elk horns, some seventy or eighty feet in height, and probably a hundred feet in diameter, and must have been there for many years as none of the Indians in that section of the country know who put them there.

A man is trying to sell a horse. The would-be purchaser, inquiring as to his leaping powers, asks:—"Would he take timber?" "He'd jump over your head," answers the other; "I don't know what you call that."

Two very large deer, exposed for sale on the By Ward market, Ottawa were purchased by Mr. William Slattery, butcher, for the sum of \$98. They were shot in the neighborhood of the Ottawa River. One weighed 303 lbs., and the other reached 286.

An Australian has taught a canary bird to sing "Home, Sweet Home," by suspending it before a looking glass near a music box which performed that melody. Supposing the bird in the glass was making the music, the bird finally caught the notes, and now warbles the whole tune.

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INSTINCT OR REASON?

In the discussion at the British Association on the mental progress of animals, a speaker mentioned an instance of intelligence which had come under his own notice. Five years ago a barrel was put up in his garden at the top of a high pole. The barrel was perforated with holes and divided in the centre. In the course of two days two starlings visited the barrel, and returned on the following day, and in about a week afterward two pairs of starlings came and occupied it, and brought up their young. They were very wild starlings, and readily took flight when any person went near the barrel. In the second year four pairs of starlings occupied the barrel, and they were much tamer than the previous ones, and this last year there were a number of pairs of starlings so tame that they would almost allow him to take hold of them. They have now changed their mode of speaking, for the starlings in his garden frequently articulate words.

ROSEBERRY—F. Archer, the jockey who rode Rosebery, the winner of the Cesarewitch, was presented with £1,000 by his owner.

FAVLET—This chestnut mare, three years old, by Planet, dam Eagleless, by Imp. Glouce, the property of Hon. T. J. Megibben, broke down at the race meeting held at Galesburg last week.

with the intention of shooting a pig. The animal to be killed was held, or at least tried to be, by John Black, the hired man, who had rather a trying time, as the hog was a very unsteady brute. At last Mr. McLeod took a shot at it, but unfortunately missed the pig, hitting a cow instead, which in falling, fell on a calf and killed it. The report of the gun so frightened the hog that it broke away, and making for the woods, has not been seen since. The cow died from the effects of the wound inflicted by the buck-shot.

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A DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

A Princeton, Ont., correspondent gives the following account of a miraculous escape from a horrible death which happened in that village the other day. Mr. T. Logan, of that place, has had in his possession for some time a tame bear. On Saturday he went into the yard to feed the animal, when the bear sprang upon him and lacerated him in a frightful manner, completely tearing the calf from one of his legs and inflicting some deep gashes in his shoulder. His cries for help soon brought his father, who fortunately was near by, who after a desperate struggle succeeded in rescuing his son. The bear previous to this had never exhibited any symptoms of his wild nature, and his strange conduct on that afternoon was attributed to his being teased by some boys. Dr. Balmer was immediately called in and dressed the sufferer's wounds, who from last accounts will be likely to recover.

GEO. WARNER, Proprietor.
Cor. of Washington and Carroll Streets,
BUFFALO, N. Y.
TERMS MODERATE. Come and try me.

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COLLINS'

North American

HOTEL,

KING STREET,

DUNDAS.

Turf Club House,

40 KING-ST. WEST,

TORONTO.

Frank Martin, Proprietor.

227-ty

Woodbine Park

CLUB HOUSE

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

W. J. HOWELL,

Proprietor.

215-ty

FARO TOOLS!

REDUCED PRICE LIST.

We call attention to our new price list, we quote

- Faro Checks, in sets of 600.....\$25
- " Dealing Box, plated..... 15
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206-em

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LATE JOHN MACNAB & CO.,

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CHILLED SHOT,

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

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

MACNAB & MARSH,

5 Front-St., Toronto.

Agents in Canada for W. W. GREENER.

WYOMING MONTHLY

LOTTERY.

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

J. M. PATTEE, Laramie City, Wyoming.

224-ty

PEDESTRIAN SHOES.

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

WM. GUINAN'S,

105 Yonge Street, Toronto.

243-um

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

238-em

Warr Hulett.

I offer my bay stallion for sale cheap. He is without doubt the best bred trotting stallion in Canada, having 6 crosses to imp. Messenger, and being descended from trotters on both sire and dam's side.

He is sire of more trotters than any stallion in Canada, being sire of Belle of Pawlet (6 yrs), 2:31; Robinson (5 yrs), 2:32; Lady Brown (3 yrs), 2:52; Baby Belle (3 yrs old), trotted 3 mile heats in 1:20, 1:27, 1:26, and numerous others. Hulett is a perfect road horse, afraid of nothing, anybody can drive him; a good foal getter. He stood at \$75 in Washington Co., N.Y. in 1875, and got over 90 mares.

I will guarantee him to trot a full mile in 2:35 with handling. He has never had any handling of any account, and is untried. He is sound and without fault.

I have good reasons for selling him or he could not be bought at double the price I ask.

PEDIGREE.

WARR HULETT, bay horse, foaled in 1864, by Woodruff's Columbus, he by Young Columbus, he by old Columbus; first dam by Andrus' Hambletonian, he by Judson's Hambletonian, by Bishop's Hambletonian, by imp Messenger; second dam by Green Mountain Morgan, by Gifford Morgan, by Woodbury Morgan, by Justin Morgan, by True Briton; dam by Woodruff's Columbus, by Vermont Hambletonian, by Harris' Hambletonian, by Bishop's Hambletonian, by imp Messenger; dam of Harris' Hambletonian, the Mas'en Mare by imp Messenger; dam of Bishop's Hambletonian, Pheasant, by imp Shark; 1st dam by imp Medley; dam of Vermont Hambletonian by Comet, by Bishop's Hambletonian, he by imp Messenger; dam of Judson's Hambletonian, by Well's Magnum Bonum, by imp Magnum Bonum.

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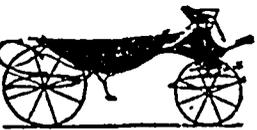
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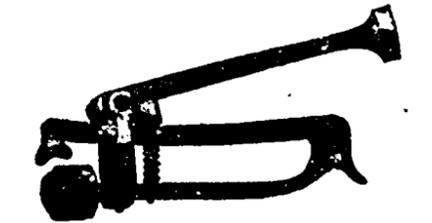
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A MAGNIFICENT PRESENT!

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this undertaking, and being determined to

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and which should be treasured as a work of

art; after culling over the finest productions

of the American press, we selected the beautiful

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nine colors and innumerable shades, size 18 1/2

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to be confounded with the miserable pictures

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trinsically of more value than we re-

ceive for our yearly subscription. She is re-

presented standing in a box stall stripped,

and in this position the picture, from which

the chromo is reproduced, was painted by

one of the first artists in the profession in

America. When varnished and mounted it

is impossible to distinguish between the

chromo and a very fine oil-painting. It is a

work of art worthy of a place in the finest

collections in the country, and what adds to

its value it is the only correct likeness of

GOLDSMITH MAM ever published. As a memento

of the most remarkable trotting equine in

the world, shortly to be relegated from the

turf, it will be treasured by every horseman

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have seen the little mare in any of her races.

This picture was sold by subscription only a

few months ago for \$5 a piece, and copies of

it were in great demand. We expect in this

liberal gift to more than double our subscrip-

tion list in the next three months, and if our

friends who receive the picture will only show

it to their acquaintances and inform them

how they may get a copy, we are sure our

anticipations will be realized.

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To meet the wishes of a number of our patrons who might desire the picture of a horse in action in preference to a still one like our Chromo of **GOLDSMITH MAID**, as a premium, we have selected the next most remarkable trotting celebrity in the world in her greatest race. We refer to **LULA** at Rochester, N. Y., October 14th, 1875, in her now noted match against Time. The picture is 22 1/2 by 28 inches, being larger than that of **THE MAID**, and is a fine specimen of the pictorial art. It is not claimed to possess the high artistic value of the latter, but still on account of being larger and in action, with a portrait of Mr. Chas. Green, the driver of **LULA**, and a view of the Rochester, N. Y., Driving Park, Judges' Stand, &c., the stables, &c., being seen in the distance, might be preferred by many to the other. We desire to accommodate our patrons to the fullest extent. All advance paying subscribers for the year 1876-7, and none others are entitled to their choice of those pictures. All communications and telegrams must be pre-paid.
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