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Men's b m Madge Duke, 3 yrs. by
 Ayonet, dam Tick, 105 lbs. 1 * 3 dis
 Dead heat.
 Time—1:47, 1:46, 1:49, 1:48, 1:51.

RACING AT AUSTIN, TEXAS.

Nov 13—Purse \$150; 50 to second;
 mile.
 Men's b c Fred Rice, by Rebel, dam by
 Blocker's b c Lofty, by Rock, dam by Jim
 Bell, dam by Bulletin..... 2
 & J H Phillips' b c Jim Raymond, by
 Rebel, dam by Bulletin..... 3
 Time—1:51, 1:54.
 Same Day—Association purse \$150, for all
 ; 40 to second; mile heats.
 & Huggins' b f Ella Rowett, 3 yrs,
 Uncle Vic, dam Mamona, 87 lbs. 1 1
 & J H Phillips' b c Virgillian, 3 yrs,
 Virgil, dam La Henderson, 90 lbs. 2 2
 Men's b c Bayland, 3 yrs, by Beacon,
 dam by War Dance, 90 lbs. 3 3
 Time—1:51, 1:54.
 Same Day—Association purse \$250; 50 to sec-
 ond; two miles and a quarter.
 & J H Phillips' ch c Judge Hancock, 3
 yrs, by Bulletin, dam by Brown Dick, 90 lbs 1
 Blocker's b h Tom McKinney, 6 yrs, by
 Amboro, dam Pattie, 115 lbs. 2
 Time—2:23.
 Same Day—Association purse \$200; 50 to
 second; mile and a half.
 & J H Phillips' ch h Tom Riley, 5 yrs,
 by Rebel, dam by Itupece, 110 lbs. 1
 & Huggins' b m Belle Barkley, 4 yrs,
 Pimp Phaeton, dam Capitola, 101 lbs. 3
 Time—2:48.
 Same Day—Association purse \$250; 50 to sec-
 ond; two-mile heats.
 & Huggins' b f Ella Rowett, 3 yrs,
 Uncle Vic, dam Mamona, 87 lbs. 1 1
 & J H Phillips' ch c Judge Hancock, 3
 yrs, by Bulletin, dam by Brown Dick,
 85 lbs (inc. 6 lbs overweight)..... 2 2
 Time—3:41, 3:43.
 Same Day—Consolation purse \$150; \$— to
 second; mile heats.
 & Huggins' b f Belle Barkley, 4
 yrs, by Phaeton, dam Capitola, 101 lbs 2 1 1
 & J H Phillips' b c Virgillian, 3 yrs,
 Virgil, dam La Henderson, 90 lbs. 1 2 2
 & Spencer's b c Conrad, 3 yrs, by
 Rebel Morgan, dam Kate Jordan, 90
 lbs. 3 3 ro
 Time—1:45, 1:44, 1:48, 1:49.

Same Day—Purse \$75, for two-year-olds; one
 mile.
 & J H Phillips' b c Jim Raymond, by
 Rebel, dam by Bulletin, 85 lbs. 1
 Blocker's b c Lofty, by Rock, dam Pat-
 tie, 85 lbs. 2
 Time—1:53.

RACING AT DALLAS, TEXAS.

Oct 22.—Purse \$125; 3:10 class; mile
 heats.
 Men's b m Gypsy Queen..... 1 1
 Hughes' ch g Tim..... 2 3
 Men's b s Tom Moore..... 4 2
 Men's b g Bois D'Arc..... 3 ds
 Time—2:51, 2:51, 2:51.
 Same Day—Purse \$225, running; mile and a
 half.
 & Huggins' b f Ella Rowett 1
 & Brien's b c Bayland 2
 Time—2:50.
 Same Day—Purse \$100; 2:10 class.
 Men's b m Gypsy Queen..... 1 1 1
 & Huggins' ch g Tuckahoe..... 2 2 2
 & Hughes' ch g Morgan 3 3 3
 Time—2:40, 2:40, 2:48.
 Same Day—Purse \$60; three and four year
 mile heats.
 & Brothers' b c Stanley 1 1
 & Brien's b c Mambriuo Norman..... 2 2
 Time—3:53, 3:48.
 Same Day—Purse \$—, running; three-year-
 mile heats.
 Men's b c John McCoy, by Hood, dam
 Barkley 1 1
 & Spencer's b c Courad, by Rebel
 2 2
 Time—1:59, 1:59.
 Same Day—Purse \$150; 3:00 class.
 Men's b m Gypsy Queen 1 1 1
 & Brien's b c Tom Moore..... 2 2 2
 & Chandler's b m Lady M 3 3 3
 & Hughes' ch g Tim 4 4 r
 Time—2:52, 2:52, 2:54.

association adds \$— two year olds, mile
 dash.
 Brien & Spencer's b c Capt Rice..... 1
 J Brien's b c Lone Star 2
 O W Stones' Dick Hubbard..... 3
 Time—1:53.
 Dallas—Purse \$75; mile dash, under saddle.
 G W Walker's ch g Dixie 1
 S Peterman's Choctaw 2
 D S Warren's Shoe Fly..... 3
 Lady Cleveland and Rebel Morgan ran un-
 placed.
 Time—2:01.
 Dallas—Post Stake, \$50 entrance, \$300 add-
 ed; two mile dash.
 J Huggins' b m Belle Barkley 1
 Spencer & Brien's ch s George Quinan..... 2
 Time—3:54.
 Dallas—Purse \$175; mile dash.
 Spencer & Brien's b m Coronella 1
 Barkley & Huggins' b c John McCoy..... 2
 Time—1:59.
 Dallas—Sweepstake for three year olds; \$25
 entrance, \$250 added, one mile and a half.
 J Huggins' b f Ella Rowett 1
 Spencer & Brien's b c Bayland 2
 Time—2:19.
 Nov. 3—Purse \$250; free for all.
 C W Phillips' ch g Tuckahoe 1 1 1
 B L Burris' b m Mambriuo Royal 2 2 3
 W E Hughes' ch g Morgan 3 3 2
 Sparring & Chandler's b s Norman D..... 4 4 4
 Time—2:57, 2:49, 2:49.
 Same Day—Purse \$125.
 Sparring & Chandler's b m Lady M.. 2 1 1
 B L Burris' b g Bois D'Arc 1 3 2
 W E Hughes' ch g Morgan 3 2 3
 Time—2:54, 3:54, 2:52, 2:57.
 Same Day—Purse \$—; double teams, one
 mile.
 B L Burris' b m Mambriuo Royal and blk g
 Bois D'Arc 1
 W E Hughes' ch g Morgan and ch g Tim.... 2
 Time—3:15.
 Same Day—Purse \$300; running; two mile
 heats.
 J E Barkley's b m Belle Barkley 1 1
 Spencer & Brien's b m Coronella 2 2
 Time—3:55, 3:57.
 Same Day—Consolation purse \$175; run-
 ning; mile heats.
 Spenser & Brien's b c Bayland 1 1
 S Peterman's Choctaw..... 2 2
 Time—1:59, 2:03.

RACING AT NEW ORLEANS, LA.

New Orleans, Dec 1. Club purse, \$300;
 hurdle race; \$200 to first, 75 to second, 25 to
 third; two miles over eight hurdles.
 F Lloyd's b g Port Leonard, aged, by Voucher,
 dam Prunella..... 1
 A Keene Richards' ch c Typhoon, 3 yrs, by
 War Dance, dam the dam of Spindrift.... 2
 A Keene Richards' b c Hedding, 5 yrs, by
 Harry of the West, dam by Joe Stoner.... 3
 Lambay, Dick Adams, Jack Hinton and Ten-
 pins also ran.
 Time—3:56.
 Same Day.—The Slocum Stakes, for two-
 year-olds; \$25 entrance, p p, with \$500 added;
 second horse to receive \$150; one mile.
 W Cottrill's ch f Mary R, by Daniel Boone,
 dam Maggie G..... 1
 Rice & Boghne's b c Duncan F Kenner, by
 Gilroy, dam Nora Creina..... 2
 Mischieff 3
 Momentum, Captain Fred Rice, Bonnie Bar-
 ronge and Jim Bell not placed.
 Time—1:47.

Club Purse, \$400; second horse to receive
 \$75; mile heats.
 A Keene Richards' ch f Argenteen, 4 yrs,
 by War Dance, dam by Rebel..... 2 1 1
 H B Douglas & Co's b f Belle Isle, 3 yrs,
 by Bonnie Scotland, dam Arnica..... 1 3 2
 Janet..... 6 2 ro
 Incommode 3 ro
 Docility..... 4 ro
 Ella Rowett..... 5 ro
 Time—1:45, 1:46, 1:52.

to the game at Talmatry...
 13, an enthusiastic and warm friend of Sex-
 ton's offered to bet that Sexton, whether he
 won the championship match or not, could
 discount Cyrille De n at the three-ball game,
 200 points up, for \$25 a game, number of
 game's unimportant. The only conditions fol-
 lowing this challenge were that the games be
 played on a billiard table, and in the
 private room of the party making the chal-
 lenge. In proof of the sincerity of the party
 who made this bet at *defi*, he had a new
 table set up and a new set of balls in close
 proximity on the night of the contest.
 The maker of the above proposition on be-
 half of Sexton is a well-known, respectabil-
 ity man. He meant every word he said,
 had the utmost confidence in Sexton's skill
 and integrity, and was prepared to back his
 confidence with his money. It would have
 been well had the matter ended here. That
 it did not is regretted. Of late years it
 has been deemed unprofessional to make a
 professional match until the professors have
 been called together, and until the matter
 has been passed upon in solemn conclave.
 Here was an opportunity to obtain not only
 considerable gratuitous advertising, but also
 a chance to gather in a few of the shekels of
 the confiding public. Was it to be thrown
 away? Certainly not! Cyrille and Sexton
 at once put their "fruitful brains" together,
 attended by their true confidants, Daly
 and Slosson. The whole thing was soon ar-
 ranged. Slosson was to leave at once for
 Chicago. Cyrille was to accept publicly,
 through the daily journals, and while Sexton
 was sitting by his side, a proposition which
 had been made to him and his friends in
 private. Then Sexton was to reply to
 Cyrille through the medium of the daily
 press, stating that he was on the eve of de-
 parture for the South, that his engagements
 there would not allow of his playing such a
 match at this time, but that he would be
 willing to discount Cyril on his (Sexton's)
 return from his Southern tour. To which
 Cyrille was to reply that he thought so well
 of the match proposed that he would journey
 to any prominent city in the South and there
 play Sexton. This programme was duly
 carried out. What is to be designated the
 "match," however, has not yet been made.
 Had it been, the "stake" would, as a
 matter of course, have to be deposited here.
 This would have required a show of money
 or an ante-dated check, and perhaps the
 stakeholder selected would not have been
 satisfied to accept the latter. To overcome
 this, Cyrille stated in his farewell card that
 he was willing to accept as stakeholder any
 responsible Southern gentleman. The mat-
 ter rests here for the present. The "match,"
 however, will be played—played, too, in New
 Orleans. Sexton left on Thursday of last
 week. He will be joined at St. Louis by
 Slosson, and the pair will journey thence by
 easy stages to New Orleans. Cyrille and
 Maurice Daly will start in about ten days
 for the same city, but they go via the Hot
 Springs. This quadruple party will be with
 our New Orleans friends, bar accidents and
 possible drawbacks, in time to assist in cele-
 brating the advent of the New Year. A
 little more newspaper controversy will again
 be in order there. The "match" between
 Sexton and Cyrille will then be made and
 played. After that there will probably be
 an exciting four-handed reel, in which Sex-
 ton and Slosson will have for *vis-a-vis*
 Cyrille and Daly. If this game between
 Cyrille and Sexton takes place in New Or-
 leans, and there is every likelihood that it
 will, we suggest that Capt. Rufe Hunt, of
 that city be made stakeholder and referee.
 There is no man thereaway who can spot a
 fraud quicker than he, and no man who can
 protect the public better. We sincerely re-
 gret that Sexton has allowed himself to be
 drawn into this bogus combination. He
 has everything to lose and nothing to gain
 in it. He had better draw out before it is
 too late. His deeds with the cue are as
 familiar as household words in every billiard-
 room in the land, and he has heretofore been
 above suspicion with his friends. He can
 gain neither profit nor glory in crossing cues

on the night of Nov. 23. The Pierre Carré
 and Pau. Drutt were the contestants, and
 Carnot is put down as the victor. The
 game was 2,000 points up, for 1,000 frames.
 Drutt led all through the game until near
 the finish, when Carnot gained the lead and
 won. Drutt's scores runs were 312, 136, and
 99, while Carnot's were 270, 165, and
 121. Score Carnot, 2,000; Drutt, 1,940.
 The winner is reported to have challenged
 any player in Europe for \$5,000, the num-
 ber of points to be in front of 2,000 up.

**A CANADIAN TRICKER. TRAINER'S EX-
 PERIENCE WITH BITS.**

CHATHAM, ONT., Nov. 18, 1877.

DEAR SIR: On examining a horse that the
 horse's mouth contains several *l'ar* in his teeth
 and to enable him to eat them in masticat-
 ing his food, they have been arranged in four
 different rows. Six teeth occur on each side of
 the lower jaw, and a similar number on each
 side of the upper jaw. The crowns of the upper
 molar teeth have a breadth in them than
 those on the lower jaw, consequently the sides
 of each upper row of grinders project over the
 outside of each lower row of grinders. Owing to
 this arrangement the teeth become worn in
 masticating the horse's food, so as to cause the
 superior parts of their crowns to assume a be-
 cleaved form. This form causes each row of lower
 grinders to have a sharp edge on their inner
 sides, and each row of upper grinders to have a
 sharp edge on their outer sides, next the checks.
 The crowns of the horse's molar teeth are cov-
 ered with a heavy coat of enamel, and have
 many ridges upon them. This causes the
 edges formed on them to become very sharp and
 irregular, presenting much the appearance
 of the edge of a saw.

When the horse's teeth are found in the nor-
 mal state, these sharp edges add much to their
 effectiveness, when they are used in masticating
 his food, but should the teeth assume any
 irregularity, which is frequently the case, their
 sharp edges may do injury to the horse's
 mouth. The upper grinders are the ones that
 are most likely to injure the horse's mouth, by
 coming in contact with the mucous membrane
 that lines the checks. The grinders in the low-
 er jaw seldom assume a form that is likely to
 injure a horse's mouth unless a bit is used on
 him. But irregularities frequently occur on the
 upper grinders that do much harm to the horse's
 checks when he attempts to grind his food.
 Horse's mouths frequently become injured in
 this way to such an extent that it prevents them
 from masticating sufficient food to properly
 nourish them, and this account the horse's teeth
 should be frequently examined, so as to learn if
 they require dressing, and if so, to have the
 operation performed by an experienced operator
 when it is possible.

Man, to enable him to subjugate the horse,
 and utilize his powers, has been forced to in-
 vent a bridle; and to cause the bridle to be
 more effective, many different kinds of bits
 have been used in it. Ancient history tells us
 that the bridle was at one time used by man to
 enable him to control the tongues of scolding
 women, but I have never been able to learn
 what kind of bit was used in the scold's bridle,
 but from the fact that Mr. Moore says that bits
 are hard on the tongue, and since reading
 Dr. Cole's description of the bit he has invented
 I am led to believe that a bar bit, with pads on
 its ends, must have been the kind of bit used
 by our ancient fathers in the scold's bridle, for
 I am sure that nothing short of bars and pads
 would stop some women's tongues.

The Doctor tells us that his bits are now in
 the hands of most of the best horsemen in the
 country. I am sorry that I am not in a position
 to do the Doctor the honor of testing one of his
 bits, and, as I am now a bald-headed widower,
 I am not likely to be ever in a position to be
 able to use one of the Doctor's bits. Beg par-
 don, dear Sir, I have been wandering, but
 now, like a runaway horse, I will take the bit.

When a bit is placed in the horse's mouth,
 and sufficient force applied to it to cause the
 horse to open his mouth to any great extent, the
 act causes the checks to be forced in against the
 projecting edges of the upper grinders, and
 when these edges are sharp, the checks must
 necessarily become injured by them to a greater
 or less extent. Improperly formed bearing reins
 when used in the shape of an over check, fre-

quently cause much injury to the horse's
 mouth, and it is not uncommon to find the
 horse's mouth so sore that he is unable to
 eat his food, and he is obliged to be
 treated with opium, and other
 remedies, which are very
 dangerous to his health, and
 often result in his death.

It is not uncommon to find the horse's
 mouth so sore that he is unable to eat his
 food, and he is obliged to be treated with
 opium, and other remedies, which are very
 dangerous to his health, and often result in
 his death.

Sharp teeth cause much injury to the horse's
 mouth, and it is not uncommon to find the
 horse's mouth so sore that he is unable to
 eat his food, and he is obliged to be treated
 with opium, and other remedies, which are
 very dangerous to his health, and often result
 in his death.

There are many people in the country who
 imagine they are capable of dressing horse's
 teeth when they are not, in fact, most
 grocers who have ever seen a *mouth rasp* imagine they
 can perform the operation properly. Yet there
 are few who can dress a horse's teeth as they
 should be dressed. The operation is one that
 requires a knowledge of the structure of the teeth,
 and much practice, to enable the operator to
 gain skill and to perform the work success-
 fully. I have seen horses' upper grinders filed
 to prevent an injury that had been produced
 by the lower grinders, while the lower grinders,
 that were really the cause of the injury, had not
 been touched with the file.

When dressing any of the horse's teeth
 that may be injured by his mouth, on account of
 a bit being used in it, only just sufficient to re-
 move the part that is causing the injury should
 be filed, for the sharp edges on the grinders tend
 to injure the horse's mouth when the horse uses
 them in masticating his food. Besides, when
 we cut the teeth in this way, we destroy the enamel
 on them, and, on this account, they may soon
 decay. Usually the only teeth that are liable to
 injure the horse's mouth on account of the use
 of the bit are the *three first grinders* in each
 row of upper teeth, and the grinder on each
 side of the lower jaw. In dressing the upper
 teeth, their outside projecting edges should be
 made smooth, and the corners on the front part
 of each front tooth taken off. In dressing the
 lower grinders it is necessary to take all corners
 off them and make the superior parts of them
 even with the lower. Care should be taken to have
 the part filed in the most possible. The
 common mistake is to have the teeth in a
 state, and when it is used a fine file should be
 used after it.

Yours,
 S. T. B.

About two months since Mr. Labadie, of
 Chatham, Canada, challenged Mr. J. M.
 Dykes, of Wardville, to play checkers for a
 medal and the championship of Canada. Mr.
 Dykes claiming to be the champion. It was
 immediately accepted by Mr. Dykes, and the
 match was to be played on the 20th ult.
 Mr. Labadie has since backed down from
 the challenge, and Mr. Dykes awaits the
 next challenger.

THE
Master of the Hounds

CHAPTER IV.

On returning to the drawing-room, Captain Markham immediately sought Miss Douglas, who was sitting with her aunt Gordon and Constance. "Thought we had forgotten you, Mrs. Gordon. I suppose—very late, I know; but all owing to that spiteful old Mervyn—called us ragamuffins, and that sort of thing—Gwynne wouldn't stand it—Welsh blood up—threatened to knock his brains out with the bottle. 'Pon honour, such a scene, very disagreeable indeed—Will Beauchamp pulled him up—thought he would have to fight to-morrow morning—eh—eh—Miss Douglas—demmit all—beg pardon, but you look like a ghost."

Mrs. Gordon's eyes were instantly turned to her niece, who was deadly pale, and appeared near fainting.

"My dearest Blanche, what is the matter? Here, my love, smell at these salts."

"A sudden faintness came over me, dear aunt, but I shall soon be better."

Conyers now came up with "Well, ladies, it's well that ends well; and, now that we are all friends again, I may just tell you what detained us so long in the dining-room—which he did as shortly as possible, speaking in high terms of Beauchamp's cool and gentlemanly conduct.

"Then there is to be no duel to-morrow?" inquired Mrs. Gordon, anxiously.

"None, my dear madam, I assure you; everything is amicably settled; and, instead of fighting, Will has accepted an invitation to breakfast with Lord Mervyn on this day month."

"Are you not deceiving me, Mr. Conyers?"

"No, on my honor, Mrs. Gordon; and to satisfy you still further, I will send Beauchamp here directly, to show you the entry in his pocket-book."

As Beauchamp approached them, the color suddenly returned to Miss Douglas's face, suffusing her cheeks and brow, which, not unnoticed by Mrs. Gordon, revealed to her a secret unknown to Blanche herself until that moment, that she loved William Beauchamp. She had long looked upon him as a dear friend, but had hitherto remained totally unconscious of any deeper feeling towards him, when the sudden revelation made by Captain Markham of his life, perhaps, being at stake, sent a thrilling suffocating sensation circling round her heart, to which she had hitherto been a stranger. Her ill-concealed trepidation at his approach delightfully confirmed Mrs. Gordon in her long indulged hopes that William Beauchamp might become the object of her niece's choice.

"William," exclaimed Mrs. Gordon, as he stood before her, "I have sent for you to hear an account from your own lips of this attack about Francis with Lord Mervyn, whom, I am told, it was your intention to challenge to-morrow morning."

For a moment Blanche's face was raised to his to scan his looks. Their eyes met, and by that quick, hurried glance, Beauchamp seemed entranced, riveted to the spot, for a moment the full spell of fascination was upon him, as he gazed in silent surprise on the varying color and trembling form of Blanche Douglas.

"William!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Gordon, in a sharp tone, "what ails you tonight?—are you tipsy or crazy?"

"Neither tipsy nor crazy, dear Mrs. Gordon, but a fit of abstraction seized me, my thoughts were wandering; pray forgive me."

"A pretty confession, Mr. William, in the presence of three ladies," added Constance; "so now, to make your peace with Aunt Gordon, just have the goodness to occupy my seat till I return, and make a full confession of what wicked conduct you have been guilty of."

"bloodthirsty intention," replied Beauchamp. "The greatest provocation would never induce me to take any man's life, unless in the unavoidable defence of my own."

"That's equivocal, William—"

"Then, is this plain enough? I will never deliberately fire at any opponent with the aim of shooting him."

"Oh! then, I suppose, you are to stand as his target, to be murdered in cold blood; but you are deceiving yourself, not me, William, in this fine-drawn distinction. No person has a right rashly to throw his life away, since it is God's loan, and He only has the right to dispose of it. Remember His commands on this point—'At the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man.' Again, 'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath; and there are hundreds of the same injunctions throughout the New Testament."

"I will consider well your objections, dear Aunt Gordon, although I believe you are quite right."

"Then why hesitate to follow the promptings of your own conscience?"

"There is a listener, he whispered, 'who would not be slow to avail himself of my confessions.'"

"Ah! I see—we will change the subject."

Vernon had slowly and stealthily approached the back of the sofa where Blanche was sitting, in the hope of overhearing the nature of her conversation with Beauchamp.

"Aside the devil turned
For envy yet with jealous leer malign
Eyed them askance."

Leaning on the back of the sofa, Vernon now requested the honor of Miss Douglas favoring him with the song she had promised at dinner.

"I made no such promise, Mr. Vernon," was her reply, and he was again urging his suit with flattering persuasions, when Mrs. Gordon, seeing Blanche annoyed with his importunities, interfered, saying her niece was very far from well, and she had laid an interdiction upon her singing that evening.

"I could scarcely expect," he retorted, with a sneer, "to detach Miss Douglas from such delightful society."

"Except by the aid of an Ant-eater," replied Mrs. Gordon; on which Vernon turned abruptly away.

Soon after he was engaged in an animated conversation with Captain Markham, the nature of which will transpire in the following colloquy.

"What makes you look so demmed pleasant to-night—claret sour, or what—with that vinegar countenance?"

"That old aunt's enough to put any man out of temper," replied Vernon; "and that fellow, Beauchamp, thinking they are going to have it all their own way with the heiress."

"Eh! 'pon honor—what d'ye mean?"

"I have been watching Beauchamp very intently since he joined her on the sofa, and her looks, when he ventured on some soft speech, betrayed the nature of it; in fact, I believe he is making up to her."

"Well, why shouldn't he? She is fair game to any man to try for without poaching on your ground. Demmit, Vernon, you seem to think no fellow has a right to speak to her but yourself. Eh, 'pon my soul, that's a good joke!—and, if that's your humor, just give me leave to observe, my fine fellow, that Ned Markham considers he has quite as good a chance for the heiress as Dick Vernon."

"Oh! certainly, a much better one," replied Vernon, with a sneer. "Heir to a baronetcy—life guardsman—fine figure—lots of small talk, and all that sort of thing; but I hate Will Beauchamp, and intend to pick a quarrel with him, to get him out of the way. Will you be my second?"

"No, Richard Vernon, I will not; that's plain enough, I suppose." With which the Captain walked away.

A voice from behind whispered in his ear, "Don't despair, Dick. I will supply Edward's place; and turn your eyes to my target."

"A little exaggerated, I hope, though not perhaps intentional; but Mrs. Gordon is well aware of our views with regard to her niece." The latter part of her speech was delivered as a check to Mr. Vernon's future attentions to Blanche, which Mrs. Harcourt had observed more than once before, and particularly at dinner that evening—so that the crafty plotter received a rebuke where he at least expected one.

Whilst we have been relating these conversations, the company had been enlivened by music and singing; the principal performers being Miss Caroline Markham, Constance, and two Misses Rolleston, with Captain Markham and Robert Conyers; and the evening thus passed pleasantly away, without further incidents, until the carriages were announced.

During their drive home, Constance rallied her brother on his abstraction, saying, "We have gone at least three miles, William, and three words have not passed your lips; what are you thinking of, my sapient brother?"

"Of nothing particular, Con, dear."

"Yes, William, you are (excuse my rudeness in contradicting you); and I will tell you the subject of your meditations, if you promise to confess whether I have guessed rightly or not."

"Well, dear Con, what is it then?"

"Blanche Douglas."

Beauchamp was silent for a moment, then added—

"Yes, Constance, your guess is right; but there is nothing very particular in my thinking about Blanche, of whom I so often think, and her future prospects in life; you know the interest I have long taken in her, and my brotherly affection; she is to me a second sister."

"Yes, dear William, but in that relation she cannot much longer stand to you, although I hope she may to me."

"That, I fear, can never be, dear Constance."

"And why not, my own true kind-hearted brother?"

"The rich heiress, when once launched on the world, and surrounded by the titled, the rich, and the gay, trying for her hand, will soon forget the humble companion of her earlier and happier years."

"Never, William, believe me, if I know her as I ought to do; although so young, she thinks deeply, judges carefully, and where she does love, intensely; and of this I am quite convinced, that an impression upon her heart, once made, will never be obliterated."

"Well, my dear, enthusiastic sister, time is said to prove the constancy of faithful love."

"William," she said, "will you answer me one question, sincerely and confidentially—for you know me too well to believe that I ever would betray your confidence—do you love Blanche as a sister only?"

"Until this night, dear Con, I believed I did regard her in that light only; but now, my feelings have undergone a change—would that they never had!"

"Why say this, my own darling brother, and in so sad a tone?"

"Because from this hour they must be suppressed, if not extinguished. What! Will Beauchamp a fortune hunter! never," he replied with emphasis; "perish the thought!"

"And perish thus," added Constance, "the happy dreams, the brightening hopes of that dear confiding girl, who thinks she has found a responding pulse to her own feelings in the breast of Will Beauchamp."

"Constance," exclaimed her brother in surprise, "what does it mean?"

"Simply this, William; I know the language of the eyes, the looks of love; and if the latter were not exhibited to me this night by Blanche Douglas, when Markham spoke of your quarrel with Lord Mervyn, I know nothing nothing of womankind."

"Oh, say not so, Constance."

"It is said and done," she replied; "the die is cast: the happiness or misery of her you love now rests in your keeping, to whom she has intrusted, though not yet revealed."

"Where? where?" exclaimed Newman Butler, "I don't see him."

"But I did, sir, and hope never to see him again until he is brought to hand, now for the cobbler's wax, sir," as the hounds came tearing out of covert, and settled down to the scent. "Give Foreman his head, sir, and come along; we've got them all to ourselves." Saying which he cleared the first fence, with a yawning ditch on the other side."

"All right, sir; come along!" cried Charley, as looking back he saw Foreman blundering on his nose, with his master clinging round his neck. "Pick him up, sir, and put more powder in next time."

For five-and-twenty minutes Charley had it all his own way; and so great was the pace, that the hounds ran into their fox before he could reach the next covert. Sir Francis, with his arm in a sling, rode furiously throughout this quick burst, and was one of the first up with Will Beauchamp, Sir Lucius, and Tyler.

"Pretty thing, indeed!" exclaimed the baronet. "Well done, Charley."

"Not much for me to do, Sir Francis," replied Charley, touching his cap, "except going as straight and fast as I ever rode in life."

"Just treat us to another of the same sort; and here, Charley—putting a sovereign into his hand—"I'll double if I you do."

Will Beauchamp waited until Sir Lionel and his father came up, when the fox was thrown to the hounds, and a discussion took place as to the next draw. "There is a bit of nice lying in the gorse on Brendon Down, sir," suggested Charley to his master; "just suit the ladies and Sir Francis."

"And so it will, Charley."

"Well, William," inquired Sir Lionel, "where now?"

"Brendon Gorse holds a fox, I think, sir; a gallop over the open will suit the ladies better than tearing through these blackthorn fences."

"Bravo," exclaimed Selina Markham; "who says you are not a ladies' man, Will Beauchamp? I am tattered and torn, but not forlorn, from riding a race with Dick Vernon, and beating him, too, at the expense of half my skirt."

"Really, Selina," exclaimed her father, "you had better adopt skins and jack-boots at once."

"I have done it already, daddy dear!" she replied, laughing, and patting her boot with her riding-whip.

"Oh, you hoiden!" laughed Sir Lionel, "what next?"

"Don't exactly know, papa, after riding over Dick Vernon's horse, and a five-barred gate at one swoop."

"The devil she did!" remarked Sir Francis; "that beats Leicestershire hollow."

"And a demmed scurvy trick to play a fellow who was politely stooping to open the gate for you," put in the Captain.

"Think so, Ned? 'pon honor, eh! Now for a scamper on the open; come on, Will Beauchamp, while my blood is up!" saying which, she cantered off towards the downs.

Before throwing the hounds into the gorse, at Will Beauchamp's request, the horsemen ranged themselves in line, to prevent the fox breaking towards the valley, an extent of open downs stretching for several miles in the opposite direction. A brace of foxes were on foot directly, one breaking through the horsemen, with the body of the pack upon his scent, and just emerging from the gorse, where a rate from Charley stopped them in a moment, and they were immediately capped by William Beauchamp on to the line of the other, which had gone straight away at the right point.

"Hold hard one minute, gentlemen!" shouted Beauchamp; "let them get their heads well down first, then ride as hard as you please." But none heeded him, every man going off at score, and leaving the hounds to get together as they could, threading their way with inconceivable dexterity through nearly two hundred horses, without a hound being disabled. The pack got together like a flash of lightning, and took up

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed; "Selina and myself raced the whole distance, leaving dozens behind."

"'Pon honour, I am afraid, got a bad nose in trying to beat us," laughed his sister. "Narcissus put his foot in a rut, and, oh, demmit, what a roll he gave his master, the life guardsman, going down the hill—thought he'd never have done turning over. 'Hurt?' I cried out as we passed him, 'Eh!—aw!—'pon my soul, can't tell yet.' Then, when you've found out, let me know—but here he comes to answer the question."

Roars of laughter followed Miss Markham's description of her brother's spill, which had not subsided when he arrived.

"Well, Ned," inquired his sister, "have you found out yet whether you are hurt or not?"

"Demmed stiff somewhere," replied the Captain.

"'Pon honor, where?" cried Selina, choking with laughter at his grotesque appearance, with his coat split entirely up his back, and his hat crushed to pieces. "A fox had a wound, but he couldn't tell where—'s that your case, Neddy, dear?" she inquired in a pitying tone.

Roars of merriment again burst forth.

"Eh!—aw!—demmit! what are all you fellows laughing at? Can't see the joke."

"Demmed surprised if you could," added his sister.

"Really, Selina," exclaimed Sir Lionel, "you are too bad, and if you don't behave better in the hunting-field, I shall not allow you to meet the hounds again."

"Don't be ill-tempered, daddy, dear," she said, coaxingly, riding up and putting her hand on his shoulder. "I enjoy a bit of fun, or a good run, as well as you do, my dear dad."

"You are too witty by half, my dear," replied Sir Lionel.

"Then I'll give the spaw half to Edward papa—will that do?"

"Incorrigible!" exclaimed her father in despair. "Will you lecture her a little Sir Francis?"

"Rather be excused, Sir Lionel, as I have an idea she would give me a thorough good laughing in return. But now, what's the next move?"

"Homo, I should think; but what says Will Beauchamp?"

"We think of travelling in that direction," replied the master huntsman, "seeing we are now eighteen miles from the kennels."

"Of course you do," added Bob Conyers; "I'd never risk the spoiling such a day's sport as this by drawing again. There are some fellows who hunt by the day, and don't know what to do with themselves until the day is over; which puts me in mind of an answer given by Lord Mervyn to a gentleman who asked him for a day's shooting."

"Not an hour's sir," was the reply, and a fair rebuke; for a good shot in half an hour would bag more game in my lord's preserves than he could within a week in common shooting. Sport cannot be measured by time; that's my idea of it."

"And a very correct one, Bob," replied Sir Francis. "I have enjoyed these fifteen minutes over the turf at this spitting pace, more—ten times more—than I should the longest woodland run."

"Come along then, Burnett," exclaimed Mr. Beauchamp, and their horses' heads were turned homewards. As the square moved off, Sir Lionel shouted, "Mind you dine with us to-morrow, Beauchamp, with Will and Constance."

"Not likely to forget that, Markham," was the response.

On their ride home they met Newman Butler galloping towards them, puffing and blowing like a grampus.

"Eh! well! Will Beauchamp, what have you done with him?" inquired the master of the barriers.

"Carrying him home, Newman," pointing to the hounds with his whip.

"Ab, indeed! too fast for old Foreman—couldn't hold the pace; obliged to give in."

"You are not singular, Newman," replied Will Beauchamp; "scores of others were

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...blushing her cheeks and brow, which, not unnoticed by Mrs. Gordon, revealed to her a secret unknown to Blanche herself until that moment, that she loved William Beauchamp. She had long looked upon him as a dear friend, but had hitherto remained totally unconscious of any deeper feeling towards him, when the sudden revelation made by Captain Markham of his life, perhaps, being at stake, sent a thrilling suffocating sensation circling round her heart, to which she had hitherto been a stranger. Her ill-concealed trepidation at his approach delightfully confirmed Mrs. Gordon in her long indulged hopes that William Beauchamp might become the object of her niece's choice.

'William,' exclaimed Mrs. Gordon, as he stood before her, 'I have sent for you to hear an account from your own lips of this unpleasant fracas with Lord Mervyn, whom, I am told, it was your intention to challenge to-morrow morning.'

For a moment Blanche's face was raised to him to scan his looks. Their eyes met, and by that quick, hurried glance, Beauchamp seemed entranced, riveted to the spot; for a moment the full spell of fascination was upon him, as he gazed in silent surprise on the varying color and trembling form of Blanche Douglas.

'William!' suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Gordon, in a sharp tone, 'what ails you to-morrow?—are you tipsy or crazy?'

'Neither tipsy nor crazy, dear Mrs. Gordon; but a fit of abstraction seized me; my thoughts were wandering; pray forgive me.'

'A pretty confession, Mr. William, in the presence of three ladies,' added Constance; 'so now, to make your peace with Aunt Gordon, just have the goodness to occupy my seat till I return, and make a full confession of your wicked conduct, whilst I hear Mr. Conyers' version of the story; we shall then know who speaks most truth; so sit down between those two ladies, who, I hope, will both in turn give you a thorough good lecture.'

Beauchamp required no second invitation, and turning first to Miss Douglas, who was on his right side, and in a low tone, scarcely above a whisper, 'Dear Blanche, you look pale and agitated; what has distressed you?'

'Oh, nothing now!' she replied. 'I felt faint a little while ago, but dear aunty's vinaigrette—again applying it to her nostrils—has nearly revived me.'

'Now, William,' interposed Mrs. Gordon, 'I am all impatience; pray begin, and tell me the whole truth.'

'And so I will, dear madam,' replied Beauchamp; 'every word of it.'

'Don't dear madam me, sir; your sister, Constance, like a good, dear, obedient child, does as she is bid, and calls me Aunt Gordon; and I desire you will do the same, unless you wish me to call you Mr. Beauchamp.'

'Then, dear Aunt Gordon, I will give you chapter and verse of the whole conversation in the dining-room, after the ladies left, without further delay.'

'Only what concerns yourself, William, and has reference to your quarrel with Lord Mervyn. I don't want to hear all the nonsense that is usually talked by gentlemen over their wine.'

Beauchamp, as succinctly as possible, related what passed relative to his altercation with Lord Mervyn, and producing his pocket-book, in which the entry of his appointment to draw the Marston coverts was written, Mrs. Gordon expressed herself satisfied with his explanation.

'Thus far, she said, all is well; but I wish you cordially to understand, William Beauchamp, that I thoroughly disapprove of duelling. It is a cowardly, unchristian practice, adapted to heathens and atheists only and, as such, I must exact from you a promise that you will never again permit yourself to stand in the position you have this evening, of meditating the sacrifice of a fellow-creature's life, to satisfy what you gentlemen call by the false name of honor.'

'I hope you will acquit me of any such

...plaid Mrs. Gordon, on which Vernon turned abruptly away.

Soon after he was engaged in an animated conversation with Captain Markham, the nature of which will transpire in the following colloquy.

'What makes you look so demmed pleasant to-night—claret sour, or what—with that vinegar countenance?'

'That old aunt's enough to put any man out of temper,' replied Vernon; 'and that fellow, Beauchamp, thinking they are going to have it all their own way with the heiress.'

'Eh! 'pon honor—what d'ye mean?'

'I have been watching Beauchamp very intently since he joined her on the sofa, and her looks, when he ventured on some soft speech, betrayed the nature of it; in fact, I believe he is making up to her.'

'Well, why shouldn't he? She is fair game to any man to try for without poaching on your ground. Demmit, Vernon, you seem to think no fellow has a right to speak to her but yourself. Eh, 'pon my soul, that's a good joke!—and, if that's your humor, just give me leave to observe, my fine fellow, that Ned Markham considers he has quite as good a chance for the heiress as Dick Vernon.'

'Oh! certainly, a much better one,' replied Vernon, with a sneer. 'Heir to a baronetcy—life guardsman—fine figure—lots of small talk, and all that sort of thing; but I hate Will Beauchamp, and intend to pick a quarrel with him, to get him out of the way. Will you be my second?'

'No, Richard Vernon, I will not; that's plain enough, I suppose.' With which the Captain walked away.

A voice from behind whispered in his ear, 'Don't despair Dick; I will supply Edward's place; and turning round, he confronted Miss Markham.

'You my second, Selma?'

'And why not? Put on Ned's dress, par of false moustaches, and all that sort of thing—just do, 'pon honor—masculine enough, eh?'

'Decidedly the latter,' remarked Vernon, with a sneer; 'but I fear you would load my pistol with powder only.'

'Oh, no, Dick!—but in place of ball I should load with dice. No fear then of missing your victim. You are a deadly hand with them, Richard Vernon.'

'Your remarks are so eccentric and ambiguous sometimes,' replied Vernon, 'that it would puzzle a philosopher to interpret them.'

'Indeed, Mr. Richard Vernon, your usual sharp wit is at fault, eh? Then I will leave you to guess my meaning, with this little piece of advice: don't assume the part of assassin and bully by plotting against the life of an innocent man, who is your superior in every point but one—villany!'

'Oh, indeed, Miss Markham, you are in a particularly factious humor this evening; but suppose I were to insinuate that a certain very gifted and highly accomplished young lady thought more deeply than people imagine of a certain person, whose great recommendation lies in chasing those poor devils of foxes to death, and whose proficiency in dog language, to the exclusion of every other, is notorious.'

'You may insinuate what you please, Mr. Vernon; but facts are stubborn things, and two or three little transactions of yours have come to my knowledge, which shall be certainly disclosed when Mr. Vernon dares to apply any insulting terms either to William Beauchamp or your humble servant; with which, making him a low curtesy, she laughingly turned on her heel.

'Ah, I see,' muttered Vernon to himself, 'that d—d fool, her brother, has been letting the cat out of the bag, so now I must try another game; with which purpose he crossed the room and joined Mrs. Harcourt, whose glances towards the sofa, where Mrs. Gordon, Blanche, and Beauchamp were sitting, revealed the nature of her thoughts.'

'Well, Mrs. Harcourt,' he inquired, noticing her dissatisfied looks, 'have I misrepresented matters in that quarter?'

...her as I ought to do; although so young, she thinks deeply, judges carefully, and where she does love, intensely; and of this I am quite convinced, that an impression upon her heart, once made, will never be obliterated.'

'Well, my dear, enthusiastic sister, time is said to prove the constancy of faithful love.'

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'Until this night, dear Cousin, I believed I did regard her in that light only; but now, my feelings have undergone a change—would that they never had!'

'Why say this, my own darling brother, and in so sad a tone?'

'Because from this hour they must be suppressed, if not extinguished. What! Will Beauchamp a fortune hunter! never,' he replied with emphasis; 'perish the thought!'

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'Constance,' exclaimed her brother in surprise, 'what does it mean?'

'Simply this, William; I know the language of the eyes, the looks of love; and if the latter were not exhibited to me this night by Blanche Douglas, when Markham spoke of your quarrel with Lord Mervyn, I know nothing nothing of womankind.'

'Oh, say not so, Constance.'

'It is said and done,' she replied; 'the die is cast: the happiness or misery of her you love now rests in your keeping, to whom she has intrusted, though not yet revealed, her life's dearest treasure. Now, William, we are just at home; and remember, the conversation we have had this evening must never escape your lips, even to our nearest and dearest friends.'

'Of that there is little fear; honor and delicacy will keep my lips hermetically sealed on this subject; but beware, my dear Constance, you do not compromise your brother.'

'As soon, dear William, should I compromise myself.'

Mr. Beauchamp and Sir Francis had retired to rest before the return of William and his sister, but Miss Raymond awaited in the drawing-room, in the expectation of receiving a true and particular account of that evening's proceedings.

The appointment for the next morning having been advertised for Barton Court, the seat of Sir Lionel Markham, the worthy baronet threw open his doors to all comers, a substantial breakfast being laid out for their discussion; after which, punctual to the time, half past ten, Charley made his appearance with the pack, which soon after trotted off to the home wood, where an abundance of foxes was provided for their entertainment. The multiplicity of these animals, however, proved a bar to much sport, from their continual interference with each other's business; but after an hour's rattling work in covert, one of these gentlemen of the brush thought to sneak quietly away from the din ringing in his ears; and, taking advantage of a hedge-row to screen him from observation, faced the open. Charley's quick eye detected his foe slinking along, until, jumping the fence two fields off, he gave one hasty look behind him, and then disappeared. 'Ah, old fellow, you think you've done the trick cleverly? just the ticket, namesake,' he was muttering to himself, when an old master of harriers came up.

'Well, Charley, just in my way this—round and round.'

'Yes, sir, we have had enough of that fun, and now you shall have something in ours; when, putting his fingers to his ear, he sent forth a scream, which nearly unhorsed the thistle whipper.

'Gone away!' screamed Charley again.

...you had better adopt skins and juck-boots at once.'

'I have done it already, daddy dear!' she replied, laughing, and patting her boot with her riding-whip.

'Oh, you hoiden!' laughed Sir Lionel, 'what next?'

'Don't exactly know, papa, after riding over Dick Vernon, his horse, and a five-barred gate at one swoop.'

'The devil she did!' remarked Sir Francis; 'that beats Leicestershire hollow.'

'And a demmed scurvy trick to play a fellow who was politely stooping to open the gate for you,' put in the Captain.

'Think so, Ned? 'pon honor, eh! Now for a scamper on the open; come on, Will Beauchamp, while my blood is up!' saying which, she cantered off towards the downs.

Before throwing the hounds into the gorse, at Will Beauchamp's request, the horsemen ranged themselves in line, to prevent the fox breaking towards the valley, an extent of open downs stretching for several miles in the opposite direction. A brace of foxes were on foot directly, one breaking through the horsemen, with the body of the pack upon his scent, and just emerging from the gorse, where a rat from Charley stopped them in a moment, and they were immediately capped by William Beauchamp on to the line of the other, which had gone straight away at the right point.

'Hold hard one minute, gentlemen!' shouted Beauchamp; 'let them get their heads well down first, then ride as hard as you please.' But none heeded him, every man going off at score, and leaving the hounds to get together as they could, threading their way with inconceivable dexterity through nearly two hundred horses, without a hound being disabled. The pack got together like a flash of lightning, and took up the running at such a terrific pace, that in a few minutes they were clear away from all interference, the hardest riders being unable to live with them. In five minutes more, in ascending some rising ground, the hounds fairly beat every horse, and in another five minutes they run into their fox on the open down, not an individual being within a mile of them at the finish.

Sir Francis and Will Beauchamp rode side by side through the burst. 'Well, Sir Francis,' remarked the latter, 'they are putting their best legs foremost now, and beating us hollow.'

'Gad, Beauchamp! they are flying instead of running. I never could have believed it possible those big, bony hounds could slip away in that fashion.'

'Power and speed together, Sir Francis,' replied Beauchamp; 'that has been our object in breeding hounds.'

'And that you have succeeded to the utmost, no man can doubt who rides after them to-day,' rejoined his companion.

The delight of Mr. Beauchamp, senior, when arriving on the scene, may be more easily imagined than described. Pulling off his hat, and wiping the perspiration trickling from his head down to his neckcloth, 'Well, Burnett,' he asked, puffing and blowing from exertion, 'does this suit you?'

'Yes, my old friend, although a trifle too fast.'

'Glad to hear you are pleased at last—said they couldn't run away from you—what d'ye think now, Burnett?'

'Beaten, sir, beaten, I confess. By Jove! sir, this is Newmarket work.'

'Ay, Burnett, and I'll back five or ten couple of those hounds against any Newmarket horse of the present day, over six miles of turf.'

'And I believe,' added Sir Francis, 'you would win the wager.'

Selina and Constance, in company with Bob Conyers, now reached the spot, the last ceremonies being delayed until their arrival, when Beauchamp presented the brush to Miss Markham, saying the fox had been selected for the ladies' especial amusement, and hoped they had enjoyed their gallop.

'You entered beautifully for the petticoats, William Beauchamp, and we never enjoyed such a gallop before; have we, Constance?'

'We think of travelling in that direction,' replied the master huntsman, 'seeing we are now eighteen miles from the kennels.'

'Of course you do,' added Bob Conyers; 'I'd never risk the spoiling such a day's sport as this by drawing again. There are some fellows who hunt by the day, and don't know what to do with themselves until the day is over; which puts me in mind of an answer given by Lord Mervyn to a gentleman who asked him for a day's shooting. 'Not an hour's sir,' was the reply, and a fair rebuke; for a good shot in half an hour would bag more game in my lord's preserves than he could within a week in common shooting. Sport cannot be measured by time; that's my idea of it.'

'And a very correct one, Bob,' replied Sir Francis. 'I have enjoyed these fifteen minutes over the turf at this splitting pace, more—ten times more—than I should the longest woodland run.'

'Come along then, Burnett,' exclaimed Mr. Beauchamp, and their horses heads were turned homewards. As the squire moved off, Sir Lionel shouted, 'Mind you dine with us to-morrow, Beauchamp, with Will and Constance.'

'Not likely to forget that, Markham,' was the response.

On their ride home they met Newman Butler galloping towards them, puffing and blowing like a grampus.

'Eh! well! Will Beauchamp, what have you done with him?' inquired the master of the harriers.

'Carrying him home, Newman,' pointing to the hounds with his whip.

'Ah, indeed! too fast for old Foreman—couldn't hold the pace; obliged to give in.'

'You are not singular, Newman,' replied Will Beauchamp; 'scores of others were told off as well as yourself, and are riding at this moment dispersed over the downs.'

CHAPTER V.

The dinner party at Barton Court the next evening consisted of nearly the same individuals we have before described as dining at Mr. Harcourt's, with the exception of Lord Mervyn's family, who sent excuses, in whose places we must substitute Newman Butler and Mr. Compton, of Brockley Park (the other member for that division of the county, also a great game preserver), with Mrs. Compton, a remarkably fine, handsome woman of about five-and-thirty, who had presented him with a goodly array of young olive branches around his table, the eldest of whom, a boy of fourteen, was then at Eton.

Under the presidency of Sir Lionel, at his own festive board, backed by the old squire of Bampton, formality was obliged to throw off her cold, freezing aspect, and even Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt thawed under the genial influence induced by the warm-hearted and jovial hospitality of the old baronet, now in his seventieth year, whose still tall, stately form, measuring over six feet in height, and fine open countenance, beaming with hilarity and good humor, presented the beau ideal of a true English gentleman, 'one of the olden time.' The squire of Bampton, although not so tall as his friend and contemporary, was cast nearly in the same mould, and very closely resembled Sir Lionel in disposition also.

Notwithstanding the tendency in this ill-assuming age to detract from the manners and merits of the old school of *squirearchy*, it would be well did the rising generation resemble more in essential points that which has passed away. What are the forward, flippant manners of the young men of the present day, and especially their pert behaviour to ladies, in comparison with the refined, respectful, and courtly demeanor of their fathers? The antics and airs of apes, or of a linen-draper's assistant, without even his politeness, instead of the conduct and bearing of gentlemen; and their language and conversation with ladies, what are they but a positive insult to any woman of chaste ideas?

To be Continued.

BULL BAITING.

**A THRILLING SPECTACLE AT SAN FRANCISCO—
DISGUSTING BRUTALITY—MEXICAN
FEROCITY ILLUSTRATED.**

From the San Francisco Chronicle, Nov 12

The announcement that a bull fight would be held at South San Francisco Park yesterday afternoon, drew a number of persons to that resort. Those who expected to witness a well-furnished Spanish bull fight, where a savage wild bull is turned loose in an amphitheatre to engage in mortal combat with professional matadores, were disappointed, as the bull was not fought, driven to frenzy by carts and finally killed after having gored a man or two to death, but was ridden like a horse or any other beast of burden. The vocation of the bull rider, or *jinete*, as he is called in Spanish, demands great coolness, agility and excellent horsemanship, while that of the bull fighter demands all these and daredevil bravery into the bargain. Still the *jinete*, coping single handed with savage bulls, as he does, is necessary a man of courage. The *jinete* does not kill the bull. He enters the arena, aggravates the animal with a scarlet banner, and when the beast is sufficiently infuriated the vaquero rides into the arena, lassoes the bull and throws him on the ground. The *jinete* then jumps on the bull's back and rides him until he is exhausted, then springs to the ground, vaults out to the arena, and the bull is returned to his pen. Thus it will be seen that the bull ride is a much more harmless amusement than a bull fight, where horses are often ripped open, picadores gored to death, and the entertainment is concluded by the slaughter of the bull by a matadore. The exhibition yesterday was a "ruse." The *jinete*, Ramon Chevarria, is a swarthy Mexican, forty-two years old, who is a bull rider by profession, having followed the vocation for twenty-three years. He is a short man, rather heavy set, with a stolid face, and his movements do not indicate much agility. Yet he is as active as a cat in the arena.

The bull was of Texas stock, which is noted for ferocity. The Texas animal is a cousin to the Spanish, but is larger and more savage, his horns sometimes measuring ten feet from tip to tip. The bull in question was a sinewy animal, ponderous but not unwieldy, and was chosen for his extreme viciousness. Several vaqueros were sent into a herd of seven Texas bulls, fresh from the sagebrush steppes of Nevada, and brought to this city in a band of cattle owned by Mr. Spreen, proprietor of the park. When the vaqueros entered the place where the bulls were kept, one of them instantly uttered a savage bellow and chased the Mexicans out of the enclosure. He was accordingly selected for the exhibition. A circular arena about twenty-five feet in diameter, surrounded by a tight board fence about eight feet high, was built for the encounter, and a small corral for the bull was constructed adjoining the arena. The bull was with difficulty enclosed in this corral in the morning and soon pawed the ground into a bog. At the approach of some curious person the animal would become enraged and charge upon him with ferocity, being kept in check, however, by the fence. For several hours he bellowed about his corral, shaking his massive head and throwing mud into the vicinity, and when the hour of exhibition arrived was worked up to a frenzy and thirsting to gore a victim.

At three o'clock Ramon Chevarria appeared, dressed in a flaming suit, consisting of bright red shirt and cap, green trunks and gaudy striped hose, and carrying a scarlet banner about three feet square, calculated to torment the beast to frenzy. He was accompanied by a vaquero named Lopez, and a chulo, or blanket man, to distract the attention of the beast from the rider when necessary. Chevarria sprang lightly into the arena, made his bow to the audience, among whom were several women, and called for his brute adversary. The gate between the amphitheatre and the pen was thrown open and the bull, with a fierce bellow, rushed into the arena, where Ramon, flaming in scarlet, calmly awaited him. The bull

crisis several vaqueros rushed in and succeeded in diverting the bull's attention for a moment, and the brutal butcher was dragged out of the arena more dead than alive, with his clothing in tatters and bleeding slightly from several bruises, but rescued from the fate he so richly deserved. All this time Ramon was mounted on the bull. He sat on the neck, facing the tail, with his legs clasped around the animal's throat and holding himself on by a rope placed like a scurrying circle around the brute's body. By this time the bull began to show the effects of the conflict. Blood was oozing from his mouth and nostrils, great patches of skin and flesh had been scraped off and the eye covered by the drunken butcher was swollen and bleeding. In vain he struggled to shake Ramon off; the *jinete* clung to him like a monkey, and after charging about the arena for a few moments terminated *toro* gave it up and stood motionless, glaring at the audience with Chevarria hanging to his neck like a scarlet excrescence. It now became necessary to divert the bull in order that Ramon might spring off his neck and escape. At this moment the gates were thrown open and a handsome coach dog, belonging in the neighborhood, trotted in and wagged his tail affectionately at the audience. It is not positively known that he was driven in by the Mexican to divert the bull's attention, but it is supposed that such is the case. Several men cried out to Justo Martinez, the Mexican in charge of the gate, to take the dog out or he would be killed, but the stolid attendant shook his head.

The dog was evidently a pet and was disposed to make friends with the bull, and trotted up to him wagging his tail, with good nature shining in his intelligent eyes. But the frenzied beast charged upon him, and the poor dog, astonished, darted aside. The bull now commenced a persistent chase after the affrighted dog, with Ramon still clinging to his neck. The dog, whinnying piteously, ran to the gate several times, but Martinez, with the cold cruelty characteristic of his race, inhumanly closed the door against him at the same time shaking the scarlet banner at the bull. Many of the audience denounced Martinez for his brutality and begged him to let the dog out of the gate, but the hard-hearted Mexican refused. The wretched dog presented a pitiful picture as he ran wildly about the arena, springing frantically against the gate, moaning and appealing to the audience with his expressive eyes, and with the implicable bull in hot pursuit. Finally the dog became bewildered and paralyzed with fear and amazement at not being assisted by the human beings around him and crouched against the wall. The bull drew back, lowered his head, and charging upon the suffering animal, crushed him against the wall with terrible force. The crunching of the dog's bones could be heard. He screamed with agony—not with the howl of a dog, but with a shriek like that of a terrified woman. The dog lay in a heap, crushed. The respectable portion of the audience became wild with indignation and cursed Justo Martinez in unmeasured terms. Captain Henry J. Burns, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals, now interfered and commanded Chevarria to stop the exhibition under pain of instant arrest. Ramon, who had by this time succeeded in escaping from the bull's neck, calmly assented. Captain Burns then arrested Justo Martinez for cruelty to animals in not allowing the dog to escape. Several Mexican's and hoodlums manifested a disposition to rescue Martinez, who struggled with Captain Burns and refused to go to the prison, but the stalwart Captain was not to be trifled with, and took his struggling prisoner to the City Hall.

COL BARNES' FIGHT WITH A BULL-DOG.

A sanguinary red bull-dog was one of the most marked features of the bench show, in the early part of the week. So abnormally savage was this creature that his food was always thrown to him from a convenient distance, and his drink pushed within his reach by means of a long pole. He was in a state of sullen fury from the moment he

HORSE-SHOING.

In a state of nature, or in soft soil, the crust, bars, frog and sole all assist in supporting the weight of the animal, and perhaps in the same proportion as the order in which we have mentioned them. If it were possible, therefore, to invent a shoe that would enable these parts to support weight in the same proportion as in a state of nature, this would certainly be the best shoe that could be applied. This, however, seems to be unpracticable, inasmuch as it is necessary, in consequence of its durability, to apply an unyielding metal. We are therefore obliged to select that part which can best support the weight, and bear with the least injury the insertion of nails. This part is the crust, which in a state of nature supports the greater part of the weight, it is on the smooth, hard road is obliged, with occasional exceptions, to support the whole. It is impossible, therefore, to afford the shoe that moderate degree of pressure that would be useful, and therefore we are constrained to remove it from the pressure altogether.

It is needless to observe how much the preservation of horses' feet depends on the careful and skillful application of the shoe independently of its being constructed on other principles. Many horses, with very bad and weak feet, are enabled to go sound for years by this combination of care and skill, whilst with bungling hands a single shoeing would suffice to lame them. It requires considerable tact to fit a shoe properly on a bad weak foot, so as to save the weakest parts and economize the horn. It is very common, when an attempt at neatness is aimed at, to find the heels considerably too short, and corns produced in consequence. At other times the upper surface of the heels of the shoe present a rough depression in the middle, with coarse projections too on each side. This is done in rendering the heels of the shoe narrower than the other parts, and is a fruitful cause of corns. We often see the outside heel of the shoe considerable within the crust, and the inside heel without it, from improper fitting; at other times, the upper surface of the shoe is extremely rough and irregular, pressing too hard on some parts, and not at all on others, the nail holes perhaps in the middle of the shoe, and carried very near the heels. These are a few of the faults often exhibited in shoeing.

To fit a shoe properly, it ought to be made perfectly flat on the anvil, the foot surface having been rendered as smooth as possible; in this state it may be applied hot, though not red hot, to the foot for a few seconds, when the parts that are above the level are affected by the heat, and should be reduced. Some persons object to the application of the hot shoe to the foot, but their grounds for objections are more imaginary than real. If the shoe be not too hot, or too long applied, we can see no evil likely to follow, and it certainly enables the smith to get a good and equal bearing for the shoe. The circumference of the shoe ought to correspond exactly with that of the foot; for the want of which it often happens that much horn is unnecessarily cut away, and the natural shape of the hoof destroyed. The shoes should bear lightly on the heels, particularly on the inside of the fore feet, and should extend about a third of its width outside the horn at this part, so as to allow for the expansion and the growth of the foot. In the hind feet care must be taken that the shoe does not project beyond the crust on the inside, but should be rather kept within it, so as to avoid cutting or interfering.

However well a shoe might have been fitted it will not answer for its purpose, unless properly nailed on. There is a great difference in this respect, even in men that have had the same opportunities. A bungling hand will perhaps nail the shoe on, however well fitted, with one nail too much without, and the other too much within the crust, in driving his nails, he may make several attempts at each nail before he succeeds, thus perforating the crust unnecessarily, and weakening it considerably; or, he may drive the nails too high up, so that they are altogether buried in the crust; or too near the sensitive part, so as to occasion lameness; or he may fasten the shoe on so insecurely that it comes off in a short time; or he may nail it on with such force (draw it too tight) so as to lame the horse. A good shoer avoids all these faults, nailing on the shoe firmly, expeditiously, and cautiously; and he exhibits a superiority to the bungler both in the head and in the hand, and we doubt not, possesses in the latter a firmer sensation of touch. These remarks are written for the purpose of guiding the reader in the selection of a proper blacksmith.—*Prairie Farmer.*

A HOT "COLD DECK."

In the early days of California, when the miners were digging bushels of money out of the gulches and hills, Reddy & Andrews, (Tom Andrews, who is well known here and in the mining towns of California) owned immensely rich diggings in Forest City, Sierra county. They frequently cleaned up from \$20,000 to \$30,000. When a clean-up was made one of these partners would take the dust down to San Francisco to the mint.

In making these trips they generally took turns. It was their habit to stop over night in Sacramento, and take the boat the next afternoon, at 2 o'clock, for San Francisco. When Andrews came down to Sacramento he frequently did battle with the tiger, but Reddy a strong man was p-ker. Three aces was his big hand. When he held three aces he would bet his bet ten dollars. This was well known among the sports.

On one occasion Reddy had been playing all night with some of the Sacramento sports, and in the morning quit \$500 ahead of the game. The sports—Charley Dawson among the number—did not much relish his getting away with the coin, and concluded, "just for the fun of the thing," as they told Reddy, to take a little run down to the "Bay."

The boat had not proceeded far down the river before, as the most natural thing in the world, a poker game was started. In the game were Reddy, Foster (hotel keeper from one of the southern mining counties) and Charley Dawson and two other sports.

A job had been put up to "raise" a "cold deck" and give Reddy his favorite hand of three aces. The game proceeded, and at the proper time Dawson "raised" the deck.

The cards were dealt and Reddy got his three aces, Dawson three kings, and the others indifferent hands. In the draw Dawson got the other king. Reddy drew two cards, but having his three aces he felt strong enough to fight an army, and did not pick up or look at the two cards drawn.

Betting began and Foster and the two sports that were with Dawson did not come in.

Having four kings, and being confident that Reddy had but his three aces, Dawson went in strong; and, having his three aces, Reddy felt that nothing could whip him. He was so sure that he paid no attention to the cards gotten in the draw.

The betting was red hot, and most of the loungers about the boat were gathered around the two men, watching the game with breathless interest.

Among the lookers-on was "Domingo Joo," a nervous, restless little sport, who was Dawson's friend and chum. Joo was skipping back and forth in his restless way, peeping over the shoulders of the two men as their cards as often as an opportunity offered, his eyes sparkling with excitement. He felt quite confident that the cards had been properly "stocked," yet he would have given much for a peep at those Reddy had not yet picked up.

Seven thousand dollars had already been bet, and finally as a stumper Dawson went \$2,000 better, Reddy promptly "saw the raise," and said, "I go you another \$2,000 better." Quite absent minded he then picked up the two cards that had all the time been lying unnoticed by his side.

The wazel eye of "Domingo Joo" detected the other ace as the cards were lifted, and an ashy pallor spread over his visage—it was as though he had been stricken by death.

He almost instantly recovered his self-possession, however, and thrusting both hands into his trousers pockets, he sheered off from the party, and carelessly sauntering up and down the boat, began singing

"And the other fell in, too, boys,
And the other fell in there, too."

This was enough for Dawson. The words of Joo's pretended song came to his ears as a death knell. He turned pale, then red, threw down his cards and said: "Take it all, I squeal!"

As Reddy raked down the whole pile he threw a glance around at the faces of the crowd of silent spectators and sang, as though the words of "Domingo Joo" and just reached his ears:

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THE PROFESSION OF TRAINING TROTTERS.

There is a good deal of column attached to the business of training and driving trotters, partly

merits entitle them at all with the law, a voice in framing the laws which govern their governing code, there would be less anxiety for such a rigid surveillance, since they are recognized as having some influence at the odds are long that they will be able to make them they are under the present persuasion. We have heard it argued that to give them a voice in the law-making, and especially to see since that they were elected by the president and secretaries of the various associations would be to put the whole of the trotting spirit of the country. We think differently, and that if the put he placed a higher estimate upon it, in they would feel that they had more character to protect. It would be that a dishonest driver would start his companions as a tricky merchant or fraudulent banker does with the squareness of the Chamber of Commerce and the Exchange and his associates would urge his utter banishment, and insist that he never be permitted to play the game with the public again. Nine-tenths of them will endeavor to live up to the higher estimate, the other one be forced outside.

TYPOS AS ACTORS

THE THEATRICAL PEOPLE WHO BEGAN LIFE IN THE TYPING OFFICE.

"Printers" did you say remarked Steve Robson inquiring a few nights ago, as he was his way to a Boston train. "Why, my dear fellow, all our leading actors have worked with a stick and rule at the case. It's the most natural thing in the world for printers to become actors and for writers and players to rub elbows together."

"How do you reason at your theory?" "Setting type is composition. A printer couldn't write an ungrammatical sentence or tried. So with writers. Writing is but another word for acting. Both are the literature of thought, if you will allow the expression. It's art; and it's the most natural thing in the world, I should fancy, for printers to draft for the case to the stage or the editorial pastime."

"Who of the actors of the present day are printers by trade?"

"Let me see," said Mr. Robson, musingly. "There's J. H. Stoddard, one of our best men," he was a typo, and a good one too. Then there's Montague of Wallack's. I wouldn't think to see him bowing up Fifth Avenue behind his span of bang-tailed thoroughbreds that he was once a printer."

"Is that so?" queried the reporter. "I heard that he was in some way connected with a nobleman, and that he has had the exceptional advantages of good surroundings and a university education."

"You've been misinformed, my boy. Montague, the gallant that half Murray Hill is trying its heart over, was typo setter on the Edison Era, and that not a very remote period either. Then there's Harry Gray and Clarence Barrett, both were printers. Barrett is an humble origin, but he has been a tailor, and is now one of the best real-estate in the profession."

John Moore, of the Fifth Avenue theater, is another typo. Joe Jefferson, the best actor of modern times, once carried bread at the case. So did that capital one, W. H. Crane, as William Warren, of Boston, and Charles Burke, of Philadelphia. Of the actors who achieved world-wide fame, W. E. Burton and James W. Wallack, Jr., are due to the craft. John L. Braxton was a typographer. So was your humble servant, but I think I have Neil Bryant was a fly boy, and I saw Barney Williams was once Steve Fiske of the Fifth Avenue theater, had something to do with the newspapers, but I am not certain that he was ever employed in a composing room."

Joro Hamilton, another good actor, was a printer for years. I had almost forgotten Charles Fisher. He used to stock type on race horse. Not long ago he told me he went into a printing office for the first time thirty years. He said he found the situation all the boxes readily, except the receptacle of the interrogation marks; and that he was to know what the mischief I was doing to the N. Y. Sun.

WAS NOT AT THE DOG SHOW

The Virginia City Chronicle man laments lost opportunity. He says: "It is a great regret to the staff of the Chronicle that Fleabite was not one of the attractively beautiful specimens of the breed which were shown at the dog show."

business. Several vaqueros were sent into a herd of seven Texas bulls, fresh from the sagebrush steppes of Nevada and brought to this city in a band of cattle owned by Mr. Spreen, proprietor of the park. When the vaqueros entered the place where the bulls were kept, one of them instantly uttered a savage bellow and chased the Mexicans out of the enclosure. He was accordingly selected for the exhibition. A circular arena about twenty-five feet in diameter, surrounded by a tight board fence about eight feet high, was built for the encounter, and a small corral for the bull was constructed adjoining the arena. The bull was with difficulty enclosed in this corral in the morning and soon pawed the ground into a bog. At the approach of some curious person the animal would become enraged and charge upon him with ferocity, being kept in check, however, by the fence. For several hours he bellowed about his corral, shaking his massive head and throwing mud into the vicinity, and when the hour of exhibition arrived was worked up to a frenzy and thirsting to gore a victim.

At three o'clock Ramon Chevarria appeared, dressed in a flaming suit, consisting of bright red shirt and cap, green trunks and gaudy striped hose, and carrying a scarlet banner about three feet square, calculated to torment the beast to frenzy. He was accompanied by a vaqueto named Lopez, and a chulo, or blanket man, to distract the attention of the beast from the rider when necessary. Chevarria sprang lightly into the arena, made his bow to the audience, among whom were several women, and called for his brute adversary. The gate between the amphitheatre and the pen was thrown open and the bull, with a fierce bellow, rushed into the arena, where Ramon, flaming in scarlet, calmly awaited him. The bull tossed his head in amazement at Ramon's audacity, saw his red regalia, and, with another bellow of rage, lowered his head and charged furiously upon the scarlet man. The latter stepped aside and the bull encountered the fence with a mighty shock. Turning, he espied Ramon close by, and drawing back for a short run, thundered upon him. Again Ramon calmly stepped aside, but the bull remembered the previous ruse and followed him up. After two or three darts about the arena the furious beast got Ramon up against the wall, and, lowering his head, dealt a mighty blow. Ramon seemed cornered and a cry of alarm arose from the audience, but the *jinete* had been in the same position many times before, and knew how to act. As the bull lowered his head, before tossing Ramon on his horns, the Mexican deftly threw the scarlet banner over his eyes. This blinded *toro*, and Chevarria, slipping under his neck, sprang into the middle of the arena while the bull, shaking the aggravating banner from his head, started at Ramon in chagrin, amazement and rage. This performance was repeated several times, to the intense delight of the audience. The bull could never impale the *jinete*, and consequently became worked up to a frenzy. Finally Lopez and a fellow vaquero rode into the arena and threw the lasso around *toro's* horns and another around a hind leg.

The bull was then thrown to the ground, and the *jinete* sprang upon his back. At this moment a drunken German butcher, having become inflamed by whiskey and the spectacle, jumped down into the arena despite the appeals of the audience, and with contemptible brutality endeavored to pluck one of the bull's eyes from its socket. He succeeded in tearing the ball partially out, when the bull, roaring with pain, struggled to his feet with a mighty effort, throwing the human brute to the ground. The latter sprang to his feet to escape, but too late; the brute, with Ramon clinging to his neck for dear life, lowered his head and tossed his blackguard tormentor several feet into the air. As the butcher fell the bull caught him on his horns and tossed him again. At this

point with his explosive eyes, and with the implacable bull in hot pursuit. Finally the dog became bewildered and paralyzed with fear and amazement at not being assisted by the human beings around him and crouched against the wall. The bull drew back, lowered his head, and charging upon the suffering animal, crushed him against the wall with terrible force. The crunching of the dog's bones could be heard. He screamed with agony—not with the howl of a dog, but with a shriek like that of a terrified woman. The dog lay in a heap, crushed. The respectable portion of the audience became wild with indignation and cursed Justo Martinez in unmeasured terms. Captain Henry J. Burns, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals, now interfered and commanded Chevarria to stop the exhibition under pain of instant arrest. Ramon, who had by this time succeeded in escaping from the bull's neck, calmly assented. Captain Burns then arrested Justo Martinez for cruelty to animals in not allowing the dog to escape. Several Mexican and hoodlums manifested a disposition to rescue Martinez, who struggled with Captain Burns and refused to go to the prison, but the stalwart Captain was not to be trifled with, and took his struggling prisoner to the City Hall.

COL BARNES' FIGHT WITH A BULL-DOG.

A sanguinary red bull-dog was one of the most marked features of the bench show, in the early part of the week. So abnormally savage was this creature that his food was always thrown to him from a convenient distance, and his drink pushed within his reach by means of a long pole. He was in a state of sullen fury from the moment he arrived at the Pavilion, and made numerous furious attempts to break his powerful chain and attack the other dogs and spectators. On Thursday afternoon, while Col. W. H. L. Barnes was standing about the middle of the hall, a terrific outcry was heard in the direction of the bull-dog department. The red dog referred to had, in some way, slipped his collar and seized a small child, the daughter of Enos Rockley, the lumber merchant, whom it was apparently tearing to pieces. There was probably no one of the group of gentlemen referred to lacking in physical courage; but the two things every man shrinks from tackling unarmed are a rattlesnake and a bull-dog. However, Col. Barnes instantly rushed forward and seized the canine demon by the throat. Fortunately the beast's fangs contained more of the child's dress than its flesh, and by tearing the former the gentleman released the girl from her dangerous position, and with only a bad looking flesh wound. The scene that followed was horribly exciting. The doubly enraged dog turned with terrific snarls upon the colonel, who held him with both hands by the throat. The animal weighed over fifty pounds and was unusually powerful, and after an exhausting struggle the colonel, who is fortunately an exceptionally strong man, found his only chance was to hold the dog bodily up from the floor at arm's length. All this time a messenger had been dispatched to obtain a pistol from a Mission street saloon, there being none among the bystanders. At the critical moment this arrived, and the muzzle being inserted into the ear of the foaming brute his canine intellect was disturbed rather unpleasantly over the clothes of the spectators. "How do you feel, Colonel?" was asked as the dog stopped kicking. "I feel," said that distinguished lawyer, as he held up his still cramped and livid hands, "I feel like a little brandy."—*San Francisco Press*.

Moody and Saukey never go to Africa or to other uncomfortable countries. They work in neighborhoods where the people put plenty of meat into their mince pies.

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LUCK

Some people are fond of denying that there is any such thing as "luck," but, be that as it may, there certainly are persons to whom what seems like good fortune comes. Col. Green Wilkinson gave a seat in his pew in London to an old gentleman who left him \$40,000 a year. A young Bostonian crossed to England three years ago, and got into conversation with an elderly gentleman, who observed that he found they had the same name. It turned out that they were second cousins. The elder had gone to California in his early days, made a vast fortune, and entirely lost sight of his relatives. That chance meeting gave the young Bostonian a fortune of between two and three millions. Two ladies had a box at the opera in London. An old man opposite bored them dreadfully by perpetually "lognetting" them. The scene came to an end, and they thought no more about him. One day a year afterward, a solicitor called on one of the ladies, Lady Francis Bruce, and told her that an old gentleman, Mr. W., had left her property worth several thousand a year. "Never heard of the man," she said, "must be a mistake." "Very extraordinary," replied the solicitor. Suddenly a happy thought struck him. "He lies in his coffin in St. John street, close by at Banting's, the great undertaker, will you come and see him?" She went. It was the old lognetter. And it is said he left it to her under a mistake, after all, having intended leaving it to her friend, whom, and not Lady Francis, he admired, but was misinformed as to the names of the ladies. And to give one more quite recent instance. A young New Yorker went to San Francisco to seek the fortune which so many have failed to find. He got a poor clerkship, and had to be thankful for that. One evening at a place of entertainment he watched a game of cards, saw that an elderly Englishman was being cheated, exposed the fraud, and had a tussle with the cheat. The Englishman has presented him with \$20,000 to start him in business, and there is every prospect that more is to come.

Deer are very plentiful above the Matta w this fall, and on the Bonnechero. Seventeen large and small animals were captured in a few days by Mr. Patrick Tracy, of Pembroke, and two gentlemen from Portage-du-Fort.

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THE PROFESSION OF TRAINING TROTTERS.

There is a good deal of odium attached to the business of training and driving trotters, partly owing to the actions of a few engaged in it, partly in the manner in which they are held by the associations which have this sport under their care.

Not being allowed to aid in establishing laws which are framed mainly for their government it is not strange that they do not regard them with the same spirit as they would if they were consulted, and the manifest intention to keep them subordinate to the associations and tracks, is galling to those who think about it.

The trainers and drivers are more interested in the rules than any other class belonging to the sports of the tracks, and to most of them the question of proper management is of more importance than anything else. They are bound and helpless, and a wrong sentence or penalty is beyond their endeavors, in many instances, to overcome. They are as completely ignored as though they were utterly unworthy and to ignorant to have a voice in the management. There is little *esprit de corps* among them, and very little good feeling towards each other. Although this is not entirely chargeable to the position they occupy, it has a good deal to do with it, and if they were more of a power they would require less restraint.

The good would come to the fire, the bad would be compelled to give way. When a higher valuation was put on those engaged in the business, the standard would be higher. To train horses and drive them in the best manner is quite an art, and though some acquire celebrity who never study or read, it is by an inherent adaptability, and in spite of their drawbacks. We have called it a profession, and it is well worthy of the title, for he who gives it the attention it is worthy of, will find oftentimes something as puzzling as a knotty question in law or an intricate case in medicine. There is a continued requirement for thought, and a continued prying into cause and effect. The pupil has to be taught, and at the same time a careful guard kept that his exercises do not interfere with his health or the soundness of his frame. To a person who gives it much thought, it is a fascinating pursuit, and he is loath to give it up as long as he can make it yield even a moderate return in the way of pecuniary recompense. Were there a more certain remuneration, and a better appreciation of the respectability of the business there would be less of a temptation to do wrong.

By giving those trainers who are worthy the opportunity of taking such a position as their

at advantages. It is a very difficult and a very difficult one.

You've been using my boy, M. tague, the gallant that half-Mexican hit is, taking his heart over, was type better in the London Era, and that not a very good one either. Then there's Harry Gray and Lawrence Barrett, both were printers. Barrett a humble origin, but he has been a star, and is now one of the best men in the profession. John Moore, of the Fifth Avenue theater, is another type. Joe Jefferson, the best actor of modern times, once carried the bread at the case. So did that capital one, Dan W. H. Cane, as William Warren, of the Fifth Avenue theater, and Charles Burke, of Philadelphia. Of the actors who achieved world-wide fame, William E. Burton and James W. Wallack, Jr., were the craft. John Parole was a comedian, or so was your humble servant, but I think I have a better printer than I am an actor. I have Neil Bryant was a fly boy, and I am sure Barney Williams was one. Steve Fiske, of the Fifth Avenue theater, had a nothing to do with the newspapers, but I am not certain he was ever employed in a composing room. He adores Hamilton, another good actor, was a printer for years. I had almost forgotten Charles Fisher. He used to stick type like a race horse. Not long ago he told me that he went into a printing office for the first time in thirty years. He said he found the situation of all the boxes ready, except the receptacle for the interrogation marks, and that he wanted to know what the mischief I was doing there. N. Y. Sun.

WAS NOT AT THE DOG SHOW.

The Virginia City Chronicle man laments a lost opportunity. He says: "It is a matter of regret to the staff of the Chronicle that our dog Fleabite was not one of the attractions at the bench show in San Francisco. Fleabite has been before described in these columns as a triangular cross between a rat terrier, a Friskee mosquito and a Kansas grasshopper. He is a mongrel pup of uncertain pedigree, and, not unlike many other dogs on the Comstock, labor under the embarrassment of suspecting their every dog he meets is his own father, and, like Japhet, his life is a prolonged hunt for his dad. When it comes to qualities of pluck, however, he is a dog that has no existing superior. Although ill bred and very coarse in his make up, he is a regular Bayard or perhaps more of a Richard Our de Lion than anything else—but still a dog of unexampled grit. Although not more than five inches high, he has consuetudined himself the guardian of four large bird dogs, two Newfoundlanders and a big Maltese cat kept about the office, and if a strange dog attempts the slightest familiarity with his wards he flies up like a game cock, stiffens his tail vertically and tackles the invader at once. He fears nothing that wears hair, and has been known to rush out and attack a passing quartz wagon with twelve full grown mules, putting them to flight down Taylor street. Yesterday he took occasion to raid on a two horse power Gordon press which was laboring in the vineyard of the hotel by printing handbills for a church festival. He tried to jump between two spokes of the fly wheel while it was making about 240 revolutions per minute, but he didn't succeed very well. He was sent whizzing across the room, and came in violent collision with the opposite wall. His head is now much enlarged, and the west extension gives a very good idea of the power which lies in a well-regulated job press. It is hard to tell at a distance which is the dog and which is the head. The latter has the call so far as size is concerned."

No Excuse for Any One being Out of Employment.—Our attention has been called to some new and useful household inventions recently patented by L. E. Brown, of Cincinnati, Ohio, which make housekeeping a pleasure, instead of a dreaded necessity. They have been having a large sale for them throughout the United States, and now wish to introduce them through the Dominion of Canada, and offer good rewards to any lady or gentleman canvassers an opportunity seldom met with for making money rapidly. For terms and territory write at once to L. E. Brown & Co., 214 and 216 Elm Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.



The Gentleman's Journal

TORONTO FRIDAY DEC 7, 1877

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

All communications intended for the "Sporting Times" should be addressed to COLLINS & Co., Sporting Times, 90 King St. W. of our office. The writer is not responsible for the contents of any advertisement.

Advertisements, notices, &c., should be sent to the Proprietors, Collins & Co., 90 King St. West, Toronto, Ontario.

Are respectfully informed, that all Correspondents of this Journal, who are supplied with a card of admission, will be allowed to sign by the proprietors of this paper, with a punch stamp of a horse's head upon the right upper corner, and dated Oct. 1st, 1877, each card good for three months. No person is authorized to use any other emblem on our behalf. Managers will save themselves from imposition by demanding an exhibition of said card, and refusing to accept any except what 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 SIGNATURE NEGATIVE.

DATES CLAIMED FOR 1878.
CANADIAN

Oshawa.....May 24
Clinton.....May 23 to 24

AMERICAN

RACING MEETINGS.

Charleston, S. C.....Feb 5 to 9
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TROTTING

Freeport, Ill.....May 30 to June 2
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Warren, Ohio.....July 3 to 5
Tuldo, O.....July 16 to 19
Cleveland, O.....July 23 to 26
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A CONTEMPLATED CHANGE.

The practical working of a law or rule will show its weak point if it has any. The most singular circumstances are almost sure to take place—contingencies that entirely escaped the attention of the framers. Loop holes are discovered which were supposed to have no existence, and cases arise for which no provisions have been made. The test of time shows the law requires amendment, addition, or possibly annulment. What may have been considered perfectly suitable and adapted for the requirements a decade ago, is now a source of protection to the law-breaker, instead of being a regulator and a guide to the maintenance of justice—the idea of its originators. The people change, and to keep pace with the increased contingencies which are created by innovations, it is possible that our laws should undergo such revision as to make them as consistent with the requirements of to-day, as they were supposed to cover all the possible grounds of omission or commission, when they were first handed to us and accepted as a guide. A law that can be defied in its spirit, if not in its letter, had better have no existence; and when its enactments favor the darker side of human nature in its iniquitous workings instead of aiding to protect the welfare of the commonwealth, it is high time it should be relegated to the shades of oblivion, where it will meet with suitable interment never to annoy, even by its spirit, those who are laboring for the general good. The same principle that governs and makes laws for our people, should actuate those who have the controlling influence of turf matters in their hands, and the character of legislation required and changes demanded are as equally apparent in the one case as the other. The measure can be applied similarly in both instances.

It is an axiom of criminal law that a man is innocent until he is proved guilty. How this has worked in practice it is unnecessary to recite. This principle, no doubt, was the foundation of the rule found in our trotting laws, by which protests against ineligible horses are governed. Under the present law the onus of proof is thrown on the party making the protest, and a reasonable time is allowed him to furnish evidence to maintain the objection he has taken. Failing to do this the case goes by default. Equitable as this proceeding may appear, it is open to very serious objection, and has been the means of favoring some of the greatest frauds with which the turf has been cursed. In the United States the demand for a change in this rule has been strongly urged. While it may have been suitable, at a time when the number of horses of this class was limited, it is loudly asserted it has outlived its usefulness. Instances are shown where it has been a source of comfort to the outlaws of the turf, and worked serious injury to the honest horseman—the deserving subject of our support.

The procedure under the rule makes it extremely difficult to establish the charge of fraud which is embodied in the protest; the too frequent result of which is that the offender gets off scot free—while the deserving owner has his trouble for his pains. That there is something wrong in this is manifest, and the determination of our laws should be to protect the innocent and punish the offender. For many years the law has been in force, and it is time to consider a change.

them off the turf, or compel them to trot in the classes in which they belong. Every dollar of money won by a parasite of this class is deliberately and with ill-conceived intent stolen from some deserving and honest horseman. Legislation can not be made too strict to keep them in their places, and although it might be considered utopian to expect a law which in practice, would cover the whole ground and abate the nuisance with one stretch of its powerful arm; still good results might certainly be expected from an amendment which would throw the onus of proof on the man above all others, who should be acquainted with the history of the horse in question. Under any circumstances the exertions of the protestor need not be relaxed, and the statement of the owner might prove of material assistance in arriving at the truth of the matter. The purse money could be retained for a reasonable time to enable the assertions of the owner of the protested horse to be enquired into, and if his statements were found to be incorrect, it would be strong *prima facie* evidence of the ineligibility of the horse, when the managers of the track could govern themselves accordingly. It is a perplexing question to handle, but the course suggested looks worthy of a trial. At all events it is probable several Associations in Canada will adopt the principle next season, that where a horse is protested in a race, it will devolve upon his owner to establish his identity and eligibility. In this manner it is thought the way of the transgressors will be made hard, but not more so than they deserve. If losses and trouble have to be incurred, it is much preferable they should be borne by those to whom they rightly belong, than that the burden should be shifted to the shoulders of the deserving, who all along have been doing their work properly, and without giving cause of complaint.

A COMING STRUGGLE.

HANLAN, COURTNEY, TRICKETT, BOYD, HIGGINS, MORRIS, RILEY.

Already the probabilities for 1878 are being eagerly discussed in aquatic circles. The intimation conveyed in the *resume* of Trickett's *def.*, furnished by a Boston correspondent, has excited the scullers and their friends on this continent up to fever heat. If it should prove that Trickett's challenge is *bona fide*, there is no doubt he can get a match in this country without going out of Canada. But so far no evidence has presented itself to establish the genuineness of the proposal alleged to have been so fairly made by the Australian. The New York *Clipper*, who was named as stakeholder and to select a referee, has been reticent in the matter, and nothing has appeared in its columns to leave the impression that it has had any communication from Trickett at all. This looks singular and leads to the thought that possibly Trickett is innocent of the proposition which has created so much *furor* in America, and there is a probability that it was manufactured out of whole cloth by some industrious cavalier of the pen on the other side of the water. But, admitting that Trickett's challenge lacks the essential element to make it worthy of our oarsmen's notice, the outlook for a busy season in 1878 is quite promising enough to satisfy the most ambitious.

AN INTERESTING BETTING CASE.

It is so very seldom a betting case comes before our courts, that a report of it proves of interest to our readers. In the statement of the one given below, it will be seen the judge's decision was to the effect that side bets must follow the main stakes—otherwise, that the decision of the judges or referee of the event is the basis upon which money posted on any sporting matter must be paid over. As reported by a correspondent to a contemporary, the facts are as follows:—

The case came up before the Court at Halifax, N.S., on Nov. 20, and caused considerable interest among betting men, a large number of wagers in that community depending on the decision. The stakeholder, a Mr. Muir, was made the defendant in the action, the plaintiff, McRooney, having deposited with him \$300 against \$100 deposited by one Dawson—the plaintiff having backed the English crew at Philadelphia against the Halifax crew. It will be remembered that the Halifax crew were first to the winning-bout, but were set back for an alleged foul, and the race and first money awarded to the Johnny Bulls. On this the question of the payment of the bet hinged. The defence of the defendant was that the race was fairly won by the Halifaxians, and that the decision of the referee, Curtiss, was unjust and unfair; the plaintiff contended that the implied, if not positively stated, understanding was that the money wagered should follow the main stakes, and the English crew having been adjudged the first money, the stake money should be paid over to him. From the line of defence pursued it would appear that the defendant (who was evidently acting in the suit as the representative of the backer of the Halifax crew,) endeavored to establish as a point that the wager was made on the *race*, that is, according to the interpretation of the defence, *first past the stake-boat*, without any reference to the decision of the referee in the matter. Considerable contradictory evidence was taken on this point especially. The learned Judge, after summing up the evidence submitted on both sides, gave his verdict for the plaintiff for \$400, the total amount of the stakes. This legal decision apparently goes a long way to establish the principle that the ruling of the referee or judges in a sporting event will be respected in our courts of law.

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Already some of our Racing Associations are making the preliminary arrangements for their spring meetings of 1878. It will be seen by reference to our advertising columns and dates claimed, that the Oshawa and Clinton Associations have put in claims for the Queen's Birthday. This is a pretty good exhibit for this day at such an early date, and doubtless before the grass shows green the announcements of meetings to be held that day will be almost universal throughout the country. Woodstock, in all probability, will as usual hold its inaugural gathering for the year on that day, while the majority of the multitudinous small tracks scattered throughout the land will hang up a bill of some kind or another for the opening of the season, showing at the same time their enterprise and their loyalty. The result of which will be a great many failures, and

Sporting Gossip.

There was a five-mile trot at Seneca Falls, N. Y., on Nov. 20, between Hattie Fisher and Capt. Kidd, the latter said to be from Canada. The mare won in 13:34. The stakes were \$200.

Senator Morrissey thinks that Savannah is a fine spot. Yes; it's bowers also are very nice, especially that right bower.

The Clinton, Ont., Driving Park Association (incorporated by Act of Parliament) announce May 23 and 24, 1878, as the dates for their Spring meeting. It is the intention to give about \$1,500 in premiums for running and trotting.

By order of the Dayton, Ohio, Association, a driver named H. P. Kelly, belonging to Cynthiana, Ky., has been suspended for a year for protesting a horse without cause. The protest rule is a two-edged sword.

A Kentucky rural paper fills up four columns with an account of a wrestling match, and even then doesn't complete it. The New York Commercial Advertiser remarks that "the wrestle be told in the next issue."

A valuable thoroughbred mare is advertised for sale in to-day's paper. We know the owner will sell her cheap, and any person wanting a mare of this description should make immediate application, as she will be eagerly picked up.

Mr. Sam. Grigg, the well-known horseman of London, has purchased the Royal Hotel at Wingham. The price was \$6,000.

Edward Garson, a horse-dealer of New York, was charged before the Court of General Sessions in that city last week with the offence of exhibiting a horse affected with glanders at the horse market on 74th street. Recorder Hackett commented severely on the serious nature of the offence, and sentenced Garson to six months imprisonment in the Penitentiary.

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The two-year-old colt King Dods, by King Tom, dam Lottie B., is now in Dr Thomas' stable at Guelph. He is thought to be one of the most promising candidates

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3. The Courts have decided, that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and having them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

We have on our books a large amount of money due us for subscriptions. We have been particularly indulgent to our friends and patrons, and trust they will see the necessity of promptly remitting their indebtedness in this respect. As the issue and collection of drafts is a pecuniary loss to us of some moment, it is hoped that those who are indebted for subscription will remit without outailing on us the trouble and expense of individual drafts. We make this broad appeal in the fullest confidence of a ready response.

Everything used about a printing office is cash, and to meet the weekly drain on our exchequer we are compelled to ask payment of outstanding obligations. Our expenses naturally increase as the winter approaches, and as most of our subscription accounts are far past due—our terms being *in advance*—we feel no dehcay in making the request for prompt remittance. Many of our readers are a couple of years in default, and their remittances will greatly assist us and place us under renewed obligations.

How this has worked in practice it is unnecessary to cite. This principle, no doubt, was the foundation of the rule found in our trotting laws, by which protests against ineligible horses are governed. Under the present law the onus of proof is thrown on the party making the protest, and a reasonable time is allowed him to furnish evidence to maintain the objection he has taken. Failing to do this the case goes by default. Equitable as this proceeding may appear, it is open to very serious objection, and has been the means of favoring some of the greatest frauds with which the turf has been cursed. In the United States the demand for a change in this rule has been strongly urged. While it may have been suitable, at a time when the number of horses of this class was limited, it is loudly asserted it has outlived its usefulness. Instances are shown where it has been a source of comfort to the outlaws of the turf, and worked serious injury to the honest horseman—the deserving subject of our support.

The procedure under the rule makes it extremely difficult to establish the charge of fraud which is embodied in the protest; the too frequent result of which is that the offender gets off scot free—while the deserving owner has his trouble for his pains. That there is something wrong in this is manifest, and the determination of our laws should be to protect the innocent and punish the offending. But just how this is to be accomplished is the sphinx which remains to be solved.

As the party to be primarily benefitted it has been advanced that when a horse is protested, it should be the duty of the owner or the person in charge of such entry to establish to the satisfaction of the judges, that his nomination is eligible for the class in which he has been entered, and furnish them with such information as not to leave a shadow of doubt on their minds as to the propriety of letting such horse start. It is assumed if a man has a horse that is all correct in his record, he can have no possible objection to giving his full history, so as to render a fraud in the highest degree impossible. Although in some cases this might work to individual disadvantage, still in the long run it is thought that the greater interest would be conserved. Should this amendment be adopted by the Board of Appeals of the National Association, at present in session, it would work quite a revolution among the "ringer" classes. Their occupation to a great extent would be gone. The trouble of giving a straight record to a crooked horse would be hedged around with such difficulties as to make the business rather unprofitable, and as a consequence it would not be pursued to the same extent as the past season has shown. It must be admitted the weight of favor should be dispensed to horsemen who are known to be right, in preference to extending misjudged leniency to an entry which is not of unquestionable antecedents. The tendency of legislation is to protect the good and punish the bad, and there is no section of our trotting code that requires amendment more than the rule in regard to protests. So much harm has been done to the institution by the incursion of ringers, that no means should be left undone to drive

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The form of the Union Springs hero—Courtney—looms up quite prominent as a candidate for the highest honors in the shell. Morris will have to defend his claim to the so-called championship title, or forfeit his interest in that direction. Riley is a graduate from whom trouble may be anticipated; the very flattering manner in which he acquitted himself with Courtney in his races in the Fall promising something more than ordinary for the approaching season. Hanlan, our Canadian representative, stands prepared to stand or fall on his merits, and his friends are quite confident of his abilities in any match he may engage in. So that if we have no one else but the American quartette of stars—Hanlan, Courtney, Morris, and Riley—the exhibition will not be a tame one.

But from across the Atlantic word comes through a private source that Higgins or Boyd—or maybe both of them—has expressed a desire to visit this country next summer and measure strength with our best representatives. They will be heartily welcomed, and if successful they will have no cause to regret their trip. It is intimated they would like to have a match arranged in this country before they leave the white cliffs of Albion behind them. It is likely more will be heard of this matter, but it will be quite time enough for our scullers to give heed to this intimation when the principals submit their propositions in a business-like manner.

From the above canvass it will readily be admitted that the season of 1878 promises to be the most interesting in aquatic circles that America has ever been favored with.

A report from Lockport, N. Y., says that the fine half-mile track in that city has been secured by Mr. Ed. Dean, who proposes to give the meetings there.

the matter. Considerable contradictory evidence was taken on this point especially. The learned Judge, after summing up the evidence submitted on both sides, gave his verdict for the plaintiff for \$400, the total amount of the stakes. This legal decision apparently goes a long way to establish the principle that the ruling of the referee or judges in a sporting event will be respected in our courts of law.

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Mr. Martin Deady, the popular boniface of Guelph, is about to assume the management of the Queen's Hotel, Brampton.

Mr. Justice Henry, of the Supreme Court of the Dominion, has returned to Ottawa after an absence of several months in England. Justice Henry is one of the most enterprising horsemen in the Maritime Provinces, and has bred quite a number of race-horses.

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The owner of Russian Spy, in reply to the challenge of Brown Ned, of Sarnia, says that the Spy is out of training now, his shoes off, and been laid up for the winter, but if the owners of the Sarnia trotter feel so disposed, he will make a match to trot the last week in May, 1878, for from \$500 to \$2,000 a side.

Mr. Bob Read, of Cobourg, will handle, this winter, a promising young Hambletonian belonging to a gentleman living on Yonge street, in this city. Bob thinks pretty well of the juvenile, and fancies he has a trotter.

AN ERRONEOUS DECISION.

Usually the decisions given by the sporting press can be relied upon for their absolute correctness. The Answers to Correspondents column is one of the most interesting and instructive departments of the paper, and its value is much increased from the faith which the public has in its accuracy. Questions of all kinds are submitted for the arbitrament of the editors of this class of journals, and it would be surprising strange if once in a while they did not fall in error. In some cases the mistake is so obvious that it is not likely to mislead even the careless reader. In such a case the probability of injury to any one is very slight. In other cases a slight typographical error or an oversight of the proof-reader will completely change the tenor of a reply which has been properly written by the person to whom it was referred for a decision. Now and then, but very seldom, indeed, a decision is met with which is totally at variance with both the records and the facts. At all times the greatest care is supposed to be exercised in

Gun, Fin and Feather.

SHOOTING AT PT. SARNIA.

On Thursday afternoon some of the local marksmen convened on the race-course, Pt. Sarnia, for the purpose of shooting a pigeon match. Five shots each were fired with the following results:—

P S Fletcher.....	1 1 1 0 1—4
J Dolman.....	1 1 0 0 1—3
Dr Pousette.....	1 0 1 1 0—2
Beaton.....	1 0 1 1 0—3
Smith.....	1 0 0 0 0—1
H J Johnston.....	0 1 0 0 0—1
Sibson.....	0 0 0 0 1—1
C H Cogan.....	0 0 0 0 1—1
R Kenny.....	0 0 0 1 0—1

The tie was then shot off, resulting in the winning of the second prize by Mr. Dolman.

SHOOTING AT HAMILTON.

On Friday last a couple of sweepstake pigeon shoots took place at Ashbaugh's Hotel, Dundas Road. The attendance was large, and the birds proved to be rapid flyers. Usual conditions; 5 birds each, 21 yards rise; two prizes.

FIRST MATCH.

F Bates.....	1 1 1 1 1—5	Divided.
J Kendall.....	1 1 1 1 1—5	
Charley Cook.....	1 1 1 1 0—4	
Billy Stroud.....	1 1 0 1 1—4	
H McKee.....	1 0 1 1 1—4	
F Morrison.....	0 0 1 1 1—3	
J Barnard.....	1 1 0 1 0—3	

SECOND MATCH.

F Bates.....	1 1 1 1 1—5
F Morrison.....	1 1 1 0 1—4
Charley Cook.....	1 1 0 1 1—4
J Barnard.....	1 1 1 0 1—4
Billy Stroud.....	0 1 0 1 1—3
A Bowden.....	1 1 0 0 1—3
J Kendall.....	1 1 0 0 1—3
H McKee.....	1 0 0 1 0—2

In shooting off at 26 yds., F. Morrison won second money.

On Sunday a pigeon, after making several wild flights around the market, Hamilton, dropped dead near the weigh scales. On picking it up it was found to be badly wounded in the side, the hurt being several days old. It is supposed that it was one of the pigeons shot at and only severely wounded at the shooting match on the mountain on Thanksgiving day.

On Sunday last a conductor on the Levis and Kennebec railway named Demas, and a brakemen named Gallichep, while out fowling in the woods near the railway station at St. Joseph, Beauce had an ugly encounter with a bear. They fired upon the beast and slightly wounded him, which enraged him so much that he turned upon Gallichep, who happened to be nearest him. Demas drew his revolver and lodged the bullet in Bruin's body and heart, but not before the animal had struck down Gallichep. Demas carried the injured man to the nearest house, where he remained insensible for several hours.

A THREE-LEGGED SQUIRREL.—On Thanksgiving Day Mr. Donald Dawson, the well-known Collector of Taxes, Hamilton, shot a squirrel with only three legs. The animal was a cross between the red and the grey squirrel, and the limb missing was the left fore one. There was no appearance that the leg had ever been on the animal, as the hair was completely grown over the stump that remained. It was shot on the mountain, on the property lately owned by the Hon. Isaac Buchanan.

Mr. Wm. Loane, of 66 River Street, this city, advertises that he can supply live snow birds in any quantity.

CANINE.

won the 3:00 race and was protested in the 2:50 class, after trotting two heats in 2:30 and 2:32, and was ordered out of the race. He was then taken to Canada and from there went West. There were three men connected with him; one F. T. Camber, of North Pownel, Vt., a man by the name of Low Ellis, from Keene, N. H., and another man, but the 'boss dead beat' of all was Camber. There is nothing too mean for him to do. His letter in Wilkes' Spirit of the Times is a falsehood from beginning to end. The results of the summer's work is, they all got back to Boston with the horse dead broke, and had to sell the horse there."

OBITUARY.

JAS. REID, LOCKPORT, N. Y.

Mr. James Reid, an old resident of Lockport, New York, and for the past forty years identified with the interests of the trotting turf, died in that city on Monday, 26th ult., in his fifty-sixth year. The deceased had been a long sufferer from a cancer in his face, and had been subjected to five different operations, all of which he endured at various times with heroic fortitude until death at last ended his sufferings.

J. J. HUNTER, LEXINGTON, KY.

John James Hunter, aged twenty-three, and who has been identified with the running turf the past five years, died of a lingering illness at his home in Lexington, Ky., Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 28. He was part owner of Joe Rodes and Actress, and had he lived, would, in all probability, have been at the head of a strong stable in the course of a few years. He was energetic, obliging and capable, and his many friends will sadly miss him.

JOHN L. FORD, JACKSON, MISS.

Mr. John L. Ford, a veteran jockey, for many years well known to the American turf, died on the morning of the 19th ult., at Jackson, Miss., of yellow jaundice, after a brief illness of eight days. Kind friends ministered to his wants and did all in their power to mitigate his sufferings during his last moments. He was a good jockey and a competent trainer. Some years ago he trained for Col. J. B. Ballentyne and Colonel Guild of Tennessee, and recently trained and ran Kennesaw, at Nashville, Tenn.

VALUE OF ENGLISH RACING STOCK.

An industrious calculator has taken the trouble to estimate the value of English thoroughbred stock, and has arrived at the following conclusions:—

Yearlings sold at public sale in 1876..	\$750,000
Yearlings sold at private sale in 1876..	375,000
Value of race horses in training.....	3,080,000
Probable value of brood mares.....	3,400,000
Estimated value of stallions.....	1,370,000
	\$8,975,000

Geldings, aged and other horses not estimated.

In above calculation the 247 stallions recorded in Weatherby's Calendar for 1876, are estimated at \$5,000 each.

PRINCIPAL WINNING JOCKEYS ON THE FLAT, ENGLAND.

(Mounts of the leading jockeys, calculated up to Friday, Nov. 16.)

	Won.	Lost.	Total.
Archer, F.....	210	370	580
Constable, H.....	75	283	358
Morgan, H.....	68	251	319
Cannon, T.....	64	191	255
Wood, C.....	54	233	287
Goater, J.....	51	210	261
Webb, F.....	47	85	132
Hopkins.....	37	154	191
Druckshaw, T.....	36	227	263
Glover, T.....	36	161	197
Snowden, J.....	30	97	127

GOLDSMITH MAID.—Mr. Leavitt writes that the old mare looks, feels, and is fine, and is being jogged five miles daily. She seems to think it necessary for her to speed, if only for one hundred yards.

It is rumored that John Splan and Rarns have dissolved partnership. It is further said that Mr. Conklin will keep the great horse at home this winter. We print the rumor for what it is worth.

By order of Mystic Park, Boston, a number of parties have been placed under expulsion for transgressing the rules. The masqueraders were caught, and now they must dance to music which is not to their liking. It is to be hoped that the Board of Appeals will not make haste to restore the offenders to favor and good standing in the National Association.

The folly of not properly advertising stock was made apparent by the sale at Brooklyn Driving Park on Tuesday last. The well-bred animals which belonged to the estate of the late Commodore Dodge were disposed of at ruinous prices. Had printers' ink been used more liberally, the attendance of buyers would have been much larger than it was, and prices would have been obtained commensurate with the value of the animals offered. The liberal advertiser is not the man who complains of the dullness of the times.

SMUGGLER VS. GREAT EASTERN.—Mr. Baldwin, the Vanderbilt of the Pacific Slope, is trying to engineer a match race between Smuggler and Rarns for \$10,000 to \$20,000 a side, the race to take place at Oakland Trotting Park, San Francisco, Cal., in four weeks from the time of making the match. If it is brought about it is sincerely to be hoped that there will be no understanding between the rival drivers to be supplemented by a round of speed trials on the hippodrome plan.

GOING WEST.—Ira H. Coleman, Esq., of the Sheldrake Stock Farm, Seneca County, N. Y., writes to say he thinks seriously of pulling up stakes and going West to reside. He says he has one of the finest farms in the county, beautifully located on the margin of Lake Geneva; but the winters are so long and severe, and stock raising at present rates is so expensive that instead of making money, in common with other stock breeders in the section, he is losing money. No doubt the move, if made, will be a judicious one. Lands are cheap in the West, pasturage abundant and stock feed, such as grain, hay, peas, roots, &c., can be raised at considerably less cost than in any portion of N. Y. State.

When Mr. Bonner shall bring Centennial and Keen Jim to New York, as he will do very shortly, it will be his privilege to drive the most remarkable four-year old team in the country. Both are roans; and both are fast beyond their years. Centennial, by Sentinel, the brother of Volunteer, trotted a mile at Lexington in his three-year-old form in 2:26, and in October last Keen Jim, by Keen's Lookout, by Bourbon Chief, reduced the four-year-old record, over the Lexington track, to 2:24. The last named is not a handsome horse, but is a rapid one, as his record shows. The pair will add no little to the strength of a stable already strong.

MINISTERS SWAPPING HORSES.—The People, published at Indianapolis, Ind., is responsible for the following: Two ministers of the Gospel, who live in the suburbs of the city, a few days ago happened to stop at the same feed stable to have their horses cared for while they did the shopping, and one bantered the other for a horse trade. Both warranted their horses perfectly sound and young, and the trade was finally made by the banterer giving his brother preacher \$25 to boot. After they had departed a couple of practical horsemen who witnessed the transaction examined the animals, and found that one of them was spavined on both hind legs, with feet badly contracted from navicular disease, while the other was what is vulgarly styled "in an eye," his wind affected,

lister lent able support as Madge Wild fire and the remainder of the ladies gave valuable assistance. Mr. Alf. Hudson, as Dumbo-dekes, was the success of the piece, displaying rare humor and a thorough realization of the difficult character. His singing brought down the house. P. O. D. M. is underlined for early production, and will probably occupy the boards on Friday and Saturday. The usual matinee to-morrow afternoon.

The ever popular old standby, Uncle Tom's Cabin, will be presented at the Royal Opera House on Thursday, Friday and Saturday by the well-known Lottie Combination. Lottie will appear in her wonderful impersonation of Topsy, a character she has made almost entirely her own. She will be supported by a company of her own selection. The press notices are very flattering to the ability of the combination.

The variety company from the Queens have returned from their travelling tour, and this week have offered their usual bill of fare, including Niblo's Pantomime Troupe and Tado and Charret, the wire walkers. Next week several new acts are promised, including Mons. Bustnell, the stick-wire juggler, Burton & Nuddell, and E. H. Brink. A grand holiday attraction is in preparation.

Hamilton's English Opera Company gave their first concert—selections from popular operas—at Shaftesbury Hall on Monday evening last, to a large house. The affair was a success, and exhibited the power of the new organization.

GENERAL.

MONTREAL.—The Montreal Philharmonic Society give their first concert in the Academy of Music on Dec. 17.—Miss Ida Savory, formerly a member of the Academy of Music Company here, was married on Wednesday of last week in New York to Dr. Koop, a celebrated physician of that city.

HAMILTON.—Mechanics' Hall.—Sophie Miles and the Royal Star Dramatic Company closed their season on Saturday evening, the bill being Green Bushes, with Miss Miles as Miami.—Monday evening, Prof. Reynolds, mesmerist, to a good house. Owing to the inability of the Prof. to get susceptible subjects, the entertainment was a regular farce, and the audience demanded their money back.—Wednesday evening, Lottie, as Topsy, supported by the Uncle Tom Combination, gave a good show.—Opera House.—The stars this week are Tully Joe Banks and Dolly Lynn in their Irish sketches. The regular variety and dramatic companies are retained. Next week Joe Banks will produce his original sensational drama of Broke Jail.

OTTAWA.—Grand concert at the Opera House by Miss Clara Fisher, assisted by Messrs. Campbell, Sargo and Oldham, on Dec. 5, under the patronage of their Excellencies the Gov.-General and Countess Dufferin.

LONDON.—Pullman's London Sensation, with Whiston, the humorist, at Holman Opera House Dec. 3 and 4, to good business.

GUELPH.—Hamilton's English Opera Company, in selections from the Opera, at Town Hall Dec. 5. Their route is west.

WOODSTOCK.—Sophie Miles and Company at Town Hall, Dec. 3 and 4. East Lynne and Ticket-of-Leave Man with farces being the bills.

INVERSOULT.—Dr. Ormiston lectures on Dec. 7, subject—Scenes in California.

BRANTFORD.—Pullman's London Sensation at Palmer's Hall, on Friday and Saturday evenings last.

BELLEVILLE.—The Kate Fisher Mazepa Combination commences its Canadian season here on Dec. 24. Route—Kingston, 31; Ottawa, Jan. 7, 1878; Montreal, Jan. 13.

SEAFORTH.—Cardno's new Music Hall will be ready on Dec. 15. The scene painters and decorators are hard at work completing the finishing touches to the Hall.

Department of the journal, and the best prices available are employed to arrive at a equitable and correct conclusion. Although this is the rule, painful exceptions sometimes encountered, such as the following, which is clipped from a prominent New York sporting paper, devoted particularly to horse interest, of last week. The objection is made in deference to the interest of our readers who may have seen the paper to which we refer, and who might possibly be misled by pinning their faith on the correctness of the reply as quoted below.

S. O. D., New York.—Please inform me as to the Goldsmith Maid was over distanced by the Maid. ANSWER.—She never was, nor overdistanced by him. The nearest he ever came to a race from her was on the 31st of Aug., at Hartford, Conn. It was in the free for all the Maid, Smuggler, Judge Fullerton, Bodine were the starters. Smuggler won the first and second heats in 2:15, 2:17, and the Maid was second each time. The third heat was most exciting one. Goldsmith Maid led the quarter in 33, but on the backstretch Smuggler closed up, and after a splendid race the way to the wire the result was declared a draw. Time, 2:16. In the fourth heat Smuggler broke on the backstretch, and the Maid won the heat in 2:17, and as the stallion grew rather tired, the 'India-rubber' mare won the fifth and sixth heats easily in 2:18 and 2:19.

The fact is Smuggler defeated Goldsmith Maid at Cleveland, Ohio, on July 27, 1876, in the free-for-class for a purse of \$4,000 divided into four moneys. Besides the Maid and Smuggler there were Lucille Goldust, Judge Fullerton and Bodine in the race. The Maid won the first and second heats in 2:17, 2:17; Smuggler capturing the third, fourth and fifth heats in 2:16, 2:19, 2:17; Smuggler took first money, the Maid second, Lucille Goldust third, and Fullerton fourth.

The following is the summary of the race:—
CLEVELAND, Ohio, July 27, 1876.—\$4,000.
Free-for-all. \$2,000, 1,000, 600, 400.
S Russell, b h Smuggler..... 2 5 1 1 1
Cecil Doble, b m Goldsmith Maid.. 1 1 2 2 2
E S Green, b m Lucille Goldust 4 2 3 3 3
W Humphrey, ch g Judge Fullerton 5 3 4 4 4
E Gochrich, b g Bodine..... 3 4 5 5 5
Time—2:15, 2:17, 2:16, 2:19, 2:17.

WILL IT BE A GO?

NETNEY WILL ROW HANLAN TWO MATCHES.

A reliable gentleman of this city, has informed us he is prepared to match Chas. E. Courtney, of Union Springs, N. Y., to row Ed. Hanlan, of Toronto, two races, one of three miles and one of five miles, in best and fastest boats, for \$2,500 each match. The races to take place as early in the Spring as can be agreed upon; and one week to intervene between each race.

If these matches should be arranged it is possible it would be decided who is the better man—Hanlan or Courtney—before the arrival of Trickett in this country. The proposition by our citizen is a bold one, and he has gone right into the lion's den to make this attack. Hanlan's friends in justice to him and themselves will hardly allow this defi to go unnoted.

Aquatic.

ROWING IN BOSTON.

The \$1,000 three-mile sculling race between Davis of Portland, Me., and Hosmer of Boston, which took place over the usual

Miscellaneous.

Mr. W. E. Barker has purchased for permanent exhibition to his friends at Ridge Hill Farm, Wellesley, Mass., the immense stuffed horse which was to be seen at the Centennial last year. The horse, when alive, stood twenty-two hands high, and weighed 2,800 pounds.

On Sunday evening last Mr. Maurice Beggley, of Hamilton, Ont., was alarmed in the night by the scream of one of the children, and going to the bed where the child was, found a large rat gnawing its little hand. The animal managed to escape.

A horse expresses his characteristics through his feet and his neck. If he feels his oats he dances gingerly and curves his neck. If he feels proud he makes a circle with all the precision of an engineer. If he is impatient or playful he makes spic and probably readable stampings with his fore feet. If you tense him he takes your photograph with his hind legs.

At the late election in Ohio, Mr. Geo. A. Baker, better known as the Tullyrand of the Trotting Turf, ran for State Senator, and Mr. Sam Briggs, the efficient Secretary of the Northern Ohio Fair Association, was a candidate for County Treasurer. Both were awarded second money, but have appealed from the decision of the judges, and a recount is now progressing in their behalf.

A farmer, on reading that a bull painted by Rosa Bonheur sold for five thousand dollars, remarked to his wife that he didn't see how a coat of paint could so greatly enhance the value of the animal; but, if Rosa didn't charge more than ten dollars he would get her to paint his bull in the spring. His economical wife replied that she thought he might hit himself and save his ten dollars. The indications are that the bull will be painted.

In Kansas City, during the late fair, a capital joke was perpetrated. The famous trotting mare, Goldsmith Maid, was brought out on one of the busiest streets and was put up at public sale to the highest bidder. Only two or three persons, who were in the secret, had any idea of the value of the animal that was to be sold. The auctioneer stated that he "guaranteed nothing except the title. The buyer must take her on his own judgment, from her appearance." She was jogged up and down a little and the auctioneer grew eloquent over her fine gait and her splendid tail, but it was all in vain. Thirty dollars was the outside bid that could be obtained for the peerless old mare on her cooaks, and at that figure she was bid in and led back to Old Charleys' tender care, while those in the secret enjoyed a hearty laugh over the excellent joke.

Many of the agricultural journals are sorely troubled to know whether a hen 'sits' or 'sets'. If some editor of dignity would set the hen on the nest and the little editors would let her sit it would be well for the world. Now a man, or a woman either, can set a hen, although they cannot 'sit' her; neither can they 'set' on her, although the old hen might 'sit' on them by the hour if they would allow it. A man cannot 'set' on the wash bench, but he could 'set' the basin on it, and neither the basin nor the grammarian would object. He could 'sit' on a dog's tail, if the dog was willing, or he might 'set' his foot on it. But if he should set on the aforesaid tail, or sit his foot there, the grammarians as well as the dog would howl. And yet, strange as it may seem, the man might set the tail aside and then sit down, and in either be assailed by the dog nor the grammarian.

The Chatham Planet says:—"On Thursday last (15th ult.) a sheetmaker known as Pat Dwan, whose place of business is in North Chatham, near McNaughton's Hotel, had a wager of a pair of boots to cost \$6, against \$5 cash and three cords of wood, that he could saw three cords of wood during the ordinary ten hours of labor. Promptly at 7 a. m. he commenced, and at noon he had sawed one cord and three quarters. At 1.45 p. m. he had but twenty-seven sticks to saw with one hand and a partner's help.

Base Ball.

THE CURVE.

For the last few years there are some who pretend to know all about it, who say there is really no curve of a ball—that it is impossible to direct a ball out of a straight line. Prof. Mendenhall, of Columbus, well known as instructor in natural science at the Ohio Agricultural College, having had his attention called to the base-ball theories of throwing a ball in a curved horizontal line, a few days since tested, by careful experiments, the abilities of an expert in this direction. The ball as thrown made an undoubted curve, and Prof. Mendenhall, after close examination of the method of pitching, proposes as an explanation of the result that it is caused by a spiral motion given to the ball, by which one side is made to encounter more resistance than the other, and thereby deflect from the motion in a right line. He expresses a query whether the result can be produced with a ball of perfectly uniform shape.

REEVE'S BIG OX.

The big ox Mr. Alfred Reeves, of this city, recently shipped to England, has been immortalized in a song which is popular at the music halls. Here are a couple of verses:

Canadian beef is all the go,
About that there's no gammon;
The potted lobster's very good,
And so are tins of salmon
But now all persons old and young,
Are saving peace and fardons,
To go and see the Monster Ox,
Shown at the Surrey Gardens.

Have you seen the Ox? Have you seen the Ox?
He's got a head, he's got a tail, he's really
An A 1'er.

Have you seen the Ox? Have you seen the Ox?
He weighs about four hundred "stun," oh,
Isn't he a stunner!

So go and see this giant Ox,
That's high as big as twenty;
And dream of how Canadian beasts,
Can aid a land to plenty.
The price of meat will be so low,
Each day to some I'll treat me,
We yet may see it run about,
And cry out, "come and eat me!"
Have you seen the Ox? &c.

The animal, as the song says, is now on exhibition at the Surrey Gardens—a good advertisement for Canada.

PRINTER'S GREEK.

The following is an acknowledgment of a wedding notice and a general allowance of cake by a professor of typography. "We make our most respectable bow to the happy twain, and the opportunity to return our thanks for this almost unadvised act of liberality. May the matrimonial chaise which now locks the form of our brother type justify all his preconceived impressions. In whatever part of the country he may roam, whether called upon to face the coming waves of adverse fortune, or stand before the frowns of enemies, may his life be such that when the hour of death shall be laid on him, and the hour of existence shall be close he may produce a clean proof, and a clear title to an honorable place in the page of history, as well as to an eternal inheritance beyond the stars."

HOW WOMEN PLAY WHIST.

All women play cards alike. Watch a woman at a game of whist and you'll get a pretty correct idea of how all women play whist: "La me, Henry, is it my play? Let me see—second hand low—that's the first time around of that suite, isn't it? Well I'll play—no. I hardly think I will—now you stop looking at my hand—did you see anything—of course I'm going to play, but I must have time to think—what's trumps—spades—I thought 'twas clubs—well, I'll—no—yes—well, there I' Then she will clap an ace on her partner's king, and insist upon keeping the trick for fear she will be cheated out of it in the final count.

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LATE JOHN MACNAB & CO.,

Hardware Merchants,
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We have just opened out a large consignment of these celebrated Guns, and invite the attention of all who wish to purchase the

BEST AND CHEAPEST
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They will shoot harder and closer than any other Guns made.

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302-ty SCULLY & FINNIGAN.

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An elegant chromo 18 1/2 x 24 inches. Nine colors.

LULA.

In six colors; 22 1/2 x 28 inches. In hot trot against time at Rochester last Fall.
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Write name and address plainly.
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Sporting Times Office.

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Reminiscences of the late Thomas A. Smith, Esq., or the pursuits of an English country gentleman. Price \$2.25.

Military men I have met. Illustrated. Lindley Sambourne. \$2.00.

The trotting horse of America; how to train and drive him; with the reminiscences of a trotting turf. By Hiram Woodruff. 15th edition, with new appendix, tables of performances, &c. \$2.50.

Blaine's Encyclopedia of rural sports, or complete account (historical, practical and descriptive) of hunting, shooting, fishing, &c. New edition, 600 engravings on wood, from drawings by Leech, Aiken, Landseer, &c. \$6.00.

Lewis' American Sportsman, containing hints to sportsmen, notes on shooting, and the habits of the game birds and wild fowl of America. Numerous illustrations. \$2.75.

Trollope's British Sports and Pastimes. \$2.00.

Upton's Newmarket and Arabia; an examination of the descent of racers and coursers. Colored illustrations. \$2.50.

Norris' American Fish Culture, embracing the details of artificial breeding and rearing trout; the cultivation of salmon, shad, and other fishes. Illustrated. \$1.75.

Yowit's The Dog, edited with additions by E. J. Lewis. Illustrated. \$3.75.

Castlemon's The Sportsman's Club in the saddle. Illustrated. \$1.25.

Castlemon's The Sportsman's Club and the trappers. Illustrated. \$1.25.

Gilmore's Prairie and Forest; a description of the game of North America, with personal adventures in their pursuit. Illustrated. \$1.75.

Stonehenge's British rural sports, comprising shooting, hunting, coursing, fishing, hawk racing, boating, pedestrianism, with all the games and amusements. Ninth edition. Illustrated. \$5.50.

Norris' American Anglers' book, embracing the natural history of sporting fish, and the art of taking them, with instructions in fly-fishing, fly-making, and rod-making, and directions for fish breeding. Illustrated with 80 engravings on wood. \$5.50.

Stonehenge's The Horse in the table and the field; his management in health and disease. 80 engravings. \$2.50.

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To clubs of four or more, a deduction of 25 cents is made from each yearly subscription. Subscribers in Canada and the British Provinces

ment, from not appearing. She was a good girl and down a little and the auctioneer grew eloquent over her fine cut and her splendid tail, but it was all in vain. Thirty dollars was the outside bid that could be obtained for the peerless old mare on her cooek, and at that figure she was bid in and led back to Old Charley's tender care, while those in the secret enjoyed a hearty laugh over the excellent joke.

Many of the agricultural journals are sorely troubled to know whether a hen 'sits' or 'sets.' If some editor of dignity would set the hen on the nest and the little editors would let her sit it would be well for the world. Now a man, or a woman either, can set a hen, although they cannot 'sit' her; neither can they 'set' on her, although the old hen might 'sit' on them by the hour if they would allow it. A man cannot 'set' on the wash-bench, but he could 'set' the basin on it, and neither the basin nor the grammarian would object. He could 'sit' on a dog's tail, if the dog was willing, or he might 'set' his foot on it. But if he should set on the aforesaid tail, or sit his foot there, the grammarians as well as the dog would howl. And yet, strange as it may seem, the man might set the tail aside and then sit down, and neither be assailed by the dog nor the grammarians.

The Chatham Planet says:—"On Thursday last (15th ult.) a shoemaker known as Patt Dunn, whose place of business is in North Chatham, near McNaughton's Hotel, laid a wager of a pair of boots to cost \$6, against \$5 cash and three cords of wood, that he could saw three cords of wood during the ordinary ten hours of labor. Promptly at 7 a. m. he commenced, and at noon he had sawed one cord and three-quarters. At 4.45 p.m. he had but twenty-seven sticks to win with one hour and a quarter to do it in. Shortly after five he failed, and though fifteen minutes of prolonged exertion would have been sufficient, he was so overcome that he was obliged to give up, notwithstanding every encouragement. The contest took place at John Tiches' wood yard and attracted many spectators, whose sympathies were freely given to the man who pluckily to the last tried to win. Want of condition beat him."

IMPORTANT DECISION.

The Welland Telegraph has the following, which should be read with advantage by all delinquent newspaper subscribers: At the Division Court held here last Thursday before His Honor Judge Macdonald, a very important decision was given affecting delinquent subscribers to newspapers. In one of the defended suits brought by the proprietors of this paper against one in arrears for subscription, the defendant claimed he had not subscribed with them for the Telegraph. He had paid Mr. Dewhurst one dollar to January 1st, 1874, after which time he did not subscribe. The paper came along, however, and he took some out of the post office. He afterwards moved his residence, and for over two years had not had it. The judge ruled that he was liable for the amount, \$1.50 a year, if not being paid in advance, and gave judgment accordingly, he having acknowledged being a subscriber by taking some of the papers from the post office. His Honor said the law was very distinct on this point.

Commenting on the above, the St. Catherine's Review says:—"The fashion of taking the paper till the subscriber thinks his time has expired, which is in reality from two weeks to six months past the date for which payment has been made and then requesting the Postmaster to return it 'refused,' has left the place, 'times expired,' etc., is considered a fraud by the law and treated accordingly. If a man wants to stop a newspaper, the proper is to look up his receipts, enclose in an envelope what arrangements there may be, whether 5 cents or \$5.00, and ask the publisher to discontinue from that day. The law also states distinctly that a man is responsible for payment if he takes a paper from the Post office, no matter whether he ever subscribed for it or not, or whether he ordered it to be discontinued months before.

Have you seen the Ox? &c.

The animal, as the song says, is now on exhibition at the Surrey Gardens—a good advertisement for Canada.

PRINTERS' GREEK.

The following is an acknowledgment of a wedding notice and a general allowance of cake by a professor of typography. "We make our most respectable bow to the happy twain, and the opportunity to return our thanks for this almost uned act of liberality. May the matrimonial chace which now locks the form of our brother typo justify all his preconceived impressions. In whatever part of the country he may roam, whether called upon to face the —ing waves of adverse fortune, or stand before the f and ; of enemies, may his life be such that when the — of death shall be laid on him, and the . of existence — close he may produce a clean proof, — a clear title to an honorable " in the page of history, as well as to an eternal inheritance beyond the "."

HOW WOMEN PLAY WHIST.

All women play cards alike. Watch a woman at a game of whist and you'll get a pretty correct idea of how all women play whist: 'La mo, Henry, is it my play? Let me see—second hand low—that's the first time around of that suite, isn't it? Well I'll play—no. I hardly think I will—now you stop looking at my hand—did you see anything—of course I'm going to play, but I must have time to think—what's trumps—spades—I thought 'twas clubs—well, I'll—no—yer—well, there! Then she will clap an ace on her partner's king, and insist upon keeping the trick for fear she will be cheated out of it in the final count.

Penelope is the euphonious title of a now candidate for trotting honors, in the shape of a blue mare seventeen hands high, by a son of Kemble Jackson, out of a mare of unknown blood, standing 17½ hands high. She was bred near Allentown, Pa., and brought out green this season at Ambler Park, where she won the first heat in the three-minute class in 2:37, being beaten for the race by Iron King. At Mount Holley she was also beaten, a portion of her harness breaking in the third heat, and the turns of the track being unsuited to her great stride. At Point Brevo Park she astonished the natives by winning in the 2:35 class, from a field of ten, in 2:30, 2:29 and 2:30, the time being made faster by outside watches. This was a most creditable victory and stamps her a "coming" mare.

Says the Caldwell Sentinel:—"An enthusiastic admirer of forty-fives undertook to show Thos. Hughes how the thing was done the other day in Tottenham. When they came to count the stakes our namesake was just \$85 ahead. His opponent wanted it back, but as he could not get it by play, has invoked the aid of the County Judge."

Conkling is said to have remarked effusively of Morrissey. 'I never saw him without learning something.' This may be so; 'but,' says the Worcester Press, 'it costs so like the duce to 'see' him.

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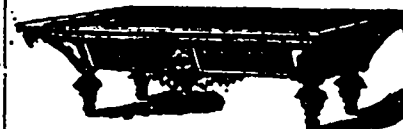
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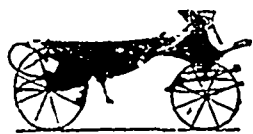
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