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THE ANGLING ANANIAS.

An angler sat by the winter fire
While only his wife was nigh;
And said he to himself,
Did this cunning old elf,
"I'll tell 'em a whopping big lie—
A brilliant and intricate lie."

He leaned his chin on his ancient hand,
While gently he stroked his beard.
Then ho gathered his pen,
His ink and then—
He slyly and knowingly leered—
A leer that was foxy and weird.

He gazed aloft at the ceiling dark,
And then he looked down at the floor,
And he said "Of a bout
After salmon and trout,
I'll give 'em some angling lore—
Some lovely and lying old lore."

He wrote and he wrote, a solid hour,
His wife all the while sitting by,
Very certain, however,
That her Hubby, so clever,
Was working up some novel lie—
Some wild and extravagant lie.

When sudden the old man rose up stark
With looks that were wizened and cold;
"What's the matter?" cried;
"The devil!" said he,
"I'm certainly fast growing old—
Every lie I can think of's been told!"—Ex.

CATTLE IN A CYCLONE.

Corral the cattle! Fling the lasso far!
Flank the wild stragglers! Storm and sleet betide,
Haste ho! And charging as in mimic war,
Among the tawny herd hallooing ride.

Drive them to shelter! Gain the nearest ranch!
Those midnight masses rising in the east
Betoken that the heavens quick will launch
Bolts, blasts, death-dealing on both man and beast.

Hark the tornado growling from the cloud!
The fiery tunnel circling fast in rage;
Roaring with wind and water thunder-loud
Whirlwind and waterspout rude battle wage—

The warfare of the Titans, fatal, fierce—
Tropical forces wrestling in the sky
Puny impediments to break and pierce,
Uprooting giant trunks while rushing by.

Hol Hurry toward the kraal! Crowd closely in!
Ho! Brave vaqueros, mustang-mounted haste!
With whip and rödel and unusual din
Urge the herd on there is no time to waste.

A hundred horned heads wrecked on the plain;
A score of bronchos writhing on the sod;
The prairie furrowed by the ruthless train,
And half a dozen herders gone to God!

WILLIAM Y. BETTES.

SKIPPED BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

PROHIBITION SAINTS.

We are getting lonesome. We are feeling sad and dispirited. One after another of the truly good and pious temperance apostles are fading away. Time was when a regiment of saintly (?) men followed the writer from one end of the Province to the other, and never wearied in the to them delightful occupation of traducing the character of all who dared to oppose a Prohibitory Law. Where are those professional puritans to-day?

Marvin the great, from whose pious lips Bible quotations and temperance lore flowed as water from the village pump, slid from the path of virtue and is now known no more; Rine, the temperance revivalist, around whom judges and clergymen played the role of courtiers, being dead is free from criticism; Sister Mason, the charming brunette, whose captivating smile and prohibition zeal warmed the hearts of the faithful and whose abuse of the anti-prohibition leader gained for her with the temperance party great *éclat*, has since gained greater notoriety for herself by her escapades in the Western States; Brother Ballard, that truly good and pious Hamiltonian, whose text for months was abuse

of King Dodds and King Alcohol, has also stolen himself away. Sad thought! mournful reflection! that one hundred and ninety six pounds of patent morality and prohibition purity should so "skip by the light of the moon." Who will comfort the sisters of the Ambitious City now? We mourned his sudden departure, and dared to ask who would comfort Brother Chisholm in the hour of his affliction.

But what is this new and harrowing tale now going the rounds? Brother Chisholm also missing! That shining light in the Prohibition Temple gone out! That idol of his tribe fallen from its lofty pedestal? Never! never! never! We cannot believe the insinuation. We cannot, dare not, will not allow such a monstrous tale to find a resting place in our mind.

D. B. Chisholm skip by the light of the moon also? The man who stood in the market-place and thanked God he was not as other men? He, steal away like a thief in the night? No, No, No!

That truly, good and pious man who had crammed himself with every temperance text and prohibition pamphlet from the days of Adam, who had glued to his tongue every appropriate quotation from Genesis to Revelations. He forgot the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." No, No, No!

Citizen Chisholm, who for three years kept the city of Hamilton in a state of turmoil and excitement, who demanded the right to regulate every other man's household as well as his own; the great moral reformer, who publicly shed his tears over other people's shortcomings. Himself the biggest sinner of them all? No, No, No, No!

D. B. Chisholm, President of the Dominion Prohibitionists, Generalissimo of the Scott Act Army, and Chaplain to all the forces. A deserter? No, No, No, No, No!

Grand Worthy Patriarch Chisholm, the father of the tribe, the holiest of the holy, the loud-mouthed apostle who proclaimed from the house tops his own goodness and other men's frailties. A cheat? No, No, No, No, No, No!

D. B. Chisholm, the Sunday School Teacher, the tract distributor, the highly moral Lecturer at Church socials, the missionary who travelled all over the land with his patent plan for the regeneration of mankind. He sold his tent and steal silently away? No, No, No, No, No, No!

"He who enters barroom is not to be trusted." "The man who sells liquor is no better than a thief; he takes the poor man's money and gives no value for it. He is an enemy to society; he must be driven out."

The above are extracts from a speech delivered by D. B. Chisholm during the prohibition campaign in Hamilton. It is but a mild selection from his preachings. Hell, fire and brimstone were favorite agencies of his with which to threaten those who opposed his views.

He was a man of many parts, but charity was not a conspicuous trait in his character. He was a politician trusted by neither party. He was a professional moral agitator, whose principles were pinned upon his sleeve so that all men could see them, and he failed not to ask attention to their presence.

His superlative brass passed for current coin of the realm. Excitable women and men of light ballast sang his praises and were delighted to call themselves his followers. Even some, presumed to be level-headed business men, under the influence of his ravings, mounted the public platform and made tools of themselves through the

violence of their language. The daily papers of Hamilton dared to think for themselves on the prohibition question, and straightway they were denounced by Chisholm and his bodyguard, and an agitation commenced by the chief prophet to found a journal that should first and foremost sing Chisholm's praises and serve his purposes.

His purposes, what were they? Let us be more charitable than he was and drop the veil. But queer thoughts and queer reflections crowd upon the mind of the writer. For years he has had heaped upon himself, privately and publicly, the abuse of such men because he dared to have the courage of his convictions, dared to tell some of the loudest-mouthed preachers in the temperance ranks what unadulterated humbugs they were.

Yes, we begin to feel lonesome. We still remain, but where are the shining lights gone that paid us so much attention?

We call for Brother Marvin and we hear not the echo of his reply.

We enquire for Sister Mason, and no response comes from the lips of that charming brunette.

We ask for agitator Simpson, and he is too busy selling grog in a western town to heed our cry.

Wecry aloud for Brother Ballard—Where art thou, oh saintly man, who used to lead the sisters of Hamilton to the bench of prayer? In what part of the great American wilderness hast thou pitched thy tent? And naught but barren emptiness mocks our voice.

We lift on high our voice and shout for Brother Chisholm. The telephone, the press, the electric wire, all ask his whereabouts, and find it not. Does the orange groves of Florida tempt him to linger, or the wickedness of some far western town urge him to tarry to save the sinners who drink beer and whiskey and recognize not the beauties of prohibition?

We ask for information but we receive no enlightenment. Would that we could reach the ear of our distant brother. His absence has caused many an aching heart. There are those who refuse to be comforted. Some who put deep trust in him and with whom he wrestled in prayer, who have forgotten his teachings, and, in the excess of their surprise over his disappearance, have used naughty, oh, such naughty language. Yea, have even prayed that they might have a chance to wrestle with him.

In the excess of our loneliness we find no room for comforting thoughts. Who will fill the places of the absent ones? Will they too have their day; then fade away like their predecessors?

In addition to the important sale of thoroughbreds to take place at the close of the American Horse Show, the annual sale of thoroughbreds, the property of Mr. Pierre Lorillard, will be held on the 1st of November. The catalogue includes the three imported stallions, Moccasin, by Macaroni; Kantaka, by Scottish Chief (a half brother of the great English stallion Hermit), and Sangara, by Beadsman. Eight young brood mares by Duke of Magenta, Glenlyon and Saxon, nearly all of which are in foal. Of the yearlings there are thirteen fillies by imported Mortemer, three by Falsetto, and two by the Duke of Magenta, also five colts by Mortemer, and one each by the Duke of Magenta and Falsetto.

Should the weather prove fine on Saturday next, there will be an enormous attendance at the new Athletic grounds to witness the match between the Shamrocks of Montreal and the Champions. Punctuality to the advertised time of commencement should be rigidly observed.

CHAT.

And now Trinket defeats St. Julien in three straight heats. Fastest clip 2.18. Oh! how are the mighty fallen!

J. R. McEldowney, a western pool seller, skipped from Niles, Michigan, with the pool box and its contents. The amount was not large.

An old experienced police superintendent in an English city urges that officers on "likely beats" should be provided with a dog.

The Ontario Veterinary Medicine Company publish this week several letters from well-known horsemen, praising their medicines.

Commodore Kitson is going to send his celebrated pacer Little Brown Jug to New York to give Mr. Robert Bonner an opportunity of experimenting upon his feat.

The annual Shoot of the Toronto Gun Club, held at "Woodbine" last week, was the most successful in the history of the Club. Some brilliant scores were made, for particulars of which consult our "Trigger" column.

George Kinney ran one of his best races at Jerome Park on Friday, when he won the Grand National Handicap for all ages, 2 miles and a quarter, beating General Monroe and Trafalgar in the order named. Only half a length separated first and second.

We see that a party by the name of Ballard has arrived at Utah. Can it be possible that the Brother of that name who lately did the pious business in Hamilton, has gone and turned Mormon? He was a man of many parts.

We would ask those of our Winnipeg friends who are interested in the decision of bets as to whether 2.243 is the fastest heat ever trotted or paced in Canada, to see corrected reply in "Answers to Correspondents" this week.

At Louisville, on Friday, in a dash of three-quarters of a mile for all ages, Lizzie S. was a red-hot favorite, selling for \$225. Mr. Forbes' 3-year-old Princess going for \$20, and the field for \$10. At these odds quite a business was done. The Canadian won the race by three lengths, and landed a big pot for her owner.

As you value your life beware of the deadly Zulu and all other cheap rubbish guns of the same stamp. Unprincipled dealers may try and make you believe that a three or four dollar gun is a safe weapon, but the truth is not in them. Guns of that class are liable to burst at any moment and maim, wound and destroy. Avoid shops that deal in such trash as you would the Small Pox Hospital.

Once more it is pleasant to read that W. G. George has again defeated that arrant cad Snook. This time the South London Harriers arranged a special mile race to bring the two cracks together, and the result was that George ran his antagonist to a stand still in the last quarter of the mile. Snook is the fellow, who, when he defeated George last season, played monkey business at the finish by looking over his shoulder and laughing at his defeated rival. Chaps that indulge in that sort of game are invariably a poor bred lot, and it is gratifying to know that when in condition George is able to give the snob a stomach full.

TURF CELEBRITIES.

MR. JOHN MEGGOT.

"For the sake of collecting what he will never use," says Bishop Horne, "and of adding to his beloved heap, the miser will forego the comforts, the conveniences and almost the necessities of existence, and voluntarily submit all his days to the penances and austerities of a mendicant." Few men have ever lived to whom the above words were more applicable than to the miser Elwes, and yet there were ingredients in his character which go to prove that had it not been for his ineradicable love of hoarding he was actuated by sentiments of such honor and delicacy, and had such engaging and distinguished manners, that he might have lived respected, and gone to his grave followed by the sincere lamentations of all who knew him. It is from death, the mighty, just and eloquent teacher, that we are alone enabled to gauge the misery and folly of a penurious and avaricious life, and to appreciate Dr. Johnson's sage observation to Boswell, "I call him the happiest man that both saves and spends money, because he has both enjoyments." Although John Elwes elected to deny himself the necessities of existence, it must not be supposed that he never did generous actions. His title to be numbered among "Turf Celebrities" is based upon his constant attendance at Newmarket and at other racing fixtures, where he was universally popular, and where, interspersed with strange and inexplicable manifestations of sordid parsimony from which he never deviated, his bearing to others was always considerate, and his deeds occasionally splendid. For many years Ascot and Newmarket, his two favorite meetings, never came round without seeing him in the vicinity of the judge's chair; and although he owned no race horses, it would be as unjust to exclude him from the list of racing *habitues*, between 1750 and 1780, as to omit mention of the little old Jew Travis, who was one of the Prince Regent's constant attendants upon the race course, and who, according to Mr. Thomas Raikes, "followed, like the dwarf of old, in the train of royalty."

John Meggot, the son of a wealthy brewer in Southwark, was born in the parish of St. James, Westminster, about the year 1712. His father died when the subject of this memoir was but four years old, and it may be presumed that his extraordinary penuriousness was inherited from the mother, to whom her husband bequeathed £100,000—equal, in those days, to about thrice the amount at present—despite which she literally starved herself to death rather than spend a few pence per diem to keep life in her. At the age of nine John Meggot was sent to Westminster school, where he remained for ten years and became what was then called a good classical scholar. That he had any natural love for learning of any kind can hardly be pretended, inasmuch as he was never known to touch a book after he left Geneva, where, after leaving Westminster school, he took up his quarters "to complete his education." Here he entered upon pursuits more congenial to him than study. Towards the beginning of the last century it was believed in England that no man could acquire a correct seat on horseback and hold his reins artistically unless he had been taught to ride in France according to the principles of *la haute manege*. There was a famous riding academy in those days at Geneva, and John Meggot was pronounced by *les chevaux* to be the boldest and aptest of its pupils. The most violent and impracticable young horses were committed to him, as a fearless and accomplished rough-rider, to be broken, and when he returned to England, aged two or three and twenty, John Meggot had nothing to learn as a horseman. Until he was far sunk in years he continued to perform all his journeys on horseback, and it was deemed not a little remarkable that although he generally traveled alone he was never stopped by highwaymen, who then infested every highway leading into the metropolis. "The Knights of the Road" were probably aware that "Mister Elwes" never carried anything in his pockets except a few mouldy crusts of bread, a hard-boiled egg or two and a half rotted apple. He knew every turnpike gate in the counties that he traversed, and was an adept at discovering lanes and bridle-roads across fields which enable him to flank and escape the toll. If one of his farming men, when engaged in driving Mr. Elwes' cattle up to Smithfield, charged the veriest trifles more than the sum he had actually paid, the vigilant old skinflint was sure to be down upon the offender, and to demand restitution to the uttermost farthing.

When John Meggot came back from Geneva to England, in or about 1735, he had a wealthy old uncle, Sir Harvey Elwes by name, whose home at Stoke, in Suffolk, was "the most perfect picture of penury that ever existed." The old gentleman had never married. "How," he naïvely asked a male friend who proposed matrimony to him, "could I support a family?" and when he succeeded to the paternal estate at Stoke he found that with a nominal income of several thousands a year he had not as many hundreds to spend. He instantly vowed that he would clear Stoke of debt before he died, and this he lived to accomplish, realizing also more than £100,000, which he left behind him. Sir Harvey Elwes had in him all the elements for making a consummate miser. In his youth he had been gravely threatened with atrophy, so that he had no constitution and no passions. He was shy and timid, of a thin spare habit of body, and without a friend in the world. Having no acquaintances, no books and no capacity for study of any kind, Sir Harvey gave himself up entirely to hoarding and counting his money. He and his nephew might have sat to Quentin Matsys for his almost incomparable picture of "The Two Misers." The uncle's great enjoyment when he had locked up his money, was to go out and set snares for partridges, which abounded upon his estate, although he never preserved them. In this manner he was often able to catch 500 brace of birds in a season with his own hand; up in them he and his household, comprising one man and two maids, lived for half the year. His dress was always the same, whatever may have been the pursuit upon which he was engaged. It consisted of a full-dress suit of black threadbare cloth, of a black velvet cap, of an old greatcoat, and of worsted stockings, drawn up over his knees. He rode a lean, herring-gutted thoroughbred horse, which, together with its shrunken bones of a rider, a puff of wind might have blown away. When the weather prevented his going out of doors, the half-starved baronet would walk backwards and forwards in his old hall, to save the charge of a fire. If a farmer came in, Sir Harvey would strike a light at a tinder-box, which he always kept in his pocket, and set fire to a single log in the grate, to which he would never add another until the first was all but burnt out. No fuel except wood from his own estate ever entered the house, and when darkness fell the baronet retired to his chamber with a basin of water gruel and expected everyone to go to bed in order to save candle. Of a truth, the master mind of Thackeray when he sketched his portrait of Sir Pitt Cawley, in "Vanity Fair" can hardly have been familiar with the life of Sir Harvey Elwes.

It had long been baited about that Sir Harvey intended to make John Meggot his heir. The young man was the baronet's only sister's only son, and had

not long got back to England when he was summoned to Stoke. Mr. Meggot was rich long before his uncle died, and his passion for play, backed up by singularly refine manners, and by a temper which nothing could rouse, and no ingratitude could exasperate, soon procured him admission as a member to Arthur's, then one of the most fashionable clubs in London. In 1759 Horace Walpole relates that a waiter at Arthur's was convicted of an attempt to rob one of his comrades and sent to jail. "What a horrid idea," exclaimed George Selwyn, "will he give us to the people of Newgate!" Admitted to the best society of the West End, Mr. Meggot found it necessary to wear fashionable clothes, but when his uncle bade him come down to Stoke, the wily youth knew that gay attire would not suit the old man's tastes. When, therefore, he got down to Chelmsford he changed his dress so as to suit the fashions of the singular country house to which he was about to pay a visit. He made his appearance at Stoke in a pair of unblackened shoes with rusty iron buckles, with darned worsted stockings, in a tattered waistcoat and worn-out coat. Sir Harvey surveyed his contemplated heir with undisguised delight. They sat down before the fire with nothing but its light to illuminate them, with a cold partridge and some rye bread on the table, and a single glass of thin wine, which they sipped alternately from the same glass. Occasionally the nephew, whose appetite was always keen, found that his pangs of hunger were unendurable. He had recourse, therefore, to the device adopted by Sir Walter Scott when, on a visit to Wadsworth at Rydal Mount, he could not get enough to eat, and repaired to a neighboring poulterer, or sometimes to the house of a neighbor who lived hard by, in order to lay in a stock of what Dugald Dalgety would have called "prevent."

When Mr. John Meggot had turned his fortieth year Sir Harvey Elwes died at a great age, and left his nephew an estate worth six or seven thousand a year, and more than £100,000 in ready money. The fortunate legatee had already some £250,000 of his own, and upon assuming the name of Elwes he became more than ever a mark for the high-bred Greeks and sharpers of the West end to aim at, since his passion for play was well known. Stories were ripe that he had played for two days and a night without stopping and that, when once he began to lose, his avarice would keep him at the whist or hazard tables so long as he could find antagonists to stake their money and cut the cards. In one respect, however, Mr. Elwes showed a delicacy which is exceptionally rare with professional gamblers, his theory being that it was impossible to ask a gentleman for money if he owed it to you. The forbearance which he displayed to others, and which they grossly abused, was not extended to himself, nor, indeed, was he ever likely to solicit it. His invariable practice was to discharge his liabilities which were often very large, by a draft at sight upon Messrs. Hoare, while many debts due to himself were never paid. After playing all night for thousands, in the company of the most fashionable and profligate men about town, Mr. Elwes would walk along the Essex road, at the dawn of the morning, to meet his cattle as they were driven up to Smithfield market from Theydon Hall, a large farm with a dilapidated house upon it, which he owned upon the edge of Epping forest. Then might be seen the remarkable spectacle of a man who, two or three hours before had been setting the castor or calling a man for immense sums, and who now thought nothing of standing in the rain or sleet and of wrangling with a carcass-butcher for a shilling. Sometimes he would walk in the mud to meet the beasts if they had not arrived, and he was frequently known to go the whole way to his farm—seventeen miles—on foot after sitting up the previous night.

Before the death of Sir Harvey Elwes, his nephew's favorite home was at Marcham, in Berkshire—a country seat at which Oxford under graduates have long been in the habit of dining with members of the Daffield family, its present possessors. Racing men of the last generation will remember the late Mr. Elwes Daffield, who was for a short time conspicuous upon the turf as a gentleman rider, and in whom his miser-ancestor's love of money survived, without the pudden. But when John Elwes succeeded to his uncle's manor-house at Stoke it became impossible to say whether the home he left behind him in Berkshire, or that which had acquired in Suffolk, was in the more ruinous condition. Col. Timms, the son of Mr. Elwes' sister, used to relate that he once visited his uncle at Marcham, and went to bed in a room of which the roof was not water-tight. Before he had been long in bed, he awoke to the consciousness that the rain had almost wetted his bedclothes through. He rose and moved his bed, but found shortly that he was as much exposed as before. At length, after making the tour of the room, he retired into a corner where the ceiling was better secured, and there he slept till morning. At breakfast he told his uncle what had happened. "Aye, aye," said the old man, "I don't mind it myself, but to those who do, that's a nice corner in the rain."

Upon removing to Suffolk, Mr. Elwes, who was a fearless and accomplished horseman, took to keeping bounds, and his stable of hunters, by selling which he made so inconsiderable sum of money, was reckoned the best in the king's lom. At this time he was a regular frequenter of Newmarket, and it was upon the occasion of his visits to the Heath that an incident occurred, some memory of which still lingers among the unwritten traditions of the turf metropolis. Marcham park, the home of Mr. Elwes, and Witham park, the seat of the Earl of Abingdon, lie in close juxtaposition to each other in the county of Berkshire, and some slight acquaintance subsisted between the two owners of the two properties. Lord Abingdon was a comparatively poor man, and had the reputation of being very unsuccessful in his turf ventures. He had made a match for 1,000 guineas a side over the Beach course with Lord Grosvenor, who was a notoriously good match-maker. Lord Abingdon had engaged his chestnut colt, Cardinal York, by Mirake, to run against Lord Grosvenor's brown filly, Dux, out of Curiosity. In addition to the sum of 1,000 guineas, for which the match was originally made, Lord Grosvenor had betted his antagonist £6,000 to 3,000 upon the Dux filly against Cardinal York many months before the 5th day of April, 1779, when the event was to be decided. As the day approached the running of the two animals had changed the odds from 2 to 1 on the Dux filly to 7 to 2, freely offered upon Cardinal York; but Lord Abingdon was known to be short of money, and his eminently successful opponent insisted upon having the stakes made good upon both sides, declaring that otherwise he should regard the match as off. At this juncture Mr. Elwes heard of Lord Abingdon's embarrassment, and, unsolicited, rode up to him on the Heath, and thrust a check for 4,000 guineas into his hand. The match came off, and Cardinal York cantered in an easy winner. To witness it Mr. Elwes rode from Newmarket to Stoke, accompanied by a sporting person who was staying in the house. They started before breakfast, and arrived at the famous little town about eleven. Mr. Elwes was occupied in asking questions, and in conversing with his friends until noon came, when they all rode up to the fixture and the match was decided in Lord Abingdon's favor.

The keen air had so sharpened the clergyman's appre-

hension that when 4 o'clock came he rode up to his elderly companion and told him that he could hold out no longer without something to eat. "Why cannot you do as I do?" rejoined the miser, as he pulled a crushed and flattened bit of pancake out of his greatcoat pocket, which he added that he had brought from his house at Marcham two months before, but that it was as good as new. The famished parson munched a few mouthfuls of the unsavory relic to keep off his hunger, which he had no chance of satisfying till he got back to Stoke, about nine in the evening, when he was too tired to eat anything. The story, however, is characteristic of miser Elwes' peculiarities in ring 4,000 guineas in the morning and in comforting himself at night by reflecting that he had saved four shillings in the course of the day.

Newmarket still contains a few old inhabitants who can point out the spot where John Elwes scaled the ditch at night on horseback in order to avoid paying the toll exacted at the turnpike which stood formerly on the road at the end of the Bunbury Mile, where the July and Chestnut stakes are run. A good horseman, accustomed to follow hounds across country will discover, if he cares to make the experiment that it is not an easyfeat even in daylight. The only instance in which miser Elwes was ever known to sacrifice money to pleasure was during the fourteen years he kept the Suffolk hounds, but even then he made money by selling horses at advanced prices, and managed his kennel and the whole establishment with wonderful ingenuity. His huntman rose at 4 in the morning, and, after milking the cows, prepared breakfast for his master, and for any friends he chanced to have with him. Then, slipping on a green coat he hurried into the stable, saddled the horses, girt the hounds out of the kennel, and away the whole party went into the field. When the day's hunting was over this much-enduring man rubbed the horses down, made their grael, and then ran into the house, where he laid the cloth and waited at dinner. The evening wound up by his feeding the horses, milking the cows, giving the hounds their broth and littering eight horses down for the night. In the summer the hounds went into quarters at the houses of different tenants upon the miser's farms, and in this way the whole fox-hunting establishment of Mr. Elwes did not cost more than £300 a year. Laugh at his petty economies and sneer at his avarice as we may, it cannot be denied that the owner of Stoke, Marcham and Theydon Hall was an unusually clever man. In one instance he proved himself ahead of the best surgeons and physicians, when his eldest son told him that, having hurt his side, he had just been blooded—the invariable practice of the Dr. Sangrado of that day. "Pshaw!" said the practical father, "then you are a blockhead; never part with your blood, if you can help it upon any consideration."

It, however, the country habits of Mr. Elwes were abnormally singular, what is to be said about his life in town? Among the property bequeathed to him by his father were included several houses in the Haymarket, and thus his attention was drawn to the profits arising from building speculations. Perceiving how rapidly the town was spreading, Mr. Elwes bought many fields lying to the north of Oxford street and upon them he built what is now Portman square, and many of the adjacent streets. The Marylebone property of Mr. Elwes passed, after his death into possession of the Portman family, by which it is now held, and but for the fatal American war, which brought England down upon her knees in the mud, the brick and mortar speculations of the shrewd vete-

rarian have been much more widely extended. Not even would ever induce him to pay shilling for insurance against fire, and once, when a public house belonging to him was burnt down, he consoled himself by remembering that the tenant rarely paid any rent, and that perhaps it would have been difficult to get rid of him any other way. It was the custom of miser Elwes, whenever he came to town, to occupy any of his many houses which he chanced to find vacant. A couple of beds, the same number of chairs, a table, and an old charwoman, comprised all his furniture, and he moved them about at a moment's warning. Sometimes the singular pair were installed in a small house in the Haymarket, and sometimes in a vast and gloomy mansion in Portland place. The genius of Moliere or of Walter Scott would have been puzzled to do justice to the closing scenes of this strange and self-tormenting life. Mr. Elwes had come to town, and as usual, had taken up his abode in an empty house. His nephew, Col. Timms, wished to see him, and pursued him, without success, into his accustomed haunts. After many days he learnt by accident that Mr. Elwes had been seen to enter an uninhabited house in Great Marlborough street, and the colonel immediately made for the spot.

After many fruitless inquiries a potboy told him he had seen a shabby old man enter a stable and lock the door after him. The colonel knocked in vain, and at last had the door forced open. The lower part of the house was silent and deserted, but as the search ascended the staircase he heard the moans of distress. He entered a chamber, and there was Mr. Elwes stretched upon a pallet bed and apparently in the agonies of death. Restoratives were administered and upon regaining his speech the old man said that for some reason or other, his servant, an old woman, had not been near him, and that she herself had been ill. Further search was made, and the poor old maid-of-all-work was found lifeless upon a rug in one of the garrets. She had been dead for two days, and but for the opportune arrival of his nephew miser Elwes would soon have followed her to the grave.

At that moment this incurable being was in possession of nearly £1,000,000 in ready money, and of landed estates, messuages and tenements which brought him thousands per annum. The summer of 1788 he passed in one of his houses in Welbeck street, with two maid-servants as his sole companions. His daily practice was to rise at 4 in the morning, in order to be on hand when his laborers came to work upon some houses which he was repairing in Marylebone. In the winter of 1788 his strength visibly decayed, and the final scene came at Marcham, where the younger of his two natural sons—between whom he divided a million sterling at his death—resided with his wife. They did their best to make the old man comfortable, but the ruling passion which had made him a long misery darkened his death bed. Like so many other misers, he fancied himself penitent, and passed the day in picking up chips and the night in groping out, like Moliere's *Aver*. "They have robbed me of my money." At last, upon November 18, 1789, he expired without a sigh, the possessor of such opulence as few men have ever attained, and the preacher of the sad moral that all the money in the world would not be worth having at the cost of such personal anguish and degradation as miser Elwes voluntarily imposed upon himself.—*Sporting Times*.

"I have used Col. Timms' Colic Cure on one of my horses that was attacked with violent colic, and one powder affected a cure. Every horse owner should keep it on hand."

The above is an extract from a letter sent to the Ontario Veterinary Medical Company by J. M. McFarlane, one of the best known gentlemen stockmen in Canada and the leading auctioneer in the city of Toronto.

KEEPING TROTTERS' FEET LEVEL.

A TALK WITH THE MAN WHO OVERSEES THE SHOEING OF MR. VANDERBILT'S FAST MAHES.

"Pathological and Expert Horseshoer" were the words on the card of Mr. George S. Chapman, under whose supervision Mr. Vanderbilt's wonderful horses are regularly shod. Mr. Chapman is sometimes called "Professor" or "Doctor," but although known as a specialist, he disclaimed the title and said he was only a mechanic.

"A pathological mechanic appears to be an oddity: how do you account for that?" inquired the reporter.

"Simply because pathology relates to causes of disease. Some of these causes are traceable in horses' legs and to mechanical derangement of the feet. Frequently, when one part of the leg has been unnaturally strained or taxed, it may be relieved by judicious shoeing, so that the centre of the strain on the leg may be shifted from one part to another. This dealing with causes, with *ut* medicine requires a mechanic rather than a professor."

"Is this a new school of horse doctoring?"

"You may call it as you want of a better name. It has already become divided into two methods of practice, revealing the wide difference between mere palliatives and scientific cures. One deals with effects, the other with causes. In the latter plan you merely respect nature's laws, and become an attorney before her court."

"What has been your practice with Mr. Vanderbilt's horses?"

"Simply keeping them as near level as possible, so that all the parts of their legs and feet could do their proportionate work."

"Which is to be preferred, a low heel or a high one?"

"Either extremes loses the advantage of balance. Try an experiment with a chair. First make it high behind, then very low; then balance it between these two extremes, and you will see how the change of base affects the resultant strain on the parts above. Lower one side of the chair more than another and the effect is quite apparent. The centring of a strain produces congestion; the diffusion of a strain produces equilibrium."

"Are you in favor of what is known as frog pressure?"

"Not with normal conditions. I use it temporarily sometimes."

"How about the condition of Mr. Vanderbilt's tea?"

"I can say nothing except in a general way. Having kept their feet continually at proper level, the horses have acquired a better handling of their feet and legs, and consequently can go faster and with less weight of shoe."

"Does the great increase in the number and value of fast horses tend to create an interest in the science of horseshoeing?"

"Certainly. Some of the more enlightened horse owners are giving personal attention to the shoeing of their important horses. This science has proven that nearly all the derangements of the feet and legs of the horse can be corrected or modified by shoeing. Some of the leading veterinary surgeons are applying new school methods. It is the same with this as with all other discoveries. When we wait for time to fully develop and destroy the identity of discovery ere the practice can be called regular."

"How about the use of weights on horses' legs to give quickness of motion, which is sometimes mistaken for excellence of gait. It might more properly be called four lurches in concert. The extra speed produced by foot weights is artificial and transitory."

"A horse formed and tempered for a great trotter may be clumsy by crooked feet and more clumsy shoeing so as to show far less than its natural abilities. But establish a perfect balance and freeness to his feet and he can then practise until the motion, which is at first uncertain and slow, like that of a pianist learning, gradually by practice becomes rapid and correct. Often a horse with natural abilities, having once been able to make a great performance, who has become deficient in speed, can be restored by correcting and reestablishing the freeness of normal functions. I agree with Mr. E. Z. Simmons that light shoes are the best, and I find new champions of light weight every day. When we look at a great horse in motion we behold a most wonderful machine."

THE MAD STONE.

As the virtues of the mad stone are very generally believed to, it will prove of interest to read the following extract from the *Auguste Constitution*. The examination of the stone in question were thorough and complete. The writer of the extract is a most accomplished scientist he says.

"I must respectfully differ from a great many persons as to the so-called action of this stone, in extracting the poison from persons having been bitten either by snakes or dogs said to be affected by hydrophobia. These stones called mad stones are nothing more than less than a concretion found in the stomachs of deer which has been carefully analyzed by scientific men or the highest attainments. The said stones or concretions are composed of phosphate and carbonate of lime and iron and silix or silica, having no direct nor indirect affinity for extracting poison. A few years ago Prof. Holmes, of South Carolina, a noted scientist, in the presence of interested parties, carefully and absolutely demonstrated the truth and virtue of this so-called mad stone to be mythical, better known as bezar, being a Persian name derived from the word pa-zahar, which signifies against poison, and no work of ancient or modern on this subject differs. They all agree that the mad stone is nothing but the concretion found in the deer, having no medicinal virtues." The dissection of the stone alluded to was described at the time as follows: "The specimen exhibited on this occasion is about the size of a large egg of the domestic fowl, of a mottled yellow color, with a tint

LEPINE PARK RACES, MONTREAL.

The fall races at Lepine Park commenced on the 4th inst. There was a good attendance of spectators, and the races were closely contested. The following were the results:

3 15 CLASS	
J S Snow's b g St Jacobs.....	2 1 1 1
M Bisallion's blk m Ottawa Girl	1 2 2 4
M Painchaud's ch m White Nose	4 3 5 2
M Lanouette's b b Dandy.....	5 5 4 5
M Joly's ch b Bayard	7 7 3 3
A Minguie's b g Dennis	3 4 7 6
B McClosky's b g Parents' Chief	6 6 6 0

3-MINUTE CLASS.	
Matt Swift b in Quebec Girl	1 6 1
A Robert's blk m Lady Mose	2 1 2
W B Wright, b m Lucy.....	3 4 5
T H Lessage, b m L'Orient.....	4 5 5
F Painchaud, g g White Bird	5 2 4
P Pickle's b s Patchen	6 3 3

INAUGURAL MEETING OF THE MONTREAL DRIVING PARK.

Owing to the horses being delayed at Ogdensburg it was not possible for Mr. Acer to carry out his regular programme on Saturday, with his characteristic pluck however, he gave two special purses to be trotted for, and, with the addition of a balloon ascension, thoroughly satisfied the two thousand people that were on hand. A large number of Montreal's representative citizen's were present, and the new park was very highly spoken of by all who were there.

Mr. John Ogilvie, Col Patten and Dr Bergin acted as judges, the latter gentleman also acting as starter, Mr S Coulson as time keeper, and Mr Guy Potter, of Sweetsburg, president of the Missisquoi Driving Park, as marshal.

The following is the record of the extra day's doings:

FIRST EXTRA RACE.

Purse of \$250—\$125 to first horse, \$75 to second, and \$50 to third; best three heats in five:

Daoust Bros, Montreal, br & Harry	4 2 1 1 1
B	1 1 3 2 3
J S Snow, St Johnsbury, Vt., b & St.	
J Jacob	3 3 2 3 2
Mr St Jean, Montreal, b m Lady	
Moose	2 4 4 4 dr
Time—2.50, 2.47, 2.47, 2.49, 2.49.	

SECOND EXTRA RACE.

Purse of \$250—\$125 to first horse, \$75 to second, and \$50 to third; best three heats in five:

Mr Swift's roan mare Quebec Girl	1 1 1
J S Snow, St Johnsbury, Vt., c g Doty	
Goldust	3 3 2
T Lessage, St Eustace, grey mare Nellie Grey	2 2 3
Time—2.35, 2.45, 2.41.	

During the afternoon an exhibition trot was given by the famous trotting mare Phyllis, who has a record of 2.17. She looked well, and moved in grand style, finishing an easy mile in 29.

LOUISVILLE.

Monday was the eleventh day of the races, and those present witnessed a most excellent day's sport. The attendance, however, was only moderate, the weather being somewhat close and threatening. The track was in fine condition, and as a natural sequence the time was fast. The betting was also very good, and as three out of the four favorites won, there was less complaining among the big betters than usual.

The racing began with a selling race at welter weights, at a mile and a sixteenth, which had four starters in Boulevard, Silvio, Lute Fogle and Bonnie Bird. Lute Fogle was a strong favorite. He took the lead at the start and was never headed, winning as he liked by three lengths in 1.53, with the Canada mare, Bonnie Bird, second, followed by Silvio and Boulevard. The second race was a dash of half a mile for two-year-olds. It had a fairly representative field, with Admiral the favorite. Billy Gilmore and Admiral got away together in front of Zamora, and they held the lead between them until well up the stretch, when the Admiral left them and won by three lengths in 49 seconds. Zamora second, a length in front of Gilmore, followed by Jas. Phillips, Nodaway, and Vintage Time.

The third race was the "Green" Stakes for three-year-olds non-winners prior to August 1, mile heats. Of the fourteen subscribers the starters were Long Knight, Bilette, Longmate, Ghost, and Woolley Douglas. Before the race Long Knight was a strong favorite. But dropping the first heat to Woolley Douglas, who won the heat by three lengths in 1.44, the betting changed somewhat, and Douglas became the favorite. He had no chance for the race, for he cramped badly during the heat and just escaped being distanced, Long Knight winning the heat in 1.46, followed by Bilette, Longmate and Ghost. Long Knight also won the third heat, he galloping in front of Woolley Douglas, winning the heat and race by five lengths in 1.55.

The day's racing ended with a handicap at a mile and a quarter, which produced the only surprise of day. Blazies was set down as the winner, but he failed to get a place, in fact, he was never in the race. Effie H., Athlone and Olive made the running, followed by Belle of the Highlands and Mattie Rapture. The last two waited until well into the stretch, when they went to the front, Mattie Rapture winning by a length, with Belle of the Highlands a length in front of Effie H. Time, 2.10.

THE CESAREWITCH

LONDON, Oct. 9.—The Cesarewitch Stakes at Newmarket to-day, again fell to one of the light weight division being won by Don Juan, with Hackness second and Cosmos third. There were twenty-two starters.

SUMMARY

NEWMARKET, Tuesday, Oct. 9.—The Cesarewitch Stakes, a handicap of 25 avcs. each, 15 ft., or three entrance only if forfeit be declared, with 300 added; the second to receive 200 sovs., and the third 200 out of the stakes; entrance 3 avcs., the only forfeit if declared; Cesarewitch Course (2 m. 2 fur. 28 yds.); 22 subs., 39 of whom declared.

Mr G Lambert's ch Don Juan, 3 yrs., 80 lbs.... 1
Mr R Peck's b f Hackness, 5 yrs., 102 lbs.... 2

Mr L de Rothschild's b b Cosmos, 3 yrs., 89 lbs.... 3

The following were the latest recorded odds by mail but towards the last a strong commission was put in the market on Don Juan, and under its influence the

AND LIVE STOCK JOURNAL.

odds soon dropped. Just prior to the start the betting was 6 to 1 against the winner, 4 to 1 against Hackness, 20 to 1 against Cosmos, 5 to 1 against Quicktime, 10 to 1 against Corrie Roy, 16 to 1 against Ghoul, 625 to 100 agst Hackness (1)
1000 to 140 — Quicktime (1)
8000 to 800 — Sweetbread (1)
2000 to 200 — Corrie Roy (1)
7000 to 700 — Tonans (1)
3000 to 180 — Cosmos (1)
1000 to 100 — Don Juan (1)
1000 to 45 — Witchcraft (1)
2000 to 80 — Girofie (1)
1000 to 35 — Faugh-a-Ballagh (1)
1000 to 30 — Limestone (1)
1000 to 25 — Florence (1)
4000 to 100 — Pharamond (1)
40 to 1 — Lizzie (1)
3000 to 60 — Thebais (1)
1000 to 20 — Bendigo (1)
1000 to 20 — Grenville (1)
1000 to 15 — Sachem (1)
1000 to 15 — Baliol (1)
1000 to 15 — Boswell (1)
1000 to 10 — John Jones (1)
1000 to 10 — Mr. Pickwick (1)

QUOTING.

The London Sporting Life of the 21st inst contains an account of a very close and exciting game of quoits between two of the best players in England. The following is an account of the match.

J. PRATTEN v. KIRBY, FOR £20.

Mr. Morsley's well-known quoting enclosure, adjoining the Forresters' Arms, Whitwell-road Balaam street, Plaistow, was well patronized on Saturday last, about 230 paying gate to witness another of the numerous quoit matches for which this neighbourhood is famed. The weather was taken on the whole, favourable throughout. The match under notice was between J. Pratten and W. Kirby, both of Canongate Town, conditions 61 pounds up, fourteen yards distance, 10½ quoits, not exceeding 8 3/8 in. diameter, London rules. The match throughout was of a most interesting description, the men being very evenly matched, but at the early portion of the game it looked as if Kirby could not possibly lose as he got back the start he had conceded to Pratten. The betting started at evens, but Kirby's people were willing to lay odds of 8 to 5 after the game had progressed some time. This, however, that even when the scores were at 55 all they still wished to lay 2 to 1 on the chance of their man. Pratten, who played in rare form after he warmed to his work, won the match eventually by the small majority of 2 points.

The game commenced at twenty minutes to three, the men pitching from the North end of the ground. Pratten, who, it will be remembered, was in receipt of points start, won the toss, and scored a single at the first end, Kirby taking the next 5 with a double at two of them and three singles. This made the scores stand—Kirby, 7; Pratten, 11. The latter then took two singles, Kirby responding with a single, followed by a double. Pratten then took three ends in succession, with a single at each, Kirby following with two doubles. This brought the men, after playing fifteen ends, to 15 all, Kirby, having regained the start he had allowed his opponent, still pursuing his luck. Kirby scored a double and a single. Pratten, then again taking three successive ends with singles, the last a well-played ringer. Kirby then scored 1, when Pratten took three more ends with singles, the men "peeling" for the second time in the match at 22 all. A single from each of the men and another "peel" occurred at 27 all, a like result taking place at 22 and again at 25. Kirby then took the lead, and the four following ends, three with singles and one with a double, Pratten taking two singles. The former still continued to add to his score, until at the forty-eighth end he was leading by 9 points, the scores standing—Kirby, 38; Pratten, 30. At this point of the game the partisans of the latter thought that their man stood no earthly chance of winning, seeing that, besides getting-back the start allowed, Kirby had added 8 to his score. The next end fell to Pratten with a double—the first he had scored as yet; he also took the next with a single. Kirby then had a run of six ends, during which he added 7 to his score, which now stood at 45. Pratten's being at 33. Both men played carefully on, until at the sixty-eighth end Pratten had reduced the interval between them by 4. The seventieth end was a very close affair, resulting in a single for Pratten, a noticeable feature being the cleverness with which A Edwards (who was directing him) removed the bottom quoit without shifting any of the others. At the seventy-third end Pratten scored his second double, in the game there being only a difference of 3 points separating the two players. At the eightieth end the men were again level. Scores—53 all. The eighty-first fell to Kirby with a single, Pratten's quoit having "gone," he also taking the next with a driving quoit on the weak side. Pratten then scored a well-played double, and the men peeled at 55 all, and again at 57. Four more points were now required to decide the match. Pratten played "a ringer," Kirby putting his quoit dead on p, and taking "the shot." The next end also fell to his share with a single. Jimmy now tried his luck, and scored two singles, the result being 59 all. The next two ends were singles to Pratten, who thus at the ninety-fourth end became the winner of one of the best contested matches seen lately by 2 points. The winner was ably directed by A. Edwards. G. Payne lighting for Kirby. Mr. D. Haley was referee. The game lasted exactly four hours, it being quite dusk at the conclusion. Score:—J. Pratten, total, 61; W. Kirby, total, 59.

ATHLETIC.

PRENDERGAST AND DALY.

New York prize fighters proved on Monday that where there's a will there's a way and moved their fighting grounds from Long Island to Staten Island. Near Silver Lake early in the morning the two heavyweights, Captain J. C. Daly and "Joe" Prendergast, Professor McClellan's pupil, met to decide their fight for \$250 aside. Two short rounds had been fought when Prendergast gave Daly a foul blow and lost the fight. The pugilists and their friends went down to Silver Lake on Sunday night and at six o'clock yesterday the men prepared to fight. Daly was accompanied by Brown and Ward, his seconds, and weighed 290 pounds. Prendergast weighed 185 pounds and had as his seconds Professor McClellan and Arthur Miller. Charles Johnson was referee.

It was nearly 7 o'clock when the men stepped into the ring. Both men were in full ring costume and wore gloves of a texture to be within the pale of the law. As they stood in the ring they looked perfectly giants. Prendergast is six feet one inch tall and Daly is a half-inch taller. Prendergast walked from his corner and said: "Daly, I'll beat you a \$200 I lick you. If I don't lick you easy I won't take your money."

Daly said, "I haven't that much money, but I'll lick you for the stakes."

Then Referee Johnson called time. Daly was the first to respond. He was quickly followed by Prendergast. They sparred for an opening which Prendergast first took advantage of, and led at Daly's face, but was short. Daly was slow in countering, and Prendergast stepped out of his way. Then the latter led, but was again short, and Daly countered heavily on his nose, drawing first blood. After this the men went to work savagely, and soon got to close quarters when Prendergast by swinging right-hander sent Daly to the ground. He then stood over him and hit Daly as he was rising, but the referee decided it was not foul.

The second round was begun after the men had rested a minute. They went at it hammer and tong. Daly then fell back, and while again attempting to rise Prendergast struck him again. Daly's seconds then made a claim of foul and a scene almost indescribable followed. Referee Johnson decided that Prendergast had lost the fight by committing a foul.

The noted Irish amateur, P. Davin, of Cartick-on-Suir, on Sept. 13 at Portarlington established a new record for the long jump, clearing the marvellous distance of 23 feet 2 inches. The performance is authenticated beyond doubt.

LACROSSE.

TORONTO STILL CHAMPIONS.

The usual wait of half an hour characterised the behaviour of the Lacrossists at the match for the championship on Saturday afternoon last. The slightest regard for the public convenience would dictate a little more punctuality. The game between the Independents of Montreal and the Torontos was for the championship, but on neither side was the game up to championship form. The eastern men showed very deficient in team play and the champions were careless in their play, perhaps, because they did not fear the opposition. The Torontos won in three straight games. A good deal of rough play was indulged in by both teams and if this evil is not checked it will soon become a game for roughs instead of gentlemen.

THE SHAMROCKS AT OTTAWA.

The lacrosse match on Saturday, on the Rideau Hall grounds, Ottawa, between the Shamrocks, of Montreal, and the Metropolitans, of Ottawa, was largely attended His Excellency the Governor-General and H.R.H. the Princess Louise being present. The Shamrocks took the first two and fifth games, and the Metropolitans the third and fourth. The Governor-General placed the ball at the beginning of the game and at the close the Princess watched the departure of the Shamrocks, gracefully acknowledging a hearty cheer sent up in her honor.

TRIGGER.

The various brands of Powder manufactured by the Hamilton Powder Company are ahead of all others

We have received word from two of our correspondents in the county of Middlesex respecting the scarcity of ruffed grouse. In places where the writer last season made good bags, they, this autumn are unable to raise a feather.

The busy noise of preparation is heard in many a sportsman's home in this city. Messrs. Stanhope Taylor, Winfield, Wilson, Tinning, Ward, Watson and a host of others, are stopping home o' nights and getting ready their traps for the foray.

The Annual Shooting Match of the Toronto Gun Club took place at the Woodbine Park on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 3rd. and 4th.; 57 members took part, at 15 pigeons each.

Prince George is reported to have had two days fine sport at the Flats, bagging 100 ducks.

Quite a few plover were shot the past week in the neighborhood of Mount Forrest and Durham. Partridges are reported in good numbers around Flesherton.

TORONTO GUN CLUB—ANNUAL SHOOT.

The special prize of a Gold Medal for the best score made during the match was won by Mr. D. L. Van Vlack. The following are the winners in each class.

FIRST CLASS.		PRIZE.

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FIXTURES FOR 1883.

RUNNING MEETINGS.

Montreal Driving Park, Montreal, Running and Trotting, October 6th, 8th & 9th.
Petrolia, Trotting, October 3, 4 and 5.
St. Clair, Mich., Trotting, October 9, 10 and 11.
Oshawa Running and Trotting, Tuesday and Wednesday, October 9th & 10th.
Ogdensburg Running and Trotting, Oct. 2, 3, 4 & 5th

THE TURF.

LOUISVILLE.

Never before has the Louisville Jockey Club had as bad luck as it has had during the present meeting. Twice its officers have been compelled to postpone by reason of bad weather during the present week, and again on Friday the weather was anything but pleasant. It was cold and damp, the track was very heavy and the attendance small. The racing, however, proved fairly good. The first race, a mile and a half dash, was won by the favorite, Cardinal McCloskey, who waited until the last quarter and then made short work with the leads and won easily. The second race was for the Falls City Stake at a mile and a half. Washburn was the favorite. He took the lead immediately after the start and was never reached.

The race of the day was the fourth, with mile heats, at selling allowances. It had six starters, with Monticello the favorite. It took four heats to decide it, of which Monticello won the first by a length, and Kansas won the second. The third was a dead heat between them, they running nearly the whole mile like a team. For the fourth heat they ran half a length apart to the distance stand, where Kansas made a dash winning the heat and race by a length. The favorite was also beaten for the fifth race. It was a dash of three-quarters of a mile, and Lizzie S. was made a big favorite over the field. She and the Canadian mare Princess ran on nearly even terms to within a short distance of the post, when Princess drew clear and won by three lengths. The following is a

SUMMARY.

Louisville, Ky., Oct. 5th.—Ninth day of the autumn meeting of the Louisville Jockey Club.

First race—Purse \$300, for three-year-olds, of which also in the second: one mile.

W H Stevenson's chg Cardinal McCloskey, by Ten Brock, dam Water Witch Taylor 1
Fleetwood Stable's Chatter Ellis 2
Power and Son's Aretino Blaylock 3
Wallflower, Kitcha, Colarossi, Emma Manly, Miss Dance, and Woolley Douglass also ran.

Time—1.49.

Pools—Cardinal McCloskey, \$150; Wallflower and Kitcha, \$100 each; Aretino, \$55; the field, \$100.

Won by four lengths, half a length between second and third.

Same day—Falls City Stake, for all ages, at \$50 each, half forfeit, with \$500 added; of which \$100 to the second; penalties and maiden allowances; mile and a half.

Randall and Jackson's Washburn, 4, by Billet, dam Ht Blaylock 1
J Allen's Silvio, 4 Stoval 2
C Bell's McGinty, 3 Sax 3

Time—1.44.

Pools—Washburn, \$230; McGinty, \$125; Silvio, \$115.

Won by a length, a bad third.

Same Day.—Purse \$300, of which \$50 to the second; a handicap for two-year-olds, at five furlongs.

J G Drexler's b c. Billy Gilmore, by Brigadier, dam Betty Price, Admiral, Zamora, Gabe C. Galaxy and Bonetta also ran.

Time—1.05.

Pools—Billy Gilmore, \$100; admiral, \$90; Zamora, \$75; the field, \$65. Won by three lengths, the same between second and third.

Same Day.—Purse \$300, for all ages, of which \$50 to the second; selling allowances; mile heats.

J H Thompson's b t Kansas, 4, by Chilli-cothe, dam Sirro, 107 lb (Williams & Taylor) 3 1 0 1

J Carter's b g Monticello, 3, by Monarchist, dam B minor (Weathers) 1 3 0 1

Rosebud Stable's Egyptian (Triplet) 2 2 10
Lillie B., Roach, and Billy also started.

Time—1.52, 1.51, 1.52.

Pools.—Before the first heat: Monticello, \$225; the field, \$350. After first heat: Monticello, \$150; the field, \$100. After second heat: Kansas, \$110; Monticello, \$25. After third heat: Monticello, \$100; Kansas, \$100.

Same Day.—Purse \$300, for all ages, of which \$50 to the second; three quarters of a mile.

J Horber's b f Princess, 3, by Princeton, dam Roxaline, 104 lb Barnes 1

McClure & Co.'s Lizzie S., 5, 118 lb Stoval 2
W L Cassidy's Campanini, 3, 104 lb Huston 3
Walker & Co.'s Golden Era also ran.

Time—1.21.

Pools.—Lizzie S., \$225; Princess \$20; the field, \$10. Won by three lengths, a bad third.

JEROME PARK.

The chilly atmosphere materially affected the attendance at Jerome Park and made the crowd conspicuously a male one, the number of ladies being very small, especially at the club-house, which, for the first time this year was nearly deserted. The day, however, proved pleasant, although cool, and as the track was in fair condition the racing proved better than was expected, and as the favorites and second favorites—three of each winning—carried off the honors, the money bet was fairly divided.

As to the racing, Stratospay, with the improved

track, showed that he was better than Aranza, although it must be said that under the conditions of the race he had decidedly the best of the weights over all the others. The result of the second race—the race for Leo for the Champagne Stake—was one of those close affairs that are becoming frequent on the American turf, in which two horses finish so close that those standing on the finish line declare both to be winners according to side of the track on which they stand. Thus the judges gave the race to Leo, who ran on the outside of the track from them, while the gentlemen in the timing stand, including Mr. Lorillard and Mr. Withers, both agreed that Mr. Withers unnamed colt, by King Earnest out of Cyclone, was in front of Leo. But as the crowd saw the finish as the judges did those who differed with them were very few.

Miss Woodford had no difficulty in winning the Hunter's Stakes. In fact, it was but a gallop for her. The excitement of the race was the finish by Carnation and Bella for the place money, the two running out so close that it was a dead heat. The handicap at a mile and a quarter was won by Aella, who had much the best of the weight over the three-year-old Pizzaro, who actually gave the winner 11 pounds, a task that the best of the three year-olds would find it difficult to do with so good a mare. The Selling Race was won by Hartford, the favorite, Dan K., never making an effort. He got away last, and maintained that position to the end. The hurdle race looked perhaps worse than it was, the "tip" Forager, winning quite easily, after having been fouled by the favorite, Jim McGowan. The details are as follows:

FIRST RACE—MILE AND A FURLONG.

Purse \$300, for three year olds and upwards. W Donohue's b t Stratospay, 5, by Glenelg, dam Strathspay Owner 1
P Lorillard's Aranza, 5 Shauer 2
J B Sherman's Brad, 5 Cross 3
Duplex and Referees also ran.

Time—1.59.

Betting—11 to 5 against Stratospay, 3 to 2 against Aranza, 4 to 1 against Brad, 5 to 2 against Duplex, and 10 to 1 against Referees. Won by two lengths, a length between second and third.

SECOND RACE—SIX FURLONGS.

Seventeenth renewal of the Champagne Stakes, for two-year-olds, at \$30 each, half forfeit, with \$500 added.

P Lorillard's b c Leo, by Duke of Magenta, dam the Squaw Shauer 1
D L Withers' ch c, by King Earnest, dam Cyclone W Donohue 2

Dwyer Bros' Ecuador J McLaughlin 3
Decoy Duck, Economy, Albia, Dutch Roller, Greenstone, Casino, Perilous, and King Alfonso also ran.

Time—1.28.

Betting—3 to 2 against Leo, 5 to 2 against Decoy Duck, 5 to 1 each against Kitson's pair and Ecuador 6 to 1 against Withers' pair, 10 to 1 Economy, 12 to 2 against Dutch Roller, 15 to 2 against Greystoone and 20 to 1 against the Quickstep filly. Won by a short head; two lengths between second and third.

THIRD RACE—MILE AND THREE-QUARTERS.

Fifteenth renewal of the Hunter Stakes, for three year fillies, at \$100 each.

Dwyer Bros' br f Miss Woodford, by Billot, dam Fancy Jane J McLaughlin 1
Appleby & Co.'s Carnation W Hayward 0
J E Kelly's Bella Barber 0

Time—3.13.

Betting—9 to 2 on Miss Woodford, 7 to 1 against Carnation and 10 to 1 against Bella. Won by six lengths, dead heat between second and third.

FOURTH RACE—MILE AND A QUARTER.

Handicap sweepstakes, for all ages, at \$30 each, with \$600 added, the second to receive \$125 out of the stake; 6 subscribers.

G L Lorillard's b m Aella, 5, by Glenelg, dam Lt. Henderson Brennan 1
P Lorillard's b m Pizzaro, 3 Shauer 2
W L Scott's Blue Grass Belle, 3 Lewis 3

Hilarity and Infanta also ran.

Time—2.16.

Betting—8 to 5 against Pizzaro, 9 to 5 against Aella, 5 to 1 each against Blue Grass Belle and Infanta, 6 to 1 against Hilarity. Won by four lengths, three lengths between second and third.

FIFTH RACE—ONE MILE.

Purse \$300, for all ages.

Dwyer Bros' Hartford, 5, by John Morgan, dam Calomel J McLaughlin 1
J R Graham's Haledon, 5 Riley 2

W P Burch's Colonel Sprague, 6 Marward 3
Heel and Toe, Blue Peter, Baby, Retort, Dan K also ran.

Time—1.48.

Betting—5 to 2 against Dan K., 3 to 1 against Hartford, 4 to 1 against Colonel Sprague, 5 to 1 against Heel and Toe, 6 to 1 each against Baby and Haledon 8 to 2 against Blue Peter and 10 to 1 against Retort. Won by a neck, a length between second and third. No bid for the winner.

SIXTH RACE—OVER HURDLES.

Purse \$300, of which \$100 to the second; a handicap for all ages, at a mile and three furlongs, over 5 hurdles.

P Haynes, Jr.'s b t Forager, 5, by Kingfisher, dam Felucca W Lynch 1
W G Daly's Jim McGowan, 5 Fitzpatrick 2

J Donohue, Jr.'s Rochester, aged E Lynch 0
P Duffy's Buster P Maney 0

Time—3.38.

Betting—Even money against Jim McGowan, 7 to 5 against Forager, 4 to 1 against Buster, and 7 to 1 against Rochester. Won by five lengths. Rochester and Buster did not go the course.

JEROME PARK.

Attendance at Jerome Park was about the lightest on record, not only as far as the programme was concerned but in the number of starters and attendance. There were but five races on the "cards," one of which was a "walk over," while the total number of starters in the four actual races numbered just seventeen. The race of the day was the Grand National Handicap and—although it had but three starters—it in a measure redeemed the day's sport and satisfied the spectators.

FIRST RACE—MILE AND HALF A FURLONG.

Handicap sweepstakes, for all ages, at \$25 each, with \$500 added.

Mr. Kelso's b f Rica, 4, by Kingfisher, dam Lady Montmore W Donohue 1
W P Burch's Helen Wallace, 5 Riley 2

Appleby & Co.'s Jack of Hearts, 5 W Hayward 3

Time 1.55.

Betting—Even money against Jack of Hearts, 3 to 2 against Rica 5 to 2 against Helen Wallace and Brunswick and 6 to 1 against All Hands Around. Won by three parts of a length, half a length between second and third.

SECOND RACE—THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILE.

Purse \$300, for two-year-olds.

Mr. Kelso's ch f Woodmark, by King Alfonso, dam Mollie Wood, \$900 O'Leary 0

THIRD RACE—TWO MILES AND A QUARTER.

Dwyer Bros' b c George Kinney, 3, by Bound Scotland dam Kathleen J McLaughlin 1
E J McElmeel's General Monroe Fitzpatrick 2
G L Lorillard's Trafalgar Onley 3

Time—4.44.

Betting—4 to 1 on George Kinney, 7 to 2 against General Monroe and 25 to 1 against Trafalgar. Won by half a length, a length between second and third.

The Race.—With the flag George Kinney took the lead, and followed by General Monroe and Trafalgar, they came to the stand a short length apart; the pace being very slow. As they made the turn the pace increased somewhat, but the order of running remained unchanged, George Kinney leading back to the stand a length and a half in front of General Monroe, who was the same distance in front of Trafalgar. As they began the last mile they closed up somewhat, but the race did not really begin until they ran down for the club house, when Trafalgar started the excitement by closing up on General Monroe and showing second, so that, at the beginning of the turn for the south field, Kinney only led by half a length, with Trafalgar the same in front of General Monroe. The turn of the track, however, materially benefitted Monroe, and at the old stable he passed Trafalgar and at the club stables headed Kinney, but as the favorite was in next the rails he quickly regained the lead and in the run up to the three-quarters he led by three parts of a length, with Monroe second, lapped by Trafalgar. They made the turn very close and as they showed in the straight General Monroe again came to the front, which advantage he held to the seven-furlong post where McLaughlin brought his whip into use as also did Fitzpatrick, on the General. Kinney responded to the quickest, and retaking the lead held it to the end winning the best race he ever ran by half a length with General Monroe second, a length ahead of Trafalgar. Time, 4.44. The first quarter was run in 32 seconds, the next mile in 1.52, and the last mile in 1.49. The total time is the slowest since 1877, when Tom Ochiltree, then a five-year-old and carrying 124 pounds, won in 4.18, the best time for the stake being 4.00, made by Loulanier when a three-year-old in 1878, carrying 99 pounds.

Thus it will be seen that George Kinney's performance, carrying 119 pounds, and giving General Monroe sixteen pounds, was one of uncommon merit. He also gave Trafalgar twenty-four pounds. Trafalgar's running, however, was vastly better than expected, and if he improves so that he can carry anything like "cup" weights next year he will be a very useful horse in the Westbrook stable.

FOURTH RACE—SIX FURLONGS.

Purse \$300, for three-year-olds and upwards; three quarters of a mile.

J E Cook's b g Weasel, 6, by Wanderer, dam Neolia, \$1,000 Thayer 1
C H. Pettingill's Constantia, 5, \$1000, M. Donehue 2
B. Pryor's Black Gal, 3, \$600 R. Hyslop 3

Time—1.19.

Betting—11 to 5 against Strathspay, 3 to 2 against Duplex and 10 to 1 against Referees. Won by two lengths, a length and a half between second and third.

FIFTH RACE—STEEPLECHASE.

Purse \$300, of which \$100 to second; a steeple-chase for all ages over the short course.

W. Kayll's ch t Disturbance, aged, by Chilli-clothe, dam Mattie C McGrath 1

P. Duffy's Major Wheeler, 5 P. Lynch 2

J. P. Davey's Rose, aged P. Maney 3

P. Maney's Pasha, 5 Kinney 0

Time—3.36.

Betting—8 to 1 on Disturbance, 8 to 1 against Major Wheeler, 5 to 2 against Rose, and 20 to 1 against Pasha. Won by two lengths, a neck between second and third.

SIXTH RACE—STEEPLECHASE.

Purse \$30



CRICKET.

ENGLISH CRICKET AVERAGE, 1883.

In glancing over *Bell's Life* of the 22nd ult., the cricket average of 1883 gives particulars of the season's doings. By it we learn that the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton heads the record with an average of a little over 69 runs, showing a wonderful average for the few first-class matches he has played in. Mr. A. W. Ridley comes next with an average of 45 runs for his nine innings. The honor of the season, however, fairly rests with C. T. Studd, who for 34 innings shows an average of 41. W. M. Reid shews 35 for each of 33 innings, and W. S. Grace ran 32 for each of 37 innings. The Middlesex captain, Mr. J. D. Walker, scorer 750 runs in 26 innings, and Lord Harris placed 919 to his credit for 31 innings.

With regard to the average of the professionals, Hall heads the rally with 1180 runs for 44 innings. Uyett, 1552 for 50 innings; Shrewsbury, 1117 for 40; Barnes, 1241 for 49; Selby, 328 for 14; Flowers, 1144 for 49, and Bates, 1024 for 46 innings. These are the most noteworthy records.

"Look to your bats" is the advice just given by Lord Harris. His lordship calls attention to the fact that a great many cricketers play with bats of an illegal width, and he thinks that some effort should be made to compel batsmen to conform to the second law of cricket, which stipulates that the bat must not exceed four inches and a quarter in width. Lord Harris states that he recently measured a lot of bats and found them nearly all over the regulation width.

Vassila, a new found colt, who lately distinguished himself in the bowling line in a small match in the South of England, was lately played in a match at Acton for the benefit of Robson, the Acton professional, and he succeeded in taking fourteen wickets at a cost of 26 runs only.

Nottinghamshire, the accepted champion county of the year, finished up their season in a very bad fashion. Their engagement with the M.C.C. and Ground looked a mess for the county, for the head club were not at all well represented. As matters turned out, Notts were not only beaten, but beaten handsomely by 121 runs, a great achievement on a bad wicket. The spectators at Trent Bridge could hardly believe their own eyes when the champions were dismissed for 23 runs, and derisive cheers (the Nottingham people are by no means chary at this sort of thing) were raised when wicket after wicket was so easily captured. Shrewsbury, Barnes, Flowers, Gunn, Shacklock, and Sherwin were all dismissed without scoring, and Smith, of the Notts Castle Club, had the honor of being at the top of the list with a total of eight.

Thirty-four overs and three balls were all that were sent down in this remarkable innings, and it was Ryott, who did all the damage. Ryott, who is getting quite a veteran, captured four wickets for nine runs, and the young Gloucestershire professional obtained the wickets of five opponents for 13 runs. The Nottingham men fared considerably better when they went in a second time, but they were easily enough beaten at the finish. Mr. W. J. Ford, the only amateur on the visiting side, played good cricket for 23 and 28, and the spectators did not fail to applaud the old Repton boy. The Herefordshire professional, W. Hearn, also deserves a word of praise for 33 and 14.

ANGLING.

ANGLING.

SOMEWHAT OF A YARN.

Tom Pepper has for ages been held sacred in the memory as the most accomplished liar the world ever produced. No longer can his memory be so revered. The following, from a person signing himself "W. T.", in the columns of a contemporary, leads the way and crowns its author with the wreath of victory.

"For the amusement of our youthful readers I will relate a rather curious incident which occurred a few years ago and is entirely unique as far as I know.

I had been fishing at a place near the Grand river, Ontario, called McKenzie's Pond, which was famous for large pike, dogfish, and large mouthed bass, the former running up to twenty pounds and the latter to eight or ten. I had used all afternoon a long, unjointed cane rod, with a very strong line and a large spoon with three hooks. After securing a number of pike and bass, and throwing a large number of dogfish to a neighbourly drove of hogs, I sent those fish which I had decided to keep home by a passing wagon, and, as it was a pleasantly cool evening in September, I preferred walking.

It was just growing dark as I strolled leisurely along on the main road through an open wood. I carried my rod over my shoulder, and the reel, line and spoon hooks were still on it. As I mused in that peaceful and pious frame of mind which all good anglers feel after a satisfactory day's sport, and indulged in various conjectures as to what the weight of my two largest fish might be, a large raccoon doubtless observing my abstraction, ran slowly across the road in front of me and up and oak tree for about twenty feet and held on there watching me with a quietly impudent leer upon his streaked face as if he considered me a queer looking and innocuous animal after all. But then was the time when the ring tail made the greatest and last mistake of his life, for, unhooking my spoon from the reel and making a quick cast, I caught the corn-eater fairly in the side on the very first trial. Then we had the funniest kind of a little circus—admission free, but no spectators.

So soon as the coon felt the sharp prich of the large pike hooks, so far from imitating the gentlemanly and obliging conduct of his historical and illustrious relation in his encounter with Col. Crockett and "coming down" decently he made frantic efforts to get further up. But the line was a strong woven linen one, which would bear a dead weight of over fifty pounds, and let him snatch and pull never so furiously, he could not progress skyward a single foot.

Neither could I for a while dislodge him from the tree. He dug his toe nails, fore and aft, into the bark and held on with a zeal and tenacity of purpose which no occupant of a fat government mucare could exceed.

I first tried to play him in a scientific manner with

the spring of the rod, but this he laughed easily, to scorn. Then I essayed a long, steady, straight pull with about fifty feet of line out, but he embraced that tree with as much ardor as a candidate did his constituents' babies just before election time, and I could not budge him without risking a fracture of the line.

Then I took a mean advantage of him, and I held the line in my left hand, picked up a club with my right hand, threw it and struck him, and the to-tot he made a start jerked him side ways to the ground. Then he made tracks as if the whole Lime Kiln Club were after him, and it was a fair trial and that of the line. The latter held, however, and, hand over hand I overhauled my novel catch and finally knocked him on the head.

He was a very large and fat coon with a wonderful coat of fur, and I found afterwards that he weighed twenty-four pounds—the heaviest one I ever killed weighted twenty-eight. I lugged him all the way home, though the distance was over a mile.

The largest pike taken this day proved to be seventeen and the largest big-mouthed bass seven and one half pounds."

In presence of such genius we lift the hat, and strongly recommend W. T. to the attention of Manager Cameron, of the *Globe* Printing and Publishing Company, as possessing gifts that eminently fit him for chief "kit" in their \$3.50 watch deal.

HABITS OF SALMON.

Mr. W. H. Rogers, Inspector of Fisheries of Nova Scotia, has been interviewed by the reporter of a local paper, and says:

"A marked increase from the culture of salmon could not be expected inside of seven or eight years from the first year planting of the fry, because it is known that these fish do not attain their full growth until they are five years old; and as the few we have been hatching in the maritime provinces have been planted in small parcels, in innumerable small streams and as the fact is just now beginning to be demonstrated that they will only return to the rivers to which the parent fish belonged, instead of the one in which the fry spent the first year of its existence, therefore, as the parent fish for the Bedford hatchery have been taken from other streams, they are not returning to the Bedford River as we have been expecting, but they are rapidly increasing on the River Philip, where most of the ova for the hatching has been obtained, and where some 40,000 fry per annum have been planted. The main Restigouche in N.B., where Mr. Mowat obtained his parent fish, has this year yielded the largest number of salmon it has for many years, 1,630 having been taken with the fly, averaging 22 lbs., or a total of over 35,000 lbs., while the Metapedia and Upsilonquitch branches of the same river, where large numbers of fry have been annually planted (but from parent fish taken from the Restigouche) there is little or no increase. These facts, corroborated by further experience, will be invaluable in the future, as they will prove the necessity of having a hatchery on each of the more important rivers at least."

"Do you think that it would be a wise expenditure of the public money to increase fish hatcheries in the Dominion?"

"I most certainly do, for where salmon can be readily sold at \$1 per pound, as is the case during much of the salmon season in the Western portion of Nova Scotia, no time or expense should be lost in multiplying them as quickly as possible in the rivers of Yarmouth, Shelburne, Queens and Lunenburg, with their extensive inland waters, where, on account of the rocky and rough state of the river bottoms, the paucity of natural spawning beds renders such a step almost imperative. Such a step would doubtless yield immense profits to the country. This is also, though in a less degree, true of the salmon fisheries of the entire Dominion, as good prices will always be obtained in the future, both on account of increased population and better commercial facilities."

"Have you any idea why there has been so much written and published against fishculture in the Dominion of late?"

"It is not at all difficult to understand the reasons, but at present I do not think it prudent to give the public my views in detail on that phase. I may say however, that unfair advantage has been taken of the continual decline of the salmon fishery as a whole during the several past years, which has occurred on all parts of the Atlantic coast of North America. To such fluctuations all fish are periodically subject, the cause for which being beyond human ken. This fact seemed to offer a fair opportunity to certain parties to make an attack upon the whole management of fish hatching, and to demand that results should not only neutralize this general movement of fish off the coast, but that a large increase of salmon should be the result of seven or eight years' planting. But those people began to shout failure too soon, as is now being demonstrated in the large increase of last year and the present year, as follows: In 1881 we caught in Nova Scotia only 298,043 lbs. of salmon, and in 1882 we took 625,061 lbs., and I think that the present year will also show a large further increase. New Brunswick in the year 1881 took but 620,461 lbs., and during the year 1882, 1,065,118. The present year the increase will be large, and I confidently anticipate a largely increased yield in future years, as the result not only of the artificial aid rendered, but of the protection afforded the fish during the spawning season, by the enforcement of the fishery laws, and the opening of the milldams in this province, which are now being supplied with the best form of fishway that exists, through which the fish are ascending in abundance wherever they are. They are being constructed as fast as we can get them built. Still there are and always have been grumbliers who seem to require to bump their heads, or they would die of ennui. While this class of people seem to be as necessary to enterprise as the horsefly to the existence of the horse—they, like the fly, pass away in their season and the world moves on as if they had not been about. We have the finest fish farm in the world, and those who are charged with its management and culture may expect to meet with annoyances and difficulties, chiefly arising out of a general want of information which the recent great fisheries exhibition held in London will do much to remove. I have no doubt that this, with moral backbone and pluck on the part of those engaged in the work will in the immediate future produce gratifying results to the country."

TRUT STRIPED WITH GOLD.—W. S. Bender, chief clerk of the Ophir company, who has just returned from Ieyo, says that in some lakes situated well up toward the summit of Mount Witney are found trout that have along their sides a golden stripe. No such trout are found in any other place in the known world. They are from ten to eighteen inches in length, and those who have seen them say they are the most beautiful fish they have ever seen in any part of the world. After the fish have been out of the water for a time and have become dry and shrivelled the brightness fades out of the golden stripe. These beautiful trout are found in a chain of lakes lying in a deep canyon. Recently a fishing party went up from

Independence and caught two hundred of these trout. Without much trouble they might be planted in many places in the lakes and streams of the Sierras.—Virginia City (Nev.) *Enterprise*.

A SEAL STORY.

An interesting incident, illustrating the maternal affection of an animal for its young, was brought to notice during the visit of an excursion party to Anasca Island. A young seal pup only a few months old was brought away from the Island by little Ernest Whitehead, who desired to take it home for a pet. The little animal was secured by a rope around one of its fins and tied within a small yawl belonging to the sloop. Shortly before sailing a large seal was noticed swimming around the loop anchored off the cave where the capture was made, uttering loud barks and at times howling pitifully. No particular attention was paid to the animal at the time, or to the little captive, which at times barked in response to the old dam's plaints. The boat sailed away, making for the Ventura shore. When off San Buenaventura a calm in the wind decreased the speed of the boat, when a large seal was noticed near by.

On reaching the wharf at Santa Barbara at 2 o'clock next morning a seal was again discovered swimming about the boat. It was next supposed that this was the mother of the captive, or out of pity for its misery the pup would have been thrown overboard. To better secure the pup until daylight, the rope was taken from its fin and it was tied up in a lute sack and left loose on the deck. Soon after coming to anchor the seal responded to its mother's invitation by casting itself overboard, all tied up as it was within a sack. It is asserted by the man on deck that the seal mother seized the sack and with her sharp teeth tore open the prison of her offspring. This, however, is a mere conjecture. If it did, the little pup was saved; otherwise it would drown tied up in the sack. The instance was the more interesting from the fact that the old seal had to follow the sloop at least eighty miles over the ocean in a hopeful endeavour to rescue its young.

KENNEL.

THE LONDON BENCH SHOW.

The dog show was one of the chief attractions on the Fair Grounds, and the large number of valuable dogs brought together were admired by many thousand visitors. The judges, Messrs. John W. Munson, of St. Louis, and Jas. Mortimer, of New York, were kept busy at their work all day, and the awards were received with unanimous approbation. Mr. J. Taylor, of Rochdale, Lancashire, Eng., showed a collie that has won forty-two first prizes in England, and also a pointer that has been awarded fourteen prizes. Mr. Pierce, owner of the Glencho Kennels, Peekskill, N.Y., took all the prizes in Irish setters, and our most prominent dog fanciers say he has the fairest lot of dogs in this class to be found on this continent, or even in Ireland. His Glencho is valued at \$10,000, and is considered the best made Irish setter living. The building was kept open until 10 o'clock each evening. Following is the list of the prize animals:

Class 18—Champion Irish setters, Dogs—Glencho Kennels, Peekskill, N.Y.; Glencho.

Class 19—Champion Irish setters, bitches—Glencho Kennels, Trix.

Class 20—Irish setters, dogs—1. Glencho Kennels, Hyperion; 2. John David Durward, Simcoe, Comet; Highly commended Jackson Strother, Petrolea, Rodger.

Class 21—Irish setters, bitches—1. Glencho Kennels, Fau, Thomas Stodd, Catskill, Pa.; Nannie. Very highly commended Ponting & Goodenough, Windsor, Fau.

Class 22—Irish setter Puppies, dogs—(Under 12 months)—Ponting & Goodenough, Dufferin.

Class 23—Irish setter puppies, bitches—No entries.

Class 65—Hard haired, Scotch Terriers—1. D. O'Shea, London, Boxer; 2. D. O'Shea, Major. Highly commended—Frank Turill, London, Neil.

Class 66—Silk or broken-haired terriers (any variety not already classified)—1. John F. Scholes, Toronto, Sandy; 2. John F. Scholes, Pepper, Commandeur; M. F. O'Mara, London, Butty.

Class 67—Irish terriers—1. D. O'Shea, Erin; 2. J. S. Nevin, M.D. Tim. Very highly commended—D. O'Shea, Badger.

Class 68—Yorkshire terriers, dogs or bitches—J. Benjamin Holdbrook, Montreal, Fritz; 2. Benjamin Holdbrook, Charlie. Very highly commended—John F. Scholes, Zulu. Highly commended—Benjamin Holdbrook, Prince. Commandeur—Robert G. Wilkie, London, Fanny.

Class 69—King Charles Blenheim and Japanese spitzes, dogs or bitches—James Greson, Kincardine, Ont., Toby.

Class 70—Miscellaneous (or foreign class), dogs or bitches (not specified in the above classification)—1. John F. Scholes, Hornet II; 2. D. O'Shea, Frank. (Both dogs were judged equal).

Class 71—Champion d'arounds, dogs or bitches—John E. Taylor & Co., Hillside Kennel, Lancaster, Mass. Lance.

Class 72—Dorset hounds—1. John E. Taylor & Co. Lorna II; 2. D. O'Shea, Doll.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

For the best mastiff dog or bitch—W. Mellis, Lucknow, Fawn. For the best St. Bernard dog or bitch (rough or smooth coated)—F. W. Rutherford, Simcoe, Prism. For the best greyhound dog or bitch—L. Robins, London, Poacher. For the best Gordon setter—J. S. Nevin, Angus. For the best Irish setter dog—Glencho Kennels, Trix. For the best Irish setter dog puppy, under 12 months—Ponting & Goodenough.

For the best pointer dog or bitch—C. R. Smith, London, Tiger. For the best pointer bitch—Detroit Kennel Club, Bow Queen, Fawn. For the best pointer puppy, dog or bitch, under 12 months—John R. Galpin, Beauty.

Field Spaniels, for best dog or bitch—Marshall and Luckwell, Woodstock, B. B. jun.

For best Cocker spaniel, under 28 lbs., dog or bitch—J. J. Kirk, Toronto, Brahmin.

Foxhounds—For the best dog or bitch—D. O'Shea, Ringwood. Beagles—For the best dog or bitch that has never previously won a first prize—J. T. Cable, Toronto, Venator; For the best pair of fox terrier puppies under 12 months—F. C. Wheeler, Laura and Greek. Collies—For the best dog or bitch—J. Taylor, Cheifain. Bull Dogs—For the best dog or bitch—

John E. Thayer, Lancaster, Tipper, Black Terrier—for the best dog or bitch—Fred. Dickwood, Lancaster, Eng., Lord Nelson, Black and tan terriers over 7 lbs.—for the best dog or bitch—Jas. T. Healey, B. Healey, Teaser, Dandie Diamond terriers—For the best dog or bitch—T. T. T. Galt, Galt, Dandy, Bedlington terriers—For the best dog or bitch—John E. Scholes, Ebs.

Kennel prizes—For the best kennel of English setters, to consist of not less than five to be entered and owned by one individual or club—T. G. Davey, For the best kennel of Irish setters, to consist of not less than five to be owned and entered by one individual or club—Mr. Pierce Glencho kennels. For the best kennel of pointers, to consist of not less than five to be owned and entered by one individual or club—C. R. Smyth, London. For the best kennel of Cocker spaniels, to consist of not less than five; to be owned and entered by one individual or club—J. J. Kirk, Toronto. For the best English seter dog or bitch, owned and entered by a resident of the United States of America—John E. Long, Detroit, Blanche.

EXTRA SPECIAL PRIZES FOR DOGS OWNED IN LONDON AND SUBURBS.

For the best English seter dog—T. S. Davey, Prince Peacock. For the best English seter dog or bitch, under twenty months old—T. G. Davey, Canadian Queen. For the best English seter bitch—T. G. Davey, Liddesdale. For the best bull terrier, dog or bitch, owned by a resident in the county of Middlesex Ont.—Frank C. Wheeler, Young Bill. For the best Gordon seter dog or bitch, J. Kine, Chatham, Spray. For the best pointed dog or bitch—W. S. Snipe, London, Snipe. For the best English seter puppy, the get of Prince Royal—Chas. Stone, Forest, Bus. The American Cocker Spaniel Club gives \$10 cash for the best Cocker spaniel, dog or bitch, owned and exhibited by a member of the club—J. J. Kirk, Brahmin. For the best matched brace of English setters, regardless of sex, style and color to be considered, to be entered in the open class—D. O'Shea, Flora, and Jas. Watson, N.Y. For the best English seter, dog or bitch, shown in the open classes—J. S. Davey, Liddesdale.

ATHLETIC.

The annual championship meeting of the Montreal Athletic Association on Saturday last was well attended. The presence, however, of the American cracks gave a good many of our Canadian Athletes the blue funk and the result was a very limited number of contestants in some of the games. Frank P. Murray, Williamsburg Athletic Club, won the three-mile walk, beating W. H. Meek, New York Athletic Club, in 2:24 min. Throwing the 56 pound weight—C. A. Queckheimer, New York Athletic Club, won this, throwing 24 feet 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and beating F. L. Lamrecht. Geo. H. Wood, Shamrock Lacrosse Club. H. H. Baxter, New York Athletic, leaped with the pole, 9 feet 1. James Elliott, Montreal, won the 200 yards race in 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. For the mile run C. W. Martin, Ottawa Football Club, was a dark horse, and won in 4:45. Capital time. Queckheimer won the hammer, throwing 97 ft. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Lamrecht second. L. E. Myers, Manhattan Club, New York, won

The Canadian Sportsman and Live Stock Journal.

ISSUED WEEKLY BY

E. KING DODDS, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER,
TORONTO. - 212 - CANADA.Chronicle of all Legitimate Sports, and Agricultural and
Live Stock Record.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All communications, on whatever subject, must be addressed to E. King Dodds, Editor of THE SPORTSMAN. If for publication they must in each case be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith. Communications without signatures will receive no attention.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, OCT. 12th, 1883

WARNING.—Frank J. Stuart Morrison has been dismissed from the staff of this paper, and has no authority to represent himself as in any way connected with the office; our friends will please make note of this fact.

HORSE PICTURES.—We have this week sent by mail a large number of premium oil colored horse pictures; our friends will please acknowledge receipt by dropping us a post card. If any person has been overlooked whose orders have been sent us, by notifying this office, the matter will receive immediate attention.

THE CESAREWITCH AND THE "PLUNGER'S" DOINGS.

The above, one of the most important events during the second Newmarket meeting has this year been invested with additional interest through the reported heavy transactions of Plunger Walton. This American turfite appears to possess the knack of making things lively on both sides of the big pond, and of so managing his investments that outsiders get alarmed over his movements. Upon close inspection of his reported doings in connection with the Cesarewitch, the story scarcely holds together, it is a very good piece of turf gossip and answers well for an Associated Press dispatch, but old heads will only swallow it with many grains of salt. Up to the 26th ult., when Mr. Walton is reported to have backed her so publicly at Newmarket, his mare Girofle had scarcely been mentioned in the betting. It is next said that the Plunger's ostentatious and persistent backing of her had started a very lively outside support and Americans in England were taking a fly at the Yankee's chance. But what looks so fishy about the business is that while Walton was reported to be backing Girofle for the Cesarewitch, distance two miles, two furlongs and twenty-eight yards, he was also said to be backing her heavily for the Cambridgeshire, a dash of one mile and two hundred and forty yards, to be run on the 23rd inst., in which her weight is 116 lbs. His support of her in the latter race was instanced by the following bets which he is said to have accepted, \$5,000 to \$100 ten times, \$20,000 to \$500 three times, and \$100,000 to \$5,000 once with a request from Walton to have the latter sum repeated.

Now we cannot bring ourselves to believe that the Plunger had any serious designs on the Cesarewitch, and we doubt very much whether anything near the amount credited to him was wagered on that event. The idea that he would play his horse to win both events is too simple in connection with such an astute individual. Girofle's weight in the Cesarewitch was 113 lbs., and had she won that event she would have to pack a penalty of 14 lbs. on to her 116 lbs. in the Cambridgeshire making her impost in the latter 130 lbs., a sufficient lump to effectually kill her chances. It looks far more probable that Walton has been playing a different card from what he has been credited with doing. His very public support of Girofle would attract the attention of betting men and as alluded to by English sporting papers it attracted a great deal of attention to the mare. Her easy defeat in the Cesarewitch will of course drop her still lower in the market, but, should she win the Cambridgeshire, the race we are of the opinion she has all along been intended for, the Plunger is likely to have a "barrel" that it would take a strong man to handle. Her running at any rate in the coming race will be watched on this side with a great deal of interest.

The number of starters was twenty-two this year in the Cesarewitch, nine less than faced the flag last year when the 4 yr. old Hackness that finished second on Tuesday, won carrying 88 lbs., this year her handicap was 102. This year's winner, the 3 yr. old Don Juan, is the property of Mr. S. Lambert and was one of the light-weighted outsiders 80 lbs. only being allotted to him. In the latest betting quotations he ranked a 20 to 1 chance, and did not receive any particular notice from the scribes, until a few days before the race, he then moved up with a rush and the starting odds were only 6 to 1.

Cosmos the third horse is the property of the Duke of Hamilton, he is a 3 yr. old and was in at 89 lbs. During the week prior to the event he was enquired for and apparently a stiff order was out in his favor towards the last.

THE ZOO.

The great success that has attended the single handed efforts of Alderman Harry Piper, in the creation of a Zoological garden in Toronto, has afforded abundant proof of the public appreciation of such an enterprise. Unfortunately the worthy Civic Father has found his family increase so rapidly that his present abiding place is altogether too small to accommodate them all. Lions, tigers and elephants must have room and proper accommodation and at the present time it is impossible to give them that. The tens of thousands of young and old people that have passed through the doors of the Zoo since they were first thrown open could in the future years be immensely increased if the location was a more attractive one. The fact of the matter is that the present enterprise is assuming such proportions that it becomes almost a necessity for a company to handle it. We have heard many prominent citizens say that its proper location would be at the Industrial Fair Grounds, and we are inclined to think their judgment is correct. The erection of proper buildings and the providing of the various other necessities to make an attractive resort would no doubt prove a great drawing card. The facilities for visitors reaching the grounds in the summer season are unrivaled. Steamboats and railways discharge their passengers at the gates, and though the grounds be, as one may say, in the city, yet the visitor can enjoy the untainted breeze from Lake Ontario, and reap all the benefit to be derived from the purest of air. We should like to see the Exhibition directors make a move in this matter. They have just returned from a trip to St. Louis and Cincinnati and what they have had an opportunity of seeing in those cities should fortify them strongly in the opinion that there is but one place for the Zoo and that spot the Industrial Fair Ground.

CARELESS HANDLING OF GUNS.

Our exchanges last week recorded five cases of so called accidental shooting in one instance the result was death, in the other serious injury was the record. The man who blows a hole in himself is not much to be pitied, ninety-nine times out of a hundred it is through his own neglect or carelessness, and though it may sound cruel to say it, we feel mighty inclined to say "serve him right." Even people who have used fire arms for years, become careless in handling them, and some unlucky day they pull their gun the wrong way and oftentimes a dead man testifies to the accuracy of the aim. The boy or man who shoulders a gun should ever keep in mind the important fact that he has in his possession a dangerous weapon. We have seen fellows who called themselves hunters get over a fence gun in hand in such a blundering fashion that one felt inclined to swear that they desired to lodge a charge of shot in the carcass of a neighboring friend. Others will roll through the woods with gun swinging in their hands, and the hammers ready to catch on any intervening twig and send on its journey a charge of shot to bore a hole in a companion's body. When such accidents do occur, and unfortunately they are recorded much too frequently; we always feel like praying that the Lord would so direct the muzzle of the careless man's gun, that it would soundly pepper his own body.

LAKE TROUT IN GEORGIAN BAY.

The Orillia Packet has again called the attention of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, to the uselessness of the present law for the protection of lake trout in the above waters. According to the "Rules" the close season for salmon trout is from the 10th of November to the 1st of December, but there can be little doubt that a change in those dates is absolutely necessary. According to the statement of those who ought to know, the trout are even now reported to be on their spawning grounds, and judging by the preparations now going on, some twenty or thirty vessels will this week leave Penetanguishene for the north shore and as many more from Maitland City and other parts, the result being the taking of thousands of fish at a time, when if preserved, their salvation would mean tens of thousands added to the stock in those waters. The great trouble is that the fishery laws are too often framed by men who have no practical knowledge on the subject and the result is the adoption of a close season after all the mischief has been done. It is to be hoped that an early effort will be made to remedy the present defective provisions.

THOSE HEAVY DRAFTS.

We last week made allusion to the award of prizes in the Imported Heavy Draft Stallion class at the late Fair here, and made mention of the ugly rumors that were abroad in connection with one of the judges. The Evening Telegram, in its issue of Tuesday last, pretends to answer those remarks by some rambling talk about a mistake having been made in awarding the diploma, and that some thick-headed judge or thick-headed clerk didn't know the difference between 15 and 5, and consequently some fellow got what 'other fellow should have. Will our commercial contem. try again, the last time he was a good deal mixed. We took no exception to the diploma or medal business, but we did take exception to awarding first prize to a horse that was not even eligible to be shown in that class. As a general purpose horse he might pass muster, but he was as much out of place amongst heavy drafts as a trotter would be amongst thoroughbreds. We suggest to our confere to read what we did say, perhaps after doing so he will awake to the fact that he has been barking up the wrong tree. Next week we will provide the dailies with a few more facts on the same question.

A JUNIOR ANANIAS.

Another transatlantic dude has been airing himself in an English provincial journal respecting the qualities of the black bass and the high cock-a-lorum has decided that "there is no fun in catching such a lazy fish," verily we say unto the dude that he knows not whereof he chatters. Still further we will wager him ten to one, ten times, that he not only never fished for black bass but that he never saw a single specimen, and if he did see one, wouldn't know what it was. He may perhaps have come across a sucker or two but to publish such a libel upon one of the gamiest fishes that swim the water, proves to us that he is a romancer. And this man signs himself "Sportsman," ye gods and little fishes, what a libel upon an honourable name that such a duffer, as his letter proclaims him to be, should have the privilege of so miscalling himself. For a man who claims to have caught thirty black bass averaging two pounds each and declare that not one of them gave him a minutes play is to prove that this narrator is a lineal descendant of Ananias. Such chaps should be cut up for bait with which to tempt catfish.

THE ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.

On the 24th of the present month the students will commence to gather at the above College, and judging from present appearances the number in attendance is likely to be in excess of even the large classes of last year.

The reputation enjoyed by the O. V. C. both at home and abroad is so high that students know if they are able to pass its strict examinations and gain its diploma that the latter will be accepted anywhere in America as a guarantee of their ability. Dr. Smith, the principal of the college, enjoys a continental reputation and to his professional skill and indomitable perseverance the present high status of the school is chiefly due.

The Washington Park Club of Chicago announce a long list of attractive stakes to close on the 15th inst., and as the Garden city has been a fortunate centre for quite a few of our horse owners, we hope to see some entries made from this side. The following are the fixtures: The Lake Side Stakes for two-year-old fillies, with \$1,200 added. The Kenwood Stakes for two-year-old colts, \$1,200 added. The Hyde Park Stakes for two-year-olds, with \$2,000 added. The Englewood Stakes for three-year-old fillies, \$1500 added. The Drexel Stakes for three-year-old colts, \$1,500 added, and the Sheridan Stakes for three-year-old colts, with \$2,500 added. A programme for eight days racing will be so arranged that two stakes and not less than three purse races will be run each day. Not less than \$45,000 will be given by the Club. We ask attention to the advertisement in another column, it contains full particulars.

The annual meet of the Montreal Hunt is on this week,—Thursday and Saturday. A very attractive programme has been provided.

The Ontario Veterinary Medicine Co. on Tuesday last shipped a case of these celebrated Colt's Colic Cure, and one case of Epizotica to one of the largest Street railway stables in the United States. The leading horsemen of Canada speak very strong in its favor.

HORSE NOTES.

It is reported that Mr. Vanderbilt made a big offer for Jay-Eye-See, and that it was declined.

Hinda Rosa, the sensational California three-year-old, trotted a mile at Lexington on Wednesday in 2.19. What next?

Mr. Vanderbilt has sent Maud S. to Cincinnati to winter under the care of her former owner, Captain Stone.

A large number of high class horses were sold at Grand's on Tuesday and Wednesday. Prices were not as firm as earlier in the season.

If anybody has a two or three-year-old horse or filly, black or bay, that promises to make a trotter, they can hear of a customer by addressing this office.

Mr. Forbes' Bonnie Bird finished second to Lute Foyle in a mile and half a furlong dash at Louisville on Monday.

Mr. Forbes' Lady Reveller ran in a hurdle race at Chicago on Monday, and was not placed, Bell Boy was the winner, Carter Harrison, 2nd.

Prior to his Cesarewitch betting in England it was calculated that Plunger, Walton, had made a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in four weeks.

The phenomenal pacer Johnston has wiped out all previous records, not only at his way of going, but has also given a set back to Maud S. At Chicago on Tuesday he paced a mile without a skip in 2.10.

Mr. J. W. Crawford, of Mount Forest, has a six-year-old mare, 16 hands high, of the staunch Cairn blood, that is as good a piece of horse-flesh as ever looked through a collar. She has a Valentine colt by her side and the two are a valuable pair.

Mr. McCulloch, of Mount Forest, owns a rattling good road team, one a dark chestnut gelding by Royal Leopard, the other a black gelding, by old Phil Sheridan. They are 6 and 7 years old, and it don't trouble them a bit to draw a road waggon in three minutes.

Mr. Little, of Mount Forest has a 6yr-old brown gelding, Butcher Boy by Royal Leopard out of a St. Lawrence mare. He stands 16 hands has never had professional training, still it is said he can beat 40. Knowing ones up in that northern country say "Look out for him when friend Little cuts him loose."

Anything that the *Spirit of the Times* undertakes to do is generally done well, but its engraving last week of the English thoroughbred stallion, Prince Charlie, is away "off." It looks more like Barnum's dancing horse in the act of pivoting on his forefeet.

Mr. Cummings, proprietor of the Ontario House Mount Forest, has a strong affection for a good horse, and is just now handling the ribbons over a mighty slick gelding that he calls Long John. This chap is said to be able to clip 45. The same gentleman also owns a few very promising Valentine colts that he thinks highly of, he also has a 3-year-old stallion, a prize winner at the Provincial, that it will take quite a collection of dollars to take away from him.

The Toronto Athletic Grounds, Rosedale, will be formally opened to-morrow with a lacrosse match between the Shamrocks of Montreal and the Champions. In view of the last issue between these two noted clubs there can be little doubt that a desperate effort will be made by the Eastern men to redeem themselves, and an equally stubborn attempt will be made by the home men to retain their laurels. In addition to the big match a general programme of sports of an interesting character has been furnished. Four foot races colour the card at 2.20 yards, a quarter mile, half mile and a mile. The Wheelmen are also likely to be out in force as a Bicycle parade and races are down for settlement. The chief drawback for a time to the prosperity of the new grounds will be the difficulty of getting there.

The attendance at the three days racing at the Montreal Riding and Driving Park was large, and the most fashionable people in the city were on hand to show their appreciation of Mr. Acer's enterprise. Our report of the meeting came to hand too late for insertion this week.

Our report of the Oshawa races came to hand too late for this week. We shall have something to say about this Club next week.

The Ontario Veterinary Medicine Company publish this week several letters from well-known horsemen, praising their medicines.

HUNTING FIELD.

MONTREAL HUNT CLUB.

Master Baumgarten and his magnificent pack have started the season in fine style, and judged from present appearances it is likely to prove a brilliant one. A friend of ours just arrived from the heavy lands of Leicestershire was present at the meet at Ex-Master Crawford's on Saturday last, and being only a spectator he had leisure to take stock. He, himself is an old performer cross country and as far back as '37 the writer of these lines can remember him as a first flight man, sometimes with the East Kent, again with the Berkely's and on more than one hot day with the Radnor hounds over a country that required both rider and horse to have the heart of a lion to go the trip.

We quote the words of our friend as he uttered them. "I tell you I was more than surprised to see such a turnout in Canada. The dogs were a useful looking lot, showed that they were well and intelligently looked after, and in condition to give a good account of themselves. The members of the Hunt Club were most of them well mounted and I saw horses there on Saturday that under Tattersall's hammer would bring out some sharp bidding. I didn't know any of the gentlemen personally, but the Master impressed me as well up to the duties of his position; he was splendidly mounted, and from what I saw of him in the field I should judge he's a straight enough rider for any company. If my time hadn't been so limited I should have liked to look in at their Stables and Kennel."

Such was the opinion of an old hand, and we hope when our friend returns from his far west jaunt that he will find time to examine an establishment that will bear comparison with anything in his own country. The following account of Saturday's run is from the Montreal Gazette.

It is pleasing to chronicle another successful and most enjoyable meet, at the residence of one of the ex-masters of the Montreal Hunt, Mr. John Crawford, of "Verdun," whose name in connection with the hunt will long be remembered not only as that of one of the straightest and hardest riders that ever followed the pack, but also for his liberality towards the hounds when the club was in a far different position financially and otherwise than it is to-day, and last, though not least, for his unbounded hospitality in entertaining the members annually at his country seat. As was to be expected, the delightful weather on Saturday and the popularity of the host and hostess brought out a large gathering of leading citizens and many strangers to enjoy the "meet." It is noticeable that on each occasion when the ex-Master's residence is the place of "meet" some of the old members, who were among the first flight a few years ago, turn out and have a talk of the wonderful runs and jumps in their day. Amongst the guests on Saturday was noticed Mr. H. L. Macdougall, who has lately returned from England, looking remarkably well and as keen for sport as in days gone by. Many of our readers will remember Mr. Macdougall's perfect seat on his game horses Broke and Woodstock, both winners under his riding of steeplechases worthy of the name not the miserable style of circus jumps in vogue at the principle races throughout the United States, and we might almost say Canada, at the present day. We also noticed Mr. H. C. Lloyd, who, in his time, on Viley and Barouet, was always to be found in the front rank. Amongst the other guests present were Miss Aldwell, Mrs. B. Furness, Mrs. Elwes, Mr. W. O. and Miss Smith, Miss R. (L. -leham, Eng.), Mr. and Mrs. G. Macrae, Mr. A. Edalit, Col. Campbell, (Kingston), Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Macdougall, Miss Macdougall, Mr. W. Wilson, Mr. C. P. Davidson, Miss Nattie (Cornwall), Mr. A. and the Misses Robertson, Hon. A. W. and Mrs. Ogilvie, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hutchins, Mrs. Smythe, Miss Lebeau (Detroit), Mrs. W. MacIntyre, Miss Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. Rodgers, Mr. and Mrs. S. Stephens, Mr. H. Harper, Count Von Prulix, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Hall, Mr. J. Mrs. and Miss Stewart, Mr. Livingston, Mr. C. Alloway, Mr. Watson Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Thibaudreau, Mme. Lamothe, Dr. Craik, Mr. and Mrs. Harris, Mr. W. F., Mrs. and Miss Lewis, Mr. McClymont, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Hall, Mrs. and Miss Lovell, Rev. A. Crawford, N. J., C. D. Foster and party, Dr. Lephorn and Misses Smith, Mrs. S. Greenfields, Capt. and Mrs. Milburn, Miss E. Scott, Mr. White, Quebec, Mr. E. Furness and others whose names we were unable to learn.

Light refreshments were laid out on the lawn and in the house, the worthy ex-Master not being a believer in heavy breakfasts just before starting for a hunt. Shortly after eleven a start for the coverts was made, the following members and ladies following: -Mrs. Whitehead, Mrs. A. Baker, Miss Arnton, Miss Ogilvie, Mr. Hugh Allan, Mr. R. A. Allan, Mr. D. Armstrong, the master, Mr. Baumgarten, Capt. Campbell, ex-master, Mr. G. W. Stephens, Jr., Mr. C. Bouthillier, Mr. H. Bouthillier, Mr. L. Gilarneau, Mr. H. Paton, Mr. Tees, Mr. J. Arnton, Vaneck, Mr. Shuter (Leavenworth), Dr. Bell, Mr. C. Alloway, etc. The first covert tried was Doran's, which proved blank; The Cote St. Paul road was crossed, and the scrubbs near the canal were next tried, where two foxes were started, which unfortunately divided the pack for a time; however, a capital run was had across Bellanger's farm, up through the McNaughton coverts, and on to Peniston's property, where a fox was killed in the open, when the brush was pressed to Miss Arnton and the pate to Miss Ogilvie, both ladies having ridden remarkably straight and pluckily. During the run a few mishaps occurred. Mr. C. Bouthillier and his horse performed a double somersault over a fence, ditch and drop combined, but with no damage to either. Those who followed in carriages had a capital view of the run for a time. Afterwards all returned to Verdun, where a most recherche luncheon was ready and thoroughly enjoyed by all after the long drive in the bracing air. It was past four before the guests dispersed, after having spent a most enjoyable day, thanks to the cordial reception and genial manner in which all were treated by Mr. Mrs. and the Misses Crawford, whose whole desire seemed to be to please all who were only too happy to be present at the pleasant "meet" at "Verdun."

In addition to the mishap to Mr. Bouthillier, a couple of others occurred. Dr. Craik's man, while riding his well-known horse Wamba, met with a serious accident. When crossing a field the horse stumbled heavily into a blind ditch, throwing his rider, whose collar-bone was badly fractured and put out of joint. For a time it was feared that some of his ribs were also broken. The unfortunate man is now in the hospital and doing well.

Mr. J. Greenfields' valuable horse was badly injured by running into the shaft of a carriage.

THE TORONTO HUNT CLUB

The hunt last Saturday was in the neighborhood of Davisville, and a goodly number of spectators on horseback and in carriages were on hand to see the start. The members of the Hunt were also out in force. Not only the old hands, but a good many new aspirants for cross country honors. The cast off was in a field near the hotel, and the live fox presented for the occasion gave the pack some merry work while it lasted. Mr. Mason was first up at the death and was awarded the brush.

STANLEY'S EXPLORATION.

A letter from Henry M. Stanley, dated July 14, at Stanley pool, on the Congo river has been received by a personal friend in Boston. With regard to his sudden departure from Europe, he explains the cause as being sensational and exaggerated. He says in regard to the telegram printed in the English papers to the effect that one of the stations had been attacked and that the chief of the expedition wounded, that the chief who was heavily disliked, was shot in the arm, but that no station was attacked. The station was partially broken up by the young men of the party, each of whom desired to succeed the chief. Stanley thinks the station can be supplied with native help. The number of steamers and boats have increased, and altogether he considers everything more encouraging. At Leopoldville there are two missions the Baptist and the Livingston Congo mission, and already they look quite imposing. Stanley says: "Since I arrived on the Congo last December I have been up as far as the equator, and have established two more stations besides discovering Mauritania, have explored for one hundred miles or thereabouts. The river known on my map as the 'Welemba,' but which is really the Malunda, is not so large as stated in my book, but the size of the Arkansas—broad, and very navigable. The big stream, which I expect must drain the largest part of the South Congo basin, must be somewhere higher up. Having become better acquainted with the country, I am really struck with the dense population of the equatorial part of the basin which, if it were uniform throughout, would give 49,000,000. The number of products and the character of the people are likewise remarkable. Gums, rubber, ivory, camphor, wood, and a host of other things would repay transportation, even by the very expensive mode at present in use. The people are born traders, and are, for Africans, very enterprising and industrious." Stanley tells of his mediations with tribes who are at war and who, when peace was brought about by his efforts, elected him "father and mother" of their country.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HAMILTON, ONT.

October 31, 1883

EDITOR SPORTSMAN,

The prize offered by J. C. McKeand, the well-known sporting goods dealer on James street here, for the largest bass caught in the bay this season with hook and line, has been gained by Thos. Herbert, a machinist working in R. M. Waner & Co., with a 4½ lb. black bass. This fishing in the bay has been very good this year, a very large proportion of the bass caught running from 3½ to 4 lbs. This result is due in some measure to the efforts of the Fish and Game Protection Association, as they were instrumental in getting the Government to stop all netting in Burlington Bay. The pike are also in large numbers and sizes this year, several having been caught weighing over 12 lbs. I think your friend who has been getting free advertisements all year about an 8 lb. bass might reduce the weight next year to 6 without much fear of being loaded down with fish. Docks are plenty here now, and good sport is being had.

K. M.

Six brokers, two bank magnates, three commission merchants, and four men about town met at Bingham's on Tuesday afternoon in settlement of a wine bet. A vote was taken as to what label should be cracked and the record stood 12 for Piper Heidsieck and 3 for Mum's. Enough said; straws show which way the wind blows.

GOON ACCOMMODATION.—Travellers to Mount Forest can't "get lost." Mr. Roberts, of the "Queens," thoroughly fills the Yanks' text about keeping a hotel, and Mr. Campbell, of the Anglo-American is also a "lives" man in the summit. Both houses are kept up to the handle, and don't you allow it to slip your memory when you're up the way.

A GREAT TICKET.—Stewart Dawson & Co., the great English lover watch manufacturers announce in another column that they have decided to sell direct to the retail customers their celebrated watches at prices that up to now have characterized dealing between the manufacturer and wholesale trader. The prices quoted by them are so low that one wonders how it is that everybody doesn't carry a watch. The substantial fact of a week's free trial being granted, and the full amount refunded to anyone dissatisfied with their purchase it is itself conclusive evidence of the superiority of their goods. Consult advertisement.

The most experienced horse owners in Canada keep on hand a supply of Col. C's Colic powders they are a dual shot every time. The severest attack of colic that horses ever experienced is cured in a few minutes. Price 50c. and 50c., according to size; sent free by mail by the Ontario Veterinary Medicine Co.

Dent's celebrated Gorilla, Head and shoulder, with their new fastening. The best make in the market. An endless assortment of every known color. Watson & Co., corner of King and Bay street.

Preston, Oct. 31, 1883.

DEAR SPORTSMAN.

In handing you a summary of the meeting held in "the Green-wood Driving Park" in this town, I can only say it was a success. The track is certainly the best half-mile track in Canada, and the association most spirited and liberal. Mr. English had charge of the Pool box, and sold several thousand dollars each day. The Judges, to whom the highest praise is due for their active earnest work, were John T. Dulmage, of Wingham, Frank Smith, of London and John L. Eglehart, of Petrolia, who were assisted by the Secretary of the Association, Mr. B. S. Van Tuyl who as clerk of course "never tires."

The first race, Wednesday 3rd Oct., 3:15 trot, \$250 purse divided.

Royal George 3 1 2 1 1
Toby Tyler 4 4 1 3 2
Kittie 5 distanced.
Carrie H 2 3 3 2 3
Peacemaker 1 2 4 4 4

Time, 2:46. 2:43. 2:39. 2:39. 2:43.

The 2nd race, Wednesday, Oct. 3rd, 1883. 2:26 Trot did not fill.

The 3rd race, Thursday, Oct. 4th, 1883. 2:35 Trot purse divided.

Toby Tyler 3 1 2 3 1 2
Manbridge Chief 1 3 3 2 3 3
Royal George 2 2 1 1 2 1

Time—2:46. 2:40. 2:39. 2:43. 2:42. 2:43.

The Judges declared this race off, and all pools and bets off, in consequence of fraud and collusion of drivers.

The 4th race, Thursday, Oct. 4th, 1883. Pacing free for all. Purse \$250 divided.

Old Hunter 2 1 1 1
Billy W 1 2 2 2
Lucy Meffat 3 distanced
Fickle Fanny drawn

Judge declared 1st heat, no heat in consequence of collusions of drivers.

Time—2:37. 2:32. 2:29.

The 5th race, Thursday, Oct. 4th, 1883. Free for all trot, \$250, purse divided.

Toby Tyler 3 2 1 1 2
Peacemaker 2 4 4 4 dist.
Copperhead 4 3 3 3 dist.
Royal George 1 1 2 2 2

Carrie H drawn.

Time—2:41. 2:40. 2:37. 2:37. 2:36.

The 6th race, Thursday, Oct. 5th, 1883. Free for all trot, \$250, purse divided.

Caledonia Chief 2 2 3 3 3
Gazetteer 1 1 2 2 2
Strangler 3 3 1 1 1
Russian Spy drawn
Maggie F drawn

Time—2:38. 2:41. 2:40. 2:45. 2:37.

Petrolia is well situated for a meeting, having the Grand Trunk and Canada Southern Railway connections, and a live population who are prepared to support honest legitimate races.

Yours,

VINDEX.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Managers and Members of the Dramatic and Musical Professions are hereby notified that we have furnished to our representatives throughout the country, a green colored card, having an engraving in one corner of the head of the celebrated steeplechase horse "Trouble," and bearing the signature of the editor, E. King Dodds. No person unprovided with this credential has any authority from us. Correspondents must forward their reports to reach us not later than Wednesday afternoon.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

The Silver King has ruled at the Grand this week and so popular is his sovereignty that crowded houses have told the tale. The stories that had been told of his success in London and New York had been taken with many grains of allowance, and the theatre-going public generally were prepared to allow a liberal discount. It is but fair, however, to say that played on its own merits. The "Silver King" has proved an unqualified success and has attracted the most intelligent patrons of dramatic art in Toronto. The company is a strong one. Its leading members are very effective in their respective roles and the whole company may be pronounced a well balanced one. Mr. Haswin, as the hero, had a hard role to fill and he left nothing to be desired. Miss Wardell and Mr. Harry Rich, were also deserving of special mention. "The Lights o' London" next week.

Signor Campanini arrived at New York on the Arionas, Sunday evening.

Aimee in "La Princesse des Cendres" is the ruling attraction this week at Avery's, Brooklyn.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson's Cleob Plummer in "The Cricket on the Hearth" is highly spoken of by the New York Press. It is drawing good houses at the Union Square.

Mr. Mantell is one of the rising luminaries, his success in the play of "Fedora," has started half the managers in New York after him.

Mr. Charles Wyndham's Company is doing an immense business at the Park, Brooklyn. Pink Dominoes and "The Great Divorce Case" are this week's attraction.

The "New Metropolitan," Mr. Abber's new opera house in New York is pronounced to be the most perfect building of its kind in America.

The new opéra "the Big Bear Student" is said to possess strong dramatic interest, and it is prophesied that it will sweep over the country and cities as strong a craze as Pisafore.

There is no doubt that Henry Irving will have a great financial success in America. Seats for his opening performances were sold at \$6 a piece, and the receipts for one day amounting to \$30,65. Mr. Irving may not be much of an actor, but whether he comes up to expectations or not he will "draw."

This week Mr. Maurice Grau's French Opera Company, Miles, Aimee, Anya and Nitza, are at Avery's Theatre, Brooklyn. The most sensational of Mr. Grau's repertoire will be repeated. His company appears on October 15 in Baltimore.

"Mask and face" are being played another week at Wallack's. On the 15th "Moth" will be produced at this house with some novelties in the cast, including Miss Caroline Hill. "Moth" has been played 100 nights at the London Globe.

"Fedora" at the Farnsworth Street Theatre, has been accepted by the public and is repeated at a hit. This is owing in great measure to the capital acting of Miss Davies and Mr. Mantell. The management report that the receipts have reached \$2,000 a day.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

W. J. H. WINNIPEG.—A few hours after going to press with our last issue, we discovered that we had made a mistake in answering your enquiry respecting 2:242 being the fastest on record for pacing or trotting in Canada. We have also since then been favored by a valued correspondent with a record of the race between Dexter and Bithy Lewis at Hamilton, Ont., on the 23rd August, 1867, won by Dexter in three straight heats. Time, 2:27. 2:22 and 2:25. The heat in this race is the lowest ever marked up on the blackwood in Canada.

BRITISHER CITY.—The Cambridgeshire was won last year by Hackness, Shrewsbury and Venusta, 3rd. No such horse as St. John started, there was a St. James amongst the lot.

CLEVELAND.—The Cesarewitch was won in 1864 by Muscovite in 1864 by Thalestries, in 1874 by Adventure, in 1880 by Robert the Devil, and in 1882 by Fishell, and in 1883 by Corrie Roy.

ALL RIGHT, CITY.—You are all wrong in your decision. The race in question was trotted on the Bay opposite the old Union Station. The meeting was under the management of Mr. Charles Boyle, and the pools were sold at the late Mr. Carson's saloon.

VET., SHOULD.—The medicines advertised by the Ontario Veterinary Medicine Co. are spoken of in the highest terms by all who have used them.

K. Kerr, of Lucknow, is after anybody's scalp. He offers to throw a twelve pound hammer against anybody weighing under 190 lbs., throw to be made with one hand without a turn, handles to be made of wood and any size to suit thrower. As an earnest to good faith he has deposited \$10 with Cameron and Campbell, of Lucknow.

At the regular meeting of the Dolphin Swimming Club, held at the Lake View House on the evening of the 8th, Capt. Andrews presented the medals to the winners at the Annual Swimming tournament.

James Finney, the English professional swimmer, swam 300 yards in 6 minutes and 33 seconds on the 27th ult. This is the best on record. Finney, is anxious for a mate with Beckwith.

BREEDER, MONTREAL.—The brown stallion Commonwealth by Phil Sheridan by young Columbus, dam by young St. Lawrence is dead.

RULES, MITCHELL.—Protests may be made verbally before or during a race, and shall be reduced to writing, and shall contain at least one specific charge and they shall be filed with the Judges' Association or Proprietor before the close of the meeting. That meets your case.

W. M. MONTREAL.—You know, the case is a very straight one and thoroughly met by a well understood betting law as follows. If a bet is made on a number of straight heats, and there is a dead heat made, the heats are not straight and the party betting on straight heats loses.

CONSTANT READER, SHERRIBROOK.—Phil Sheridan foaled 1862, bred by Robert Dalziel, Waddington, N. Y., got by Smith's young Columbus, dam

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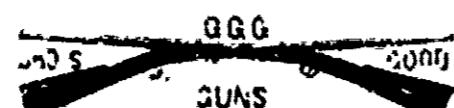
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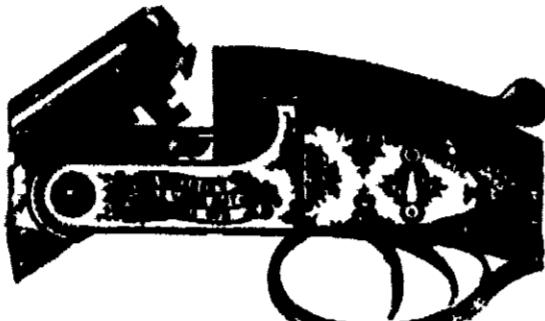
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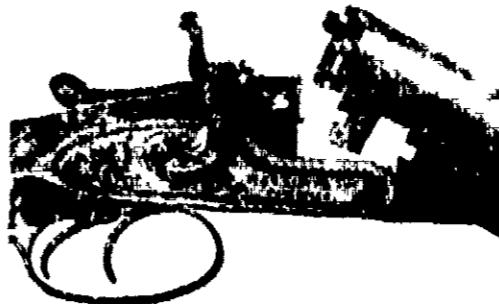
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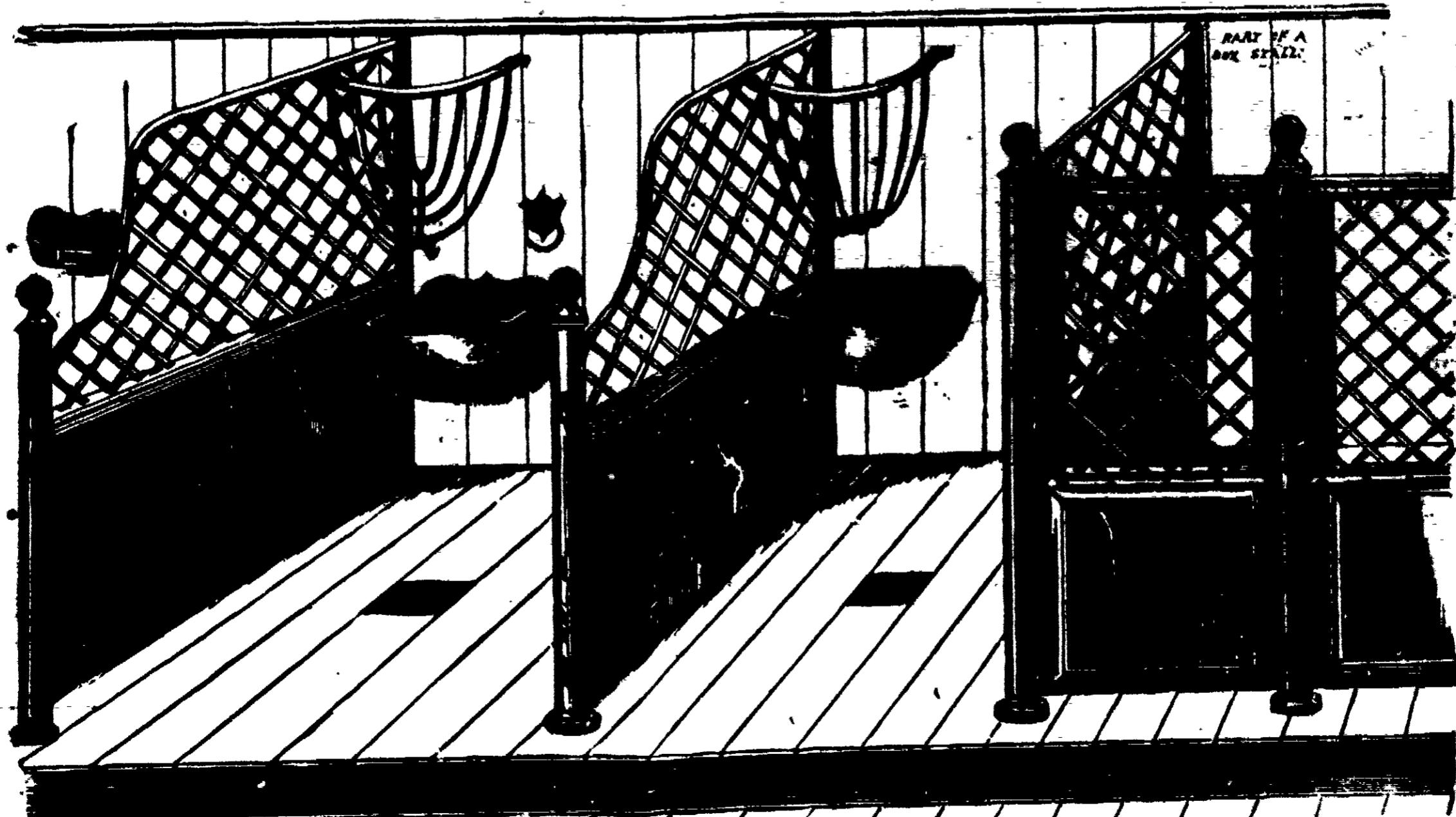
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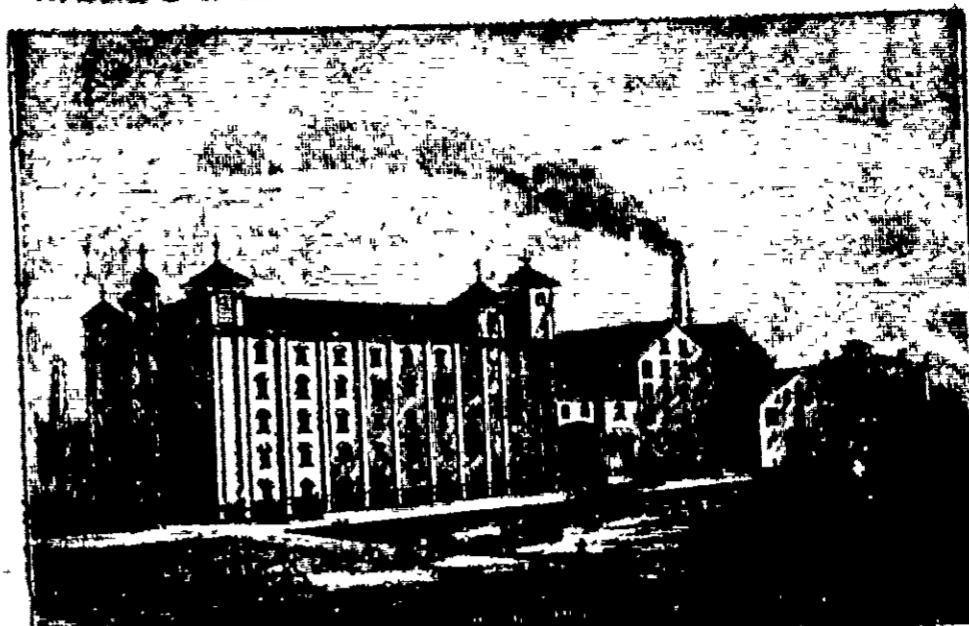
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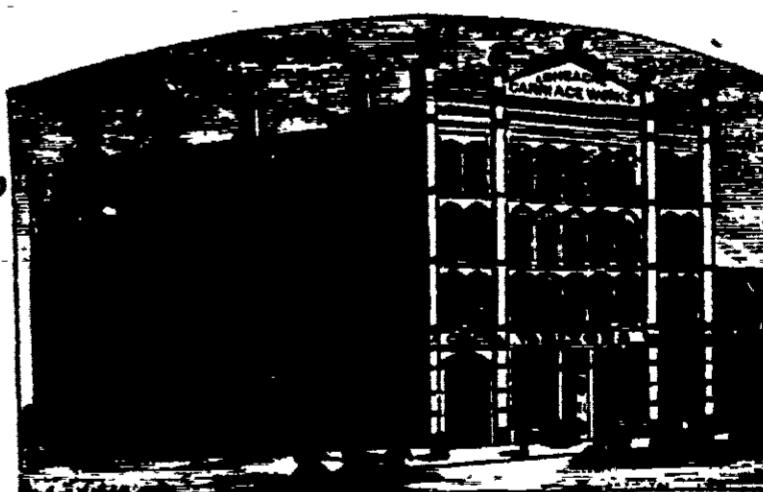
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