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**American Turf.**

**BALTIMORE RACES.**

**FALL MEETING MARYLAND JOCKEY CLUB.**

PIMICO, Baltimore, Oct. 25.—Purse \$250; dash of three quarters of a mile, for maidens of all ages; entrance \$15; entrance money to second horse.

T W Dowell's ch f Sunbeam, 3 yrs, by Leamington, dam Edintio, 92..... 1  
 J Bodegag's b c Waller, 4 yrs, by imp Hurrah dam Queen of Clubs, 108 lbs..... 2  
 M Duffy's ch c Danville, 3 yrs, by King Laar, dam Mary Minor, 95 lbs..... 3  
 Odd Socks, Courier, Rappahanock, Surge, Star of Elkhorn, and Gale also started.  
 Time—1:21½.

Same Day—Dixie Stakes, for three year olds; two miles; \$300 subscription; \$100 forfeit; Messrs. Lewis & Son added \$2,000, of which \$1,200 to the second and \$800 to the third horse, sixty-four nominations.

Dwyer Bros' b c Vigil, by Virgil, dam Bogan, 110 lbs..... 1  
 P Lorillard's br g Parole, by imp Leamington, dam Maiden, 107 lbs..... 2  
 B G Thomas' b c Heretog, by imp Australian, dam Dixie, 110 lbs..... 3  
 Algerine, Sultana, and Shirley also started.  
 Time—3:41½.

Same Day—Central Stakes, for two-year olds, \$50 subscription, play or pay, \$600 added, of which \$100 to the second; one mile; twenty-four subscribers.

A Belmont's ch f Susquehanna, by imp Leamington, dam Susan Bean, 97 lbs..... 1  
 P Lorillard's b g Bombast, by imp Bonnie Scotland, dam Benecis, 97 lbs..... 2  
 D McDaniel's b c Princeton, by Oakland, dam Wombat, 100 lbs..... 3  
 E A Clabaugh's ch c Cleverbrook..... 0  
 O Bowie's ch f Oriole..... 0  
 Time—1:49½.

Same Day—Two-mile heats, for all ages, maidens allowed, if three years old, 8 lbs; if four years old, 7 lbs; if five or over, 12 lbs. Purse \$600 to the first, and \$100 to the second.

D J Crouse's b h Add, 4 yrs, by Revolver, dam Skylight, 108 lbs..... 3 1 1  
 Geo Longstaff's br h Partnership, 5 yrs, by Asteroid, dam Katona, 114 lbs..... 2 2ro  
 G L Lorillard's b c Tom Ochiltree, 4 yrs, by Lexington, dam Katona, 108 lbs..... 1 dis  
 Charles Reed's ch f Athlene, 3 yrs, by Pat Malloy, dam Annie Travis, 89 lbs. dis  
 A D Brown's b h Paladin, 5 yrs, by imp Leamington, dam Garland, 102 lbs..... dis  
 Time—3:47½, 3:48½.

Oct. 26.—Purse \$325, for all ages, to carry 105 lbs; winners of a single race since Sept. 15, 1876, to carry 5 lbs extra; if of two races since that time 10 lbs extra; one mile.

Dr A Smith's b m Inspiration, 5 yrs, by Warminster, dam Sophia, including 5 lbs extra, 112 lbs..... 1  
 E A Clabaugh's b h Picolo, 5 yrs, by Concord, dam Mandina, including 5 lbs ext., 115 lbs..... 2  
 T B & W B Davis' ch h Fadladeen, aged, by War Dance, dam Nora Creina, 110 lbs..... 3  
 M Donahue's imp b c Maturor, 4 yrs..... 0  
 S C Smith's b c Problem, 3 yrs..... 0  
 W Wyche's ch c Hobkirk, 3 yrs..... 0  
 Time—1:48.

Same Day—For three-year-olds that have not won a sweepstakes race at Jerome Park, Long Branch, Saratoga or Baltimore; purse \$400 to first horse, 100 to second; each to carry 95 lbs,

O Reed's b g Doubtful, 3 yrs, by Oysterman, dam Spotted Fawn, 125 lbs..... 0  
 W C Daly's b m Lorenzo, 5 yrs, by Revolver, dam Gentle Annie, 144 lbs..... 0  
 Oct. 27.—Purse \$250: one mile; for two-year olds; winners at Central stakes, 5 lbs. extra; \$300 to first, and 50 to second.

Pierre Lorillard's b g Bombast, by Bonnie Scotland, dam by Jack Malone, 97 lbs..... 1  
 D J Crouse's b f Sally McGree, by Revolver, dam by Planet, 97 lbs..... 2  
 A Belmont's b f Hibernia, by Leamington, dam Henrietta Welch, 97 lbs..... 3  
 D McDaniel's b c Princeton..... 0  
 Time—1:47½.

Same Day—Selling race, for all ages, one mile and a half; entered to be sold for \$1,000, full weight; \$1,000, allowed to 5 lbs.; \$750, allowed 10 lbs.; \$500, allowed 14 lbs.; not to be sold, 7 lbs. extra. Purse \$350 for first and 100 for second.

Forbes & Armstrong's b h Bill Bruce, 4 yrs, by Enquirer, dam Aurora Baby, 93 lbs..... 1  
 Dwyer Bros' ch h Galway, 6 yrs, by Concord, dam Mandina, 104 lbs..... 2  
 P M West's b c Courier, 3 yrs, by Star Davis, dam by Lexington, 100 lbs..... 3  
 Paladin, Tom O'Neil, Lady Mac, Modoc, Warlock, and Kenny, also started.  
 Time—2:43½.

Same Day—Bowie Stakes, for all ages; \$100 entrance, half forfeit; five or more subscribers to fill; if three or more start the club to add \$2,000 for first horse, \$200 to the second, who also receives \$300 out of stakes; maidens allowed, if 3 years old, 3 lbs.; if four years old, 7 lbs.; if five years old, and upwards, 12 lbs. Four mile heats.

D J Crouse's b c Add, 4 yrs, by Revolver, dam Skylight, 108 lbs..... 1 1  
 B H Thomas' b c Heretog, 3 yrs, by Australian, dam Dixie, 95 lbs..... 2 2  
 D McDaniel's ch h Big Sandy, 4 yrs, by Australian, dam Geneva, 108 lbs..... dis  
 E A Clabaugh's b h Piccolo, 5 yrs, by Concord, dam Mandina, 114 lbs..... dis  
 Time—7:35½, 7:42½.

Oct 28—Last Day—Handicap purse of \$350, for all horses that had run during the meeting, one and a quarter miles.

George L Lorillard's ch c Warlock, 3 yrs, by War Dance, dam Undine, 97 lbs..... 1  
 Oden Bowie's ch f Mary, 3 yrs, by Dickens, dam My Maryland, 83 lbs..... 2  
 George Longstaff's br h Partnership, 5 yrs, by Asteroid, dam Katona, 107 lbs..... 3  
 Galway, Tom O'Neil, Fadladeen, Athlene, Paladin, Serge, Gri, Sunbeam, Red Cloud, Linsmore, Problem, and Lorena, also started.  
 Time—2:18½.

Same Day—Breckinridge Stakes, for three-year-olds; \$300 subscription, 100 forfeit; winner of the Dixie Stakes 5 lbs extra; the Maryland Jockey Club to add 1,000, of which 500 to the second horse; the third horse to save his stakes. Closed with 25 nominations. Two miles.

Dwyer Bros' b c Vigil, by Virgil, dam Bogan, 115 lbs, (including 5 lbs extra)..... 1  
 Pierre Lorillard's br g Parole, by Leamington, dam Maiden, 107 lbs..... 3  
 D McDaniel's blk c Virginia, by Virgil, dam Lute, 110 lbs..... 3  
 Time—3:37½.

Same Day—Compensation Purse, \$450, mile heats.  
 George Longstaff's br h Partnership, 5 yrs, by Asteroid, dam Katona, 111 lbs..... 2 1 1  
 Charles Reed's ch c Red Cloud, 3 yrs, by Australian, dam the dam of T...

**THE BUNNING MEETING AT PHILADELPHIA.**

POINT BARREN PARK, Philadelphia, Oct. 19.—Purse \$125, for three-year-olds; first, \$100; second, 25; dash of one mile.

M Donahue's ch g Waco, by Narragansett, dam Juliette, 93 lbs..... 1  
 J H Bacey's br c Leamington 2d, by imp Leamington, dam Susan Bean, 95 lbs..... 2  
 W Wyche's ch c Hobkirk, by Red Dick, dam by Tar River, 95 lbs..... 3  
 O W Medinger's ch f Emma O..... 0  
 M Jordan's ch g Gath..... 0  
 Time—1:44.

Same Day—Purse \$125, for all ages; first \$100; second, 25; dash of one and a quarter miles.

J F Wilson's b g Tom O'Neil, 5 yrs, by Lightning, dam Zingara..... wo  
 Same Day—Third Race—Purse \$125, or plate of that value, for all ages; members of organized clubs to ride; dash of one mile, over four hurdles; welter weights.

C H Townsend's ch h Captain Hammer (formerly Vandal, Jr) 5 yrs, by Vandal, dam Dow Drop, 164 lbs..... 1  
 A Andrew's g h Bill Monday, 4 yrs, by Rogers, dam by Engineer, 148 lbs..... 0  
 Time—2:02½.

Broke stirrup, and did not go the course.  
 Oct 20—Half-mile heats, for all ages; first \$125; second, 25.

J H Bacey's br c Leamington, 2d, 3 yrs, by imp Leami: gu n, dam Susan Bean, 96 lbs..... 3 1 1  
 G W Medinger's ch g First Chance, 5 yrs, by Baywood, dam Dot, 111 lbs..... 1 2 2  
 W Wyche's ch c Hobkirk, 5 yrs..... 3 3 ro  
 J Donahue's gr f Gray Lag, 4 yrs..... dis  
 Time—1:49½, 1:49½.

Same Day—Dash of three-quarters of a mile, for all ages; first, \$125, second, 36.

M Donahue's ch c Waco, 3 yrs, by Narragansett, dam Juliette, 110 lbs., including 10 lbs penalty..... 1  
 W P Burch's br c Wateree, 3 yrs, by Prussian, dam Fanny Fisher, 95 lbs..... 2  
 Armstrong & Forbes' br h Bill Bruce, 4 yrs, by Enquirer, dam Aurora Baby, 108 lbs..... 3  
 Time—1:17½.

Same Day—Hurdle race, one and a half miles, over six hurdles, first, \$200, second, 50.

Daly Bros' b m Lorena, 6 yrs, by Revolver, dam Gentle Annie, 135 lbs..... 1  
 J Donahue's b g Stanford, 6 yrs, by Bay Dick, dam by imp Scythian, 133 lbs..... 2  
 Time—3:00.

**REMARKABLE TROTTING AT LEXINGTON, KY.**

KENTUCKY TROTTING HORSE BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION, Lexington, Ky., Oct. 17, 1876.—Purse \$400, for two-year-olds; \$250 to first, 100 to second, and 50 to third; mile heats, 2 in 3, in harness.  
 Bryant Hurst's b f Belle Patchen, by Mambrino Patchen, dam Belle Brasfield's dam, by Mambrino Chorister .. 4 1 1  
 J T Shackelford's b c Kentucky Wilkes, by Geo Wilkes, dam by Red Jacket .. 1 3 3  
 Macey Bros' ch f Fanny Witherspoon, by Almont, dam by Gough's Wagner .... 2 2 2  
 Dr J Herch's b f Parana, by Mambrino Hambletonian, dam by Mambrino Prince..... 3 4 4

Oct. 20.—Purse \$400, for five-year-olds; \$250 to first, 100 to second, and 50 to third; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

Macey Bros' ch m Maul Macey, by Joe Hooker, dam by Camden ..... 1 1 1  
 James Wilson & Son's ch m Elsie Good, by Blue Bull, by Alexander's Abdallah. 2 2 2  
 W B Patterson's ch m Kentucky Central, by Balsora, dam by Brignoli..... 3 3 3  
 B S Strader's b m The Jewess, by Mambrino Patchen, dam by Joe Downing .. dis  
 Time—2:28, 2:28, 2:27½.

**GOOD TROTS AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**

BAY DISTRICT GROUNDS, Oct. 11 and 12.—Purse \$1,000; 2:26 class.

G F Jacob's g m Sweetbriar..... 5 1 2 6 1 1  
 J M Killip's b m Lou Whipple..... 3 2 3 1 2 3  
 W H Cade's b g Dirigo..... 4 4 5 2 3 8ro  
 H C Lucas' b m Alice..... 2 7 5 3 6ro  
 D Dennison's ch g Jerome..... 7 3 4 4 4ro  
 L J Rose's b g Tommy Gates..... 1 5 1 5 6 dis  
 T Kennedy's b h Gold Note..... 6 6 dis  
 Time—2:37, 2:28½, 2:28, 2:30, 2:30, 2:31.

Oct. 14.—Purse, \$750.  
 J McIntyre's br g Red Cross.... 4 3 1 1 2 3 1  
 O A Hickok's b m St. Helena... 2 2 3 2 1 1 2  
 G F Jacob's gr m Sweetbriar.... 1 1 2 4 4 3 3  
 H Clark's ch m Alameda Maid.. 3 4 4 3 3 ro  
 Time—2:30, 2:34, 2:29, 2:31, 2:34, 2:31½, 2:30.

**OBITUARY.**

**MR. H. D. BUNCH, OF KANSAS.**

An illness which for a year past confined this well-known Western breeder and turfite to his residence, at Atchison, Kansas, had a fatal termination on Monday, Sept. 9. In the demise of Mr. Bunch the turf loses one of its most honorable members, and the stock circles of Missouri and Kansas one of its staunchest supporters. His greatest ambition was to keep the sports of the turf pure and above reproach, and as to his success in that direction we refer to those who knew the man. He was one of the prime movers in the enterprise which established at St. Joseph, Mo., one of the finest and best conducted race courses in the land. His stud, although limited in numbers, contained some very good material, and consisted of Veto, by Lexington, dam Miss Lightfoot, by imp. Trustee, &c. He was a fine racehorse over all distances of ground, defeating in his career such good performers as Ringmaster, Abu-Becker, Tobr Dram, Joe Johnson, and others. Among the brood mares owned by him were Laura Williams, by imp. Glencoe, dam Jane Watson, by imp. Priam, &c.; Dolly Madison, by imp. Glencoe, dam Mad-acre, the dam of Howard's Glencoe and Yorkshire Ann, by M. doc, &c.; Birdy Bird, by Revenue, dam Variation, by imp. Ambassador, out of imp. Britannia, the dam of Verifier, Voucher, and Verona, the dam of Vauxhall and Foster; Julia Howard, by Howard's Glencoe, dam Kitty Owens, by Red Bill, son of Modoc, &c.; Nannie B. and Mattie W., both by Veto, out of Laura Williams. Prominent among other good ones in which he was interested at times, were Blondin, by imp. Sovereign, out of the Glencoe mare, which was full sister to the dam of the famous Idlewild; also Newry, the brother of Norfolk, by Lexington, out of...

**English Turf.**

**RACING IN ENGLAND.**

THE AMERICAN HORSE RAY WIMAL THE WINNER OF THE DULLINGHAM HANDICAP AFTER A DEAD HEAT WITH BROADSIDE.

LONDON, Oct. 26.—At the Newmarket Houghton meeting to-day, the principal event was the race for the Dullingham handicap. It brought out a field of nine horses, and resulted in a dead heat between Mr. Sanford's American horse Bay Final and Mr. Lambert's brown colt Broadside, with Lady Maiden third.

In the betting just before the race Broadside was the favorite, 4 to 1 being laid against him. The dead heat between Bay Final and Broadside was run off, Bay Final winning by half a length. The betting was 5 to 4 on Broadside.

The Dullingham handicap of 15 sovs. each, 6 forfeit, with 200 added; entrance 3 sovs. Caesarswich Course. 2 miles, 3 furlongs, 28 yards, 24 gns.

Mr M H Sanford's b b Bay Final, by Lexington, out of Bay Leaf, 4 yrs..... \* 1  
 Mr G Lambert's br c Broadside, by Brownbread, out of Jane Eyre, 3 yrs..... \* 2  
 Mr H Jennings' b f Lady Maiden, by Caracacus, out of Lady Peel, by Orlando, 3 yrs 3 \* Dead heat.

**Athletic.**

**TORONTO LACROSSE CLUB SPORTS.**

The Toronto Lacrosse Club sports on Saturday were very successful, the competitions being keen and interesting. The champion prize for the greatest number of "wins" was carried off by Mr. James Pearson, he having won five firsts and two seconds. Messrs. A. McMurphy and J. Hughes filled the offices of Judges, and Mr. G. Massey that of starter. The following is a list of winners:—

- Throwing lacrosse ball—1st, W. O. Ross, 115 yards; 2nd, H. O. Ross, 112 yards.
- Throwing, accuracy—1st, J. C. Moore, 2nd, Fred Ross.
- Throwing cricket ball—W. O. Ross, 99½ yards, W. A. Wright, 92½ yards
- Bowling cricket ball 1st, T. Mitchell, 2nd, A. E. Oiler.
- Walking race, 3 miles—W. M. Fisher and H. O. Ross equal.
- Quarter mile, open to all amateurs—J. Pearson, 59 secs; 2nd, F. Lepper.
- Dash 100 yards—1st, H. E. Suckling; W. O. Ross and J. Pearson equal.
- Running high jump—1st, J. Pearson, 4 ft. 11 in; 1nd, J. Alley, 4 ft. 10 in.
- Hurdle race—1st, J. Pearson, 2nd, H. E. Suckling.
- Hop, step, and leap 1st, J. Fraser, 39 ft. 2 in; 2nd, D. Simpson, 36 ft. 11 in
- Running long jump—1st, J. Fraser, 17 ft. 8 in; 2nd, J. Pearson, 16 ft. 8½ in
- Quarter mile race—1st, J. Pearson, 59 secs; 2nd, H. E. Suckling.
- Mile, open to all amateurs—1st, H. Pellatt, 5 mins. 17 secs; 2nd, T. Willing.
- Hurdle race, quarter mile—1st, J. Pearson; 2nd, W. C. Cousins.
- Consolation race—1st, A. Mackie; 2nd, G. E. Robinson.

**COLLAR AND ELBOW WRESTLING.**

Odd Socks, Courier, Rappahanock, Surge, Star of Elkhorn, and Gale also started.

Time—1:21 1/2. Same Day—Dixie Stakes, for three year olds: two miles; \$300 subscription; \$100 forfeit, Messrs. Lewis & Son added \$2,000, of which \$1,200 to the second and \$800 to the third horse; sixty-four nominations.

Dwyer Bros' b c Vigil, by Virgil, dam Rogan, 110 lbs..... 1 P Lorillard's b g Parole, by imp Leamington, dam Maiden, 107 lbs..... 2 B G Thomas' b c Heretog, by imp Australian, dam Dixie, 110 lbs..... 3 Algerine, Sultana, and Shirley also started. Time—3:41 1/2.

Same Day—Central Stakes, for two-year olds, \$50 subscription, play or pay, \$600 added, of which \$100 to the second; one mile; twenty-four subscribers. Belmont's ch f Susquehanna, by imp Leamington, dam Susan Bean, 97 lbs..... 1 P Lorillard's b g Bombast, by imp Bonnie Scotland, dam Benicia, 97 lbs..... 2 McDaniel's b c Princeson, by Oakland, dam Wombat, 100 lbs..... 8 E A Clabaugh's ch c Cleverbrook..... 0 O Bowie's ch f Oriole..... 0 Time—1:49 1/2.

Same Day—Two-mile heats, for all ages, maidens allowed, if three years old, 3 lbs; if four years old, 7 lbs; if five or over, 12 lbs. Purse \$600 to the first, and \$100 to the second. D J Crouse's b h Add, 4 yrs, by Revolver, dam Skylight, 108 lbs..... 3 1 1 Geo Longstaff's br h Partnership, 5 yrs, by Asteroid, dam Katona, 114 lbs..... 3 2 ro G L Lorillard's b c Tom Ochiltree, 4 yrs, by Lexington, dam Katona, 108 lbs... 1 dis Charles Reed's ch f Athlene, 3 yrs, by Pat Malloy, dam Annie Travis, 89 lbs. dis A D Brown's b h Paladin, 5 yrs, by imp Leamington, dam Garland, 102 lbs.... dis Time—3:47 3/4, 3:48 3/4.

Oct. 26—Purse \$325, for all ages, to carry 105 lbs; winners of a single race since Sept. 15, 1876, to carry 5 lbs extra; of two races since that time 10 lbs extra; one mile. Dr A Smith's b m Inspiration, 5 yrs, by Warminster, dam Sophia, including 5 lbs extra, 112 lbs..... 1 E A Clabaugh's b h Picolo, 5 yrs, by Concord, dam Maudina, including 5 lbs extra, 115 lbs 2 T B & W B Davis' ch h Fadlacen, aged, by War Dance, dam Nora Creina, 110 lbs.... 3 M Donahue's imp b c Matador, 4 yrs..... 0 S C Smith's b c Problem, 3 yrs..... 0 W Wyche's ch c Hobkirk, 3 yrs..... 0 Time—1:48.

Same Day—For three-year-olds that have not won a sweepstakes race at Jerome Park, Long Branch, Saratoga or Baltimore; purse \$400 to first horse, 100 to second; each to carry 95 lbs, with three lbs off for fillies and geldings. G L Lorillard's b c Ambush, by imp Australian, dam Dolly Morgan, 95 lbs 3 1 0 1 Green Clay's ch c Red Coat, by imp Australian, dam Sallie, 95 lbs..... 1 5 0 2 T W Dowell's b c Courier..... 2 4 ro P M West's b c Courier..... 7 8 ro T B & W B Davis' ch f May D..... 6 4 ro P Lorillard's b g Cyril..... 4 6 ro T Linck's b c Grit..... 5 7 B G Thomas' gr c Linsmore..... 8 dis W Wyche's b c Hatteras..... dis Time—1:47 3/4, 1:47 1/2, 1:51 1/2, 1:53.

Same Day—Handicap sweepstakes of \$25 each, with 45 added, for all ages; one mile and three-quarters. J G Bethune's b g Burgoon, 5 yrs, by imp Hurrah, dam Emma Downing, 115 lbs.... 1 J G K Lawrence's b h Shylock, aged, by Lexington, dam Edith, 114 lbs..... 2 T W Dowell's b c Rappahanock, 3 yrs, by King Lear, dam Fannie Washington, 95 lbs 3 Mary, Big Sandy and Shirley, also started. Time—3:17 1/2.

Same Day—Purse \$700, a steeplechase for all ages, walter weights, regular course; about two miles and a half. J G K Lawrence's ch h Resolute, 6 yrs, by Revolver, dam Mattie O, 154 lbs..... 1 J G K Lawrence's b c Risk, 4 yrs, by Revolver, dam Syren, 141 lbs..... 2 T Murray's ch h Captain Manmer (Vandal Jr), 5 yrs, by Vandal, dam Dew Drop, 141 lbs..... 3

and a half, entered to be sold for \$1,600, full weight; \$1,000, allowed to 5 lbs.; \$750, allowed 10 lbs.; \$520, allowed 14 lbs.; not so be sold, 7 lbs. extra. Purse \$350 for first and 100 for second. Forbes & Armstrong's b h Bill Bruce, 4 yrs, by Enquirer, dam Aurora Baby, 98 lbs.... 1 Dwyer Bros' ch h Galway, 6 yrs, by Concord, dam Maudina, 104 lbs..... 2 P M West's b c Courier, 3 yrs, by Star Davis, dam by Lexington, 100 lbs..... 3 Paladin, Tom O'Neill, Lady Mac, Modoc, Warlock, and Kenny, also started. Time—3:43 1/2.

Same Day—Bowie Stakes, for all ages; \$100 or trace, half forfeit; five or more subscribers to fill; if three or more start the club to add \$2,000 for first horse, \$200 to the second, who also receives \$300 out of stakes, maidens allowed, if 3 years old, 3 lbs.; if four years old, 7 lbs.; if five years old, and upwards, 12 lbs. Four mile heats. D J Crouse's b c Add, 4 yrs, by Revolver, dam Skylight, 108 lbs..... 1 1 B H Thomas' b c Heretog, 3 yrs, by Australian, dam Dixie, 95 lbs..... 2 2 D McDaniel's ch h Big Sandy, 4 yrs, by Australian, dam Geueura, 108 lbs..... dis E A Clabaugh's b h Piccolo, 5 yrs, by Concord, dam Maudina, 114 lbs..... dis Time—7:35 1/2, 7:42 1/2.

Oct 28—Last Day—Handicap purse of \$350, for all horses that had run during the meeting; one and a quarter miles. George L Lorillard's ch c Warlock, 3 yrs, by War Dance, dam Undine, 97 lbs..... 1 Oden Bowie's ch f Mary, 3 yrs, by Dickens, dam My Maryland, 93 lbs..... 2 George Longstaff's br h Partnership, 5 yrs, by Asteroid, dam Katona, 107 lbs..... 3 Galway, Tom O'Neill, Fadlacen, Athlene, Paladin, Serge, Gri, Sunbeam, Red Cloud, Linsmore, Problem, and Lorena, also started. Time—2:18 1/2.

Same Day—Breckinridge Stakes, for three-year-olds; \$300 subscription, 100 forfeit; winner of the Dixie Stakes 5 lbs extra; the Maryland Jockey Club to add 1,000, of which 500 to the second horse; the third horse to save his stakes. Closed with 25 nominations. Two miles. Dwyer Bros' b c Vigil, by Virgil, dam Rogan, 115 lbs, (including 5 lbs extra)..... 1 Pierre Lorillard's br g Parole, by Leamington, dam Maiden, 107 lbs..... 2 D McDaniel's blk c Virginius, by Virgil, dam Lute, 110 lbs..... 3 Time—3:37 1/2.

Same Day—Compensation Purse, \$450, mile heats. George Longstaff's br h Partnership, 5 yrs, by Asteroid, dam Katona, 111 lbs..... 2 1 1 Charles Reed's ch c Red Cloud, 3 yrs, by Australian, dam the dam of Experience Oaks, 95 3/4 lbs (inc 3 3/4 lbs overweight)..... 1 5 2 A Smith's br m Inspiration..... 5 2 ro George L Lorillard's br c Ambush... 4 3 ro T W Linck's b c Grit..... 6 4 ro J McCormack's b f Pero..... 8 \* dr John Rodegapa's b f Lady Mac..... dis Time—1:45 3/4—1:47 1/2—1:56 3/4.

\* Pulled up lame finish first heat and drawn. Same Day—Match, \$600 aside. Two miles. Pierre Lorillard's b g Shirley, 3 yrs, by Leaming-on, dam Maiden, 95 lbs..... 1 J G K Lawrence's ch h Resolute, aged, by Revolver, dam Annie C, 107 lbs..... 2 Time—3:44 1/2.

Same Day—Representative steeple chase, Post Stakes, gentleman riders, \$25 subscription, play or pay, club adding plate, value 400, for the first horse, and 100 for the second. About one mile and a half over portion of regular steeplechase course. To carry 155 lbs, with any number of pounds overweight, if declared; five to fill. No horse to start that had ever got a place in a hurdle or steeplechase race, while ridden by a professional jockey. M Robinson, jr.'s br g Jackson..... 1 Herman's Bartel's r h Peter Strupl..... 2 C E Ashburner's ch c New York..... 3 Charles H. Townsend's b g Rummy..... \* 0 Albert S. Andrews' br c Leader..... \* 0 Time—3:29 1/2.

\* Fall and threw rider. † Horse stumbled and fell.

\$100; second, 25; dash of one and a quarter miles. J F Wilson's b g Tom O'Neill, 5 yrs, by Lightning, dam Zingara..... w o Same Day—Third Race—Purse \$125, or plate of that value, for all ages, members of organized clubs to ride; dash of one mile, over four hurdles; walter weights. O H Townsend's ch h Captain Hammer (formerly Vandal, Jr) 5 yrs, by Vandal, dam Dew Drop, 154 lbs..... 1 A Andrew's b h Bill Monday, 4 yrs, by Rogers, dam by Engineer, 148 lbs..... \* 0 Time—3:02 1/2.

\* Broke stirrup, and did not go the course. Oct 20—Half-mile heats, for all ages; first \$125; second, 25. J H Hacey's br c Leamington, 3d, 3 yrs, by imp Leami: gr m, dam Egan Bean, 96 lbs..... 2 1 1 G W Medinger's ch g First Chance, 5 yrs, by Baywood, dam Dot, 111 lbs... 1 2 2 W Wyche's ch c Hobkirk, 3 yrs..... 3 3 ro J Donahue's gr f Gray Lag, 4 yrs..... dis Time—4:9 3/4, 4:9 3/4.

Same Day—Dash of three-quarters of a mile, for all ages; first, \$125; second, 25. M Donohue's ch c Waco, 3 yrs, by Narragansett, dam Julietta, 110 lbs., including 10 lbs penalty..... 1 W P Burch's br c Wateres, 3 yrs, by Prussian, dam Fanny Fisher, 25 lbs..... 2 Armstrong & Forbes' br h Bill Bruce, 4 yrs, by Enquirer, dam Aurora Baby, 108 lbs.... 3 Time—1:17 1/2.

Same Day—Hurdle race, one and a half miles, over six hurdles; first, \$200; second, 50. Daly Bros' b m Lorena, 6 yrs, by Revolver, dam Gentle Annie, 135 lbs..... 1 J Donahue's b g Stanford, 6 yrs, by Bay Dick, dam by imp Scythian, 135 lbs..... 2 Time—3:00.

REMARKABLE TROTTING AT LEXINGTON, KY.

KENTUCKY TROTTING HORSE BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION, Lexington, Ky., Oct. 17, 1876—Purse \$100, for two-year-olds; \$250 to first, 100 to second, and 50 to third; mile heats, 2 in 3, in harness. Bryant Hurst's b f Belle Patchen, by Mambrino Patchen, dam Belle Brasfield's dam, by Mambrino Chorister .. 4 1 1 J T Shackelford's b c Kentucky Wilkes, by Geo Wilkes, dam by Red Jacket .. 1 3 3 Macey Bros' ch f Fanny Witherspoon, by Almont, dam by Gough's Wagner .... 2 2 2 Dr J Hersch's b f Parana, by Mambrino Hambletonian, dam by Mambrino Prince..... 3 4 4 George Green's gr f Noontide, by Belmont, dam Midnight..... 5 dis H Neal's b c Champagne, by Clark Chief Jr, dam by Embry's Lexington..... 6 dis W C Luxon's b c Ed Powell, by George Wilkes, dam Sally Lann, by Embry's Lexington..... dis Time—2:45 1/2, 2:41 1/2, 2:42 1/2.

Oct. 18—Purse \$400, for three-year-olds; \$250 to first, 100 to second, 50 to third; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness. Geo F Keeno's r g Keen Jim, by Keene's Lookout, dam Laura Fair. 3 2 1 1 1 B S Strader's b c Waveland Chief, by Ericsson, dam Pilot, Jr..... 2 1 3 2 2 H C McDowell's b f Romance, by Princeps, dam Roma, by Gold dust. 1 3 2 3 4 B P Pepper's ch f Cygnat, by Harold, dam by Pilot Jr..... 4 4 4 4 3 Foster & Simpson's r g Centennial, by Sentinel..... dis Time—2:36, 2:33, 2:35 1/2, 2:34 1/2, 2:34 1/2.

Oct. 19—Purse \$400, for four-year-olds, \$250 to first, 100 to second, 50 to third; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness. Macey & Pepper's b c Woodford Chief, by Clark Chief, dam by Billy Townes..... 2 2 1 1 1 B S Strader's b g Eric, by Ericsson, dam by Denmark..... 1 1 2 2 2 J T Shackelford's b g Jim, by Curtia' Hambletonian, dam by Red Jacket 3 3 dis Time—2:29 1/2, 2:35 1/2, 2:31 1/2, 2:31 1/2, 2:31 1/2.

Purse \$1,000, 2 26 class. G F Jacob's g m Sweetbriar..... 5 1 3 6 1 1 J M Kilip's b m Lou Whipple.... 3 2 3 1 2 2 W H Cade's b g Dirigo..... 4 4 5 2 3 ro H C Lucas' b m Alice..... 2 7 5 3 6 ro D Denison's ch g Jerome..... 7 3 4 4 4 ro L J Rose's b g Tommy Gates.... 1 5 1 6 dis T Kennedy's b h Gold Note..... 6 6 dis Time—2:37, 2:28 1/2, 2:29, 2:30, 2:30, 2:31. Oct. 14.—Purse, \$750.

J McIntyre's br g Red Cross... 4 3 1 2 2 1 O A Hickok's b m St. Helena... 2 2 1 3 1 2 G F Jacob's gr m Sweetbriar... 1 1 2 4 4 3 H Clark's ch m Alameda Maid.. 3 4 4 3 3 ro Time—2:30, 2:24, 2:29, 2:31, 2:34, 2:31 1/2, 2:28.

OBITUARY.

MR. H. D. BUNCH, OF KANSAS.

An illness which for a year past confined this well-known Western breeder and turfite to his residence, at Atchison, Kansas, had a fatal termination on Monday, Sept. 9. In the demise of Mr. Bunch the turf loses one of its most honorable members, and the stock circles of Missouri and Kansas one of its staunchest supporters. His greatest ambition was to keep the sports of the turf pure and above reproach, and as to his success in that direction we refer to those who know the man. He was one of the prime movers in the enterprise which established at St. Joseph, Mo., one of the finest and best conducted race courses in the land. His stud, although limited in numbers, contained some very good material, and consisted of Veto, by Lexington, dam Miss Lightfoot, by imp. Trustee, &c. He was a fine racehorse over all distances of ground, defeating in his career such good performers as Ringmaster, Abu-Becker, Toke Dram, Joe Johnson, and others. Among the brood mares owned by him were Laura Williams, by imp. Glencoe, dam Jane Watson, by imp. Priam, &c.; Dolly Madison, by imp. Glencoe, dam Mad-acre, the dam of Howard's Glencoe and Yorkshire Ann, by Medoc, &c.; Birdy Bird, by Revenus, dam Variation, by imp. Ambassador, out of imp. Britannia, the dam of Verifier, Voucher, and Verona, the dam of Vauxhall and Foster; Julia Howard, by Howard's Glencoe, dam Kitty Owens, by Red Bill, son of Medoc, &c.; Nannie B. and Mattie W., both by Veto, out of Laura Williams. Prominent among other good ones in which he was interested at times, were Blondin, by imp. Sovereign, out of the Glencoe mare, which was full sister to the dam of the famous Idlewild; also Newry, the brother of Norfolk, by Lexington, out of Notice, and Chickamauga, by Jack Malone, out of Alboni, by imp. Albion, &c.

Billiards.

A NEW ROOM.

Mr. Sam. Davis, the well-known billiard player, has taken charge of the International Billiard Saloon, on James street, Hamilton, and intends to conduct it in a first-class manner. The lovers of the cue will no doubt support Mr. Davis' new enterprise.

A MATCH.

A match will take place at Mr. S. Davis' billiard rooms, International Hotel, on the evening of Friday, November 3rd, between Messrs. J. P. Phelan and John Hill, for \$50 aside. The game will be the French carom one, 300 points up.

CREEDMOOR BROKE DOWN.—We regret to state that the famous three-year-old chestnut colt Creedmoor, the property of Messrs Williams & Owings, of Nashville, by Asteroid, dam imp. Target, by Rifleman, broke down at the late meeting over the Nashville course.

The dead heat between Bay Final and Broadside was run off, Bay Final winning by half a length. The cutting was 3 to 4 on Broadside. The Dullingham handicap of 15 sovs. each, 5 forfeit, with 200 added, entrance 3 sovs. Cesarewitch Course. 2 miles, 2 furlongs, 23 yards, 24 subs. Mr M H Sanford's b b Bay Final, by Lexington, out of Bay Leaf, 4 yrs..... 1 Mr G Lambert's br c Broadside, by Brown-bread, out of Jane Pyro, 3 yrs..... 2 Mr H Jennings' b f Lady Maiden, by Caractacus, out of Lady Peel, by Orlando, 3 yrs 3 \* Dead heat.

Athletic. TORONTO LACROSSE CLUB SPORTS.

The Toronto Lacrosse Club sports on Saturday were very successful, the competitions being keen and interesting. The champion prize for the greatest number of "wins" was carried off by Mr. James Pearson, he having won five firsts and two seconds. Messrs. A. McMurehy and J. Hughes filled the offices of Judges, and Mr. G. Massey that of starter. The following is a list of winners:—

- Throwing lacrosse ball—1st, W. O. Ross, 115 yards; 2nd, H. C. Ross, 112 yards. Throwing accuracy—1st, J. C. McGee; 2nd, Fred Ross. Throwing cricket ball—W. O. Ross, 98 yards; W. A. Wright, 92 yards. Bowling cricket ball—1st, T. Mitchell; 2nd, A. E. Oiler. Walking race, 3 miles—W. M. Fisher and H. C. Ross equal. Quarter mile, open to all amateurs—J. Pearson, 58 secs; 2nd, F. Lepper. Dash 100 yards—1st, H. E. Suckling; W. O. Ross and J. Pearson equal. Running high jump—1st, J. Pearson, 4 ft. 11 in; 1nd, J. Alley, 4 ft. 10 in. Hurdle race—1st, J. Pearson; 2nd, H. E. Suckling. Hop, step, and leap—1st, J. Fraser, 39 ft. 2 in; 2nd, D. Simpson, 30 ft. 11 in. Running long jump—1st, J. Fraser, 17 ft. 8 in; 2nd, J. Pearson, 16 ft. 8 1/2 in. Quarter mile race—1st, J. Pearson, 59 secs; 2nd, H. E. Suckling. Mile, open to all amateurs—1st, H. Pellatt, 6 mins. 17 secs; 2nd, T. Willing. Hurdle race, quarter mile—1st, J. Pearson; 2nd, W. O. Cousens. Consolation race—1st, A. Mackie; 2nd, C. E. Robinson.

COLLAR AND ELBOW WRESTLING.

The New York Graphic, in commenting editorially upon the recent McLaughlin-Martin contest, says:—"It seems likely now that arms-length wrestling will spring into popularity as an amusement for young men. Its practice gives grace, strength, and alertness, and a good wrestling match is more entertaining and exciting than almost any other manly amusement. The brilliant bout between McLaughlin and Martin last evening in the Central Park Garden, was such an exhibition of skill, muscle, and dexterity as is rarely witnessed anywhere. The wrestle at back hold or "rouge and tumble" is much more common, but it is a rude amusement compared with the delicate and scientific foot-sparring, which was so well understood and so keenly enjoyed in the days of Homer, before history began, by the 'well-grooved Greeks.' Among athletic sports wrestling at square-hold ought to be restored to the high position it held when Clydes and Ajar Telsman stood foot to foot, or even as late as our grandfathers' day, when the young men who had worked hard in the field or shop all day adjourned to the front yard after supper and had it out by the light of a tallow dip, all the neighborhood rallying at the 'bee' and cheering the contestants on. There is, perhaps, no other amusement which shows so well all of which the human frame is capable."

MARKET HARBOROUGH

Now Mr. Sawyer went to the Shires.

CHAPTER I.

ONE OF THE "OLD SORT."

Mr. Sawyer had a sunny spot to which they had been passing at Eton, with others at the University. Here a quiet, mild clergyman glances over the yesterday's days he spent as a Cornet in the Hussars; there an obese old gentleman prattles of the fascinations of London, and his own successes as a slim young dandy about town. Everybody believes he liked that rosy part better than he did. Just as we fancy that the birds never run nowadays as they used to do, when he had lungs to hallow and nerves to ride, and that even if they could go the same pace hunters as yet now to be got of the stamp of our old chestnut horse, concerning whose performances we think no shame to lie, year by year, with increasing audacity, there is nobody left to contradict us, and why should we not?

Now, Mr. Sawyer, too, will descend into the vale of years, with a laudmark which to fix his failing eyes, an era which shall serve as a date for his reminiscence, and a starting point for his after-dinner years. This shall be the season when Mr. Sawyer went to the Shires. It is not yet very long ago. Perhaps it may be well to relate a few of his adventures and doings in these localities ere they lapse into the realms of fiction under the romantic colouring with which he will himself begin to paint them, when their actual freshness has worn off.

Touching Mr. Sawyer's early history, I have collected but few particulars, not enjoying the advantage of that gentleman's acquaintance till he had arrived at years of maturity. I gather, however, that he matriculated at Oxford, and was rusticated from that pleasant University for some breach of college discipline, sufficiently venial in itself, but imbued with a scarlet tinge in the eyes of the authorities. I have heard that he rode an Ayshire bull across Peckwater in broad daylight having previously attired himself in a red coat, with leathers, etc., complete, and clad the patient animal in a full suit of academics. Also that he endeavoured to mollify his judges by apostrophizing the partner of his trespass, in the words Horace puts into the mouth of Europa,

"Si quis infamem mihi nunc juvenemum."

and so on to the end of the stanza. As, although Mr. Sawyer's fluency in all Saxon expletives is undeniable, I never heard him make use of any language but his own, I confess to my mind this bears upon the face of it the stamp of improbability, and that perversion of the truth from which Oxonian annals are not entirely free.

It is a good old fashion to commence a narrative by a personal description of its hero; such as you would see in the "Hue and Cry," or the advertisements for that missing gentleman in the "Times" who has never been found yet, and whose humble costume of half boots, twined trousers, and an old cap, with a bunch of keys and three halfpence in the pockets, denotes neither allude nor display. Upon this principle let me endeavor to bring before the reader's eye of my readers the outward semblance of my worthy friend, John Staudish Sawyer, a man of mark, forsooth, in his own parish, and "justice of peace in his county, simple though he stand here."

Mr. Sawyer is a well-built, able-bodied personage, standing five feet eight in the worsted stockings he usually effects, with a frame admirably calculated to resist fatigue, to perform feats of strength rather than agility, and to put on beef, the last tendency he keeps down with constant and severe exercise, so that the twelve stone which he weighs in his saddle is seldom exceeded by a pound. As long as I ride tart on stone, with Mr. Sawyer to his intimates after dinner, no man alive can take the shunt out of me over a country. Mason! Mason! very well for a sport! but where is he at the end of two hours and forty minutes, through woodlands, in deep clay? Answer that! and pass the bottle.

Our friend's admirers term his person "sturdy," his enemies, and he has a few "chums;" certainly his hands are large, his limbs robust, but in a way

jauntily down to the starting post, as if he speculated like the Leviathan, and owned a string like Sir Joseph Hawley's; but all this is simply *ex officio*. Whatever horses are concerned, Mr. Sawyer deems it incumbent on him to make a demonstration, and he goes to Tattersall's as regularly on the Sunday afternoons in the summer, as you and I do to dinner. Like the Roman Emperor, the horse is his high-priest, and the object of his idolatry.

I am afraid hunting is going down hill. I do not mean to say that there is not an ever increasing supply of ambitious gentlemen who order coats from Poole, boots from Bartley, and horses from Mason, to display the same whomever they think there are few specimens left of the old hunting sort, who devoted themselves exclusively to their favorite pursuit, and could not ever bear to hear it mentioned with anything of levity or disrespect; men who only claim to social distinction was that they hunted, who looked upon their red coat as a passport to all the society they cared to have, and who divided the whole community, in their own minds, into two classes—"men who hunt," and "men who don't."

In these days people have so many irons in the fire! Look at even the first flight with a crack pack of hounds; ten to one, amongst the half-a-dozen who compose it you will find a soldier, a statesman, a poet, a painter, a Master in chancery, whilst "maddening in the rear" through the gates come a posse of authors, actors, amateurs, artists, of every description, till you think of Juvenal's stinging lines, and his Protean Greek, who was

"Grammaticus, rhetor, gemetress plotor, alipets, Augur, schoobates, medicus, magus," etc., and a fox-hunter the conglomeration of all these different accomplishments.

But Mr. Sawyer did not trouble himself much about Juvenal or his opinions. Finding his classical career a failure, and what was more disappointing, his anticipated season with Mr. Drake cut short in consequence of his misadventure with the bull, he gave up the little reading which he had been compelled to take in hand, and confined his studies exclusively to "Bell's Life," "The Field," with its questions and answers to correspondents, suggestive alike of inventive ingenuity as of exhaustive research, and the "Sporting Magazine." The fact is, what with hunting three and four times a week, talking of it the remaining days, and thinking of it all the seven, with constant visits to the stable and a perpetual feud with his blacksmith, Mr. Sawyer's mind was completely filled with as much as that receptacle could be thought capable of containing.

My hero, like the champions of Round Table, is perhaps seen to the greatest advantage on horseback. Let me introduce him to my reader, riding like a knight through the wilds of Lyonnasse, up a deep muddy lane, as he returns from hunting in the dull November twilight.

"Capital bit of stuff," says Mr. Sawyer, knocking off the ashes of his cigar with his dogskin-clad finger, and apostrophizing his "mount," a very little gray horse, with an arched neck and light mouth, and a tail set on high on his quarters. "Capital bit of stuff," he repeats, dangling his feet out of the stirrups; "as game as a pebble, and as neat as a pink." "Two hundred—two hundred and fifty! You're worth two hundred and fifty, every shilling of it" (he had bought him of a fishmonger for forty pounds and a broken-winded pony). "Worth as much as any horse can be to carry thirteen stone. Hang it; you'd fetch all the money at Tattersall's if any of the customers could only have been seen you go to-day!"

Then Mr. Sawyer placed his feet in the stirrups, and fell to thinking of his day's sport. They had really had a good run—a fine, wild, old-fashioned fox-hunting sort of run—from two hundred acres of woodland, down a couple of miles of bottomless ravine, and away over deep stiff ploughs and frequent straggling fences, till they reached the far-stretching downs. Here their fox had made his point, good upwind, and the pace even of those square-headed, deep-ribbed, heavy-timbered hounds had been liberal enough to satisfy the most exacting. Mr. Sawyer remembered, with a glow of pride, how, when they descended into the low country once more, he had led the field, and jumped an awkward stile, into a lane, to the admiration of all beholders. He could ride, to give him his due; and, moreover, he knew what hounds were doing, and was familiar with the country. Therefore he had slipped away with them, when the pack, after three or four turns round the huge woodland, had forced their fox into the open; therefore he had kept on the downward side of the ravine aforesaid, and therefore he had been fortunate enough to see the fox handsomely run into, in an old double hedge-row, after an hour and forty minutes, during which he had unquestionably "gone last" from end to end.

longer and longer, he began to think so much talent was quite wasted in "the province"—that he was capable of better things than "showing the way" to the half-dozen of red-coats and couple of farmers who constituted his usual "gallery"—that he was too good for the Old County, as its sportsmen affectionately designate that picturesque locality in which they follow the chase—and that he was bound to do himself and the little grey horse justice by visiting the wide pastures, the prairie-like grazing-ground of the crack counties; to use his own vernacular, that he ought to cut the whole concern for a season, and have a turn at the Shires." His cogitations took some such form as the following—"Here am I, still on the sunny side of forty—in the prime of my life, of my pluck, of my strength, and—ahem!—of my appearance—none so dusty neither, on horseback, whatever Miss Mexico may think, with her olive skin and her stuck-up airs. After all, I don't know that I'd have had her, though she was a thirty-thousand-pounder! I don't like 'em touched with the tar-brush, I'm all for the thorough-bred ones—women, as well as horses. Well, here I am, wasting my life in these deserted ploughs. Even if we do get a run, such as we had to-day, I have no one to talk to about it. The Grange is a crafty crib enough, and I'm as comfortable there as a bachelor need to be; I can't go home, night after night, to bolt my dinner by myself, smoke by myself to digest it, and go to bed, at ten o'clock, because I'm so bored with John Sawyer, and its the only way to get rid of him. No, hang it! I'll emigrate. I'll go and hibernate in the grass. I'll make Isaac a stud-groom; I'll buy a couple more nags, the right sort too—show these dandified chaps how to ride, and perhaps sell the lot for a haul of money at the end of the season, and have all my fun for nothing." Deluded man! how feasible the last project sounds—how difficult to realize!

The idea once having taken possession of our friend's mind, soon found itself cramped for room in that somewhat circumscribed area. All dinner-time he was absent and preoccupied; even Scotch broth, a beef-steak pudding, a damson tart, and toasted cheese, did not tend to settle him. Two of the Laranagas were converted into smoke and ashes before he could come to anything like a definite conclusion. Though a temperate man habitually (for the sake of his nerves), he rang for the old brandy labelled V.O.P., and mixed himself a real stiff one, with boiling water and one lump of sugar. I have my suspicions that his final decision was partly its result. The great difficulty was where to go. A man of limited acquaintance and reserved manners has at least this advantage—that all parts of England are equally attractive as regards society. That he had hunted too much to believe newspaper accounts of sport, so that looking up the old files of "Bell's Life" assisted him no whit to a conclusion; also being of an inquiring turn of mind, wherever fox-hunting was concerned, he had amassed such a quantity of information concerning the "flying countries," that it took him a considerable time and another glass of brandy and water to digest and classify his facts. Altogether it was a complicated and puzzling question. First he thought of Leamington and the Warwickshire North and South, with regular attendance on the Alherstone and one field-day per week with the Pycheleys; but many considerations combined to render the Spa unfeasible as his headquarters. In the first place, the evening gaites made his hair stand on end. Since his rejection by Miss Mexico, Sawyer was no dancing man; and indeed even in the first flush of his courtship he was seen to less advantage in a white neckcloth than a blue bird's-eye. Some men's hands and feet are not made to fit boots and gloves as constructed by our neighbour the fiery Gaul, and for such it is wise to abstain from "the mazy," and to rest their hopes of success on another and more sterling qualities than the rapid demeanour and cool assurance which triumph in a ball-room. Then, with all his fondness for the applause of his fellow-creatures, he did not quite fancy making one of that crowd of irregular-horse who appear on a Wednesday at Crick at Mislerton, to the unspeakable dismay of the Pycheley lady pack, who, if there is anything like a scent scud, away from them as if for their very lives; and although it is doubtless a high compliment that two hundred gentlemen in scarlet should patronize the same establishment, Mr. Sawyer thought that as far as he was concerned, the number might as well stop at one hundred and ninety-nine.

I believe, however, that the dread of those wide and fathomless rivers which are constantly jumped, in Warwickshire, by at least one amphibious sportsman out of a daring field, and of which the width from bank to bank, according to the newspapers, is seldom less than seven-and-twenty or more than seven-and-thirty feet, was what principally terrified our friend.

KATERFELTO,

A STORY OF EXMOOR.

CHAPTER XXIX.

REMEMORS.

In a moment the girl slipped out behind him, and, lightly clad as she was, sped through the sleeping encampment, swift and noiseless as a deer. Her grandmother, waking from a doze, never doubted but that Thyra had returned to her own tent, and, unwilling to face the night-air, composed herself to sleep again with the pipe still in her mouth. Fin Cooper, rising steadily up the coombe, clucked to think how he had outwitted his bride, and stifled the pangs of jealousy it seemed so unreasonable to entertain, now that a lapse of an hour or two must deliver his rival into his hand, while the swarm of gipsies he left behind him, huddled up in their blankets under their canvas coverings, snored healthily and loud, thinking little, and caring less, about the pearl of their tribe, her anguish, her sorrows, her coming espousals, or, indeed, anything but their own warmth, comfort, and repose.

So Waif speeded on, fast as her supple limbs could carry her, through the copse, and up the coombe, and across the moor, wrapped in its cheerless shroud, stretching as it seemed in her impatience, to a limitless expanse that mortal foot could never compass. Her eye was powerless to scan. Oh! for the wings of the curlew! Oh! for the speed of the red deer! She would give all the rest of her life, willingly, thankfully, for two leagues, only two leagues less to traverse, for two hours' only two hours more to spare. Was it the snow that showed everything so distinctly, or was this really the light of morning stealing, cold and pitiless, over a world of white? Toiling, hurrying, panting, all agape with pain and fear, she yet found breath to curse the coming day. And still she hardly knew how or why she was straining nerve and sinew in this desperate race. There could be nothing in common now between herself and the man whom she hated so bitterly, yet loved so well. He had deceived her, ay, as he had deceived many another before it came her turn (here Waif's small white teeth closed hard on her dainty lip), and would deceive more, no doubt, hereafter, with the same alluring smile, if through her agency he would escape the penalty of his misdeeds, and survive for future treachery. How could he be so false, so cruel, so heartless? Were all men like this, Fin Cooper and the rest, or was John Garnet a vile exception to his kind? She knew not, she cared not. Good or bad, she loved him! she loved him! how could she ever have thought otherwise? and she would do all in her power to save him, cost what it might.

Oh, that endless stretch of moor—those weary, dragging miles! Curse them! Curse them! It was broad daylight already, and she had only now caught sight of the Severn Set, lowering a dark and sullen line beyond the snowy waste. A band of iron seemed to enclose her head, a weight to drag at each other limbs, a cold hand to tighten round her heart. What if her strength were to fail, and she should be too late after all? To see him once again!—once again! Only to look in his face and die! She would be content then, and ask for nothing more. But the time passed, ah! so quickly, and her lagging feet so labored in the snowdrifts, that he might be taken long before she could arrive at Porlock, and even then the only mercy she asked of heaven might be denied.

Her lips were parched and dry, her knees trembled, she could hold out such exhausting speed no longer, and yet she had scarce accomplished half the distance to her goal. She knew that deep, dark ravine well, narrowing yonder in her front to some eight or nine yards from bank to bank. It would save more than a mile could she cross it at that point where the blighted fir-tree stood. Above and below it widened into a deep, precipitous coombe, tangled with brushwood, through which silver threads of running water laughed and whispered, many a fathom down in its slippery bed of stones. No. It was far to leap, and she must go round. She lost heart utterly; and the wind, ranging once more in mocking gusts, seemed to flout and buffet her, driving another snow-storm in her face.

But on its wings it carried a dull, smothered heat, faint and distant, yet drawing nearer with each regular monotonous foot-fall. It was the tramp of horses, galloping at speed over the snowy surface of the moor; and Waif, eager, erect, motionless, listening with every nerve, as the red hind listens to the tuffets, made out distinctly that the

the deep precipitous edge at its narrowest part, and waived for the man she loved her signal to come on.

How like him, she thought, to spare a hand, even at such a crisis, and raise his hat for from his comely head ere he forced it firmly down and set his horse going for the leap!

"By George! you are a flyer!" said John Garnet, as Katerfelto, pricking his ears and shortening his stride while he increased his pace, bounded freely from bank to bank, detaching, however, with his feet a large portion of earth and shingle, that went rumbling and rattling down many a perpendicular fathom into the abyss. So that, even while the words were on the rider's lips, the horse stumbled and fell as he landed, rolling forward on his side and shoulder in the snow.

John Garnet, who never let go his reins, was up in an instant; whilst the horse rose almost as nimbly, with wild eye and spreading nostril, snorting in terror and defiance, scared alike by his exploit and his fall.

Plunging forward, the buckle of his throat-lash gave way, the bit slipped out of his mouth, and Katerfelto scoured riderless into the waste, leaving John Garnet standing on his feet, with the bridle in his hand. A shout of triumph from his pursuers, who were already rounding the head of the coombe, warned him that they had seen the catastrophe, and were prepared to take advantage of it. Unarmed and dismounted, they could ride no more, they thought, at their leisure, let the gray horse go where he might.

Among the many faults of his character, none could tax Abner Gale with want of promptitude or decision in an emergency. No sooner was he satisfied that his enemy meant to charge boldly the obstacle in front, than he too, urged no less by vanity than hatred, made up his mind, while he caught hold of the black horse's head, to ride at it, neck-or-nothing, and take his chance.

John Garnet was hardly down and up again, ere the Parson, sitting firmly in the saddle, had forced his horse at the leap, even to the very brink. But, wiser than his master, poor Cassock was fain to be excused. Alas! the rider's strength of seat and hands and limbs, above all, his indomitable will, would take no denial, and the gallant old horse made his effort too late! Chasing the opposite bank, the concussion shot the hapless pair, as if from a catapult, to the very bottom of a chasm.

Even in the turmoil of her feelings, Waif turned sick, while her imagination, rather than her senses, told her the hideous truth; but John Garnet, peering over the brink to where a dead man and horse, with hardly a bone unbroken in either of their frames, lay rolled up in a ghastly heap, could not help murmuring, "Tis a pity sure, for vile as he is, a scoundrel not worth hanging, no better rider, nor bolder, ever buckled a pair of spurs!"

CHAPTER XXX.

REPARATION.

But there was no time for interchange of sentiments, regretful or otherwise, at such a crisis. Fin Cooper and Dick Boss had already coasted round the coombe, and were hastening down its side to the fatal spot. Katerfelto, carrying his rider's saddle, valise, and pistols, galloping across them masterless, into the waste. John Garnet, dismounted and disarmed, for even the short sword he wore had been jerked out of its belt in his desperate ride, felt that he must surrender at discretion. What chance had he against two resolute men on horseback, who knew the moor, were provided with fire arms, and had legal authority to use them if required?

"The game's up, Waif," said he, "but you and I have played it out, my lass, to the very last card! I was thinking of you only this morning at daybreak when I stole away from Porlock, and my friends over yonder set up a shout of rage to see my tracks not three minutes old in the snow! If I had but known the country! Well, well! 'Twas a rare burst and a noble leap! You showed me the only spot where it could be done, and I understood with the first wave of your arm; but how came you to be here, my pretty Waif, in the nick of time?"

Oh! the kind, cruel voice! the kind, cruel words! It was snowing fast, and the wet Waif dashed from her eye-lashes might not have been tears after all.

"I knew they meant to kill you!" she sobbed. "I heard their vile, wicked plot, and Fin kept me a prisoner in his tent lest I should warn you. Ay! your little knew Waif, if they thought she could do it."

the advantage of that gentleman's acquaintance till he had arrived at years of maturity. I gather, however, that he matriculated at Oxford, and was rusticated from that pleasant University for some breach of college discipline, sufficiently venial in itself, but imbedded with a scarlet tinge in the eyes of the authorities. I have heard that he rode an Ayrshire bull across Peckwater in broad daylight having previously attired himself in a red coat, with feathers, etc., complete, and clad the patient animal in a full suit of academics. Also that he endeavored to mollify his judges by apostrophizing the partner of his trespass, in the words Horace puts into the mouth of Europa,

"Si quis infamem mihi nunc juvenonem,"

and so on to the end of the stanza. As, although Mr. Sawyer's fluency in all Saxon exclamatives is undeniable, I never heard him make use of any language but his own, I confess to my mind this bears upon the face of it the stamp of improbability, and that perversion of the truth from which Oxonian annals are not entirely free.

It is a good old fashion to commence a narrative by a personal description of its hero; such as you would see in the 'Hue and Cry,' or the advertisements for that missing gentleman in the 'Times' who has never been found yet, and whose humble costume of half boots, tweed trousers, and an olive surlout, with a bunch of keys and three-halfpence in the pockets, denotes neither affluence nor display. Upon this principle let me endeavor to bring before the mind's eye of my readers the outward semblance of my worthy friend, John Staudish Sawyer, a man of mark, forsooth, in his own parish, and "justice of peace in his county, simple though he stand here."

Mr. Sawyer is a well-built, able-bodied personage, standing five feet eight in the worsted stockings he usually effects, with a frame admirably calculated to resist fatigue, to perform feats of strength rather than agility, and to put on beef; the last tendency he keeps down with constant and severe exercise so that the twelve stone which he swings into his saddle is seldom exceeded by a pound. "As long as I ride thirt on stone," quoth Mr. Sawyer to his intimates after dinner, "no man alive can take the shine out of me over a country. Mason! Mason's all very well for a spurt! but where is he at the end of two hours and forty minutes, through woodlands, in deep clay? Answer me that! and pass the bottle."

Our friend's admirers term his person square; his enemies, and he has a few, call it "clumsy;" certainly his hands and feet are large, his limbs robust, but not well turned, and though it would make him very angry to hear me, I confess he is not beautiful of the figure of a horseman. Nevertheless, he has an honest English face, round and rosy, light grey eyes, such as usually belong to an energetic and persevering temperament, with thin sandy hair, and a good deal of stiff red whisker.

Altogether, he looks like a man you would rather drink with than fight with, any day. Perhaps, if very fastidious, you might prefer hitting him alone, to doing either. Of his costume, I shall only say that it partakes on every-day occasions of the decidedly sporting with a slight tendency towards the slang. Its details are those of a dress in which the owner is ready to get on horseback at a moment's notice; nay, in which he is qualified, without further preparation, to ride four miles straight on, over a stiff country; so enduring are its materials, and so suggestive of equestrian exercise is its general fit. Also, on Sundays, as on week-days, in town or country, he delights in a "five to two" sort of hat, with the flat brim and backward set, which denote indisputable knowledge of horseflesh, and a saucy that almost amounts to dishonesty.

Not that Mr. Sawyer ever bets; far from it. He elbows his way indeed into the ring, and criticizes the two-year-olds as they walk

with hunting three and four times a week, talking of it the remaining days, and thinking of it all the seven, with constant visits to the stable and a perpetual feud with his blacksmith, Mr. Sawyer's mind was completely filled with as much as that receptacle could be thought capable of containing.

My hero, like the champions of Round Table, is perhaps seen to the greatest advantage on horseback. Let me introduce him to my reader, riding like a knight through the wilds of Lyonesse, up a deep muddy lane, as he returns from hunting the dull November twilight.

"Capital bit of stuff," says Mr. Sawyer, knocking off the ashes of his cigar with his dogskin-clad finger, and apostrophizing his "mount," a very little gray horse, with an arched neck and light mouth, and a tail set on high on his quarters. "Capital bit of stuff," he repeats, dangling his feet out of the stirrups; "as game as a pebble, and as neat as a pink." "Two hundred—two hundred and fifty! You're worth two hundred and fifty, every shilling of it" (he had bought him of a fishmonger for forty pounds and a broken-winded pony). "Worth as much as any horse can be to carry thirteen stone. Hang it; you'd fetch all the money at Tattersall's if any of the customers could only have been seen you go to-day!"

Then Mr. Sawyer placed his feet in the stirrups, and fell to thinking of his day's sport.

They had really had a good run—a fine, wild, old-fashioned fox-hunting sort of run—from two hundred acres of woodland, down a couple of miles of bottomless ravines, and away over deep stiff ploughs and frequent straggling fences, till they reached the far-stretching downs. Here their fox had made his point good up-wind, and the pace even of those square-headed, deep-ribbed, heavy-timbered hounds had been liberal enough to satisfy the most exacting. Mr. Sawyer remembered, with a glow of pride, how, when they descended into the low country once more, he had led the field, and jumped an awkward stile, into a lane, to the admiration of all beholders. He could ride, to give him his due; and, moreover, he knew what hounds were doing, and was familiar with the country. Therefore he had slipped away with them, when the pack, after three or four turns round the huge woodland, had forced their fox into the open; therefore he had kept on the down-wind side of the ravine aforesaid, and therefore he had been fortunate enough to see the fox handsomely run into, in an old double hedge-row, after an hour and forty minutes, during which he had unquestionably "gone best" from end to end. The huntsman said so—a wary ancient, who, never showing in front at any period, or running the slightest risks in the way of pace or fencing, had a huntsman's peculiar knack of turning up when he was wanted, particularly towards the finish. The doctor said so—an old rival, whose high character for riding entitled him to be generous, and the fishmonger, previous possessor of the grey, loudly affirmed, with many oaths which it is unnecessary to repeat, that "Master Sawyer always was a hout-and-houter, and had gone audacious!" Contrary to custom, none of the rest of the field had been near enough to give an opinion, though excuses as usual were rife for non-appearance. To judge from his own account, no man ever misses a run, save by a concatenation of circumstances totally unprecedented. Besides every normal casualty, he would always seem to have been baffled throughout by an opposing fiend of remarkable perseverance and diabolical ingenuity.

As the sun went down in a deep crimson segment, like the glow of a ruby, or the danger signal of a railway, Mr. Sawyer lit a fresh cigar, and began to ponder on the merits of his own riding and the capabilities of his stud. As the daylight wended, and the grey ash of his "choice Laranaga" (seven and forty shillings the pound) grew

perforate man habitually (for the sake of his nerves), he rang for the old brandy labelled V.O.P., and mixed himself a real stiff one, with boiling water and one lump of sugar. I have my suspicions that his final decision was partly its result. The great difficulty was where to go. A man of him had acquaintance and reserved manners has at least this advantage—that all parts of England are equally attractive as regards society. Then he had hunted too much to believe newspaper accounts of sport, so that looking up the old files of 'Bell's Lite' assisted him no whit to a conclusion; also being of an inquiring turn of mind, wherever fox-hunting was concerned, he had amassed such a quantity of information concerning the "flying countries," that it took him a considerable time and another glass of brandy and water to digest and classify his facts. Altogether it was a complicated and puzzling question. First he thought of Leamington and the Warwickshire North and South, with regular attendance on the Atherstone and one field-day per week with the Pytchley; but many considerations combined to render the Spa ineligible as his head-quarters. In the first place, the evening gaities made his hair stand on end. Since his rejection by Miss Mexico, Sawyer was no dancing man; and indeed even in the first flush of his courtship he was seen to less advantage in a white neckcloth than a blue bird's-eye. Some men's hands and feet are not made to fit boots and gloves as constructed by our neighbour the fiery Gaul, and for such it is wiser to abstain from "the mazy," and to rest their hopes of success on another and more sterling qualities than the rapid demeanour and cool assurance which triumph in a ball-room. Then, with all his fondness for the applause of his fellow-creatures, he did not quite fancy making one of that crowd of irregular-horse who appear on a Wednesday at Crick at Misterton, to the unspeakable dismay of the Pytchley lady pack, who, if there is anything like a scent scour, away from them as if for their very lives; and although it is doubtless a high compliment that two hundred gentlemen in scarlet should patronize the same establishment, Mr. Sawyer thought that as far as he was concerned, the number might as well stop at one hundred and ninety-nine.

I believe, however, that the dread of those wide and fathomless rivers which are constantly jumped, in Warwickshire, by at least one amphibious sportsman out of a daring field, and of which the width from bank to bank, according to the newspapers, is seldom less than seven-and-twenty or more than seven-and-thirty feet, was what principally terrified our friend. Accustomed to a leading championship at home, he shrank from such aquatic rivalry, and resolved that, with all its fascinations, Warwickshire at least should not have the benefit of his patronage.

Once, after a steaming gulp of the stimulating fluid, the idea of Melton flashed his mind, but it was dismissed as soon as entertained. "I'm not such a fool as I look," quoth Mr. Sawyer; "and I don't mean to keep eight hunters and a couple of hacks to meet a set of fellows every day, who won't condescend to notice me unless I do as they do. Whist and dry champagne, and off to London at the first appearance of frost; ride like a butcher all day, risking twice as much neck as I do here, and I then come out 'quite the lady' at dinner-time, and choke in a white tie, acting the part of a walking gentleman all the evening. No! Melton won't suit my book at any price. Besides, I'd never sell my horses there; they order their hunters down from London just as they do their 'bacey' and their breeches." So the idea of Melton was discussed; and a vision of Oakham, or Uppingham, or even Billesdon rose in his stead. He could not quite get those tempting pastures, with their sunny slopes and flying fences, out of his head.

TO BE CONTINUED.

deceived her, ay, as he had deceived many another before it came her turn (here Waif's small white teeth closed hard on her dainty lip), and would deceive more, no doubt, hereafter, with the same alluring smile, if through her agency he would escape the penalty of his misdeeds, and survive for future treachery. How could he be so false, so cruel, so heartless? Were all men like this, Fin Cooper and the rest, or was John Garnet a vile exception to his kind? She knew not, she cared not. Good or bad, she loved him! she loved him! how could she ever have thought otherwise? and she would do all in her power to save him, cost what it might.

Oh, that endless stretch of moor—those weary, dragging miles! Curse them! Curse them! It was broad daylight already, and she had only now caught sight of the Severn Sea, lowering a dark and sullen line beyond the snowy waste. A band of iron seemed to enclose her head a weight to drag at each of her limbs, a cold hand to tighten round her heart. What if her strength were to fail, and she should be too late after all?

To see him once again!—once again! Only to look in his face and die! She would be content then, and ask for nothing more. But the time passed, ah! so quickly, and her lagging feet so labored in the snowdrifts, that he might be taken long before she could arrive at Porlock, and even then the only mercy she asked of heaven might be denied.

Her lips were parched and dry, her knees trembled, she could hold out such exhausting speed no longer, and yet she had scarce accomplished half the distance to her goal. She knew that deep, dark ravine well, narrowing yonder in her front to some eight or nine yards from bank to bank. It would save more than a mile could she cross it at that point where the blighted fir-tree stood. Above and below it widened into a deep, precipitous coombe, tangled with bruswood, through which silver thread of running water laughed and whispered many a fathom down in its slippery bed of stones. No. It was far to leap, and she must go round. She lost heart utterly; and the wind, rising once more in mocking gusts, seemed to flout and buffet her, driving another snow storm in her face.

But on its wings it carried a dull, smothered heat, faint and distant, yet drawing nearer with each regular monotonous foot-fall. It was the tramp of horses, galloping at speed over the snowy surface of the moor; and Wait, eager, erect, motionless, listening with every nerve, as the red hind listens to the tufters, made out distinctly that the nearest rider was far ahead of two or three others in pursuit.

As the blinding storm passed over, that death-chase came fairly into view. Along the side of the opposite hill swept two horsemen at headlong pace, the one a quarter of a mile before the other, and increasing his distance with every stride. A third labored hopelessly in the rear; and two more, one of whom she recognized as her affianced husband, were making for the head of the coombe, with the obvious intention of hemming in and cutting off the object of their pursuit.

Keener even than a gipsy's eye-sight, the instincts of love and hate told Waif that the first rider was John Garnet, the second Abner Gale.

"Have I found thee, oh, mine enemy!" muttered the Parson, plying Cassock with his spurs, while he scanned the ravine before them, and reflected, not without a gain humor, how impossible it seemed that any creature unprovided with wings should reach the other side. He knew that deep and yawning chasm, where the fir-tree stood, well as he knew his own stable-door; but he did not know the gray horse's dauntless courage, nor the recklessness of a man like John Garnet riding for his life!

Waif, however, could understand and rely on both. Tearing the kerchief from her bosom while she ran, she hurried down to

horse made his effort too late! Chesting the opposite bank, the concussion shot the hapless pair, as if from a catapult, to the very bottom of a chasm.

Even in the turmoil of her feelings, Waif turned sick, while her imagination, rather than her senses, told her the hideous truth; but John Garnet, peering over the brink to where a dead man and horse, with hardly a bone unbroken in either of their frames, lay rolled up in a ghastly heap, could not help murmuring, "Tis a pity sure, for vile as he is, a scoundrel not worth hanging, no better rider, nor bolder, ever buckled a pair of spurs!"

## CHAPTR XXX.

### REPARATION.

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"The game's up, Waif," said he, "but you and I have played it out, my lass, to the very last card! I was thinking of you only this morning at daybreak when I stole away from Porlock, and my friends over yonder set up a shout of rage to see my tracks not three minutes old in the snow! If I had but known the country! Well, well! 'Twas a rare burst and a noble leap! You showed me the only spot where it could be done, and I understood with the first wave of your arm; but how came you to be here, my pretty Waif, in the nick of time?"

Oh! the kind, cruel voice! the kind, cruel words! It was snowing fast, and the wet Waif dashed from her eye-lashes might not have been tears after all.

"I knew they meant to kill you!" she sobbed. "I heard their vile, wicked plot, and Fin kept me a prisoner in his tent lest I should warn you. Ay! they little knew Waif, if they thought she could sit and count her fingers while you were in danger! I swore to save you, and I will! Thank your God, if you Gorgios have one, for this snow-storm. No man living can see twenty paces before him while it lasts. Take off your boots!"

He stared, wondering if she had gone mad, but Waif was already on her knees dragging at one of his feet will all her might.

She continued, in an eager, hurried whisper, without dusting for a moment from her task: "Close by here, under the birch-tree, is a sheep-track that will lead you safe to the bottom of the coombe. Keep in the brushwood by the waterside, and follow the stream. A mile lower down you will come to Red Rube's hut. They will never think of looking for you there. Tell him Thyra Lovel sent you, and he will hide you for my sake. Farewell, Master Garnet. I—I wish you good luck, and—do not—do not quite forget Waif!"

Ere she had done speaking, his heavy riding-boots were drawn on her own shapely limbs. Then she turned away to plunge through the snow without another word.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A young wabbit, or elk, was born at Central Park, New York, last week.

AUTUMN DUCK SHOOTING.

BY ABE DACOTAH.

When the shades of the waning year draw high, And autumn leaves fluttering fall, The wild fowl flee from the far away north, And gladly we welcome them all.

Of ducks and geese, cranes, snipe and brant, Is the migratory horde made up, And each one of us strives with might and main His share of this crowd to stop.

The mercury falls, and a northwest wind Tells the time for a journey is come; They marshal their forces. Light about! Forward. And they're off for their Southern home.

No longer the August sky bronzed glows With the burning heat from above, But October now spreads his balmy veil O'er tired nature, with softest love.

We welcome the change in the birds and skies, And all for the sporting strife prepare, For the first of the rushing host we wait, "White naught to them whispers, 'Beware!'"

Our guns are all cleaned, our dogs well fed, The boats are repaired and all sound; The blinds and decoys are in readiness all, And near-by the flocks circle round.

At the early gray of the morn's first dawning Boats and all are packed off for the march, Where long ago the voices were heard Of duck and wild goose harsh.

Hark! Yes! Harsh to some is the sound, But to us 'tis music most dear; For well we know where the wild geese honk, Fat mallards are circling near.

Now our place we reach, and boats are out, Decoys safely anchored near by; We man the blinds not a moment too soon, For now comes a flock from on high.

They are red heads and teal, as plump as quail, In the group, light drifting wing, Weary with league after league of flight They come down to their friends quacking song.

Alas! their friends are but luring them on To where death waits in the cover; Once and again they circle around, Till o'er the decoys they hover.

That pause is fatal to many a one, For the time of the slayer is come; Now he opens his miniature battery with grape, And half a score tell him "well done."

So sport for the hunters, but death for the ducks Goes on with its merciless round; All along our line on the right and left Is the same booming duck-slaying sound.

Of teal and mallard the bag is made up, And a now and then red head or goose Swings around near by and comes down with a rush, As the fiery storm is let loose.

Now the early morn is well grown unto day, And the ducks are settling to rest On the sunny side of some sheltered nook, Where the wild rice rears its crest.

We, too, are beginning to weary of death, And to call on our forces for leaving The marsh to birds and game fowls wild, In their sport the black waters cleaving.

On our homeward journey we fight o'er again In mind the battles just gained, How here and there a long shot was made, And how a bird got away lamed.

Thus often after, by the camp fire bright, As the laugh and jest go round, Each one of us his experience tells Of duck-shooting long ago found.

Now in after years should we indulge in dreams, During moments we have to spare, Or of joyous sport past, and that To come, build castles in the air.

And some should chide us, for excuse we say, "That when he had moments to spare, The immortal Washington shot ducks, And built castles in the air."

A NOVEL FISH.

Our trap fisherman are continually capturing curious specimens of the fishy tribe, and one of the oldest and wisest specimens we have ever seen was caught in the trap of Wm. Weaver, off Taylor's point, Ontario Island. It is about three and a half feet in length, by about one and a half feet in breadth in its widest part, with skin like that of a shark, but ugly mouth with four rows of teeth, and its shape is something like that of a bellows fish. Its mouth is on the head extremity, and not at all underneath, while its fins are more like the clipped wings of a fowl. It was very savage, and when an at-

"STONEHENGE" ON THE EFFECT OF WEIGHT.

The author of the book from which we purpose to make a brief quotation is one of the ablest and best informed of those who have in any age written upon the horse. In view of the discussion in regard to a match between Tom Ochiltree and Len Broeck, we have turned to a passage in "Stonehenge" which has been continued a thousand times since we first read it. It is as follows: "Between the form of West Australian and that of a common country plate horse (meaning a thoroughbred horse running for country plates at that time, 1861), there is a very wide difference, and scarcely any weight will bring them together. There are numberless cases in which a stone (50 lbs) might be carried by a first-class horse, over and above the feather weight placed upon a very slow horse, and yet the horse in high form will run away from the plate, who cannot by any means get over the ground faster than the rate at which he can carry a fair average weight. An examination of our handicappers will show that between their top and bottom there is generally a difference of four or five stones (70 lbs), and though this difference is often effectual in keeping back the best horse (as in the case of Alice Hawthorn, who gave Red Deer 78 lbs. in the Chester Cup and ran him to a neck), it does not often allow the light weights to win, but rather those which are the lightest as compared with their real powers. But it is also well known that certain horses can run half a mile at high speed, but no more; others a mile; others again a mile and a half, or two miles; while another class, now less common than formerly, require a distance of three or four miles to develop their powers as compared with ordinary racehorses. What are the main things laid down in this quotation? Why these: that weight, as long as it is not excessive, will not stop a very fast racehorse within his proper distance; that a very light weight does not do a slow horse much good, because you cannot give him the speed which nature has denied by taking weight; and that strong pace, not weight, is the means of stopping all but horses of the very first class. In all these things we are inclined to concur."

QUEER DOINGS AT GALESBURG, ILL.

GALESBURG, Oct. 12.—Dear Spirit.—The trotting meeting which was held here last week was inaugurated under very favorable auspices, but, as you have probably heard, owing to sheer rascality at the close, has proved a disastrous failure. The track had passed out of the hands of the original officers, and was, it is understood, under the exclusive control of S. M. Reynolds, who has been its general superintendent. This year he leased the grounds, it is now supposed in order to cover a fraud, to J. Ben Moats, a farmer living in Knox County, and who had borne a good reputation. The first meeting was held in July, and was a failure financially, on account of bad weather. General sympathy was felt, and when the fall meeting was advertised, with premiums amounting to \$25,000, this feeling was manifested by the number of entries, many horsemen coming from a great distance to take part. The weather prevented any trotting the first day, but on the second day the sport was proceeded with. Matters were not altogether satisfactory. There was a suspicious reticence with regard to the payment of premiums, and the decisions of the judges were frequently and loudly questioned, but all expressions of dissatisfaction were ignored. A crisis was reached in the 2:30 race. Alar C. Pine Leaf, Jamesville, and Winita started. The former was the favorite, but many thought that Pine Leaf could beat her. Mary C. won the first, second, and third heats, but the judges then declared the third heat void, ruled the driver of Pine Leaf off, and ordered a new driver, Capt. Tough, the owner and driver of Pine Leaf, then took his position, to the effect that the whole business was a swindle; that he was willing to exercise his mare a little, but that when the association was not intending to pay its advertised premiums, they could not count on his entry, and if he could not drive her, nobody else should; and he drew his mare. The culmination of the queer doings was on Saturday, when the lessee, J. Ben Moats, the honest farmer, got out for parts unknown, taking with him \$15,000, and leaving from \$8,000 to \$10,000 receipts at the gate and from entrance money. Up to this time nothing has been heard from him. Very few bills have been paid, and none of the premium money. Reputable citizens here deeply regret this occurrence, as they fear that the names of the swindler horsemen will permanently injure the track, and that it will be difficult for another management to ever obtain credit here. I hope, however, that this will not be the case. Our track as a fine one, among the best in the West, and all it needs is honorable management to insure its great success.

OLD EGGS.

The yolk of eggs will keep for many years after the whites have disappeared. This has

FOLLOWING A WHALE.

A TERRIBLE DIVE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA AND A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

A ship some time ago arrived at Bristol, after a successful whaling voyage. Some time when thousands of vessels tracked the great sea monsters in search of oil, but the discoveries of the mineral article have made the trade no longer remunerative or at least much less an object of pursuit. The ship referred to was the West Wind, commanded by Captain Parker, who had a most perilous adventure during the cruise, and which came very near costing him his life. Under the most favorable circumstances the occupation of the whaler is one of great danger and physical trial, and very few ships ever return to port without losing one or more hands by the ordinary exigencies of the service. It seems that Captain Parker was out from his ship with a boat's crew, chasing a whale, and, having fastened his harpoon to the creature, it dived, as usual, and the line, coiled in the bow of the boat, began to run out with lightning speed, as the monster sank to the extreme depth of the ocean. At this critical juncture Captain Parker went to the forward part of the boat, to be sure that there was no twist in the rope to prevent its working clear. The line was running out with such rapidity as to cause the smoke to arise from the woodwork of the boat, and the Captain threw water, as is the custom; but by an unlucky lurch of the boat he was caught from his position, and he naturally threw out his left hand to prevent himself from falling, but in so doing he placed it so that the rope coiled around his wrist and he was overboard and out of sight in an instant. He was perfectly conscious while he was rushing down, head foremost, and with an incredible swiftness, and it appeared to him that his arm would be torn from the socket so great was the resistance of the water. During these awful moments he was well aware of his perilous situation, and that his only chance for life was to cut the lines. But how could he do this? He could not move his right arm from his side, to which it was closely pressed by the force of the element through which he was being drawn. The pressure on his brain grew more and more terrible, and a roaring as of thunder sounded in his ears. He opened his eyes for a single instant, and it seemed as though a stream of fire was passing before them; and now came that inevitable activity of the brain which characterizes all such perilous situations where one's whole life seems to pass in review in an instant of time. But the captain was a very practical man, cool and courageous always, and, consequently, still a self-possessed. He began to struggle with all his muscular power to reach the knife which he wore in his belt. He felt that he was growing weaker every instant, and that it was now or never with him, though we should say, parenthetically, that what takes so long to describe occurred in time that was reckoned by seconds rather than minutes. Oh, if he could command but his right hand for one stroke upon that fatal line! Now his heart began to fail him. He did not absolutely despair, but his brain reeled, his nerves seemed to alternate before his eye-balls, and his head felt as though compressed in an iron vice. Were these his last moments! He thought, in spite of the agonizing pain he endured, he would make one more brave effort. The line providentially slackened for a second; he reached his knife, and, as quick as thought itself, as the rope became taut again, the keen edge of the knife was upon it, and by a desperate effort of his arm it became severed. He was freed, and then commenced his upward passage, caused by the natural buoyancy of the human body. After this he only remembered a feeling of suffocation, a gurgling spasm, and all was over until he awoke to an agonizing pain of roving consciousness in the arms of his boat's crew. Truly one of the most remarkable escapes from death on record.

A DOG AND A MONKEY FIGHT.

The race track was yesterday enlivened by a very attractive programme, in which a fight between a dog and a monkey, was the leading specialty. While the amusement was progressing a stranger horse in sight with a small black dog, and sauntered up to a post upon which the monkey was basking in the sun. To all outward appearance the monkey was dead, and seemed to be hung up on the post to keep him out of the way of the chickens. The stranger moved up to the monkey and poked the lifeless animal with his cane. At the touch of the stick the animal's legs swung back and forth without volition on their part.

"When did the monkey die?" asked the

A SNAKE DESTROYS FOUR HORSES.

A farmer living near Eldora, in Iowa, had three large valuable farm horses recently destroyed by a monster snake. When discovered they were literally crushed into a jelly. The farmer's name is given as Mr. Gabriel Stout, and a neighbor of his, Mr. S. Carlin, lost a fine two-year-old colt that was killed by the same snake. The whole neighborhood has turned out in search of the monster, but all that they have been enabled to discover so far is a portion of his snake-skin, last year's skin, eleven feet in length, which is supposed to be only about a third of its entire length. Another farmer writes to the Chicago Inter-Ocean from the neighborhood of the monster's whereabouts that two calves and several head of young stock are mysteriously missing, and the opinion is general that they have been killed and eaten by the big snake. There appears to be some truth in this story. The eleven foot portion of the skin of last year was found during a hunt for the reptile is now exhibited at the Court House at Eldora, and Mr. R. H. McBride, editor of the leading newspaper in the county, has organized a body of men to prosecute the hunt until the monster is taken.

HOW DID IT GET THERE.

The Acon Free Press says.—A remarkable accident occurred at Brown & Hall's saw mill whilst a pine log was being sawed up into lumber. The outside slab and one board had been sawed off, and while the workmen were turning over the log they were surprised to see a large toad poke his head out of a hole in which he was imbedded and where he had barely escaped being cut in two by the saw. How the stranger got there was a mystery, as he was completely encased in the wood, with no possible means of ingress or egress. As the log was the fourth or fifth from the butt of the tree, his position must have been at least fifty or sixty feet from the ground, and he had no doubt grown up with it from infancy, being probably hundreds of years old. The animal was quite fat and nearly as large as a man's head. He was perfectly blind, but when taken from his bed he made use of his limbs to crawl away. The tree was perfectly sound with the exception of a decayed spot of about a foot in length below the hollow place in which he had been imbedded. How did he get there? and what did he live on?

THE SQUIRRELS' DUET.

The red and gray squirrels do not lay by winter stores; their cheeks are made without pockets and whatever they transport is carried in the path. They are more or less active all winter, but October and November are their festive months. Inevitably some butternut or hickory nut grove on a nasty October morning, and hear the red squirrel beat the "juba" on the horizontal branch. It is a most lively jig, what the boys call a "regular break down," interspersed with squeals and snickers and derisive laughter. The most noticeable peculiarity about the vocal part of it is the fact that it is a kind of duet. In other words, by some ventriloquial trick he appears to accompany himself, as if his voice split up, a part forming a low guttural sound and a part a shrill nasal sound.

SALE OF TROTTING STOCK.

On Monday, the 5th ult., Col. Henry Russell, of Milton, Mass., sold the following stock, consisting of colts, fillies and broodmares with sucklings. There was a large attendance present, and the bidding quite spirited. Blanche, gr m, 5 yrs, by Smuggler. Thos. J. Kelly, South Boston, \$300. Morgan, b c, 4 yrs, by Smuggler. Thomas Nesmith, Lowell, \$150. Brimwood, blk m, 4 yrs, by Fearnaught, dam Enny Swarditt by Erickson. Dr. N. Page, Tanaton, \$310. Cadmus Maid, b f, 3 yrs, by Smuggler, dam Seady by Iron's Cadmus. Joshua Wilkins, Braintree, \$220. Evergreen, cu c, 3 yrs, by Fearnaught, dam Yellowhammer by Midea. C. H. Tuton, Ashland, \$400. Eagle Wing, ch c, 3 yrs, by Fearnaught, dam Mambrino Maid by Eureka. Hon. Henry L. Pearce, Milton, \$325. Gaddy, b f, foaled Sept 28, 1875, by Smuggler, dam Ella Ellwood (2:29). J. S. Fay, Jr., Southborough, \$220. Gipsy, b f, foaled Oct 27, 1876, by Smuggler, dam Whisper by Volanteer. James Darlow, Brighton District, Boston, \$270. Jazelle, b f, foaled April 14, 1875, by Clarence, dam Black Pearl, by Black and White.

BITTEN BY A TARANTULA—SAVED BY WHISKEY.

Daniel Sheppard, a workman on the South Peble water works ditch, at the St. Charles, was bitten by a tarantula on the evening of Friday, October 6, in such a manner as to result fatally. On the night in question Mr. Sheppard was sleeping in a room on the Graylock Ranch, near where the R. Grand Rapids crosses the St. Charles. He had made his bed in the floor and was sleeping on a mat when he was bitten on the foot. He tried to get up but he was too weak to do so, and he called for help. Mr. Sheppard was convinced that he had been bitten by a tarantula. He then ran up the railway to Mr. M. T. Edwards, who is a doctor in the town of Eldora, and he got a bottle of whiskey for use as an antidote, but unfortunately Mr. Robinson had no whiskey on hand. He then returned down the track and went to the house of Mr. Necco, near where he was bitten. Sheppard is a stout, powerful man, but his strength was nearly exhausted. The poison passed from his shoulder down a left side, and his whole body was affected, and he was in a state of the most excruciating agony. Mr. Necco hurried to Mr. Howard, and a man up the St. Charles, and furnished him of the occurrence. Mr. Howard immediately mounted his horse and galloped to Eldora, eight miles distant, for a supply of whiskey. In the meantime Sheppard remained in his cabin, and in a short time from the act of the poison, he became almost insensible, and his body, head and limbs, became fully swollen. In just two or three hours from the time he was bitten Mr. Howard arrived with the whiskey. The poison had now now in a very critical condition, unable to move and evidently at the very gates of death. The whiskey was administered and he seemed to revive. At a part was given, and when Mr. Sheppard has been seen, he began to feel better. The strongest man in Eldora, and a man with difficulty that four men could hold him. It soon became evident that the whiskey would prove an effectual antidote to the tarantula poison. Mr. Sheppard is now recovering rapidly, and, though he is still weak and has lost some thirty pounds in weight, there is but little doubt that in a week or so he will be all right again.

A BRIGHT HORSE AND A STUPID ONE.

The Boston Journal relates the following: "Among the many horses owned by the Highland Street Railroad Company is one who used to give the board a great deal of trouble by slipping his halter and roaming at will about the stable. The halter was a each occasion buckled on as tightly as possible, but to no purpose, for the horse would invariably be found half an hour afterwards making a dignified tour of the stable. This became more and more the case, and one day a determination was made to make an experiment which his equine friend secured his liberty. Again the halter was tightly buckled on, and taking a seat where he could watch his trouble some carriage, he awaited developments. Pretty soon a horse was stalled and the troubles were over. He served to poke his nose into his neighbor's stall, and catching the end of the halter strap between his teeth he pulled at it. He did so, and it did not attempt to untangle, he buckled were unavailing, but with the perseverance the horse returned to his work bravely, and finally cut through the buckle tongue, the strap at strap fell, and the horse was at liberty. A change of halter was of course a necessity. A large, heavy public gelding, owned by the company, used to manifest a strange regard for a white mare he formerly worked beside. In the stable he was hitched with a rope halter, and a chain was substituted. He used to gnaw off his halter, mare deliberately to the stable occupied by his mate, and squeeze himself into the same stall, which was only a narrow enough to accommodate one horse comfortably, and a good deal of effort was required to separate the equines after they had become wedged in so closely."

SPIRITS INTERFERE WITH GAMBLING.

One of these strange occurrences that serve to make the minds of gamblers people with a host of apparitions is related in East or West. A Dr. Crocker, a member of the Massachusetts State Legislature, was once at a gambling table in New York. He was sitting at a table with a number of gamblers, and he was playing a game of cards. He was sitting at a table with a number of gamblers, and he was playing a game of cards. He was sitting at a table with a number of gamblers, and he was playing a game of cards.

Once and again they circle around,  
Till o'er the decoys they hover.

That pause is fatal to many a one,  
For the time of the slayer is come;  
Now he opens his miniature battery with grape,  
And half a score tell him "well done."

So goes for the hunters, but death for the ducks  
Spies on with its merciless round;  
All along our line on the right and left  
In the same booming duck-slaying sound.

Of teal and mallard the bag is made up,  
And a now and then red head or goose  
Swings around near by and comes down with a  
rush,  
As the fiery storm is let loose.

Now the early morn is well grown unto day,  
And the ducks are setting to rest  
On the sunny side of some sheltered nook,  
Where the wild rice rears its crest.

We, too, are beginning to weary of death,  
And to call on our forces for leaving  
The marsh to birds and game fowls wild,  
In their sport the black waters cleaving.

On our homeward journey we fight o'er again  
In mind the battles just gained,  
How here and there a long shot was made,  
And how a bird got away lamed.

Thus often after, by the camp fire bright,  
As the laugh and jest go round,  
Each one of us his experience tells  
Of duck shooting long ago found.

Now in after years should we indulge in dreams,  
During moments we have to spare,  
Of joyous sport past, and that  
To come, build castles in the air.

And some should chide us, for excuse we say  
That when we had moments to spare,  
The immortal Washington shot ducks,  
And built castles in the air.

#### A NOVEL FISH.

Our trap fisherman are continually capturing curious specimens of the finny tribe, and one of the oldest and ugliest specimens we have ever seen was caught in the trap of Wm. Weaver, off Taylor's point, Cadiz Island. It is about three and a half feet in length, by about one and a half feet in breadth in its widest part, with skin like that of a shark, an ugly mouth with four rows of teeth, and its shape is something like that of a bellows fish. Its mouth is on the head extremity, and not at all tad-pole-like, while its fins are more like the clipped wings of a fowl. It was very savage, and when an attempt was made to take it from the trap with a large iron-rimmed scoop net, it sprang like a snapping turtle and seized the rim of the net, and hung to it until it was placed in the boat. One of the fishermen afterward attempted to poke him with a short stick and the fish seemingly contracted his body and sprang savagely forward, seizing the man's finger, lacerating it severely. This nondescript weighs over thirty pounds, and is now packed in ice, awaiting the arrival of Hon. Samuel Powell, who takes charge of all novelties from the waters of our part of Narragansett Bay. None of our fishermen have ever seen anything like it.

**LASSONING WILD DEER.**—One of the sporting family of Bentwicks in England laid a heavy wager that with the assistance of a single dog he would capture and hobble a certain number of fallow deer running loose in a park, and this wager he won. But a fifteen-year-old in California performed, we think, a much more difficult feat, thus recorded in the Napa Register: "Tom Shouse a fifteen-year-old son of Berry Shrouse, living in Suscol, on Tuesday last saw a deer about a year old on the Hollpoke ranch. The boy was on horseback, and immediately giving chase, ran the deer into the mouth of Hollybroke Canon, where he lassoed, tied and brought it home alive, and gave it to the other children to show his prowess."

#### QUEER DOINGS AT GALESBURG, ILL.

GALESBURG, Oct. 12.—Dear Spirit.—The trotting meeting which was held here last week was inaugurated under very favorable auspices, but, as you have probably heard, owing to sheer rashness at too close, has proved a disastrous failure. The track had passed out of the hands of the original officers, and was, it is understood, under the exclusive control of S. M. Reynolds, who has been its general superintendent. This year he leased the grounds, it is now supposed in order to cover a fraud, to J. Ben Moats, a farmer living in Knox County, and who had borne a good reputation. The first meeting was held in July, and was a failure financially, on account of bad weather. General sympathy was felt, and when the fall meeting was advertised, with premiums amounting to \$25,000, this feeling was manifested by the number of entries, many horsemen coming from a great distance to take part. The weather prevented any trotting the first day, but on the second day the sport was proceeded with. Matters were not altogether satisfactory. There was a suspicious reticence with regard to the payment of premiums, and the decisions of the judges were frequently and loudly questioned, but all expressions of dissatisfaction were ignored. A crisis was reached in the 2:30 race. Mary C., Pine Leaf, Janesville, and Winita started. The former was the favorite, but many thought that Pine Leaf could beat her. Mary C. won the first, second, and third heats, but the judges then declared the third heat void, ruled the driver of Pine Leaf off, and ordered a new driver, Capt. Tough, the owner and driver of Pine Leaf, then took his position, to the effect that the whole business was a swindle; that he was willing to exercise his mare a little, but that when the association was not intending to pay its advertised premiums, they could not count on his entry, and if he could not drive her, nobody else should; and he drove his mare. The culmination of the queer doings was on Saturday, when the lessee, J. Ben Moats, the honest farmer, lit out for parts unknown, taking with him, it is estimated, from \$8,000 to \$10,000, receipts at the gate and from entrance money. Up to this time nothing has been heard from him. Very few bills have been paid, and none of the premium money. Reputable citizens here deeply regret this occurrence, as they fear that the reports of the swindled horsemen will permanently injure the track, and that it will be difficult for another management to ever counteract the bad effect. I hope, however, that this will not be the case. Our track is a fine one, among the best in the West, and all it needs is honorable management to insure its great success. X.

#### OLD EGGS.

The yolk of eggs will keep for many years after the whites have disappeared. This has been tested by experiment. The Manchester Mirror and American says that twenty-four years ago a gentleman in a suburban town packed several eggs in a box of oats, and put them in an out of the way place in the attic of his store, with the intention of testing their condition at the end of a year's time. Forgetting all about them, nearly a quarter of a century had passed, when in overhauling the contents of the attic, he came upon the box in its hiding place. Upon breaking the eggs, the shells of which appeared sound, the whites were found to have totally disappeared, while the yolks remained dried and quite hard. The oats in which the eggs were packed were sound as the day when they were put in the box, and the gentleman has planted several with a view of discovering whether they retain their vitality. In the box was found a memorandum giving the date on which the eggs were deposited.

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

thunder sounded in his ears. He opened his eyes for a single instant, and it seemed as though a stream of fire was passing before them, and now came that in visible activity of the brain which characterizes all such perilous situations where one's whole life seems to pass in review in an instant of time. But the captain was a very practical man, cool and courageous always, and, consequently, still self-possessed. He began to struggle with all his muscular power to reach the knife which he wore in his belt. He felt that he was growing weaker every instant, and that it was now or never with him, though we should say, parenthetically, that what takes so long to describe occurred in time that was reckoned by seconds rather than minutes. Oh, if he could command but his right hand for one stroke upon that fatal hood! Now his heart began to fail him. He did not absolutely despair, but his brain reeled, his nerves seemed to alternate before his eyeballs, and his head felt as though compressed in an iron vice. Were these his last moments! He thought, in spite of the agonizing pain he endured, he would make one more brave effort. The line providentially slackened for a second; he reached his knife, and, as quick as thought itself, as the rope became taut again, the keen edge of the knife was upon it, and by a desperate effort of his arm it became severed. He was freed, and then commenced his upward passage, caused by the natural buoyancy of the human body. After this he only remembered a feeling of suffocation, a gurgling spasm, and all was over until he awoke to an agonizing pain of reviving consciousness in the arms of his boat's crew. Truly one of the most remarkable escapes from death on record.

#### A DOG AND A MONKEY FIGHT.

The race track was yesterday enlivened by a very attractive programme, in which a fight between a dog and a monkey was the leading specialty. While this amusement was progressing a stranger horse in sight with a small black dog, and sauntered up to a post upon which the monkey was basking in the sun. To all outward appearance the monkey was dead, and seemed to be hung up on the post to keep him out of the way of the chickens. The stranger moved up to the monkey and poked the lifeless animal with his cane. At the touch of the stick the animal's legs swung back and forth without volition on their part.

"When did the monkey die?" asked the stranger of a small boy. Before the boy could furnish an explanation of the monkey's taking off, the black dog came up and sniffed the animal's tail. The next thing anybody knew was the fact of the monkey sitting astride the dog and the dog howling and squealing like a neglected candidate. The monkey had fallen upon him like a cloudburst, and immediately the wildest excitement prevailed. The crowd was on hand at once, and Daggett, rushing about and flourishing an immense cane, acted as master of ceremonies, and Joe Stewart, pulling out a handful of twenties, wanted to lay odds on the monkey. As soon as the dog recovered from his surprise and realized the somewhat important fact that the monkey was one of the quick instead of the dead, he rose to the situation and made a vigorous defense. The monkey, however, got the dog by the collar, and then winding his tail about the post, held him with a pretty substantial grip in one hand, and cuffed him vigorously with the other. Under this treatment the dog howled for mercy, and tugged and scratched until the collar gave way, after which he started for the back yard with the tip of his tail curled under his tail like a crescent. The stranger who owned the dog stood by, a passive and astonished spectator of the scene, and when the dog had disappeared and the monkey resumed his state of torpor on the top of the post, the boy simply remarked, "Don't act like he was dead."—Virginia City Chronicle.

with the exception of a decayed specimen a foot or longer below the hollow place in which he had imbedded. How did he get there? and what did he live on?

#### THE SQUIRRELS' DUET.

The red and gray squirrels do not lay by winter stores; their caches are made with out pockets and whatever they transport is carried in the teeth. They are more or less active all winter, but October and November are their favorite months. In a nut grove butternut or hickory nut grove on a nasty October morning, and hear the red squirrel beat the "juba" on the horizontal branch. It is a most lively jig, what the boys call a "regular break down," but repeated with squeals and smickers and derisive laughter. The most noticeable peculiarity about the vocal part of it is the fact that it is a kind of duet. In other words, by some ventriloquial trick he appears to accompany himself, as if his voice split up, a part forming a low guttural sound and a part a shrill nasal sound.

#### SALE OF TROTTING STOCK.

On Monday, the 5th ult., Col. Henry Russell, of Milton, Mass., sold the following stock, consisting of colts, fillies and broodmares with sucklings. There was a large attendance present, and the bidding quite spirited.

- Blanche, gr m, 5 yrs, by Smuggler. Thos. J. Kelly, South Boston, \$300.
- Morgan, b c, 4 yrs, by Smuggler. Thomas Nesmith, Lowell, \$450.
- Drumhead, blk m, 4 yrs, by Fearnaught, dam Fanny Prowitt by Erickson. Dr. N. Page, Taunton, \$310.
- Cadmus Maid, b f, 3 yrs, by Smuggler, dam Gaddy by Iron's Cadmus. Joshua Wilkins, Braintree, \$220.
- Evergreen, ch c, 3 yrs, by Fearnaught, dam Yellowhammer by Midas. C. H. Tilton, Ashland, \$400.
- Eagle Wing, ch c, 3 yrs, by Fearnaught, dam Mambrino Maid by Eureka. Hon. Henry L. Pearce, Milton, \$325.
- Gaddy, b f, foaled Sept 28, 1875, by Smuggler, dam Ella Ellwood (2:29). J. S. Fay, Jr., Southborough, \$220.
- Gipsy, b f, foaled Oct 27, 1875, by Smuggler, dam Whisper by Volanteer. James Darrow, Brighton District, Boston, \$370.
- Jazelle, b f, foaled April 14, 1875, by Clarence, dam Black Pearl by Balkonia. Dr. N. Page, Taunton, \$150.
- Grumbler, b c, foaled April 28, 1875, by Croole, dam Hambletonia by Old Hambletonian B. F. Dutton, Boston, \$105.
- Guardian, ch c, foaled May 23, 1875, by Blue Bull, dam Yellowhammer, by Midas. W. B. Angler, Milton, \$255.
- Grace, b f, foaled Sept 5, 1875, by Blue Bull, dam Mollie D. by Old Mambrino Chief. J. S. Fay, Jr., Southboro, \$103.
- Glory, ch f, foaled April 15, 1875, by Bay Chief, dam Ready by Iron's Cadmus. W. B. Angler, \$150.
- Jessie Wales, blk m (2:37 in double harness), with colt by Smuggler. Rout. B. Forbes, Milton, \$525.
- Ella Ellwood, b c (2:29), with filly by Smuggler. F. W. Harburt, \$400.
- Lady Balch, blk m, by Rising Sun, with colt by Smuggler. R. B. Forbes, Jr, \$220.
- Mollie D. br m by Old Mambrino Chief, filly by Smuggler. J. M. Forbes, Jr, \$210.
- Whisper, br m, by Volanteer, filly by Smuggler. H. J. Gilbert, Milton, \$180.
- Black Pearl, blk m, by Balkonia, with colt by Smuggler. R. W. Little, Boston, \$205.
- Minnie, ch m, by Ringgold, with colt by Smuggler. J. F. Mills, Newport, Me. \$190.

**A CURE.**—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. J. F. LYMAN, Station D, Bible House, New York City. 250-4m

#### A BRIGHT HORSE AND A STUPID ONE.

The Boston Journal relates the following:—Among the many horses owned by the Highland Street Railroad Company, one was used to give the horses a great deal of trouble by stopping his halter and roaring at them about the stable. The halter was a cable harness hooked on as tightly as possible, but to no purpose, for the horse would invariably be found half an hour afterwards making a dignified tour of the stable. This became a nuisance to the stable, and it was determined to ascertain the cause of the horse's behavior. A guard halter was tightly hooked on, and taking a seat where he could watch his troubles in charge, he awaited developments. Pretty soon a horse was stood beside the trouble some one was served to poke his nose into him in a high stall, and catching the end of the halter strap between his teeth he pulled at it. His first second, and third attempts to unloose the buckle were unavailing, but with remarkable perseverance the horse returned to his work repeatedly, and finally cut dropped the buckle tongue, the throat strap, and the horse of inquisitive mind was soon stalking about the stable again. A change of beam was, of course, a necessity. A large, heavy, pre-bald gelding, owned by the company, used to manure a strange regard for a white mare he formerly worked beside. In the stable he was hitched with a rope halter, and, until a chain was substituted, he used to gnaw off his halter, march deliberately to the stall occupied by his mate, and squeeze himself into the same stall, which was only large enough to accommodate one horse comfortably, and a good deal of effort was required to separate the equines after they had become wedged in so closely.

#### SPIRITS INTERFERE WITH GAMBLING.

One of those strange coincidences that serve to rub the minds of credulous people with a belief in spiritualism occurred in Hartford last week. A Dr. Langley, a medical man, was shown a box of hair from the head of a hospital patient who had the consumption, and he informed the parties who consulted him that nothing could save the consumptive; that he would die in exactly four months and a half. Nothing was thought of the matter until last week, when the patient died, and it was found that he had died exactly on the day that Dr. Langley predicted he would. As the patient was never informed of the prediction, he could have been frightened into dying on that particular day. Dr. Langley was formerly a gambler, a faro-bank dealer, and says he quit the profession because the spirits said he would never win again.

The Avonport Review, Oct 25th, says:—On Monday last Mr. Wm. Wallace, living near the City Bank, discovered a young halibut, belonging to him, and died near a boat, at a distance of about 1000 feet from his residence. On examination, an arrow was found that had been shot through the body, and had been retained in the stomach, having evidently taken its place. The fish had entered the throat and penetrated the body, coming out and passing along the back bone. When found the animal was as large, having a length of 1000 more or less. It was a very large fish, and when a medicinal use of it is discovered, it would be a very valuable discovery. It is a very large fish, and when a medicinal use of it is discovered, it would be a very valuable discovery. It is a very large fish, and when a medicinal use of it is discovered, it would be a very valuable discovery.



## The Gentleman's Journal

TORONTO, FRIDAY, NOV. 8, 1876.

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

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

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

Are respectfully informed, that all Correspondents of the SPORTING TIMES are supplied with a card of a LIGHT GREEN color, with the name of the city or town and correspondent, signed by the proprietors of this paper, with a punch stamp of a horse's head upon the right upper corner, and dated October 1st, 1876, each card running for three months. No person is authorized to use any other credential on our behalf. Managers will save themselves from imposition by demanding an exhibition of said card, and refusing to accept any excuse whatever for its non-production. The card is not transferable, and if it be presented by any person other than the one whose name it bears, managers and others will retain it and mail it to this office.

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

### DATES CLAIMED FOR 1877.

#### AMERICAN.

Freeport, Ill.....	May 29 to June 1
Cleveland, O.....	July 24 to 27
Buffalo, Mass.....	July 24 to 27
Buffalo, N. Y.....	July 31 to Aug. 8
Freeport, Ill.....	July 31 to Aug. 8
Rochester, N. Y.....	2d week in Aug.
Prophetstown, Ill.....	2d " "
Tiskilwa, Ill.....	2d " "
Utica, N. Y.....	3d " "
Earlville, Ill.....	4th " "

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

### TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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

### A PRACTICAL ARGUMENT.

It has been frequently shown in these columns that a Dominion Turf Association could be run without really any expense to its members, from the saving in entry money alone. It is quite safe to assume there is scarcely any association in Canada but what loses more at any one meeting in the shape of non-payment of entrance money, than their annual fee to a protective association would amount to. To some extent the system that Turf Clubs and Driving Park Associations have drifted into has much to do with this cause of financial deficiency. If all our turf organizations would insist on the entrance money accompanying the nomination, the difficulty would, to a great extent, be avoided. But that business-like manner of procedure appears to a great extent to be lost. If it were insisted all around that a nomination would not be allowed to start unless the entrance fee accompanied the

collected, assuming the organization in question to be one of its members. While at the same time it will be admitted if there was a general affiliation the chances are strongly against such a contingency arising as to our western friends have been victimized by. A stronger argument for a Dominion Turf Association would be difficult to advance, than the experience of many of our Clubs as exemplified in the above exhibit of the Chatham Driving Park Association.

### BASE BALL.

The action of the Judiciary Committee at Hamilton last week awarded the championship to the Tecumseh club of London.—There can be no doubt they were the strongest playing team in Canada the past season, and as such were entitled to the first position in the race for the coveted honor. But already there appears to be a disposition among Base Ball players to make some changes in the rules by which clubs who play professional players will not be measured by the same standard as those that are composed purely of amateurs. It is folly for a club of the latter class to meet a team like the Tecumsehs on even terms, and only tends to bring the game into disrepute. Not that there are any objections to salaried players, but they should play for championship honors among their own class; and, not as now, by importations, prejudice the best interests of the game by such unequal contests. There is very little encouragement for our own players, and a discrimination should be exercised in some way so that the well-being of the game would not be destroyed. A purely amateur Association and championship are spoken of, by which means it is thought the financial strength in some localities would be overcome, and the prospects of the game in this country much increased. There are amateur and professional classes in most departments of athletic sport, and why not here in Base Ball.

### SUPPRESSION.

Of the many undignified things some racing associations are guilty of, we can think of nothing more despicable than the intentional suppression of time in trotting races. There is nothing in the general principles of the turf which can in the least be said to countenance such an open depravity. It is fraudulent on its face, and is repulsive to every man who takes an interest in trotting. It indirectly robs a large portion of our horse-owners, and destroys the pleasure of our racing gatherings. It is a crime against the best regulated system on the Continent, and is punished with the severest penalty that authority can inflict. It is enough to almost cause the better class of turf supporters in the country to withdraw their patronage in disgust; while the shocking amount of bad faith contained in the words "no time," is scandalous, and is tending to subvert the welfare of trotting in this country. Let us have no more of it.

### AN ALMONT IN BUFFALO.

During a late trip to the blue grass regions of Kentucky, Mr. C. J. Hamlin, of Buffalo, N. Y., purchased the well bred stallion Almont, Jr., 4 years, by Almont, dam Maggie G., by Blood's Black Hawk. He is a beautiful bay, 15.1, with near fore foot and both hind ankles white. He has shown himself to be possessed of superior trotting gait, as, at the late Lexington meeting, he won the second heat in the 3:00 class in 2:38½; and trotted second the first, third the third, and second in the fourth and fifth heats. This purchase will prove a decided acquisition to the Buffalo region, as it is the intention to devote him to stock purposes. Almont, Jr., is a half-brother, by the sire, to the Messrs. Enright's fine colt Benedick, at Dundas, Ont.

### TORONTO HUNT CLUB.

The Toronto Hunt Club met at Woodbine Park last Saturday. There was every prospect of rain, but it cleared away, and the day proved to be beautiful; there was a large field present. Ten and a half couples were put on the trail, just back of the Club House, and away they went at full cry for about two miles alongside of the lake shore, as far as Mr. Patterson's farm, at Norway; they then ran across the Kingston Road, and took a bee line for Todmorton, as straight as the crow flies; then doubled back across the Grand Trunk Railroad. On they went across the Don and Danforth road, where the hounds took up a fresh trail, and they went spinning along, Reynard giving the hounds plenty of hard work. He just doubled back and crossed the Newmarket Course, where they ran in to him, killing him down by the ravine. Time—15 minutes. Mr. M. A. Thomas being first up, took the brush again. Mr. N. F. Hagei was second and took the head. There was a great number of gentlemen out, and they all say that it was the best run of the season, a fine day's sport and plenty of big fencing. Mr. Thomas' mare, Lady Zoo, took the big jump of the day, a stiff board fence 5½ feet high, in the run. There were quite a number of ladies out in their carriages to witness the hunt, of which they had a splendid view from the roads.—Com.

### BILL BRUCE AT BALTIMORE.

The second event at Baltimore on Friday was a selling race, dash of a mile and a half. The conditions of the race were that horses entered to be sold for \$1,500 should carry due weights; \$1,000, allowed 5 lbs.; \$750, 10 lbs.; \$500, 14 lbs.; and if not to be sold at all to carry 7 lbs. extra. Mr. Forbes' horse Bill Bruce was put in at \$750, carrying 58 lbs. Of the race the New York Herald says:—

"In the betting Warlock had the call at \$215 to \$201 on Bill Bruce and \$70 for the field. Galway led off from the start, with Bill Bruce second and Conner third, the others running in a bunch together. There was no change on the lower turn, but before reaching the judge's stand Courier went to the front, with Warlock second, and pressing him closely, Bill Bruce fourth, Galaxy fifth, and Kenny sixth. On the upper turn Paladin ran up to the fifth place. On the back stretch Galway went up and took the second place, with Courier and Warlock running even, and Bill Bruce running easy in the fourth place. The others were so far behind that they were out of the race. Down the homestretch the lash was used freely, and Bill Bruce came to the finish one and a half lengths ahead of Galway, who beat Courier a neck, with Tom O'Neil a length behind. The others made a string of fifty to one hundred yards in the rear. Time—2:48½. Bill Bruce was bought by his owners at \$750, there having been no bid in advance of the amount for which he was offered when put in the race."

### FROM INGERSOLL.

INGERSOLL, Oct. 29, 1876.

To the Editor of Sporting Times.

SIR,—Our Town Hall was occupied last Friday and Saturday evenings by Gango's Royal Yoddo Japs and English and American Artists. To speak well of this troupe is saying little. It is simply one of the best that ever visited this section of the country. There is not a bad thing in the whole entertainment. I am glad to state that at both the entertainments the house was crowded to the doors.

The Ingersoll skating club are about to build a covered rink this winter, which is to be one of the finest in the country. This will be a great boon to both young and old, as there is no exercise more healthy and exhilarating. Yours very truly,

TOR WEIGHT.

### To Correspondents.

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

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

### Sporting Gossip.

Inspiration and Bill Bruce will go to Washington.

It is proposed to form a joint stock company in Guelph for the purpose of maintaining the Maple Leaf Base Ball Club next season.

The following Canadians and horses were suspended at the late Elmira, N. Y., meeting, for non-payment of entrance money:—W. Williams, Ottawa, and the chestnut colt Beaconsfield; D. S. Booth, Brockville, and the bay gelding Moose; F. B. Baldwin, Brockville, and black mare Nellie Thorne.

Sheriff Powell, of Ottawa, met with a serious accident on Saturday, while riding at the hunt. He was thrown violently from his horse, and had a narrow escape from instantaneous death. The horse stumbled at a fence, falling over it, and precipitating his rider to the ground. The Sheriff fell upon his head and was carried home insensible, not recovering himself for two hours. He was very much cut and bruised, but pronounced out of danger, and was very much better on Sunday.

In one of our previous issues we announced that the Moose Tecumseh had been matched to trot a full mile in harness in 2:20 over Moospath Park, St. John, N. B. Wednesday, the 18th ult. was the day set for the trial, and upon being brought out on the course, gave unmistakable evidence of having "gone amiss." He would neither trot, run nor walk, but with a gait that appeared to have a strong infusion of the kangaroo in it, he managed to place a mile to his credit in 7:30.

The Hunt Steeplechases will take place at Ottawa, on Saturday. The leading horses in that section are in active training for the different events.

On Saturday, intelligence was received that Mr. W. Bookless, of Owen Sound, had had a change for the worse; but reports on Monday stated the symptoms were more favorable.

It is reported that Wm. Hendrie, Esq., has purchased Big Sandy, by Australian, dam Geneva, by Lexington, from Col. McDaniels, and the horse will be brought to Hamilton some time during the present season. Big Sandy is finely bred, and with a good reputation as a race horse.

We noticed the other day, on the street, the bay mare Passion being driven in a wagon alongside of the roadster Gen. Lee. She is by Red Eye, out of Sympathy, by imported Scotchian, and is pretty well known on the race tracks in Western Ontario. She displays good trotting action, and takes kindly to her new way of going.

Mr. Wm. Owen, the well known horseman, intends spending the winter months at Hot Springs, Arkansas, where he will

WELCOME.—Mr. John Hodge, of Lockport, N. Y., of Garbling Oil notoriety, has acquired an interest in the Lockport Daily Union and Niagara Weekly Democrat. From Mr. H's well known business ability it is quite safe to assume he will meet with success in his new departure. We extend a fraternal welcome to him on his admission to the journalistic ranks.

### Base Ball.

#### THE BASE BALL CHAMPIONSHIP.

##### THE TECUMSEHS THE CHAMPIONS.

On Friday last the Judiciary Committee of the Canadian Association of Base Ball Players met at the Royal Hotel, Hamilton, for the purpose of deciding which club was entitled to claim the honor for the ensuing year. Mr. McPherson, of Toronto, was the only member of the Committee absent. Their decision is embodied in the following report:—

records of the above named clubs.

Mr. Weir, on behalf of the "Maple Leafs," protested to the record of the Tecumsehs being received, on the grounds that they had violated section (2) two of the championship rules, and article (6) six of the constitution governing the association. The Committee overruled the protest in both cases. The records of the two remaining clubs, viz., the Tecumsehs and Maple Leafs were taken into consideration, which were as follows: Tecumsehs (8) three games won, lost none; Maple Leafs lost (8), won none. The Committee therefore award The Championship of Canada for 1876 to the Tecumsehs of London, which entitles them to fly the championship pennant for 1877.

E. M. MOOR, Chairman Com.  
ED. COLLINS,  
T. HARRIS,  
ADAM WEIR, JR.

### Veterinary

#### MONTREAL VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

At the usual fortnightly meeting of this Association, held on Thursday evening, Fred. N. McLellan, Vice-President, in the chair, there was a large number of members and visitors present. The report on the amendment of the rules were adopted, and the membership is now open to members and students of the medical profession. The following gentlemen were elected members, viz.:—D. S. Brown, Genoa, Illinois; C. C. Miles, Charleston, Illinois; Charles Winslow, Rockland, Mass.; Alphonse Levesque, Montreal; Wm. P. Mullin, Montreal; Dan. Lemay, Bord a Plouff. Mr. C. C. Lyford read a communication of a shoulder lameness in a colt, attended by interesting complications and formation of abscesses. Professor McEachran read a very interesting paper on "Conformation and purchase of horses." He passed in review the skeleton of the horse as a mechanical structure, pointing out the peculiarities in arrangement—necessary for different purposes—the uses and capabilities of each part, the vertebral column being the centre of the osseous framework, having all the other parts attached either directly or indirectly to it, as the length and strength of its different parts will have very much to do with the perfection of the whole body. He agreed with those who looked upon the fore extremities as being merely supporters of weight and the hind ones being the propellers—the attachment of those limbs plainly indicated this—the fore extremity is attached by strong muscular bands, and the angles of articulation and arrangement of the muscles all result in a beautiful elastic springy support, capable of supporting weight and preventing concussion without themselves suffering in doing so—whereas, the hind leg is attached by a large and strong articulation in a powerful bone directly articulated to the vertebral column and the attachment of the muscles such as to give the animal the greatest strength on those movements resulting on the extension of the limb, which, with the foot as the fixed point resting on the ground and the upper end articulated with the pelvis, must propel the body forward. After pointing out the peculiarities required to adapt the animal for different purposes, he proceeded to explain the points of excellence to be sought for in all classes. The head should be medium in size, and proportioned to the body it belongs to; a large, coarse head is most objectionable on all animals, the size being neither ornamental nor useful; a small, pony head is equally objectionable, as indicating deficiency in character. The muzzle should be fine, the lips thin and compressed, the mouth deep, the nostrils large, soft and dilatable; if small, thick and stiff, there will be a corresponding want of development of the lungs, and the animal will not be fitted for fast work. The eyes should be large, wide apart, and have boldness and fire, yet gentle-looking; when they are small and sunken, with heavy, thick eyelids, especially if much of the white is shown, he is sure to be vicious, easily frightened and untrustworthy. The ears should be long and thin, firm and active-looking, rather close than wide at the top of the head, with the points a little inclined forward. Each part was thus passed in review, the lecturer pointing out the best formation of each for different purposes. On the subject of horse buying and selling—the buyer and seller in their respective characters were commented on, the trials and difficulties of the one and the sharp tricks and clever deceptions of the other explained, and the lecturer concluded by read-



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It has been frequently shown in these columns that a Dominion Turf Association could be run without really any expense to its members, from the saving in entry money alone. It is quite safe to assume there is scarcely any association in Canada but what loses more at any one meeting in the shape of non-payment of entrance money, than their annual fee to a protective association would amount to. To some extent the system that Turf Clubs and Driving Park Associations have drifted into has much to do with this cause of financial deficiency. If all our turf organizations would insist on the entrance money accompanying the nomination, the difficulty would, to a great extent, be avoided. But that business-like manner of procedure appears to a great extent to be lost. If it were insisted all around that a nomination would not be allowed to start unless the entrance fee accompanied the nomination, and this rule were rigidly enforced, there would be fewer defaulters; as a man once tripped up on this, would not in all probability make a second attempt.

To show to what extent associations are imposed upon by horsemen, it is only necessary to recount the experience of the Chatham association at their late meeting. They had eleven entries in the 8:00 class, but only six paid, in the 2:45 class the same number: the 2:50 race had thirteen on the entry list, but only two paid their fee; three paid in the 2:37 class out of ten nominations; and, to cap the climax, in the 5-mile trot there was seven entries, and none paid. On the Monday morning after the entries closed (Saturday), there was only one paid out of the lot. If racing can be conducted on this basis, it would be highly remunerative if properly carried out. In the above instances the enterprising Chathamites are without any relief, but must stand the loss among themselves. It is strikingly suggestive of something wrong in the system which will permit of a Club being robbed in this manner. It might be safely said, if a Dominion Turf Association was in existence, seventy-five per cent. of the sum in default could be

some localities would be overcome, and the prospects of the game in this country much increased. There are amateur and professional classes in most departments of athletic sport, and why not here in Base Ball.

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**RINGERS.**

From reports from several parts of the country this fall, it would appear these very undesirable parasites of the turf have been very numerous in Ontario. Extending from the Woodbine meeting to the late Chatham gathering they have turned up all over the country. But the most impudent specimen that has reached us is Hotspur, with a record of 2:24, trotted in the 2:35 class at Kingston. He captured one heat in 2:29, which time was given out by the judges, but not without considerable protesting from the party behind this old timer. The idea of Hotspur objecting to a 2:29 record is rich indeed. Something will be required to be done by our turf-men to protect themselves from the incursions of these erratic rascals from over the border, as it is our horse-owners who are the main sufferers.

A CHALLENGE.—Dallebout, having heard Raine of Ottawa was anxious to try conclusions with him in a mile race, has inserted a challenge in the Montreal papers, offering to run the youth from the Capital for \$400 over the Fashion Course, Montreal.

\$215 to \$201 on Bill Bruce and \$70 for the field. Galway led off from the start, with Bill Bruce second and Conner third, the others running in a bunch together. There was no change on the lower turn, but before reaching the judge's stand Courier went to the front, with Warlock second, and pressing him closely, Bill Bruce fourth, Galaxy fifth, and Kenny sixth. On the upper turn Paladin ran up to the fifth place. On the back stretch Galway went up and took the second place, with Courier and Warlock running even, and Bill Bruce running easy in the fourth place. The others were so far behind that they were out of the race. Down the homestretch the lash was used freely, and Bill Bruce came to the finish one and a half lengths ahead of Galway, who beat Courier a neck, with Tom O'Neil a length behind. The others made a string of fifty to one hundred yards in the rear. Time—2:48½. Bill Bruce was bought by his owners at \$750, there having been no bid in advance of the amount for which he was offered when put in the race.

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P. H., Allandale.—We have never noticed it in Bell's Life. No horse ran a mile a minute either in this country or England.

J. T., Hamilton.—Hardly suitable. Too much drama. We don't desire criticisms.

TOR WEIGHT.—Yes. All right; paper and chromo sent.

E. K., Hamilton.—Have about half-a-dozen applications. Will consider the matter.

BADGER GIRL.—This mare will undoubtedly prove a wonderful saddle mare. Mr. Bush, her driver, proposed to Johnny Grier, to give her a trial to saddle. Johnny borrowed an old saddle, and mounted without whip or spur. He went a quarter in 84½s., and then finding she needed a persuade, pulled off his felt hat, and fanned her around in 2:22½. Undoubtedly she would have trotted very much faster, had Johnny a legitimate persuader. The trial was over the Janesville track.

OVER A DISTANCE OF GROUND.—John Murphy, the well-known driver and trainer of trotters, has issued a challenge to ride against any of the long distance riders that have created so much furor throughout the country of late. He has thrown down the gauntlet to ride over the 50, 100, or 150-mile ground, for from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side. He leans decidedly towards the Mexican Peralto and Capt. Mow-y, of California. His address is Fleetwood Park, N. Y.

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**REPORT OF THE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE ON THE BASE BALL CHAMPIONSHIP.**

We, the Judiciary Committee of the Canadian Association of Base Ball Players met at the Royal Hotel, Hamilton, to receive the reports of the the different clubs contesting for the championship of Canada in 1878.

Records from the following clubs were received, viz.: St. Lawrence, of Kingston; Standards, of Hamilton; Maple Leafs, of Guelph, and Tecumsehs, of London, no record being received from the Toronto club. The games played with them were not taken into consideration, it being evident they had no claim to the championship.

Mr. H. Gorman appeared on behalf of the Tecumseh, and the interest of the Maple Leafs were looked after by Mr. Weir, with the consent of the Committee. Mr. Gorman objected, on behalf of the Tecumsehs, to the records of the St. Lawrence club of Kingston, and Standards of Hamilton, on the grounds that that they did not comply with the rules governing the championship of Canada, violating rule (8) three of the championship code, which says: "No game shall count in the series of contests for the championship in which the rules of this association shall have been violated, and no games of clubs who have not played at least two games with each of the contending clubs shall count in the championship series."

The committee, after due investigation, sustained the objection, and threw out the

of the horse as a mechanical structure, pointing out the peculiarities in arrangement—necessary for different purposes—the uses and capabilities of each part, the vertebral column being the centre of the osseous framework, having all the other parts attached either directly or indirectly to it, as the length and strength of its different parts will have very much to do with the perfection of the whole body. He agreed with those who looked upon the fore extremities as being merely supporters of weight and the hind ones being the propellers—the attachment of those limbs plainly indicated this—the fore extremity is attached by strong muscular bands, and the angles of articulation and arrangement of the muscles all result in a beautiful elastic springy support, capable of supporting weight and preventing concussion without themselves suffering in doing so—whereas, the hind leg is attached by a large and strong articulation in a powerful bone directly articulated to the vertebral column and the attachment of the muscles such as to give the animal the greatest strength on those movements resulting on the extension of the limb, which, with the foot as the fixed point resting on the ground and the upper end articulated with the pelvis, must propel the body forward. After pointing out the peculiarities required to adapt the animal for different purposes, he proceeded to explain the points of excellence to be sought for in all classes. The head should be medium in size, and proportioned to the body it belongs to; a large, coarse head is most objectionable on all animals, the size being neither ornamental nor useful; a small, pony head is equally objectionable, as indicating deficiency in character. The muzzle should be fine, the lips thin and compressed, the mouth deep, the nostrils large, soft and dilatable; if small, thick and stiff, there will be a corresponding want of development of the lungs, and the animal will not be fitted for fast work. The eyes should be large, wide apart, and have boldness and fire, yet gentle-looking; when they are small and sunken, with heavy, thick eyelids, especially if much of the white is shown, he is sure to be vicious, easily frightened and untrustworthy. The ears should be long and thin, firm and active-looking, rather close than wide at the top of the head, with the points a little inclined forward. Each part was thus passed in review, the lecturer pointing out the best formation of each for different purposes. On the subject of horse buying and selling—the buyer and seller in their respective characters were commented on, the trials and difficulties of the one and the sharp tricks and clever deceptions of the other explained, and the lecturer concluded by reading an article by Cornelius O'Dowd, on the trials of a gentleman on selling a horse—often as great as in buying one. Want of space compels us to curtail our report of this very instructive lecture, which was listened to with a great deal of pleasure and profit by the large attendance of members and visitors present. At next meeting Mr. F. W. McLellan will read a paper on "the foot of the horse."

**A DIREFUL MALADY.**

An epizootic has broken out in the southern part of London township, amongst the horses, of a most peculiar character. The tongue becomes paralyzed, and swells to such an extent that the animal is unable to either eat or drink. From the peculiar seat of the disease, the tongue, medical aid affords but little relief. The animal is in the most excruciating pain, the tongue turning perfectly black. The veterinaries have not yet clearly defined the disease.

The consequence of the late prize fight in Kentucky is that the superintendent of the railway which ran care to it has been indicted. The manager is called to answer to two indictments, and the other persons are indicted are, both principals, the four seconds, eight others as aiders and abettors, and seven more as spectators. The trial will occur next March.

Canadian Turf.

TROTTING AT CHATHAM, ONT.

The Fall meeting of the Chatham Driving Park Association was held at Mineral Springs Park on the 17th, 18th and 19th ult. The entries were numerous enough to promise good racing in most all the events, but when they came for the word many of them were conspicuous by their absence. Mr Sam. Perrin, the industrious secretary, has furnished us with the following summaries.

CHATHAM, Ont., Oct. 17—\$150; trotting, 2:45 class. \$100, 50.

G Voorhees, ch m Lady Biggles	3	1	2	1
G L Yeat, ch m Louise	1	2	2	1
H D L Allen, ch g Croft	2	5	2	3
W E Roomo, b g Gen Lee, Jr	4	4	dr	

No time.

Same Day—\$125; trotting, 8:00 class. \$90, 35.

B Maisenville, ch g Fleet	1	1	7	1
Chas Deyo, b m Nellie Moore	3	8	1	2
H D L Allan, ch g Jerry Manie	3	2	2	3
Robt Elliott, br g Brown Ned	8	8	5	5
N Sage, gr m Nilestown Maid	4	4	4	4
F Restorick, blk g Larkin	7	6	4	6
W Sheppard, br b Gen Mack	6	7	6	7
S T Bain, gr g Trickotrin	5	5	dis	

No time.

Oct. 18—\$100; trotting, 2:37 class. \$60, 30. (Given in place of original race, which did not fill).

B James, gr g Grey Eddie	4	0	1	1
D O Connell, blk h Chas Douglas	1	0	2	2
J A Depott, ch g St George	2	0	8	3
F Restorick, gr g Grey Bird	3	0	4	4

No time.

Same Day—\$, small purse given in place of 2:38 race, which did not fill. Mile heats.

J B Cornell, b m Lady Vesta	1	1		
Chas Deyo, b m Nellie Moore	2	3		
W McGuigan, b m Lady Griner	3	9		

No time.

Same Day—\$50; trotting, 2:50 class. \$55, 15. (Purse given by Association instead of original race, which did not fill).

B Elliott, br g Brown Ned	1	1	1	1
N Sage, gr m Nilestown Maid	8	2	3	
S T Bain, gr g Trickotrin	2	3	4	
F Restorick, blk g Larkin	4	4	2	

No time.

Oct. 19—\$70; trotting, 5 mile dash. \$45, 25. (Substituted for race which did not fill).

W McGuigan, b g Bardall	1			
J Winters, Jr, blk g Butcher Boy	2			
D Germain, b g Hard Road	3			

Time—3:00, 2:45, 2:50, 2:45—14:06.

MONTREAL HUNT CLUB RACES.

A day's racing took place at Montreal on Saturday at the Fashion Course, under the management of Messrs. Carson & Quinn, of which the following is the summary:—

FASHION COURSE, Montreal, Oct 28—\$100. Half-bred steeplechase. Open to all horses. Over the Green Course.

Mr Mullin's Galates	1
Owner's Pride of Ottawa	2
Owner's Barbones	3

Same Day—\$100. Racing. Open to all. Dash of a mile and an eighth. To carry 155 lbs. Province-breds allowed 10 lbs.

Fisher & Carson's b g Kelso	1
T Lawlor's b h Aerolite	2
Owner's Burgundy	3

Same Day—\$50. Steeplechase for farmers' horses. Over the Green Course.

Owner's King Henry	1
Mr Remiston's Minnie Mack	2

TROTTING AT MONTREAL.

Subjoined is the report of a trot at Lepine Park, Montreal, on Wednesday and Thursday of last week.

LEPINE PARK, Montreal, Oct 25 and 26—\$— Trotting. Open to all. Mile heats, 8 in 5.

Mr Lesage's Drummer Boy	3	8	1	1	2
Mr Planto's Village Girl	1	3	2	1	2
Mr Edgill's Jack Draper	3	1	3	3	3

No time.

A MATCH AT LEPINE PARK.

On Friday last a match took place over this track between the well-known horses Farmer Boy and City Boy, which resulted as per summary.

LEPINE PARK, Montreal, Oct 27—Match of \$100 aside, between City Boy and Farmer Boy; mile heats, best 8 in 5.

Mr Lesage's Farmer Boy	1	1	2	1
Mr Mayer's City Boy	2	2	1	2

No time.

Football.

no goals having been obtained in a match, touches down, or if none, rouges should count. Other points were discussed and much interest was evinced in the proceedings. It was decided to issue a football annual at the close of the present season, and an editorial committee to consist of Messrs. Eadale, McGibbon and Croighton was appointed.

FOOTBALL FOR ELORA.—Mr. Charles Biggar, of Salem, is endeavoring to organize a football club in Elora. This sport seems to be taking a strong hold on the young men just now, and as it furnishes abundant exercise of a good character for them it is to be hoped he will succeed in this laudable purpose.

Hedestrianism.

A MILE RACE AT MONTREAL.

The following is the report of the mile foot race at Montreal, at the Gymnasium Athletic sports on the 26th ult.:

One Mile Open. The undermentioned crack runners came to the scratch. Raine, of Ottawa; Fitzgerald, of New York, formerly of Montreal; Kerarowe and Daillebout, Caughnawaga; Michael Jacobs, of St. Regis, and Dyas. Daillebout took the lead, and kept it throughout, doing the quarter in 1:04; Jacobs second, Kerarowe third, Raine fourth, Fitzgerald fifth, and Dyas last. At the third quarter, Kerarowe threw up the sponge. On reaching the hill in the last quarter, Daillebout was leading by some 12 yards. Here Raine made a brush passing Jacobs, which drew forth loud cheers from his sympathisers; however, on the other side of the hill, Jacobs re-took his position, reaching the goal second; Raine, third; Fitzgerald next, and Dyas last. Time—5:08½.

AN OLD-TIME FEAT.

A crowd assembled on the Champ de Mars, Montreal, Thursday, 26th ult., to see Buckley, a sailor on the ship "Good Hope" run on a hundred yard track, on which one hundred stones had been placed at an interval of 8 feet apart. The object was to pick up the furthest stone from the start till every one was brought in. The ground thus covered is about 5 miles, 1,800 yards, and the jolly tar did it on a brisk trot in good time.

A BAD PAIR.

The Listowell correspondent of one of the Stratford papers says:—"A young scamp named McColl, and another whose real name I have not learned, but who is of Ethiopian extraction, together with a number of their "friends" tried on a little game here recently. McColl is known to be a good runner; so a race was got up, and quite a number of bets were made. McColl then sold the race; but the judges declared it no race. So bets were off."

A GOOD PERFORMANCE.

Mr. J. E. Dixon, an English amateur, 27 years of age, 5 ft. 4 in. in height, and 8 st. 2 lbs in weight, backed himself to walk 50 miles in 9½ hours, and won his wager by nearly ten minutes, though it rained heavily and frequently during the time occupied. A Mr. Ford, an Irish athlete, did the same distance in 9h. 4m. 52½. Records of both these feats appeared in tabulated form in the Field of 14th inst.

SUMMERHAYES WINS A HEAT RACE.

Before the football match at Montreal on Saturday was started, Summerhayes, of Montreal, and Herrick, of Harvard, ran a 100 yard heat race, Herrick receiving two yards start. Herrick won the first heat, and Summerhayes the second; the third was a walk over for the Montreal man, as the Harvard representative had strained the sinews of his leg in the second heat. Best time, 10½ sec.

Lacrosse.

MONTREAL V. SHAMROOKS.

There was a large attendance at the lacrosse match between the above clubs on Saturday last at Montreal. Neither team was in good form,

CANADIAN STOCK SHIPMENTS.

Messrs. O'Leary, Cuthbert, and Long, whose shipment of horses to England was noticed a short time since, report having effected favorable sales. One of the horses got injured on the voyage and its value was consequently depreciated. They intend making another shipment on the opening of navigation in the spring, and believe, now that they understand the class of horses required, that they can engage in the business profitably.

The steamer Ontario, on her return trip to England, which took place on Thursday morning, took, in addition to a general cargo of provisions, 68 fine cattle, and 28 prize horses, some of which are of great value. Fifty-eight of the cattle were shipped by Mr. McShane, of Montreal; the remainder are owned by Mr. Beattie, of Toronto. The latter gentleman also sends eighteen of the horses, the remaining ten belonging to Mr. O. F. Elwes, of Montreal.

DEATH OF AN HISTORICAL HORSE.

At Dunlop, Woodstock, Canada, on the 26th of October, died the late Lord Raglan's charger. At the time of his death he was in the possession of Lieut.-Col. Skinner, M. P., who purchased him from Major Stewart of the F. O. O. Rifle Brigade some fourteen years ago. He was presented by Omar Pasha to Lord Raglan on his leaving for the Crimea. He served through the Crimean campaign, and then came into the possession of General Knollys; from his hands he passed into those of Major Stewart, who brought him to Canada, where he eventually became the property of his present owner, in whose service he died. "Tommy" was well known in Canada, and in addition to his other military experiences, he served through the Fenian difficulties. He died at the age of thirty, curiously enough upon the anniversary of the battle of Balaklava.

BETTING vs. GAMBLING.

Gambling and betting are very distinct things. Although, he who gambles must bet, it does not follow that he who bets must gamble. The difference is one not always understood, but it is of importance to all who are interested in sports. When gentlemen differ in their judgments of a horse, the speed of a yacht, or the skill of a marksman, they are very apt to back their opinions by a wager. This is not a custom but an instinct, and has its foundations deep in human nature, like logic or mathematics. Betting of this kind may not always be wise, but it is generally honorable, and often useful. Sometimes it is necessary that a man should prove the sincerity of his opinions by risking his money on their truth, just as in the Revolution our fathers made that sublime bet on American independence, when they staked on the result their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors. This style of wagering grows out of the chivalric spirit, and has existed in all ages, and it has for its first object, not mere gain but the proof of the sincerity of the two parties, and the test of their judgments. When Paul Morphy went to Europe he found it necessary to have a bet upon every match he played, or else he would have been at the mercy of any third-rate chess player, who desired to win notoriety by challenging him. The stake was large enough to exclude from the lists all those who were insincere in their professions of superior skill, while it was sufficiently small to admit all who were in earnest. Judged in this way, betting becomes a point of honor. It regulates the relations of individuals, tests their sincerity, and is frequently the only means by which the braggart and the boaster can be silenced. This is the effect it has between man and man, but its influence on society is even greater. No great public sport, in which minds or muscles contend, can prosper, unless the moderating, controlling power of the honest, open, straightforward wager is an element of the combat. Even the turf, without the bet, would degenerate and become like a thorn scurry of wild horses over the Zampas of South America. Those fractions of seconds by which we now measure the time of a winning horse would be not considered, because of the want of motive. The recorded time of a race would have as little value as the time of a private trial. But when the owners of horses make up a purse of a few thousand dollars for the winner, and when the spectators wager on the event, then the public is interested in the honesty of the race and in the accuracy of the time. The wager acts as a restraint upon what would be otherwise immeasurable looseness. Thus, though to some Puritans it may seem a paradox, betting actually secures honesty in all our popular amusements,

TROTTING THREE-YEAR-OLDS OF 1876.

The trotting of the season, thus far, has brought into prominence a number of promising three-year olds, and as there probably will be no more contests between this class of youngsters, we shall now mention a few which have won the most distinction. At the head of the list, by the record, stands Aldine, brown filly, by Almont, dam by Toronto, owned by Lister-Witherspoon, of Midway, Ky., and trained by B. J. Tracey, of Lexington, Ky. Her first race was at Lexington, June 18, when she won the first two heats, in 2:43½—2:41, but was afterwards beaten by Honor. At Cynthiana, Aug. 24, she won a first heat in 2:37½, the best three-year-old time of the year, but afterward's rain came on, and she was beaten by Romance. Aldine's crowning performance was her victory in her class, at the Breeders' Centennial Meeting, where she won in 2:40—2:40½. This race was, by tacit consent of breeders, one for the championship, and invests Aldine with the honor. The next best three-year-old performance of the season to Aldine is that of the chestnut colt Rochester, by Aberdeen, dam by C. J. Wells; owned by Henry C. Jowett, of Buffalo, who won the colt race at Buffalo, Oct. 12, in 2:50½—2:42½. The weather was very unfavourable for fast time, being cold, raw, and windy; the colt was high in flesh, and, under the circumstances, the second heat, in 2:42½, was a most meritorious performance. It is the best time ever made by a three-year-old of Aberdeen's get. Honor, the chestnut colt which beat Aldine at Lexington, is by Belmont, dam by Jackson's Western Star, and owned by H. C. McDowell, Frankfort, Ky. This colt showed his stamina by winning a third, fourth, and fifth heat, in 2:44½—2:48½—2:52. Romance, a black filly by Princess, also owned by Mr. McDowell, beat Aldine at Cynthiana, taking second, third, and fourth heats in 2:57½—3:00—2:58½, in the mud. Oberon, bay colt, by Messenger Duroc, dam by Ethan Allen, has won two races this season. At Albany, Sept. 5, he captured the Country Gentleman's Stakes in 2:43½—2:47½; and at Fleetwood Park, Sept. 8, he won the Turf, Field, and Farm Stakes in 2:51—2:49½. He is owned by Charles Beckman, Stony Ford, N. Y. Odd Fellow, gray colt, by Vindex, dam by Drennan, owned by Calvin Burgin, Richmond, Ky., won a good race at Harrodsburg, Ky., June 29, in 2:48—2:59½. The chestnut filly Woomosa, by Woodford Mambino, dam by Edwin Forrest, trotted a good second to Aldine in the Breeders' Centennial race. These youngsters we have mentioned from the three-year constellation of 1876, and it will be interesting to note how far they fulfil the promise of their youth.—Spirit.

FOUR-YEAR-OLD RECORD CUT DOWN

At Lexington, Ky., on the 18th inst., the bay gelding Eric, four-years-old, by Ericson, dam by Denmark, owned by R. S. Strader, trotted a first heat in a race in 2:28½, which slices one second and a quarter off the hitherto fastest four-year-old time. The sire of this colt, Ericsson, when four years old, at Louisville, Ky., in 1861, trotted a third heat in 2:30½, and most horsemen will remember the sensation created by the performance. It headed the record for this age until Oct. 2, 1874, when Allie West (now dead), at Lexington Ky., trotted a first heat in 2:29½. L. J. Ericsson should have lived to see a son of his wipe out the record of the son of Almont, and place himself in the van of the four-year-old phalanx. It was a grand performance, but its lustre was somewhat dimmed by the fact that Eric, after taking the second heat, in 2:33½, was beaten in the race by Col. Pepper's fine colt, Woodford Chief, in 2:31½, 2:31½, 2:31½, most remarkable time for third, fourth, and fifth heats, by a four-year-old.—Spirit.

TROWN IN A POND.

Two or three parties were disputing recently in Charley Cook's saloon, opposite Prince's Square, Hamilton, as to their muscular ability, and one of them challenged the other on a bet of a dollar that he was not "man enough" to throw him head-first into the fish pond inside the enclosure mentioned. The bet was accepted, County Constable Ford was appointed referee, the two antagonists entered the arena, and in quicker time than it would take to call Dan Collins from the carters stand to move a five hundred dollar piano, the blowhard was heard first splashing about in the water amongst the mud turtles, to the evident enjoyment of a crowd of spectators, who were gotten together on the shortest imaginable notice. The money was paid over to the winner, and, to his credit be it said, the chap who got the ducking took it very good-naturedly.

Amusements.

CITY.

At Mrs. Morrison's Grand Opera House. Mrs. D. P. Bowers, supported by the sterling young actor Mr. J. C. McCollum, has been creating a very favorable impression.— On Monday evening the bill was Mary Queen of Scots, an ideal representation; Tuesday, Elizabeth; Wednesday and Thursday, Lady Audley's Secret; this Friday evening (benefit), Elizabeth; to-morrow's matinee, Lady Audley. The support by the members of the stock company has been very fine. On Monday evening next, Mr. John T. Raymond commences a week's engagement, when he will appear as Colonel Sellers in Mark Twain's play of The Gilded Age. "There's millions in it."

Mrs. Chanfrau, with a strong company to support her, opened on Monday evening at the Royal Opera House for six nights and two matinees. Her initial bill was Parted, in which she made a decided hit as the faithful, loving and trusting wife, Grace Shirley. Mr. Frank Mordaunt, an old Toronto favorite, appeared in the leading part of Dorsey Shirley, and met with a very flattering reception. The balance of the cast was up to the requirements of the piece. Parted was repeated on Tuesday; Wednesday, Wax She Right; Thursday, matinee, Parted, evening, Jealousy; Friday and Saturday evenings, Christie Johnson; Saturday matinee, Wax She Right. Business has been good.

James Heywood's New York Sardanien will put in two nights at St. Lawrence Hall on Saturday and Monday next. The company is very strong in numbers and talent. Our eastern exchanges speak of them in highly complimentary terms. Their route ahead is Hamilton, Brantford, Stratford, London, St. Thomas, and Chatham.

The Barrett-Davenport Combination presents Julius Caesar at the Royal Opera House on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings next. It promises to be the event of our dramatic season.

Miss Maud Branscombe, assisted by Sir Randal Roberts, will take a benefit at the Royal Opera House, on Monday evening.—The bill consists of Naval Engagements and Under a Veil.

Joe Goss and Steve Taylor, assisted by Harry Lindley's Variety Company, have been fighting mimic battles at the Queen since Monday.

Le Commander Caseneuve, the French wizard, is underlined for an early appearance at the Royal Opera House.

GENERAL.

Sir Randal Roberts is about to start on a tour of Ontario, and his route as announced is as follows:—St. Catharines, St. Thomas, Woodstock, Ingersoll, Chatham, London, Brantford, Cobourg, Hamilton, Guelph, St. Marys, and Simco.

Mr. George Henderson, a comic vocalist of Hamilton, starts on Monday for a tour of the Province, in company with Miss Jennie Watson and Mr. J. F. Hardy.

Mr. McDowell's company closed at the Academy of Music, Montreal, on Saturday night. They re-open on Monday evening next with Under the Gaslight.

The Holman Opera Company commences at Monday at the Academy of Music, Montreal, for a season of six nights and on matinee. The opening bill was Giraldo Giraldo.

Tom Thumb and party are at Kingston to-morrow, Saturday evening. Their route is westward.

The Gungero Royal Japanese Troupe and Blaisdell's American and European Specialty Company are taking in the western towns.

Prof. Fowler lectures in Hamilton at Mechanics' Hall on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of this week.

Mrs. Chanfrau occupies Mechanics' Hall, Hamilton, Monday and Tuesday evening next. Parted, and Wax She Right are the bills.

The Hamilton Garrick Club produced The Scrf, and the Two Buzzards on Monday evening.

Oct. 19—\$70: trotting, 5 mile dash. \$45, 25. (Substituted for race which did not fill).  
W McGuigan, b g Randall ..... 1  
J Winters, Jr, blk g Butcher Boy..... 2  
D Germain, b g Hard Road ..... 3  
Time—3:00, 2:45, 2:45, 2:50, 2:46—14:00.

### MONTREAL HUNT CLUB RACES.

A day's racing took place at Montreal on Saturday at the Fashion Course, under the management of Messrs. Carson & Quinn, of which the following is the summary:—

Fashion Course, Montreal, Oct 28—\$100. Half-bred steeplechase. Open to all horses. Over the Green Course.  
Mr Mullin's Galateo..... 1  
Owner's Pride of Ottawa..... 2  
Owner's Barebones..... 3  
Same Day—\$100. Racing. Open to all. Dash of a mile and an eighth. To carry 155 lbs. Province-breds allowed 10 lbs.  
Fisher & Carson's b g Kelso..... 1  
T Lawlor's b h Aerolito..... 2  
Owner's Burgundy..... 3  
Same Day—\$50. Steeplechase for farmers' horses. Over the Green Course.  
Owner's King Henry..... 1  
Mr Remistan's Minnie Mack..... 2

### TROTTING AT MONTREAL.

Subjoined is the report of a trot at Lepine Park, Montreal, on Wednesday and Thursday of last week.

LEPINE PARK, Montreal, Oct 25 and 26—\$ --- Trotting. Open to all. Mile heats, 3 in 5.  
Mr Lesage's Drummer Boy..... 3 3 1 1 2 1  
Mr Plante's Village Girl..... 1 2 3 2 1 2  
Mr Edgill's Jack Draper..... 2 1 2 3 3 3  
No time.

### A MATCH AT LEPINE PARK.

On Friday last a match took place over this track between the well-known horses Farmer Boy and City Boy, which resulted as per summary.

LEPINE PARK, Montreal, Oct 27—Match of \$100 aside, between City Boy and Farmer Boy; mile heats, best 3 in 5.  
Mr Lesage's Farmer Boy..... 1 1 2 1  
Mr Mayer's City Boy..... 2 2 1 2  
No time.

## Football.

### HARVARD vs. CANADA.

The annual international match between Harvard University and the Football Association of Canada was played at Montreal on Saturday. Harvard won two goals and one touch down; Canada scored nothing. The Harvards were the heavier men, and played better together, showing excellent training.

### HARVARD vs. MCGILL COLLEGE.

At the match at Montreal on Monday morning between the above Colleges, McGill showed some good work although they had not played together for three weeks. Harvard won one goal to nothing for Montreal. Whiting, captain of the Harvards, fell with his foot under him and broke his ankle.

### CANADIAN FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the Canadian Football Association was held on Saturday in the St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal. The following clubs were represented:—Montreal, Argonaut, Toronto, London, Ottawa, Quebec, McGill College, and the Britannia. Mr. R. St. B. Young, President, occupied the chair. A report was read which showed the game to be rapidly increasing in public favor. It was decided that in the event of

run on a hundred yard track, on which one hundred stones had been placed at an interval of 8 feet apart. The object was to pick up the furthest stone from the start till every one was brought in. The ground thus covered is about 5 miles, 1,300 yards, and the jolly tar did it on a brisk trot in good time.

### A BAD PAIR.

The Listowell correspondent of one of the Stratford papers says:—"A young scamp named McColl, and another whose real name I have not learned, but who is of Ethiopian extraction, together with a number of their 'friends' tried on a little game here recently. McColl is known to be a good runner; so a race was got up, and quite a number of bets were made. McColl then sold the race; but the judges declared it no race. So bets were off."

### A GOOD PERFORMANCE.

Mr. J. E. Dixon, an English amateur, 27 years of age, 5 ft. 4 in. in height, and 8 st. 2 lbs in weight, backed himself to walk 50 miles in 9½ hours, and won his wager by nearly ten minutes, though it rained heavily and frequently during the time occupied. A Mr. Ford, an Irish athlete, did the same distance in 9h. 4m. 5½. Records of both these feats appeared in tabulated form in the Field of 14th inst.

### SUMMERHAYES WINS A HEAT RACE.

Before the football match at Montreal on Saturday was started, Summerhayes, of Montreal, and Herrick, of Harvard, ran a 100 yard heat race, Herrick receiving two yards start. Herrick won the first heat, and Summerhayes the second; the third was a walk over for the Montreal man, as the Harvard representative had strained the sinews of his leg in the second heat. Best time, 10½ sec.

## Lacrosse.

### MONTREAL V. SHAMROCKS.

There was a large attendance at the lacrosse match between the above clubs on Saturday last at Montreal. Neither team was in good form, and the game was not remarkable for brilliant play. The Shamrocks won the first game in seven minutes; Montreal the second in eight minutes; and the third in one and a half minutes; the Shamrocks the fourth in two minutes, and Montreal the fifth in twenty-five minutes.

## The Kennel.

J. O. GOODENOUGH, of Windsor, Ont., claims the name of Grouse II for his red Irish setter pup, born on the 2nd of April, 1876, and full brother to Shot II., presented by him to T. C. Banks. If Grouse II. is half as handsome and good as his brother, he will surely be a prize winner.

Duck shooting along the Grand River has not been so good for years as this season.

Says the Listowell Banner:—"Since the commencement of the partridge shooting season, our Nimrods have had a good time of it. They say that game is more plentiful this fall than for several seasons. It is seldom that any one, who has the slightest knowledge of his business, goes shooting without returning with a brace or two. Deer hunting, however, is not a success; the hunting is all right, but the game is scarce and seldom found."

It does not follow that he who bets loses. The difference is one not always understood, but it is of importance to all who are interested in sports. When gentlemen differ in their judgments of a horse, the speed of a yacht, or the skill of a marksman, they are very apt to back their opinions by a wager. This is not a custom but an instinct, and has its foundations deep in human nature, like logic or mathematics. Betting of this kind may not always be wise, but it is generally honorable, and often useful. Sometimes it is necessary that a man should prove the sincerity of his opinions by risking his money on their truth. just as in the Revolution our fathers made that sublime bet on American independence, when they staked on the result their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors. This style of wagering grows out of the chivalric spirit, and has existed in all ages, and it has for its first object, not mere gain but the proof of the sincerity of the two parties, and the test of their judgments. When Paul Morphy went to Europe he found it necessary to have a bet upon every match he played, or else he would have been at the mercy of any third-rate chess player, who desired to win notoriety by challenging him. The stake was large enough to exclude from the lists all those who were insincere in their professions of superior skill, while it was sufficiently small to admit all who were in earnest. Judged in this way, betting becomes a point of honor. It regulates the relations of individuals, tests their sincerity, and is frequently the only means by which the braggart and the boaster can be silenced. This is the effect it has between man and man, but its influence on society is even greater. No great public sport, in which minds or muscles contend, can prosper, unless the moderating, controlling power of the honest, open, straightforward wager is an element of the combat. Even the turf, without the bet, would degenerate and become like a mere soupy of wild horses over the Zampas of South America. Those fractions of seconds by which we now measure the time of a winning horse would be not considered, because of the want of motive. The recorded time of a race would have as little value as the time of a private trial. But when the owners of horses make up a purse of a few thousand dollars for the winner, and when the spectators wager on the event, then the public is interested in the honesty of the race and in the accuracy of the time. The wager acts as a restraint upon what would be otherwise immeasurable looseness. Thus, though to some Puritans it may seem a paradox, betting actually secures honesty in all our popular amusements, and prevents rather than encourages fraud.

The gambling spirit is altogether opposite to that of manly honest betting. The object of the gambler is not to support his convictions, for he generally has none, but to gain an advantage. Therefore, he always wishes to bet upon a "sure thing," while the true sportsman prefers to risk his money upon the certainty of his own judgment. No gentleman would bet upon a race which he knew was to be sold, any more than he would poison a horse in his stable, but such secret knowledge of what is to come is precisely what the gambler needs. He cares nothing for the fight, but only for the spoil afterward. It is not his interest to have fair play, for in that case he would be little wiser than the rest of the world. Everyone should remember that gambling is a business, and those who profess it do not intend to lose if they can prevent it. All gambling games are arranged in the interests of their proprietors, and even in those cases where the game is honestly conducted, its system of percentages and advantages is ruinous, in the end, to the non-professional player.—*Spirit of the Times.*

THE NIPPER—Owing to an accident which befel The Nipper, bay colt, 8 yrs, by Imp. Phaeton, dam Annette, he was unable to fulfil his engagements at the late race meetings at Louisville and Nashville,

dam by Drennan, owned by Calvin Burgen, Richmond, Ky., won a goal race at Harrodsburg, Ky., June 29, in 2:48—2:59½. The chestnut filly Woomooca, by Woodford Mambrino, dam by Edwin Forrest, trotted a good second to Aldine in the Breeders' Centennial race. These youngsters we have mentioned from the three-year constellation of 1876, and it will be interesting to note how far they fulfil the promise of their youth.—*Spirit.*

### FOUR-YEAR-OLD RECORD CUT DOWN

At Lexington, Ky., on the 18th inst. the bay gelding Eric, four-years-old, by Ericsson, dam by Denmark, owned by R. S. Strader, trotted a first heat in a race in 2:28½, which slices one second and a quarter off the hitherto fastest four-year-old time. The sire of this colt, Ericsson, when four years old, at Louisville, Ky., in 1861, trotted a third heat in 2:30½, and most horsemen will remember the sensation created by the performance. It headed the record for this age until Oct. 2, 1874, when Allie West (now dead), at Lexington Ky., trotted a first heat in 2:29½. Old Ericsson should have lived to see a son of his wipe out the record of the son of Almont, and place himself in the van of the four-year-old phalanx. It was a grand performance, but its lustre was somewhat dimmed by the fact that Eric, after taking the second heat, in 2:33½, was beaten in the race by Col. Pepper's fine colt, Woodford Chief, in 2:31½, 2:31½, 2:31½, most remarkable time for third, fourth, and fifth heats, by a four-year-old.—*Spirit.*

### TROWN IN A POND.

Two or three parties were disputing recently in Charley Cook's saloon, opposite Prince's Square, Hamilton, as to their muscular ability, and one of them challenged the other on a bet of a dollar that he was not "man enough" to throw him head-first into the fish pond inside the enclosure mentioned. The bet was accepted, County Constable Ford was appointed referee, the two antagonists entered the arena, and in quicker time than it would take to call Dan Collins from the carters' stand to move a five hundred dollar piano, the blowhard was heard first splashing about in the water amongst the mud-turtles, to the evident enjoyment of a crowd of spectators, who were gotten together on the shortest imaginable notice. The money was paid over to the winner, and, to his credit be it said, the chap who got the ducking took it very good-naturedly.

ARRIVAL OF MISS NEILSON.—Among the passengers who landed yesterday from England, by the Scotia, was the distinguished actress Miss Lillian Adelaide Neilson, who is to begin on Oct. 30, at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, a series of those representations—comprising Juliet, Isabella, Pauline, Julia, Amy Robsart, &c.—in which she is unrivaled in the present stage period. To recall those beautiful works of dramatic art is to remember that they were made gymnastical by trained skill and were suffused with sportantous and magnetic emotion, and is to think of genius and beauty that could always easily give a vital embodiment to poetical ideals. Those persons who care for real dramatic art, and are tired of the slop which, with little exception, is everywhere prevalent, have cause for regret that this actress will not appear in New York—at least till late in the season. Miss Neilson makes her provincial tour under the management of Mr. Max Strakosch.—*N. Y. Tribune of Thursday.*

Messrs. White & Sharpe's advertisement on our last page will probably attract the attention of our readers. They have obtained a very enviable reputation in their line of business.

The most popular oyster and luncheon room in the city is, without doubt, that of Mons. Ruffignon, 107 King street west. It is very conveniently situated, and the reputation of the place has been acquired on its merits alone.

seats Julius Caesar at the Royal Opera House on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings next. It promises to be the event of our dramatic season.

Miss Maud Branscombe, assisted by Sir Randal Roberts, will take a benefit at the Royal Opera House, on Monday evening.—The bill consists of Naval Engagements and Under a Veil.

Joe Goss and Steve Taylor, assisted by Harry Lindley's Variety Company, have been fighting musical battles at the Queen's since Monday.

Le Commauder Caseneuve, the French wizard, is undertaken for an early appearance at the Royal Opera House.

### GENERAL.

Sir Randal Roberts is about to start on a tour of Ontario, and his route as announced is as follows:—St. Catharines, St. Thomas, Woodstock, Ingersoll, Chatham, London, Brantford, Cobourg, Hamilton, Goderich, St. Marys, and Simco.

Mr. George Henderson, a comic vocalist of Hamilton, starts on Monday for a tour of the Province, in company with Miss Jennie Watson and Mr. J. F. Hardy.

Mr. McDowell's company closed at the Academy of Music, Montreal, on Saturday night. They re-open on Monday evening next with Under the Gaslight.

The Holman Opera Company commenced at Monday at the Academy of Music, Montreal, for a season of six nights and one matinee. The opening bill was Giochi Giochi.

Tom Thumb and party are at Kingston tomorrow, Saturday, evening. Their rout is westward.

The Gango Royal Japanese Troupe and Blaisdell's American and European and Speciality Company are taking in the western towns.

Prof. Fowler lectures in Hamilton at Mechanics' Hall on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of this week.

Mrs. Chanfrau occupies Mechanics' Hall Hamilton, Monday and Tuesday evening next. Parted, and Was She Right are the bills.

The Hamilton Garrick Club produced The Serf, and the Two Buzzards on Monday evening.

HARD TO BEAT



CIGAR.

# Heyneman

and

# Harris

Manufacturers, Montreal

Miscellaneous

Mr. T. F. Hall, at Amaranth, recently shot a magnificent deer, weighing 200 lbs., on his farm.

Alt. J. Vermeir, who recently stole \$25,000 from his employer in San Francisco, was a conspicuous member of the Y. M. C. A.

A sturgeon was sold in Kingston market on the 19th inst., weighing 192 lbs., and measuring 6 1/2 feet long, with about 2 1/2 feet around the shoulders.

A man named Laughlin, bar tender for Tip Corey, Petrolia, cleared out on Sunday 17th ult.

An Irish gentleman, an amateur bull-fighter, killed two bulls in the presence of 15,000 people at Barcelona, on the 15th inst. He was surrounded at night, and gave his share of the proceeds of the fight to the Hospital of Barcelona.

Professor Huxley proves conclusively that the alligator was once a bird, walking about on two legs, and to this day it lays eggs. We are glad it was never domesticated and made a barn-yard fowl.

A letter from the Adirondacks says that deer this autumn are more abundant than for many previous years, but that they keep away from the lakes, finding more security in the second growth timber.

Mr. Tom Taylor, of Fremont, Ohio, killed a woodcock weighing 8 1/2 oz., and measuring 10 1/2 inches from tip to tip of wing; this gent has bagged over one hundred and twenty-five this season and reports several large bags, his largest in one day I think was nineteen.

Mr. James Gardiner, of Hibernia, Queen's Co., brought a very large bear into market yesterday. It was caught by Mr. Stephen Palmer, of Mr. Campbell's farm. Mr. Gardiner has lost, since June, 11 sheep by bears. Mr. Gardiner says he never remembered so many bears being in the settlement before.

Betsy Gingsby, of Lexington, Ga., was induced to pugilism by reading about the recent fight between Goss and Allen. She believed that she was able to distinguish herself in the same way, and in her first attempt she whipped a woman. Next she decided to try a man; but she did not wish to be too ambitious at the outset of her career, and so chose a decrepit negro over eighty years old. She beat him so badly that he died on the same day, and Betsy is in goal awaiting trial.

A professional trapper with 200 traps is catching muskrats on the Housatonic river, Mass., moving two miles a day, and catching about 300 rats a week. He says that, in twenty years' experience, he has never saw them better or plumper, and he gets 20 cents a piece for them in New York.

The fresh water "sea-serpent" has met his end in Mendonack Lake, near Rockland, Me. A sailing party met him near the shore just as they were landing, and all but one of them ran away. William Grinnell, of Washington, however, killed him with an oar. The snake is 10 feet long, is of a dull brown color, and has a fin running the whole length of his back. The head is very long, and the tail would make a nervous man shudder.

A proposition has been made in England for establishing a regular carrier-pigeon system in Suffolk county, for police purposes, with headquarters at Ipswich. The birds will be used for conveying information to and from the police stations in the county, and from detectives employed on particular duty. They will also be resorted to as a means of communication by those who live in isolated manors, to summon assistance in case of fire, robbery, or accident.

THE TWENTY WON.—About two o'clock this morning a man rose up at a Virginia fare table, who had been sitting and losing for hours, and laying a twenty on a card said, as he drew and cocked a derringer, "If I don't win I'll send you to —". The dealer raised his eyes and looked from under the broad brim of his souch hat into the muzzle of the pistol. He didn't even change color, but calmly remarked, "Oh, if that's the way to bet, we may as well go on." And he did. The twenty won.

A London Jack is of use.—Recorder Luck at New York, added to his other accomplishments, one upon guns, two other days, which bore against a prisoner who declared that the shot-gun, with which he had shot some children, went off from a blow against the window sill. The recorder examined the gun, declared it impossible, and told the prisoner to try it in that way.

INSTINCT.

Professor Hammond, of New York, relates many instances of instinct in animals. If the entire brain be removed from a frog, the animal will continue to perform those functions which are immediately connected with the maintenance of life. If the web between the toes is pinched, the limb is immediately withdrawn. If the shoulder be scratched with a needle, the hind foot of the same side is raised to remove the instrument. If the animal is held up by one leg, it struggles. If it is placed on its back, a position to which frogs object, it at once turns over on its belly. If one foot is held firmly with a pair of forceps, the frog endeavors to draw it away. If unwise as usual, it places the other foot against the instrument and pushes convulsively to remove it. Not succeeding, it writhes the whole body from side to side, and always in a forward direction. All these, and even more complicated motions, are performed by the decapitated alligator. I have frequently seen the headless body of the rattlesnake coil itself into a threatening attitude, and when irritated, strike its bleeding trunk against the offending body. On one occasion a teamster on the Western plains had decapitated one of these reptiles with his whip, and when bending down to examine it more carefully, he was struck full in the forehead. So powerful was the shock to his nervous system that he fainted and remained unconscious for three minutes. A natural historian relates that a viper whose head had been cut off moved determinedly towards its hole in the wall.

RAVAGES OF THE HORSE PLAGUE:

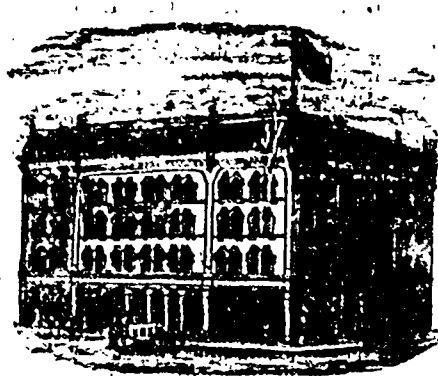
An Alexandria correspondent writes: "The horse disease is, I fear, spreading fast. When I last wrote it was confined to the two districts of Cairo and Zagazig, a cotton centre, half way between Alexandria and Suez. But in the last week there has been numerous cases in the Delta. It has made its appearance at Tahta, Mansourah, Mahall and Birket, all large towns and great centres of cotton culture and trade, and all in constant communication with Alexandria. So I fear we shall have it here very shortly. In the canals dead bodies are to be seen floating about in quantities, and as they supply water to the people as well as to the cotton lands, we are beginning to dread the outbreak of some epidemic. At Zagazig the plague is dying out, as nearly all the horses are dead. The crowds of wild dogs that serve as the scavengers there have been poisoned in great numbers by feeding on the carcasses. It is difficult to estimate the loss to the country by this destruction, as the season commences, of the means of conveying the cotton from the fields to the factories and railway. Popular talk goes as high as millions. Anyhow the loss will be very great."

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MANSION HOUSE, CORNER KING AND YORK STREETS, TORONTO, - ONT

William Kelly, Proprietor.

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

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

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

Telephone Office in connection with this House. TERMS, \$1.50 PER DAY. 1907.

Bonney's Hotel,

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

Geo. Warner, Proprietor.

Cor. of Washington and Carroll Streets,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

TERMS MODERATE. Come and try me.

DEADY HOUSE,

COR. YORK AND BOLTON STS.,

Near King-St., Toronto.

M. DEADY, PROPRIETOR

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

Daniels' Hotel,

Prescott, Canada.

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

J. H. DANIELS, Proprietor.

187-ty.

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MRS. MORRISON'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

F. C. LAYON, Proprietor.

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North American

Hanmer House,

E. V. HANMER, - PROPRIETOR,

BELL EWART, ONT.

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

THE PACIFIC

Saloon & Billiard Parlor

(No. 8 RICHMOND ST. EAST,

Mike Halloran, - Proprietor,

217-1y

SHAKESPEARE HOTEL,

CORNER OF KING AND YORK STREETS,

TORONTO, - ONTARIO.

Bath Rooms in connection.

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JAMES POWELL, Proprietor.

THE

Renforth House,

268 YONGE STREET,

George Briggs - Propr.

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

FABO TOOLS!

REDUCED PRICE LIST.

We call attention to our new price list, we quote

- Fabo Checks, in sets of 600..... \$25
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Hardware Merchants,

5 FRONT STREET EAST.

Greener Guns;

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

154 GUNS ENTERED.

GREENER'S figure of merit, 297-5

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

CHILLED SHOT,

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

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-AND-

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THE ONLY SPORTING PAPER!

IN THE DOMINION.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

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The only Journal in the Dominion devoted exclusively to all legitimate Sports. A Weekly Review and Chronicle of the

TURF,

FIELD,

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SPORTS,

ART,

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VETERINARY,

SHOOTING,

TRAPPING,

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ATHLETIC PASTIMES,

NATURAL HISTORY

MUSIC,

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ADVERTISING RATES:

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One inch space equivalent to twelve lines

A MAGNIFICENT PRESENT!

The proprietors of the Sporting Times have much pleasure in announcing to their patrons that they have made arrangements to present a magnificent horse picture to their advance paying subscribers for the year 1876-7. Realizing the importance of this undertaking, and being determined to offer our subscribers a picture that should in itself be worthy of the paper it represents, and which should be treasured as a work of art; after culling over the finest productions of the American press, we selected the beautiful chromo of GOLDSMITH MAID, printed in nine colors and indelible shades, size 19 1/2 by 24 inches, believing, as our friends will upon they see it, that it is the finest horse picture ever published in America. It is not to be confounded with the miserable pictures hawked around the country by some journals, but is really a work of high art and intrinsically of more value than we receive for our yearly subscription. She is represented standing in a box stall striped, and in this position the picture, from which the chromo is reproduced, was painted by one of the first artists in the profession in America. When varnished and mounted it is impossible to distinguish between the chromo and a very fine oil-painting. This work of art worthy of a place in the finest collections in the country, and what adds to its value is the only correct likeness of GOLDSMITH MAID ever published. As a memento of the most remarkable trotting equine in the world; shortly to be relegated from the turf, it will be treasured by every horseman in the country, more especially by those who have seen the little mare in any of her races. This picture was sold by subscription only a few months ago for \$5 a piece, and copies of it were in great demand. We expect in this liberal gift to more than double our subscription list in the next three months, and if our friends who receive the picture will only show it to their acquaintances and inform them how they may get a copy, we are sure our anticipations will be realized.

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**THE COLLINGWOOD ENTERPRISE SAYS:**—Two dogs were playing on the railway track, at Stayner, a few days since, when one of them by some means or other, got killed, and was found lying near the track the next morning with the living dog lying close beside him and refusing to leave the carcass, although several attempts were made to induce him to do so. He ate any food given him, but would not go away or allow any one to interfere with the dead animal. The poor creature was almost famished, lying out in the cold and storm for two or three nights.

**TITANUS.**—A novel cure of tetanus or locked jaw was accomplished in Mayersville, says the Bulletin, one day last week. A valuable horse, belonging to Alexander & Wilson, was attacked with disease. An experienced veterinary surgeon was called in, and after numerous remedies had been used, the animal was pronounced incurable, and given up to die. Col. John B. Poyntz, who happened to be at the stable, proposed trying a novel remedy, and did so with entire success. An exact measurement of the distance between the horse's eyes was made, and precisely at the centre a hole was bored with a gimlet through the bone. The gimlet was then driven in the animal's head up to the handle. Strange to say, the horse has entirely recovered.

So I fear we had leave it here very shortly. In the canal dead bodies are to be seen floating about in quantities, and as they supply water to the people as well as to the cotton lands, we are beginning to dread the outbreak of some epidemic. At Zagazig the plague is dying out, as nearly all the horses are dead. The crowds of wild dogs that serve as the scavengers there have been poisoned in great numbers by feeding on the carcasses. It is difficult to estimate the loss to the country by this destruction, as the season commences, of the means of conveying the cotton from the fields to the factories and railway. Popular talk goes as high as millions. Anyhow the loss will be very great."

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**RED CLOUD.**—The Hoosier hero is getting into form again, if report be true. This week, at the Warwick County (Ind.) Fair, he beat Huckleberry and Little Sam, three straight heats, in 2:31, 2:39½, 2:37.

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

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

No. 1—Dark in color and turbid, deposits a muddy sediment on standing, has a sweet and acid taste, Orange Flavor and scarcely bitter, yields on evaporation a thick syrup of inverted sugar, contains only a microscopic trace of Quinine and Quinidine. Is made with Orange Wine. Sample X—Dark color, with dark muddy deposit on standing, has an acid and slightly sterner taste, contains Cinchonine but no Quinine. Is made with an acid wine, not sherry.

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

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

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

Cor. of Washington and Carroll Streets,  
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### COLLINS'

## North American

## HOTEL,

KING STREET,

DUNDAS.

## Turf Club House,

40 KING-ST. WEST,  
TORONTO.

Frank Martin, Proprietor.

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## CLUB HOUSE

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

W. J. HOWELL,

Proprietor.

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REDUCED PRICE LIST.

We call attention to our new price list, we quote

Faro Checks, in sets of 600.....	\$25
" Dealing Box, plated .....	15
" Layout, on folding board .....	15
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This is the most perfect shot made, and being VERY HARD, is more effective at sixty yards than ordinary shot is at forty yards.

MACNAB & MARSH,

5 Front-St., Toronto.

Agents in Canada for W. W. GREENER.

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The proprietors of the SPORTING TIMES have much pleasure in announcing to their patrons that they have made arrangements to present a magnificent horse picture to their advance paying subscribers for the year 1876-7. Realizing the importance of this undertaking, and being determined to offer our subscribers a picture that should in itself be worthy of the paper it represents, and which should be treasured as a work of art; after culling over the finest productions of the American press, we selected the beautiful chromo of GOLDSMITH MAID, printed in nine colors and innumerable shades, size 18½ by 24 inches, believing, as our friends will when they see it, that it is the finest horse picture ever published in America. It is not to be confounded with the miserable pictures hawked around the country by some journals, but is really a work of high art and intrinsically of more value than we receive for our yearly subscription. She is represented standing in a box stall stripped, and in this position the picture, from which the chromo is reproduced, was painted by one of the first artists in the profession in America. When varnished and mounted it is impossible to distinguish between the chromo and a very fine oil-painting. It is a work of art worthy of a place in the finest collections in the country, and what adds to its value is the only correct likeness of GOLDSMITH MAID ever published. As a memento of the most remarkable trotting equine in the world, shortly to be relegated from the turf, it will be treasured by every horseman in the country, more especially by those who have seen the little mare in any of her races. This picture was sold by subscription only a few months ago for \$5 a piece, and copies of it were in great demand. We expect in this liberal gift to more than double our subscription list in the next three months, and if our friends who receive the picture will only show it to their acquaintances and inform them how they may get a copy, we are sure our anticipations will be realized. The picture can be procured in no other way; we do not sell it; and only give it to those who remit Yearly in advance for the SPORTING TIMES

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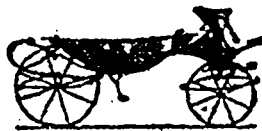
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 Double—10 11 10 11 11—8. Total—23.  
 Eldridge. Single—10111 10111 11111—15.  
 Double—11 11 11 11 11—10. Total—23.  
 Stanton. Single—11111 11111 11111—15.  
 Double—11 11 11 11 11—10. Total—25.  
 Dabels. Single—11111 11111 11111—15.  
 Double—10 11 10 00 11—7. Total—22.  
 Colborne. Single—11111 11111 11111—15.  
 Double—11 11 11 01 10—8. Total—23.  
 Hawkins. Single—11011 01010 11111—11.  
 Double—10 11 11 10 11—8. Total—19.  
 Van Duzer. Single—11111 11111 11111—15.  
 Double—11 00 01 11 10—6. Total—21.  
 Gillman. Single—11111 11111 11111—15.  
 Double—11 01 11 00 11—7. Total—22.  
 J. E. Long. Single—11111 11000 11111—12.  
 Double—11 10 11 01 10—7. Total—19.

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The Port Rowan Age, remarks that Major Walker, of London, is again at Long Point after ducks, with the object, no doubt, of bagging more in a day's shooting than Col. Tisdale. He will find the "job" rather weighty, no doubt.

The Belleville Intelligencer says:—"Sportsmen report that they never saw so many of the large jack-snipe, in this vicinity as at present, and several of the more fortunate or more skilful Nimrods have had large bags to boast of lately. In the bogs along the bay shore the snipe are so plentiful that a good marksman may bag from twenty to fifty in half a day."

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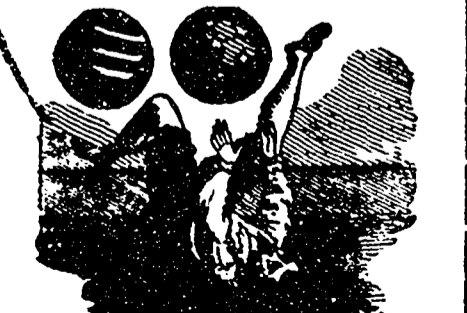
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**A MAGNIFICENT PRESENT!**

The proprietors of the **SPORTING TIMES** have much pleasure in announcing to their patrons that they have made arrangements to present a magnificent horse picture to their advance paying subscribers for the year 1876-7. Realizing the importance of this undertaking, and being determined to offer our subscribers a picture that should in itself be worthy of the paper it represents, and which should be treasured as a work of art; after culling over the finest productions of the American press, we selected the beautiful chromo of **GOLDSMITH MAID**, printed in nine colors and innumerable shades, size 18 1/2 by 24 inches, believing, as our friends will when they see it, that it is the finest horse picture ever published in America. It is not to be confounded with the miserable pictures hawked around the country by some journals, but is really a work of high art and intrinsically of more value than we receive for our yearly subscription. She is represented standing in a box stall strapped, and in this position the picture, from which the chromo is reproduced, was painted by one of the first artists in the profession in America. When varnished and mounted it is impossible to distinguish between the chromo and a very fine oil-painting. It is a work of art worthy of a place in the finest collections in the country, and what adds to its value is the only correct likeness of **GOLDSMITH MAID** ever published. As a memento of the most remarkable trotting equine in the world, shortly to be relegated from the turf, it will be treasured by every horseman in the country, more especially by those who have seen the little mare in any of her races. This picture was sold by subscription only a few months ago for \$5 a piece, and copies of it were in great demand. We expect in this liberal gift to more than double our subscription list in the next three months, and if our friends who receive the picture will only show it to their acquaintances and inform them how they may get a copy, we are sure our anticipations will be realized. The picture can be procured in no other way; we do not sell it; and only give it to those who remit Yearly in advance for the **SPORTING TIMES**

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