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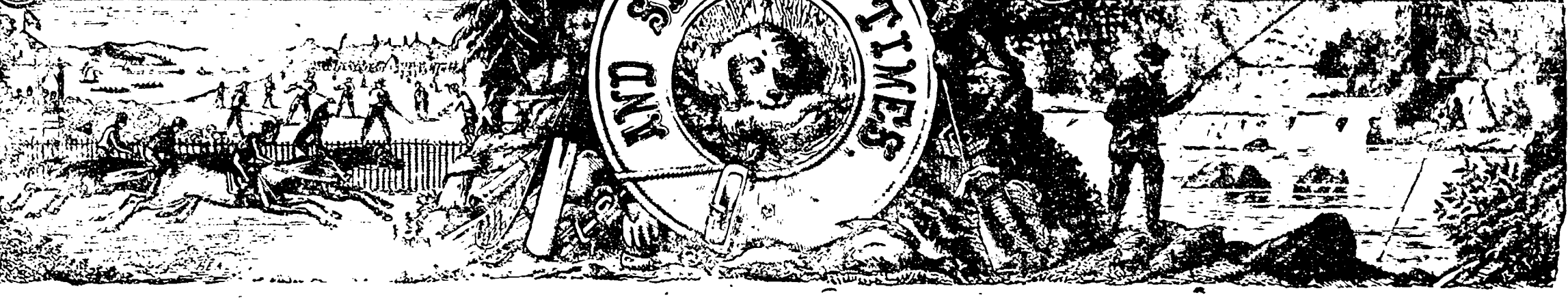
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# GENTLEMAN'S THE CANADIAN JOURNAL



VOL. VI.

TORONTO, ONT., FRIDAY, APRIL 20, 1877.

NO. 795

## THOROUGHBRED RACEHORSE HOW TO BREED, REAR AND TRAIN THEM.

BY AN OLD TRAINER.

### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Series to Horses from Heat Races—Moth Billy Towns, Charmer, Reel, Henry Merritt, &c.—Bad Habits of Trainers in Public—Interesting Riders, etc.

[From the Spirit of the Times].

Another great wrong that most of the clubs... being a great wrong to the public who patronize the turf, and bet upon races, is that of allowing a horse to be entered in one, two, or three races, to be run on the same day. It is as injurious as heat racing, but is often done by avaricious owners. There is always a "cat in the meat bag" when this is done. It is easy to know who will get the worst of it. The owner and his friends know which race to back him in, but the public does not. If the horse was entered in but one race, this would not be so. If the managers of the horse run him to win all three of the races, it is an abusive use of the horse for mercenary purposes, and should not be permitted.

There is another nuisance which should be abated on race tracks, I mean that of allowing trainers or owners to continually halloo to their riders while their horses are running. I know few bolsherois trainers who make themselves very conspicuous in this way. If they chance to have a horse engaged in a race, they run across the track, halloo to the rider at the top of their voices, frequently accompanied with an oath or two, every time the horses pass, which often occurs twice in a mile, owing to the way in which the track is laid out. They thus create confusion among the riders, and cause inexperienced riders, of their own, by looking suddenly around to the support of the noise, to throw the horse off his stride and thus lose all chance to win the race. Such conduct often confuses their riders who indistinctly hear the instructions. It is known to all riders, and should be a rule, that a boy on a horse in a strong position can seldom hear what is said to him by a man standing upon the ground; then much can be said to a rider hearing instructions given while the horse is at full speed, especially if in company with a number of horses whose feet fill the air with a clattering noise equal to the beating of a drum. The riders should be instructed before the race to count their horses, and as little said to them afterwards as possible. If it is necessary to give them further instructions as the race progresses, it should be done by previously agreed upon signs, which the rider can easily see, and by using these signs in all cases, the boys will soon learn them and be perfect in them by the time the races are over.

worst of it. Therefore, say to your rider, "Only try to get a fair, honest start. Keep your horse's head toward the flag, and your eyes upon it, and your horse's feet in motion, with yourself properly poised, so that, when the flag falls, you may be ready for the fray. Do not slash and whip your horse, with his head down, without a pull on him to sustain him; so that he can place his stifles under him; if you do you might as well pull up, for you will not get any nearer the other horses during the race, with that kind of riding." With such instructions the horses, particularly young ones, will be saved the great injuries that follow long delayed or tedious starts, in which they become heated and almost unmanageable, from the frequent false starts, and grow stubborn and disinclined to go any way, and plunge in the air, not understanding what is meant by the fatiguing, aggravating detention, perhaps never having received as much abusive exercise in all their training. Any one who has witnessed a scene like this will agree with me that the colts were more injured, both in body and temper, in one such race than they would be from three or four months judicious training. Some plan must be invented to get the horses off from the stand in a shorter time than it usually requires. I would rather have a quiet, bad start, than a good one an hour hence, for if I lost the race, I would avoid the damaging effect it has upon the horse, both in body and mind, often lasting as long as he remains upon the track, by being thus detained at the stand by frequent and fatiguing false starts, and although I may win the race, my colt would probably be over after rained in temper.

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

#### Reforms—Too Many Judges—False Starts—Flags.

Reform is now in order in everything, and the abuses of the turf require, if possible, more complete reformation than the political arena. I may mention one reform that is necessary in order to continue the popularity of the turf, and that is in the judges' stand. It is now used as a lunch room for swell-heads, who are at no expense in training or owning horses, to the exclusion of those who contribute all they have in horses, money, and time to keep up the grand sport of horse-racing. The stand being filled with invited guests, or others, who go in to lunch uninvited, must more or less clog the business and distract the attention of the judges. There attention is drawn away from their duties, which are manifold, such as ringing the bell to bring the horses out, and again, to ring them up promptly to start, watching the progress of the race, vigilantly scrutinizing the harness of each rider and horse until the race is ended, then rigidly standing with their faces toward the returning horses, that they may be relieved of their fatiguing load with as much dispatch as possible, by giving the jockeys permission to dismount, instead of turning their backs to discuss some incident of the race or the excellence of a glass of brandy or champagne. A reform that is most necessary is that liquor shall be kept out of the stand, that the judges

## American Turf.

### NEW ORLEANS SPRING MEETING.

NEW ORLEANS, April 7. Purse \$350; handicap 1 mile race, over eight furlongs; two mile dash.  
L Hart's ch c Redding, 5 yrs, by Harry of the West, dam by Joe Stoner, 138 lbs ..... 1  
G B Morris' b h Woodland, 4 yrs, by Veto, dam Sympathy, 135 lbs ..... 2  
M Welch's g g Capt Hatchinson, aged, by Voucher, dam by Zero, 140 lbs ..... 3  
Port Leonard, 140 lbs; Biloxie, 140 lbs; and Jim Hinton, 140 lbs, not placed.  
Time—3:55.

Same Day—Pickwick Stakes, for three-year-olds; \$25 entrance, p p, 2:10 added; eleven subscribers; mile heats.  
F Horn's ch c King William, by Foster, dam by Altior ..... 4 1 1  
Barekly & Huggins' b c John McCoy, by Gen Hood, dam Lulu Barekly .. 1 2 2  
L Jones' chestnut filly, by Lynchburg, dam by Eugene ..... 3 3 r o  
W Cottrill's b f Eva Shirley, by Imp Glouel, dam Edna ..... 2 4 0  
T A Gay's ch g Humburg, by Sandy Walton, dam Aurelia Westheimer.. 6 5 r o  
M Welch's b c Commodore Parnot, by Sandown, dam Mollie Ford ..... 5 dis  
Mr Gray's b f Cora Lynn, by Beacon, dam Sarah McDonald ..... dis  
J Surget's b f by Imp Bonnie Scotland, dam Belle Buckle, by Brown Dick .. dis  
Time—1:52, 1:53, 2:06.

Same Day—Purse \$400; two mile dash.  
F Lloyd's ch c Verogriss, 5 yrs, by Versailles, dam Belle Brandon ..... 1  
J McMahon's ch c Huss Butler, 4 yrs, by War Dance, dam Princess Royal ..... 2  
L Hart's b c Henry Owings, 4 yrs, by Gilroy, dam Estell ..... 3  
Clemmie G and Whisper not placed.  
Time—3:47.

April 10—Purse \$200, for all ages; \$150, 30, 20; three quarter mile dash.  
J Huggins' b c Jack Hardy, 4 yrs, by Phaeton, dam by Imp Sovereign, 104 lbs ..... 1  
H Hart's b h Edmund, 5 yrs, by War Dance, dam by Solferino, 110 lbs ..... 2  
L Jones' b m Maria Barnes, 5 yrs, by Asteroid, dam Black Rose, 107 lbs ..... 3  
Biloxi, John Campbell, Hades, and Blennerhassett not placed.  
Time, 1:18 1/2.

Same Day—Post Stakes, for all ages, \$25 each, p p, with \$500 added, of which \$100 to record; four subscribers; two-mile heats.  
T A Gay's b h Sam Harper, 6 yrs, by Rebel, dam by Rupee, 114 lbs ..... 1 1  
J McMahon's ch c Huss Butler, 4 yrs, by War Dance, dam Princess Royal, 104 lbs. 4 2  
L Hart's b c Henry Owings, 4 yrs, by Gilroy, dam Estell, 104 lbs ..... 2 3  
F Lloyd's ch c Verogriss, 5 yrs, by Versailles, dam Belle Brandon ..... 1

## Pedestrianism.

### A WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE IN AUSTRALIA.

According to our Australian advices, we learn that on Fred S. Davis, an American, and Robert Watson, who had from the Emerald Isle, contended in the most wonderful 150-yard race on record, at Maitland, on Saturday, January 30. Frank Hewitt trained Davis and Mr. Dunlop did a like duty for Watson. The start was quit, a yard in Watson's favor, but before they had gone fifty yards they were running side by side, and ten yards further Davis had a shaft in his side. At eighty yards the Australians had got in front, but the representative of the Stars and Stripes would not beamed the leadership, and went on in front until within ten yards of the tape, when Watson made a dash, got in front, and won by nine inches. The time given was 14 6/10s. In regard to the time we scarcely know what to think; if true it is really the most marvelous performance in pedestrian history. There they are—first, it is a very difficult thing to get two men in the same race to beat a fast start on record, and it must be borne in mind that the defeated competitor in this race was only nine (9) inches behind the winner, which would make only thirty first part of a second difference in their times; and the next question is, how can it be that they can get the time down to "twentysix"? We have watches here that will time to fifths, and if there is really a watch that will register tenths—well, all we can say that we would like to be able to get one. There is no doubt in our minds that Australia is capable of producing runners, and very fast ones, too, for we have it on very good authority that the celebrated flyer Frank Hewitt caught a tartar once in a runner by the name of Harris, the "Kangaroo." The men were matched to run, but Hewitt was never in the race, as Harris literally ran away from the celebrated English crack. Verily, it would seem as if Britannia's two children (America and Australia) were about to give the old dame the go-by in the matter of sports. We don't think the amateurs of the mother country or sister country will be jealous of their Antipodean brethren. On the contrary, we think they will unite with us in wishing for the fulfillment of her own motto, "Advance Australia."

### PERKINS vs. TIME.

W. Perkins, the champion sprint walker of England, on Good Friday essayed the task of walking twenty-one miles in three hours. As the sequel will pretty conclusively show, this pedestrian was verily a wonder to the

## Base Ball.

### MEETING OF THE JUNIORS.

A meeting of the junior base ball clubs of Ontario was held on the 13th inst. at the Royal Hotel, Woodstock. The following clubs were represented: Mutuels, London; Maple Leaf, Avons and Stars, of Stratford; Shamocks of Galt, and the Amateurs and Young Actives of Woodstock, and several other clubs by proxy. The following are the officers elected: President, R Hill Myers, Stratford; Vice-President, S G McKay, Woodstock; Secretary and Treasurer, B C M. Cann, London. Judiciary Committee: J E Thompson, Woodstock, William No. 1, Ingersoll; William M. Norton, Stratford; Charles Black, and a Mr. Murray, London. The playing rules authorized by the Canadian Association of Base Ball Players were adopted.

MONTHLY MEETING OF THE ATLANTA CLUB.—The annual meeting of the Atlanta Club, the following were elected officers: Capt. E W. Wilson; Pres., W K D. Daphin, Treas., John P. D. ... Sec., F. C. ... Committee of Management: W K D. Daphin, E. Walsh, Fred ...

QUIT.—Mr. ... Secretary ... London, and ... of contempt ...

## Cricket.

TORONTO.—The annual meeting of the Toronto cricket club was held at the Rossin House on Friday last, with the following officers: W. ... President, Mr F W Cumbriand, Vice-President, Messrs swimming, D R Wilson, J. Martland, and Major Draper, Treasurer, Mr R H Betts, Auditor, Mr C W Postlawate, Committee, Messrs J O H. ... C H Sprout, H Foltin, R D Gandle, W H Young, H Brack, H J Forlong, C W S. ... Hon Sec., Mr W P. ...

WHITBY.—A meeting of the members of the club was held in Keys' British American hotel, on Thursday morning last.

Another great wrong that most of the clubs commit, and which often injures the horses, being a great wrong to the public who patronize the turf, and bet upon races, is that of allowing a horse to be entered in one, two, or three races, to be run on the same day. It is an injurious as heat racing, but is often done by avaricious owners. There is always "get in the meal bag" when this is done. It is easy to know who will get the worst of it. The owner and his friends know which race to enter in, but the public does not. If the horse has entered in but one race, this would be fair. If the managers of the horse run him in all three of the races, it is an abusive use of the horse for mercenary purposes, and should be prohibited.

There is another nuisance which should be prohibited on race tracks, I mean that of allowing owners or trainers to continually halloo to their horses while their horses are running. I know too many trainers who make themselves very conspicuous in this way. If they chance to have a horse engaged in a race, they run across the track, halloo to the rider at the top of their voice, frequently accompanied with an oar or stick, every time the horses pass, which often starts the horse in a mile, owing to the way in which the stick is laid off. They thus create confusion among the riders, and cause inexperienced riders to start on their own, by looking suddenly around to see the import of the noise, to throw the horse out of his stride and thus lose all chance to win the race. Such conduct often confuses their own riders who indistinctly hear the instructions. It is known to all riders, and should be prohibited, that a boy on a horse in a strong position should hear what is said to him by the trainer standing upon the ground; then much to the loss of a rider near instructions given while the horse is at full speed, especially if in company with a number of horses whose feet fill the air with a clattering noise equal to the beating of a drum. The riders should be instructed before they mount their horses, and as little said to them afterwards as possible. If it is necessary to give them further instructions as the race progresses, it should be done by previously agreed upon signs, which the rider can easily be instructed in during leisure moments about the stables, and, by using those signs in all positions, the boys will soon learn them and be obedient to them by the time the races are over.

No one ever heard two of the greatest racing men of the last half century hallooing to their horses while the race was progressing. I allude to Col. Tom Watson and Col. Wm. L. Johnson. They often signalled their riders, if necessary, with their hand, hat, or handkerchief, or by some other method previously agreed upon. It would be well enough if the clubs would adopt a rule to prevent this boisterous mode of instructing riders during the race. It is the source of inveterate vanity, and a disposition to show off before the multitude.

Another error that owners and trainers commit in instructing their riders to be sure to get the start in any race. Such instructions have done wrong to a race and injured many horses, by trying to get the best of the start, which often results in detaining the horses over an hour at the stand. It also embarrasses the starter, for, if he is a conscientious man, he will not start them while one or two horses are urged by their jockeys to a position which, if allowed in a start, would give them a great advantage, so great as to injure injuriously to the other horses. Jockeys who are instructed thus wear out their horses by making false starts. I will admit that if a horse gets a good start he may win a race, but his rider must have a cool head to keep the advantage he has already got, without urging his horse to get more. If he should give his horse his head, he is sure to be picked up by other horses, if well ridden, who did not have so good a start. If two horses, that are very speedy, should get off together with a pretty good start over the rest of the field, and a sharp contest should ensue, they are sure to run each other down, and be passed, before the race is closed, by horses who, in a single combat, would be the equal of either, by ten pounds. It is not to be seen that it is speed that tires the horses, and not the distance run. The proper instruction to the rider in short races (for it is a matter of indifference in long races), should be to have good care of the horse, and try and get the best start, not to try to get the best of all the horses. See, if a firm and honest hand holds the reins and your horse will not get a

way, and plunge in the sea, but another thing which is meant by the fatiguing, a grating detention, perhaps never having received as much abusive exercise as it is getting. Any one who has watched a race like this will agree with me that the colts were more injured, both in body and temper, in one such race than they would be from three or four months judicious training. Some plan must be invented to get the horses off from the stand in a shorter time than it usually requires. I would rather have a quiet, bad start, than a good one an hour hence, for if I lost the race, I would avoid the damaging effect it has upon the horse, both in body and mind, often lasting as long as he remains upon the track, by being thus detained at the stand by frequent and fatiguing false starts, and although I may win the race, my colt would probably be over after runned in temper.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Reforms—Too Many Judges—False Starts—Flags.

Reform is now in order in everything, and the abuses of the turf require, if possible, more complete reformation than the political arena. I may mention one reform that is necessary in order to continue the popularity of the turf, and that is in the judges' stand. It is now used as a lunch room for swell-heads, who are at no expense in training or owning horses, to the exclusion of those who contribute all they have in horses, money, and time to keep up the grand sport of horse-racing. The stand being filled with invited guests, or others, who go in to lunch uninvited, must more or less clog the business and distract the attention of the judges. There attention is drawn away from their duties, which are manifold, such as ringing the bell to bring the horses out, and again, to ring them up promptly to start, watching the progress of the race, vigilantly scrutinizing the fairness of each rider and horse until the race is ended, then rigidly standing with their faces toward the returning horses, that they may be relieved of their fatiguing load with as much dispatch as possible, by giving the jockeys permission to dismount, instead of turning their backs to discuss some incident of the race or the excellence of a glass of brandy or champagne.

A reform that is most necessary is that liquor shall be kept out of the stand, that the judges shall not be excited in their deliberations upon upon the various points that arise during the running. Five or six races, at various distances, with thirty or forty horses engaged, all in one day, and under the present organizations, which authorizes three men in the stand to judge one race, makes it very difficult to arrive at correct conclusions, and thus do justice to all. The first duty is to keep the stand clear of all intruders, but it is a duty they always neglect to perform.

If clubs would adopt the English system of having but one judge in the stand, and he closed within a box, open in front, where he could only see the horses as they arrive at the stand, the horses being numbered, he could plainly see and quickly decide what number had passed first, and on the instant would run up the number, that all might see at a glance. Under our system we restrain the eager anxiety of the multitude by many delays, the result of red tape, of which there is a great abundance.

What is the cause of this delay? First, they must wait until all the horses return to the stand, and the riders ask and get permission to dismount. Then the saddles must be removed and carried to the weighing scales by the jockeys, and then all the jockeys are weighed, and the various articles used to make up their weight, then the result, is satisfactory, is announced to the judges by the secretary. The time that has elapsed between the termination of the race and the announcement of the result, would have allowed the eager multitude to have been on their road homeward. All this unpleasant delay could have been avoided by numbering the horses, so that, as soon as they pass the stand, the judges could run up the number of the first horse upon a large card upon the stand, which the spectators could instantly see. That would be one step toward reform.

(To be Continued.)

A few otters have been killed lately near Wallaceburg, Ont.

Same Day—The Wick Stakes, for two-year-olds; \$250 entrance, p.p. \$200 added, eleven subscribers; mile heat.

- F Horn's colt King William, by Foster, dam by Alton... 4 1 1
L Jones' chestnut filly, by Lynchburg, dam by Eugene... 3 3 r o
W Cottrill's dam Eva Shirley, by map Glenelg, dam Edna... 2 4 r o
A Gay's ch g Hamburg, by Sandy Walton, dam Aurelia Westheimer... 6 5 r o
M Welch's b c Commodore Parisot, by Sundown, dam Mollie Ford... 5 dis
Mr Grayer's b c Cora Lima, by Becon, dam Sarah McDonald... dis
J Surget's b f by imp Bonnie Scotland, dam Belle Buckle, by Brown Duck... dis
Time—1:53, 1:53, 2:06.

Same Day—Purse \$400; two mile dash.

- F Lloyd's ch c Veragrins, 5 yrs, by Versailles, dam Belle Brandon... 1
J McMahon's ch c Russ Butler, 4 yrs, by War Dance, dam Princess Royal... 2
L Hart's b c Henry Owings, 4 yrs, by Galroy, dam Estelle... 3
Clemmie G and Whisper not placed.

Time—3:17.

April 10—Purse \$200, for all ages, \$100, 30, 20; three quarter mile dash.

- J Higgins' b c Jac. Hardy, 4 yrs, by Phaeton, dam by imp Sovereign, 104 lbs... 1
H Hart's b h I canan, 5 yrs, by War Dance, dam by Solferino, 110 lbs... 2
L Jones' b m Maria Barnes, 5 yrs, by Asteroid, dam Black Rose, 107 lbs... 3
Biloxi, John Campbell, Hades, and Bluerhassett not placed.

Time—1:18.

Same Day—Post Stakes, for all ages, \$25 each, p.p. with \$500 added, of which \$100 to second; four subscribers; two-mile heats.

- T A Gay's b h Sam Harper, 6 yrs, by Rebel, dam by Rupee, 114 lbs... 1 1
J McMahon's ch c Russ Butler, 4 yrs, by War Dance, dam Princess Royal, 104 lbs... 4 2
L Hart's b c Henry Owings, 4 yrs, by Galroy, dam Estelle, 104 lbs... 2 3
F Lloyd's ch c Verdigris, 5 yrs, by Versailles, dam Belle Brandon, 110 lbs... 3ds
Time—3:39, 3:38.

Same Day—Purse \$200, for all ages, to carry 100 lbs; three-year olds to carry proper weight, usual allowances; \$150, 30, 20, mile dash.

- L Hart's b h Bob Woolley, 5 yrs, by Leamington, dam Item, 100 lbs... 1
M Welch's b c Port Leonard, aged, by Voucher, dam Brunella, 97 lbs... 2
T A Gay's ch m Coriander, 5 yrs, by Rebel, dam Aurelia Westheimer, 97 lbs... 3
Coronella, Brown Asteroid, and Kilburn not placed.

Time—1:46

April 11—Purse \$300, for all ages; \$225, 50, 25; mile and an eighth dash.

- M Welch's Commodore Parisot, 3 yrs, by Sundown, dam Mollie Ford, 90 lbs... 1
L Hart's b h Redman, 5 yrs, by War Dance, dam by Solferino, 110 lbs... 2
J Higgins' b f Belle Barkley, 4 yrs, by Phaeton, dam Capitola, 101 lbs... 3
Donough and Hamburg not placed.

Time—2:01.

Same Day—Purse \$500, for all ages; \$400, 60, 40. Three mile dash.

- Owner's b c George Quinine, 4 yrs, by Bulletin, dam Riga Davenport, 104 lbs... 1
Geo Baker's ch c Uncle Tom, 4 yrs, by Unale Vic, dam Maid of the Mill, 104 lbs... 2
L Hart's ch h Redding, 5 yrs, by Harry of the West, dam by Joe Stoner, 110 lbs... 3
Falmouth and Coriander not placed.

Time—5:40.

Same Day—Purse \$400, for all ages; \$300, 100; mile heats.

- J Higgins' b h Jack Hardy, 5 yrs, by imp Phaeton, dam Mollie Rogers, 110 lbs... 1 1
M Welch's b c The Nipper, 4 yrs, by imp Phaeton, dam Annette, 104 lbs... 2 2
Time—1:47, 1:47.

by some of the best of the breed. The horse was a very good one, and was a very good one.

It is no doubt that the Australian is capable of producing runners, and very fast ones, too, for we may find very good authority that the celebrated flyer Frank Hewitt caught a start once in a runner by the name of Harris, the "Kauzger." These men were matched to run, but Hewitt was never in the race, as Harris literally ran away from the celebrated English crack. Verily, it would seem as if Britanna's two children (America and Australia) were about to give the old dame the go-by in the matter of sports. We don't think the amateurs of the mother country or sister country will be jealous of their Antipodean brethren. On the contrary, we think they will unite with us in wishing for the fulfillment of her own motto, "Advance Australia."

PERKINS vs. TIME.

W. Perkins, the champion sprint walker of England, on Good Friday's day, tackled the task of walking twenty-one miles in three hours. As the sequel will pretty conclusively show, this pedestrian is virtually a wonder for an hour or even an hour and a half—after that he seems to go all to pieces. His friends ought to know better than to put such a man to the tasks that they set him. The first thing they will find out will be that their man has lost his form, never to recover it. We have no doubt that he might be able to struggle over the Davidson and Westhall fat, but what a piece of folly it is to make a good man go on journeys that will eventually break him down! It is far better to keep a man good at a certain distance than to keep forcing him until he becomes utterly worthless at everything. If we had such a man under our care we would never let him go over fifteen miles. In the first hour of this walk Perkins covered nearly 7 1/2 miles, and ten miles were done in the fast time of 1h. 18m. 11 1/2s. Half the distance was accomplished in 1h. 22m 16 1/2s., which would have been well ahead of the "scythe-bearer." From this out he fell off rapidly, and evidently it was all over now, as he stopped at the end of the fifteenth mile, which took 2h. m. 37s., the last mile taking 9m. 27s.

TROTTING AT NORFOLK, VA.

Norfolk, April 5—Match \$1,000. T O'Connell's ch m Sadie Bell, by Oden Bell... 1 1 1
D Stevens' b g Carrollton... 2 2 2
Time—2:48, 2:45, 2:46.

The Princess of Wales, it is said, is a great dog fancier. She has made the collie fashionable.

A grand cocking main, Chatham v. London, was held on the 10th inst., a short distance west of London. Some half dozen battles were fought, Chatham being victorious.

WALTER M. NEWELL, Secretary of the Association of Professional Football Players, will be at the...
The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—R H Lawder, President, C Nourse, 1st Vice-President, Thos Lawler, 2nd Vice President; J B Lang, Secretary, Tr asurer; Jno Mathison, Captain

GRIMSBY.—At the annual meeting of the Grimsby cricket club, held at the Mansion House, Grimsby, the following officers were appointed for the coming season.—H Pettit, President; M J Anderson, Vice-President, R Kemp, 2nd Vice President; W Fitch, jr., Secretary and Treasurer.

HALIFAX.—At a meeting of the Amateur Club, held on Friday last, the following officers were elected:—President, W K Dalphin, Tr asurer, J W Dalphin, Secy, F Cummins, Com mitee of Management, W K Dalphin, J Walsh, Fred...

LONDON.—At a meeting of the Amateur Club, held on Friday last, the following officers were elected:—President, Mr F W Cumbria, Vice Presidents, Messrs Swinyard, D R Wilke, J Martland, and Major Draper, Tr asurer, Mr R H Betts, Auditor, Mr C W Postlewaite, Com mitee, Messrs J O Howard, C H Sprule, H Fottin, R D Gumble, W H Young, H Beck, H J Forlong, C W Smedley, S Bonan, Hon Secretary, Mr W Polking.

Cricket.

Toronto.—The annual meeting of the Toronto cricket club was held at the Rossin House on Friday last, when the following officers were elected:—President, Mr F W Cumbria, Vice Presidents, Messrs Swinyard, D R Wilke, J Martland, and Major Draper, Tr asurer, Mr R H Betts, Auditor, Mr C W Postlewaite, Com mitee, Messrs J O Howard, C H Sprule, H Fottin, R D Gumble, W H Young, H Beck, H J Forlong, C W Smedley, S Bonan, Hon Secretary, Mr W Polking.

WHITBY.—A meeting of the members of the club was held in Ray's British American hotel, on Tuesday evening last when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—R H Lawder, President, C Nourse, 1st Vice-President, Thos Lawler, 2nd Vice President; J B Lang, Secretary, Tr asurer; Jno Mathison, Captain

GRIMSBY.—At the annual meeting of the Grimsby cricket club, held at the Mansion House, Grimsby, the following officers were appointed for the coming season.—H Pettit, President; M J Anderson, Vice-President, R Kemp, 2nd Vice President; W Fitch, jr., Secretary and Treasurer.

Billiards.

SEXTON CHALLENGES J. DION.

The following challenge has been issued by Wm. Sexton, the celebrated billiardist, to play J. Dion for \$500 and the medal. New York, April 10, 1877.

M. Delaney, Esq: DEAR SIR,—I hereby challenge Joseph Dion to play me a game of billiards for the medal, according to the rules governing that emblem, and \$500 a side. Herewith I hand you \$250, the forfeit required to make the challenge good. Respectfully, Wm. SEXTON.

NAME CLAIMED.

ERIN BOY.—I claim the name of Erin Boy for my silver chestnut stallion, 15-2, foaled June 20, 1874, by Erin Chief, 1st dam by old Simcoe Messenger, 2nd dam by Cadmus, 3rd dam by Meux, 4th dam by Lapidist, by imported Touchstone.—A. GRAMM, Aurora, Ont.



## DIGBY GRAND.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME.

He returned upon a view of the house, and there, in truth, looks the massive grey old hall, of that particular order of architecture which, for want of professional knowledge, I am wont to call the 'composite irregular, mas-much as it had been built in the fourteenth century, added to in the sixteenth, much damaged during the civil wars, and very inefficiently repaired at the Restoration, partially burned down in the reign of Queen Anne, and reconstructed upon an enormous scale by the spirited proprietor, who, however, did not live to complete his intentions. Since then rooms had been added and others built, to suited the exigencies of the moment or the taste of 'the Grands'; and now the very irregularity of the mass gave to the old place a picturesque, even a romantic appearance, at least to my eyes, which I have looked for in vain elsewhere.

As I drove up to the house, my better nature, influenced as usual by the accidental circumstances, was in the ascendant, and I felt that I could indeed love my home, that I was capable of any sacrifice for such a place, and how readily at that moment would I have exchanged the false glare and heartless frivolity of the world for a peaceful country life in these long-loved haunts, with farming, field sports, and rural duties to occupy my mornings, and Flora's thrilling smile to welcome my return. But that might never be now, and as I felt in my own heart I was forced back upon a career that in these more rational moments I loathed, I had the same upon my destiny, that conventional respect on which a weak spirit places all the misfortunes and miseries brought about by its own incapacity or misconduct. Destiny, indeed! as though Providence had not arranged that every man should be the framer of his own destiny, and that the strong firm mind, the unblemished, fearless heart, should shape its own steady and persevering to the end, though exposed to the storms of obloquy and buffeted by the waves of misfortune.

'Welcome home, Master Digby,' said old Soames, chief butler ever since I could remember, and on whom the course of time seemed powerless to imprint marks of decay. His hair had been white and his face red when I used to run up and down stairs after him in a frock and bare legs, holding on by those broad coat tails, or petitioning for a ride on that sturdy shoulder; and now, though the countenance had deepened in hue, and the waistcoat increased if possible in volume, he was the same Soames still.

'Welcome home, indeed, sir. This way, if you please, Master Digby. Sir Peregrine has been expecting you since three o'clock.' And he ushered me down the well-known passage leading to my father's study, adorned with paternal affection, enhanced by anxiety. 'How you have grown, Master Digby, quite a fine gentleman, and I trust not the other day as I made the bishop to your christening,' alluding to the exhibition of compound dignified by that ecclesiastic. Ere Soames had concluded his remarks, my musings and reflections, I was too late with my father, and my heart would not think of my initial behavior and systematic neglect of him, when I saw so visible an attention in the form and features of the old man. He was much bent and wasted in figure, whilst a drawn look about the eyes and sharp expression of the whole countenance, betokened increasing feebleness and decay. Still there was the same proud bearing, the same courtly gestures, above all, the same concise, forcible, and rather satirical manner, which marks the former associates of the Prince Regent, and which is fast dying out with the names of the Carlton House School. Sir Peregrine was kindred to us, but his affectionate demonstrations were tempered with reserve and self-respect, his politeness and courtesy was something more than that of father and son, more reserved and dignified. One, and once only, I had seen him at a dinner over the partition of the old house, and he had

mot d by sack-racing, polo-climbing, beer-drinking, and other rustic sports. There was to be a grand dinner to the tenantry, and a ball for their wives and daughters, in the evening; whilst the remainder of the week was to be devoted to those guests of higher rank who were staying with us to shoot our pheasants, ride our horses, drink our champagne, and, in all probability, repay our hospitality by voting the son a puppy and the father a bore!

The morning came, and bright and beautiful 'the glorious sun uprist,' promising us one more fine day in October. Breakfast was hardly concluded, and I was struggling to obtain sufficient sustenance for the fatigues of the future, between the ceaseless chatter of Mrs. Ramrod (who, in consideration of having known me as a boy, had taken possession of me, body and soul), and the long sunny ringlets of Miss Batt, who was obliged to sit so near me that they were continually interfering with my egg and dropping into my plate, an arrangement I should have less disliked had the keen country air not made me so voracious. Well, breakfast was coming to an end, and I was striking up a great friendship with the damsel of the long locks, when a powerful band, much out of tune, and performing an air commonly known in agricultural districts as that which destroyed one of 'the milky mothers of the herd,' marshalled down the avenue a sturdy throng of ruddy faces and stalwart forms, known as the Odd Fellows' Friendly Society, who, with military precision, formed a circle in front of the house, while the oldest and oddest fellow of the lot, whom I recognized as the clerk of an adjoining parish, read from a much-thumbed paper a congratulatory address in verse, vigorous in conception, and somewhat startling in rhyme, as the concluding stanza sufficiently exemplifies:—

Then, Captain Grand, accept our heartiest wishes,  
And do not deem your humble friends officious.  
Health, length of days, a fair and blooming bride,  
And bless'd with babes and sucklings too beside.  
Such is our prayers; before we do adourn,  
Accept our welcome, as we hope for yours.

How could humble prose, even the prose of a Demosthenes or a Cicero, reply to such 'winged words' as these? Nevertheless I stood under the old portico, and with bared head and respectful gestures, thanked my well-wishers for their courtesy, preserving a gravity for which I have ever since enjoyed the reward of an approving conscience. The Odd Fellows cheered my speech heartily, for which, as a very young orator, I was much obliged to them, since it requires a long apprenticeship indeed among the practical and experienced of our senate to bear unabashed the chilling silence, or worse still, the sarcastic applause, with which a brilliant and long-studied oration is so often received in that assembly.

This ceremony well over, the slaughtered ox was borne in procession, the attested band performing in divers keys the air of 'Oh, the roast beef of Old England!' and having been about as much roasted as the woodcock which is allowed to see the fire ere introduced to a thorough epicure, was cut up and distributed in no very appetizing-looking morsels to the poor of the parish, whilst stentorian voices pledged health and prosperity to the young squire, in floods of good strong Haverley ale. After which the shouters recreated themselves with wheel barrow races, the charioteers being blindfolded, and creating no small confusion from their furious driving; the thirty climbed a pole, when emblem of ambition was well greased within a few feet of the top, and he who had struggled manfully to within an arm's length of his aim, found that when almost within his grasp he was doomed to be disappointed, and to go down, as is usual in real life, a good deal faster than he came up. The prize surmounting this perpendicular difficulty, was at length wrested by a cunning chimney sweep, who, taking a pocketful of soot up with him, and refreshing his palms therewith, that nut rials, got them so completely grimed at last as to render any amount of soap of no effect, and thus succeeded in carrying off the huge log of mutton that had tempted him so long. Nor were the far daunts of the district excluded from their share in these rural sports, an undergarment of snowy texture being provided for each whose dainty feet could touch the dew quick-est from the lawn. This race, to use a rural expression, brought forth 'a capital entry,' and after a very 'tuggle,' and the sprinkling of both wing and ground game,

terod—early boyhood—familiar faces—agricultural prosperity—yomanry of old England—no place like home—kind father—(cheers)—indulgent landlord—(more cheers)—hope often to be thus surrounded—allusion to the old roof-tree, and the Greek quotation taken at random from Thucydides (the latter as being perfectly unintelligible is received with uproarious applause), serve to express the heartfelt sentiments of gratitude with which I beg to drink all their good healths; and down I sit, having 'done it' to a turn. The mirth gets fast and furious; the county member sings a capital song; Sir Peregrine executes an oration, such as might have been made by Leonidas to his doomed band, so pompous, so imposing, so almost funeral as it is in its grandeur. We drink the Earl's health; we drink the member's health; we drink Dr. Driveller's, who weeps tears of port in his reply; we drink the fox-hounds, and the wolkin rings with every cheer and holloa known to the votaries of Diana; we drink the 'Merry Harriers,' and Mr. Motles, the sporting manager of that rather 'scratch' establishment, is so overpowered by his feelings as to be obliged to be taken away senseless, a broad hint, which suggests to us the propriety of breaking up the present sitting, and adjoining to the ball-room, where we are followed by all but a few steady old sexagenarians, whose clay, probably in consideration of there being no time to be lost, requires a deal of moistening ere it returns to its parent soil.

There is much beauty amongst the farmers' wives and daughters; and I may fairly hope that my powers of endurance and activity on that laborious evening won me golden opinions from them all. Country dances without end, waltzes, galops, polkas unnumbered, a cotillion with pretty Miss Batt as a great treat, and a cigar to wind up the night at six in the morning with the Marquis de Carambole, a good-humored Frenchman, who had come all the way from London to 'assist at our festivities,' concluded for me the hardest twenty-four hours I can recollect to have ever experienced.

The sun was rising ere I sought my pillow and, looking out over the expanse of hill and dale, wood and water, growing into life under his beams, I turned away with a sickening feeling at my heart as I thought, 'Flora, Flora, what is all this, when thou art lost to me for ever? What are wealth, magnificence, and merry-making without thee? What care I for the old hall, the rich and lovely domain? There is no beauty where thou art not!'

Mournful thoughts for twenty-one! Happy is he who hath not out-lived his boyhood, till ripened Prime brings with it the conviction that all is vanity; the experience that teaches us to expect no resting-place here below, to look steadfastly forward to the future—not the immediate future of our short span of existence, but the real future of eternity. Some men are boys all their lives, and as such are envied and enviable for the lightness of their spirits, their keen enjoyment of life. But these can never know the stern, severe training that leads direct to Truth. Perhaps for them such ordeal may not be necessary, and is mercifully dispensed with. For beneficial as may be the ultimate effects of disappointment and unhappiness, it cannot but seem hard that the unfurrowed brow should ache with thought, the beardless cheek waste and pale with care. Nor can we expect the youth, however fast he may have spent his boyhood, however dearly he may have purchased his knowledge, to arrive at once at that resigned and happy period, when man is enabled to say, in heartfelt thankfulness and humble confidence, 'It is good for me that I have been in trouble.'

Who is there that delights in the deadly tubes, levelled with accuracy and quickness against the flying covery or the dodging covery. Who is there that loves to range the rich stubbles and the russet coppice, to start the frightened hare from her form, or flush the gaudy pheasant from his covert, and dot now welcome with all his heart the keen, pur air of a bracing morning in October, when the outlying spinnies are to be beat, and the scattered partridges, wild, wary, and quick upon the wing, will prove no unworthy triumph? Haverly was the place of all others for a varied and enjoyable day's shooting. Without the masses of game which swarm like locusts upon a Norfolk manor—with bouquets of pheasants, radiating in all directions from what is appropriately termed a 'hot corner,'—there was a fair sprinkling of both wing and ground game,

a golden benefit received and expected—'and here he comes,' as my old schoolfellow, Tom Spencer, a first-rate shot, and the pleasantest undergraduate Oxford could boast, cantered up to our party, and apologizing for the delay, more especially to Mr. Batt—on whose daughter, the damsel of the long locks, I soon found out my old chum was sweet—announced his readiness to commence.

Guns were shouldered, dogs strained in their couples, Marquis began to sing, and we were soon in the thick of it.

'L'affaire commence,' said Carambole, as we heard a shot upon our right, probably from the unerring weapon of Tom Spencer, who was always placed where the shooting was most difficult, and had now been detached by Flint on particular service, to stop any wandering pheasants that might take a fancy 'a prolonged flight into a neighboring manor.

'Voyons,' added the Frenchman, as an over-anxious hare cantered leisurely across the ride, and he tumbled her heels-over-head into the opposite brushwood.

'Mark!' sang out Ramrod, and a magnificent cock-pheasant came sailing down the wind on his broad pinions, right above our heads, and 'rocket' as he was, I brought him to the ground.

'Tenex ce n'est pas mal,' said my talkative companion; and his observation lost him a double shot at a couple of rabbits that were stealing warily on towards us.

And now the constant rustle among the dried leaves, and occasional snap of a rotten twig in the cover, show us that the beaters are approaching; and the pheasants, unwilling to rise, are hurrying to and fro in an unenviable state of uncertainty. Carambole and I get outside the fence, and standing well away from the plantation, prepare for action.

They must leave home at last, for the beaters are drawing near, and the hedge prevents their running any further. Up they get by twos and threes, amongst cries of 'mark!' 'hen!' 'rabbit to the right!' 'hare back!' and down they come, before the Marquis and myself—the former, I must confess, shooting like a trump, and smoking away the whole time like a steam-engine. Presently, Flint appears through the thickest part of the hedge, and with strict injunctions to a ragged little urchin, holding on by a stick as long as himself, to 'beat it out,' touches his hat, and inquires into the amount of slaughter. Of course, a good many pheasants 'went back,' to that mysterious bourne from which no game ever returns; and of course, we ought to have an additional man somewhere else, 'to stop,' for who ever yet knew a keeper satisfied with the list of killed? But our party were flushed with success; and, walking in a line over a few intervening fields to the next covert, we picked up a stray hare, and two or three brace of wild partridges, that did credit to our aim, ere we again entered upon the woodland chasse.

A fabulous report of a woodcock supposed to have been seen by Mr. Batt! created much excitement in this locality, not diminished by 'viewing away' a magnificent old fox, which I had great difficulty in preventing Carambole from shooting. It did me good to see the gallant animal gliding easily along over the ridge and furrow of the adjoining field, his bright rich coat glistening in the sun, and his stealthy form the very impersonation of speed and symmetry. Ere I could give him a second 'view holla,' he had disappeared, and I felt half-ashamed of my enthusiasm when I saw 'the Marquis's look of astonishment at an excitement he could not the least comprehend.

The love of fox-hunting is indeed an inexorable passion; the man who has once really felt it, never forgets his attachment to the cause. Let him leave off his favorite pursuit for years—put him to any other sport, business, or excitement you will—place him in any position, or under any circumstances, which render it impossible for him to gratify his prevailing taste—but only mention the word 'fox-hunting,' only lead to some subject connected with that fascinating sport, and you will bring the color to his cheek, and the light to his eye, though age may have dimmed the one, and sorrow furrowed the other. But in the meantime, walking knee-deep in stubble, and straggling waist-deep through tangled brier and impervious covert, had made us all excessively hungry. Nor were we sorry to behold, on the lee-side of Upper Long-wood, a gipsy fire cheerfully

his keenness, which always increased as the day drew towards its close, was suddenly seized with a strong inclination for ground game, having discovered that he was most successful in that style of gunning. As long as he was close to me I prevented his shooting back amongst the beaters, loading one barrel with the other at full-cock, and a few like eccentricities, in which it was his habit to indulge; but on my leaving him to take up a position a few yards further down the ride, what was my horror to behold him deliberately level and fire both barrels in the direction where I knew Flint must have placed a gentleman, or, as he called it, 'a gun.'

A simultaneous roar of agony from old Ramrod, and exclamation of satisfaction from Mr. Batt, 'Poor thing, I thought it best to put it out of its pain!' convinced me that the Major's York-tan gaiters must have received a charge of No. 6 from the short-sighted divine; and on rushing up to the sufferer, who fortunately, from the distance at which he 'stood fire,' though much stung at the moment, was not seriously injured, a general explanation took place, from which it appeared that the yellow-gaiters, peeping through a hole in the lower part of the hedge, presented to the clergyman's imperfect vision the image of a fine old hare sitting! This was an opportunity not to be lost, and taking a deliberate, point-blank aim, the eager sportsman pulled. The writhing of the object attested the accuracy of his eye; and in his merciful intention of putting the animal out of its pain, and anxiety not to lose this addition to his 'bag,' he hesitatingly gave the sufferer the contents of his other barrel.

No wonder the Major halloed; and when he found that the accident had taken place, as he called it, 'on purpose,' his wrath was not to be appeased. We sent him home in the game-cart, swearing horribly; and as it was by this time quite dark, we here terminated our unlucky day's shooting.

I fear the old warrior's ire would not have been mollified could he have heard Tom Spencer and myself laughing over the catastrophe, as smoking our cigars we walked home behind the rest of our companions. There is nothing like 'a weed' in the dark to draw on confidential communication between two long-parted friends; and, ere the lights of the Hall twinkled on us through the shades of night, we had touched upon one subject after another, made reciprocal disclosures in the strictest confidence, as to our respective studs, and interchanged an abbreviated history of our first loves, till Tom at last intrusted me, in the openness of his heart, with the important secret that he was over head and ears in love with the fair Julia Batt; that he resolved to marry her as soon as he had taken orders and got 'a living'—two events that young men, till undeceived by experience, are apt to consider synonymous—but that he had not yet declared his attachment to his lady-love; and he had a shrewd suspicion that, however agreeable they might be to the daughter, the Reverend Amos, in his paternal care, highly disapproved of my friend's attentions.

'If I can assist you any way, my dear Tom, command me,' said I, as we entered the house, and stumped off to our respective dressing rooms. 'To-morrow is our county ball, as you know, and you will have every opportunity of making play with the dearest as I can undertake to keep papa in conversation, as to the respective merits of heavy and light guns, self-primers, revolvers, and other deadly weapons, I'm not enough to enable you to propose, be accepted, ay, and carry her off in a postchaise-and-four boot.'

So saying I opened the door of my comfortable snugery, where hot water, dry things, and a blazing fire, presented all the materials for restoring the outward man to the state of gentlemanlike sleekness and order.

But, alas! the post—that remorseless emblem of Fate—had arrived during my absence; and with a blush of shame and remorse, with a vague feeling of unaccountable apprehension that made my heart beat and my breath come quick, I recognized, as a foreign letter that lay upon my bill-table and will known handwriting of Zoe de Grand-Martigny.

When Soames knocked at my door an hour afterwards to say dinner was on the table, I was still sitting at my

...to the end, though exposed to the storm of obloquy and buffeted by the waves of misfortune.

“Welcome home, Master Digby,” said old Soames, chief butler ever since I could remember, and on whom the course of time seemed powerless to imprint marks of decay. His hair had been white and his face red when I used to run up and down stairs after him in a frock and bare legs, holding on by those broad coat-tails, or pitching for a ride on that sturdy shoulder; and now, though the countenance had deepened in hue, and the waistcoat increased if possible in volume, he was the same Soames still. “Welcome home, indeed, sir. This way, if you please, Master Digby. Sir Peregrine has been expecting you since three o’clock.” And he ushered me down the well-known passage leading to my father’s snugery, adding, with paternal affection, enhanced by an early dinner, “How you have grown, Master Digby,—quite a fine gentleman, and it seems but the other day as I made the bishop for your christening,” alluding to the exhilarating compound dignified by that ecclesiastical title. Ere Soames had concluded his reminiscences and reflections, I was face to face with my father, and my heart smote me to think of my infatigable and systematic neglect of him, when I saw so visible an alteration in the form and features of the old man. He was much bent and wasted in figure, whilst a drawn look about the eyes, and sharpened expression of the whole countenance, betokened increasing feebleness and decay. Still there was the same proud bearing, the same courtly gestures, above all, the same concise, forcible, and rather satirical manner, which marks the former associates of ‘the Prince Regent,’ and which is fast dying out with the remains of the ‘Carlton House School.’ Sir Peregrine was kindness itself, but his affectionate demonstrations were tempered with a degree of reserve and self-respect inseparable from one who was ever conscious of his position, and our greeting was something between that of father and son, monarch and heir-presumptive. Once, and once only, nature asserted her dominion over the parent and it was with faltering voice and moistened eye that my father expressed his desire to make some arrangement which, now that I had come of age, should render me to a certain extent independent, ‘and which,’ he added, with a momentary pang of self-reproach, ‘I fear I have too long neglected. But we will see about it. We must have Montman down, my dear Digby; and it is indeed strange,’ he continued, relapsing insensibly into the old vice-regal manner, ‘if, with our influence and in “our position,” we cannot place everything on a footing which shall be satisfactory to the future representative of the family.’

Such were the generalities in which my dear father was wont to indulge, and thus would he delude himself into a vague idea of prosperity which had vanished, and power which had never existed. As to Sir Peregrine’s influence, it was completely swamped, in a political point of view, by a neighboring earl, whose grandfather, an enterprising manufacturer, had bequeathed to his descendant, besides that knowledge (of business) which is better than ‘houses and farms,’ a very large proportion of the latter in error articles, and capital enough to buy every free and independent voter in the county nine times over; and as regarded that position of which from childhood I had heard so much, what was it but a large ill-regulated establishment, a discontented tenantry, and a property mortgaged to its full van? But this was no time to dwell upon such unimportant matters. A large party, including the aforesaid earl, were staying in the house, and a host of neighbors invited to dinner. The following morning, my birthday, was to witness merry-making and rejoicings for every class of the community within miles of Haverley. An ox was to be roasted whole for the poor, who prefer their meat under-done, and digestion to be pro-

well-wishers for the country, preserving a gravity for which I have ever since enjoyed the reward of an approving conscience. The Odd Fellows cheered my speech heartily, for which, as a very young orator, I was much obliged to them, since it requires a long apprenticeship indeed among the practical and experienced of our senate to bear unabashed the chilling silence, or worse still, the sarcastic applause, with which a brilliant and long-stained peroration is so often received in that assemblage.

This ceremony well over, the slaughtered ox was borne in procession, the aforesaid band performing in divers keys the air of ‘Oh, the roast beef of Old England!’ and having been about as much roasted as the woodcock which is allowed to see the fire ere introduced to a thorough epicure, was cut up and distributed in no very appetising-looking morsels to the poor of the parish, whilst stentorian voices pledged health and prosperity to the young squire, in floods of good strong Haverley ale. After which the shouters recreated themselves with wheel barrow races, the charioteers being blindfolded, and creating no small confusion from their furious driving; the ninthly climbed a pole, which emblem of ambition was well greased within a few feet of the top, and he who had struggled manfully to within an arm’s length of his aim, found that when almost within his grasp he was doomed to be disappointed, and to go down, as is usual in real life, a good deal faster than he came up. The prize surmounting this perpendicular difficulty, was at length wrested by a cunning chimney sweep, who, taking a pocketful of snot up with him, and refreshing his palms therewith at intervals, got them so completely grimed at last as to render any amount of soap of no effect, and thus succeeded in carrying off the huge leg of mutton that had tempted him so long. Nor were the fair dunsels of the district excluded from their share in these rural sports, an under-garment of snowy texture being provided for her whose dainty feet could brush the dew quickly from the lawn. This race, to use a turf expression, brought together a capital entry; and after a severe struggle, and the production of many divers-colored, a nimble dairy-maid bore off the prize.

As the afternoon waned, and the hearty farmers began to feel that their usual dinner hour was long since gone by, many an eye was wistfully directed towards the tent prepared for our great repast, and many a vigorous appetite voted four o’clock the best part of the day, as they seated themselves at the three lengthy tables, of which a cross one at the top, raised upon a sort of dais, formed a nucleus for the great guns of the party, the rector of the parish, the member for the county, the neighboring earl, two or three adjoining squires, Sir Peregrine and myself.

Beef and venison were rapidly consumed, and strong port and sherry, varied by deep draughts of John Barleycorn, as rapidly disappeared; faces waxed red and apoplectic, and tongues, now loosened from the bands of shyness and reserve, chattered in deafening confusion. Toasts of loyalty and patriotism served to bring in the chief event of the evening, and the steward of the estate, rapping loudly on the table, obtains a dead silence, truly appalling to old Farmer Scales, who, in right of seniority, has taken upon him the office of proposing the young squire’s health. The sturdy yeoman has not, as he honestly confesses, ‘the gift of the gab;’ but when he wants a word he waits for it with a patience and determination that would drive a nervous man frantic. The pauses become longer and longer as the orator gets deeper into his subject, till an extremely abrupt conclusion and an ambiguous compliment, referring to the fatted calf bumping on my return, empties every bumper of ‘black starr’ like a shot, and vociferous cheering proves that Farmer Scales has completely expressed the feelings of his audience.

Now for the reply. ‘Honor—much flat-

ness, and merry-making without thee? What care I for the old hall, the rich and lovely domain? There is no beauty where thou art not!’

Mournful thoughts for twenty-one! Happy is he who hath not out-lived his boyhood, till ripened Prime brings with it the conviction that all is vanity; the experience that teaches us to expect no resting-place here below, to look steadfastly forward to the future—not the immediate future of our short span of existence, but the real future of eternity. Some men are boys all their lives, and as such are envied and enviable for the lightness of their spirits, their keen enjoyment of life. But these can never know the stern, severe training that leads direct to Truth. Perhaps for them such ordeal may not be necessary, and is mercifully dispensed with. For beneficial as may be the ultimate effects of disappointment and unhappiness, it cannot but seem hard that the unfurrowed brow should ache with thought, the beardless cheek waste and pale with care. Nor can we expect the youth, however fast he may have spent his boyhood, however dearly he may have purchased his knowledge, to arrive at once at that resigned and happy period, when man is enabled to say, in heartfelt thankfulness and humble confidence, ‘It is good for me that I have been in trouble.’

Who is there that delights in the deadly tubes, levelled with accuracy and quickness against the flying covery or the dodging coney. Who is there that loves to range the rich stubbles and the russet coppice, to start the frightened hare from her form, or flush the gaily pheasant from her covert, and doth not welcome with all his heart the keen, pur air of a bracing morning in October, when the outlying spinnies are to be beat, and the scattered partridges, wild, wary, and quick upon the wing, will prove no unworthy triumph? Haverley was the place of all others for a varied and enjoyable day’s shooting. Without the masses of game which swarm like locusts upon a Norfolk manor—with bouquets of pheasants, radiating in all directions from what is appropriately termed a ‘hot corner,’—there was a fair sprinkling of both winged and ground game, that might satisfy the keenest sportsman as to the sufficient number of objects whereon to exercise his prowess; whilst the large enclosures, double hedge-rows, and undulating surface of the land, imposed upon him that bodily exercise which so much enhances the pleasure of all field sports. Nor was the party marshalled in deadly array upon the steps of the old Hall, the second morning after the coming-of-age day, loth to enjoy to the utmost all the amusement our coverts could afford. A motley crew we were, lounging about under the portico or on the lawn, in every variety of costume yet invented for the slaughter of the beasts of the field, from old Ramrod’s antediluvian velvet jacket, with skirts to his heels, and pockets in whose yawning caverns you might almost stow away a red deer, to Carambole’s smart and fanciful tunic, picturesque as that of a Robin Hood, with its braid and facings, and har-mouring well with the Marquis’s carefully-trimmed beard, curling moustache, and redundancy of jewellery—not to mention his white kid gloves, and the enormous cigar which, ever glowing between his lips, seemed like a Phoenix to spring from the ashes of its predecessor. Nor was the Churchwarden present in our sporting assemblage. The Reverend Amos Batt, the shortest-sighted man that ever squinted over a gun-barrel, ‘a ride,’ was as usual the keenest to begin, in his excessive fondness for that amusement to which of all others he was least adapted by nature, and fidgeted about in his dark clerical shooting-dress in a manner that called down the contemptuous report of Mr. Flint, the keeper, who, grouped with his myrmidons and a half dozen spaniels, stood within ear-shot of the Hall door.

Never do to begin without Mr. Spencer,’ said Flint, probably in consideration of many

...a stick as long as himself, to ‘beat it out,’ touches his hat, and inquires into the amount of slaughter. Of course, a good many pheasants ‘went back,’ to that mysterious bourne from which no game ever returns; and of course, we ought to have an additional man somewhere else, ‘to stop,’ for who ever yet knew a keeper satisfied with the list of killed? But our party were flushed with success; and, walking in a line over a few intervening fields to the next covert, we picked up a stray hare, and two or three brace of wild partridges, that did credit to our aim, ere we again entered upon the woodland chace.

A fabulous report of a woodcock supposed to have been seen by Mr. Batt created much excitement in this locality, not diminished by ‘viewing away’ a magnificent old fox, which I had great difficulty in preventing Carambole from shooting. It did me good to see the gallant animal gliding easily along over the ridge and furrow of the adjoining field, his bright rich coat glistening in the sun, and his stealthy form the very impersonation of speed and symmetry. Ere I could give him a second ‘view holloa,’ he had disappeared, and I felt half-ashamed of my enthusiasm when I saw ‘the Marquis’s’ look of astonishment at the excitement he could not the least comprehend.

The love of fox-hunting is indeed an inexplicable passion; the man who has once really felt it, never forgets his attachment to the cause. Let him leave off his favorite pursuit for years—put him to any other sport, business, or excitement you will—place him in any position, or under any circumstances, which render it impossible for him to gratify his prevailing taste—but only mention the word ‘fox-hunting,’ only lead to some subject connected with that fascinating sport, and you will bring the color to his cheek, and the light to his eye, though age may have dimmed the one, and sorrow furrowed the other. But in the meantime, walking knee-deep in stubble, and stragling waist-deep through tangled brier and impervious covert, had made us all excessively hungry. Nor were we sorry to behold, on the lee-side of Upper Long-wood, a gipsy fire cheerfully burning, a pot of comforting soup hanging gracefully thereon; a screen cleverly constructed to keep off the wind, and a table laid out with sundry good things for the refreshment of the inward man; whilst Soames, who piqued himself much on these impromptu out-door arrangements, trotted about, greatly to his own satisfaction, with a jorum of a curiously compounded ‘mull,’ grateful beyond measure in the raw air of an October afternoon.

What a merry party we were. Our sport had been excellent. Ramrod, a regular old poacher, who always asked to take away what he killed, had amassed a capital bag, by dint of shooting hares sitting, taking unwary rabbits by surprise, and poking most perseveringly at game upon the wing. The rest of party had been equally successful in a more legitimate manner. Even Mr. Batt, after the expenditure of a vast deal of powder and shot, had succeeded in bagging a hen-pheasant and a wood-pigeon. Carambole had hardly missed a shot (I should be afraid to say how many cigars he had smoked), and his mercurial spirits were now at their highest—he would drink ‘encore un coup de ze mull,’ as called Soames’s fragment mixture—he would sing French bacchanalian songs, in a rich mellow voice, which delighted even the austere Flint, who allowed us more time than usual for our repast; and, in short, nothing could have gone off better than the whole thing, had it not been for an untoward accident, perhaps partly to be attributed to the jollity of our luncheon, which damped our afternoon amusement, and which might have had a very serious termination.

We were shooting the last covert, and twilight was rapidly approaching, when the Reverend Amos Batt, whom I had placed next to myself, in order, if possible, to moderate

lights of the flax twinkled on us through the shades of night, we had touched upon one subject after another, made reciprocal disclosures in the strictest confidence, as to our respective studs, and interchanged an abbreviated history of our first loves, till Tom at last intrusted me, in the openness of his heart, with the important secret that he was over head and ears in love with the fair Julia Batt; that he resolved to marry her as soon as he had taken orders and got ‘a living’—two events that young men, till undeceived by experience, are apt to consider synonymous—but that he had not yet declared his attachment to his lady-love; and he had a shrewd suspicion that, however agreeable they might be to the daughter, the Reverend Amos, in his paternal care, highly disapproved of my friend’s attentions.

‘If I can assist you any way, my dear Tom, command me,’ said I, as we entered the house, and stumped off to our respective dressing rooms. ‘To-morrow is our county ball, as you know, and you will have every opportunity of making play with the damsel, as I can undertake to keep papa in conversation, as to the respective merits of heavy and light guns, self-primers, revolvers, and other deadly weapons, long enough to enable you to propose, be accepted, ay, and carry her off in a postchaise-and-four to boot.’

So saying I opened the door of my comfortable snugery, where hot water, dry things, and a blazing fire, presented all the materials for restoring the outward man to state of gentlemanlike sleekness and order.

But, alas! the post—that remorseless emblem of Fate—had arrived during my absence; and with a blush of shame and remorse, with a vague feeling of unaccountable apprehension that made my heart beat and my breath come quick, I recognized, in a foreign letter that lay upon my toilet table, and well-known handwriting of Zoe de Grand-Martigny.

When Soames knocked at my door an hour afterwards to say dinner was on the table, I was still sitting in my arm chair, with that open letter in my hand. Thoughts, thoughts—those mysterious workings of the soul, which form alternately our blessing and our curse—were inundating my brain in countless succession, like the waves of the sea. In that hour I lived over a long and happy day of the irrevocable past. Again I saw that glorious girl in all the pride of her beauty, as I beheld her for the first time. Again I walked with her in the magnificent scenery of Niagara and heard her gentle voice thrilling to my very soul, despite the roar of the cataract. Again I gazed upon her graceful form, as long, black tresses, drooping over the still deep waves of the St. Lawrence, as many a time; and oft I had seen her, and sat with her by the margin of that mighty river, in the golden summer evenings of the West. Again I saw the glittering jet bracelet which clasped from that snowy arm; and once more was her gentle sorrowing face turned upon mine, in mute, appalling agony, as she bid me a long and last farewell. As then how maddening to think that I had never seen her once since, in the pompous revelry, the noisy frivolity of a London ball; and that our cursed fate had prevented me from so much as exchanging a syllable with one erst fondly loved.

But the letter—gentle, feminine, high-principled as hers—explained all this; and I sat out the tedious formal dinner, and strove to sustain my part in the forced and the vain nonsense that wore through my weary evening, I felt indeed unworthy that generous missive which reposed upon my heart. Not a word of reproach, not a word of reprimand did it contain; far above such feelings—far above the weakness of sex, was the pure, high-minded writer.

(To be Continued.)



PLOVER AND MUSHROOMS.

BY ROYAL, IN "ROD AND GUN."

Some two years ago plover were unusually plenty all along the line of the St. Lawrence, and some very large bags were made on the bank of Montreal and its environs. One day, early in September, in the full of the harvest moon, my chum, George M., proposed to take a day at the plover, offering to give me down to Bout de Pisto (end of the island) by moonlight. As the weather was warm we preferred driving au clair de lune to going by daylight. Dining a little earlier than usual, we started about eight o'clock in the evening. The weather was beautiful; a gentle breeze cooled the air without raising the dust; a fast horse and my dog-cart made the fifteen-mile drive a jury. We drove leisurely along in the moonlight till we cleared the suburbs of the city, and when we passed the toll-bar were going at a steady twelve-miles-an-hour gait. On we pass Elmwood, the suburban residence of the Marquess de Bassano, pass the village of Longue Point, and pull up at a plantation at Pointe a Trembles to inquire about Plover. Laplante, who is a sporting bergiste, told us that they were very plenty over; that on the previous day he had, in company with a friend, killed 148 in less than half the day's shooting. This seemed rather tall, and we swallowed the statement with a considerable grain of salt, though we were assured he must have killed a good many wing for our beer, we drove on, and soon the spacious outbuildings of "Kynmure," where we were to sleep, became visible. On arrival, we found two other friends besides the bachelor host awaiting us, and a merry supper put us in humor for the slaughter plover on the morrow. Our host cared little for shooting, although he had several guns, and a very large kennel of setts, spaniels, not to mention several of the best mastiffs in the Dominion. He told us to make ourselves at home, and to be back for breakfast in the morning not later than ten o'clock. We turned in early, and long ere daybreak were astir and foraging the yard for milk and eggs to make egg flips. Using the remains of the flip from our first day—for he it knows three of our four bearded considerable—we launched the young Ann, a light but very roomy skiff, and set her either to oars or sail, and crossed to one of the islands on the Varrennes. It was not yet daylight, and very dark and foggy. The writer was the only one of the party who had taken precaution to wear boots as a protection from the dew, which made the grass of the pastures very damp and clinked in his sleeve at the discomforts of the others. When we reached the shore we separated, each going to his own hook, agreeing to meet again at ten o'clock. I found it a hard matter to get back for nine o'clock, and walking through a bit of rough grass, a bird rose to me with a "scrape" like a snipe, which, in the fog, I took for a long-bill. Knocking it down, to my astonishment I found it a bird that I did not recognize. It seemed something between a plover and a curlew. Putting it into my bag, I crossed the fence of the next field and found myself in a large hare pasture. It was not dark enough to see any d stances, so I lit quietly in a farrow till daylight rendered visible several flocks of gold-plover. Realizing the uncertainty of approaching within gunshot of any of them, I quit that spot myself to a corner of a fence, that I had the boundary line of four fields, and waited till some of the others would fly over to me. Casting my eye along the ground, I was struck by the unusual number of toad stools (as I thought) visible. Examining one, I found it was a genuine toad, and I immediately set to work with a stone. "Boom—boom" comes a report from the field, and several flocks are to be seen in the air at once. Getting back into my corner, I whistle one of the flocks down as they pass me, and take six out of their number with my two pistols. As I gather them up I add more rooms to the store in my game bag. A single blackbreast plover passes and I take it to bag. The fog clears away and perhaps fifty gunners within a space of a square mile. Every ditch, deep furrow, fence corner, or any available cover, is a gunner, and the fusillade is like a day. The birds fly about in a bewildered sort of way, but gradually learn to de-

ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.

COMPLIMENTARY SPEECHES.

At the close of the 15th session of the Ontario V. C. College in this city. Atty-Gen. Mowatt and Hon. Mr. Wood addressed the pupils in the following terms: The Hon. Mr. Mowatt said he was greatly pleased with the visit he had made and to meet so many students and hard working young men, but in fitting themselves for a very useful occupation. The profession on which they were entering was one of great importance in this country, and he hoped they would make it as profitable to themselves as it would be beneficial to those among whom they were engaged. He observed that, in some respects, they would rank nearly with the medical profession itself. (Applaus-). The Hon. Mr. Wood observed that the want of veterinary skill had been a want long felt in this Province. At the present time there were a great many wealthy farmers in this country who had invested millions of dollars in valuable stock. The veterinary students and graduates would recognize, therefore, that they had important duties and responsibilities before them. He was glad to state that they were in a good training school. The name of Dr. Smith was well and accurately known, and it was a guarantee for the ability of the graduates who left the College; and it would depend upon them to maintain their Principal's reputation. (Applaus-). Dr. Smith moved a vote of thanks to their distinguished visitors, as it was a compliment to the students to have a visit from the leading members of the Government. He hoped they would all endeavor to maintain the reputation of the College for usefulness and skill. The vote was carried with applause. The visitors then took their departure. At the supper in the evening, in response to the toast of the Dominion Parliament and Provincial Parliament of Ontario, proposed by the Chairman (Dr. Smith), Hon. Mr. Mowatt thanked the company for the very kind way in which they had received the toast. He observed that he did not think either the Dominion or Provincial Parliament had done much, however, for the Veterinary College. But the neglect had not been fatal to the College, thanks to the talent and enterprise of the Principal. Speaking of Veterinary College, they were a sort of institution that was comparatively modern, and the fact that this College was prospering and doing so many good speaks volumes for it. He went on to speak of the great improvement of live stock of all kinds that had taken place. And it was a bold thing for our Canadian people to enter into competition at the Centennial with a nation of forty millions, a nation of wealth and wonderful energy; with a people that worked for and made its independence from the strongest nation in the world (Applause). We had to compete with a host of animals, counting them by millions, but our people were not in the habit of withdrawing from difficulties, and they did not shrink from this (Applause). Our agricultural horses carried off many prizes; our cattle also; and in sheep and swine our exhibitors were very successful. He believed the number of our horned cattle now was about one million; there were as many sheep, and about 400,000 horses. All this field of labour promised a vast amount of work for the students of the Veterinary College, and he could compliment the Principal of this College on the success of his institution. He hoped the Local Legislature and Government had done something good to the country, and he hoped the Opposition had also done some good, and he was willing to see them working and doing good in the Opposition for some time to come. (Cheers and laughter). He spoke of the high aim the profession of veterinary surgeons should put for themselves, and he was much mistaken if the young men before him would not prove to be a credit to their college, useful to their country, and honorable in their private lives. (Cheers and applause.) After several more flattering allusions to the institution and its principal had been made in speeches by Mr. Bates, of Missouri; Mr. Stalker, of Iowa; Major Gray, Mr. Faulkland, Mr. Philip Armstrong, &c., &c., Dr. Smith read the report of the examination which was received with cheers. Then, The Hon. Mr. Mowatt, in brief and filippic remarks, presented the medals to the

PRO AND CON OF CLIPPING HORSES.

Much may be said on both sides of the question as to the advisability of clipping horses in winter. Its advantages may be shortly stated in the diminished liability to perspiration, the rapid drying after a sweat, the better tone thus given to the muscular system, the power of more continuous exertion without exhaustion, the improvement of digestion and assimilation, so that the horse can be kept on less, and, not the least important in the eyes of many, the facility with which he may be cleaned off after work. The disadvantages are mainly these. The rougher appearance of the coat and the absence of that sleekness and beauty which belongs to the natural covering, the lateness of shedding the winter coat, which will cling to the skin for a month after it would otherwise have been dropped, and the danger of chills if the animal is left exposed to a cold blast after sweating, or if he is kept in a cold open stable. Clipping becomes a necessary evil, to save, from a worse, the horse that grows such a long and thick winter coat that he sweats on the slightest exertion, and while fading to dry when returned to the stable remains drenched with perspiration day and night. Such a horse is not only repulsive to handle and use, but his whole system gets relaxed, his muscles become soft, flabby, and incapable of endurance, his spirits sink, the constant drain upon his system makes him difficult to keep in flesh, and he becomes more liable to chronic affections of the air passages with persistent cough, to rheumatism, and to various other affections. To clip such a beast is at once merciful and profitable. Next comes a whole class of animals from which severe and continuous exertion is demanded, but supplied with warm, comfortable stables, and a sufficiently careful attention and abundant clothing. These can, as a rule, be kept more cheaply, in better condition, and do better work if relieved of a moderate winter coat, which if left would cause free perspiration whenever they are subjected to their exacting labors. The same lightness of coat can be obtained with a far more beautiful, glossy surface by habitual blanketing warmly in autumn and early winter, at the time the hair naturally grows. But, however the condition is brought about, a certain amount of care is wanted, such as constant blanketing when stopped out of doors, the same when the beast returns warm, and even when standing in the stable, and above all, the avoidance of open stables traversed by currents of cold. Lastly, for animals with naturally short coats, for such as sweat with difficulty, and for those that are rarely or never subjected to severe exertion and perspiration the coat had best be left in its natural condition, as a kindly provision of nature against the rigor of the climate, and admirably adapted to protection and comfort. In this view of the subject, clipping is to be avoided unless demanded by the artificial conditions to which the animal is to be kept, and especially by the excessive labor demanded of him. When resorted to it must never be forgotten that it entails new dangers from exposure, against which we must carefully provide if we would secure its benefits without its disadvantages.—Prof. Jas. Law, Cornell University in N. Y. Tribune.

GREAT WINNERS.

We clip the following from the Chicago Field: "Nine races without losing a heat, is certainly a remarkable record for a mare of four years old; but Mollie McCarty, the California-bred mare has done it. Theodore Winters paid \$1,900 for her dam before Mollie was dropped, and was laughed at for it; but his chaffers now laugh on the other side of their faces. The English horse Monarch, imported by Col. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, won nine races without losing a heat. These are the only two cases of the kind in the annals of the American turf; but Monarch's victories were nearly all match races, while Mollie never ran a match. In her nine races she has beaten twenty-six horses, whereas we do not believe that Monarch beat over fifteen." We copy the above to correct an error. In the last place imp. Monarch won only seven races during his career, but he won them all, four at four-mile heats. He walked over for two of the seven races—for the Hampton Plate, two-mile heats, at Columbia, S. C., and for the Tattersall Whip, four-mile heats, at Charleston, S. C. While we are willing to concede all the merit claimed for Mollie McCarty as a first-class race filly, she and imp. Monarch are not the only instances of horses winning the nine races without losing one. As Monarch never ran nine races, that settles his case, and we can name several instances in the history of the American turf of horses winning nine or more races without losing one, and might find more by a search over the old Sporting Magazine. American

DOGS IN WINDSOR.

A correspondent in Rod and Gun says he took a look around the kennels of Windsor, Ont., and gives his experience as follows: We visited the kennels of Mr. Hammond (better known as Jack Hammond) and J. C. Goodenough (better known as Jack Goodenough). The first place we visited was Mr. Hammond's, where we found the following, a brace of black Spring Spaniels, six months old, and called Bess and Sabor. They are a beautiful pair, and will be considered well to be hard to beat. A pair of white cocker bitch pup, two months old, but yet too young to give much of a description. Saw a lot of Daisy owned and bred from an imported pair, by E. Tinsley, Esq., Hamilton, Ont., from the kennel of Lord Rivers in England, and by Daisy, owned by Mr. Samrville, and bred from a pair imported from kennel Duke of Sefton, Dunrobin Castle, Scotland. Flora, south-west, out of John Davison's Flora, by St. Louis kennel Rock. She is seven months old. We next visited the kennel of Mr. Goodenough, where we saw the following: Boss, H. black, white and tan, out of Bossie I, by Old Dash, bred by Jno. Davidson, of Monroe, Minn. She looks to me very much like a shag-pit dog. From a letter read to us, Mr. Davison thinks she will be hard to beat in the field. Mr. Hammond says she is a perfect racehorse when outstung. Red Irish dog, out of imported Fan, by Good mouth's old Grouse. He is a very fine black dog, and shows white down his face and a white brace. We were informed that I took her must be from his books, a stud dog in the field. Flora II, snuff ticked, out of Jno. Davidson's Flora, by St. Louis kennel Rock. She is owned sister to Hammond's Bess, and is almost a perfect picture of him, only a little smaller. They make a handsome brace, but are very queer looking on account of color.

GAMBLING IN PUBLIC CONVEYANCES.

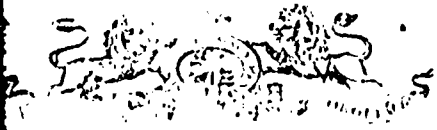
An Act for the Prevention of Gambling Practices in certain Public Conveyances. For the prevention of gambling practices in certain public conveyances, her Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate and House of Commons of Canada, enacts as follows: 1. Whosoever in any railway, car or steamboat, used as a public conveyance for passengers by means of the game commonly known as "three-card monte," or of any other game of cards, dice, or other instrument of gambling, or by any device or like character, obtains from other person any money, chattel, valuable security or property, shall be guilty of the misdemeanor of having obtained the same unlawfully by false pretences, and shall be liable to be punished by in any gaol or place of confinement for any term less than one year, with or without hard labor, and with or without solitary confinement; and every person aiding, encouraging, advising, or confederating with any person in the commission of the said offence shall be deemed guilty thereof and liable to be punished in like manner, as a principal therein; and any attempt to commit such offence by actually engaging any person in any such game with intent to obtain money or other valuable thing for him, shall be a misdemeanor, punishable in like manner as the offence itself. 2. Such offence may be dealt with, inquired of, tried, determined, and punished as being committed either at the place where it actually took place, or in any district, county or place through or adjoining to or by the boundary of any part whereof the railway, car, or steamboat passed in the course of the journey or voyage during which the offence was committed, in the same manner as if it had been actually committed in such district, county or place. 3. It shall be lawful for, and it shall be the duty of, any conductor, master or superior officer in charge of, and for any clerk or employee, when authorized by the conductor or superior officer in charge of any railway train, or steamboat station, or landing place, in or at which any such offence, as aforesaid is committed or attempted, with or without warrant to arrest any person or persons whom he has good reason to believe to have committed or attempted to commit the same, to take them before a Justice of the Peace, and make complaint of such offence on oath, in writing; and the offender, with or without warrant, shall be dealt with and other proceedings had as if he had been arrested upon a warrant of such Justice. 4. Any money or valuable thing obtained by an offence against the first section of this Act shall be dealt with as obtained by larceny from the person; and this Act shall be interpreted as one Act with the "Act respecting Larceny and other similar Offences," and the "Act respecting the Duty of Justice of the Peace out of Sessions, in relation to persons charged with Inevitable Offences," and other Acts relating to criminal law shall, so far as is consistent with this Act, apply to proceedings under it; and any person arresting an offender, with or without a warrant, and taking him to a Justice of the Peace, and otherwise complying with this Act in respect of such offender, shall be entitled to the same fees, payable in the same manner, as if he had taken him to a Justice of the Peace, and otherwise complying with this Act in respect of such offender.

A LITTLE HATCHET STORY.

A correspondent of Land and Water, who gives his address, tells a story which is hard to credit. He says that a man named Balthus resides in the neighborhood of Hiram, Ont., who is an excellent judge of horse flesh, although born stone blind. "I have often heard it said that this man used to take the train to Newmarket to select a horse at the sale, and then to travel across country to his residence in Bond Street, nearly thirty miles distant from Newmarket. The day before yesterday I saw Balthus and asked him whether this was true. The instant my carriage stopped he turned round, and apparently looking at me from out of his 'poor sightless eyes,' said: 'No, sir, this is not exactly true, but I have often at Newmarket bought horses and walked home in company with another blind man, but I never rode home. I have, however, done actually more than what you say. For years I had a blind pony, and with this pony I have ridden all over the neighborhood, visiting all the towns, and although not Newmarket, I have gone quite as far as you, on my old blind pony.' How a blind man on a blind horse can ride about this intricate neighborhood, where no road is straight, and where cross roads intersect every few half miles of the way, is rather a puzzle to me. Often do I meet Balthus riding as hard as his horse can go, and he will turn on one side of the road to give one room to pass, apparently quite as much at his ease as if blessed with perfect vision. When a nameless horse he passes his hands over every spot on its body, and never fails to detect the smallest flaw in the animal; then with a leap upon his back, and when nothing but a halter for a bridle, he will trot, walk and canter the horse about until every quality its possessor has been thoroughly tested. In fact, Balthus almost comes up to Mr. Barlow's blind huntsman, a most interesting account of whom is to be found in a book published many years ago, and now in the possession of my friend, Colonel Barlow, of Hacketon, near Woodbridge, Suffolk." SLANG IN THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE. "Say, pa," said an up-town boy one day, "I've come home late from school today, and







The Gentleman's Journal

TORONTO, FRIDAY, APRIL 20, 1877.

COLLINS & CO. PROPRIETORS.

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DATES CLAIMED FOR 1877.  
AMERICAN

Detroit (Spring)	May 16 to 18
Brooklyn, N.Y.	May 20 to 21
Westwood Park, N.Y.	May 29 to June 1
Whitmarsh, Pa.	May 26 to June 1
Keosauqua, Ill.	May 29 to June 1
Edina, N.Y.	June 5 to 7
Uskegon, Mich.	June 5 to 7
Utica, N.Y.	June 5 to 7
Yonkers, N.Y.	June 12 to 14
Amira, N.Y.	June 19 to 21
Watson, Ind.	June 19 to 21
Salamanca, Mich.	June 19 to 22
Jackson, Mich.	June 26 to 29
Wrentham, N.Y.	June 30 to July 4
Edenburgh, N.Y.	July 4 to 6
Detroit, Mich.	July 8 to 8
West Saginaw, Mich.	July 17 to 20
Chicago, Dexter Park	July 17 to 20
Cleveland, O.	July 24 to 27
Buffalo, N.Y.	July 31 to Aug. 3
Keosauqua, Ill.	July 31 to Aug. 3
Bughlesport, N.Y.	Aug. 21 to 24
Artford, Conn.	Aug. 28 to 31
Springfield, Mass.	Aug. 21 to 24
Belchester, N.Y.	3d week in Aug.
Prophetstown, Ill.	2d "
Skilwa, Ill.	2d "
Utica, N.Y.	3d "
Arville, Ill.	4th "

CANADIAN.

Windsor, Ont.	May 23 to 24
Windsor (Opening)	May 24
Windsor (Local)	May 24
Windsor	May 24
Woodstock	May 24
Windsor (Local)	May 24
Windsor	May 24 to 25
Windsor	July 2 to 3
Windsor, I. p. Park	June 18 to 20
Windsor	July 2 to 3
Windsor	July 2 to 4
Windsor (Local)	July 2
Windsor	Sept-

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any person or persons who takes a paper regularly from a Post Office, whether in his name or another's, or whether subscribed or not, is responsible for payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and then collect the whole amount, and the paper is taken from the office.

3. The Courts have decided that refusing to pay for newspapers or periodicals from the post office, or removing and leaving them uncollected, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

THE POOL BILL.

The bill to suppress Betting and Pool has passed through Committee on Thursday.

holder under the clause of the Bill permitting him to do so, would be a greater punishment than the penalty which would be likely to be inflicted on the one holding the money; while anything bearing the semblance of the human form which would present a gentleman for simply making a memorandum of a wager, is a something that can hardly have an existence. The idea of such a being is too repugnant to be ever entertained.

On the plea of equal punishment the penalty for betting on a speed contest or a trial of skill or endurance has been placed at an outside limit of \$1,000, or one year in gaol at hard labour. But where this equity exists is rather difficult of comprehension when a man can bet his money against faro, roulette, or any other species of gambling game at the risk of from \$20 to \$100. This certainly looks like an unfair discrimination in favour of the most dangerous systems of gambling.

Again, the common law protects a stakeholder under certain circumstances, as has been shown in these columns, in suits instituted for the recovery of stakes, and whether this *status* is destroyed by Mr. Blake's Bill or *vice versa* is a subject for discussion by gentlemen learned in the law rather than in the editorial columns of a sporting journal.

A GOOD MOVE.

From the Western papers we learn that an effort is being made to pass a bill in the Legislature of Illinois, having for its object the licensing of stallions devoted to stock purposes for whose services a fee is demanded. In this way, it is deemed, the standard of equine excellence in the State would be raised, and, consequently, increased prices could be secured. In connection with the bill in question it is intended to exclude all horses from the benefit of obtaining a license that are constitutionally unsound, a merit in the law which will be at once recognized by the considerate breeder. If the movement should be successful, and the bill become law, there will be a great weeding out of unsound and unworthy sires, as it is proposed to make the fee of such an amount as to exclude any but first class horses being able, with any reasonable expectation of a remunerative business, to obtain a license. It might be said the owners of the better class of horses are strongly in favor of the provisions of the contemplated law, while any opposition that has been evinced has been from an entirely different class of horsemen. The same feeling would be likely to be found in this country. However, it certainly comes within the province of our law-makers to legislate on this matter, and the policy of doing so for the general good of the country can hardly be questioned. On the continent of Europe such a law is in force in some of the countries, and it is said to be attended with great benefits. There is probably no country in the world where such an enactment is more required than in Canada. Although we have numerous fine sires here, still they are numerically overpowered by a horde of worthless mongrels who are totally unfit for the purpose for which they are used. A spirit of false economy is the sustaining power of this miserable lot, and the owners of truly good horses are placed at a disadvantage in the competition which is difficult to overcome.

WHO THE SUFFERERS ARE.

Among the many who are entitled to the good opinions of the Canadian people, their are not many sections of our population who have so many claims as the class who are

ener, prices will go down, and the demand will, to a great extent, cease. And to foster high breeding, it is necessary that the inducement of racing should be cultivated, as only in this way can the competition which stimulates commendable rivalry be maintained. The reputation of breeding a winner enhances the value of the rest of the stock raised by his producer, and offers a premium for further operations with the expectation of better results.

But the tendency of our present legislation, as shown by the introduction of the Betting and Pool Bill of Mr. Blake, is to throw every obstacle in the way of the cultivation of this enterprise. If it should become engrossed on our statute book, the demand for the highest type of the horse will be absent, and as a sequence the production will cease, as an animal of an inferior standard would meet the requirements of the buyer. In this way the quality would gradually become inferior from the lack of the necessary stimulus—a good market—to produce it. The premium on quality being withheld by our Driving Park Associations, would divert the taste, and the thoroughbred racer or fast trotter would be of secondary value. In England the breeding of the thoroughbred is fostered by Governmental aid, and every inducement offered to perpetuate the high standard of equine excellence there, and increase it if possible. But here the opposite spirit seems to govern. The passage of the Betting and Pool Bill will reduce materially the value of the better class of horses, and those who have embarked in the business of horse-breeding, be their enterprise large or small, will be the principal sufferers. A shrinkage in value to them means a great loss to the country. The horse interest at present is a great one in Canada, with prospects of being immeasurably increased. But the bonus offered by racing premiums at present has had much to do with arriving at this position; withdraw this and a great cause of production is lost.

Simple as this Pool question appears to be, there is not a man in the country who breeds a horse but is directly interested in it. No class of men have so much cause to regret its introduction into the halls of our Legislature, or to hurl their maledictions at the heads of the representatives who are supporting its passage, as the breeders of good horses, and it will only be a short time, if the Bill should pass into effect, until the general expression will be found to coincide with the sentiments here expressed.

INTERNATIONAL VETERINARY COURTESY.

At the supper on the conclusion of the examination of the students of the Ontario Veterinary College, Mr. Donaldson proposed the toast of the Ontario Veterinary College, and accompanied therewith the name of Prof. Smith, the Principal. The latter gentleman, in reply, referred to the origin of the College and the success which had attended his humble efforts to raise and uphold the profession in Canada. He also spoke of the good feeling which existed among his colleagues and students. Prof. Smith then proposed the toast of the American Veterinary College, coupling with it the name of its Principal, Prof. Liantard, who is doing good service in raising the standard of the profession in the neighboring Republic. The toast was drunk with the greatest enthusiasm, showing the friendly feeling existing towards the efforts of our American neighbors in the veterinary art, and was eloquently responded to by Mr. M. Stalker, of Iowa. It is a happy indication when such fraternal feelings are exhibited between institutions of this character, and the absence of unseemly rivalry can only result in benefit to the colleges in question, and the

Sporting Gossip.

Mr. John Scales, of this city, sold his well-known roadster Ed. Bright, last week, to Mr. Chas. Brown, boot and shoe dealer, Toronto, for \$300. The sale was made through the advertisement in the SPORTING TIMES.

Mr. Archie Fisher is handling at the old Newmarket track, near this city, the hurlers Kelso and Katie P. Besides these two he is giving preparatory lessons to a fine black colt by Leamington, 4 years old. All the stock look well.

\$380 is the amount to be run for in the different races at Mitchell, Ont., in the opening of the new track, May 21. The contests will be purely local.

Mr. Pete McEwen, of McKillop, recently purchased from Mr. Horton, of Osborne, a two-year old draught colt by imported Enterprise, for \$600. The youngster weighs 1,490 lbs.

Mr. Dennison, of Perth, arrived in Winnipeg on April 2, with 18 horses he had taken from Ontario.

Mr. Thos. Connors' new Windsor Hotel, in Cobourg, is about ready for occupation.

The Brampton Driving Park Association intend to give some local races over their beautiful half-mile track on May 24. And still they come.

The Spring Meeting of the Montreal Hunt Club will be held on June 3.

Mr. John Forbes, of Woodstock, is reported to have purchased from Messrs. Burgess & Forbes, of the same place, the race horses Paladin and Van Dorn.

Mr. Charley Wise, the well-known jockey, has returned from Philadelphia where he has been spending the winter.

Mr. John Fitzimmons, the Ottawa trainer, has commenced working his charges at the capital.

At the annual meeting of the Simcoe turf club the following officers were elected:—President, Wm Todd, Esq; Vice-President, Jas S Dean, Esq; Treasurer, John Williamson, Esq; Directors, Asa A Purcell, George Battersby, A Hart, John Nicholson, W H Adams, and B F Chadwick.

Lake Breeze Driving Park, at Kincardine Ont., will be opened on May 23 and 24, and the inaugural bill will consist of two running races and four trots for classes from 8:10 to 2:35.

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St. Joe, the Blackwood stallion at Guelph, took first prize at Waterloo on the 11th for the best roadster of any age, and on the following day was placed first and a diploma at Galt for the best road or carriage stallion of any age.

Old Mr. Jones is working Caractacus and Leshoville Girl to polo at Woodbine, and they make a royal team to sit behind.

Phil Sheridan's book being full for the present season his advertisement, in consequence, has been withdrawn. It is his owners' intention to trot him in the Grand Circuit this year, and he will probably put in an appearance at the Readers' Meeting. After this season it is proposed to retire him from the turf.

The Rod and Gun, New York, says: "Betting has the sanction of antiquity, and is a sort of warranty for the sincerity of a man's convictions on any given subject. 'Put up, or shut up,' is not logical nor convincing, but it has a purpose and a meaning."

Mr. Charley Boyle talks of coming to Woodbine to work his stable this year.

"It is only sufficient to mention the name of Mr. Collins as Manager of the Sweep as a guarantee that it will be conducted in that fair and impartial manner, which characterizes all the dealings of that gentleman."—Toronto Observer.

The Pool Bill is stuck in the Senate in New York State where it is likely to remain.

It is said the Woodstock Association will not give their meeting if the Betting and Pool Bill of Mr. Blake passes.

London turfites are waiting to see which way the cat will jump with the Pool Bill before committing themselves.

Attention is directed to the announcements of some very superior horses to be sold at Grand's big sale on the 24th inst. Slap Bang an imported thoroughbred stallion, of fine breeding and large size; a lot of Gold Dust stallions fresh from the Blue Grass regions of Kentucky; the speedy Province-bred Islander; and last though not least the valuable trotting horse Grey Eddie, who can speed in 2:30 or better, and is one of the best money horses in Canada.

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We would call the attention of all our citizens who interest themselves in sporting matters to the magnificent case of Breech Loading Gun Implements, now displayed in the window of Mr. J. L. Rawbans's store, at 123 Yonge St. These goods are entirely of his own manufacture, and are of the same class of work that he is constantly turning out to supply wholesale dealers, both here and in the States, who have hitherto been obliged to import from Europe. The articles compare most favorably, both in design and finish, with any imported manufactures, besides which, they embrace several important improvements, and also new implements which are not to be met with in the markets of the Old Country. We notice various forms of



Kearney (Ont.)	May 23 to 24
Mitchell (Ontario)	May 24
Brantford (Local)	May 24
Whitby	May 24
Woodstock	May 24
Dundas (Local)	May 24 to 25
Wingham	May 24 to 25
Prescott	July 2 to 3
Montreal (Local)	June 18 to 20
Peterborough	July 2 to 3
Hamilton	July 2 to 4
Mt. Forest (Local)	July 2
Mt. Forest	Sept—

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THE POOL BILL.

Mr. Blake's Bill to repress Betting and Pool Selling passed through Committee on Thursday evening of last week, without any amendments. There is now every prospect it will become law in the obnoxious shape in which it was first presented. When men are so blinded by prejudice as they appear to have been in this case, argument or representation is lost upon them, and any considerations to the great interests indirectly involved in the passage of the Bill are wilfully overlooked. The damage it will inflict can not now be estimated; but it will only be a short time before those who have been so extremely active in securing the passage of this restrictive law will discover what a sad mistake has been made; an error reparable only by time, when public opinion will come to look upon the law as harsh and unnecessary, and then its penalty will be a dead letter. Pool selling, in all probability, required regulating, and its prohibition in political elections would have been deemed expedient by all classes. But extending the repression to the race course was an uncalled for restriction, and a measure that will fail to meet with the sympathies of those who would have been pleased to see the unbridled license re-  
 The provisions of the Bill having reference to private watering and penalizing stakeholders are so excessively severe that they will prove their own corrective, and in these respects it is more than probable the Bill will have no new effect. The odium which would be attached to any person who might take proceedings against a stake-

holder, even if it were not a merit in the law which will be at once recognized by the considerate breeder. If the movement should be successful, and the bill become law, there will be a great weeding out of unsound and unworthy sires, as it is proposed to make the fee of such an amount as to exclude any but first class horses being able, with any reasonable expectation of a remunerative business, to obtain a license. It might be said the owners of the better class of horses are strongly in favor of the provisions of the contemplated law, while any opposition that has been needed has been from an entirely different class of horsemen. The same feeling would be likely to be found in this country. However, it is not only coming within the province of our law-makers to legislate on this matter, and the policy of doing so for the general good of the country can hardly be questioned. On the continent of Europe such a law is in force in some of the countries, and it is said to be attended with great benefits. There is probably no country in the world where such an enactment is more required than in Canada. Although we have numerous fine sires here, still they are numerically overpowered by a horde of worthless mongrels who are totally unfit for the purpose for which they are used. A spirit of false economy is the sustaining power of this miserable law, and the owners of truly good horses are placed at a disadvantage in the competition which is difficult to overcome.

WHO THE SUFFERERS ARE.

Among the many who are entitled to the good opinions of the Canadian people, there are not many sections of our population who have so many claims as the class who are and have been devoting themselves so earnestly to the improvement of the breed of horses. So far the investment has not proved a very remunerative one, and if it were not for the love of the thing, the financial results would long since have made its existence a thing of the past. It, however, may be said, of late years the prospect has been more encouraging, and there has been a possibility of making it at once a pleasant and a profitable business. The advantage to the country of a superior class of horses is not confined to the particular section in which they may be bred, but their influence radiates throughout the whole Dominion and penetrates into every locality. Within comparatively a short time our horsemen and breeders have assumed the risk and expense of importing quite a number of horses of the highest grade obtainable, with the laudable determination of elevating the standard of excellence in this department of national industry. Every thing commenced to look favorable, a demand had been created for fast speed, road, and saddle horses, the sources of supply were being extended, and the popular taste for high bred stock cultivated. Prices have advanced, due to a great extent to the increased excellence of the production, aided by the foreign demand. It is admitted on all hands that breeding for speed is the controlling power in developing the excellence of the horse, remove this lever and deterioration is sure to follow. This retrograde movement, once permitted to have an exist-

ence, and a great cause of production is lost. Simple as this Pool question appears to be, there is not a man in the country who breeds a horse but is directly interested in it. No class of men have so much cause to regret its introduction into the halls of our Legislature, or to hurl their maledictions at the heads of the representatives who are supporting its passage, as the breeders of good horses, and it will only be a short time, if the Bill should pass into effect, until the general expression will be found to coincide with the sentiments here expressed.

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FROM HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, N. S., April 17, '77.

To the Editor of the Sporting Times:

SIR—Our base ball and cricket clubs are now reorganizing for the summer season, and will be able to give a good account of themselves during the coming season. The Blues, Acadia, Young Halifax, Blue Caps, and Red Stockings lately held meetings and elected officers.

Notwithstanding our proximity to the great 'baseball nation' the good old English game of cricket still holds its own, and is far more popular (especially among the fair sex) than baseball. The old favourites who defeated the 87th officers last year, viz., 'The Phoenix,' will be the strongest Cricket Club in the Maritime Provinces. The 'New Victorias' will also be able to put out a strong team in the field. It is strange that no one should have thought about organizing a lacrosse club, and introduce to this city the national game of Canada.

The fishing season promises to be far more prolific than at any former period. Our lakes are teeming with fine trout.

There is nothing new respecting the proposed race between Wallace Ross of New Brunswick and Warron Smith of this city, but in a couple of weeks I trust to be able to report something definite. If Ross will not row Hanlan why don't Hanlan challenge Warron Smith?

Manager Nannery will open in the Academy of Music about the first of May with a new stock company.

Yours, etc.,  
 BLUE NOSE.

At the annual meeting of the Simcoe turf club the following officers were elected:— President, Wm Todd, Esq; Vice-President, Jas S Dean, Esq; Treasurer, John Williamson, Esq; Directors, Asa A Prsell, George Battersby, A Hart, John Nicerson, W H Adams, and B F Chadwick.

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Mr. L. Ostrum is working his horses at Woodbine. Just now he has only two—Henry R. and the grey gelding Detective. Before the season opens he intends to have two or three more.

Dr. Somerville, V.S., of Buffalo, N.Y., recently sold to Mr. C. Mason, of Tiptonsmith, Ont., and Mr. Hawkshaw, of Exter, two Clydesdale stallions. One weighed 1,720 lbs. and the other 1,750 lbs. The considerations were not made public.

Mr. Rich. Lowell (a son of Mr. Frank Lowell, Galt), of New York, an able trainer, has recently invented and patented a water hook for the check rein used in driving horses. It is highly spoken of by the American press, and also by leading horsemen who have used it. It holds the rein positively secure, and does away with such uncertain appliances as corks, strings, &c.

Mr. Geo. Palmer, of Scarborough, is working his promising five-year-old trotter Sarah Palmer, at Woodbine. He thinks she will make some of the green ones travel to give her dust.

It is reported that the Dundas Driving Park Association is likely to find its way into the Court of Chancery for final dissolution. It is to be hoped that whatever may come of the Association, the track will be maintained for its original purpose—being one of the prettiest, best, and fastest in the country.

Higgins has accepted Boyd's *defi*, and will row the latter for the championship of England on the 28th.

Phil Sheridan colts are in demand. Within the last week or so three have been sold out of St. Lawrence County, N. Y. Big Valley Chief, no record though very fast, \$1,000; Helen Mar, no record, \$800; and Hiram Woodruff, 2:26, consideration private. All went East, to Boston and vicinity.

fine breeding and large size; a lot of Gold East stallions fresh from the Blue Grass regions of Kentucky; the speedy Province-bred Islander; and last though not least the valuable trotting horse Grey Eddie, who can speed in 2:30 or better, and is one of the best money horses in Canada.

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FROM CHATHAM.

CHATHAM, April 11, '77.

The Editor of Sporting Times:

DEAR SIR,—I will now comply with the request you made in your issue of March 30th, in which you ask owners and trainers to give you a list of the horses in their charge. That you may more fully understand what we have in the way of horse flesh at Chatham, I will describe some of the most noted horses. That you and your readers may the better know where we live when we are at home, I would say that Chatham is a town having a population of about 10,000, and is the county seat of Kent Co., which is said to be one of the best farming sections in Canada. Chatham is located at the head of navigation on the Thames, and is forty-five miles distant from Detroit, and sixty-six miles west of London; the Great Western R. R. passes through it, and the Canada Southern R. R. passes within six miles, and is now connected by stage, but is likely to soon be connected by a branch of the main road, or one of the many other roads talked of that are expected to cross it in the neighborhood of Charing Cross. Our track is two miles west of the town, on the River Road, and is a mile one, lacking forty-three feet. When we have races we start the horses forty-three feet back of the judges' stand, which at the out come makes them trot the full mile. Had our track a few hundred dollars spent on it in grading, it would be one of the best in Canada, from the fact that their is no better soil in the world. It is a black loam having a clay bottom with a little sprinkling of sand. Had the Apostle Stephen lived in these parts he would never have come to his death from being stoned, for their is not sufficient stone, unless they have been shipped here, to build a vault for a ship monk. I have worked horses on many different tracks in the States and in Canada, and have never found one that sores them so little as this. It seldom requires harrowing to soften it, and when in does, a very little answers. I have been, the past two years, and will continue to be in the coming season, the lessee of this, the General Springs Driving Park. Our Association has not yet concluded to hold a spring meeting. And in case they do not, I intend to give a meeting for local horses, and may have some of the races open. Chatham has never been noted as being the home of a fast trotter, yet there has been a number of good horses raised and owned here. Many strangers as well as persons here wonder how it is that Chatham never owned a trotter that became noted by his getting a good record while owned here. The main cause exists in the fact that no Chatham horse owner has ever bought and brought to this place a speedy horse. Further, it is a fact that it has always been the case here that as soon as a horse showed any signs of speed he has been sold to parties that took him away. Some horses show speed very quickly, while others require time to develop them, and all require time to make race horses of them. Chatham horsemen are not good stayers, and have formerly trained up their horses to that point where they should commence to make them some money, and then sold them. In this way they have always paid the fiddler and let others dance, and get the profit of the ball. The noted mare Mollie Morris was owned and trained here until she commenced to show speed, then sold, and now she stands with a record of 2:22, having won as much money for her owners as almost any other trotter in the country. She is but a Canadian pony, yet she is the wonder of the world, for no other horse of her size has ever trotted as fast as she has to my knowledge; and all her Chatham owner got for her was \$150. Mr. Lee's horse, Little Ethan, was raised and trained here, until he could trot in 2:40, and then sold for the nominal sum of \$400, and some say less. He has proved himself to be one of the best and gamest trotting horses in Canada, and has won a great deal of money for his owner, and is liable yet to show much better time than he has showed if he ever gets his head. I bought a green horse here in 1865, that was working on a farm; at the time he showed me 2:40 in three weeks handling, and I sold him to a New York party and never heard of him since. No doubt he made a good horse if he met with no accident. I also bought a green pacer here in 1865 that, I afterwards called Chatham Planet, and gave her a record of 2:39. She was a very fast mare, showed a quarter in :33 once. I sold her to a party that took her to New Orleans. I could name a number of other good horses that have been raised here, if time and space would permit. Horse owners here have begun to see that it requires a stayer to make any money out of trot horses. And to-day I can safely say that Chatham has as many good green horses as any town in Canada.

Mr. John Northwood has some forty odd head of horses, most of them young and green. The first that I will name among his lot is the gray gelding Tricatrine; he is 15-8 high, has no record, and can beat 2:40 any day over a good track, is seven years old next May. I have been jogging him during the past winter, and, barring acci-

iron of Middle Park, England; was imported by Mr. D. D. Withers of New York, and by him sold to Mr. Fairbanks. He is a large, fine specimen of the thoroughbred horse, and has produced some fine-looking colts since he has been here. By reference to his pedigree it will be seen he is one of the best bred horses in Canada. He also owns a five year old entire horse by the name of Stranger; he showed well as a four-year-old, and is quite speedy now. You may hear of him in your Stallion Race. He also has two mares, by Stranger, that have had but little handling, but he tells me they show considerable speed.

Mr. John Mercer, Sheriff of Kent Co., owns the brown mare, Brown Kate. She has quite a local reputation as a trotter, and is a powerful mare with great staying qualities. She has never got a better record than 2:52, but can beat 2:45. He also owns a green horse that has had but little handling that can trot in the forties; he is of Royal George stock, and is one of the finest road horses that Chatham can boast of. The Sheriff prefers to use him alongside of his mate, who is a good stepper and can show a three minute gait.

Mr. Thomas Brady, a cattle dealer, owns a black mare, Fannie Gould; she is half-sister to the trotting horse J. E. Boyle. She has had but little training, and can trot close to 2:45. He also has a fast green pacer and some other green horses.

Mr. George Richardson owns two good green horses; report says that one of them is speedy and may be heard from before the season is over; the other is green, and, as I never saw him, speed I cannot say how fast.

Mr. John Pierce, of the Depot Hotel, has some green ones. One of them I know to be a good one, for I handled him last year, and consequently know what I speak of. He is likely to show up the coming summer, and if he does he will make it hot for some of the three minutes.

Mr. Peter McKellar has a number of well-bred green trotters; one four-year-old, by Winfield Scott, being a very promising colt.

Mr. John Smith has some fine colts by Fearnaught and Young Stranger.

Mr. William Gray, our noted carriage manufacturer, has some green horses; one of them a fast pacer.

Mr. Samuel Ferrin, of the Royal Exchange Hotel, drives the speedy little pacer Gay Deceiver.

Mr. E. J. Roach, of the Rankin House, drives a thoroughbred mare brought to this place from New York, where, it is said, she showed 2:36. He captured Mr. Miller and others of our horsemen in a dash down King street last winter, and, although he got the glory, it cost him a bill at the Police Magistrate's office.

Mr. Garner, proprietor of the Garner House, owns a fine black mare and says he knows she has speed, either at a trotting or a running gait, but he is unable to find out the gait in which the speed lies.

Mr. Joseph Eberts owns one of the best styled teams of ponies in Canada; one of them has shown 2:36 and her mate somewhere in the forties. They are well mated in color and size, dapple browns, with fine tails and manes.

Mr. Thomas McCormack, trainer, has in charge Mr. George Richardson's and Mr. P. McKellar's horses, and is now jogging them on the road preparatory to taking them on the track, which will be in shape to go to work on this week, and then he expects to get some more horses into his stable. He and myself are the only trainers here now having any horses in charge, and owing to the track not being in shape to work on until now, and partially owing to my having too weights on the brain, I have got but three horses in my stable yet. I have Tricatrine and a green horse owned by Mr. William A. Owen of Detroit, Mich. I have also a five-year-old entire horse, by Stranger, that I own myself; he never saw a track until last May, and showed well down in the forties last fall. He is level-headed and big-gaited, strides from 18 to 19 feet, and, owing to the great staying qualities, he has shown me, I imagine, I have a trotter, barring accidents. He was sired by the pacer horse Stranger, he by old Stranger of Ohio. Stranger was brought from Ohio to Chatham during 1869; kept here two years, was not regularly travelled, but sired while here some ten or twelve colts. He paced several good races here, showed in a private trial 2:28, was afterwards taken back to the States, and is now, I am told, in Kansas. Almost all of his colts that have ever been handled have showed considerable speed at a trotting gait; some of them are inclined to pace, but all take to trotting quite easily. There are three entire horses here by Stranger, the oldest one is seven this spring, and, I think, they would have a good show to beat any other three entire horses, that have no records, sired by one horse bred in Canada, that are no older than they are. Any one knowing of three similar horses, and desiring to trot them, would likely be able to get on some matches if he will make himself known.

There are quite a number more horses I have engaged to take in charge as soon as the season fairly opens. I expect to have the well-known

THE BETTING BILL AT ALBANY.

This foolish and pernicious measure is still pending before our legislators at Albany, and as it menaces the property and interests of thousands of the best men in the State, and proposes to cripple and confine the personal liberties of the enjoyment of their favorite recreations, it ought not to pass in its present illiberal and tyrannical shape. All the principle and all the reasoning are against this mischievous and bad measure as it now stands. The arguments of Mr. Belmont, Mr. Travers, Mr. Jerome, Mr. Charles Woolley (President of the National Board of Appeals), and of the gentlemen who represented the great trotting associations of the State were absolutely unanswerable. On the other side, there was nothing but the childish drivel of old Mr. Hogeboom, whose only point was that the Watertown Association did not want pool-selling. The pertinent and conclusive reply came from the gentleman who represented the Buffalo Association: "If the Watertown Association does not want pool-selling, it has full power to prohibit it without any Act of the Legislature." This is the gist of the matter. The Associations have now, and ought to have, the power to decide this question for themselves. But this does not suit the promoters of the bill, because their object is unwarrantable interference with other people who are quite as virtuous and respectable as themselves, and a good deal more liberal and wise. But all the arguments made had no apparent effect upon the committee, and we shall at some future time give the reasons why it was impregnable to the appeals of principle and sense. Two of our neighbors continue to write themselves down asses in regard to this bill. One of them finds the subscribers whose property has been imperiled and whose character has been assailed by his raving nonsense about this matter leaving his publication, and he now complains that they are dishonest men.

Nothing can be less true. They are men of high character and honorable sentiments, and lack of our neighbor's "instinct" for pandering to ignorance and fanatical meddling does not make them dishonest. Another of our neighbors now perceives that there is neither justice nor necessity for the application of this bill to respectable associations, but he thinks that the latter ought to have discouraged pool-selling in towns. In the name of common sense, what power had the racing associations over pool-selling on elections, etc., in towns? He has done all the harm he can by his clamor for this bill, he has furnished the false pretence upon which the Legislature is expected to proceed, and now he expects the people he has betrayed and injured to be consoled by his hypocritical twaddle about morals and the Christian religion. These things are irrelevant to the matter in hand. There is no question of morals or religion involved. It is solely one of expediency and public policy. Our neighbor mistakes the essence of morals and of Christianity, just as the Pharisees did about eighteen hundred and forty years ago. A man need not be a blockhead and a persecuting, meddlesome fellow, in order to fill the exalted, and always respected, character of a sincere Christian. Then again, our neighbor's morals will not be a bit better after this bill passes than they have been hitherto; and, as we said once before, his hopes of being reformed by means of an act of the Assembly are fallacious.—New York Sportsman.

Amusements.

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 PURPLE 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 April 1st, 1877, 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

The opening of the Queen's has been postponed until Monday evening next.

Mr. Ben. G. Rogers has withdrawn from the Grand Opera House Company, and will probably be attached to the Academy of Music, Buffalo, for the coming season.

Mr. A. W. Gregory, of the Grand, has just been engaged by Manager Lempert, of the Rochester, N. Y. Opera House, for the coming season, as low comedian. During Mr. G.'s short stay here he has made many friends, who will wish him his share of success in his new home.

GENERAL.

MONTREAL.—The distinguished American actress Miss Rose Eytling commenced an engagement at the Academy of Music on Monday.

HAMILTON.—Mr. John E. Owens, two nights at Mechanics' Hall, on Tuesday and Wednesday, 24 and 25, the first night's bill being The Rivals, and second night's, The Victims and Solon Shingle.—Announced, May 7th and 8th, Sothorn; 11th, Garrick Club; 16th, Madam Rentz's Fernalo Minstrels.

KINGSTON.—Gowan's Minstrels, 19th.

OTTAWA.—Gowan's Opera House is under the ban of the Chief of the Fire Brigade, who claims it is insufficiently protected from fire. The matter has been referred to a special committee of the City Council.

DUNDAS.—Royal Star Dramatic Co., with Miss Sophie Miles as the stellar attraction, at Town Hall, on Friday and Saturday, May 4 and 5.

BRAMPTON.—Blind Tom at Concert Hall, April 20.

COLLINGWOOD.—An amateur dramatic company has been formed here.

(ADVERTISEMENT.)  
DERBY SWEEPS.

Among the many popular methods of investing money on the great English event, there is none so extensively patronized, or so universally used as the sweep system. By this means an investor of a small sum stands to win a large amount. The principle of the practice will be readily understood by the following explanation. Let it be assumed that a sweep of \$1,000 is contemplated. A certain number of tickets would be sold at a uniform price, say \$4 each, which would represent 250 tickets. These tickets are numbered separately. Assuming all the tickets are sold at the time of the drawing, which is a short time before the race takes place, numbers corresponding with the tickets sold are put in one wheel, and the names of the horses entered in another. Then a number is drawn out of its wheel, and a slip of paper with the name of the horse out of the other. The horse drawn corresponding with the number of the ticket drawn belongs, as it were, to the purchaser of that ticket, and the drawing is continued in this way until exhausted. The money accruing from the tickets is divided into certain prizes to the horses placed and starting in the race. The holder of the ticket drawing the winning horse would receive the first premium, and so with the second and third horses, while the holders of a ticket which had drawn a horse that came to the post would receive a dividend of the amount devoted for that purpose. Let us say in the sweep above illustrated the winner would receive \$400; 2nd, \$200; 3rd, \$100; then \$300 would remain to be divided among the other starters. Allowing there were twenty-three started, then a ticket on a horse that started, if he was not placed, would be worth \$15. A per centage of the prizes is deducted to meet the expenses of the sweep, which is retained by the manager when paying the premiums. In case the total number of tickets are not sold, the drawing goes on all the same, but the premiums are paid pro rata in proportion to the number disposed of. All through the English colonies these sweeps are immensely popular, and there is scarcely a city in the empire but has one or more.

\$5,000.

The "Canadian Sporting Times"



GREY EDDIE.

This well-known trotting horse, 9 years old, 15-8; beautiful silver grey; record 2:37, can speed in 2:30 or better; perfectly sound and kind, will be sold at

GRAND'S SALE, April 24th.

ISLANDER.

This well-known Province-bred race horse, 6 years old, by Jack Lane, dam by Saladin; the fastest half-mile Province-bred in Canada, and reliable up to all distances, will be sold at

GRAND'S SALE, APRIL 24.

AUCTION SALE

Thoroughbred Imported English Stallion

SLAP BANG.

winner of 20 races in England. Slap Bang, by Arthur Wollady, out of Satony, by Orlando winner of the Derby, is a beautiful brown, 16 hands, and will be sold at

GRAND'S SALE, April 24th.

AUCTION SALE

Kentucky Stallions, to arrive on Saturday from Kentucky. Six three-year-old

GOLD DUST Stallions.

For style, action, symmetry and speed, are unsurpassed in America. To be sold at

GRAND'S SALE, April 24th.

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PRICE, 20 CTS. EACH.

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GREAT EASTERN,

The Mammoth Trotter, 2:19.

THIN BROCK,

The Great Four-Mile Runner, 7:16 1/2

Also, Goldsmith Maid, to sulky, 2:14; Lula, to sulky, 2:15; Smuggler, to sulky, 2:15 1/2; American Girl, 2:16; Occident, 2:16 1/2; Hopful, 2:17; Dexter, 2:17 1/2; Lady Maud, 2:18; Bodine, 2:19; Lucy, 2:18 1/2; Judge Fullerton, 2:18; Flora Temple, 2:19; Ethan Allan and running mate, 2:15; Gloster, 2:17; Bella, 2:22; Barna, 2:20; Governor Sprague, 2:20 1/2; Sam Purdy, 2:20 1/2; Blackwood, Jr., 2:22 1/2; Huntress, three miles, 7:21 1/2; Sensation, 2:22 1/2; Red Cloud, 2:18; Mambrino Gift, 2:20; Fleety Goldust, 2:20; Camors, 2:19 1/2; Nettie, 2:18; Dexter against Butler; Dexter against Ethan Allen; Smuggler against Fullerton; Goldsmith Maid against Lucy. Also the running horses Harry Bassett, Longfellow, Tom Bowling, and Bassett against Longfellow.

Six of paper, 13 1/2 x 17 1/2. Price, 20 cents each, six for \$1. Sent per mail, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address

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Miscellaneous.

When grandeur is lost, what becomes of the rest of the harness?

A whale ninety-six feet in length was recently captured at Schooner Pond, C.B. having been driven ashore by the ice.

An excellent old deneon, who, having won a fine turkey at a charity raffle, didn't like to tell his severe orthodox wife how he came by it. He quietly remarked, as he handed her the turkey, that the "Shakers gave it to him."

The usual spring flight of pigeons has commenced. Immense flocks are reported on the west side of Lake Erie, and doubtless ere long sportsmen in this vicinity will have their eyes gladdened by the sight of large numbers of those savory birds.

Lady Graceful, bred by Mr. Booth, of England, and imported by Hon. M. H. Cochrane, of Canada, at a cost of \$6,000 in gold, having proved to be barren, was sold a short time ago by Mr. B. F. Vanmeter, as agent for Mr. Cochrane to P. B. Clark & Co., for \$67, and butchered by them. She was very fat and made a royal beef.

One of the curiosities of our coast is a mammoth frog, which was exhibited recently at the New Orleans and Mobile depot. Several river men declared that it was the largest frog ever known to exist anywhere in our swamps and bayous. It is estimated that its weight is at least two hundred pounds. It was found under the wharf, at the foot of Government street—*Mobile Paper*

Miss Annie Goodall, an actress, died in London, about a month ago. A late report says: "Up to yesterday she was not buried. The corpse is warm and limp, and the features as soft and mobile as when in life. Several doctors have examined her, and have ordered that the body shall be watched night and day. The poor lady is evidently in a trance, but whether she is destined to come to life it is impossible to say."

A few days ago the foundation stone of a church of England was being laid, when the gentleman officiating discovered that he had closed the bottle intended to be placed in the corner stone without putting all the necessary cement into it. He asked if any one had a cork-screw, and instantly every clergyman and most of the deacons put a hand into his pocket in search of one.

Captain Joseph Ellsworth, of New York, and the Sailing Committee of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, to whom was referred the disputed yacht race between the Ino and Frolic at Chicago last year, have decided that the race was wrongly awarded to the Frolic, and that the Canadian yacht won.

At the concert in the Town Hall, in St. Marys, on Tuesday night, a lamp was thrown on a table upon the floor, when it broke and the oil spread over the platform. Considerable excitement was created. If the fire had not been smothered by matting being thrown upon it, serious consequences might have resulted. Fortunately none of the burning fluid was near any of the ladies' dresses, else some of them might have been seriously injured.

Kate Claxton will please notice that the abductions of the *Edinra Gazette* calls her the Great American salamander.

Sardines are being caught with nets in St. John's Harbor. There will be very little red fish to be seen in New Brunswick before the 15th of June.

Captain Boynton has crossed the Straits of Messina, passing successfully through Seylla and Scylla during the prevalence of a severe gale, which caused the destruction of one of the accompanying vessels.

The ten-ton centrifugal yacht which Captain Gaultier, of Toronto, has just completed is for Mr. John Bell of Belleville. Work will at once be commenced on another yacht which Mr. Gaultier intends building for himself.

A Wood Duck. An Escabana (Michigan) correspondent of Forest and Stream says that a wood duck was shot there last fall—perfectly white, the only duck being behind the gun. The hood was almost transparent. It was a two-year-old duck.

The San Antonio California news is reported to be a story that a shower of diamonds fell from the sky on Dr. Jones' ranch, near that place, near a mountain. The lady of the house, occupying the ranch captured up a number of the diamonds. They were of various sizes and shapes.

A WOMAN WHO WAS A JOCKEY.

There is a tradition in Yorkshire of a clever jockey who was a girl, but so far as we can learn it is only a tradition. We may, however, record that a lady twice rode in matches on a public race-course. This was Mrs. Colonel Thornton, and the races were run at Doncaster. The lady won one of the races although she had for her opponents the best horseman of his day—Francis Buckle. The lady's horse was called Louisa, the horse ridden by the jockey was named Allegro. About half-past 3 o'clock on the 23rd of September, 1805, the match came off, Mrs. Thornton appearing in a purple jacket and cap, nankin riding-shirt and embroidered stockings, with purple satin shoes. At starting Louisa took the lead and made the running for a considerable way, when Allegro went up and headed her off a few lengths. The lady then challenged Buckle, and after a pretty contest won the race in good style. Her bold and excellent riding elicited the admiration of the assembled thousands. The race was for a cup of the value of £700. The lady had previously ridden in a match of which a description is given in the annals of "Racing in Yorkshire." Her dress on that occasion it minutely described, particularly her *chausure*; white silk stockings, with satin shoes, having buckles of solid gold, ornamented with diamonds. Buckle, who opposed the lady, was a successful and hard-working jockey; from the year 1788 to 1881 he was indeed the horseman of the day.

BASE BALL CONTROVERSY.

The London Free Press says: "The Maple Leafs, of Guelph (prof.) have been nicely culled out of their championship! They are the only club entered for the Canadian professional pennant this year, and if they can't do anything else they can turn around and beat themselves! They ought not to squall at the end of this season, surely, although the Atlantics (amateurs) of this burg may give them a hard tussle for the flag!" To which the Guelph Herald says: "The Free Press need not alarm itself about the Maple Leafs being culled out of the championship, for whether the Tecumseh play or not, the Maple Leafs will fly the pennant for 1877. If the Tecumseh do not intend to play this year with the Maple Leafs they should say so plainly. Of course this would not suit them, for they wish the public to believe that they are able to whip the Maple Leafs. This is not the case. The Maple Leafs throw down the gauntlet and dare the Tecumseh to combat. If they do not accept the public will know, as it already suspects, that they are cowards. As was said before, the Maple Leafs will have the championship this year, Tecumseh or no Tecumseh."

PECULIAR METHODS OF FISHING.

Our much-berated, almond-eyed friends, the simple, childlike and bland Celestials, have ways essentially their own for capturing the finny inhabitants of the shallower streams. In places where the supply of fish is abundant, John Chinaman ignores the poetry of fly-casting and bamboo poles—neither does he seek the prosaic net. "Tis easier far and more expeditious for him to use Nature's implements—his own two hands—as a "L'fishman" would turn his dippers. Into the water goes John, half wading, half swimming, ever and anon throwing up his arms, and allowing them to flop heavily down upon the aqueous surface; meanwhile, he keeps his feet executing a double shuffle on the muddy bottom. The splashing of his hands on the top of the water frightens the fish, causing them to seek refuge in the mud. There they are detected by the feet, and with a quick motion of the hand seized and secured. Of course, this all requires training and peculiar aptitude, forming a special branch of employment.

Buffaloes are reported very plentiful, and in excellent condition, one day's journey from Battleford, Manitoba.

On the great Ning-Po River the practice of beating the surface with oars and bits of flat boards followed from place to place, with a view to making intervals, resulting in

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- Collars, Neckties, Towels, Napkins, and Handkerchiefs ..... 2½c. "
- Socks ..... 5c. per pair
- Cuffs ..... 5c. "
- Fronts ..... 5c. each
- Collar Fronts ..... 7c. "
- Vest ..... 15c. to 20c. "
- Coats and Pants ..... 25c. "
- Table Covers ..... 10c. "

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TIN TAG CHEWING TOBACCOS.

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TRAINER & DRIVER,

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GOLDSMITH MAID,

An elegant chromo 18½x24 inches. Nine colors.

LULA,

In six colors; 22½x28 inches. In her trot against time at Rochester last Fall.

A choice of the above pictures is given to our advance paying subscribers for 1876-7. Write name and address plainly.

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SPORTING TIMES OFFICE,  
Toronto, Ont.



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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 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 it 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



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Captain Brynton has crossed the Straits of Messina, passing successfully through Scylla and Charybdis during the prevalence of a severe gale, which caused the destruction of one of the accompanying vessels.

The ten ton centreboard yacht which Captain Cutbert, of Cobourg, has just completed is for Mr. John Bell of Belleville. Work will at once be commenced on another yacht which Mr. Cutbert intends building for himself.

A WHITE DEER.—An Escabana (Michigan) correspondent of Forest and Stream says that a white deer was shot there last fall—perfectly white, the only dark hairs being behind the ears. The hoofs were almost transparent. It was a two year old buck.

The Santa Anna, California, News is responsible for the tough story, that a shower of clams in the shell fell on Dr. Jones' ranch, near that place, during a recent rain. The lady of the household occupying the ranch gathered up a quantity of the clams, they being alive, and cooked them for her family.

The Council of the Ontario Rifle Association has under consideration the question of replacing the non-targets at present in use by canvas ones, but inasmuch as it is yet an open question which system of targets is likely to give the greatest satisfaction, they are unable to make a recommendation of any definite change at present.

A FOOLISH WAGER.—A man in Rochester, the other day, bet so that he could put a billiard ball in his mouth. The wager was accepted, and the man easily accomplished it. The sequel was not so amusing. Once in, it would not come out. In spite of every exertion, the treacherous sphere was master of the situation. Physicians were called in, and after anxious work, anything but pleasant to the patient, the ball was removed. The man had the satisfaction of winning the \$5, but, on inhaling his cash, an hour later, he was not the happiest individual in Rochester, by any means. The balance sheet stood thusly: Expenses—Physicians' fees, \$10; drinks for the party, \$3; cigars for the crowd, \$1; wear and tear of mind and mouth, not estimated; total, \$14. Receipts, \$5. Result, \$9 out of pocket, and a smothering tock for all present.

9999 Can't be made by every agent every month in the business we furnish, but those willing to work can easily earn a dozen dollars a day right in their own localities. Have no room to explain here. Business pleasant and honorable. Women, and boys and girls do as well as men. We will furnish you a complete outfit free. The business pays better than anything else. We will bear expenses of starting you. Particulars free. Write and see. Farmers and mechanics, their sons and daughters, and all classes in need of paying work at home, should write to us and learn all about the work at once. Now is the time. Don't delay. Address, Taux & Co., Augusta, Maine.

play of the maple leaves with any person who does not intend to pay this year with the Maple Leafs they should say so plainly. Of course this would not suit them, for they wish the public to believe that they are able to whip the Maple Leafs. This is not the case. The Maple Leafs throw down the gauntlet and dare the Tecumsehs to combat. If they do not accept the public will know, as it already suspects, that they are cowards. As was said before, the Maple Leafs will have the championship this year, Tecumsehs or no Tecumsehs.

#### PECULIAR METHODS OF FISHING.

Our much-berated, almond-eyed friends, the simple, childlike and bland Celestials, have ways essentially their own for capturing the finny inhabitants of the shallower streams. In places where the supply of fish is abundant, John Cinnamon ignores the poetry of fly-casting and bamboo poles—neither does he seek the prosaic net. 'Tis easier far and more expeditious for him to use Nature's implements—his own two hands—as a "L'lishman" would turn his flippers. Into the water goes John, half wading, half swimming, ever and anon throwing up his arms, and allowing them to flop heavily down upon the aqueous surface; meanwhile, he keeps his feet executing a double shuffle on the muddy bottom. The splashing of his hands on the top of the water frightens the fish, causing them to seek refuge in the mud. There they are detected by the feet, and with a quick motion of the hand seized and secured. Of course, this all requires training and peculiar aptitude, forming a special branch of employment.

Buffaloes are reported very plentiful, and in excellent condition, one day's journey from Battleford, Manitoba.

On the great Ning-Po River the practice of beating the surface with oars and bits of flat wood is followed from place to place, with about ten-minute intervals, resulting in driving the fish toward and into the nets. Perhaps the most sagacious plan is one where the fisher goes out at night in a long, narrow canoe, upon one side of which is stretched a long white strip of canvas, so arranged that when the occupant of the boat leans toward that side the canvas is submerged.

On the other side, above the gunwale, is fastened a net, forming a barrier nearly three feet in height. Having paddled to the centre of the river, the solitary boatman becomes motionless and perfectly quiet, leaning enough toward one side to bring the canvas just under water. The fish, attracted by the glimmer of the white strip approach and attempt to leap over it, only to be caught by the net beyond, falling thence helplessly into the bottom of the boat.

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The Great English Remedy is especially recommended as an unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as a sequence of Self Abuse, as Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave, all of which as a rule are first caused by deviating from the path of nature and over indulgence.

The Specific Medicine is the result of a life study and many years of experience in treating these special diseases. Pamphlet free by mail. The Specific Medicine is sold by all Druggists at \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5 or will be sent by mail on receipt of the money, by addressing WILLIAM GRAY & CO., Windsor, Ont.

plants when bending or stooping. Sent to any address on receipt of 75 cents. 278-ty.

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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 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 it 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*.

To meet the wishes of a number of our patrons who might desire the picture of a horse in action in preference to a still one like our Chromo of *GOLDSMITH MAID*, as a premium, we have selected the next most remarkable trotting celebrity in the world in her greatest race. We refer to *LULA* at Rochester, N. Y., October 14th, 1875, in her now noted match against Time. The picture is 22½ by 28 inches, being larger than that of *THE MAID*, and is a fine specimen of the pictorial art. It is not claimed to possess the high artistic value of the latter, but still on account of being larger and in action, with a portrait of Mr. Chas. Green, the driver of *LULA*, and a view of the Rochester, N. Y., Driving Park, Judges' Stand, &c., the stables, &c., being seen in the distance, might be preferred by many to the other. We desire to accommodate our patrons to the fullest extent. All advance paying subscribers for the year 1876-7, and none others are entitled to their choice of those pictures.

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**BILL BRUCE,**

Br. horse, foaled 1872, by Enquirer, dam Aurora Baby, by imp. Australian; 2nd dam, Ultima, by Lexington; 3rd dam, Uvilla, by imp. Margrave; 4th dam, Too Soon, by Sir Leslie; 5th dam, Little Peggy, by Gallatin; 6th dam, Trumpeter, by Hephaston, &c. (See Bruce's Am. Stud Book, Vol. I., p. 202). Enquirer by imp. Leamington, dam Lida, by Lexington; 2nd dam Lize, by American Eclipse; 3rd dam Gabriella, by Sir Archy, &c.

Bill Bruce is the best racehorse ever imported into Canada, and is as sound and as fast to-day as ever. His performances would make up too much space, but interesting particulars are referred to the Racing Calendar for 1875 and 1876 for particulars. Here is the fastest mile in Canada at London, Ont., 1876, easily beating inspiration and Swiftness, in 1:35, over a heavy track.

**VICKSBURG,**

Chestnut horse, 16 hands, foaled in 1872, by Vandal, dam Blondin by Commodore (son of Boston), 2nd dam Seabird, by Pacific; 3rd dam Katie King by imp. P. dam; 4th dam Hera, by Sultan; 5th dam Advance, by Pioneer; 6th dam, by Buzzard, &c. (See Bruce's American Stud Book, Vol. I., p. 249).

Vicksburg is, without doubt, the fastest horse ever owned in Canada. He ran the first mile in a mile race at Cleveland, Ohio, July 27, 1875, in 1:43 and almost cattered down the stretch. He can run as fast to-day in fit as then. From his large size, fine breeding, and great speed, he should make an invaluable sire. He is the best stock horse in Canada to-day. His owner is desirous of quitting the turf, and will sell either or both of the above horses, at very low prices. Either one of them can run a mile in 1:43.

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Will make the season of 1877 at Sutton Village, Georgina. Longstreet is a beautiful chestnut, 15-8, of extraordinary bone and muscle, perfectly sound, never having been broken down, and of the most fashionable strain of breeding. He is by Lexington, dam Alice Jones, by imp. Glencoe; 2nd dam, Blue Bonnet, by imp. Hedgford; &c. (See Am. Stud Book, Vol. p. 164). He is a full brother to the celebrated racehorses Jonesboro' and Cariboo.

Terms—\$20 to insure, payable Feb. 1, '78; season, \$15, and single service \$10, to be paid at the time. Good pasturage for mares at reasonable rates.

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By imported Leamington, dam Lady Duke by Lexington, will make the season of 1877 at the subscriber's farm, Caledon East, a station on the T. G. & B. R. R. HYDER ALI's book will be limited strictly to thirty mares. Mares consigned to or left at Mr. R. Bond's stable, Richmond Street, Toronto, will be sent out to the farm and returned. Pasturage at the rate of \$2 per month. Every care will be taken of mares, but all accidents and escapes will be at their owners' risk.

Terms.—To insure, \$2, for common mares; for this season only thoroughbred mares at same price.

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**THE THOROUGHBRED STALLION AND RACEHORSE**



**OYSTERMAN, Jr**

Will make the season of 1877 at his owner's stables, 4 miles west of Port Hope; and also in Cobourg and vicinity.

OYSTERMAN, Jr., is a bright bay, about 16 hands, by Oysterman, dam by imp. Phil Brown; 2nd dam, by imp. Luzborough; 3rd dam, by imp. Hedgford; 4th dam, by Sir Charles; 5th dam, by Shawnee; 6th dam, by Sir Solomon (See Bruce's American Stud Book, Vol. II, p. 459). Oysterman by Revenue, dam Miss Counts by Boston. Revenue by imp. Trustee, dam Rosalie Somers by Sir Charles (See Bruce's American Stud Book, Vol II, pp 92, 251).

OYSTERMAN, Jr., was the greatest cross-country horse ever in America, and was also one of the most successful flat racers during his years. He is the best boned and strongest muscled horse in the Canadian stud. He is the sire of Doubtful, the noted American steeplechaser.

Terms—Common mares, \$16; thoroughbred, \$20 to insure; \$10 single service. Pasturage at reasonable rates.

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The Thoroughbred Sires HELMBOLD, by imp. Australian, dam Lavender by Wagner, &c.,

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**TUBMAN,**

Will serve a limited number of mares, at the farm of the subscribers, Lachine, near Montreal. Tubman is a beautiful bay, 16½ hands high, and has great bone and substance; is a first-class racehorse, and has won at all distances.

TUBMAN was sired by War Dance, he by Lexington out of Reel, by imp. Glencoe; dam Lass of Sydney, by imp. Knight of St. George. 2nd dam imported mare by Laurecost.

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**BENEDICK,**

Will make the season of 1877, as follows:—Monday noon, Paris; night, St. George; thence to his own stable, Dundas, where he will remain until Friday morning; Friday noon, Lynden; night, Brantford, where he will remain until Monday morning, 10 o'clock.

BENEDICK is a rich golden chestnut, 16 hands high, foaled in 1872, by Almont, dam Susie Spears (a thoroughbred), by Arabian Fysaul. ALMONT, the great sire of trotters is by Alexander's Abdallah (the sire of Goldsmith Maid), dam by Mambrino Chief, who was the sire of Lady Thorn. ALMONT is the sire of Allie West, 4 yrs, 2:29½; 5 yrs, 2:25; Piedmont, 4 yrs, 3rd heat, 2:30½; Aletha, 4 yrs, 2:31; Consul, 2 yrs, 2:48; Almont, Jr., 4 yrs, 2:33½; Aldine, winner of the Revolution Race, at Philadelphia, Sept. 27, 1876, for three-year-olds; and scores of others that might be mentioned.

BENEDICK took 1st prize at the Provincial Fair, Hamilton, 1876, for best roadster, in a class of 12 of the finest horses in Canada.

Terms:—Season, \$20; insure, \$25; \$2 to be paid at time of service.

Mares from a distance will be furnished pasturage, and good care at low rates; but the proprietors will not be responsible for any accidents or losses.

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DUNDAS, April 2, 1877.

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**WAR CRY,**

Will make the season of 1877 at his owner's farm, near Weston; also at Woodbridge, Nobleton, Sandhill, Brampton, Cooksville, and intermediate places.

Full particulars at the commencement of the season.

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Imported from Lexington, Kentucky, bred by Robert Tucker, Esq. Will serve a limited number of mares at Guelph and vicinity during the season of 1877. St. Joe was foaled 1871; is a beautiful black, of plenty of bone and muscle and fine action; perfectly sound, and stands 16 hands 1 inch. Sired by Blackwood, 1st dam by Mark Time, sire of Puss Prall, dam of Lady Stout; 2nd dam by Woodford, 3rd dam by Grey

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# BILL BRUCE,

Br. horse, foaled 1872, by Enquirer dam Aurora Baby, by imp. Australian; 2nd dam Ultima, by Lexington; 3rd dam Utilla, by imp. Margrave; 4th dam, Too Sober, by Sir Leslie; 5th dam, Little Peggy, by Galatin; 6th dam Trumpeter, by Hephastion, &c. (See Bruce's Am. Stud Book, Vol. I., p. 202). Enquirer by imp. Leamington, dam Lida, by Lexington; 2nd dam Lize, by American Eclipse; 3rd dam Gabriella, by Sir Archy, &c.

Bill Bruce is the best racehorse ever imported into Canada, and is as sound and as fast to-day as ever. His performances were up to too much space, but intending purchasers are referred to the Racing Calendar for 1875 and 1876 for particulars. He ran the fastest mile in Canada at London, Ont., 15, 1876, easily beating Inspiration and others, in 1:5, over a heavy track.

# VICKSBURG,

Chestnut horse, 16 hands, foaled in 1872, by Vandal, dam Blondin by Commodore (son of Boston), 2nd dam Seabird, by Pacific; 3rd dam Katie King by imp. P. dam; 4th dam Era, by Sultan; 5th dam Advance, by Pioneer; 6th dam, by Buzzard, &c. (See Bruce's American Stud Book, Vol. I., p. 248).

Vicksburg, without doubt, the fastest horse ever owned in Canada. He ran the first mile in a mile heat race at Cleveland, Ohio, July 27, 1875, in 1:42, and almost castered down the stretch. He can run as fast to-day in fit as then. From his large size, fine breeding, and great speed, he should make an invaluable sire. He is the best stock horse in Canada to-day. His owner is desirous of quitting the turf, and will sell either or both of the above horses, at very low prices. Either one of them can run a mile in 1:43.

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MATT CAMERON, by S. James' Highland Boy, he by Hamlet, by Volunteer, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian; dam by Toronto Chief; 2nd dam, the Goodenough mare, by St. Lawrence; 3rd dam by Tippe; 4th dam, by Tom Kimble.

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## THE THOROUGHBRED STALLION AND RACEHORSE



# OYSTERMAN, Jr

Will make the season of 1877 at his owner's stables, 4 miles west of Port Hope; and also in Cobourg and vicinity.

OYSTERMAN, Jr., is a bright bay, about 16 hands, by Oysterman, dam by imp Phil Brown; 2nd dam, by imp Luzborough; 3rd dam, by imp Hedgerford; 4th dam, by Sir Charles; 5th dam, by Shawnee; 6th dam, by Sir Solomon (See Bruce's American Stud Book, Vol. II., p. 459). Oysterman by Revenue, dam Miss Counts by Boston. Revenue by imp Trustee, dam Rosalie Somers by Sir Charles (See Bruce's American Stud Book, Vol II, pp 92, 251).

OYSTERMAN, Jr., was the greatest cross-country horse ever in America, and was also one of the most successful flat racers during his years. He is the best boned and strongest muscled horse in the Canadian stud. He is the sire of Doubtful, the noted American steeplechaser.

TERMS—Common mares, \$16; thoroughbred, \$20 to insure; \$10 single service. Pasturage at reasonable rates.

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# HELMBOLD AND OWEN CUTLER



The Thoroughbred Sires HELMBOLD, by imp Australian, dam Lavender by Wagner, &c., and OWEN CUTLER, by imp Leamington, dam Venice by imp Australian, will stand this season, 1877, at Ardgowan Stock-Farm, Lachine (near Montreal).

TERMS—\$10; thoroughbreds, \$20.  
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TERMS—Season, \$20; insure, \$25; \$2 to be paid at time of service.

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J. ENRIGHT & BRO.  
DUNDAS, April 2, 1877. 293-um

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LION



# WAR CRY,

Will make the season of 1877 at his owner's farm, near Weston; also at Woodbridge, Nobleton, Sandhill, Brampton, Cooksville, and intermediate places.

Full particulars at the commencement of the season.

## BLACKWOOD STALLION



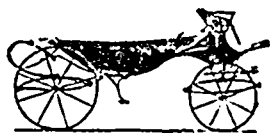
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Imported from Lexington, Kentucky, bred by Robert Tucker, Esq. Will serve a limited number of mares at Guelph and vicinity during the season of 1877. St. Joe was foaled 1871; is a beautiful black, of plenty of bone and muscle and fine action; perfectly sound, and stands 16 hands 1 inch. Sired by Blackwood, 1st dam by Mark Time, sire of Puss Prall, dam of Lady Stout; 2nd dam by Woodford, 3rd dam by Grey Eagle. Blackwood, by Norman (sire of Lula and May Queen) dam by Mambrino Chief (sire of Lady Thorn).

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GENERAL HARDWARE

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Proprietor.  
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Colts - \$100 each, buy or pay, for colts and fillies foaled in 1876, bred and owned in the Dominion of Canada, to be trotted in September, 1877, on a day and track, to be named by a majority of the parties entering for such stake; mile heats, in 5, in harness; Dominion Rules. Entries to be made with E. Stinson, Esq., St. Catharines, on or before July 1st, 1877, and to be with name of sire and dam, sex and color of colt or filly entered. \$25 to accompany nomination, and money to be paid as follows: \$25 on or before July 1st, 1878, and \$50 on or before July 1st, 1879. If we start the money to be made on the propertions of 50, 30 and 20 per cent. to the first and last horses; if we do not we start money to be divided in propertions of 10, 30, 20 and 40 per cent. to first, second, third and fourth horses.

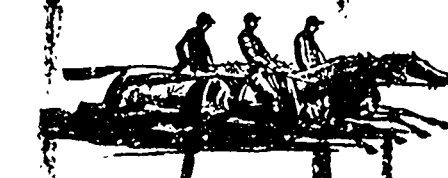
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**Ogdensburg NY**

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4th, 1877,  
FOR ITS SUMMER MEETING.

Full programme announced in due season.  
W. H. DANIELS.



**PRESCOTT Ont.**

DRIVING PARK ASSOCIATION  
July 2nd & 3rd,  
SUMMER MEETING

The QUEENS PLATE will be run on MONDAY, JULY 2nd.  
E. JESSUP, Secretary.

**EXETER, ONT.**

DRIVING PARK ASSOCIATION  
WILL HOLD THEIR SPRING MEETING ON  
Monday & Tuesday, JULY 2 & 3,

When \$1,200 will be given in premiums.

**MAGNAB, MARSH & COEN,**

LATE JOHN MAGNAB & CO.,

Hardware Merchants,

5 FRONT STREET EAST

**Greener Guns;**

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

**BEST AND CHEAPEST!**  
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They will shoot harder and closer than any other Guns made.  
We have also received a large consignment of Newcastle

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And have all sizes in stock, which we offer to the trade only. Price very much reduced.  
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75 & 77 First door from KING-ST.

**B. G. TISDALE & SON'S**

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Manufactured by Brantford Stove Works,  
And consisting of the following useful, substantial and cheap horse necessities:

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Orders left with Mr. Piper will be properly attended. Estimates for fittings cheerfully furnished.

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BREWERS, MALTSTERS AND HOP MERCHANTS,  
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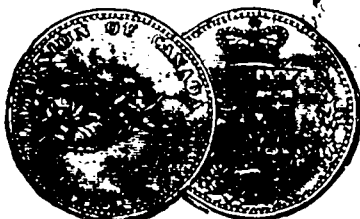
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In order to make room for Spring importations, I am now selling off a large stock of the above at greatly reduced prices. As the

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Is not to be prohibited this year, NOW IS THE TIME to procure a GOOD GUN at a BARGAIN. Gentlemen are respectfully requested to call and examine for themselves. All Guns should now be looked over, and necessary cleaning and repairs attended to. Work of this character is solicited before the usual season rush sets in.

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N.B.—I beg to call the attention of the trade to my Breech-Loading Implements, the manufacture of which I am now making a specialty.

**GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY!**

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**WHITE STAR LINE!**



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NOTICE - In consequence of the rapidly increasing popularity of this line, intending passengers are respectfully requested to make early application for berths. This is absolutely necessary, as every ship leaves with her state rooms fully occupied, and many are engaged three months in advance.

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**PRESCOTT Ont.**  
DRIVING PARK ASSOCIATION  
CLAIM—  
July 2nd & 3rd,  
SUMMER MEETING  
The QUEENS PLATE will be run on MON-  
DAY, JULY 2nd  
E. JESSUP, Secretary.  
291-ht

**EXETER, ONT.**  
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WILL HOLD THEIR SPRING MEETING ON  
Monday & Tuesday, JULY 2 & 3,  
When \$1,200 will be given in premiums.  
29-ht G. A. MACE, Sec.-Treas.

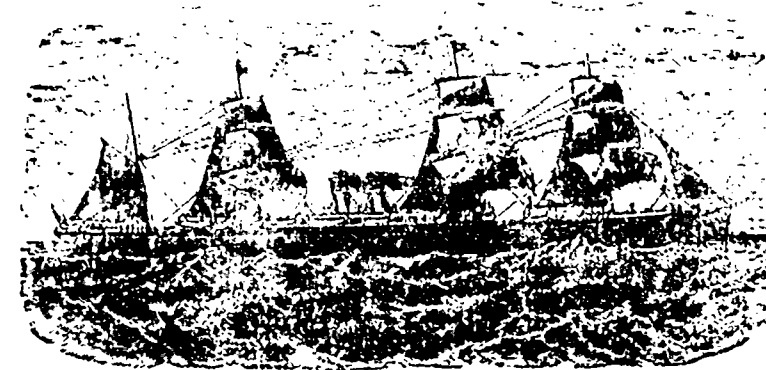
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Manufactured by Brantford Stove Works,  
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**THE TORONTO**  
**Brewing and Malting Co.**  
**SIMCOE-ST., TORONTO,**  
BREWERS, MALTSTERS AND HOP MERCHANTS,  
we now supply the Trade and Families with their superior ALES, STOUTS, and COOPER, brewed from the finest Malt and best brands of English Hops.  
Special attention is invited to our D. B. S. STOUT, having all the qualities, and being equal in every respect to London or Dublin Stout. Liberal terms to the Trade. Special rates to large consumers.  
**BRANDS :**  
A. Brilliant, full flavor, warranted to keep sound on draught.  
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D. B. S. Stout, highly recommended for purity and excellence.  
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282-v FRANK WELSH, Manager.

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**Toronto**  
**Brewery,**  
**TORONTO.**

J. E. RAWBONE, Gunmaker,  
123 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.  
N.B. I beg to call the attention of the trade to my Breech-Loading Implements, the manufacture of which I am now making a specialty.  
**GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY!**  
**AND**  
**WHITE STAR LINE!**  


Tickets to ATCHISON, AUSTIN, DALLAS, DENISON, DENVER, EMPORIA, FORT SCOTT, JUNCTION CITY, KANSAS CITY, LAWRENCE, LEAVENWORTH, MACON, MANHATTAN, SHERMAN, SHERIDAN, ST. JOSEPH, TOPEKA, SAN FRANCISCO, SAN DIEGO, LOS ANGELOS, SANTA BARBARA, and all parts on the Pacific Coast, FORT GARRY (Winnipeg), MANITOBA.  
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