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VOL. VII.

TORONTO, ONT., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1878.

O. 373

**American Turf.**

**JEROME PARK RACES.**

**JEROME PARK, N. Y., Oct. 6.**—Purse \$400; maidens allowed, if 4 years or less, 5 lbs; 5 years or more, 12 lbs.; one mile.  
 G L Lorillard's ch f Loutliner, 3 yrs, by Lever, dam Lady Hardaway, 103½ lbs. .... 2  
 P Lorillard's b f Perfection, 3 yrs, 102 lbs. .... 2  
 Belmont's b f La Belle Helene, 3 yrs, 102 lbs. .... 3  
 Clinton and Finesse filly ran unplaced.  
 Time—1:46½.

**Same Day.**—Thirteenth renewal of the Nursery stakes, for two-year-olds; \$100 each, h f, \$1,000 added; second to receive \$200 out of stakes; winner to receive \$4,100; three-quarters of a mile.  
 D D Withers' ch s, 107 lbs., by King Ernest, dam Echo. .... 1  
 P Lorillard's b c Uncas, 110 lbs. .... 2  
 Morris' b c, 110 lbs., by Warminster. .... 3  
 Harold, Dan Sparling, Startle, Bonnie Leaf, Whackon and Westminister ran unplaced.  
 Time—1:19.

**Same Day.**—Thirteenth renewal of the Jerome stakes, for three-year-olds; \$100 each, h f, \$1,500 added; second to receive \$300 out of stakes; winner to receive \$9,350; mile and three-quarters.  
 G L Lorillard's b c Duke of Magenta, 118 lbs., by Lexington, dam Magenta. .... 1  
 P Lorillard's b c Spartan, 118 lbs. .... 2  
 G L Lorillard's ch c Albert, 118 lbs. .... 3  
 Time—3:11½.

**Same Day.**—The Manhattan Handicap, a stakes for all ages; \$50 each, h f, \$400 added; second to receive \$100 out of stakes; winner to receive \$1,143; mile and a quarter.  
 P Lorillard's b c Garrick, 3 yrs, by Lexington, dam Inverness, 98 lbs. .... 1  
 D Bruce's b c General Phillips, 4 yrs, 116 lbs. .... 2  
 G L Lorillard's ch f Loutliner, 3 yrs, 101 lbs. .... 3  
 Pilot, Balance All, Lady Salyers Snaguehanna, Bonewood and Princeton ran unplaced.  
 Time—3:11½.

**Same Day.**—Purse \$500, for all ages; entrance 5 per cent, \$90 to second; the winner to be sold at auction; one-half of any surplus over the stated selling price to go to second, and the remainder to the racing fund; one mile and a quarter.  
 Puryear & Co's b g Jackcrow, 3 yrs, by Narbonne, dam Pasta, \$500, 86 lbs. .... 1  
 G L Lorillard's b c Gay, 3 yrs, \$500, 86 lbs. .... 2  
 Morris' b c Frank, 6 yrs, \$300, 102 lbs. .... 3  
 Phoenix, Ventilator and Egyptian unplaced.  
 Time—2:02½.

**Oct 8.**—Purse \$400, for all ages; mile and a quarter.  
 W Bell's b g Dan K, 4 yrs, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Jenny June, 110 lbs. .... 1  
 Reed's b f Bonewood, 3 yrs, 97 lbs (2 lbs overweight) .... 2  
 G L Lorillard's b c Albert, 3 yrs, 100 lbs (8

second to receive \$100 out of the stakes; three-quarters of a mile.  
 D D Withers' ch f Belinda, by imp Glenelg, dam Madam Dudley, 107 lbs. .... 1  
 P Lorillard's b c Boardman, by imp Bonnie Scotland, dam Woodbine, 110 lbs. .... 2  
 Puryear & Co's b c Dan Sparling, by imp Glenelg, dam Item, 110 lbs. .... 3  
 Lillian, Startle and Wilful ran unplaced.  
 Time—1:18.

**Same Day.**—The Grand National Handicap Sweepstakes, of \$100 each, h f, with \$600 added; the second to receive \$150 out of the stakes; two miles and a quarter.  
 G L Lorillard's ch f Loutliner, 3 yrs, by Lever, dam Lady Hardaway, 99 lbs. .... 1  
 P Lorillard's b c Garrick, 3 yrs, by Lexington, dam imp Inverness, 96 lbs. .... 2  
 S D Bruce's ch c Gen Phillips, 4 yrs, by Glenelg, dam La Polka, 116 lbs. .... 3  
 Daulcheff, Parole, Princeton, Albert and Bushwhacker ran unplaced.  
 Time—4:06½.

**Same Day.**—Purse \$600, of which \$100, with the entrance money, to the second horse; weights, 7 lbs below the regular scale; maidens allowed 7 lbs; mile heats.  
 G L Lorillard's Balance All, 3 yrs, by imp Bonnie Scotland, dam Lantana, 95 lbs. \$ 1 1  
 J W Bell's Dan K, 4 yrs, by imp Bonnie Scotland, dam Jenny June, 108 lbs. .... 1 3 2  
 Nannie H. .... 4 2 ro  
 Bayard ..... 2 4 ro  
 La Belle Helene ..... 5 5 ro  
 Time—1:47, 1:48½, 1:50.

**Same Day.**—Purse \$300; steeplechase, handicap, for all ages, over the short course.  
 A D Brown's gr h Derby, 6 yrs, by Eugene, dam Kate Sovereign, 148 lbs. .... 1  
 Daly Bros' br f Lizzie D, 3 yrs, by Enquirer, dam Leisuro, 110 lbs. .... 2  
 O Reed's ch h Disturbance. .... 0  
 W Callaghan's b g Bay Rum. .... 0  
 Time—3:58.

**Oct 12.**—The twelfth renewal of the Annual Sweepstakes, for three-year-olds, at \$250 entrance, \$100 forfeit, with \$1,000 added; the second to save its stake; value, \$4,700; two miles.  
 G L Lorillard's b c Duke of Magenta, by Lexington, dam Magenta, 118 lbs. .... 1  
 P Lorillard's b c Garrick, 118 lbs. .... 3  
 P Lorillard's b c Spartan. .... 3  
 Time—3:43.

**Same Day.**—Homebred Produce Stakes, for the produce of mares of 1876, now two-year-olds, at \$50 each, half forfeit, with \$500 added; value, \$2,875; three-quarters of a mile.  
 F Morris's b c Plover, by Warminster, dam Rogueslaw, 97 lbs. .... 1  
 F Morris's b c Arenger, by Warminster, dam Remorseless, 97 lbs. .... 2  
 R P McGrath's br f Mary Ann, 91 lbs. .... 3  
 Fiddlestring, Farley, Bettina, Cedric ran unplaced.  
 Time—1:30½.

**Same Day.**—Purse \$300, for all ages; two miles and a quarter.  
 P Lorillard's br g Parole, 5 yrs, by Lexington, dam Maiden, 126 lbs. .... 1

**Same Day.**—Purse \$100; mile heats; \$60, 30, 10.  
 Joseph Martin's b g Diamond, by imp Leamington, dam Black Slave. .... 1 1  
 J M Fearnley's gr f Strathmere, 4 yrs, by Strathconan, dam imp Englemere. .... 2 2  
 Owner's New Broom. .... 3 3  
 Time—1:59, 1:50.

**Sept 26.**—Purse \$150, for 2:34 class; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness; \$90, 45, 15.  
 P Pickles' blk g Camors. .... 1 2 1 1  
 A J Mix's Little Wonder. .... 2 1 2 2  
 A Church's ch m Mary Newson. .... 3 3 2 2  
 J Ivory's ch m M K Fuller. .... 4 4 4 4  
 Time—2:39, 2:35½, 2:35½, 2:37.

**Same Day.**—Purse \$150, for 2:45 class; \$90, 45, 15; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.  
 H H Moody's ch m Eulia. .... 2 2 1 1  
 M Sinnott's b h Matt Cameron. .... 1 1 2 2  
 F E Gray's br m Lady Roxey. .... 3 3 3 dis  
 Time—2:40½, 2:37, 2:39, 2:32, 2:36.

**Same Day.**—Purse \$75; \$45, 20, 15; half mile heats.  
 J M Fearnley's gr f Strathmere, 4 yrs, by Strathconan, dam imp Englemere. .... 2 1 1  
 J S Martin's b g Diamond, by imp Leamington, dam Black Slave. .... 1 2 2  
 M Delaney's Careless Moll. .... 3 3 3  
 C M Steyens' br g Miller Boy, 3 yrs, by War Dance, dam Gossip. .... 4 4 4  
 T R Langdon's New Broom. .... 5 5 5  
 Time—:50, :49, :51.

**Sept 27.**—Purse \$150, for 2:40 class; \$90, 45, 15; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.  
 H H Moody's ch m Eulia. .... 1 1 2 3 2 1  
 P Pickles' blk g Camors. .... 2 2 1 2 1 2  
 E L Harris' blk g Geo Earnest. .... 3 3 3 1 3 3  
 Time—2:42½, 2:42, 2:44, 2:41, 2:42, 2:36.

**Same Day.**—Purse \$200; \$120, 60, 20; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.  
 M McConnell's ch m Sadies Bell. .... 1 1 1  
 A J Mix's Little Wonder. .... 2 2 2  
 Geo Coolidge's ch g Billy Moscow. .... 3 3 3  
 Time—2:42½, 2:32, 2:35½.

**Same Day.**—Purse \$200; steeplechase, two and a half miles; \$120, 60, 20.  
 Wm Owen's b g Passion. .... 1  
 T R Langdon's New Broom. .... 2

**GREAT TWO-YEAR-OLD TROTTING.**

**LEXINGTON, Ky, Oct 8.**—Lexington Stakes for two-year-olds; \$50 entrance, \$25 ft; Association adds \$300; mile heats.  
 W S Buckner's b c Steinway, by Strathmore. .... 2 1 1  
 R S Strader's b f Memento, by Administrator. .... 1 2 2  
 J Smith's blk g Jewett. .... 8 dis  
 G F Steven's br f Admiration. .... dis  
 T J Snyder's b c Mystery. .... dis  
 J B Viley's b f Verbena. .... dis  
 Time—2:39½, 2:32½, 2:31½.

**Oct 9.**—Purse \$500, for two-year-olds, So So and Orient barred; \$350, 100, 50; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.  
 H C McDowell's b f Fringe, by Princeps, dam by Alexander's Abdallah. 1 2 2 1 1  
 Macy & Bro's b f Allie Stone, by Strathmore. .... 2 1 1 2 2  
 Time—2:47½, 2:46½, 2:46½, 2:43, 2:40½.  
 Track heavy on the 9th.

**GOOD TROT AT POINT BREEZE.**

**POINT BREEZE PARK, Philadelphia, Oct 1878.**—Unfinished 2:28 class, purse \$800; \$100 to first, \$200 to second, \$120 to third, \$80 to fourth.  
 J E Phillips' b m Rose Medium. .... 5 9 8 2 2 1 3 1 1  
 J E Jarvis' br g George Henry. .... 8 4 2 1 1 7 8 5 4  
 J J Bowen's r g Iron Age. .... 4 2 4 4 3 5 1 8 0  
 Jas McHugh's blk m Maggie M. .... 1 10 7 10 9 3 2 4 0  
 Wm E Weeks' ch g Capt Emmons. .... 9 1 5 3 4 8 0 2 5  
 Wm McMahon's b m Grace. .... 6 3 1 5 6 2 5 5 6  
 H C Woodnut's b m Annie G. .... 2 5 3 6 5 6 4 7 8  
 W D Rickard's ch s David Wallace. .... 3 7 9 7 7 4 7 8 7  
 W S Ingersoll's blk g Success. .... 7 6 6 8 8 dr  
 John F Smith's b g Red Crook. .... 10 8 10 9 dr  
 Time—2:27½, 2:25, 2:57, 2:37, 2:29½, 2:31, 2:23½, 2:36½, 5:38.

**English Turf.**

**NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.**

The Cesarewitch Stakes, a handicap for three-year olds and upward, two miles, two furlongs and twenty-eight yards, was run for at the Second Newmarket October meeting on Tuesday, 8th inst. The stake closed with 113 subscribers, of which number 49 declared forfeit, and twenty faced the starter. The interesting feature of this rich Autumn Handicap, was the coming in second of Mr J. H. Safford's four-year-old

American plan, the horses starting from the same mark. The distance was about a mile and a quarter, and the fastest heat 3:31½, which would be about a 2:49 gait. The track must have been very slow from some cause. The Sporting Life gives the following summary of the race:—

**WOLVERHAMPTON, Sept. 30, 1878.**—Trotting. The Wolverhampton Trotting Stakes of 20 sovs, for horses of all nations; first horse £11 second, £40; third, £20; the best of five heats all to trot in one heat, and all start from the same mark; entrance, 5 sovs; about one mile and a quarter.  
 J Fletcher's b m Matty, Rochdale. .... 1 1  
 J Blumson's w g Spotted Colt, American. .... 2 3  
 J Dick's b h Child Harold, American. .... 2 3  
 W Broomhead's b g Jack, Sheffield. .... 5 4  
 A Knight's b m Lasselles, Huddersfield. .... 4 5  
 B Hillier's b g Defence, London. .... 0 0  
 C F Webbing's b m Norah, London. .... 0 0  
 J Hill's b g Stargazer, Congleton. .... 0 0  
 J Blumson's b m Catch-em-Alive, London. .... 0 0  
 R Dunston's b m Lady, Acorington. .... 0 0  
 Time—3:34, 3:32, 3:31½. Child Harold was the favorite before the first heat; after which it was supplanted in the betting by Matty

**Billiards.**

**A KIND TRIBUTE.**

The following are the resolutions which were passed at a meeting of billiard experts and others last week, in New York:—

"Whereas, it hath pleased Almighty God who doth all in his inscrutable wisdom, suddenly remove from their midst an esteemed friend and long-time companion, B. Cyrille Dion; and therefore, be it

"Resolved, That the undersigned hereby give expression to their heartfelt regrets for his untimely and sudden death in the midst of an honorable career of usefulness, and extend their heartfelt sympathies to his family and friends. That they mourn his loss, inasmuch as it leaves a vacant place which will be impossible to fill. It may, perhaps tend to alleviate the grief of his afflicted relatives and friends, in that he never gave them cause of sorrow. A genial friend at brother has been wadded from us to his home in the heavens. That these resolutions be neatly engrossed and framed, and sent to the family of our deceased friend."

Signed by W. Sexton, M. Geary, J. I. Gleason, M. Daly, L. C. Newhall, S. Knigh, H. A. Freeman, M. T. Humphrey, A. Gannier, A. Izar, G. T. Stone, A. C. J. Darol, L. A. Guillet, T. Flynn.

**A NEW SHOT.**—Rudolph has discovered a new shot in billiards which he calls the *do resistance* and by means of which he made 1,200 and 700 points on Fr

Stakes, for two-year olds; \$100 each; h f, \$1,000 added; second to receive \$200 out of stakes; value to winner, \$4,100; three-quarters of a mile.  
 D D Withers' ch g, 107 lbs, by King Ernest, dam Echo..... 1  
 F Lorillard's b c Uncas, 110 lbs..... 2  
 F Morris' b c, 110 lbs, by Warminster..... 3  
 Harold, Dan Sparling, Startle, Bonnie Leaf, Wusakickon and Westminster ran unplaced.  
 Time—1:19.

Same Day—Thirtieth renewal of the Jerome Stakes, for three-year-olds; \$100 each, h f, \$2,500 added; second to receive \$300 out of stakes; value \$3,350; mile and three-quarters.  
 G L Lorillard's b c Duke of Magenta, 118 lbs, by Lexington, dam Magenta..... 1  
 P Lorillard's br c Spartan, 118 lbs..... 2  
 G L Lorillard's ch c Albert, 118 lbs..... 3  
 Time—3:11½.

Same Day—The Manhattan Handicap, a sweepstakes for all ages, \$50 each, h f, \$400 added; second to receive \$100 out of stakes; value, \$1,143; mile and a quarter.  
 F Lorillard's b c Garrick, 8 yrs, by Lexington, dam Inverness, 98 lbs..... 1  
 S D Bruce's ch c General Phillips, 4 yrs, 116 lbs..... 2  
 G L Lorillard's ch f Loblainer, 3 yrs, 101 lbs.. 3  
 Pilot, Balance All, Lady Salyers Susquehanna, Bonnetwood and Princeton ran unplaced.  
 Time—2:11½.

Same Day—Purse \$500, for all ages; entrance 5 per cent, \$90 to second; the winner to be sold at auction; one-half of any surplus over the entered selling price to go to second, and the remainder to the racing fund; one mile and a furlong.  
 Putter & Co's b g Jackscrew, 3 yrs, by Nar-ragansett, dam Pasta, \$500, 86 lbs..... 1  
 G L Lorillard's b g Guy, 3 yrs, \$500, 86 lbs.. 2  
 F Stearns' Jr's gs h Frank, 6 yrs, \$300, 102 lbs..... 3  
 Simoon, Ventilator and Egypt ran unplaced.  
 Time—2:02½.

Oct 8—Purse \$400, for all ages; mile and a quarter.  
 W Bell's b g Dan K, 4 yrs, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Jennie June, 110 lbs..... 1  
 O Reed's b f Bonnewood, 3 yrs, 97 lbs (2 lbs overweight)..... 2  
 G L Lorillard's ch c Albert, 3 yrs, 100 lbs (8 lbs overweight)..... 3  
 Perfection, Ventilator, Vagrant, Sunlight and Nannie ran unplaced.  
 Time—2:13½.

Same Day—The tenth renewal of the Hunter Stakes, for three-year-old fillies, \$100 each, h f, \$1,000 added; second to receive \$200; value \$2,800; mile and three-quarters.  
 G L Lorillard's ch f Balance All, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Lantana, 115 lbs..... 1  
 G L Lorillard's ch f Loblainer, 115 lbs..... 2  
 P Lorillard's b f Bertha, 115 lbs..... 3  
 Pique, Pride of the Village and Belle ran unplaced.  
 Time—3:13.

Same Day—The tenth renewal of the Maturity Stakes, for four-year-olds, \$200 each, h f, \$1,200 added; second to receive \$300 out of the stakes; value \$4,600; three-quarters.  
 O Bowie's ch f Oriole, by Kingfisher, dam 115 lbs..... 1  
 A Belmont's ch f Surquehanna, 115 lbs..... 2  
 E A Calabaugh's ch c Cloverbrook, 118 lbs.. 3  
 Zoo Zoo, Leonard and Cuba ran unplaced.  
 Time—2:52½.

Same Day—Purse \$600; a handicap steeplechase for all ages, \$100 to second; the usual course, about two miles and a quarter.  
 Wood's b g Deadhead, aged, by Julius, dam Leisure, 160 lbs..... 1  
 D Brown's b h Problem, 5 yrs, 154 lbs..... 2  
 Reed's b h Waller, 6 yrs, 164 lbs..... 3  
 Daly Bros' br f Lizzie D, 100..... 0  
 Time—4:18.

Oct 10—Purse \$400; the winner to be sold at auction; one mile and a furlong.  
 Lorillard's b f Pique, 3 yrs, by imp Leamington, dam Sady Emmal, 95 lbs..... 1  
 Puryear & Co's b c Jackscrew, 3 yrs, by Naragansett, dam Pasta, 81 lbs..... 2  
 Nelson & Co's b f Simoon, 4 yrs, by War Lance, dam Saratoga, 94 lbs..... 3  
 Charley Gorham, Guy, St James, Frank, ranklin, Erl King and W I Higgins ran unplaced.  
 Time—2:01½.

Same Day—The Champagne Stakes, for two-year-olds; \$50 each, h f, with \$400 added; the

dam imp Inverness, 96 lbs..... 2  
 S D Bruce's ch c Gey Phillips, 4 yrs, by Glondig, dam La Polka, 116 lbs..... 3  
 Danicheff, Parole, Princeton, Albert and Bush-wacker ran unplaced.  
 Time—3:06½.

Same Day—Purse \$600, of which \$100, with the entrance money, to the second horse; weights, 7 lbs below the regular scale; maidens allowed 7 lbs; mile heats.  
 G L Lorillard's Balance All, 3 yrs, by imp Bonnie Scotland, dam Lantana, 95 lbs. 3 1 1  
 J W Bell's Dan K, 4 yrs, by imp Bonnie Scotland, dam Jenny June, 108 lbs..... 1 3 2  
 Nannie H..... 4 2 0  
 Bayard..... 2 4 0  
 La Belle Helene..... 5 5 0  
 Time—1:47, 1:48½, 1:50.

Same Day—Purse \$300; steeplechase, handicap, for all ages, over the short course.  
 A D Brown's gr h Derby, 6 yrs, by Eugene, dam Kate Sovereign, 148 lbs..... 1  
 Daly Bros' br f Lizzie D, 3 yrs, by Enquirer, dam Leisure, 110 lbs..... 2  
 C Reed's ch h Disturbance..... 0  
 W Callaghan's b g Bay Rum..... 0  
 Time—3:58.

Oct 12—The twelfth renewal of the Annual Sweepstakes, for three-year-olds, at \$250 entrance; \$100 forfeit, with \$1,000 added; the second to save its stake; value, \$4,700; two miles.  
 G L Lorillard's b c Duke of Magenta, by Lexington, dam Magenta, 118 lbs..... 1  
 P Lorillard's b c Garrick, 118 lbs..... 2  
 P Lorillard's b c Spartan..... 8  
 Time—3:45.

Same Day—Homebred Produce Stakes, for the produce of mares of 1876, now two-year-olds, at \$50 each, half forfeit, with \$500 added; value, \$2,675; three-quarters of a mile.  
 F Morris's b c Plevner, by Warminster, dam Bogardus, 97 lbs..... 1  
 F Morris's b c Avenger, by Warminster, dam Remorseless, 97 lbs..... 2  
 H P McGrath's br f Mary Ann, 91 lbs..... 3  
 Fiddlestring, Farley, Bettina, Cedric ran unplaced.  
 Time—1:20½.

Same Day—Purse \$300, for maiden two-year-olds; \$75 to second; three-quarters of a mile.  
 G L Lorillard's ch c Startle, by Alarm, dam Irene, 110 lbs..... 1  
 J G Nelson & Co's br c Brother of Cuba, by Leamington, dam Rattan, 110 lbs..... 2  
 J A Smith's br f Lulu, 107 lbs..... 3  
 H P McGrath's b f Wisahickon, 107 lbs..... 0  
 F Stearns, jr's g c Surprise, 110 lbs..... 0  
 Time—1:20.

Same Day—Purse \$600, a handicap steeplechase for all ages, of which \$100 to second; the full course.  
 A D Brown's b h Problem, 5 yrs, by Punico, dam Mystery, 182 lbs..... 1  
 L Wood's b g Deadhead, aged, 158 lbs..... 2  
 Daly Bros' br f Lizzie D, 3 yrs, 110 lbs..... 0  
 Lord Zeland, Bay Rum, Patriot ran unplaced.  
 Time—4:11.

TROTTING AT WATERTOWN, N. Y.  
 JEFFERSON COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, Watertown N. Y., Sept. 25.—Purse \$60; half mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness; \$55, 15, 10.  
 D Brown's ch g Honest Billy..... 1 1 1  
 S H Lewis' b g Pete..... 2 2 2  
 J Brintnall's b f Lady Allen..... 4 3 3  
 J Chapman's b g Dick..... 3 4 4  
 Time—1:38, 1:34, 1:35.

Same Day.—Purse \$100, for 3:00 class; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness; \$60, 30, 10.  
 F E Gray's b m Lady Roxy..... 1 1 1  
 M Simont's br h Matt Cameron..... 2 2 2  
 H C Oatman's b h Ethna Allen..... 3 3 3  
 Time—2:38, 2:39½, 2:38½.

Same Day.—Purse \$200, for 2:27 class; 3 in 5, harness; \$120, 60, 20.  
 H W Brown's b h Chestnut Hill..... 1 1 1  
 S H Lewis' blk g Wilbur F..... 2 2 2  
 J P Cook's b g Coo..... 4 3 3  
 George Coolidge's ch g Billy Moscow..... 3 4 4  
 Time—2:34, 2:30, 2:50½.

4, 15, mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.  
 H H Moody's ch m Eulia..... 2 3 1 1 1  
 M Simont's b h Matt Cameron..... 1 1 2 2 2  
 F E Gray's b m Lady Roxy..... 3 3 3 die  
 Time—2:40½, 2:37, 2:33, 2:32, 2:36.  
 Same Day.—Purse \$75; \$45, 20, 15; half mile heats.  
 J M Fearley's gr f Strathmore, 4 yrs, by Strathconan, dam imp Englemere..... 2 1 1  
 J S Marou's b g Diamond, by imp Leamington, dam Black Slave..... 1 3 2  
 M Delaney's Careless Moll..... 3 3 3  
 C M Stevens' br g Miller Boy, 3 yrs, by War Dance, dam Gossip..... 4 4 4  
 T R Langdon's New Broom..... 5 5 5  
 Time—:50, :49, :51.

Sept 27.—Purse \$150, for 2:40 class; \$90, 45, 15; mile heats, 3 in 5, harness.  
 H H Moody's ch m Eulia..... 1 1 2 3 2 1  
 P Pickles' blk g Camors..... 2 2 1 2 1 2  
 E L Harris' blk g Earnest..... 3 3 3 1 3 3  
 Time—2:42½, 2:42, 2:44, 2:41, 2:42, 2:36.

Same Day.—Purse \$200; \$120, 60, 20; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.  
 M McConnell's ch m Sadie Bell..... 1 1 1  
 A J Mix's Little Wonder..... 2 2 2  
 Geo Coolidge's ch g Billy Moscow..... 3 3 3  
 Time—2:42½, 2:32, 2:35½.

Same Day.—Purse \$200; steeplechase, two and a half miles; \$120, 60, 20.  
 Wm Owen's b g Passion..... 1  
 T R Langdon's New Broom..... 2

GOOD TROT AT PHILADELPHIA.  
 BELMONT PARK, Oct 8 and 9.—Purse \$400; 2:20 class.  
 J E Turner's ch g Phil Dougherty..... 9 6 3 1 3 2 1 1  
 W E Week's ch g Capt Timmers..... 2 1 1 4 2 3 2 2  
 J H Phillip's b m Rose Medium..... 6 7 10 3 1 1 4 3  
 S R Clark's wh m Twilight..... 1 4 8 5 5 5 6 4  
 J J Bowen's b g Iron Age..... 4 2 3 2 4 4 3 0  
 C Conway's bl m Penelope..... 3 3 4 9 6 7 7 0  
 J McMahon's b m Grace..... 5 5 7 6 8 6 5 0  
 W D Rickard's ch s David Wallace..... 9 8 6 7 7 8 8 0  
 B E Dunham's b m Volunteer Maid..... 7 9 5 8 9 9 dr  
 M Goodin's b m Lady Kildar..... 10 10 9 10 dr  
 Time—2:29, 2:25, 2:27½, 2:28, 2:27, 2:29, 2:32, 2:27.

TROTTING AT LE ROY, N. Y.  
 LE ROY, Sept 24.—Purse \$—; 3:00 class.  
 Owner's m g Taylor..... 2 1 1 1  
 Owner's b g Timothy..... 1 2 2 2  
 Owner's b g Bill Green..... 4 4 3 3  
 Owner's blk m Lady June..... 3 3 4 4  
 Owner's br m Jennie Sloan..... 5 5 5 5  
 Owner's b g Honest Billy..... 6 5 6 6  
 Time—0:00, 2:37, 2:36, 2:37½.

Sept 24 and 25.—Purse \$—; 2:30 class.  
 Owner's b s St Cloud..... 3 1 2 1 3 3 1  
 Owner's blk g Wm D..... 1 3 7 3 1 2 2  
 Owner's b g Jim White..... 2 2 1 5 6 1 3  
 Owner's b g Tommy Norwood..... 5 5 5 5 3 3 0  
 Owner's blk m Lucis..... 4 4 3 4 5 5 0  
 Owner's b g Bay Dick..... 7 7 4 7 4 7 0  
 Owner's blk g James Ash..... 6 6 6 6 dr  
 Time—2:33, 2:33½, 2:32, 2:33, 2:32, 2:33½, 2:34½.

Sept 25.—Purse \$—; 2:40 class.  
 Owner's gr f Monk Boy..... 1 2 1 1  
 Owner's b g P L Eastman..... 2 1 3 3  
 Owner's b g Jim White..... 3 3 2 1  
 Time—2:42½, 2:41, 2:43, 2:44½.

Same Day.—Purse \$—; 2:35 class.  
 Owner's blk g James Ash..... 5 1 1 1  
 Owner's blk g Wm D..... 1 2 2 5  
 Owner's ch s S W Spink..... 3 3 3 2  
 Owner's ch m Lady Mack..... 2 4 4 3  
 Owner's ch m Minnie..... 4 5 5 4  
 Time—0:00, 2:41, 2:35, 2:36½.

Sept 23.—Purse \$—; 2:50 class.  
 Owner's m g Taylor..... 1 2 1 1  
 Owner's b g Timothy..... 2 1 2 3  
 Owner's blk m Lady June..... 3 3 3 2  
 Owner's blk m Black Nell..... dis  
 Time—2:34, 2:34½, 2:32½, 2:35½.

in 5, harness.  
 H C McDowell's b f Fringe, by Princeps, dam by Alexander's Abdallah 1 2 2 1 1  
 Macy & Bro's b f Allie Stone, by Strathmore..... 3 1 1 2 2  
 Time—2:47½, 2:46½, 2:46½, 2:43½, 2:40½  
 Track heavy on the 9th.

GOOD TROT AT POINT BREEZE.  
 POINT BARRAZ PARK, Philadelphia, Oct 3 1878.  
 —Unfitted 2:28 class, purse \$800; \$400 to first, 200 to second, 120 to third, 80 to fourth.  
 J H Phillips' b m Rose Medium..... 5 9 8 2 2 1 3 1 1  
 J E Jarvis' br g George Henry..... 8 4 2 1 1 7 8 5 4  
 J J Bowen's r g Iron Age..... 4 2 4 4 3 5 1 3 0  
 Jas McHugh's blk m Maggie M..... 1 10 7 10 9 3 9 4 0  
 Wm E Weeks' ch g Capt Emmons..... 9 1 5 3 4 8 6 2 5  
 Wm McMahon's b m Grace..... 6 3 1 5 6 2 5 6 6  
 H C Woodnut's b m Annie G..... 2 5 3 6 5 6 4 7 8  
 W D Rickard's ch s David Wallace..... 3 7 9 7 7 4 7 8 7  
 W S Ingersoll's blk g Snesex..... 7 6 6 8 8 dr  
 John F Smith's b g Red Crook..... 10 8 10 9 dr  
 Time—2:27½, 2:25, 2:27, 2:29½, 2:31, 2:28½, 2:26½, 5:28.

English Gurf.  
 NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

The Cesarewitch Stakes, a handicap for three-year olds and upward, two miles, two furlongs and twenty-eight yards, was run for at the Second Newmarket October meeting on Tuesday, 8th inst. The stakes closed with 118 subscribers, of which number 49 declared forfeit, and twenty faced the starter. The interesting feature of this rich Autumn Handicap, was the coming in second of Mr. M. H. Sanford's four-year-old filly Start, against whom 50 to 1 was laid. The race was won by Mr. R. Naylor's Jester, 5 years old, 94 lbs., Mr. Sanford's Start, 4 years old, 18 lbs., finishing second, and Mr. Johnson's Shillelagh, 4 years old, 92 lbs., third.  
 The fortieth renewal of the Cesarewitch Stakes, a handicap for three-year-olds and upward, at £25 each, £15 forfeit, with £300 added by the Jockey Club. The winner of the Doncaster St. Leger to carry 112 lb., winners of a handicap valued at £300 after the publication of the weights (Sept. 5, at 10 a.m.) to carry 10 lbs., of any other handicap 5 lbs. extra. The owner of the second to receive £200, and the third £100 out of the stakes. Entrance £3, the only forfeit for horses struck out on or before noon of Sept. 10. Closed with 113 subscribers, of which forty-nine declared forfeit. Cesarewitch course, two miles, two furlongs and twenty-eight yards.  
 Mr R C Naylor's cu h Jester, 5 years old, by Merrymer, dam's pedigree unknown 94 lbs..... 1  
 Mr M H Sanford's or f Start, 4 years old, by Glenelg, dam Stamps, 98 lbs (bred in the United States)..... 2  
 Mr J Johnston's b g Shillelagh, 4 years old, by King of Trumps, dam Lady Alice Hawthorn, 92 lbs..... 3  
 Mr W T Crawford's b c Sefton, 3 years old, by Speculum, dam the dam of Liverpool, 112 lbs..... 0  
 The betting: Four to 1 against Sefton; Jester, 20 to 1; Start, 50 to 1; Shillelagh, 50 to 1.

TROTTING IN ENGLAND.  
 An international trotting meeting was held at Wolverhampton, England, on Sept. 28 and 30. The leading event was the Wolverhampton Trotting Stakes of 200 sovs., for which among others, were entered Mr. Dick's Childie Harold, driven by Mr. Harry Giddings; Mr. Webling's Norah, driven by Mr. C. W. Webling; and the well known American gelding Spotted Colt. The race was conducted something on the

J. Dick's ch m Childie Harold, American  
 W Broomhead's g J. K. Sutherland..... 3  
 A Knight's b m Lancelotti, Huddersfield..... 4  
 R Hillier's b g Defiance London..... 0  
 C F Webling's b m Norah, London..... 0  
 J Hill's b g Stargazer, Coughton..... 0  
 J Blumson's b m Catch 'em Alive, London 0  
 R Dunston's b m Lady, Acootington..... 0  
 Time—3:34, 3:33, 3:31½. Childie Harold was the favorite before the first heat, after which it was supplanted in the betting by Matty

Billiards.  
 A KIND TRIBUTE.  
 The following are the resolutions which were passed at a meeting of billiard experts and others last week, in New York:  
 "Whereas, it hath pleased Almighty God who doeth all in his inscrutable wisdom, to suddenly remove from their midst an esteemed friend and long-time companion, J. B. Cyrille Dion; and therefore, be it  
 "Resolved, That the undersigned hereby give expression to their heartfelt regrets for his untimely and sudden death in the midst of an honorable career of usefulness, and extend their heartfelt sympathies to his family and friends. That they mourn his loss, in so much as it leaves a vacant place which it will be impossible to fill. It may, perhaps tend to alleviate the grief of his afflicted relatives and friends, in that he never gave them cause of sorrow. A genial friend and brother has been wafted from us to his home in the heavens. That these resolutions be neatly engrossed and framed, and sent to the family of our deceased friend."  
 Signed by W. Sexton, M. Geary, J. F. Gleason, M. Daly, L. C. Newhall, S. Knight, H. A. Freeman, M. T. Humphrey, A. Garnier, A. Izar, G. T. Stone, A. C. J. Darlot, L. A. Guillet, T. Flynn.

A New Shot.—Rudolphus has discovered a new shot in billiards which he calls the *coup de resistance* and by means of which he made 1,200 and 700 points on Friday in practice.

RUDOLPHUS BEATS SEXTON.—There was a benefit given to the veteran Michael Geary at O'Conner's billiard rooms, New York, on Saturday night. Among the games played was one by Rudolphus and Sexton. It was 500 points up and was won by Rudolphus, Sexton having 489 points on his string at the close. Sexton made a run of 216 points, and by several small runs raised his score to a total of 488 points when Rudolphus had but 380. The latter then made a run of 61. Sexton made 1, and then missing, complacently resumed his seat. Rudolphus then made the necessary 109 points, beating the champion by 62 points. The best runs of Sexton were 216 and 85, and of Rudolphus 109, 87 and 65.

POOL SELLING.  
 Mr. Blake's Act to prevent pool-selling is already all but a dead letter. It is violated every day under the very noses of Government officials, and not a voice is lifted against the proceedings. From the first it was regarded with disfavour, and now it is treated with contempt. At Montreal, in connection with the Hanlan and Courtney race, it was openly ignored; it was treated in the same way, we are told, at the late horse races at Montreal, as at the boat races, so that the officers of the law cannot hide their inaction behind a plea of ignorance that the law of the Dominion is daily broken. There is one of two courses to take in the matter—either enforce the law or repeal the Act. If the restriction imposed by this piece of Blake legislation be wholesome in its tendency, then enforce the statute. If it be bad, and the way the government winks at its infraction favors the opinion that they believe it to be so, why then the law should be amended or repealed. Nothing tends more to rob the law of that respect which it should inspire, than to permit a statute to remain on the books without enforcing its observance.—Dundas Standard.

## Hugh Melton!

## CHAPTER IV

(CONTINUED.)

'I agree with you,' I said; 'trials are all right, but if you face them boldly. Remember that they are many others too, as well as I and those whom you like best, that will stand by you through good report and evil report. However, enough of this now; take a cigar and forget care for a time; there is nothing more comfortable one like a good smoke.'

Hugh assented languidly, taking a cigar with the air of one who has lost all interest in life; but before long, under the soothing influence of the narcotic, he brightened up a little, and his sad face assumed a more tranquil expression. When we left our retreat no one would have guessed by his face through what an ordeal he had just passed, and the most keen-sighted among his acquaintances could have observed no signs of finching when he encountered any marks of avoidance or contempt.

So we sped gayly on toward the tropics—gayly at least as regards the sailing of the vessel, for providentially we encountered none but favorable winds the whole way, otherwise we should have died of ennui, as it may well be imagined a certain stiffness reigned in our party, some of whom would neither look at nor speak to Melton; indeed, I was the only one who kept up really friendly relations with him; the few who did not believe Cameron's story could not quite take Melton's innocence for granted when he made no effort to bring forward proofs to establish it. Then, again, I, being his constant companion, came in for some of the odium attached to him, though for that I did not care a straw, as, with the exception of Solace and some few others, they were not worth caring about. Still it was dull, very dull, and thankful indeed I was that we met none of the usual calms that are generally so tiresome near the Line.

At last one evening, when we were about 26 degrees south latitude, a fearful accident occurred, which was near ending fatally for us all. We were on deck, smoking, talking, and reading; Hugh trying to take a faint transcript of one of the most gorgeous Southern sunsets I ever beheld, and I lounging beside him, when glancing carelessly out at the foamy track left by the vessel, as she plowed her way through the rippling wavelets, I saw between me and the glowing sky a thin filmy vapor ascending. Lazily I watched for a while, as it curled and wreathed in fantastic shapes that lent a flickering softness to the brilliant tints beyond. After about ten minutes' lazy enjoyment of the novel effect, a vague wonder crept into my mind as to how it got there. Could some one be smoking, leaning out of the stern windows, or sitting among the cordage and chains? Yes, that was probably the cause of it; some of our fellows no doubt had chosen that place for a quiet chat. But who could it be? They were most of them in groups near us; I did not miss any one. So at last, out of pure curiosity, I determined to look over and see.

'I'll be back in a minute, Hugh,' I said, rising very slowly and, in spite of my curiosity, reluctantly, and making my way aft. When I arrived at the taffrail and leaned over, no one was to be seen; but, what I for a few seconds thought odd, there seemed to be hot vapor oozing through the crevices of the planking, and the air smelled so strangely. What could it be? I sniffed once or twice, and then with overwhelming force the conviction rushed through my mind—the ship was on fire. To run forward and tell the captain was the work of an instant, and a minute later it was found that the large cabin in the stern, in which the ladies usually sat, was on fire.

Our men manned the pumps turned about with the blue-jackets, and we put in our turn with the rest. Hugh throwing aside his unfinished sketch, and working like a horse at whatever came under his hand.

'Where is Captain Cameron?' asked Solomon, coming up hurriedly to where we were working, carrying away all inflammable articles from the proximity of the fire. He

'Well, he is better than I thought,' I observed to myself on seeing him, 'he is at least encouraging the men to work, if he won't do it himself.' But as I passed close behind him on my errand, judge of my surprise when I heard him say:

'We can get some of the men, sergeant; in the confusion it will be easy to slip some water and provisions on board, and then we will be off. It is the only way to escape certain death; once the fire gains the powder, it is all up with us.'

'Captain,' answered Green, in the same imperturbable tone he would have used on parade—'captain, there are men of ours on board this vessel, but I hope not one coward; then, with a salute that I fancied, in its exaggerated respect, expressed immeasurable contempt, he turned on his heel and rejoined his comrades.

How proud I felt of that man! I should have liked to have gone over and shaken hands with him, as I turned and hurried aft again, to see what other work there was for willing hands. Plenty there was of it for every one; but in spite of all efforts, the fire seemed to gain ground. Here and there spits and tongues of flame might be seen shooting up through the planks, and gleaming redly through the glass sky-lights let in here and there in the deck, while volumes of smoke would burst out now and then through some unforeseen aperture, half smothering those who might be working near. I had forgotten all about the scene I had just witnessed, when suddenly I heard Hugh's voice, in a loud commanding tone, proceeding from among a knot of men gathered near one of the boats forward.

Curious to see what was the matter, and thinking I might be of use I ran over. When I reached the spot his back was toward me, and I waited to hear what might be the matter before interfering. Two sailors, whom I recognized as among the black sheep of the crew, were lowering the boat over the side, while round them stood a knot of men, about ten all, some soldiers, some sailors, but all of them well known to me as possessing an indifferently reputation with their respective officers.

In the centre of the group stood Hugh and Cameron, face to face with each other. Hugh was speaking loudly, and in an authoritative manner, with his head up and his eyes flashing.

'I tell you, Captain Cameron,' he was saying as I approached, 'that you shall not do this thing if I can prevent it; and you,' he added, turning to the men, 'return every one of you to your duty, or I shall report you to your officers. Have you no shame that you should try to leave the ship before all hope is lost? Think of your comrades toiling till the very life is worn out of them to save themselves and the ship. Are you not ashamed to stand here concocting a villainous scheme that must deprive some at least of the chance of safety if you succeed, and that if you do not succeed will not the less cover you with infamy.'

'That is all very fine,' sneered Cameron, a feeble spark of energy roused in him by hate and fear; 'but if I prefer to save myself rather than stick by this cursed tub till the flames reach the powder, and if these brave fellows choose to make an effort for their lives, none shall prevent us; you, if you make another attempt to stop us, shall be pitched into the sea; I can promise you that much, I think.'

Hugh laughed scornfully, and springing on the bulwarks caught hold of one of the davits to support himself, at the same time opening a large clasp knife, with which he intended to cut the rope if obliged; at least, as he told me afterward, he intended to try and cut the rope, though well aware that his knife was a very weak weapon for such an undertaking.

As he opened the knife, Cameron, goaded to fury by the idea that his carefully prepared scheme was about to fail through Hugh's agency, aimed a blow at him with all his force. Involuntarily I sprang forward intending to catch Cameron's arm, but before I could reach him the blow had been delivered, missing his mark, Cameron overbalanced and fell heavily against the bulwarks, cutting himself pretty severely about the face and head. Then I caught Hugh by the arm and dragged him down.

'What are you about,' I said, breathlessly, 'standing up there, where a touch would knock you over into the water? Let us take that madman, Cameron, and shut him up

appeared to my eyes; but beyond this feeble attempt at merriment he seemed to make no effort to shake off his depression, and presently began to busy himself setting things as much to rights as circumstances permitted.

Next time we were alone, however, he said, 'Could you have believed Cameron was such a mean-spirited ruffian? I never saw a more thorough poltroon. It adds to the perplexity I was in before. How I am to act with regard to that man I can not tell. It would be better for a woman to die than to marry a man so utterly dead to every noble and honorable feeling.'

From this remark I saw his thoughts had again reverted to Miss Meares, so I made no reply, and he pursued the subject no farther.

Though the fire placed us in rather unpleasant circumstances, from the amount of loss it entailed on many of us, and from the discomfort of the temporary accommodations we had to contrive to replace things destroyed, still it had one good effect, others besides myself had seen Cameron's behavior, and were no longer inclined to pay so much attention to his insinuations against Hugh, whose conduct had been as worthy of praise as his was of blame.

Sergeant Green had also indulged himself in making a fine story out of Cameron's proposition to him and his answer, which story rapidly spread, and soon became known to every one on board; so that gentleman, now thoroughly sobered by finding the estimation in which his conduct was held, found himself presently left pretty much to his own resources.

This fire was the only event of importance that occurred to break the monotony of our life during the voyage out. When we arrived at the Cape we made ourselves more comfortable, and replaced the most necessary of those articles that had been destroyed, but our stay was short notwithstanding, and we were soon dancing over the waves of the Indian Ocean on our way to Calcutta.

How pleased we all were when, after a fearfully tedious, though on the whole rapid, voyage, we found ourselves at last slowly sailing up the Hooghly, with its gay villas and shady gardens, presenting pleasant pictures to eyes so wearied by gazing over the monotonous expanse of ocean; how intense was our delight as we once more stood on dry land! and how really enjoyable was the week we spent in Calcutta, before proceeding up the country to the little town of A—, where we were to be stationed!

The little town lay near the Himalayas, and was at this period used as an outpost, on account of the lawless, predatory habits of the mountain chieftains, which rendered the constant supervision of the British Government and a tolerably powerful executive necessary.

It was not a bad quarter, after all; and some of us managed to make ourselves very comfortable. There was plenty of sport, and many a good day Hugh and I had among the hills. Though at the foot of hills, our station was intensely hot, and most tantalizing it was to see far away the summits of endless mountains rising one above the other in endless confusion, until their snowy peaks seemed to pierce the blue vault above. Hugh revelled in the endless beauties they spread out before him of form and color, while I took every opportunity of getting a ramble over their unexplored pathways, with my gun on my shoulder and a pleasant companion by my side.

## CHAPTER VI.

## CAMERON'S VISITOR.

There are drawbacks to every place, and the drawback to A— was, as far as I was concerned, that it did not agree with me. The intense heat brought on a kind of low fever, which, though it did not quite lay me up, yet made every pursuit, whether in connection with my duty or otherwise, a burden to me. Our doctor assured me I should soon get over it; in the meantime I had better keep quiet, and avoid all exertion during the heat of the day.

So it chanced that one day, as I was lounging in an easy chair by my window, getting the benefit of the cool breeze that at that hour (it was half past seven in the evening) was beginning to steal down from the mountains, I heard a vehicle approaching the bar-

smiled the most perfect teeth, had it not been for the indescribable expression, more visible in the mouth than elsewhere, that we call want of refinement—imagine such a face surrounded by a profusion of raven hair, which was ornamented with the daintiest tulle bonnet, the head set gracefully on the most queenly form, and you will have some idea of the personal appearance of Cameron's strange visitor.

As she entered the doorway she spoke, and her voice sounded soft and sweet, 'that most excellent thing in a woman,' as it reached me; while her laugh, in answer to some remark of Cameron's, was clear and silvery; very pleasant to listen to, I thought, as I lay back in my chair thinking of that perfect face, and deciding that whatever want of refinement it indicated, it must be in mind and not in manner, as her voice and laugh convinced me that outwardly at least she was all a lady ought to be. I lay lazily in my chair by the open window, listening dreamily to the hum of voices in Cameron's room, next mine, and feeling a kind of vague pleasure in the sound of low laughter that stole out now and then on the evening air.

Presently they moved near the window, which was beside mine, not more than a yard distant at most, and I heard the woman's voice say, in persuasive accents that I am sure would have found their way round any man's heart:

'And now, dear, tell me all about this Maud Meares, that some one said you were going to marry. I only laughed when I heard it; I couldn't doubt you; still I thought when I saw you I would ask you about it.'

As the name of Cameron's betrothed fell on my ears I began to listen attentively; in fact, the whole sentence was so extraordinary, and this fascinating being's relation to Cameron seemed so equivocal, that I had little difficulty in persuading myself that for Miss Meares' sake, even if not for Hugh's, I was quite right to play the part of eavesdropper. Besides, I argued, if I find there is nothing wrong, it can not matter my having listened or not. If, on the contrary, there is anything not quite as it ought to be, the sooner it is found out and that fellow's little game put a stop to the better. Drawing my easy-chair, therefore, nearer to the window, and leaning a little outside, I prepared myself for what, even when making the best of it, I felt to be an honorable occupation.

Cameron laughed a little at her question, and answered in more cynical manner than I could have fancied any man would have used to such a woman:

'You were right not to mind what any fellow might report about me. You know we are married; so you are safe whatever may happen, though no one knows how we stand with regard to one another. You have kept our secret, I hope?' he added, with some sternness.

'Indeed, Edward, I have,' she replied, earnestly, 'though why I should do so I can't see. And when I hear such things said of you I do long to hold up my head boldly, looking people in the face, as I have a right to do, and saying, "Your stories are false; I am his wife, and no woman shall come between us while I live."

'Well, well,' he answered, in an impatient bored manner—for which I felt it in my heart to kick him, so much had my sympathies been enlisted by the sweet-wifely words and tender caressing manner of the beautiful stranger—you know I don't like declamation or heroics; they bore me; and you are getting a little into that style now and then. Try and get out of it, dear. As to why our marriage should be kept a secret, I told you long ago that my embarrassments would not permit me to declare it; as to this report, why, you must encourage it as much as you can, as at present it is my only help in keeping my head above-water. The Jews will wait, in hopes of reaping a golden harvest when it comes off, as this Miss Meares is a great heiress. Indeed, I have been thinking that it would not be a bad move for either you or me could it be accomplished.'

There was a pause after this sentence; during which interval of silence a feeling of horror stole over me of this fair, calm-looking man, with his quiet, gentle ways, his smooth, persuasive voice, and his womanish attention to personal appearance, who concealed a soul so vile, a mind so base, as not only to plan such a scheme, but to dare to talk

interrupted him.

'Oh, Edward, Edward, don't say that! What is the matter with you to-day? Don't you know that you are proposing a fearful crime? If you love me, how can you think for a moment of marrying this other woman, and letting her usurp my rightful place, no matter how great her wealth? And if you do not love me, or have found the love of your childhood dearer and sweeter than mine, how have you forewarned yourself and deceived me! Tell me, what is she like, this English heiress, with a store of gold vast enough to buy men's affection, or at least the semblance of it?'

The piteous tone died out of her voice as she asked this last question in eager jealous accents that quivered, in spite of a brave effort to be calm.

'What is she like?' he asked, lazily; and I heard him strike a fusee, preparatory to lighting a cheroot. 'Well, that is a more sensible question than the tragedy-queen performance you began with, so I'll answer it. Let me see: she is small and slight; a beautiful little figure; very fair, with lots of lovely golden hair, all in loose waves like yours, but the most delicious gold-color. Indeed, her whole coloring is very brilliant and delicate, quite like one of the dainty little figures one sees sometimes in Sevres china. As a rule, heiresses are ugly and vulgar-looking, but she's a remarkable exception to the rule.'

He ceased speaking with the same lazy sangroid; but she went on, passionately:

'Oh, why did you ever tell me you loved me! Your heart is with this blonde beauty, born to a happier fate than mine; for you love her, as she doubtless loves you, but not as I loved you—not as I love you, she corrected herself—I, a child of this burning climate, with warmer love and fiercer hate, more intense affections, more cruel jealousy, than her cold Northern nature can feel. Was not my future dark enough, without my paltry beauty catching your idle fancy, to be the toy of a fleeting passion, and to be flung aside when you are wearied of it?'

'Hush!' he said, impatiently, interrupting her. 'Now you are raving, and making a fool of yourself besides. If, as you elegantly express it, you were the toy of a fleeting passion, you would not be my wife; and that you are certainly, though perhaps now I might be as well pleased if I had not been in such a hurry to put the noose round my neck. As to my loving her, believe me dearest, you are a thousand times sweeter and more charming to me than any other woman who ever breathed. I don't care a fig for her, but I want her money; and as for her, I don't think she likes me, though I believe she tries to persuade herself she does; and I am pretty sure she cares a good deal for that hang-dog fellow, Hugh Melton, curse him!'

'Then, Edward darling,' said the beauty, in a calmer voice, 'how can you wish so to wrong both her and me? Of myself I will say nothing; you must know all I have to say as well as I; but only think of her. What has the poor girl done that this sin and shame should be brought upon her? Let her marry that man, if she can cure for him after being engaged to you. Are you sure she doesn't love you?' she added. 'Are you only telling me that about the other man to turn my suspicions aside, because you love her yourself? Swear to me you are telling me the truth. Only a little while ago, and I should not have asked you to swear—I should have believed your word; but now you are so strange I almost fear you. Why did you tell me all this, and say those dreadful things? I know you were only trying me, but I can't bear it. Promise me not to talk so any more, won't you?'

With the most coaxing and persuasive voice, in which there was still a tremor of fear and passion, she uttered these words, and I could fancy how, as she said it, her white hands wound themselves around his neck, and her beautiful lustrous eyes looked pleadingly up into his.

But blandishments and prayers were alike wasted on him; he had begun his subject, and he meant to go through with it: he continued, therefore:

'The reason she don't marry Hugh Melton is that he is a beggar, with nothing but his pay, and her fine fortune goes to the dogs, or somewhere equally satisfactory, if she does not marry me; and marry her I will

transcript of one of the most gorgeous Southern sunsets I ever beheld, and I lounging beside him, when glancing carelessly out at the foamy track left by the vessel, as she plowed her way through the rippling waves, I saw between me and the glowing sky a thin filmy vapor ascending. Lazily I watched for a while, as it curled and wreathed in fantastic shapes that lent a flickering softness to the brilliant tints beyond. After about ten minutes' lazy enjoyment of the novel effect, a vague wonder crept into my mind as to how it got there. Could some one be smoking, leaning out of the stern windows, or sitting among the cordage and chains? Yes, that was probably the cause of it; some of our fellows no doubt had chosen that place for a quiet chat. But who could it be? They were most of them in groups near us; I did not miss any one. So at last, out of pure curiosity, I determined to look over and see.

'I'll be back in a minute, Hugh,' I said, rising very slowly and, in spite of my curiosity, reluctantly, and making my way aft. When I arrived at the taffrail and leaned over, no one was to be seen: but, what I for a few seconds thought odd, there seemed to be hot vapor oozing through the crevices of the planking, and the air smelled so strangely. What could it be? I sniffed once or twice, and then with overwhelming force the conviction rushed through my mind—the ship was on fire. To run forward and tell the captain was the work of an instant, and a minute later it was found that the large saloon in the stern, in which the ladies usually sat, was on fire.

Our men manned the pumps turn about with the blue-jackets, and we put in our turn with the rest, Hugh throwing aside his unfinished sketch, and working like a horse at whatever came under his hand.

'Who is Captain Cameron?' asked Solace, coming up hurriedly to where we were working, carrying away all inflammable articles from the proximity of the fire. He was in his shirt sleeves like the rest of us, and though his face was pale, his voice was firm and clear as he spoke.

'I don't know,' answered Hugh, shortly, as he turned to assist a marine vainly striving to move some ponderous article by his unassisted strength. 'Why do you want him?' he continued, wiping the sweat from his brow, as he staggered forward with his tired helper.

'Only that I haven't seen him doing any thing, and I want him to come and help us. We must all work now if we wish to live.'

Suddenly from the forward part of the ship came the man he was looking for, pale, haggard, and with big drops, brought there not by pain, but by anguish and fear, standing on his brow, the very picture of abject terror.

'Oh,' he cried, with a pleading gesture of his hands, 'now are you getting on? Is the fire being got under? For mercy's sake tell me quick!'

'The worst is to be feared, Captain Cameron,' answered Solace, coldly, turning with disgust from the pitiable figure of his senior, 'but cowardice indeed changes the handsome face into an abject and unsightly object; imagine, therefore, its effect on Cameron's breaking countenance. For one moment he stared wildly at the brave youth, then a paroxysm of fear seized him, and forgetting all who were present—his position, duty, everything—he raved and cursed his cruel fate in the wildest throes of mortal terror.

A minute's glance was all we could vouch for to our pitiable exhibition; when next we looked in that direction he was gone. A few minutes after, business took me forward, where a party of our men were taking breath after their spell at the pumps. A little apart from the silent wary group stood Sergeant Green, and talking eagerly to him, with violent gesticulations and hurried breathing, was Cameron, whom I had so lately seen ordering on in a fit of insane terror.

this thing if I can prevent it; and you,' he added, turning to the men, 'return every one of you to your duty, or I shall report you to your officers. Have you no shame that you should try to leave the ship before all hope is lost? Think of your comrades toiling till the very life is worn out of them to save themselves and the ship. Are you not ashamed to stand here concocting a villainous scheme that must deprive some at least of the chance of safety if you succeed, and that if you do not succeed will not the less cover you with infamy.'

'That is all very fine,' sneered Cameron, a feeble spark of energy roused in him by hate and fear; 'but if I refused to save myself rather than stick by this cursed tub till the flames reach the powder, and if these brave fellows choose to make an effort for their lives, none shall prevent us; you, if you make another attempt to stop us, shall be pitched into the sea; I can promise you that much, I think.'

Hugh laughed scornfully, and springing on the bulwarks caught hold of one of the davits to support himself, at the same time opening a large clasp knife, with which he intended to cut the rope if obliged; at least, as he told me afterward, he intended to try and cut the rope, though well aware that his knife was a very weak weapon for such an undertaking.

As he opened the knife, Cameron, goaded to fury by the idea that his carefully prepared scheme was about to fail through Hugh's agency, aimed a blow at him with all his force. Involuntarily I sprang forward intending to catch Cameron's arm, but before I could reach him the blow had been delivered; missing his mark, Cameron overbalanced and fell heavily against the bulwarks, cutting himself pretty severely about the face and head. Then I caught Hugh by the arm and dragged him down.

'What are you about,' I said, breathlessly, 'standing up there, where a touch would knock you over into the water? Let us take that madman, Cameron, and shut him up somewhere; it will then be easy to deal with the rest.'

We turned to look for him, and perceived Solace assisting him to rise.

'Captain Cameron,' he said, 'you don't know what you are doing; you are not fit to be left alone; you must come with me and help us to work.'

Cameron staggered to his feet, fairly beside himself with rage.

'It is that fellow,' he yelled, pointing to Hugh; 'he is setting the men against me. I will be revenged for his cursed impudence.'

He struggled to get free from Solace, who, however, held him firmly, and answered:

'Captain Melton did his duty, and when you are in your calm judgement you will thank him for acting as he did. Now come with me,' so saying he went off, dragging his unwilling superior after him, who turned back for one minute to mutter a fierce curse on Melton, and swear with bitter emphasis he would be revenged. A few sharp words dispersed the sulkers, and then, turning again to our work, we found that in the interim the fire had been considerably subdued, and there was now really some hope of saving the ship.

Animated by that hope, we set to work again with the will, and in about half an hour enjoyed the luxury of resting a few minutes without any fear of the fire, which was now completely quenched. I could hardly help laughing as I surveyed several of the most dandified young fellows in the regiment, now looking like an assemblage of chimney-sweeps and coat-beavers; indeed some of them were so begrimed as to be almost unrecognizable. As to Hugh, now the excitement was over, he looked indeed a dismal picture; his fair hair singed, his clothes torn, and dirty, and, above all, an impatient, anxious expression on his countenance. He smiled faintly as he looked at me, fancying, no doubt, that I was as queer-looking as he

The little town lay near the Himalayas, and was at this period used as an outpost, on account of the lawless, predatory habits of the mountain chieftains, which rendered the constant supervision of the British Government and a tolerably powerful executive necessary.

It was not a bad quarter, after all; and some of us managed to make ourselves very comfortable. There was plenty of sport, and many a good day Hugh and I had among the hills. Though at the foot of hills, our station was intensely hot, and most tantalizing it was to see far away the summits of endless mountains rising one above the other in endless confusion, until their snowy peaks seemed to pierce the blue vault above. Hugh revelled in the endless beauties they spread out before him of form and color, while I took every opportunity of getting a ramble over their unexplored pathways, with my gun on my shoulder and a pleasant companion by my side.

## CHAPTER VI.

### CAMERON'S VISITOR.

There are drawbacks to every place, and the drawback to A—was, as far as I was concerned, that it did not agree with me. The intense heat brought on a kind of low fever, which, though it did not quite lay me up, yet made every pursuit, whether in connection with my duty or otherwise, a burden to me. Our medico assured me I should soon get over it; in the meantime I had better keep quiet, and avoid all exertion during the heat of the day.

So it chanced that one day, as I was lounging in an easy chair by my window, getting the benefit of the cool breeze that at that hour (it was half past seven in the evening) was beginning to steal down from the mountains, I heard a vehicle approaching the barracks. Curiosity prompted me to raise a corner of the mat that shaded the window and look out. My window commanded a view of the drive up the compound to the door, and I saw a kind of covered carriage of primitive and dilapidated appearance driving up. It stopped at the door, and then I, still keeping myself concealed, saw seated inside a very handsome woman.

But who could she be coming to see? Every one was out with the exception of myself—Hugh sketching, a lot of the others shooting, and Cameron, I thought, visiting. As for me, I had never set my eyes on this lady before; so certainly her visit was not intended for me. I did not hear for whom she asked, but in a few minutes Cameron appeared, and then I saw I had been mistaken in supposing him away. He handed her out, and before she disappeared with him through the doorway I obtained even a better view of her than I had at first been able to.

She was tall, with a perfect figure, which was displayed to the greatest advantage by a light muslin dress, over which was thrown carelessly a magnificent black lace shawl, that rather enhanced than concealed the effect. In stepping out of the carriage she displayed a slender foot, with an instep arched as that of an Arab, while the hand that rested ungloved on his arm was small and white, the taper fingers sparkling with jewels. A perfect hand it was, and you would have said, had you not seen the face, it must have belonged to a lady. As to her face, it was gloriously beautiful, complete in every feature, and wanting only the nameless charm of refinement, without which beauty is to some minds valueless. Imagine a broad white brow, with penciled eyebrows of the most perfect form surmounting eyes large and dark as a gazelle's; a peach-like bloom on her cheeks set off the clear olive complexion; while her mouth would have been lovely, showing as it did when she

Cameron laughed a little at her question, and answered in a more cynical manner than I could have fancied any man would have used to such a woman:

'You were right not to mind what any fellow might report about me. You know we are married; so you are safe whatever may happen, though no one knows how we stand with regard to one another. You have kept our secret, I hope?' he added, with some sternness.

'Indeed, Edward, I have,' she replied, earnestly, 'though why I should do so I can't see. And when I hear such things said of you I do long to hold up my head boldly, looking people in the face, as I have a right to do, and saying, "Your stories are false; I am his wife, and no woman shall come between us while I live."'

'Well, well,' he answered, in an impatient bored manner—or which I felt it in my heart to kick him, so much had my sympathies been enlisted by the sweet wifely words and tender caressing manner of the beautiful stranger—you know I don't like declamation or heroics; they bore me; and you are getting a little into that style now and then. Try and get out of it, dear. As to why our marriage should be kept a secret, I told you long ago that my embarrassments would not permit me to declare it; as to this report, why, you must encourage it as much as you can, as at present it is my only help in keeping my head above-water. The Jews will wait, in hopes of reaping a golden harvest when it comes off, as this Miss Meares is a great heiress. Indeed, I have been thinking that it would not be a bad move for either you or me could it be accomplished.'

There was a pause after this sentence, during which interval of silence a feeling of horror stole over me of this fair, calm-looking man, with his quiet, gentle ways, his smooth, persuasive voice, and his womanish attention to personal appearance, who concealed a soul so vile, a mind so base, as not only to plan such a scheme, but to dare to talk over it boldly and openly with his young wife.

The dead silence was at last broken by that sweet voice, saying, in a hesitating tone that told an eloquent tale of horror, astonishment, and pain:

'I—I—don't quite understand you, Edward, I think. Surely I can't have heard aright!'

'Oh yes, quite right,' he answered, with a laugh that sounded unpleasantly sneering. 'You needn't look shocked so harm can come to you whatever I do. Remember you are quite safe, and don't trouble your head about this Miss Meares, who is, after all, the only one to be pitied. What I want you to do is this: I am engaged to marry this Miss Meares—have been so, in fact, since we were children—and had no right to marry you. Now if you are only wise and keep our secret, what is to prevent my marrying this girl in England? I shall never bring her out here, and her money will enable me to give you those luxuries I have so long wished to shower upon the only woman I ever met who had sufficient attraction for me to induce me to forego the brilliant future opened out before me as the husband of the heiress Maud Meares. It is only my love for you that makes me desire this. Other men can adorn those they love with jewels and costly garments, as I would like to do my beautiful darling, while I, with all the affection I feel for you, have never been able to show you more than those few paltry trinkets that look so unworthy the beauty they adorn. And it will not harm Miss Meares either. No one will know of your existence, and she will certainly have the best of the position as my wife. After all, in other countries men may have more wives than one, though our stupid laws are against it. Still, I don't see the harm if it can be managed.'

He laughed sneeringly and brutally as he finished, but a low wailing cry from his wife

neck. As to my loving her, believe me dear, you are a thousand times sweeter and more charming to me than any other woman who ever breathed. I don't care a fig for her, but I want her money; and as for her, I don't think she likes me, though I believe she tries to persuade herself she does; and I am pretty sure she cares a good deal for that hang-dog fellow, Hugh Melton, curse him!'

'Then, Edward darling,' said the beauty, in a calmer voice, 'how can you wish so to wrong both her and me? Of myself I will say nothing; you must know all I have to say as well as I; but only think of her. What has the poor girl done that this man and shame should be brought upon her? Let her marry that man, if she can care for him after being engaged to you. Are you sure she doesn't love you?' she added. 'Are you only telling me that about the other man to turn my suspicions aside, because you love her yourself? Swear to me you are telling me the truth. Only a little while ago, and I should not have asked you to swear—I should have believed your word; but now you are so strange I almost fear you. Why did you tell me all this, and say those dreadful things? I know you were only trying me, but I can't bear it. Promise me not to talk so any more, won't you?'

With the most coming and persuasive voice, in which there was still a tremor of fear and passion, she uttered these words, and I could fancy how, as she said it, her white hands wound themselves around his neck, and her beautiful lustrous eyes looked pleadingly up into his.

But blandishments and prayers were alike wasted on him; he had begun his subject, and he meant to go through with it: he continued, therefore:

'The reason she don't marry Hugh Melton is that he is a beggar, with nothing but his pay, and her fine fortune goes to the dogs, or somewhere equally satisfactory, if she does not marry me; and marry her I will I am going home in a year's time to do it; so I would advise you to keep quiet, madam, and not spoil my little game, or it will be the worse for you.'

'But I will spoil it,' she cried; 'I will spoil it. Do you think I will stand by quietly and see you ruin another life as you have ruined mine? Is it not enough for one woman to have married a villain, who will darken her future life by the curse of an unrequited affection, without another being dragged down by the same man to a darker misery, a deeper shame? No; I have here the copy of my marriage register; I always carry it with me; as a precious treasure at first, henceforth as a safeguard against treachery. Oh, Edward, I thought you loved me! Say you will give up all thoughts of Miss Meares; I will forgive you everything, for I love you still; even though you had perpetrated the deed you threatened, Heaven help me, I believe I should love you even then.'

'Where did you get that copy of the register?' was all the answer he vouchsafed to her passionate appeal.

'You know,' she answered—and there was a sound of coming tears in her plaintive voice—'I got the copy the day we were married at St. Margaret's in Calcutta. Don't you remember? And you laughed at me, and called me goose. Oh, in those days Edward, you did love me, say what you will. Why can you not do so again?'

'Show me that,' he answered, laughing; 'Who said I didn't love you? I do, dearly; but then you must let me show it in my own way, and that's by making you as rich as I can. Yes, the copy's all correct,' he continued, from which I knew she had given it to him as desired. The next minute I heard a fusee struck, then a quick, sharp cry in the woman's voice, and as of some one springing rapidly forward, and then, in Cameron's cynical-sneering tones, 'Too late, my dear.'

To be continued.

CAN THE HORSE WORK WITHOUT SHOES?

The question as to whether working horses should be shod or not, is a subject which undergoes periodical resurrection. In England, the subject is much exciting much attention. Mr. Ransom, Major General Römer, and others, proclaim in the London Times, that shoeing is as little necessary for English as for Brazilian and Australian horses. Mr. Ransom backs his theory with the fact that, during a residence of twenty-five years in Brazil, thousands of unshod horses, carrying three hundred and twenty pounds of produce, travel long and tedious journeys over every description of road. Gen. Römer says that, during his service at Natal, he has driven artillery horses unshod over rough ground, and their hoofs were not injured. Now, these gentlemen do not seem to take into consideration the differences in climate between Great Britain, South America, and Africa. The climate of Africa, South America and Australia, is warm and dry; that of Great Britain is, for the greater part of the year, moist and cool. A warm, dry climate tends to render the hoof of the horse strong and compact; a moist and cool climate, in which there is great fluctuation of temperature, renders artificial protection necessary.

History tells us that, during the wars of Ancient Greece and Romans, immense bodies of cavalry were rendered useless, because the hoofs of the horses wore away during long marches, or came off altogether while traversing swamps; and that was the rule, until the metal shoe was invented in Julius Cæsar's time. It is the custom in England, as in this country, to remove the shoes when a horse is turned out to pasture; and it is true that a run for a few months in this condition does the feet good. But, let the horse be put to hard work, unshod, afterward, and the feet will be injured, unless he is used in ploughing, or other work where no hard roads are encountered.

The feet of horses reared in warm countries are more concave than of those native to temperate or cold climates, and are consequently more able to stand the wear and tear. If a horse, native to Great Britain or this country, should be taken to the torrid zone or South America, his shoes removed, and kept there for a length of time, his feet would assume the concave form, the horn become more compact and solid, and he could do as well without shoes as any other horse. There is another thing to take into consideration, and that is: the horses native to warm climates are, as a general thing, smaller and lighter than ours, are not obliged to draw such heavy weights, traverse less hard roads, and do it at a slower pace. In the country, where there are no pavements, our horses might be put to light work for the warmer months unshod; but, when winter comes with its snow, ice, and frozen ground, shoes will be indispensable. As for working unshod horses in cities, that is out of the question; hard pavements will knock a horse's feet to pieces quick enough, without justifying the removal of his shoes to facilitate the process.

The advocates of the non-shoeing system claim that shoes are the source of numerous evils, which the horse would not be subject to, were he not shod. That may be all very true; but the question is, Would he not contract worse diseases by working unshod in such climates as those of Great Britain and the United States? If those interested in the horse would turn their attention to shoeing upon scientific principles, there would be less need of making a pathological question of it. — Wallace's Monthly.

KILLING A WILD OAT IN EAST ZORRA.

The Hamburg Independent says:—While proceeding through the woods at the rear end of Mr. John Weicker's farm, Con. 17, township of East Zorra, a few days ago, Mr. Robert Vance came across a monstrous wild oat. Mr. Vance was at close quarters with the animal before they saw each other, but as soon as their eyes met he was not long in comprehending the situation, and being unarmed, he concluded to cry out with the object of scaring his catchip. The device worked admirably and our hero and the oat were soon running in opposite directions. Flying thus escaped what would have been a deep, ately one sided encounter with a deadly antagonist. Mr. Vance hastened to within calling distance of his brothers and some neighbors. They came, armed with guns and accompanied by several hounds. On learning the nature of the game which they were to pursue, the heart of the stoutest quailed, but Robert had by this time sufficiently recovered from the fright to take the lead, and the hounds were soon in hot pursuit. In a few minutes after the hunt commenced they came up with his catchip, and were closely

the buggy dangling at his heels. He showed a disposition to pace, and he was put into training at that gait. Directly he could make 2:21, but wounded his knees so badly as precluded his winning distinction at that gait. He was set to trotting. In the first race before the word was given, he upset the sulky and ran away. This second escapade gave him such a bad name that few of the drivers cared to take charge of his tuition. Senator Lewis had made a present of a half interest in him to Mr. Hawkins, of Sacramento. Mr. H. sent him to Dennis Gannon, of San Leandro, who had been successful in curing Venture of many of his unruly habits, and in his hands he has developed into the great trotter he now can safely be ranked.

Before the start Fullerton was the favorite, bringing \$80 to \$40. The race was won with ease in 2:18½, 2:19½ and 2:21½. On Oct. 4, in the 2:30 class race at San Jose, he distanced Rustic in 2:19.

WHAT EVERYBODY WILL RECALL.

HOW THEY FIGHT THE "FIRE FIEND" IN THE COUNTRY.

Near the burning building stood a barn which seemed likely to go. In that barn was a calf and Mr. Plug determined to rescue the animal, or perish in the attempt. He rushed in and seized the calf by the tail, and as it was fastened by a halter it would probably have been strangled by Plug in his efforts to get it out if some one hadn't cut the rope. As it was he dragged the creature out, using its tail for a handle, and threw it over the fence into the street; then jumping over after it he hauled it to the opposite fence and was about to throw it over, when Mr. Gallagher, who had recovered his breath and got possession of an axe, interfered. "Stop," he said, "you never can throw that calf over that fence! Let me out the fence down!" But Mr. Plug would not heed him, shied the calf over, followed it, grabbed it and ran it a quarter of a mile to a ditch where he dumped it, and where it was found drowned the next day. The barn burned and the house near it was in great danger. Mr. Plug, having got back from rescuing the calf, was satisfied that the house would go, and determined to save the furniture. Turning to the crowd he asked: "Are we men?" "Yes," replied Limerick and several other boys. "Then let us save this house!" He rushed in, upset a large flower-stand, breaking the pots and plants on it, threw a boot-jack through the window and, then getting hold of the edge of the parlor carpet, tore quite a hole in it. Then he started to ascend to the upper story. The stairs were narrow, winding and pitch dark. He had got about half way up when some one threw a feather bed over the baulusters; it came down on his head and he rolled with it to the foot of the stairs, where Mr. Gallagher, who had just broken the front door from its hinges, grabbed bed and man and threw them out into the front yard. Then James ascended to the roof and found that the fire was under control and the men coming down. He started to descend the ladder, and about half way down met Limerick, who had a kettle of hot water, which he insisted that Gallagher should take, though he was informed that it was not needed. To oblige him Mr. Gallagher took the kettle, but the handle was so hot that immediately dropped it. There were several persons beneath the ladder, and though they stood from under with promptitude and profane observations, scarcely any one failed to get a few drops of it. One man thought that it was done on purpose and had to be held while the facts were explained to him. Scarcely had this row been settled when Mr. Plug came up and accused James of trying to smother him in the feather bed. James of course denied it. At one time a fight seemed imminent, but they were finally taken home friends, and the next day the man who owned the house and calf sued them for damages.

A HINT TO THE CONSUMPTIVE.

A correspondent of Les Mondes calls attention to the fact that butchers, though they may be pale and thin when they enter on the business, quickly gain freshness of color, stoutness, and a generally comfortable look. It is a pure fiction, of course, that they put aside the best portion of the meat for themselves, and it is a known fact that most of them lose appetite. The correspondent attributes their general well-being to assimilation, through the respiratory passages, of nutritive juices of the meat volatilized in the air—a kind of nutrition by effusion. If this be really a fact, it is argued that young people, suffering from deficient or impure blood, and especially children of a weak or lymphatic constitution, might be subjected with advantage to a hygienic treatment based upon it. A well-known

REFLECTIONS AFTER SHOOTING AN ELEPHANT.

After the momentary exultation was past, I thought regretfully of the noble life which I had sacrificed to afford the pleasure of a few hours' mad excitement. The beast to whom nature had given so noble a life; which had roamed these grand solitudes for probably not less than a hundred years; that may have visited the spot on which it now died half a century before Waterloo was fought and which but for me might have lived for half a century more,—lay bleeding and still quivering before me, deprived of its harmless existence to gratify the passion for sport of a youth hardly out of his teens. Nor had it had a fair chance. I had not faced it boldly and killed it in open fight. It had not even seen its enemies, nor had a chance of retaliation. Trackers from whom escape was as impossible as from bloodhounds had been urged in pursuit; the most powerful weapons which science could place in the hands of a sportsman, against which any other animal of creation would have gone down at once, had been used for its destruction. Could I congratulate myself greatly on my achievement? The forest around was indescribably grand. No sounds but those of Nature fell on the ear. The trees were of immense proportions, and to their huge stems and branches numbers of ferns and orchids of different kinds clung. Their trunks were moss-grown and weather-beaten. The undergrowth consisted of ferns up to our shoulders. Truly an elephant has a noble nature, and one may almost believe he delights in the wild places he inhabits as much for their beauty as for the safety they afford. He wanders from stream to hill-top, rubs his tough hide against the mighty forest giants, and lives without fear, except of man, his only enemy. What a blood-thirsty creature the self-constituted lord of creation is! Though impressed with the wild beauty of the creations of Nature around him, how his heart jumps at the sound of the game which he has doomed to destruction! and, with Nature only as a witness, how he fearlessly raises his impious hand against her creatures! Despite these and similar somewhat sad reflections, which come upon all sportsmen at times, I can look back upon this hunt as one of the most interesting I ever had. Its length, its alterations of hope and misgivings as to the result, the final success, and the trophies I won, make it stand first in my memory.

A FISHING HOG.

The Cincinnati Enquirer prints the following in its issue of Friday: "An account of a remarkable incident comes from Aurora, Ind. A few days ago, as a trio of young men, one a son of a prominent citizen of this city, were fishing for bass in Hogan Creek, near Aurora, they were disturbed by a splash in the water as of some animal jumping into the stream. Looking in the direction they saw a large black hog, which had evidently come down from among the roaming lots of porkers which make life a burden in and around the town, swimming rapidly toward the center of the pool, which was about 100 feet wide and eight feet deep. At about the center the animal disappeared, remaining under the water for a considerable time, and on reappearing was seen to have in his mouth a live bass about eight inches long, with which he swam ashore and proceeded to eat with the avidity and relish peculiar to his species. After having swallowed the last vestige, with a grunt the animal again betook himself to the water and again dived to the bottom. Coming up with a snort, he made again for the shore with another fish, which he despatched as quickly as before. This was repeated a third time, and on the fourth trip the animal secured a small turtle, which it also carried ashore and after some difficulty managed to despatch, breaking the shell with its strong teeth, after which it rambled off, satisfied with its fishing experiences for the day. The story was remarkable, but is vouched for by a young gentleman of undoubted veracity, a son of Mr. Henry W. Smith, of this city, who saw the performance. He thinks the animal must have caught the fishes on the ledge

AN EAGLE'S EYE.

The wonderful mechanism of the eagle's eye is one of the most striking things in nature. From an exchange we clip the unjoined interesting comments upon the eye of the "King of the Birds."

When we recollect that an eagle will ascend more than a mile in perpendicular height, and from that elevation will perceive its unsuspecting prey, and pounce on it with unerring certainty; and when we see some birds scrutinizing, with almost microscopic nicety, an object close at hand, we shall at once perceive that he possesses the power of accommodating his sight to distance in a manner to which our eye is unfitted, and of which it is totally incapable. If we take a printed page we shall find that there is some particular distance, probably ten inches, at which we can read the words and see each letter with perfect distinctness; but if we move a page to a distance of forty inches we shall find it impossible to read it at all; a scientific man would, therefore, call ten inches the focus or focal distance of our eyes. We cannot alter this focus, except by the aid of spectacles. But an eagle has the power of altering the focus of his eye just as he pleases. He has only to look at an object at a distance of two feet or two miles in order to see it with perfect distinctness. The ball of the eye is surrounded by fifteen little plates, sclerotic bones. They form a complete ring, and their edges slightly overlap each other. When the bone expands, the ball of the eye is squeezed into a rounder or more convex form. The effect is very familiar to everybody. A person with very round eyes is near-sighted, and only sees clearly an object that is close to him; and a person with flat eyes, as in old age, can see nothing clearly except at a distance. The eagle, by the mere will, can make his eyes round or flat, and see with equal clearness at any distance.

DEATH OF MR. D. G. FORBES.

Duncan George Forbes, a former prominent resident of East Whitby, Ont., died at his residence, Millburn House, Inverness, Scotland, on the 7th ulto. The Inverness Courier contains the following obituary:

"We regret to announce the death of Forbes of Millburn, which took place on Saturday morning last at Millburn House. Mr. Forbes was educated at the Inverness Academy, and when a young man went to Canada, where he resided until the death of his uncle, the late Mr. Welsh, from whom he inherited the Millburn property. Mr. Forbes was a kindly, genial man, a keen sportsman, and possessed considerable acquirements as a naturalist. He had an extensive knowledge, picked up by observation, of birds and animals, trees and plants. In Canada he was known as an ardent hunter, many deer, bears and wolves having fallen to his rifle. His memory was stored with interesting tales of sport, and until the last he retained his love of dogs, horses, and all kind of animals. He brought several specimens of Canadian poultry to Millburn, and a valuable breed of hounds. He also planted an orchard of the most suitable fruit trees of Canadian origin, which are only now coming into bearing. Mr. Forbes' life here was unassuming and retired."

BOGARDUS AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Captain A. H. Bogardus sends to the Forest and Stream a letter announcing a withdrawal from the pigeon-shooting arena for the coming two years. He resigns his title of champion of America in order that new men may arise. He says: "The championship of the world as a wing-shot I will hold against all comers from abroad; and when any man has held the championship of America for two years I will shoot him a match for the world's championship." He offers a medal of large value, to carry with it the title of champion wing-shot of America, the contest to take place about Christmas in some previously announced place. The conditions are as follows: Entrance fee, \$25; the shooting to occupy two days; on the first day the competitors are to shoot at 100 birds, twenty-one yards rise, eighty yards boundary, half doubles, half singles; the medal and one-third the entrance money to go to the winner; the remainder to the three next highest; the shooting on the second day to be at 100 glass birds; the entrance fee (\$10) divided as above. Captain Bogardus will add \$1,000 to the prize money.

CLIPPING HORSES.

A recent writer gives his views on clipping horses, saying that he had been—as was the case with ourselves—formerly opposed to the practice. His statement as to the good effect of clipping is very correct; but he errs when he

FEED A LITTLE CORN MEAL.

It's nonsense to say it makes no difference what you feed your milch cow. The quality of the milk, cream, and butter, depends very much on the kind of feed used. A little experience of our own may be worth relating in evidence of the statement. During the winter and early spring we had been giving our grade Jersey cow a mixture of meal and middlings, but, when we put her on good pasture a few weeks ago, we thought we might safely discontinue the ration of meal, and accordingly fed only a few quarts of bran at milking-time. Mrs. K. soon began to wonder what was the matter with the cream, it was so thin compared with its former appearance. She became anxious about her "fat" and wondered if she wasn't sick; but her fat sleek sides and contented look said "no" to that. After an experience of about two weeks with the bran diet, we returned to the corn meal mixture, and, on the very next day, a change in the cream was clearly perceptible. It now skims off thick and heavy, and the cream crooks fill rapidly, so that churning-day comes twice a week. We are both satisfied that it pays to feed corn-meal both summer and winter.

BEAR HUNTING ADVENTURE.

Mr. Duncan Fleming, Tank Superintendent of the Hamilton & Northwestern Railway had just an interesting time of it about three weeks ago near the village of Airley. According to Mr. Fleming's story, a passing train had run over and killed a steer belonging to a farmer, the carcass being left on the side of the track, where it attracted the attention of a number of bears. Hearing of the fact, Mr. Fleming armed himself with a double-barrelled shot gun, loaded with slugs, and creeping up alongside the largest bear, while it was busily engaged eating, he delivered the contents of one barrel just behind the ear, and a brain looked around to see what was the matter. The charge in the other barrel was deposited behind the left shoulder, when brain turned over and kicked his last. On being dressed, the bear weighed 250 lbs. It is in contemplation with a number of our local sports to arm themselves with the proper implements, and go forth to slay and destroy the rest of the bear tribe around Barris and the neighboring towns and villages.

THE RISE OF THE DEER.

It is a most surprising thing to see the deer get up on its legs—at home, I mean, and when he would prefer to be alone. Watch a cow at the same operation. Laborious elevation at one end then of the other; then a great yawn and a crack of joints, and a lazy twist of the tail and a mighty snort of bovine satisfaction, and she is ready to go to pasture. But she don't budge, mind, without the regular formula. How does a buck start for pasture when you drive him in the morning? Why, he lies with his four feet under him, and when he is ready to go at all little Jack getting out of the box. The tremendous extensor muscles contract with a power and facility rest and warmth have given, and the plump body, like a well filled rubber-ball propelled by a vigorous kick, flies lightly into the air. The simile is borne out as it seems about to descend, light as the sle-down it nears the earth, another great impulse from an unseen power—crash, bang—thud—thud—thud—each time fainter than the last, and your surprise is all that remains.

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Messrs. Ben. Gould and Elias Hoover conjointly sent a double team of well-known trotting horses to the St. Catharines Fair, which was opened on Tuesday last, Mr. Gould furnishing the noted mare Lady Upton, and Mr. Hoover the nearly equally celebrated horse Starlight. Before starting for St. Catharines a trial of speed took place on the Thorold half-mile track, Mr. Gould himself handling the ribbons in such scientific and workmanlike style as to bring the two horses through the mile in 2:40½. A slight break having occurred just at the finish probably cost them two or three seconds. Time was recorded by Mr. Ellison. The pair took first prize at the show for style. Lady Upton also took first prize for style to single harness. Starlight taking second.—Thorold Post

warm climates are, as a general thing, smaller and lighter than ours, are not obliged to draw such heavy weights, traverse less hard roads, and go at a slower pace. In the country, where there are no pavements, our horses might be put to light work for the warmer months unshod; but, when winter comes with its snow, ice, and frozen ground, shoes will be indispensable. As for working unshod horses in cities, that is out of the question; hard pavements will knock a horse's feet to pieces quick enough, without justifying the removal of his shoes to facilitate the process.

The advocates of the non-shoeing system claim that shoes are the source of numerous evils, which the horse would not be subject to, were he not shod. That may be all very true; but the question is, Would he not contract worse diseases by working unshod in such climates as those of Great Britain and the United States? If those interested in the horse would turn their attention to shoeing upon scientific principles, there would be less need of making a pathological question of it. —Wallace's Monthly.

#### KILLING A WILD CAT IN EAST ZORRA.

The Hamburg Independent says:—While proceeding through the woods at the rear end of Mr. John Weicker's farm, Con. 17, township of East Zorra, a few days ago, Mr. Robert Vance came across a monstrous wild cat. Mr. Vance was at close quarters with the animal before they saw each other, but as soon as their eyes met he was not long in comprehending the situation, and being unarmed, he concluded to cry out with the object of scaring this catship. The device worked admirably and our hero and the cat were soon running in opposite directions. Having thus escaped what would have been a desperately one-sided encounter with a deadly antagonist, Mr. Vance hastened to within calling distance of his brothers and some neighbors. They came, armed with guns and accompanied by several hounds. On learning the nature of the game which they were to pursue, the heart of the stoutest quailed, but Robert had by this time sufficiently recovered from the fright to take the lead, and the hounds were soon in hot pursuit. In a few minutes after the hunt commenced they came up with his catship, and were closely followed by Mr. Thomas Vance. The cat had taken up a position among some logs, and was apparently quite ready for the fray. Thomas approached within a few rods, and getting in a good position, took deliberate aim and fired. The ball struck its mark, and if it was not sufficient to kill, it undoubtedly knocked considerable vitality out of the cat. The hounds and hunters, true to their nature, immediately sprang upon their prey, but it was only after a fierce struggle that they finally conquered, and thus put an end to a most desperate conflict. The cat measured two feet ten inches in length and stood eighteen inches high—one of the largest ever seen in this section of the country. Thousands of people visited the scene of the conflict during the day and the day following. The skin has been cured and is now on exhibition.

#### CALIFORNIA'S REMARKABLE "GREEN HORSE."

The grey gelding Col. Lewis, a comparatively green horse and winner of the free-for-all purse at Sacramento, Cal., on Sept. 14, beating Occident and Judge Fullerton, has a history. A great majority thought his entry was a mistake, but his victory shows he is entitled to be classed with horses that have already a world wide reputation.

Fourteen years ago a party were on their way from Oregon. Up in the hilly country in the northern part of State, a fine mare they had dropped a filly foal. It was an incubance and they gave it to a man if he chose to rear it. This man sold it to a negro, and the filly being of racing form, with the characteristics of his race, a fondness for the race-horse, he concluded to run her. She was victorious at shorter distances, and he entered her in a mile race on the Tehama track. She won it, making the mile in 1:47. In the neighborhood of Tehama was Rifleman, a thoroughbred son of Glencoe. The filly was mated to him. A brother of Senator Lewis bought her, and after the colt was foaled she became the property of the Honorable Member from Red Bluff. He was a sprightly colt, and his high blood rebelled at the degradation of being harnessed. When broken, however, he was docile, and one day he pulled a rotten post, to which he was fastened down, and away he went, with

ting hold of the edge of the parlor carpet, getting quite a hole in it. Then he started to ascend to the upper story. The stairs were narrow, winding and pitch dark. He had got about half way up when some one threw a feather bed over the banisters; it came down on his head and he rolled with it to the foot of the stairs, where Mr. Gallagher, who had just broken the front door from its hinges, grabbed bed and man and threw them out into the front yard. Then James ascended to the roof and found that the fire was under control and the men coming down. He started to descend the ladder, and about half way down met Limerick, who had a kettle of hot water, which he insisted that Gallagher should take, though he was informed that it was not needed. To oblige him Mr. Gallagher took the kettle, but the handle was so hot that immediately dropped it. There were several persons beneath the ladder, and though they stood from under with promptitude and profane observations, scarcely any one failed to get a few drops of it. One man thought that it was done on purpose and had to be held while the facts were explained to him. Scarcely had this row been settled when Mr. Plug came up and accused James of trying to smother him in the feather bed. James of course denied it. At one time a fight seemed imminent, but they were finally taken home friends, and the next day the man who owned the house and calf sued them for damages.

#### A HINT TO THE CONSUMPTIVE.

A correspondent of Les Mondes calls attention to the fact that butchers, though they may be pale and thin when they enter on the business, quickly gain freshness of color, stoutness, and a generally comfortable look. It is a pure fiction, of course, that they put aside the best portion of the meat for themselves, and it is a known fact that most of them lose appetite. The correspondent attributes their general well-being to assimilation, through the respiratory passages, of nutritive juices of the meat volatilized in the air—a kind of nutrition by assuasion. If this be really a fact, it is argued that young people, suffering from deficient or impure blood, and especially children of a weak or lymphatic constitution, might be subjected with advantage to hygienic treatment based upon it. A well-known French physician commends the idea, and offers the following plan for the treatment of consumptive persons, in place of sending them off to distant places with reputedly mild climates. In a well-ventilated, sunlit and sheltered room, with southern exposure, he would, by means of a Mousseron brazier, the high moist heat of which is salutary and favorable to respiration, form for the patient an artificial climate, like that of Nice or Florida, having all the advantages, without the inconveniences, of the real climate. To aid the antiseptic action of the warm moist air, rich in vapors, charged with dissolved carbonic acid, he would place in one or more corners of the room an open bottle of water saturated with sulphurous acid. By this arrangement he thinks the progress of the tuberculation would be arrested.

#### DANGER DIMMED BY DARKNESS.

Owing to the darkness that fills our deep mining shafts our miners are less conscious of the dangers of their trade than they would otherwise be. A miner standing upon a bit of plank thrown across a shaft 1,000 or 1,500 feet in depth sees little of the pit yawning beneath his feet. The darkness rises up till it almost seems to form a floor under his plank, giving a place on which his eyes may rest, and preventing any unsteadiness of the head. Place the same shaft on the surface of the earth, and let it tower 1,500 feet into the air in broad light of day, and the miner standing on his single plank, at an elevation three times as great as the tallest church spire, would be unable to move—would be paralyzed. Look down through the awful depth below he would clutch the nearest timbers, afraid to make a move in any direction. Make for him doors on each side of the shaft, representing the openings at the stations, and he would not be likely to leap from door to door across the yawning shaft as he does underneath the ground where the dark rises up and makes a seeming floor between the doors. It is undoubtedly the darkness that benumbs the senses of the miner to the danger to which he is exposed when passing to and fro across shafts and winzes, or when climbing the interior of their compartments, trusting to the scanty hold for hands and feet afforded by the narrow ledge of the timbers projecting from the walls.

Despite these and similar somewhat sad reflections, which come upon all sportsmen at times, I can look back upon this hunt as one of the most interesting I ever had. Its length, its alterations of hope and misgivings as to the result, the final success, and the trophies I won, make it stand first in my memory.

#### A FISHING HOG.

The Cincinnati Enquirer prints the following in its issue of Friday: "An account of a remarkable incident comes from Aurora, Ind. A few days ago, as a trio of young men, one a son of a prominent citizen of this city, were fishing for bass in Hogan Creek, near Aurora, they were disturbed by a splash in the water as of some animal jumping into the stream. Looking in the direction they saw a large black hog, which had evidently come down from among the roaming lots of porkers which make life a burden in and around the town, swimming rapidly toward the center of the pool, which was about 100 feet wide and eight feet deep. At about the center the animal disappeared, remaining under the water for a considerable time, and on reappearing was seen to have in his mouth a live bass about eight inches long, with which he swam ashore and proceeded to eat with the avidity and relish peculiar to his species. After having swallowed the last vestige, with a grunt the animal again betook himself to the water and again dived to the bottom. Coming up with a snort, he made again for the shore with another fish, which he despatched as quickly as before. This was repeated a third time, and on the fourth trip the animal secured a small turtle, which it also carried ashore and after some difficulty managed to despatch, breaking the shell with its strong teeth, after which it rambled off, satisfied with its fishing experiences for the day. The story was remarkable, but is vouched for by a young gentleman of undoubted veracity, a son of Mr. Henry W. Smith, of this city, who saw the performance. He thinks the animal must have caught the fishes under the ledges of rock in the bottom of the stream, as it seemed to be rooting among the stones while under the water."

#### A CAMEL'S REVENGE.

A valuable camel working in an oil mill in Africa was severely beaten by its driver. Perceiving that the camel had treasured up the injury, and was only waiting for a favorable opportunity for revenge, he kept a strict watch upon the animal. Time passed away. The camel perceiving that he was watched, was quiet and obedient, and the driver began to think that the beaten was forgotten, when one night, after the lapse of several months, the man was sleeping on a raised platform in the mill, whilst, as is customary, the camel was stabled in a corner. Happening to awake, the driver observed, by the bright moonlight, that, when all was quiet, the animal looked cautiously around, rose softly, and stealing towards where a bundle of clothes and a berouise, thrown carelessly on the ground resembled a sleeping figure, cast itself with violence upon them rolling with all its weight and tearing them most viciously with its teeth. Satisfied that its revenge was complete the camel was returning to its corner, when the driver sat up and spoke. At the sound of his voice, and perceiving the mistake he had made, the animal was so mortified at the failure and discovery of its scheme that it dashed its head against the wall, and died on the spot.

**\$777** is not easily earned in these times, but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment that we furnish. \$68 per week in your own town. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. We have agents who are making \$20 per day. All who engage at once can make money fast. At the present time money cannot be made so easily and rapidly at any other business. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address at once, H. HALLERT & Co., Port and Maino 818-ly

young man went to Canada, where he resided until the death of his uncle, the late Mr. Weish, from whom he inherited the Millburn property. Mr. Forbes was a kindly genial man, a keen sportsman, and possessed considerable acquirements as a naturalist. He had an extensive knowledge, picked up by observation, of birds and animals, trees and plants. In Canada he was known as an ardent hunter, many deer, bears and wolves having fallen to his rifle. His memory was stored with interesting tales of sport, and until the last he retained his love of dogs, horses, and all kind of animals. He brought several specimens of Canadian poultry to Millburn, and a valuable breed of hounds. He also planted an orchard of the most suitable fruit trees of Canadian origin, which are only now coming into bearing. Mr. Forbes' life here was unassuming and retired."

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#### CLIPPING HORSES.

A recent writer gives his views on clipping horses, saying that he had been—as was the case with ourselves—formerly opposed to the practice. His statement as to the good effect of clipping is very correct, but he errs when he says that it should never be done in cold weather, and recommends the last of October and beginning of November. As the writer never had a horse clipped before now, his advice is hardly quotable. The fact is, a horse should be clipped when his coat needs it, no matter when it is. In this section, where nearly every driving horse is clipped, it is rarely done before the end of November or beginning of December, and again, if necessary—which it generally is—sometimes in February. The danger is not from cold weather, but poor blanketing. Horses not clipped suffer most from this neglect—a neglect that is every day to be seen with sorrow. All horses should be well blanketed in the stable, and when driven should not be allowed to stand five minutes without being covered. Blankets are frequently too small and fail to protect the most vital part of the horse—the breast and lungs—there being very often an open space there, where the blanket should wrap over well. We notice in some work-horses the thoughtful driver always keeps this part protected by a piece of heavy cloth.

#### SKINNING VS. SCALDING PIGS.

I saw a man yesterday dressing a small pig in a manner which was novel to me. Instead of the long and laborious method of heating water and scalding and shaving, he simply skinned the animal. He claims that he could skin six hogs in less time than they could be dressed by scalding. The pork looked nicer than I expected to see it—in fact, full as well as when the skin was left on. There was one butcher or more in the neighborhood who skinned hogs for the sake of the skin, and since the process of scalding costs a dollar or more, many of the farmers who do not care to eat the pork rind have their hogs skinned, or such of them as they intend to keep for their eating. I was unable to learn what price the skins brought in the market or to what use they are put. Probably they are worth as much as the price usually obtained for butchering, or the butchers would not choose to skin for the hide instead of the money. Whether the hides are used for riding saddles or "Russan leather" hand-bags and pocket-books I know not; but if they do the world is good in that way it is more than they do in the pork barrel. As a matter of curiosity I would add that the hide of a 200-pound pig weighs about 12½ pounds.

#### THE RISE OF THE DEER.

It is a most surprising thing to see the deer get up on its legs—at home, I mean, when he would prefer to be alone. Watch a cow at the same operation. Laborious elevation at one end then of the other, then great yawn and a crack of joints, and a twist of the tail and a mighty snort of bow satisfaction, and she is ready to go to pasture. But she don't budge, mind, with out the regular formula. How does a deer start for pasture when you drive him in the morning? Why, he lies with his four legs under him, and when he is ready to go a little Jack getting out of the box. The tremendous extensor muscles contract with a power and facility rest and warmth given, and the plump body, like a well inflated rubber-ball propelled by a vigorous kick, is lightly into the air. The animal is borne as it seems about to descend; light as the tide-down it nears the earth; another giant impulse from an unseen power—crash, bang—thud—thud—thud—each time fainter than the last, and your surprise is all that remains.

#### A GOOD TEAM.

Messrs. Ben. Gould and Elias Hoover jointly sent a double team of well-known trotting horses to the St. Catharines Fair, which was opened on Tuesday last, Mr. Gould furnishing the noted mare Lady Upton, and Mr. Hoover the nearly equally celebrated horse Starlight. Before starting for St. Kate a trial of speed took place on the Thorold half-mile track, Mr. Gould himself handling the ribbons in such scientific and workmanlike style as to bring the two horses through the mile in 2:40. A slight break having occurred just at the finish probably lost them two or three seconds. Time was recorded by Mr. Ellison. The pair took first prize at the show for style. Lady Upton also took first prize for style to single harness. Starlight taking second.—Thorold Post

John B. Calder, who has just been found to be a defaulter in \$50,000 to the Providence Grocers' and Producers' bank, was unfortunately for him a member of the church, and an ardent worker in the Young Men's Christian Association. The greater must be his responsibilities, with such professions, and hence the deeper his disgrace. Calder pleads that he has made nothing by the irregularities, but that he simply accommodated his friends. The loss may reach \$100,000. The general impression is that the cashier himself used some of the money. The drain has been going on for two years or more, and the deficiency has been concealed from a not very rigid scrutiny by an extensive system of borrowing.

A Fish and Game Protective Society has been organized at Berlin with the following officers:—President, Dr. R. T. Reynolds; Vice-President, H. O. Hilborn; Secretary, Treasurer, J. M. Scully. The object of the Society is to enforce the Ontario Game and Fish Laws in that neighborhood and vigorously punish all those who violate any of the same. Heretofore very little heed has been given these laws in that locality, and as a consequence game there is becoming very scarce. Proper men will be appointed to watch the "close" seasons, and all law-breakers will be severely dealt with. A gun club has also been organized in connection with the Society for the purpose of practicing shooting.

A remarkable case of horse cure has developed itself in the vicinity of Edgar, township of Oro, Ont. A mare owned by Mr. Wm. Barron, fractured one of its forelegs about two months ago, and was about to be destroyed, when it was suggested that a remedy for the injury might be found. Mr. Brazel of Edgar was consulted and the case placed in his hands. The fractured leg was put in splints, and propped up from the ground, and after remaining in this condition, with careful attention for some four weeks the animal was enabled to move about, and is now quite as sound and active as ever, and able to nurse her colt.



The Gentleman's Journal

TORONTO, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1878

P. COLLINS. PROPRIETOR  
OFFICE:—No. 90 KING ST. WEST.

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

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

Are respectfully informed, that all Correspondents of the SPORTING TIMES are supplied with a card of a Yellow color, with the name of the city or town and correspondent, signed by the proprietors of this paper, with a punch stamp of a horse's head upon the right upper corner, and dated October 1, 1878, each card running for three months. No person is authorized to use any other credential on our behalf. Managers will save themselves from imposition by demanding an exhibition of said card, and refusing to accept any excuse whatever for its non-production. The card is not transferable; and if it be presented by any person other than the one whose name it bears, managers and others will retain it and mail it to this office.

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

DATES CLAIMED FOR 1878.

CANADIAN.

Orangeville..... Oct. 28 to 24  
London ..... Oct. 25

ENTRIES CLOSE.

Orangeville..... Oct. 22

AMERICAN.

RUNNING MEETINGS.

Baltimore, Md. (Fall) ..... Oct. 28 to 26  
Atlanta, Ga..... Oct. 22 to 25

DATES CLAIMED FOR 1879.

CANADIAN.

Dundas ..... May 24  
Hamilton..... July 1 to 8

AMERICAN.

TROTTING.

Milwaukee, Wis..... June 2 to 6  
Chicago, Ill..... July 15 to 19  
Cleveland, O..... July 22 to 25  
Buffalo, N. Y..... Aug. 5 to 8  
Rochester, N. Y..... Aug. 5 to 8  
Cleveland, O..... Sept. 9 to 12

RUNNING.

Savannah, Ga..... Jan. 21 to 25  
Charleston, S. C..... Feb. 5 to 8

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

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

UNSATISFACTORY.

It is said that the most dangerous kind of a lie is when the truth is partially untold. An impression of fact is created, which the merits of the question will not stand. It is an insidious sort of deception, dangerous because of its partial claim for belief. But it is no less a fraud on that account, and is more to be despised, because it is sound in its outward appearance, but rotten at the core. The true inwardness of such a matter, if the public interest is involved in it, is sooner or later to come out. It is a principle of law that it is a fraud to conceal a fraud, and the manipulators of any event where such questionable tactics are adopted can hardly be held blameless. The late Hanlan and Courtney boat race was announced with a great flourish of trumpets to be for \$2,500 a side, but an Auburn, N. Y., correspondent has knocked the bottom out of this by declaring that the race was only for \$1,000 a side, a statement that is now recognized by all parties to be correct. The public in this matter were studiously deceived, with the object of creating a fictitious interest in the race, which on its own merits it was feared it would not bear. Although the articles of agreement provided that each man should pay his own expenses, the Auburn correspondent above alluded to says that \$2,000 of the total amount of the stake and added money was to be allowed the loser, and \$1,000 additional was guaranteed from a benefit. But the most damaging charge is made by a Toronto correspondent of the New York World. He states that notwithstanding the Hanlan Club had entered into a contract with the Citizen's committee of Montreal that the race should be for the championship in consideration of the purse of \$6,000 added to the main stake, "as a matter of fact there was no such agreement between the two sides, written or verbal." These are astonishing charges to make, and it is not possible to see how those who have the control of Hanlan can silently bear the imputation which they carry with them, unless the foundation for their publicity is based on incontrovertible facts. It is not a surprising fact, when the public became possessed of this evidence, that they should look upon the whole affair as a hippodrome of the worst character, and a transaction in which the reputation of all parties concerned would suffer. It more than gives color to the charge of crookedness in the race, and many who heretofore believed the race was on merits will be shaken in their opinions. This contemptible deception of the public can not result in any benefit to professional boat racing, and these recent exposures will prevent any match, in which the people will have faith, being made between the principals in the late race. The scandal of the Ten Broeck—Mollie McCarthy race is yet fresh, but it did not contain one half the elements to excite the disgust of sportsmen that has already been revealed in the late boat race. It is clear if such damaging statements should be made against a match race at Jerome or Saratoga or any other first-class track, and the managers were unable to rebut it by the most undeniable evidences, it would be the death-blow to racing in that vicinity, and the name would be one of execration in the mouths of all who had the least interest in the welfare of the turf. Professional boat-racing was on the high tide of success in Canada this summer, and had fair to become our most popular cut-door sport,

such productions. Instead of Dexter costing Bonner \$50,000, but little over half that sum was paid. "A horse called Hopeful," is pretty good to the ears of turfmen; but the climax is reached when it reads, "Rarus, the horse Hopeful trotted against, is said to have trotted over a mile course in 2:15, which is probably the shortest time in which a mile has ever been gone over by a trotting horse." The Telegram's turf editor entirely ignores Lula's 2:15, Goldsmith Maid's 2:14, and even Rarus' 2:14; but where such ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise. The young horse known as Edwin Forrest, who is going to "put back" the best time on record, should go in double harness with the "horse called Hopeful." When will writers confine themselves to their proper sphere, and not make asses of themselves by dabbling in matters which make them conspicuous by their ignorance:

"When the trotting horse Dexter made a mile in 2:17, the sporting fraternity threw up their caps, and declared the feat to have been performed in the fastest time on record. Bonner, of the New York Ledger, a great admirer of fast horses, paid \$50,000 for Dexter, and amused himself by driving out Henry Ward Beecher and other popular men, who, when taken to task for driving behind fast horses, explained that some horses were made to go fast, just as some others were made to go slow. As Bonner never trots any of his horses for money, Dexter disappeared from the racing track. Since he made his famous figure of 2:17, other fast horses have come to the front. At Chicago, one day last week, a horse called Hopeful trotted three heats, the first of which was done in 2:17, the second in 2:17, and the third in 2:16. Rarus, the horse Hopeful trotted against, is said to have trotted over a mile course in 2:15, which is probably the shortest time in which a mile has ever been gone over by a trotting horse. A young horse, known as Edwin Forrest, is said to have given promise of great speed, and there are those among the knowing ones who predict that he will put back the best time on record by a second or two before his race is run."

A FAST HEAT.

At Chicago on Saturday afternoon last, the grey gelding Hopeful trotted against time to waggon for a purse of \$1,000. Notwithstanding the wind was blowing rather strong and the track not in the very best of condition, he succeeded in putting in the fastest mile on record in that way of going—2:16. The fastest previously recorded waggon performance was by Judge Fullerton at San Francisco, California, November 21, 1874,—2:20. Four seconds is quite a cut down in a fastest on record at one jump, and will go far to maintain the opinion held by many that Hopeful is the horse. His friends claim that he can show his heels to Rarus in any part of the race, an assertion that has many doubters. However when these two horses happen to come together for blood some of the fastest work ever done in the world will be seen. In this race it is likely Hopeful trotted to a very light waggon, probably about 70 lbs., but this will not detract from the merits of the performance or prejudice the record. The season of 1879 with such good ones as Rarus, Hopeful, and Edwin Forrest in the free-for-all class promises to furnish some contests of the most exciting character, and there will be tall guessing to name the winner.

TRAMP'S GOSSIP.

So the great boating event of the season is over, and the home stable has won again. I presume Hanlan will now be for trying conclusions with Elliott or Higgins in England. At Paris the Omnium (French Cesare-

by imported Glenelg, out of Stamps by Lexington. As a three-year-old she landed three races, all of them at Newmarket. Brown Prince, another American, is said to have grown into a big clumsy style of animal.

Two Arabs have been imported from the Syrian Desert—Kars and Hagar—but I doubt whether they will ever make the mark in turf history that their relative the celebrated Darley Arabian has done.

You are in error when you state that the turf is faster than a prepared track. I consider that there is from 6 to 9 seconds difference in a mile between an American race track and an English race course.—TRAMP.

Sporting Gossip.

A trotting match has been arranged at Clinton between a couple of stallions—Mr. George Whitley's Renford, and Mr. James Sorrell Cloud—mile heats, 8 in 5, in harness, for \$200. The race will take place on the 29th inst.

Parole has run his last race in America. It is the intention of Mr. Lorillard to ship him and the two year-old Uncas in company with some other youngsters to merrie England, and see what the blawated Britishers are made of. Parole's final appearance was at Jerome Park, N. Y., last Saturday.

Distinction between man and the lower animals—Animals look each other from a motive of affection; the reverse is generally the case with man.

The New York Sportsman says that Wm. Burleigh expects the Swede in Hamilton, and guarantees him a game before he leaves there. Wahlstrom gave some of his friends in Toronto "a game," and they would like too see him here again to have a chance to settle some scores hanging up against him. We are one of the friends.

Harry Blaylock, the Canadian jockey, had the mount on Loulanier when she won the Grand National Handicap at Jerome Park on the 10th. During the meeting he had five mounts, was first once, once second, and won \$1,660.

The previous announcement of the death of Bobby Swim, the jockey, was premature. He lingered on until Saturday last when he succumbed to the king of terrors at Louisville, Ky. Consumption was the immediate cause of his death.

The Brampton, Ont., papers report that the epizootic is prevalent among horses in that section.

A decision was recently made in the Court of Wisconsin that must prove of interest to all horsemen. In the case of M. D. McKinney vs. The Beloit Driving Park Association and Samuel J. Goodwin, President, on appeal, the Judge—Conger, Judge—ruled that trotting for a premium was not gaming, but a contract between parties offering and parties contending for a premium, and affirmed the judgment of the lower court, with costs.

Arrangements have been made for a Fall Meeting over the Newmarket course, London, on the 25th inst.

Mr. Thomas O'Neil, of Ottawa, was thrown from his horse while riding a hurdle race at Cornwall, and was severely injured. It is not thought he will recover. His leg was fractured in two places, spine injured, and head severely cut. Another victim.

A swindle under the name of the Royal Gift Soiree, to be drawn at St. Stephen, N.

A Hunt Club has been organized at Bellville.

Bay Bill, said to have been a valuable race horse, belonging to Mr. Ira Day, of Cainsville, Ont., injured himself while running away to such an extent that it was found necessary to shoot him. He was one of the fastest horses in Brant county, and the loss to Mr. Day will be serious.

Inspiration and Lady D'Arcy are at Woodbine, and will probably soon go into winter quarters.

Russian Sov will not trot any more this Fall. He will be carefully wintered, and when the Spring campaign opens any horse that beats him in his class will be entitled to "the pot."

The funeral of the late Mr. Murott, V. S., of Ottawa, who it will be remembered met with his death by a fall at the Hunt Club's Races, Montreal, took place on the 8th, at the former city, and was largely attended by prominent citizens. The pall bearers were Messrs. A. Rowe, T. Kirby, Dr. Coleman, V. S., H. Baldwin, T. Shepherd, A. Swallow, W. Anmond and J. Flanagan.

Mr. Dave Williamson, the trainer and driver, has made the Gordon House, Orangeville, his headquarters. The last addition to his string is Royal Revenge.

Our well-informed contributor, "Tramp," claims that the American tracks are from six to nine seconds in a mile faster than the English turf courses. If this is correct a first-class English race horse should run at Louisville in 1:30 or better. How would that be for high?

MEDICAL MEN AS VETERINARIANS.

The American Agriculturist gravely proposes the question, "Why should not physicians treat animals as well as men?" While some doctors have all they can attend to in dealing with the diseases of their kind, there are others, reasons that journal, who with difficulty succeed in making a poor living, and it is only pride which prevents them from treating animals. They could do so with success, if they chose. Comparative anatomy is studied in the medical schools, and comparative pathology could be added to it. In fact, the knowledge of the diseases of animals would be of great service to the physician, as men and animals have several diseases in common. The beneficial results which would follow this enlargement of the sphere of medical labor, according to the Agriculturist, would be, first, that physicians would make a better living; besides, they would become more important to their constituencies. Second, the country would have a corps of efficient observers, on the watch for infectious or contagious diseases among animals, and quick to detect and report upon unusual animal diseases of any kind, whenever they might break out, thus providing an efficient safeguard against their spread, and against filling our city markets with diseased meat, or the killing of such for country consumption. Third, the wealth of the country would be increased at once by the saving of the lives of many animals, and ultimately by the better understanding and prevention of various murrains and maladies. Fourth, improvement in the sanitary surroundings of both animals and men, and a much higher degree of health and soundness. In the United States veterinary colleges are comparatively few and they are but thinly attended. In Canada, afflicting a strong impulse



CANADIAN.

Orangeville..... Oct. 28 to 24  
London..... Oct. 25

ENTRIES CLOSE.

Orangeville..... Oct. 22

AMERICAN.

RUNNING MEETINGS.

Baltimore, Md. (Fall)..... Oct 28 to 26  
Atlanta, Ga..... Oct. 22 to 25

DATES CLAIMED FOR 1879.

CANADIAN.

Montreal..... May 24  
Hamilton..... July 1 to 8

AMERICAN.

TROTTING.

Milwaukee, Wis..... June 2 to 6  
Chicago, Ill..... July 16 to 20  
Cleveland, O..... July 22 to 25  
Buffalo, N. Y..... Aug. 5 to 8  
Rochester, N. Y..... Aug. 5 to 8  
Cleveland, O..... Sept. 9 to 12

RUNNING.

Savannah, Ga..... Jan. 21 to 25  
Charleston, S. C..... Feb. 5 to 8

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any person or persons who takes a paper regularly from a Post Office, whether directed in his name or another's, or whether he has 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, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.
3. The Courts have decided, that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

THE STALLION RACE.

The 10th of October has come and passed, and the incidents of the *SPORRING TIMES* Stallion Race of 1878 have become a matter of history. The undefended victory of Chestnut Hill will pass to his credit the same as if the struggle had been of the severest nature. He will, of course, be entitled to the Gold Medal emblematical of the position he gained, and we have already given the order to one of our leading artists to prepare an appropriate design typical of the event. In connection with this affair we have received a communication from Messrs. Barbeau & Co., Laprairie, P. Q., the owners of the stallion Ben Morrill, in which they state they were not afraid to meet Chestnut Hill in the contest, but the stake was not of sufficient value to induce them to bring their horse to Toronto, especially when there were no other races in which he could take part. We give Messrs. Barbeau & Co., the benefit of their statement, and must say that the races at Lepine Park have shown their horse to be a much better one than was generally supposed.

between the two sides, written or verbal." These are astonishing charges to make, and it is not possible to see how those who have the control of Hanlan can silently bear the imputation which they carry with them, unless the foundation for their publicity is based on incontrovertible facts. It is not a surprising fact, when the public became possessed of this evidence, that they should look upon the whole affair as a hippodrome of the worst character, and a transaction in which the reputation of all parties concerned would suffer. It more than gives color to the charge of crookedness in the race, and many who heretofore believed the race was on merits will be shaken in their opinions. This contemptible deception of the public can not result in any benefit to professional boat racing, and these recent exposures will prevent any match, in which the people will have faith, being made between the principals in the late race. The scandal of the Ten Broeck-Mollie McCarthy race is yet fresh, but it did not contain one-half the elements to excite the disgust of sportsmen that has already been revealed in the late boat race. It is clear if such damaging statements should be made against a match race at Jerome or Saratoga or any other first-class track, and the managers were unable to rebut it by the most undeniable evidence, it would be the death-blow to racing in that vicinity, and the name would be one of execration in the mouths of all who had the least interest in the welfare of the turf. Professional boat-racing was on the high tide of success in Canada this summer, and bid fair to become our most popular out-door sport, but the in-and-out rowing of the contestants through the summer, and finally the race at Lachine has struck it a blow in a vital part, from which it will be unable to recover. In sporting matters as in business, all affairs to be successful have to be conducted straightforwardly and above board. Deception will sooner or later carry its own punishment, and in this case it does not appear to have been long delayed. A deceived public are not slow to make their ideas known, and the retribution that follows is speedy. People certainly had a right to look for something besides the acts of a cross-road gambler in a great match such as the Hanlan and Courtney one. However, from the charges made and the testimony submitted it would appear they were mistaken. Where high-toned affairs are conducted in such a manner what must be expected from the lesser lights who have not the value of a reputable good character at stake, whose position in society is such as not to demand respect, and whose only desire is to increase their stock of filthy lucre, however obtained. Such is the reflection called up by recent developments, and any further pursuit of the subject would only lead deeper into filth from which it would be a real pleasure to be entirely free.

AMATEUR TURF WRITERS.

Every now and then is come across in the columns of the regular newspaper a turf item of some kind or other in which the hand of the amateur is shown by the style of writing and the recklessness with which the facts and the records are treated. The extract which is published below is taken from the Telegram of the 15th, and is a fair sample of

A FAST HEAT.

At Chicago on Saturday afternoon last, the grey gelding Hopeful trotted against time to waggon for a purse of \$1,000. Notwithstanding the wind was blowing rather strong and the track not in the very best of condition, he succeeded in putting in the latest mile on record in that way of going—2:16½. The fastest previously recorded wagon performance was by Judge Fullerton at San Francisco, California, November 21, 1874,—2:20½. Four seconds is quite a cut down in a fastest on record at one jump, and will go far to maintain the opinion held by many that Hopeful is the horse. His friends claim that he can show his heels to Rarus in any part of the race, an assertion that has many doubters. However when these two horses happen to come together for blood some of the fastest work ever done in the world will be seen. In this race it is likely Hopeful trotted to a very light waggon, probably about 70 lbs., but this will not detract from the merits of the performance or prejudice the record. The season of 1879 with such good ones as Rarus, Hopeful, and E. J. win Forrest in the free-for-all class promises to furnish some contests of the most exciting character, and there will be tall guessing to name the winner.

TRAMPS GOSSIP.

So the great boating event of the season is over, and the home stable has won again. I presume Hanlan will now be for trying conclusions with Ellicott or Higgins in England. At Paris the Omnium (French Cesarewitch) was won by Baron de Rothschild's chestnut colt Reveillar, by Trocadero, beating the same owners Reserviste II, also by Trocadero, and 24 others. The distance is 1½ miles, and the winner who is 4 yrs. old and carried 117 lbs. won by 2 lengths in 2 min. 38 sec. The Prix Royal Oaks, 1 mile 7 furlongs, went to Count de Lagrange, by the help of Inval, 3 yrs., 128 lbs.

At Brussels Races the Prix des Eleveurs for Belgian bred horses went to Baron de Walnut's brown colt Marcus, by Marksman, 4 yrs., carrying 144 lbs., beating 5 others; and the Criterion for 2 yr. olds was won by the Belgian bred colt Belladonne, by Petit Caporal; Belgian bred colts carried 108 lbs., naturalized, 114 lbs., and introduced colts 121 lbs.

The Silver Balls at Lanark is probably the most ancient racing prize in existence, having been presented by King William the Lion, in 1628, and was this year won by the Duke of Montrose's brown colt Eminence, by Cardinal York, 8 yrs., 106 lbs., leading 4 others. It is not often that we have to credit a half bred horse with winning any important event, but this year the Cesarewitch has gone to a regular half-bred, namely Jester, by Merrymaker, dam's pedigree unknown. As a 3 yr. old Jester showed some very good form, winning, amongst other races, the Queen's Plate at Winchester, beating that good horse New Holland and four others. New Holland last year beat Preakness for the Goodwood Cup. At Ascot Jester got a couple of good races, beating, among others, Oato, who also beat Preakness in the High Level Handicap at Epsom.

Start, the second for the Cesarewitch, is one of Mr. Sandford's American breds, being

too see him here again to have a chance to settle some scores hanging up against him. We are one of the friends.

Harry Blaylock, the Canadian jockey, had the mount on Loulanier when she won the Grand National Handicap at Jerome Park on the 10th. During the meeting he had five mounts, was first once, once second, and won \$1,660.

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Mr. Thomas Cluff, of Ottawa, was thrown from his horse while riding a hurdle race at Cornwall, and was severely injured. It is not thought he will recover. His leg was fractured in two places, spine injured, and head severely cut. Another victim.

A swindle under the name of the Royal Gift Soiree, to be drawn at St. Stephen, N. B., is the latest thing in the Maritime Provinces. It is under the management of Hugh McKay, & Co., and the prospectus says the drawings "are conducted by the Government." As it is advertised in some of the American sporting papers, some Canadian readers might be inclined to try their luck if they were not made aware of the character of the enterprise. Hence this paragraph.

"The Gentleman from Trigg" is what General Buford, of Kentucky, has named a handsome colt, the only get of the gallant horse McWhirter, that died on the track at St. Louis, having broken both ankles and run some distance on its stumps.

There was no pool-selling permitted by the New York authorities at the recent meeting of the American Jockey Club at Jerome Park, N. Y., and as a consequence the meeting was vastly inferior in interest and attendance to the late Saratoga gathering, where speculation was open and conducted according to the American system.

At the Chicago Races last week Jennie C. won the 2:40 race, Bonsetter, the 2:20; Calahan's Maid, the 2:28; Darby, the 2:28; Russian Spy, the 2:34; and Hopeful, the special class. The day Russian Spy trotted there were 40,000 people on the track.

Mr. Hiram M. Anderson, of Guelph, was awarded the first prize for the trotter Mayo Boy at the exhibition of the Waterloo Agricultural Society held at Galt on Friday last.

Mr. Sam. Coulson, of Montreal, has purchased from Mr. Fred. Lucas, of this city, the stylish gray trotting gelding Tom Thumb. The consideration reported is \$500. Tom Thumb is quite a speedy horse, but has not had the advantage of any regular training to assist in his development.

The American Agriculturist gravely proposes the question, "Why should not physicians treat animals as well as men?" While some doctors have all they can attend to dealing with the diseases of their kind, there are others, reasons that journal, "who will difficulty succeed in making a poor living and it is only pride which prevents them from treating animals. They could do so with success, if they chose. Comparative anatomy is studied in the medical schools and comparative pathology could be added to it. In fact, the knowledge of the diseases of animals would be of great service to the physician, as men and animals have several diseases in common. The beneficial results which would follow this enlargement of the sphere of medical labor, according to the Agriculturist, would be, first, that physicians would make a better living; besides, they would become more important to their constituencies. Second, the country would have a corps of efficient observers, on the watch for infectious or contagious diseases among animals, and quick to detect and report upon unusual animal diseases of any kind, whenever they might break out, thus providing an efficient safeguard against their spread, and against filling our city markets with diseased meat, or the killing of such for country consumption. Third, the wealth of the country would be increased at once by the saving of the lives of many animals, and ultimately by the better understanding and prevention of various murrains and maladies. Fourth, improvement in the sanitary surroundings of both animals and men, and a much higher degree of health and soundness. In the United States veterinary colleges are comparatively few and they are but thinly attended. In Canada, of late, a strong impulse has been given to veterinary study, and the gradual increase of veterinary surgeons throughout the country will soon make the proposed plan unnecessary.

To Correspondents.

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

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

J. W. Hamilton.—Russian Spy is owned by Messrs. Con. Flanagan and Gerge Hogboom of this city.

A. L. Coburg.—Rarus, 2:18½; Goldsmith Maid, 2:14; Lulu, 2:15. Mollie Morris' 2:22 is the best record for a Canadian-bred horse.

CHARLEY, London.—It is not believed to have been on the dead level, but it is hard to get at the facts.

QUEEN, Lindsay.—Sallie is the elder. Cannot tell their ages.

SNOWSHOE, Winnipeg.—John F. Scholes, of Toronto, has the best half-mile and mile on snow shoes—2:39½ and 5:39½ at Montreal, 1871.

LACROSSE, Kingston.—1284 yards is the best throw of a lacrosse ball, by Ross McKenzie, Toronto, Sept. 14, 1878.

P. D., Camsville.—It is a draw; the referee was wrong.

J. P., Collingwood.—He is a thorough-bred.

Canadian Turf.

WOODBINE PARK, TORONTO.

WOODBINE PARK, Toronto, Oct 10, 1878.—
Year of the CANADIAN SPORTING TIMES
Race, events all trotting stallions owned
... on March 11, 1878, (bar Phil Sheridan)
... and making the season of
... in Canada. The season service to consist
... less than ten mares, \$100 each; \$50 for
... with gold medal added by proprietor of the
... SPORTING TIMES to the winning horse,
... 8 in 5, in harness.
... beats, 8 in 5, in harness.
... by Rysdyk, dam by Bully King,
... Geo. M. Fitch, dam by ...
... & Co, Laprarie, P. Q., br h Ben
... 10 years, by Winthrop Morrill,
... by old Columbus ... Pd ft
... Quesbec, P. Q., blk h Black Prince,
... by Shanganran, dam unknown ... Pd ft

TROTTING AT MONTREAL.

LEVEE PARK, Montreal, Oct 7 and 8.—Trot-
ting, sweepstakes of \$100 each, with \$250 ad-
... Messrs Lepine & Walls. Mile heats, 8
... in harness. \$400, 150.
... & Co, br h Ben Morrill... 1 1 0 8\*1
... & Thorp, blk g Clifton
... 2 2 0 1 2
... h m Huntress... 8 8 7 2 3
... 2:28, 2:28, 2:29, 2:30, 2:31.
... heat trotted on the 8th.

RACING AND TROTTING AT FERGUS.

The postponed meeting of the Fergus
... Park Association took place on Oct.
... 18. The track was in good condition
... the weather beautiful, notwithstanding
... and the fine entry list, the attendance
... met up to expectations. The several
... exerted themselves to the utmost to
... satisfaction, and their laozs were not in
... The following is the complete sum-
... of the different events furnished by the
... tary:—

FRANS, Ont. 2.—\$175. Trotting 8:00 class;
... all horses owned in the counties of Wellin-
... Waterloo, Parth, Huron, Peel, Grey and
... On Jan. 1, 1878: mile heats, 8 in 5 in
... \$80, \$50, \$50, \$15.
... Guelph, br g Bendigo... 1 1 1
... Guelph, br g Garafraza... 2 2 2
... or g Comet... 8 8 8
... Col. Peck... 4 4 4
... Anderson, Guelph, br g Mayo Boy... 6 5 6
... Morrow, Fergus, br g Capt Webb... 6 6 5
... Time—2:52, 2:50, 2:50.

same day—\$175. Running; for all horses
... in Canada, Jan. 1, 1878. Half-mile heats,
... \$1, \$80, \$50, \$30, \$15.

LYLE, Toronto, gr f Lady Mary, 4
... by Thunder, dam Imp Castaway.
... 1 2 1
... Orangeville, ch g John Logan,
... by Annadale, dam by Wait-a-
... 118 lb... 4 8 2
... London, br h King George,
... by King Tom, dam Fleetwood, by
... 104 lbs... 8 4 3
... Davenport, br f Josie B, 3 yrs,
... by Harry Bassett, dam Penny, by Jerome
... 94 lbs... 2 1 1 1 1 1
... h King Harpor, by Harpor... dis
... h Gil D Roy, 5 yrs, by Gil
... 94 lbs... dr
... Time—54, 54, 50.

Distanted for foul.

same Day—\$180, trotting, 2:10 class; for all
... owned in Canada, Jan. 1, 1878; mile heats,
... in harness: \$120, 40, 20.

Middleton, Orangeville, 8 g. Genl
... (for Gray George)... 1 4 2 1
... Bell, London, ch h Eden Goldust... 3 1 2 2
... Guelph, br g Garafraza... 3 2 3 8
... Levin, Barrie, br g Bob Moore... 4 8 4 4
... Time—2:42, 2:41, 2:41.

same—\$150 running; for all horses owned in
... Canada, Jan. 1, 1878; mile heats, 2 in 8; \$100,

... br m Inspiration, aged, by War-
... dam Sophie, br imp Bonnie.
... 120 lbs... 1 1
... ch m Goldust, aged, by Harpor,
... by Lapidat, 118 lbs... 3 2
... Williams, br h King George (pd above)... 2 5
... ch g John Logan, aged, (pd above)

ing badly coming home. Revenge took the
next two heats, however, much to the disap-
pointment of Boston's backers, who certainly
had not the speed expected of him, which is
attributed to his being unwell. As it was,
Revenge had all he could do, for he was
pretty well pumped out in each heat. They
meet again on the 28rd in a named race at
the fall meeting in company with six others,
when it is expected Boston will give a better
account of himself. The following is the
summary of the race:—

ORANGEVILLE, Oct. 12, 1878.—\$200. Trotting
Match. Mile heats, 8 in 5, to go as they please.
Owz'er's g h Revenge, by Royal Revenge.
dam a Messenger mare, in harness... 1 2 1 1
Owner's b h Boston, by Young Boston,
dam said to be by Lexington, in har-
ness... 2 1 2 2
Best time—3:01.

CANADIAN HORSE IN THE STATES.

RUSSIAN SPY AT CHICAGO.

The bay gelding Russian Spy, owned by
Messrs. Con. Flanagan and Geo. Hogo-
boom, of this city (not Messrs. Reeves and
Frankland, as stated by a daily contempora-
ry) won the 2:34 race for a purse of \$500
first money at the inaugural meeting of the
new Chicago Association on Thursday of last
week. From the time pools were sold on
the race he was a strong favorite against the
field, selling for about an average of \$100 to
\$40 for the field with business slack at these
figures. The Canadian delegation who went
out to back Spy, came home not much the
better of their journey. The following account
of the race we take from the Inter-Ocean of
that city:—

“Charlie C. got the pole on the draw, with
the favorite, Russian Spy seventh horse, and
Sillick eighth. The pools were selling slowly.

There was some trouble in getting the
word, but on the sixth trial they got it, and
were off, Surprise taking the lead at the turn.
Logan drove the big brown to win if it was
in him; but the Canada stranger, behind
whom sat Peto Curran, was after him. At
the quarter, which was passed in 37, Sur-
prise was three lengths ahead, with Roofer
third. The leaders pulled away from the
rest, and reached the half at a 2:23 gait.
Curran drove the Spy hard, but could not
pass the brown horse, and they came around
the last turn in the same position, trotting
squarely. About half way down the stretch,
or more, Logan drove Surprise off his feet,
and the Spy pushed to the front, winning by
half a length in 2:20 1/2.

Great difficulty was experienced in getting
away in the second heat. Time and time
again did they come down, but Sillick could
not get away with the rest, and finally the
judges threatened to fine the driver. They
got away at last, the Spy taking the lead,
Surprise second. Here blood told, and the
brown horse showed that he could not flo-
another heat as he had done the first. Logan
drove him off his feet at the turn and ran,
but came down and closed nearly up with
the Spy at the quarter, which was made in
87 1/2. They kept the same position along the
back stretch, except that the bay stallion,
Sterling loomed up a little and came in third,
Surprise second. Time—37 1/2, 1:14, 2:29 1/2.

In the third heat the start was made more
easily it being evident that the Canadian
horse could win the race, and the contest
being for second. Curran did not hurry, but
drove steadily along with something to spare.
He had the pole and took the lead from the
start and never lost it. Surprise broke
several times and fell away back, being seen
no more by the leaders. Captain Sillick
pushed toward the front on the back stretch,
with Sterling close on to him. They came
steadily around. Surprise going all to pieces
again on the home stretch, and coming in
seventh, with the Spy first, Sterling second,
Sillick third. The quarter was made in 87 1/2,
the half in 1:15, and the wire in 2:31.

Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club, October
10th. \$1,000, divided. For horses that never
beat 2:34, mile heats, best 8 in 5, in harness:—

THE BOAT RACE—ECHOES FROM THE PRESS.

NEW YORK HERALD.

AUBURN, N. Y., Oct. 7, 1878.—Courtney ar-
rived home from Montreal on Saturday, and to-
day the Herald representative held a lengthy
conversation with the oarsman in this city. Of
course he puts in a general denial of all the
ugly stories circulated to his discredit. He is
willing to make affidavit he wrote no such letter
to his brother as is alleged, and other members
of his family will do the same. He says it is
true the stakes in the race were only \$1,000 a
side, instead of \$2,500, but it was through no
fault of his that this fact was not made public.

Bristor, Courtney's backer, was also in Auburn
to-day, and was neatly cornered by an Auburn
sporting gentleman. It was in regard to his
contradictory despatches about the race. The
gentleman referred to offered to bet him \$100
that he sent the messages as stated in the news-
papers. Bristor accepted the challenge for an
instant, but when the money was produced he
quietly hushed up and moved away.

The Auburn Advertiser to-night has the fol-
lowing from their representative who went to
Montreal:—“Deception can never successfully
flourish permanently, and when it was announ-
ced that the stakes were for \$11,000 everyone
was amazed at the amount. Here came in the
first false statement, and which was very repre-
hensible and known to a number of Auburnians
from the beginning. Your correspondent saw
the articles in Montreal for the first time on
reaching there, and read clearly and plainly that
the race was for \$1,000 a side, so that it was
\$8,000 in all, including the Montreal purse of
\$6,000, and not \$11,000 as advertised. Of this
\$8,000 it was expressly stipulated in writing be-
tween the two contending oarsmen by cross let-
ters that the defeated man should receive from
the victor the sum of \$2,000 in cash; the same
to be paid him from the purse, and that the pro-
ceeds of a grand reception to be given at the
Victoria Skating Rink, for which tickets at 25c
to 50c each should be issued, and the amount
guaranteed at \$1,000, should also be given the
defeated man. All this your correspondent
knows to be a fact, having seen the agreement
in Montreal before the race.”

TRUE, FIELD AND FARM.

It is to be regretted by all lovers and patrons
of honest sport that the recent contest at Lake
St. Louis between Hanlan and Courtney, has
been pointed out by the finger of suspicion.
Charles E. Courtney stands to-day impeached
by popular verdict. It is true that all the
evidence so far offered reflecting on his honor
and integrity is circumstantial, but the chain of
circumstances leads so directly to fraud and dis-
honesty that it would be impossible for Courtney's
most unbiased friend to dispel the thought no
matter in what light he viewed it. Courtney, al-
though admitting he knew the match was to be
for \$1,000 a side instead of \$2,500 as advertised,
says he had no hand in it. This was the first decep-
tion practiced on the public, and a second one is
charged by the World's correspondent, who
states that the race was not for the champion-
ship of America. It is said another agreement
was drawn up and signed with the Citizens'
Committee, wherein it was distinctly stated that
the race should not involve the championship.
The long odds offered on Hanlan that went be-
gining, the movements of Courtney's backers, the
action of Messrs. Kelly & Bliss in not selling
pools on the race, the day it transpired, although
proving nothing, show which way public opinion
was drifting. But the most direct blow is that
given by Mr. Edward B. Rankin, who officiated
as judge for Courtney on the day of the race.
(Here follows Mr. Rankin's letter already pub-
lished in our columns.) In the interest of a pas-
time that is gradually taking firm root in Am-
erica, it is to be hoped the foul aspersions may
be wiped away. The point is yet too tender and
not sufficiently matured to stand the chilling
blast of calumny and disgrace.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Unfortunately, though the winner pulled a
magnificent car all through the severe five-mile
contest, and completed the distance in time
which is better than that officially recorded for
any other race within the past sixteen years,
this result in view of the favorable position oc-
cupied by Courtney at different parts of the
course, and his seeming ability to improve the
same when so disposed, added weight and color
to the ugly rumors and damaging statements
which had been put in circulation regarding an
alleged dishonorable bargain entered into by the
contestants and others interested on both sides,
whereby the Union Springs sculler had bound

AUBURN CORRESPONDENCE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

In the first place it was said that the race was
to be for \$2,500 a side; now it is well known
that there was only \$1,000 a side put up. The
next thing that looks suspicious is the fact that
one of Courtney's most intimate friends, one
who watches and guards his every footstep while
visiting him in Auburn, tells all his friends to
bet their last dollar on Honest Charlie, and then,
in company with a prominent miller and mem-
ber of the Board of Education, take a convey-
ance to Fort Byron, and thence to the city of
New York, with about \$6,000 in their possession.
They are afterwards met in Johnson's pool-room
by a well known sporting man of Auburn, Billy
Cosgrove, who went to New York to put his
money on Courtney, and in answer to his in-
quiries what they were doing, one of them said
he was in New York to buy oysters for a friend,
and the other, the miller and member of the
Board of Education, was going to Philadelphia,
to buy some corn. In answer to the gentleman's
question about how to put his money, they said
that Honest Charlie was sure to win. My friend,
the sporting man, who, if he did not go to the
high school in his younger days, has a good deal
of horse sense, had his suspicions, and after
a little time found out that his fellow-townsmen
had put their \$6,000 in the pool-box on Hanlan.
Well, Cosgrove came back to Auburn, and the
game was soon found out; but Cosgrove was not
believed by a number who thought it impossible
for Honest Charlie to sell a race. He made
some bets on Hanlan, and told the parties at the
time he was sure to win. One other link in the
chain of circumstance. A prominent banker
from Union Springs (where Courtney lives), who
was reputed to be one of the originators of that
greatest of all swindles of ancient or modern
times (I mean the merchant's Union Ex. Com-
pany), was betting his money on Hanlan, as was
also his son. Could Charles Courtney but see
and hear the action and speeches that are made
in Auburn about him, he would hardly dare to
walk the streets of the city, at least by daylight.
His photographs burned and disfigured, his name
coupled with Benedict Arnold's and doomed to
go down to posterity embalmed with the bap-
tism of disgrace. Dear Spirit, you may think
this is strong language, but there is hardly a
man in Auburn but who believes that the race was
sold.

“Cayuga,” another correspondent writes
thusly:—“In the first place, I suppose, I was just
about as confident a man on Charlie Courtney's
merits, and what he was good for in a race as
any man who went over there until Monday
night before the race. I then had \$350 on
Charlie, with odds of \$60 against Hanlan, but I
got hold of something Monday night that stag-
gered me, now, I tell you. The first I heard
was a letter sent me from Union Springs, from
a person who was to keep me posted, that Char-
lie had written to his wife, that he felt as if he
could take that race, but advised her not to
stake anything on it without she took Hanlan as
first choice. And my informant continued: ‘I
have some \$200 up on Charlie, but as soon as I
learned this I placed \$500 on Hanlan. I feel
quite Hanlan will take the race.’ Well, you
must know that was an eye-opener to me. I
hardly knew what to do. Could it be possible
that Charles Courtney—our honest Cayuga boy
—would sell himself, body, soul, and principle,
to the vile machinations of scheming mankind?
I could not credit it yet, and resolved to wait
further developments, if any there would be.
Tuesday morning I learned that the reported
\$5,000, which Bristor was said to have put up
on Courtney, was all a myth. Well, the race was
pulled; and from what I saw I am fully con-
vinced that Hanlan has no business with Court-
ney as a sculler. When I got home I found that
Billy Cosgrove had been to New York, that he
went there ostensibly for the purpose of buying
pools on Courtney, but after getting down to the
pool-rooms he met Orlando Lewis and H. B.
Perry, of Auburn, who were buying Hanlan pools
at odds, which, with what rumors had previously
reached the ears of Billy, rather dampened his
ardor on Charlie, and he became a ‘ring man’
forthwith and was happy.

Bob Larmon, of Union Springs, mortgaged
his property, and it was reported he staked the
proceeds on his dear son-in-law, Charlie; but it
now turns out that the shoe was on the other
foot, as the mortgage has already been can-
celled!

Clinton T. Baucus, President of the Union
Springs Bank, heretofore a firm backer of
Courtney, and the man who was so efficient in
Courtney's behalf in the Greenwood tea party,
could not let the golden opportunity go by, but
visited Weehawken, not caring to show himself
in New York city, for various reasons, and, casu-
ally called upon John Tully & Co. securing
about \$6,000 in pool-tickets on Hanlan against
some \$2,500 put up. Now, what's the use of

James Riley, the oarsman, who was on the
train from Montreal on Friday night, in con-
versation with several persons, said he had no
doubt but Courtney could have beaten Hanlan
if he wanted to. In reply to the question,
“Do you think Courtney sold the race?” he
said, “Yes; I think he threw the race, because
he certainly did not row as fast as he has done
in previous races.” Riley was stopping at
Courtney's quarters before the race.—Exchange.

PLAINTED AND MORRIS.—These men row a
two mile race with a turn to-day at Pittsburg.
Off.—The race between Riley and Davis,
fixed for to-morrow, has been declared off.

ANSWERED.—Thomas McCarthy and Denis
Flynn, both of St. John, N.B., in answer to
Wallace Ross' challenge to row any two men,
have offered to pull him in a pair-oared boat,
Wallace of course rowing in a single scull, for
\$200 a side.

Athletic.

PEDESTRIAN NOTES.

The match between Barnes and Webster
was run at the Cricket Ground here on Tues-
day. \$250 a side were the stakes, and the
distance was 100 yards, to start by the crack
of a pistol. Mr. D. C. Ross was starter, and
Mr. P. Martin referee. Barnes got off with
a lead of a yard at least and won easily
much to the discomfiture of Webster's Am-
erican friends who anticipated an easy victory
for their man. The time is given as
10 1/2 sec.

Immediately after the big race Cooch and
Ray ran \$125 for \$25 a side; Cooch win-
ning.

The afternoon's sport was concluded with
185 yards heat races. Howard, of Hamilton,
won the first heat, and Irvine, of Ottawa,
the second and third. The other contestants
were Ray, Dixon and Sparks of this city.

Barnes and Carruthers have agreed articles
and put up \$50 forfeit for a match of \$200 a
side, 15 yards, to start from the crack of a
pistol, at the Cricket Ground here on the 28th
inst.

Mr. Duncan O. Ross, the heavy-weight
athlete, last week received from the N. Y.
Clipper office the \$200 he deposited for a
match with Mr. Hugh McKinnon of Belle-
ville, and which came to such an untimely
end through McKinnon's back-down.

OTTAWA.—In the 150 yard race at Morris-
burg, Ont., Fair Duffy, of Ottawa, easily
beat Fitzgibbon, of Wallington, N. Y., but
in the 500 yard heat race, 2 in 3, Fitzgibbon
defeated Irvine of Ottawa.

The pedestrians all round are in a fever of
business. Everybody is looking for every
body else and there will be some high times
before the snow flies. Pedestrianism is epi-
demic like most other sports, but appears
more frequently, and while the attacks are
not usually so severe, they are painful enough
to suggest a warning to the over-cautious or
innocent.

Mr. E. W. Johnston, of Bell Ewart, has
fortified in his match for a race of 1/4 mile at
Belleville with Johnny Barnes “Coke” won.
Johnston asserts that he made the match at
the instance of other purses, who, in the
hour of necessity, failed to respond to the
call made on their financial resources. He
says he is not afraid of the “Unknown” or
any other man, and when he can arrange
matters will give anybody a chance.

The old adage says, “new brooms sweep
clean,” but there is an old broom that is
not so work nicely, though only in the hands of
a Boy. Nuff said.

Amusement.

CITY.

The Ivy Sisters Burlesque Comedian's
commenced a season of six nights and
... at the Grand Opera House on Mon-
day evening last; the bill for the first three
nights being the burlesque of Mischief and a
popular farce. On Thursday the Prima
Donna for a Night and a farce. To night
benefit of the Ivy Sisters. The usual matinee
to-morrow afternoon. Their entertainment
is something the style of Eli & Weatherab's

on Jan. 1, 1878: mile heats, 3 in 5 in harness, \$80, \$50, \$15.

Sanjan, Guelph, br g Bendigo	1 1 1
Crozier, Orangeville, br g Garafaxa	2 2 2
S Ryan, or R Comet	8 8 8
West, b g Col. Peck	4 4 4
M Anderson, Guelph, ch g Mayo Boy	5 5 6
C Morrow, Fergus, b g Capt Webb	6 6 5

Time—2:52, 2:50, 2:50.

Same day—\$175. Running, for all horses owned in Canada, Jan. 1, 1878. Half-mile heats, \$80, \$50, \$30, \$15.

Boyle, Toronto, gr f Lady D'Arcy, 4 yrs, by Thunder, dam imp Castaway, 111 lbs	1 2 1
Witers, Orangeville, ch g John Logan, aged, by Annandale, dam by Wait-a-Minute, 118 lbs	4 3 2
Williams, London, br h King George, 3 yrs, by King Tom, dam Fleetwood, by Sir Talton, 104 lbs	8 4 3
Wilson, Davenport, b f Joale B, 3 yrs, by Harry Basset, dam Penny, by Jerome Edgar, 94 lbs	2 1 dis
More, b h King Harner, by Harper	dis
Davidson, b h Gil D Roy, 6 yrs, by Gil Boy	dr

Time—54, 54, 60.

Distanced for foul.

Same Day—\$150; trotting; 2:40 class; for all horses owned in Canada, Jan. 1, 1878; mile heats, 2 in harness; \$120, 40, 20.

Middleton, Orangeville, g g Gaul Gemish (for Grey George)	1 4 1 1
Mell, London, ch h Eden Goldust	2 1 2 2
Bozier, b g Garafaxa	3 2 3 3
Levin, Barrie, b g Bob Moore	4 8 4 4

Time—2:42, 2:41, 2:41.

Same Day—\$150 running; for all horses owned in Canada, Jan. 1, 1878; mile heats, 2 in 3; \$100, 50, 25.

Boyle, br m Inspiration, aged, by Warminster, dam Sophie, by imp Bonnie, 120 lbs	1 1
Wilson, ch m Goldfish, aged, by Harper, dam by Lapidist, 118 lbs	3 2
Williams, br h King George (pd above)	2 5
Witers, ch g John Logan, aged, (pd above)	4 4

Time—1:54, 1:54.

Same Day—\$25; trotting; 2:50 class; for all horses owned in Canada, Jan. 1, 1878; mile heats, 2 in harness; \$75, 35, 15.

Collock, br g Ploughboy	4 4 1 3 1 1
Ryan, or g Comet	8 3 8 1 3 2
Sanjan, br g Bendigo	1 1 2 2 3 dis
Crozier, br g Garafaxa	2 2 dr

Time—2:47, 2:47, 2:46, 0:00, 2:52, 2:51.

In time in the fourth heat as Ploughboy was set to the wire, but was set back, giving Comet what Garafaxa was drawn by his owner was the judges wished to change his driver.

Same day—\$130. Running; open to all. Mile and a half dash \$90, \$25, \$15.

Boyle, gr f Lady D'Arcy (ped above) 101 lbs	2
Boyle, br m Inspiration (ped above) 120 lbs	1
Drake, b g Protection, aged, by Norton, dam by Wagner, 120 lbs	3
Wilson, ch m Goldfish (ped above)	dr

Time—3:55.

Same day—\$50. Running; for all horses owned in the County of Wellington that are only used for track purposes. Half-mile heats, 2 in 3. \$25, \$15, \$10.

Northgraves, Glenallen, b m Ella	2 1 1
Viker	1 2 1
Yr Armytage, Fergus, b g Don Carlo's	1 2 dis
McMahon, b m Dolly	3 2 dis

Time—1:00, 58, 56.

F. Z. Nixon, V. S. Secy.

the quarter, which was passed in 87, Surprise was three lengths ahead, with Roofer third. The leaders pulled away from the rest, and reached the half at a 2:28 gait. Curran drove the Spy hard, but could not pass the brown horse, and they came around the last turn in the same position, trotting squarely. About half way down the stretch, or more, Logan drove Surprise off his feet, and the Spy pushed to the front, winning by half a length in 2:20.

Great difficulty was experienced in getting away in the second heat. Time and time again did they come down, but Surprise did not get away with the rest, and finally the judges threatened to fine the driver. They got away at last, the Spy taking the lead, Surprise second. Here blood told, and the brown horse showed that he could not do another heat as he had done the first. Logan drove him off his feet at the turn and ran, but came down and closed nearly up with the Spy at the quarter, which was made in 87. They kept the same position along the back stretch, except that the bay stallion Sterling loomed up a little and came in third, Surprise second. Time—87, 1:14, 2:29.

In the third heat the start was made more easily, it being evident that the Canadian horse could win the race, and the contest being for second. Curran did not hurry, but drove steadily along with something to spare. He had the pole and took the lead from the start and never lost it. Surprise broke several times and fell away back, being seen no more by the leaders. Captain Sillick pushed toward the front on the back stretch, with Sterling close on to him. They came steadily around. Surprise going all to pieces again on the home stretch, and coming in seventh, with the Spy first, Sterling second, Sillick third. The quarter was made in 87, the half in 1:15, and the wire in 2:31.

Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club, October 10th. \$1,000, divided. For horses that never beat 2:34, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness:—

P Curran's b g Russian Spy	1 1 1
G R Logan's br g Surprise	2 2 7
T Tracy's b g Roofer, Jr	3 3 4
E Bithers' b g Charley C	4 5 5
S P Thompson's b s Sterling	5 3 2
G F Whitney's ch g Captain Sillick	6 4 8
W H Wilson's ch g Oku	7 7 8
J N Board's g Grey Eagle	8 8 6

Time—2:26, 2:29, 2:31.

### Aquatic.

#### HANLAN'S RECEPTION.

Toronto, Oct. 14, 1878.

To the Editor of the Sporting Times:

SIR,—I, in company with many others, would be pleased to see published a detailed statement of the receipts and expenses of the late public reception to champion Hanlan, the proceeds of which were to be devoted to the Homestead Fund. The net results would show the estimation in which Torontonians hold the champion, and might be a spur to his friends outside of the city to exert themselves in making such a good intention a fact. Trusting that the Committee who had the reception in charge will comply with this request in your next week's issue.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,  
A LOVER OF AQUATICS.

#### HANLAN AS HE WAS.

Everybody has seen the picture representing, or supposed to represent, the champion as he was as an infant rowing with two mustard spoons in a basin, but here is an item taken from the Toronto Colonist of Sept. 6th, 1860, showing that when scarcely more than a baby he was actually rowing on the bay itself:—

"A YOUNG NAVIGATOR.—We are informed that a young child, named Edward Hanlan, 3½ years of age, will to-day, weather permitting, row across the bay in a small boat, starting from the Island, at 10 or 3 o'clock—the first hour if the weather is suitable. He will land at the market wharf."

St. Louis between Hanlan and Courtney, has been pointed out by the finger of suspicion. Charles E. Courtney stands to-day impeached by popular verdict. It is true that all the evidence so far offered reflecting on his honor and integrity is circumstantial, but the chain of circumstances leads so directly to fraud and collusion that it would be impossible for Courtney's most unbiased friend to dispel the thought no matter in what light he viewed it. Courtney, although admitting he knew the match was to be for \$1,000 a side instead of \$2,500 as advertised, says he had to hand it. This was the first deception practised on the public, and a second one is charged by the World's correspondent, who states that the race was not for the championship of America. It is said another agreement was drawn up and signed with the Citizens' Committee, wherein it was distinctly stated that the race should not involve the championship. The long odds offered on Hanlan that went begging, the movements of Courtney's backers, the action of Messrs. Kelly & Bliss in not selling pools on the race the day it transpired, although proving nothing, show which way public opinion was drifting. But the most direct blow is that given by Mr. Edward B. Rankin, who officiated as judge for Courtney on the day of the race. (Here follows Mr. Rankin's letter already published in our columns.) In the interest of a pastime that is gradually taking firm root in America, it is to be hoped the foul aspersions may be wiped away. The plant is yet too tender and not sufficiently matured to stand the chilling blast of calumny and disgrace.

#### NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Unfortunately, though the winner pulled a magnificent oar all through the severe five-mile contest, and completed the distance in time which is better than that officially recorded for any other race within the past nineteen years, this result in view of the favorable position occupied by Courtney at different parts of the course, and his seeming ability to improve the same when so disposed, added weight and color to the ugly rumors and damaging statements which had been put in circulation regarding an alleged dishonorable bargain entered into by the contestants and others interested on both sides; whereby the Union Springs sculler had bound himself to lose the race, whether able to win it or not. Consequently, there was intense dissatisfaction among those who had hoped that by winning he might have proved the falsity of the charges so plainly made, especially as many could not, after what they had seen with their own eyes, make themselves believe that he could not have done better.

#### NEW YORK SPORTSMAN.

In the true interests of manly sport it is highly proper that a cool and dispassionate investigation should be made by some capable and impartial committee into the circumstances of the boat race on the St. Lawrence.

N. Y. TIMES.

The Times publishes the result of patient investigation into the charges that Courtney sold his race. It fully exonerates Courtney and says the report that Brister, one of Courtney's backers, gave out that Hanlan would win, was based on Brister's instructions to his brother to favor Hanlan so that those who wished to back Courtney would not have to offer odds. The Times reports Courtney attributes his defeat principally to the fact that during the race the Lachine Rowing Club's barge was moved from a position some distance below the finish, to one on a line with it so that he was misled. He says on account of rough water he could not exert his full strength, but he certainly believes that in smooth water he could beat Hanlan. Courtney declares he will not row any more, this fall and perhaps never again.

#### SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

In our Rowing Department will be found some correspondence regarding the Courtney-Hanlan affair. Our purpose is to probe this matter thoroughly and vindicate Mr. Courtney if he has been wronged. The letters published this week directly impute several well known gentlemen, and their conduct in the pool room demands explanation. Our columns are open to these men if they have anything to say, and we shall be happy to hear from them, or from Courtney himself. But in the interest of common sense, we hope that we shall have no such stories as that Courtney, who followed Hanlan all about, and was never many feet away, lost three minutes by the difference in current. Human credulity has not mouth enough to swallow such stuff as that, and Courtney should not prejudice his case by such silly arguments.

any man who went over there until Monday night before the race. I then had \$350 on Charlie, with odds of \$50 against Hanlan, but I got hold of something Monday night that staggered me, now, I tell you. The first I heard was a letter sent me from Union Springs, from a person who was to keep me posted, that Charlie had written to his wife, that he 'felt as if he could take that race,' but advised her not to stake on thing on it; without she took Hanlan as first choice. And my informant continued, 'I have some \$200 up on Charlie, but as soon as I learned this I placed \$500 on Hanlan. I feel sure Hanlan will take the race.' Well, you must know that was an eye-opener to me. I hardly knew what to do. Could it be possible that Charlie Courtney—our honest Cayuga boy—would sell himself, body, soul, and principle, to the vile machinations of scheming mankind? I could not credit it yet, and resolved to wait further developments, if any there would be. Tuesday morning I learned that the reported \$5,000, which Brister was said to have put up on Courtney, was all a myth. Well, the race was pulled, and from what I saw I am fully convinced that Hanlan has no business with Courtney as a sculler. When I got home I found that Billy Cosgrove had been to New York; that he went there ostensibly for the purpose of buying pools on Courtney, but after getting down to the pool-rooms he met Orlando Lewis and H. B. Pery, of Auburn, who were buying Hanlan pools at odds, which, with what rumors had previously reached the ears of Billy, rather dampened his ardor on Charlie, and he became a 'ring man' forthwith and was happy.

Bob Harmon, of Union Springs, mortgaged his property, and it was reported he staked the proceeds on his dear son-in-law, Charlie; but it now turns out that the shoe was on the other foot, as the mortgage has already been cancelled.

Clinton T. Bakus, President of the Union Springs Bank, heretofore a firm backer of Courtney, and the man who was so efficient in Courtney's behalf in the Greenwood tea party, could not let the golden opportunity go by, but visited Weehawken, not caring to show himself in New York city, for various reasons, and, casually called upon John Tully & Co., securing about \$6,000 in pool-tickets on Hanlan, against some \$2,500 put up. Now, what's the use of Courtney's coming back here in the face of all this and trying to exonerate himself? Would his most ardent backers drop him, as they almost invariably did, and take Hanlan first choice in that race, without some cue? Not much.

#### FLOATING SCRAPS.

All through the race Courtney and Hanlan were smiling at each other.

When Courtney's own judge shrugs his shoulders, what can his enemies say?

Courtney, no doubt, thinks that the people should mind their rowing business.

Courtney says his trouble has been a bitter pill for him to swallow, but he don't say how the pill was coated.

Courtney used to be spoken of as the noblest Bo(w)man of them all. It's different now.—Auburn Advertiser.

Mr. Hanlan will kindly lose the next match with Courtney. One good turn deserves another.—Rochester Democrat.

If it hadn't been for that mosquito, now, that lit on Courtney's boat and put it out of trim.—Syracuse Herald.

Courtney intends retaining legal aid and probing the matter to the bottom. As a starter, he might stick the probe into Brister.

One reason given for Courtney's defeat by an expert way, "He dipped his port oar two inches lower than the other." Nice calculation.

In conversation with a representative of the Pittsburgh Dispatch, Fred Plaisted, in speaking of the Hanlan-Courtney race, said: "I did not see it. I knew how the race was going and didn't go."

In spite of Courtney's defeat professional oarsmen and boating men generally say he can beat Hanlan sure. In the event of Hanlan and Courtney coming together again we can imagine these same parties trying to guess out the winner.

The Auburn papers very pertinently inquire why it was that Courtney did not row at Lachine, on Sunday, if he desired to familiarize himself with the course? He never has had any religious scruples about rowing on the Sabbath at home.

Attended, last week received from two or three Clippers office the \$200 he deposited for a match with Mr. Hagu McKeenon of Belle ville, and which came to such an untimely end through McKeenon's back-down.

OTTAWA.—In the 150 yard race at Morrisburg, Ont., Fair Duffy, of Ottawa, easily beat Fitzgibbon, of Waddington, N Y, but in the 300 yard heat race, 2 in 3, Fitzgibbon defeated Irwin of Ottawa.

The pedestrians all round are in a fever of business. Everybody is looking for everybody else and there will be some high times before the snow flies. Pedestrianism is epidemic like most other sports, but appears more frequently, and while the attacks are not usually so severe, they are painful enough to suggest a warning to the over cautious or innocent.

Mr. E W Johnston, of Ball Ewart, who forfeited his match for a series of games at Belle. He with Johnny Barnes' "Cuckoo" Johnston asserts that he made the match at the instance of other parties, who, in the hour of necessity, failed to respond to the call made on their financial resources. He says he is not afraid of the "Unknown" or any other man, and when he can arrange matters will give anybody a chance.

The old adage says, "new brooms sweep clean," but there is an old broom that does its work nicely, though only in the hands of a Boy. Nuffed.

### Amusements.

#### CITY.

The Foy Sisters Burlesque Combination commenced a season of six nights and continues at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening last, the bill for the first three nights being the burlesque of Mischief and a popular farce. On Thursday the Prima Donna for a Night and a farce. To night benefit of the Foy Sisters. The usual matinee to-morrow afternoon. Their entertainment is something the style of Eliza Weathersby's Frolics, and is entertaining throughout. Ida is a clever soubrette, while her sister Bertha shines in the higher walks. Next week Mr. Joseph Murphy in the Kerry Gow, supported by his own combination.

Chicago Before, During and After the Fire is the title of the piece being played at the Royal Opera House this week by Josh Hart's original New York combination. The interest in the play is heightened by a series of panoramic pictures representing the city before, during and after the conflagration. The cast of the dramatic portion of the piece is quite strong and the interest of the piece is kept up until the curtain drops. A matinee will be given to-morrow afternoon when all the effects of the evening performance will be given. Next week the old-time favorite Uncle Tom's Cabin with the original Lottie as Topsy.

The regular company of the Grand Opera House are supporting Lawrence Barrett at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, this week.

Baby McDonald with her very versatile and clever songs and impersonations is creating a furor at the Lyceum this week. The remainder of the company is fully above the average merit of variety artists, and one of the best weeks of the season has been the result. To-night (Friday) ladies accompanied by gentlemen are admitted free. A matinee to-morrow especially for ladies and children when the entire evening's programme will be presented. For next week several fresh faces are promised.

GENERAL.

MONTREAL.—Miss Helen Blye, supported by Mr. J. F. Brian, commenced a season of five nights at the Academy of Music on Oct. 15. The opening bill was Romeo and Juliet, to be followed by Camille, &c., &c.

BROCKVILLE.—Miss Louisa Leighton and her combination at Town Hall, Oct. 16 and 17, in Uncle Tom's Cabin, and Faust and Marquerite.—The Helen Blye Combination are announced for an early appearance.

HAMILTON.—Uncle Tom's Cabin at Mechanics' Hall, October 19, by Lottie and her New York Combination.

#### MATCH RACE AT ORANGEVILLE.

According to announcement made last week the match race between the stallions Han and Royal Revenge, took place on Orangeville Course on Saturday last. Han has already been described as sired by Bay Boston, and dam believed to be a region mare. Revenge is sired by Royal Revenge, dam a Messenger mare.

The track was in perfect condition, and weather was fine and clear, which brought out some 500 or 600 people. According to the articles of agreement the horses were to go as they pleased. Revenge intended to start under saddle, but he finally decided to start in harness. At 8 o'clock they took their start, Revenge having the pole. He took the first heat after a hard struggle; the second to Boston tolerably easy, the grey break-

Poetry.

THE MAN WHO ALWAYS SCORES.

I celebrate no prodigy,  
They're generally bores;  
But give of cricketers to me  
The man who always scores.

Some men are worsted by a slow,  
And some a shooter floors;  
Each ball comes easy, high or low,  
To him who always scores.

Jack "could not see," Tom "didn't try,"  
"His luck," poor Dick deploras;  
Excuses are not needed by  
The man who always scores.

No matter how the total comes,  
By sixes, fives, or fours,  
A double figure is the sum  
Of him who always scores.

No matter if the sun be hot,  
No matter if it pours;  
For wet or dry he careth not,  
The man who always scores.

He may be clumsy with the gloves,  
And useless with the oars;  
And disappointed in his loves,  
But then he always scores.

Then while we fill up to the brim,  
And each his liquor lowers,  
Let's drink to cricket and to him—  
The man who always scores.

THE LAY OF THE JONES OF PAKATING, N.J.

It is a rural Jerseyman  
Is stopped by one of three.  
"By thy dyed mustache and Alaska pin,  
Now wherefore stoppest thou me?"  
"Hail to thee, Smith! Hail to thee, Smith,  
What news of Allamuchy?"  
Then up and spoke the Jerseyman,  
"Mistaken ye mote be.  
I am no Smith, or have I kith  
Nor kin at Allamuchy;  
But I till the soil at Papakating  
And my name is Jones, John T."  
The stranger man apologized.  
"I'm sorry that I did  
Mistake you, sir, for Mr. Smith.  
Excuse me," and he said.

It is the rural Jerseyman  
Is stopped by a second of three.  
"By thy waxed mustache and oriole chain  
Now, wherefore stoppest thou me?"  
"Hail to thee Jones of Papakating,  
For it is the Jones I see.  
Not know me? Not remember Brown?  
Strange! strange! But I do thee,  
Nor shall thou leave me till thou'st quaffed  
A loving cup with me;  
Some news I would of Papakating  
And our friends thereat that be.  
The pin-mill's doors are open wide  
And we must go therein;  
A health I claim; come, give it a name,  
Or Whiskey, beer or gin?"  
And the farmer hoar his fingers four  
He merrily hoisted in.

And in that saloon the Jerseyman  
Beheld a carl fu' drunk,  
Who at the table in the rear  
Had negligently sunk.  
His beard was grizzled, his hair unshorn,  
His eyes were red and clear;  
His whole appearance spoke him one  
That drives the Texan steer,  
And full well can grip the blacksnake whip,  
A merry bullwhacker,  
And still he chuckled and babbled eke  
"There's a Jack, a Seven, a Three,  
And spotting the Three, the Seven, the Jack,  
Those gambollers plundered me;  
Yea, this is the way those thieves did play  
The sinful three-card Montee."  
And over, and under, and over again  
The three cards shuffled he.

And the bar-room loungers that gathered  
round  
Did wagers with him lay,  
And which was the Three, the Seven the  
Jack  
Infallibly did say,  
And he lost his pile with a drunken smile.

Sweet heaven, it is a sorry sight  
In a city so much sin!  
Are there not steers and cappers oke,  
And thereto ropers-in?  
But here is the office, good Jerseyman;  
Let us an entrance win."  
Then those that stood about the door  
Made way that they might go,  
And patrolman 14,004,  
To the Jones his guide said, "Lo,  
Thou meanest biz, a sucker 'tis  
That thou hast got in tow;  
He is in the toils, I will share the spoils  
At the good game of Banco."

It was the rural Jerseyman  
To their den they lured him in  
And Cross-eyed Charlie fell on him  
And banced him like sin.

At Papakating a Jerseyman  
May to this day be seen,  
Of Sodom and Gomorrah who talks  
Like one who there has been,  
And frowns at the sight of his lambs milk-  
white  
If they gambol on the green.  
N. Y. World.

Miscellaneous.

We are the most paradoxical creatures:  
We use blotting paper to keep from blotting  
paper.

The Chicago Times reminds Mr. Courtney  
that "the race is not to the swift-wrong."

The female crusaders of Ohio have not  
labor'd in vain. There are 127 more saloons  
in Columbus than there were in 1871.

The Chinese in Nevada are becoming as  
good stock gamblers as any "Melican" mem-  
bers of the fraternity.

Frank Buckland, the naturalist, declares  
that babies swim naturally. A friend put  
one into warm water, and it took to it like a  
duck, swimming briskly.

A number of calves have died recently at  
Stowe, Vt., and examination showed that  
their throats, lungs and intestines were filled  
with thousands of worms or small snakes.

Crook City, in the Black Hills, wants  
another postmaster. Luck ran against the  
last incumbent at poker, and he grabbed a  
\$125 "pot" so as to "pay his expenses  
home, threatened to blow off the head of any  
one that prevented him and fled.

Philadelphia has a 16½ ounce baby—Estel-  
la Pincus—on exhibition. She is fifteen days  
old and is quite a curiosity. She is just  
twelve inches long; her foot is an inch and a  
half long, and her longest finger is but seven-  
eighths of an inch. She can cry very lustily  
and bids fair to give her parents the usual  
amount of trouble.

Seth Green's experiment of stocking Lake  
Ontario with shad has resulted in the hatch-  
ing of millions of them; although they were  
first put there seven years ago, they do not  
grow to be above eight inches long, and are  
not fit for food. They furnish excellent feed-  
ing for pickerel and bass, and fishermen  
complain that these fish will not take bait as  
formerly, so stuffed are they with young  
shad.

Dan Newman, of Sierra Valley, Cal., kill-  
ed 205 blackbirds by emptying only two bar-  
rels from a shot-gun into a flock of them the  
other day. This may appear a very improb-  
able story, but is vouched for by half a dozen  
or so reliable witnesses. The birds were  
huddled together in a grain field where a  
threshing machine had shortly before been in  
operation, when Newman fired at them, and  
each shot seemed to have brought down a  
separate victim.

A minister of the gospel was introduced to  
Mr. Splan, at Kansas City, and in the course  
of conversation remarked, "Mr. Splan, I  
have heard a great deal about drivers being  
bad men, but since meeting and talking with  
you I must acknowledge there are excep-  
tions." "Thank you," dryly remarked the  
curfian. "Now, I live in Brooklyn, where  
we hear a great deal about bad ministers,  
and," with a smile, "since seeing you, I  
too acknowledge there must be exceptions."



Our Premiums.

GOLDSMITH MAID,  
An elegant chromo 18½x24 inches. Nine colors

LULA.

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

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advance paying subscribers for 1876-7.  
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SPORTING TIMES OFFICE,  
Toronto, Ont.



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25 GOULD ST., Toronto.

Dr. Andrews' Pills are all  
of Dr. Andrews' celebrated  
Specific remedies can be ob-  
tained at above place.  
P. O. Address—Box 759.

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Favorite.

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JOHN P. BOND,

Veterinary SURGEON,

GRADUATE OF THE ONTARIO VETERIN-  
ARY COLLEGE).

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a first-class Infirmary.

Horses examined as to soundness.

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graph operating, for offices now opening  
in the Dominion. Send stamp for cir-  
cular to Box 955, Toronto. 286-ty

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VETERINARY COLLEGE

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students will be forwarded free by applying to

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finest carriage in the city. Cost \$800, will be  
sold at less than half-value, to close up an estate  
Has only been run a few times. The best bar-  
gain in a carriage ever offered. The attention  
of liverymen is especially directed to this oppor-  
tunity. For price, &c., address—CARRIAGE,  
Box 1270, Toronto, 858-4f

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bred gelding

RANCOUS,

chestnut, 15.8, 4 years old, by imported Eclipse,  
dam imported Blue Stocking by Thormanby;  
2nd dam by Stockwell; 3rd dam by Tondalstone.  
Good jumper and would be valuable as a hür-  
dler or hunter. Address, RANCOUS, Sporting  
Times, office, Toronto, for particulars. 364-4f

KRIK'S GUIDE TO THE TURF.

Part II—Now ready, KRIK'S GUIDE TO THE  
TURF, Part II, containing the nominations for  
the stakes to be run in 1878-1879, with index;  
the earnings of all stallions and their progeny;  
table of races run at all distances; winners of  
prominent fixed events; records of best perform-  
ances; the foals of 1877, and last year's sales of  
thoroughbreds. For sale, price \$1, at the office  
of the World, 35 Park Row, New York. 358-4f



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structions for young sportsmen; haunts and  
of game birds; flight and resort of water  
breeding and breaking of dogs, &c. Price \$1.  
Reminiscences of the late Thomas Ash-  
Smith, Esq., of the pursuits of an English  
try gentleman. Price \$2.25.  
Military men I have met. Illustrated.  
Lindley Loomis. \$2.00.  
The trotting horse of America; how to  
and drive him; with the reminiscences of  
trotting turf. By Hiram Woodruff. 16th  
Edition, with new appendix, tables of perfor-  
ances, &c. \$2.50.

Blaine's Encyclopedia of rural sports, or  
plete account (historical, practical and des-  
criptive) of hunting, shooting, fishing, &c.  
edition, 600 engravings on wood, from draw-  
ings by Leech, Aiken, Landseer, &c. \$6.00.

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

Trottope's British Sports and Pastimes. \$1.  
Upton's Newmarket and Arabia; an exam-  
ination of the descent of racers and coursers.  
Illustrations. \$2.50.

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

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

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

Castleman's The Sportsman's Club  
Illustrated. \$1.25.

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

Gilmore's Prairie and Forest; a descriptive  
of the game of North America, with personal  
ventures in their pursuit. Illustrated. \$1.  
Stonhenge's British rural sports, covering  
shooting, hunting, coursing, fishing, hawk  
racing, boating, pedestrianism, with all re-  
gards and amusements. Ninth edition. Il-  
lustrated. \$5.50.

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

Stonhenge's The Horse in the table and  
field.

Nor kin at Allamuchy;  
But I till the soil at Papakating  
And my name is Jones, John T.  
The stranger man apologized.  
"I'm sorry that I did  
Mistake you, sir, for Mr. Smith.  
Excuse me," and he slid.

It is the rural Jerseyman  
Is stopped by a second of three.  
"By thy waxed mustache and oroid chain  
Now, wherefore stoppest thou me?"  
"Hail to thee Jones of Papakating,  
For it is the Jones I see.  
Not know me? Not remember Brown?  
Strange! strange! But I do thee,  
Nor shalt thou leave me till thou'st quaffed  
A loving cup with me;  
Some news I would of Papakating  
And our friends thereat that be.  
The gin-mill's doors are open wide  
And we must go therein;  
A health I claim; come, give it a name,  
Or Whiskey, beer or gin?"  
And the farmer hear his fingers four  
Hemerrily hoisted in.

And in that saloon the Jerseyman  
Beheld a carl fu' drunk,  
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Yes, this is the way those thieves did play  
The sinful three-card Montee."  
And over, and under, and over again  
The three cards shuffled he.

And the bar-room loungers that gathered  
round  
Did wagers with him lay,  
And which was the Three, the Seven the  
Jack  
Infalibly did say,  
And he lost his pile with a drunken smile,  
And muttered "Thazzerway!"  
Then up and spake the pseudo-Brown,  
Unto the Jones spake he;  
"Drunk as a loon is yon Texan clown,  
And possessed of much monie;  
Others already are in the field—  
Why here stand idle we?"  
And who was it but the pseudo-Brown  
To wager did begin,  
And betted a O with the Texan clown  
And eke the same did win;  
And he nudged the Jones of Papakating  
And bade him to go in.

But the gentle heart of the guileless Jones  
Rebelle against this game,  
Quotha, with a smile, "I will win his pile,  
But will not keep the same,  
But will it return with a lecture stern,  
And put him thus to shame."  
And lo! that Texan bullwhacker  
The cards did careless spill,  
And his nerveless fingers could not grasp  
The Seven and Jack until  
The cunning Brown had marked the Three  
Plain, with his lead-pencil!

Then up and spake the guileless Jones,  
"These bills I wager thee  
That I can pick the Tray from out  
The shuffled pasteboards three;"  
And the Texan clown put his money down,  
Saying, "Thou art meat for me!"  
Over and under he threw the cards,  
Under and over and back.  
Jones placed his finger on the one  
Scored with a cross so black.  
"Tis the Three!" he cried, with honest  
pride,  
—And lo! it was the Jack!

It is the rural Jerseyman  
Is stopped by a third of three.  
"By that ivory leg upon thy cane,  
Now wherefore stoppest thou me?"  
"Hail to thee, Jones of Papakating;  
How are all thy familie?  
O, I have won a goodly prize  
In the Cuban Lotteré.  
Come with me till I realize—  
The ticket here may'at see—  
Then safely I will guide the home,  
For cappers had there be.

another postmaster. Luck ran against the  
last incumbent at poker, and he grabbed a  
\$125 "pot" so as to pay his expenses  
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turfman. "Now, I live in Brooklyn, where  
we hear a great deal about bad ministers,  
and," with a smile, "since seeing you, I  
too, acknowledge there must be exceptions."

The trump is turned over every door at a  
new tavern in Belleville, Nev. When the  
house was opened it was necessary to number  
the rooms, but there was not a painter in  
the town and not so much as a piece of  
chalk could be found around the house. At  
last a happy idea possessed the landlord.  
Taking a pack of cards and a paper of tacks  
he began with the ace and continued up to  
the king, numbering the doors in a novel  
and entirely original manner. If it ever be-  
comes necessary to make additional num-  
bers for extra rooms the suit may be  
changed.

Lake Champlain's sea serpent is vouched  
for by Prof. Marks, of the University of  
Pennsylvania, and Prof. Owen, of the Sher-  
man Academy at Port Henry, N.Y. They  
say that they saw the monster while sailing  
a few days ago. It was moving through the  
water at a rapid rate, having just back of the  
head two large folds projecting above the  
water, and at some distance, say fifty feet or  
more behind, two more folds at what was  
apparently the tail. As it passed along in  
its course the head would go under the water  
and lift itself above at a distance easily discern-  
ible. The motion was similar to that of a  
snake, sinuous and undulating. They could  
easily distinguish the head as it appeared  
above water and the motion of the folds. It  
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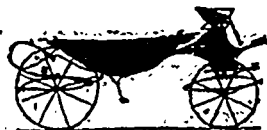
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**P. COLLINS,**

**SPORTING TIMES**  
Toronto.





Lexington, but her owner did not feel justified, in the face of the record that has been made by other four-year-olds, nor has he as yet consented that she should go, but the trainer persisted and said that he wanted to show Maud S. on a mile track, as all her fast trotting, so far, had been made on a half-mile track. Finally, Capt. Stone said, "Show us what you can do with her here now, as several wished to see." The filly was "hitched up," and started on a trial with at least twenty watches over her. She trotted the first mile in 2:20. After the usual wait, she was again brought forth, and going down the stretch a short distance came back like a whirlwind, and, without anything to persuade her, was off. To the first half in 1:12, and the last half in 1:10—2:22—the fastest time ever made, and which stamps her the best filly in the world. The enthusiasm of the select party who witnessed this wonderful exploit was immense, and a great number made it a quarter less. The track was just as it had been left since the Friday previous, at the conclusion of the races, but it made no difference to this gait beauty. Of course, this 2:22 is no record, but yet it is there as the fastest mile ever trotted by a four-year-old. The last quarter must have been trotted at a 2:16 gait. The gentlemen who were in the stand have issued the following certificate:

"We hereby certify that Maud S. trotted a mile, at Chester Park, Oct. 6th, in 2:22; first half, 1:12; second half, 1:10.—Signed, J. S. Smith, Howard Johnson, Richard Ewell, Gordon Durell, A. Bunnell."

As these gentlemen are all well known to the trotting public, there will be no questions as to the time. The performances of this filly on a half-mile track, has but whetted the public appetite to see what she can do on a mile track. Her trainer is sanguine of going much lower, of which there seems to be little question.

## Cricket.

### THE AUSTRALIANS.

On Tuesday and Wednesday of last week the Australian team beat 22 of Ontario on the Cricket Ground here. In the first innings the Canadians scored 100 and the Australians 123. The highest individual score was made by Boyle, who had scored 81 when caught out. In the second inning the Canadians scored 54 and the Australians 82 and ten wickets to spare. The highest individual score was that of C. Dannerman, not out, 17.

On Thursday and Friday they met 22 of Montreal and district, at Montreal. The home team scored 91 in their first innings; the Australians followed with 819 and one wicket yet to go down when the stumps were drawn on Friday p.m. C. Dannerman made 125 the top figures for the visitors.

**HOTEL VS. BUTCHER.**—On Monday the Licensed Victuallers and the Butchers of this city played a match on the Cricket Ground. The hotel-keepers were too much for their brethren of the chop and block, and in a full game scored 145 to 65. The stake was a leg of mutton supper, which the losers were able to set up at cost price—to themselves.

## Lacrosse.

A championship match was played at Montreal on Saturday last between the Caughnawaga Indians (the champions) and the Montreal club. The first game was won by the Montreal club in two minutes, the second and third by the Caughnawagas in five and twenty-three minutes respectively. The Torontos play the Caughnawagas at Montreal on the 26th inst. for the championship.

McIver did not show up in his match with Carruthers on Tuesday last. The backers of the latter obtained the forfeit of \$10.

## ONTARIO HOME PRODUCE STAKES.

Open, free of entrance, to two-year-old colts and fillies, bred and foaled in Ontario, by stallions the property of subscribers to the stake; dash of five furlongs, to be run in September, 1878, under Dominion Rules. Any number the got of any stallion named in the list can start. The stake and added money of \$— to be divided in the proportions of 75 per cent. to the winning horse, and 25 per cent. to the second.

**CONDITIONS.**—Owners of stallions desirous of the privilege of the get of their horses running in above stakes, must be subscribers to the stake on or before January 1, 1879, of \$50, that amount to accompany the nomination, which subscriptions, along with \$— added by the Association over whose track the race is run, shall form the total stake money. Entries for the race will close on June 1, 1879, with the Secretary-Treasurer of the Stake at the Sporting Times Office, Toronto.

The following owners of stallions have already made nominations:

John White, Esq., Milton, for the get of *Terror*, by Rurio, dam Maratana by Flatcatcher.  
J. L. Lyon, Esq., Toronto, for the get of *Hyder Ali*, by imported Leamington, dam Lady Duke by Lexington.

P. COLLINS, Sec.-Treas.,  
863-44 pro tem.

### THE KENTUCKY TROTTER STALLION



## Almont Marion,

Will make the season of 1878 at Thos. Hodgson's Veterinary Stable, corner of Duchess and Sherbourne streets Toronto.

ALMONT MARION was bred by Gen. W.T. Withers, Lexington, Ky. who says he is the finest trotting colt he ever had, having more trotting points than any colt of his age that he ever knew.

ALMONT MARION is two years old, May 1, 1878, 15.3 high, dark bay with black points, shows a remarkable gait for speed, with flat bone and good feet.

**CERTIFIED PEDIGREE.**—"Almont Marion, sired by Almont, the great sire of trotters, (sire of Allie West, 2:25; Alice West, 2:29; Fredmont, 4 years, 2:30; Katie Jackson, 4 years, 2:25; Consul, 3 years, 2:39; and a number of others equally speedy. 1st dam by Marion, a son of Mambrino Chief a fast trotter and a sire of trotters; 2nd dam, by Capt. Gay a son of Berthune; 3rd dam, by imported Nonplus; 4th dam, by Fredericksburg; 5th dam, by Sir Archy; 6th dam, by imported Diomed; 7th dam, by imported Firetail.

"(Signed) WM. T. WITHERS,  
Fairlawn, Lexington, Ky."  
Having purchased this colt from Gen. Withers at a cost of nearly \$2,000 laid here, his owner thinks the breeders of Canada should avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded by using him to improve our stock.

TERMS.—Insurance, \$40; season, \$80; leap, \$20

ROBERT CHEYNE,  
349-um Toronto

DR. DON, the old established Specialist, of 800 Michigan St., Buffalo, N. Y., ranks among the most successful physicians of the city. Many years experience has made him an expert in treating all diseases of a virulent, chronic and special nature. Young and middle aged can obtain the most happy relief for diseases of a nervous, exhausting, and weakening character, result of errors and excesses. Consultation by letter or at office, free and confidential; medical books describing the above diseases, free. Medicine sent everywhere. 332-ty

under the supervision and management of GENERALS G. T. BEAUREGARD and JUBAL A. EARLY. 364-ut

## RYSDYK STOCK FARM!

1878.

The following Stallions will make the season at

### RYSDYK STOCK FARM,

Prescott, Ont.

R Y S D Y K,

AT \$50.00

PHIL SHERIDAN,

AT \$75.00

CHESTNUT HILL,

AT \$30.00.

Service money payable at time of service. Mares not proving in foal can be returned the following season, free of charge for services.

Extended Pedigrees will be furnished on application. All accidents and escapes at risk of owners.

J. P. WISER,  
Proprietor.

H. W. BROWN,  
Superintendent.

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### THE LITTLE GIANT POCKET SCALES.

SOMETHING NEW! JUST OUT

Weighs from one ounce to ten pounds, and can be easily carried in the pocket. It is elegantly nickel plated, and will last a life time. Something for sportsmen, fishermen, and family use. This little wonder is so constructed that you can tell exactly how much the matter weighs, after taking it from the scales, a very ingenious device, and quite a curiosity. Every scale is warranted accurate, or money refunded. Agents, dealers, and others can sell more of these pocket scales than any other article on the market. They sell at sight. Nothing like them. Send for circulars and price list. Novelty companies supplied at low figures. Sample, 50c.; 1 doz. \$9.50. Address orders to the inventor and manufacturer.

C. B. THOMPSON,  
Bridgewater, Conn.

365hm

## FOR SALE.

That valuable young trotting stallion

## Abdallah Chief,

dark chestnut, 16.1, 5 years old, by Caledonia Chief (2:29), dam Maggie by Abdallah, sire of Rysdyk's Hambletonian.

ABDALLAH CHIEF is perfectly sound and free from vice. He will be disposed of at one-half his value. He will be shown on the track at any time to intending purchasers. I invite inspection of this fine horse, and claim him to be the most promising young trotting stallion in Canada, being very speedy and improving fast.

ABDALLAH CHIEF is now at the stables of Mr. Thomas Brown, Homer, Ont., where full particulars respecting him may be had.

F. J. CHUBB,

SAULT ST. MARIE,

Algoma, Ont.

360-44

## Ontario Veterinary College.

Under patronage Agricultural Council. Infirmary for sick and lame horses. A. SMITH, Veterinary Surgeon, Temperance St., Toronto.

Session commences on October 30th. 222-ty



## HALL'S PATENT Anti-Contraction Horse Boot.

PREVENTS AND CURES CONTRACTION OF THE HOOF.

With this boot any stable can be provided with a pasture, so far as the feet are concerned, and one too that may be used any season of the year. Send for descriptive circular to LUCASIN & BARNETT, Saddlers, & 115 Yonge St. Toronto.



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AND WHITE STAR LINE!

### New Train for Buffalo Direct. REDUCTION IN RATES

One hour faster and 24 miles shorter to Hamilton.

One hour faster and 30 miles shorter to Buffalo than any other Route.

T. W. JONES, Agent,  
28 York St.  
Opposite Union Station.

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\$.60, \$.80, and \$1.00 in Gold.

Return Tickets, good for one year, at reduced rates.

A limited Number of Steerage Passes carried and berthed on the Main Deck Rates as low as by any other line.

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