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VOL. VI.

TORONTO, ONT., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1876.

NO 270.

*American Turf.*

## TROTTING AT LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.

LEAVENWORTH, Oct. 10, 1876. Trotting 2:50 class. Mile heats; purse, \$250.  
 R D Field's br m Kansas Girl..... 0 3 1 1  
 R G Paul's b m Little Wonder ..... 2 1 4 dis  
 B F Alder's r g Moonlight..... 0 3 2 dis  
 D Atchison's b g Dave ..... 4 dis  
 O Smith's b m Kitty Conover..... 3 4 3 dis  
 Time—2:43, 2:46, 2:44, 2:44.

Oct. 12.—Trotting. 3:00 class; mile heats; purse, \$300.  
 M D Field's br m Pine Leaf ..... 1 1 1  
 R G Paul's b m Little Wonder ..... 2 2 2  
 D Atchison's b g Doro ..... 4 3 3  
 E B Lewis' br g Dick Lewis..... 3 4 dis  
 G Jano's b g Budd Double ..... dr  
 Time—2:43, 2:44, 2:43.

## TROTTING AT LOCKPORT, N. Y., COUNTY FAIR.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Oct. —. \$40. For 3-year olds. Half-mile heats. \$25, 10, 5.  
 Thos Bedford's Cambria Girl..... 1 1  
 J T Losoe's Charley Halo..... 2 2  
 P J Tenax's Major Traux..... 4 3  
 Somerset Girl, George, and Billy also started.  
 Time—1:30, 1:30.

\$50. For 4-year-olds. 1-mile heats, 3 in 5. \$25, 15, 10.  
 G A Root's Stocko ..... 1 1  
 A J Underhill's Nellie ..... 2 2  
 Fred Root's Gipsy Boy ..... 4 3  
 Lady Tralon, Nellie Cottop and Johnson also started.  
 Time—2:49, 2:55, 2:46.

\$160. 2:55 class, county horses. Mile heats, 3 in 5. \$80, 10, 25, 15.  
 John Ashford's Belle of Olcott ..... 1 1 2  
 Tom Ashford's Tom (protested) ..... 2 2 3  
 W Madison, jr's Red Eye ..... 4 3 3  
 Asa Reed's Little Anna ..... 5 6 5  
 Fred Dutchman, Royal George, Messenger, Jessie P, and Mary Hayes also started.  
 Time—2:59, 2:55, 2:46.

\$300. Open to all. \$150, 75, 45, 30.  
 J M Olcott's Lind ..... 1 0 1 1  
 F Thompson's Cattaraugus Chief ..... 3 0 2 2  
 R Foster's Damon ..... 4 3 3 4  
 C Root's Phenomenon ..... 3 4 4 3  
 Time—2:30, 2:33, 2:36.

\$50. Stallion Race. \$20, 15, 10, 5.  
 O Root's Phenomenon ..... 1 1 1  
 G Brock's Jupiter Ababilly, jr ..... 2 2 2  
 J W Mower's Hyperion Golddust ..... 0 0 dis  
 S Townsend's Royal George ..... 0 0 dis  
 Time—2:46, 2:45, 2:45.

## TROTTING AT DOVER, N. H.

Dover, Oct. 10.—Match \$—  
 H S Russell's br s Smuggler, by Blanco.. 1 1 1  
 W M Humphrey's chg Judge Fullerton.. 2 2 2  
 Time—2:37, 2:31, 2:24.

Same Day—Purse \$1,000; for stallions; 2:50 class.  
 W H Sanderson's b k s Young Wilkes, by George Wilkes..... 1 1 2 1  
 A Woodward's br s Africa ..... 3 3 1 3  
 Lexington..... 500

on the lead, but rounding the turn Inspiration went to the front, with Monday second, Red Dick colt third. These positions were kept until nearing three-quarter pole, when the colt's head was cut loose, and he went for the lead, but Inspiration had not been doing her best, and did not allow him to lead, she winning in 1:44.

Same Day—Purse \$150, for all ages, \$125 to first, 25 to second; dash of one mile.  
 A Smith's br m Inspiration, 5 yrs, by imp Warminster, dam Sophia, 111 lbs..... 1  
 W Wyche's b c, 3 yrs, by Red Dick, dam by Planet, 95 lbs..... 2  
 M Jordan's g Bill Monday, 4 yrs, by Rogers, dam by Engineer, 108 lbs..... 3  
 C W Medinger's o f Libbie L, 3 yrs, by Bay Dick, dam by Joe Stoner, 92 lbs..... 0  
 C H Townsend's b g Humbley, aged, pedigree unknown, 115 lbs..... 0  
 Time—1:44.

The third and last race on the programme was a dash of a mile and a half, which was won to the astonishment of the pool buyers, by Tom O'Neil, Bruce, the favorite, coming in a bad third.

Same Day—Purse \$175, for all ages, \$150 to first, 25 to second; dash of one and a half miles.

J F Wilson's b g Tom O'Neil, 5 yrs, by Lightning, dam Zingara, 111 lbs..... 1  
 Joe Donahue's o c New York, 4 yrs, by Planet, dam Hester, 108 lbs..... 2  
 Armstrong & Forbes' br h Bill Bruce, 4 yrs, by Enquirer, dam Aurora Ruby, 108 lbs..... 3  
 M Jordan's br h Leader, 4 yrs, by imp Lexington, dam Jessie Dixon, 108 lbs..... 4  
 Time—2:44.

## SECOND RACE BETWEEN GREAT EASTERN AND SMUGGLER.

Mystic Park, Boston, Oct. 20—Match for gate money. Mile heats, best three in five.  
 A J Feek's b g Great Eastern..... 1 1 1  
 H S Russel's br g Smuggler ..... 2 2 2  
 Time—2:21, 2:24, 2:25.

## WINNING HORSES AND Sires AT JEROME PARK FALL MEETING.

The following table will show the winning sires and owners for the meeting, the old dead hero, Lexington, standing at the head of the list:

By Lexington, he by Boston, dam Alice Carnal, by imp. Sarpoden—

Tom Ochiltree, dam Katona, by Voucher \$10,000  
 Sultan, dam Mildred, by imp. Glencoe. 6,350

McDaniel's colt, dam Canary Bird, by Albion..... 8,550

Aerobat, dam Sallie Lewis, by imp. Glencoe..... 750

Shylock, dam Edith, by imp. Sovereign Chesapeake, dam Roxana, by imp. Chesterfield..... 300

Invoice, dam Volga, by imp. Glencoe. 90

Total..... \$21,690

\* Including \$2,500 in plate.

By imp. Jeamington, he by Faugh-a-Ballagh, dam a daughter of Pantaloan and Daphne—

Parole, dam Maiden, by Lexington..... 83,103

Rhadamanthus, dam Nemesis, by imp. Eclipse..... 1,275

Outcast, dam Oriana, by Deucalion..... 725

Janet Norton, dam Carrie Atherton, by Lexington..... 500

Total..... \$155

Re McNamee Jr. by imp. Eclipse.

By Julius, he by Lexington, dam Julia, by imp Glencoe—  
 Deadhead, dam Leisure, by Red Eye..... \$1,200  
 By Asteroid, he by Lexington, dam Nebula, by imp Glencoe—

Partnership, dam Katona, by Voucher. \$1,135

By Planet, he by Revenue, dam Nina, by Boston:

Arcturus, dam Elkhorn, by Lexington. \$625

Sunburst, dam Betty Ward, by Lexington. 300

Total..... \$925

Pat Malloy, by Lexington, dam Gloriana, by American Eclipse—

W I Higgins, dam Yellowbird, by imp Yorkshire—

Athlen, dam Anna Travis, by imp Yorkshire. 410

Total..... \$900

By Revolver, he by Revenue, dam Balloon, by imp Yorkshire—

Resolute, dam Matilda C., by imp Yorkshire. 8700

By Baywood, he by Lexington, dam Bayleaf, by imp Yorkshire—

First Chance, dam Dot, by Mad Anthony. \*8600

\* Including \$300 in plate.

By Narragansett, he by imp Eclipse, dam Jessie Dixon, by Arlington—

Waco, dam Julietta, by Censor..... 8400

Kingland, dam Maidstone, by Censor..... 573

Total..... \$975

By Enquirer, he by imp Lexington, dam Lida, by Lexington—

Bill Burce, dam Aurora Ruby, by imp Australian—

By imp Australian, he by West Australian, dam Emilia, by Young Emilius—

Big Sandy, dam Genetra, by Lexington. \$250

Ambush, dam Dolly Morgan, by Revenue. 180

Madge, dam Alabama, by Brown Dick. 100

Total..... \$530

Kingfisher, by Lexington, dam imp Eltham Laas, by Kingston—

Oriole, dam My Maryland, by Brown Dick. 8500

By Oakland, he by Revenue, dam by imp Margrave—

Princeton, dam imp Wombat, by West Australian—

By Parmesan (Eng.) he by Sweetmeat, dam Gravere, by Verulom—

Patiene (imp) dam Patronage, by Prime Minister..... \$200

Cyclone (imp) dam Typhoon, by Wild Dayrell..... 200

Total..... \$600

By Bulletin, he by Lexington, dam Maria Anna, by imp Yorkshire—

Bullet, dam by Wagner..... 3400

By imp Phaeton, he by King Tom, dam Merry Sunshine, by Storm—

St. Martin, dam Tokay, by imp Yorkshire. \$270

By Vauxhall, he by Lexington, dam Verona, by imp Yorkshire—

Cloverbrook, dam Mandina, by imp Australian—

Total..... \$200

By Kentucky, he by Lexington, dam Magnolia, by imp Glencoe—

Frobooster, dam imp. Felucca, by Buccaneer. \$140

Mr. Center's brown mare..... 15

Total..... \$155

Re McNamee Jr. by imp. Eclipse.

## TOM OCHILTREE AND TEN BROECK.

The following correspondence by telegraph has transpired between Mr. Geo. Lorillard and Gen. Robinson, President of the Kentucky Association:

LINCOLN, Ky.

To Geo. Lorillard, New York:

The friends of Ten Broeck seeing by the Associated Press despatches that you desire to match Tom Ochiltree against Ten Broeck in a four mile dash, to be run in the Spring of 1877, have authorized me to say that such a match can be made, if you will run over the Kentucky Association course, for \$10,000, or more; the parties here to allow you \$1,000 to cover travelling expenses. The Kentucky Association will add one-half of the gate receipts of that day to the winning horse, and will extend to you a hearty welcome.

(Signed) J. F. ROBINSON.

Prer. Kentucky Association.

## Wrestling.

## FRAUDULENT WRESTLERS.

The most glaring and magnificent of frauds was just brought out in connection with last Saturday night's Greek Roman wrestling at Chicago, when Miller was declared by the referee the victor. For several days before the match came off the Combination went from place to place betting all the money they could steal or borrow that Miller would be the victor. A party named John Parks called upon both wrestlers and offered to put up \$2,400 on Bauer, with the understanding that he should win, and that the 2,400 would be divided in three equal parts. One of the wrestlers agreed and the other was about to do so, when a gentleman who learned of the intended fraud, said he would have them driven out of the city if found at any crooked work. This only had the effect of making Parks bet heavier on Bauer. The rest of Bauer's backers found this out on Saturday, and also that Miller's backers were taking these bets. Knowing how those wrestling matches are worked, and seeing Parks was a goose to be plucked, they began to hedge their bets and began betting on Miller. Of course Miller won, and Parks, who bet his last cent on Bauer, is out about \$700.

## Billiards.

## BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.

Mr. James Phelan, the champion billiard player of Hamilton and the proprietor of the Queen's Restaurant Billiard Parlors, has arranged for a grand tournament to take place at his rooms early in November. Nearly all the leading players in the Dominion have promised to take part in the contest. The prizes are \$50 for 1st, \$20 for 2nd, and \$10 for 3rd. Entrance, 10 each. Full particulars will appear shortly.

## RE-OPENING OF THE DION BROS. ROOMS.

A few evenings since, the brothers Joseph and Cyril Dion, having renovated their pleasant billiard parlor on Broadway, just above Thirty fifth Street, New York, had a grand reopening, which was attended by throngs of their friends. All present were full of enthusiasm, and caused the brothers to feel that they were fortunate indeed in the strong position they had gained in the appreciation of those who love the game of billiards. Joseph played an exhibition game with Kavanagh, in which Dion showed that he is in fine form, and in full play for the contest he will soon be called upon to enter into with Garnier. Izar and Daly then had a merry tilt with the fingers. Daly leading off with 41, when Izar went in and ran off with 21, when Izar went in and ran off with 20 points, and as many more apparently at his mercy when he stopped. Izar then exhibited his fancy shots. All in

M D Field's br m Pine Leaf	1 1 1
R G Paul's b m Little Wonder	2 2 3
D Atchison's b g Doro	4 3 3
E R Lewis' b g Dick Lewis	3 4 dis
G Jano's b g Budle Doble	dr
Time—2:43, 2:44, 2:43.	

TROTTING AT LOCKPORT, N. Y., COUNTY FAIR.

Lockport, N. Y., Oct. 1. For 3-year olds. Half-mile heats.	\$25, 10, 5.
Thos Bedford's Cambrin Girl	1 1
J T Looe's Charley Hale	2 2
P J Tonax's Major Traux	4 3
Somerset Girl, George, and Billy also started.	
Time—1:30, 1:30.	
\$30. For 4-year-olds. 1-mile heats, 3 in 5.	\$25, 15, 10.
C A Root's Socko	1 1 1
A J Underhill's Nellie	2 2 2
Fred Root's Gipsy Boy	4 3 3
Lady Trulon, Nellie Cotton and Johnson also started.	
Time—2:08, 2:10, 2:15.	
\$100. 2:55 class, county horses. Mile heats, 3 in 5. \$80, 40, 25, 15.	
John Ashford's Belle of Olcott	1 1 2
Tom Ashford's Tom (protested)	2 2 3
W Madison, Jr.'s Red Eye	4 3 3
Aas Reed's Little Anna	5 6 5
Fred Dutchman, Royal George, Messenger, Jessie P, and Mary Hayes also started.	
Time—2:59, 2:55, 2:46.	
\$300. Open to all. \$150, 75, 45, 30.	
J M Olcott's Lion	1 0 1 1
F Thompson's Chittaragus Chief	2 0 2 2
E Foster's Damon	4 3 3 4
C Root's Phenomenon	3 4 4 3
Time—2:30, 2:38, 2:33, 2:36.	
\$50. Stallion Race. \$20, 15, 10, 5.	
C Root's Phenomenon	1 1 1
G Brock's Jupiter Aballah, Jr.	2 2 2
J W Mower's Hyperion Goldust	0 0 dis
S Townsend's Royal George	0 0 dis
Time—2:46, 2:45, 2:45.	

TROTTING AT DOVER, N. H.

Dover, Oct. 10.—Match 3.	
H S Russell's br s Smuggler, by Blanco	1 1 1
W M Humphrey's ch g Judge Fullerton	2 2 2
Time—2:27, 2:21, 2:24.	
Same Day—Purse \$1,000; for stallions; 2:30 class.	
W H Sanders' b k Young Wilkes, by George Wilkes	1 1 2 1
A Woodard's br s Aristoc	8 3 1 3
W J Payne's b s John T Russell	2 2 3 2
Time—2:30, 2:34, 2:31, 2:32.	

GOOD TROT AT GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

GRAND RAPIDS, Oct. 3.—Purse \$150; 3:00 class.	
Mr Lobdell's ch m Jenny L	1 2 2 1 2 1
J S Phillips' b g Ottawa Boy	5 4 3 1 4 1 2
G Ruhen's ch g Bob Hunter	8 1 1 3 3 dis
J O Bates' ch m Jessie	2 5 5 2 1 0
J Kennedy's sp g Buffalo Bill	3 3 4 4 5 1 0
Mr Fuller's b m Lady Fuller	6 6 6 dis
Time—2:48, 2:50, 2:50, 2:48, 2:47, 2:48	

BUNNING AT POINT BREEZE, PHILADELPHIA.

POINT BREEZE PARK, Philadelphia, Pa., Wednesday, Oct. 17.—Purse \$150, for all ages; to carry 100 pounds; \$120 to first, 90 to second: three-quarters of a mile.	
C W Medinger's ch h First Chance, 5 yrs, by Baywood, dam Dot, 100 lbs	1
J C Tracy's br c Leamington 2nd, 3 yrs, by imp. Leamington, dam Susan Bean, 100 lbs	2
M Jordan's b h Culpepper 5 yrs, by Revolver, dam Gentle Annie, 100 lbs	3
Dale Bros' b m Lorena, 5 yrs, by Revolver, dam Gentle Annie, 100 lbs	0
Jas Donahue's gr m Gray Lag, 4 yrs, by Baywood, dam Lag, 100 lbs	0
Time—1:15.	

Second Race—After a great deal of scoring and Libbie L running away with her rider for two miles, the horses got the flag, with Bill Monday

Dick, dam by Joe Stoner, 62	0
C H Townsend's b g Runney, aged, pedigree unknown, 115 lbs	0
Time—1:44.	

The third and last race on the programme was a dash of a mile and a half, which was won to the astonishment of the pool buyers, by Tom O'Neill, Bruce, the favorite, coming in a bad third.

Same Day—Purse \$175, for all ages; \$150 to first, 25 to second; dash of one and a half miles.

J F Wilson's b g Tom O'Neill, 5 yrs, by Lightning, dam Zingara, 111 lbs	1
Joe Donahue's c c New York, 4 yrs, by Planet, dam Heater, 108 lbs	2
Armstrong & Forbes' br h Bill Bruce, 4 yrs, by Enquirer, dam Aurora Ruby, 108 lbs	3
M Jordan's br h Leader, 4 yrs, by imp. Leamington, dam Jessie Dixon, 108 lbs	4
Time—2:43, 2:44.	

SECOND RACE BETWEEN GREAT EASTERN AND SMUGGLER.

MYSTIC PARK, Boston, Oct. 20—Match for gate money. Mile heats, best three in five.	
A J Feek's b g Great Eastern	1 1 1
H S Russell's br g Smuggler	2 2 2
Time—2:21, 2:24, 2:25.	

WINNING HORSES AND SIRES AT JEROME PARK FALL MEETING.

The following table will show the winning sires and owners for the meeting, the old dead hero, Lexington, standing at the head of the list:	
By Lexington, he by Boston, dam Alice Carnal, by imp. Sarpedon—	
Tom Ochiltree, dam Katona, by Voucher	\$10,000
Sultana, dam Mildred, by imp. Glencoe	6,350
McDaniel's colt, dam Canary Bird, by Albion	8,550
Acrobat, dam Sallie Lewis, by imp. Glencoe	750
Shylock, dam Edith, by imp. Sovereign	650
Chesapeake, dam Roxana, by imp. Chesterfield	300
Invoce, dam Volga, by imp. Glencoe	90
Total.....	\$21,690

* Including \$2,600 in plate.	
By imp. Leamington, he by Fang-a-Ballah, dam a daughter of Pantalon and Daphne—	
Parole, dam Maiden, by Lexington	\$3,103
Rhadamanthus, dam Nemesis, by imp. Eclipse	1,275
Outcast, dam Oriana, by Deucalion	725
Janet Norton, dam Carrie Atherton, by Lexington	500
James A., dam Maiden, by Lexington	400
Pera, dam Maggie B B, by imp. Australian	400
Loiterer, dam Lemonade, by Lexington	200
Hibernia, dam Henrietta Welch, by Colton Tigress, dam Rowntrees, by b Eclipse	175
Total.....	\$15,555

By Melbourne, Jr., by imp. Knight of St. George, dam imp. Melrose, by Melbourne—	
Bullet, dam by Wagner	8400
By imp. Phaeon, he by King Tom, dam Merry Sunshine, by Storm—	
St. Martin, dam Tokay, by imp. Yorkshire	8270
By Vauxhall, he by Lexington, dam Verona, by imp. Yorkshire	
Cloverbrook, dam Maudina, by imp. Australian	8200
By Kentucky, he by Lexington, dam Magnolia, by imp. Glencoe—	
Freebooter, dam imp. Felucca, by Buccaneer	8140
Mr. Center's brown mare	15
Total.....	\$14,555

WINNING OWNERS.	
G L Lorillard.. \$12,134 E E Norton...	500
D M Daniel.. 9,440 O Bowie...	500
A Belmont... 6,725 L A Hitchcock...	500
P Lorillard.. 6,052 C Reed...	410
H P McGaugh. 5,700 J A Grinstead...	404
Geo Langstaff. 1,775 Geo Sutcliffe...	400
M Donohue.. 1,600 C W Medinger...	300
Dwyer Brothers 1,535 R Peters...	300
J G R Lawrence. 1,350 D D Withers...	200
T W D. swell.. 815 T Puryear...	175
E A Clabough 800 J A Grinstead...	125
K W Sears.... 750 H Alexander...	75
J McCormack. 625 P M West...	30
Forbes & Armstrong.... 573 R Center .....	15
* Including \$2,500 in plate.	

SALE OF PARA.—Mr. P. Lorillard's bay filly Para, three years old, by imp. Leamington, dam Maggie B, by imp. Australian, was sold after winning the selling race at Jerome Park. Mr. Jas. McCormick paid \$1,025 for her, \$525 in excess of the selling price, which was given to the second horse, Arcturus.	
By Concord, he by Lexington, dam Bellamira, by imp. Monarch—	
Galway, dam Maudina, by imp. Australian	8760
Picolo, dam Maudina, by imp. Australian	600
Total.....	\$1,800

# KATERFELTO,

## A STORY OF EXMOOR.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

#### WIFE-SACRIFICE.

He was a brisk suitor enough, to do him justice, entertained no very exalted notions of woman's coyness and delicacy, but holding rather certain old-fashioned maxims indicating promptitude and decision, protesting that "faint heart never won fair lady," and always impatient to "strike while the iron was hot." Yet even Parson Gale felt inclined to meet that serious, heart-broken girl, and he could no more have offered to kiss her cheek than if she had been a queen on the throne.

Coldly, quietly, as though there were nothing more between them than the intercourse of common acquaintance, she informed him of her grandfather's illness, and her own fears for its result, adding that he required constant attendance; and Master Gale must not think her uncivil or inhospitable if she could spare him only a portion of her company in this climax; w and distress.

Perhaps she never thought so well of him as when he released her hand with that respect which real misery commands from the roughest of natures, while he bade her, in a tone of unfeigned sympathy, "Keep her heart up, and never say die; for while there's life there's hope!"

"Not for me, Master Gale!" answered poor Nelly, now breaking down completely. "Oh! grandfather, grandfather! I had but you in the world!" Then she hid her face in her hands, and he saw by the action of her shoulders that she was sobbing as if her heart would break. He dashed a tear from his own rough cheek.

"I'll take my leave now, Mistress Nelly," said he, "only wishing I could be of service to you, or do you good. Is there nothing you can think of? I'd go fasting and barefoot from here to—Jerusalem!" declared the Parson, who had not an idea where it was, "if I thought I could take the weight of a feather off the burden you have to bear!"

She only waved him away with one hand, keeping her tear-stained face buried in the other. He had already reached the door, when a bright thought suggested itself, and he turned back.

"Mistress Nelly!" he exclaimed, "if there's a doctor in England can cure good Master Carew, I know where he is to be found. I'll wager a gallon I bring him to this house within four hours of the present time." The familiar expression denoted that Parson Gale was thoroughly in earnest.

Nelly looked up through her tears. "God bless you for your kindness, at any rate," she sobbed. "What is he? Who is he? Send for him at once!"

He turned, with his hand on the door. "The man is in hiding," he answered, "and may be afraid to come, for there is a price on his head. But this is a case of life and death, and if he refuses, I'll tie him hand and foot, by George, bundle him on to a horse, and carry him with me at a gallop across the moor."

With this valorous promise, Abner Gale swung himself into the saddle, and in a few seconds was clattering up the stony lane from T'orlock at his utmost speed. Regardless of his new clothes and the lustre of his boots, he pursued his way at the same headlong pace, through deep coombes and shallow streams, miry swamps, and tufted banks of heather, till he gained the open moor, and only drew rein when he reached that lone and sequestered valley in which the gipsies had pitched their camp. Through it he rode like a madman, scattering the swarthy little half-naked children to right and left beneath his horse's feet. At the door of a brown weather-stained tent, sat Fin Cooper mending a kettle, and here the Parson halted with a jerk.

"Where's the priest?" said he. "I want him this instant. 'Tis to save a man's life."

"What priest?" asked Fin, looking up lazily from his work.

"Katerfelto," explained Gale.

"Katerfelto!" repeated the gipsy. "He would not thank you for calling him by his name!"

even now I take no denial, Master Katerfelto. If you come not of good will, I shall carry you thither by force."

"Needs must, when the devil drives," answered the other; "and the proverb seems to hold good with a West-country Parson. But, I pray you, let us ride softly and fairly. Lancets and scalpels are none the better for shaking, and I had as lief be hanged by King George, as break my neck in a Devonshire bog!"

Nervous of temperament, loving his ease, and unaccustomed to the saddle, there yet lurked in Katerfelto that professional instinct which seems to pervade every disciple of the healing science. He left his dinner unfinished for a scamper over the moor, regretful indeed, yet with admirable promptitude in the hope of saving a fellow creature's life. He had practised medicine and surgery before he took to conspiracy and imposition, entertained sufficient confidence in his own skill, believing it greater than it was; and, but for the Parson's reckless speed, and the rough nature of the ground they traversed, would have experienced a doctor's gratification in the excitement of a new case, and the exercise of his art. But that rushing, reckless, headlong ride put to flight all thoughts save those of immediate self-preservation. Fin Cooper's roar, no matter how he came by it, was a swift and sure-footed galloway, with a hard mouth and a determined will of his own. The Parson had no sooner mounted, than he urged his horse to a gallop, and proceeded at that pace up and down the steep hills, along the most broken paths, over the roughest ground, and through the tallest heather without pause or hesitation; while the galloway, not to be outdone, followed close in its leader's track, now leaping a hidden ditch, now swerving sharply aside to avoid a ravine, anon ploughing through a bog up to its girths, with snorts of emulation and defiance. Finally, when the Parson came to an abrupt halt in the gloom of Horner woods it bumped against his horse's quarters with a jerk, that fairly shot Katerfelto out of the saddle on its neck and ears.

"I pray you give me a moment's breathing space, urged the discomfited rider, as he shuffled back into his seat, "else I warn you, Master Gale, you will bring the dead to heal the living when we arrive at our patient's door!"

"Where there's life, there's hope," answered the Parson, who, in his abstraction, regarded his companion's distress no more than the difficulties in their way. "We are close at hand now. I can hear the tide whispering in the bay. Oh! Master Katerfelto, rescue me this one man from the grasp of death, and ask, Abner Gale, what you will in return. I am not so bad as you think, and—and bad as I am, I never went back from my word!"

"I'll do my best," promised the other, observing, with exceeding gratification, that their horses' hoofs now rang on a sound, hard road, and that the scanty lights which marked the village of Porlock were within a quarter of a mile.

Dismounting at old Carew's door, the Parson ushered Katerfelto into Nelly's presence, and while he felt reassured to learn that her grandfather was still alive, could not but mark with deep concern the ravages a few hours of distress and vexation had made on the sweet face of his promised wife. He seemed, however, to recognise one conclusion in the midst of all his troubles and anxieties—John Garnet must be far enough off by this time, and there was nothing more to fear from the rival, whose absence he had purchased at the price of his own revenge. In his self-satisfaction, the Parson almost fancied himself a benevolent and forgiving man, with virtues only now coming to maturity, who deserved to be happy because he was good.

Establishing the Doctor in Carew's house, under his granddaughter's care, Abner Gale had the grace to take his own departure without delay, and rode home through the dark, elated at the successful issue of his enterprise, and the matrimonial prospects opening before him, but unmoved by Nelly's wan looks and obvious misery, as by the north wind that blew so keen at his back in angry gusts, powdering the sleeves of his riding-coat with something whiter than sleet, something, that a month later in the year he would have called snow.

"She never could never live a week in that old house," muttered the Parson, turning his collar up to his ears, "unprotected and alone. She would come home to Abner Gale's roof, for sure, as kind and willing as a bird to the nest. It won't be long first, my beauty, for, if this is to be winter in earnest, the cold will bring the old man down like an apple off a

tree. His presence filled the Charlutan with indignation and alarm. They had been concerned together in a conspiracy against the Government, and either of them, so argued Katerfelto, could hang the other. If John Garnet recognized him, it was more than probable that he would endeavor to secure his own safety, or at least a communication of capital punishment, by informing against his confederate.

The gray horse, the arms, the money, all would be traced back to the master-spirit that originated the plot, and there would be no escape for him then! John Garnet must be destroyed at once, without scruple and without delay. The means were close at hand. The Parson made no secret of his attachment to Nelly Carew, and Katerfelto seemed to know by instinct that in such a character as Gale's, jealousy once aroused could be lulled by nothing short of a deadly and final revenge. After all, he did but an act in self-defence! He owed John Garnet a grudge, perhaps, for the abduction of Waif; but it was no question of petty injuries or reprisals now. Simply a choice of evils. John Garnet or himself had to pay the penalty of high-treason at Tyburn. Of course, it must be John Garnet.

So, when Parson Gale rode down to Porlock on his daily visit of inquiry, the Charlutan motioned him into the little parlor, and closed the door on their conference, with a mysterious face.

"My business here," he began, in his dry, sarcastic tone, "lies with symptoms rather than affections, and concerns the liver more than the heart. Nevertheless, I can understand men's devices, though I cannot sympathize with their follies, and I see well enough, Master Gale, there is no price you would grudge to pay for a pair of blue eyes that are sore with weeping and watching in the chamber overhead."

"What of that?" asked the other abruptly; for Nelly's persistent avoidance of him on the plea of her grandfather's danger vexed him to the heart.

"Not much, in my opinion," answered Katerfelto; "but it may be something in yours. The same cause produces different effects. You carry a pebble in your pocket without inconvenience, but put it in your shoe and I defy you to walk across the room. You love this girl, Master Gale, and I know it. Do you want to lose her?"

The Parson must have been very much in earnest, for he neither stormed nor swore, but only turned a shade paler, and said, in a low, thick voice, "Lose her—I had rather lose my own soul!"

"Then look a little closer after her," was the reply. "There's another 'an within a stone's throw who loves blue eyes, may be as well as you do. He comes to the house daily. Ay, half-a-dozen times a day!"

"What manner of man?" asked the Parson, still in the same low, concentrated voice.

"A straight, handsome young spark," answered Katerfelto, "with bright eyes and dark clustering hair. Tush, Master Gale, you know him well enough—'tis none other than my former patient, 'plain' John Garnet!"

"When was he here?"

"To-day—not an hour ago—a few minutes before you arrived. Stay, Master Gale—you seem to be in a prodigious hurry to be gone. See! you have forgotten your riding-glove."

"Give it to Master Garnet when he comes," said the Parson, in no louder tones than before, but with a look in his eyes that made even Katerfelto's blood run cold, "and tell him from me the harbinger shall not claim his right next time I set my stag up to bay. He will know what I mean. Oh! Nelly, Nelly!" he murmured, with a sob, while he unthatched his bridle from the garden paling, "I would have kept to my bar-gain if you had kept to yours!"

The Charlutan, returning to his medical duties perfectly satisfied that his object was in course of accomplishment, observed that Nelly was not as usual in attendance on her grandfather. She entered the room, however, within a minute or two, so pale and calm, that he had not the least suspicion she could have overheard any part of his conversation.

Nevertheless, that evening, John Garnet found on his supper-table a letter, the first he had ever received from her, bearing no signature, and consisting only of the following lines:

"They have resolved on your destruction. Fly at once. Perhaps hereafter I shall see you again. Think no more of what I said. I will never marry him. I had rather die first."

That was all, but it set John Garnet acting as well as thinking. His preparations were soon made, a small valise was packed, his

love the shelter of no roof so well as the canopy of heaven. Fin Cooper in his tent, at the door of which crackled a liberal fire of roots and brushwood, filling the interior with warmth, and indeed smoke, declared himself as happy as a king! He had all his comforts about him, and most of his possessions within call, nor wanted a sufficient share of such superfluities as made the luxuries of his hard unsophisticated life. There was a dressed skin for his couch, a good blanket for his coverlet, and a soft shawl doubled over an anker of brandy for his pillow. In the kettle steamed a hare, a brace of partridges, and a haunch from the fore-quarter of a red-deer. With food, rest, and warmth, good liquor in his cup and good tobacco in his pipe, Fin could not but admit that, so long as his tent held waterproof, he was not much to be pitied, even on a Devonshire moor under an early fall of snow. To night, also, he considered himself more fortunate than usual, as he shared these advantages with no less welcome a visitor than Wait, accompanied, for reasons of propriety, by her grandmother, an old Egyptian, reputed to have once been handsome, and of fascinating demeanor, now, to say the least, a remarkable person in appearance, grim, taciturn, given to drink, and seldom condescending to remove a short black pipe from her mouth.

His promised wife, on the contrary, seemed in high spirits, as she was unquestionably in great beauty. Her black flushed and sparkled, her tawny cheek swelled with a rich, deep crimson, while the manner betrayed no little self-assertion, something amounting almost to a haughty air, when addressed by her future lord. Likeable she never had been from childhood, to-night she was less taciturn than usual, and seemed strangely eager to break such occasional silence as gave scope for her own thoughts.

Fin, looking on her with admiring eyes, did not fail to notice that in figure she had grown thin, to leanness, and that there shone a brilliancy, unnatural even for a gipsy, in the uneasy glances that watched his movements so narrowly, yet never rested for an instant on his face.

Thyra always seemed unlike other girls, thought Fin, and this preoccupation, no doubt, was but the shyness of love.

He took her hand, while the old beldame was busy refilling her pipe, and raised the slender, shapely fingers to her lips, with a comely grace, that a gipsy wears no less naturally than a prince of the blood.

"To-morrow, Thyra," said he, "you will make Fin Cooper the happiest man alive. To-morrow we shall be one in the sight of all our people, never to part again. The parson of the Gorgios joins a couple by the hand, like a brace of thieves chained together in the dock, but the Romipen of the Romany, a true gipsy marriage, solder them heart to heart, as I would weld tin and copper into brass! To-morrow, my lass, you will be mine. To-night I am altogether yours. Ask me what you will, beautiful Thyra, I can deny you nothing at such a time as this."

Her hand remained in his while he spoke; he dropped it, she shivered from head to foot. "I am cold," she murmured, "so cold. There will be snow to-morrow, Fin, deep snow, amongst these hills. The Gorgio bride wears white on her marriage day. A Romany lass might do worse than follow the example."

Her fixed gaze, that seemed fixed looking on some object miles and miles away, her sorrowful tone, so quiet and so very weary, disturbed. He caught her hand once more, and would have drawn her into his arms, but for the shake and snort of a horse at the tent-door, and Parson Gale's well-known voice, bidding him rouse and show himself, with a tess of brandy in his hand.

A man who has little to offer is usually very hospitable. Fin sprang forward to welcome the intruder with cordial alacrity, and summoned a bare-legged urchin from half-a-score within call, to lead the Parson's horse into a sheltered nook behind the adjoining copse, where two or three monkeys were pulling at a truss of hay. Abner Gale was then hurried into the tent and supplied with brandy, the inclemency of the weather rendering that liquor unusually grateful to his burly frame.

"All friends here?" asked the Parson, holding the untasted cup in his hand.

"All friends," replied Fin Cooper. "The old woman is stone deaf, and this time to-morrow Thyra will be my wife!"

Gale was equal to the occasion. Er, Waif could turn her head, he imprinted a kiss on her cheek, and tossed off the brandy to her health.

"I claim my priest's dues," said he gallantly, "the first right to salute a bride. And

will be twenty guineas each to spend in drink! If that won't make a blithe wedding, Fin Cooper, I'll engage to remain a bachelor till my dying day!"

The gipsy was a man of business. "And your share, Parson?" he asked, calculating the sum to be divided with great exactitude.

"I don't desire to be paid," replied the Parson. "I do it for the sport!"

Waif leaped from her seat, with flashing eyes, and her hand on the knife she always wore, but sank back laughing wildly, and speaking in short disjointed gasps.

"Good!" she said. "Good! He's the right sort, Fin, this Gorgio. Bid him tell us how he means to set about the job."

Fin Cooper, turning to the Parson, thought he had never seen so wicked a smile as that which gleamed in Gale's eyes, and curled round his mouth while he repeated, "I do it for the sport, lad; he's a right deer, I tell ye; and if I don't set him up to-morrow, I swear I'll never go hunting again."

"That's why you want the roan?" asked Fin, turning the matter over in his mind, as a question of profit and loss.

"Right," answered the Parson; "Dick Boss must be on a good nag, and so must I. If John Garnet should get the wind of us, he'll show a clean pair of heels, you may take your oath. But what of that? Let worst come to worst, four mounted men spreading wide, and knowing every yard of the ground, ought to ride him down, though the gray horse had a wing at each foot instead of an iron shoe. But that's not my plan. Hark ye, Fin; we'll be in the saddle before daybreak, and we'll take him while he's asleep."

Waif stirred uneasily, but only muttered again, "Good! good! Mind what he says, Fin, for surely the Gorgio speaks fair."

"This is as easy as drinking out of a glass," continued the Parson, scarce noticing her interruption. "Dick Boss and his roan, his two men riding their own nags, yourself, Fin, on something that can gallop a bit, I never knew you without one—and game old Cassock to bring me along with the best of ye. It would be a rare chase, lad—I could almost wish he might slip through our fingers, and ride for it over the moor, but he'll never have the chance, Fin; he'll never have the chance!"

"Suppose he shows fight, Parson," suggested the gipsy, who was a bold fellow enough on occasion, but regarded such matters with a keen eye to business. "Tis none of your dunghill fowls this, but a cock of the game, with never a morsel of white in his wing, put him down where you will. Suppose he lugs out on Dick Boss, and whistles a brace of balls into you and me?"

"I'm not afraid of him," answered Gale; "it makes no difference in the reward, Fin, whether we take him dead or alive."

"Come back, Thyra!" exclaimed the gipsy, with more of a husband's authority than was yet permissible in his tone. "Where are you going, lass? Come back, I tell ye!"

She was already through the tent-door, but returned at his bidding. It's stifling hot in here, Fin," she said, "I should have choked but for that mouthful of fresh air."

"And you were so cold a while ago," he replied, watching her narrowly. "Parson Gale, he added, turning to his visitor, "take the roan and welcome. The lad will show you where to find him. I'll meet you at the head of the coombe an hour before daybreak. It's a job that won't work well in the dark; but the less time we put off the better when once the sun's up. Will you take another cup of brandy, Parson? you've a cold ride before you, and we've not done with the snow yet."

But Gale declined, and Waif, who suffered nothing to escape her notice, argued from this unusual abstinence an intense longing to work out the project of his revenge.

So John Garnet was to be in the power of his enemies, bound hand and foot, delivered over to a shameful death, with to-morrow's dawn, and it wanted but three hours of daylight now. John Garnet, with his merry eyes, his winning smile, and frank, kindly face. Was this to be the end of all? The nightcap and the nosegay, and the hangman's cart rumbling over the stones on Tyburn hill. John Garnet, the man she loved so dearly she would have followed him barefooted through the world. And it was her doing—her revenge. Yes! If she had driven a knife into his throat she could not more surely have slain him, than when she betrayed the secret of his hiding-place, and denounced him to Parson Gale. The man she used to love, the man she loved so fondly, so madly still. Now that it was too late,

"I can think 'tis I go to bring him back in here to—Jerusalem!" declared the Parson, who had not an idea where it was, "if I thought I could take the weight of a father off the burden you have to bear!"

She only waved him away with one hand, keeping her tear-stained face buried in the other. He had already reached the door, when a bright thought suggested itself, and he turned back.

"Mistress Nelly!" he exclaimed, "if there's a doctor in England can cure good Master Carew, I know where he is to be found. I'll wager a gallon I bring him to this house within four hours of the present time!" The familiar expression denoted that Parson Gale was thoroughly in earnest.

Nelly looked up through her tears. "God bless you for your kindness, at any rate," she sobbed. "What is he? Who is he? Send for him at once!"

He turned, with his hand on the door. "The man is in liding," he answered, "and may be afraid to come, for there is a price on his head. But this is a case of life and death, and if he refuses, I'll tie him hand and foot, by George, bundle him on to a horse, and carry him with me at a gallop across the moor."

With this valorous promise, Abner Gale swung himself into the saddle, and in a few seconds was clattering up the stony lane from Porlock at his utmost speed. Regardless of his new clothes and the lustre of his boots, he pursued his way at the same headlong pace, through deep coombes and shallow streams,airy swamps, and tufted banks of heather, till he gained the open moor, and only drew rein when he reached that lone and sequestered valley in which the gypsies had pitched their camp. Through it he rode like a madman, scattering the swarthy little half-naked children to right and left beneath his horse's feet. At the door of a brown weather-stained tent, sat Fin Cooper mending a kettle, and here the Parson halted with a jerk.

"Where's the priest?" said he. "I want him this instant. 'Tis to save a man's life."

"What priest?" asked Fin, looking up lazily from his work.

"Katerfelto," explained Gale.

"Katerfelto!" repeated the gipsy. "He would not thank you for calling him by his name!"

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

SILENCE.

He did not thank him. The Charlatan, who had closely shaven his venerable beard, and adopted, with their reserved demeanor, the precise and sombre habit of the Jesuits, was sitting down to an excellent stew, whereof the savor, notwithstanding his preoccupation, rose gratefully to the Parson's nostrils. But his business admitted of no delay, even for such temptation as a mess of game and venison cooked gipsy-fashion; and laying his heavy hand on the other's shoulder, he addressed him by name, bidding him shortly "rise and get to the saddle, since a patient was dying for want of him. And even to those who knew it best, 'twas a sorry pastime riding the moor in the dark!"

Katerfelto started, looking about uneasily for Dick Boss and his satellites. "Hush! good Master Gale," said he, "a man may have more names than one, and I am known as I am constant here. The person you speak of fled the country a week ago. You owe him some gratitude, or I am mistaken. 'Twould be a scurvy trick to lay the bloodhounds on his track."

"Never, fear, man!" answered the Parson, heartily. "Safe and undisturbed as a Nov. mber stag hast thou remain so long as thou harborest with us! 'Tis but a cast of thy trade I am asking thee, as though I bade Fin Cooper do me a bit of tinkering on a worn-out kettle. We must have thee down at Porlock to stop a hole in a man's life. Fin is putting a saddle on the sure-footed roan

slid back into his seat, "so I warn you, Master Gale, you will bring the dead to heal the living when we arrive at our patient's door!"

"Where there's life, there's hope," answered the Parson, who, in his abstraction, regarded his companion's distress no more than the difficulties in their way. "We are close at hand now. I can hear the tide whispering in the bay. Oh! Master Katerfelto, rescue me this one man from the grasp of death, and ask, Abner Gale, what you will in return. I am not so bad as you think, and—had as I am, I never went back from my word!"

"I'll do my best," promised the other, observing, with exceeding gratification, that their horses' hoofs now rang on a sound, hard road, and that the scanty lights which marked the village of Porlock were within a quarter of a mile.

Dismounting at old Carew's door, the Parson ushered Katerfelto into Nelly's presence, and while he felt reassured to learn that her grandfather was still alive, could not but mark with deep concern the ravages a few hours of distress and vexation had made on the sweet face of his promised wife. He seemed, however, to recognise one conclusion in the midst of all his troubles and anxieties—John Garnet must be far enough off by this time, and there was nothing more to fear from the rival, whose absence he had purchased at the price of his own revenge. In his self-satisfaction, the Parson almost taunted himself a benevolent and forgiving man, with virtues only now coming to maturity, who deserved to be happy because he was good.

Establishing the Doctor in Carew's house, under his granddaughter's care, Abner Gale had the grace to take his own departure without delay, and rode home through the dark, elated at the successful issue of his enterprise, and the matrimonial prospects opening before him, but unmoved by Nelly's wan looks and obvious misery, as by the north wind that blew so keen at his back in angry gusts, powdering the sleeves of his riding-coat with something whiter than sleet, something, that a month later in the year he would have called snow.

"She never could never live a week in that old house," muttered the Parson, turning his collar up to his ears, "unprotected and alone. She would come home to Abner Gale's roof, for sure, as kind and willing as a bird to the nest. It won't be long first, my beauty, for if this is to be winter in earnest, the cold will bring the old man down like an apple off a tree!"

And the Parson was right. Carew's life was indeed ebbing swiftly and surely away; yet much had to come and go, even at this quiet village of Porlock, before his shattered storm-worn bark could reach her peaceful moorings in that Fair Haven—"where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Katerfelto did his duty, and Nelly scarcely left the patient's bedside for a minute at a time. If skill and attention could have saved him, old Carew might have been kept alive for many a week to come; but the last few grains in the hour-glass seem to dribble away the fastest, and it was no more obvious to the Doctor who watched, than to the girl who prayed, that with sinking strength and failing vitality, the question was no longer of days, but of hours.

In this her sore distress, how could John Garnet find it in his heart to leave the neighborhood of the woman he loved? How could he bear to think of the loneliness, protected only by the hateful attentions of Parson Gale? He lingered on imprudently enough, visiting the house at frequent intervals for news of the dying man, and pressing many a crown-piece on the sorrowful servant who was the only person visible to answer his inquiries.

Yet his pale and anxious looks had been marked by loving eyes, swimming in tears because of his constancy, his danger, and the promise that forbade further warning or expostulation. Herself unseen, Nelly caught a glimpse of her lover more than once—and so did Katerfelto.

shoe and I defy you to walk across the room. You love this girl, Master Gale, and I know it. Do you want to lose her?"

The Parson must have been very much in earnest, for he neither stormed nor swore, but only turned a shade paler, and said, in a low, thick voice, "Lose her—I had rather lose my own soul!"

"Then look a little closer after her," was the reply. "There's another man within a stone's throw who loves blue eyes, may be as well as you do. He comes to the house daily. Ay, half-a-dozen times a day!"

"What manner of man?" asked the Parson, still in the same low, concentrated voice.

"A straight, handsome young spark," answered Katerfelto, "with bright eyes and dark clustering hair. Tush, Master Gale, you know him well enough—'tis none other than my former patient, 'plain' John Garnet!"

"When was he here?"

"To day—not an hour ago—a few minutes before you arrived. Stay, Master Gale—you seem to be in a prodigious hurry to be gone. See! you have forgotten your riding-glove."

"Give it to Master Garnet when he comes," said the Parson, in no louder tones than before, but with a look in his eyes that made even Katerfelto's blood run cold, "and tell him from me the harbinger shall not claim his right next time I set my stag up to bay. He will know what I mean. Oh! Nelly, Nelly!" he murmured, with a sob, while he unhitched his bridle from the garden palings, "I would have kept to my bargain if you had kept to yours!"

The Charlatan, returning to his medical duties perfectly satisfied that his object was in course of accomplishment, observed that Nelly was not as usual in attendance on her grandfather. She entered the room, however, within a minute or two, so pale and calm, that he had not the least suspicion she could have overheard any part of his conversation.

Nevertheless, that evening, John Garnet found on his supper-table a letter, the first he had ever received from her, bearing no signature, and consisting only of the following lines:

"They have resolved on your destruction. Fly at once. Perhaps hereafter I shall see you again. Think no more of what I said. I will never marry him. I had rather die first."

That was all, but it set John Garnet acting as well as thinking. His preparations were soon made, a small valise was packed, his arms were carefully examined and fresh primed, finally he visited his horse in the stable, saw to his corn, his shoes, his saddle and bridle, all the requirements indispensable for the morrow, when, with the first appearance of day, he would have to ride for his life.

Lastly, he passed once more under Nelly's windows, any watched, with a strange, sad longing, the point of light that denoted her vigil by the dying man's bed. Then he turned back to his lodging for a few hours' rest, more depressed and sick at heart than he had ever felt before. The north wind howled angrily, stripping their autumn leaves in scores from the bending boughs of the orchard, while every now and then, an ungathered apple came to the ground with a thud. It was a dreary night, pain and sorrow within, cold and desolation without. A hopeless mourner above, a weary below, for something told John Garnet that old Carew's life was ebbing away with every passing minute, and that death was busy up yonder, while here the snow fell thick and fast.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

REMORE.

In the gypsies' camp a night of snow and storm was accepted without a murmur, and provided against in a spirit of ingenuity and forethought peculiar to such wayfarers, as

Thyra always seemed unlike other girls, thought Fin, and this preoccupation, no doubt, was but the shyness of love.

He took her hand, while the old boldame was busy refilling her pipe, and raised the slender, shapely fingers to her lips, with a comely grace, that a gipsy wears no less naturally than a prince of the blood.

"To-morrow, Thyra," said he, "you will make Fin Cooper the happiest man alive. To-morrow we shall be one in the sight of all our people, never to part again. The parson of the Gorgios joins a couple by the hand, like a brace of thieves chained together in the dock, but the Romipen of the Romany, a true gipsy marriage, solders them heart to heart, as I would weld tin and copper into brass!"

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Her fixed gaze, that seemed fixed looking on some object miles and miles away, her sorrowful tone, so quiet and so very weary, disturbed. He caught her hand once more, and would have drawn her into his arms, but for the shake and snort of a horse at the tent-door, and Parson Gale's well-known voice, bidding him rouse and show himself, with a tass of brandy in his hand.

A man who has little to offer is usually very hospitable. Fin sprang forward to welcome the intruder with cordial alacrity, and summoned a bare-legged urchin from half-a-score within call, to lead the Parson's horse into a sheltered nook behind the adjoining copse, where two or three monkeys were pulling at a truss of hay. Abner Gale was then hurried into the tent and supplied with brandy, the inclemency of the weather rendering that liquor unusually grateful to his burly frame.

"All friends here?" asked the Parson, holding the untasted cup in his hand.

"All friends," replied Fin Cooper. "The old woman is stone deaf, and this time to-morrow Thyra will be my wife!"

Gale was equal to the occasion. Er. Waif could turn her head, he imprinted a kiss on her cheek, and tossed off the brandy to her health.

"I claim my priest's dues," said he gallantly, "the first right to salute a bride. And now to business, Fin. Not a moment is to be lost. I want to borrow the sure-footed roan again to-night. I'll pay you handsome this time."

With the lofty politeness of men who deal in horses, honestly or otherwise, Fin ignored the question of money altogether.

"Oh! that's nothing between me and you," said the gipsy; "but the last journey you went our roan might as well have been stag-hunting. You must have galloped him a dozen miles on end without drawing bridle. 'Tis a good little beast as was ever bred on the moor, but i needn't tell you, Parson, that horseflesh is not iron. What do you want with him, now?"

"To mount Dick Boss," was the answer. Fin made a wry face, and Waif held her breath. A sheriff's officer seemed the last person to whom it was natural for a gipsy to lend his horse.

Parson Gale put his head out at the tent-door, looked about into the dark night through which snow-flakes were falling thick; and, having satisfied himself he could not be overheard, proceeded to unfold his plans, the more frankly that he had every reason to count on the assistance of both his listeners.

"There's money to be got by the job," said he, with an evil scowl on his heavy brows. "Blood money, but what of that? We will share and share alike. This pretty lass of yours, Fin, she found out where the deer harbored. You and Dick Boss, and another handy chap or two, shall help me take him, and when King George comes down with the reward, God bless him—there

he'll never have the chance, Fin; he'll never have the chance!"

"Suppose he shows fight, Parson," suggested the gipsy, who was a bold fellow enough on occasion, but regarded such matters with a keen eye to business. "Tis none of your dunghill fowls this, but a cock of the game, with never a morsel of white in his wing, put him down where you will. Suppose he lugs out on Dick Boss, and whistles a brace of balls into you and me?"

"I'm not afraid of him," answered Gale; "it makes no difference in the roward, Fin, whether we take him dead or alive."

"Come back, Thyra!" exclaimed the gipsy, with more of a husband's authority than was yet permissible in his tone. "Where are you going, lass? Come back, I tell ye!"

She was already through the tent-door, but returned at his bidding. It's stifling hot in here, Fin," she said, "I should have choked but for that mouthful of fresh u.."

"And you were so cold a while ago," he replied, watching her narrowly. "Parson Gale, he added, turning to his visitor, "take the roan and welcome. The lad will show you where to find him. I'll meet you at the head of the coombe an hour before daybreak. It's a job that won't work well in the dark; but the less time we put off the better when once the sun's up. Will you take another cup of brandy, Parson? you've a cold ride before you, and we've not done with the snow yet."

But Gale declined, and Waif, who suffered nothing to escape her notice, argued from this unusual abstinence an intense longing to work out the project of his revenge.

So John Garnet was to be in the power of his enemies, bound hand and foot, delivered over to a shameful death, with to-morrow's dawn, and it wanted but three hours of daylight now. John Garnet, with his merry eyes, his winning smile, and frank, kindly face. Was this to be the end of all? The nightcap and nosegay, and the hangman's cart rumbling over the stones on Tyburn-hill. John Garnet, the man she loved so dearly she would have followed him barefooted through the world. And it was her doing—her revenge. Yes! If she had driven a knife into his throat she could not more surely have slain him, than when she betrayed the secret of his hiding-place, and denounced him to Parson Gale. The man she used to love, the man she loved so fondly, so madly still. Now that it was too late, the whole tide of her feelings seemed to turn, and she would have given her whole life freely, then and there, to save him, ay, even for the blue-eyed girl, whom from the moment she saw them whispering together in the orchard she hated, with the fierce, pitiless hatred of her race.

She gasped for breath, the tent and its occupants swam before her eyes; a deadly faintness seemed to hang fetters of ice about her limbs, and she turned with a maddening fear, lest the strong and hardihood she had so prized might fail her, in this, the extremity of her need.

Fin Cooper watched her with shrewd suspicious glances. The gipsy, a man of few words, but keen in perception, and ready of resource, drew his own conclusions from the restlessness he could not fail to notice in his promised wife, and resolved not to let her out of his sight till he started on horseback to join Parson Gale and his satellites. Once in the saddle, he had no fear that Waif should out-strip them, or give John Garnet warning of his danger, till he was safe in their hands.

So he sat and smoked in silence, stretching his legs across his tent-door, while Waif bit her lip in an agony of remorse within, and the snow fell fast through the darkness without. But towards dawn the air turned colder and the sky began to clear. Fin Cooper rose, shook himself, drank a mouthful of brandy, and bestowing a sarcastic nod on its idiomates, left the tent to saddle his horse and depart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**Veterinary****MONTREAL VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.**

The opening meeting of this society was held on Thursday night, at the Veterinary College, Union avenue, Professor D. McEachran in the chair. In reviewing the past session the President alluded to the great advantages which the profession had derived from the meetings and discussions. Fifteen meetings had been held, and a corresponding number of papers and communications of cases had been read and discussed. Letters of congratulation and encouragement had been received from the leading men of the profession in Great Britain and the United States. Professors Williams and Walley, of Edinburgh, and George Fleming, F. G. S., editor of the Veterinary Journal, and author of several of our text books, had been elected honorary members. Altogether the association had made greater progress than its most sanguine promoters could have expected, and this large meeting, including all the members of the profession in the city, and all the students in the Veterinary College, evidenced that the session now opened would be equally satisfactory. Several members and students of the medical profession had indicated a desire to join the association, and the President hoped the rules would be amended so that they could be admitted. He also hoped that those who were to read papers during the present session, would prepare them so that they could be filed or published as might be considered advisable. The following officers were then elected: President, Prof. D. McEachran; first Vice-President, F. W. McLellan; second do., C. J. Alloway; Librarian, Charles C. Lyford; Secretary and Treasurer, Malcolm C. Baker, and a committee consisting of the President, F. W. McLellan, C. J. Alloway and George Serton, was appointed to revise the rules. At the next meeting, to be held on Thursday, the 26th inst., a paper will be read by the President on "the selection and purchase of horses for special purposes," to be followed by a communication by Mr. Lyford, on "shouldership in the horse."

**EXCITING CHASE AND CAPTURE OF A BEAR.****AN EARDLEY WOMAN ON HER MUSCLE.**

The Aylmer Times states that on Wednesday evening last, a daughter of a farmer residing on the Eardley road, whilst engaged in her household duties, happened to look out of the window and was considerably astonished at seeing a huge bear sitting upon the fence. The animal was rubbing his nose, and showing other symptoms of feeling at home. It did not take the brave girl long to make up her mind upon what was the best to be done in the matter, so seizing a rolling-pin which lay convenient and calling loudly for the dog, she sallied out to attack the enemy, who just about this time suddenly remembered he had important business elsewhere and commenced to hoof it quite lively. After a short run, the girl and dog caught up with Bruin, and while the dog attacked him in front the girl attacked him behind, belaboring him most unmercifully with the rolling pin upon that of carcass where other animals carry their tail. Finding things were beginning to look serious, bruin determined upon a retreat, and once made a bee line for a tree not far distant, and in a short time was safely ensconced amongst its friendly branches. Leaving the dog in charge, the girl ran for assistance, and several men having assembled they proceeded to the tree where a council of war was held to devise means to capture the bear alive. Salt was not to be thought of, the animal having no tail to put it on, so they resolved to try and get the noose of a rope around his neck and haul him down. To this end, one of the crowd, armed with a long pole, ascended the tree, and for some time made fruitless endeavors to get the rope about bruin's neck. The high-minded animal objecting in toto to such a degrading operation promptly removing the rope each time it was placed over his ears. Finding his efforts unavailing, the operator descended the tree, and as he came down on the one side, the bear came down on the other and surrendered at discretion to the crowd, which by this time had become numerous, and were armed with guns, axes, pitchfork, &c. The prisoner was then secured and marched off in triumph, and now rejoices in an elegant chain while strong of forts are being made to civilize him, as it is thought he will be useful to keep away tramps and sewing machine agents.

**INDIAN RUNNERS.****Wrestling.****STRUGGLE OF THE GIANTS.****WRESTLING MATCH BETWEEN JAMES H. MC LAUGHLIN AND JACOB H. MARTIN.**

A wrestling match for \$1,000 and the championship of the world came off, on the 16th of October, at the Central Park Garden, New York. The house was well filled at all parts, there being about 1,600 people, making the receipts at the box office quite large, as the charge was \$2 to parquet and \$1 to other parts of the house.

**First Round.**—At half-past 8 o'clock the men were called on the carpeted platform and introduced to the audience. They appeared about the same height and weight, but McLaughlin's legs were much stouter than Martin's. Time was quickly called, but then it was discovered that the umpire chosen for Martin was not in the room, and Mr. Emerick was chosen for Martin, B. F. McDonald being umpire for McLaughlin. Harry Hill was referee. Time was again called by the referee, and the men walked up quietly and took hold of each other's collar and elbow. Then they looked about cautiously, while securing good holds of each other, and when satisfied that they were both right, they began with making movements with their feet, showing openings for each other as decoys, but for four minutes no effort was made for a throw. Martin at length made an attempt to trip McLaughlin, but the latter was on his guard and the movement went for naught. With watchful eyes on the ground, they had strong holds of each other and they used their feet rapidly at each other's shins. Then McLaughlin put his left foot twice on the knee of Martin and attempted to throw him, but failed. He afterwards swung Martin clear around, but could not get him off his legs. Martin seemed entirely on the defensive. After ten minutes had elapsed McLaughlin made another attempt to throw Martin by main strength by swinging him around the stage. Another short tapping took place, when McLaughlin got his right leg between Martin's, and being well locked on the latter's left leg, he threw him flat on his back. The round lasted eleven minutes. The lock that threw Martin is called "the inside grape-vine lock."

**Second Round.**—The men were called after twenty minutes, and they began very cautiously, and, after a few minutes at skin tapping and leg sparring, Martin made an effort to get an outside lock, but McLaughlin got away prettily and played on the defensive. Martin tried unsuccessfully several times for this lock, but after fifteen minutes he got an outside lock with his right leg, and quickly laid McLaughlin on the broad of his back. The fall was called an "outside shin trip." The success of Martin was hailed with loud applause by his friends. This round lasted just fifteen minutes.

**Third Round.**—After a twenty minutes' rest the men were again called to face each other for the deciding round. They began sparring with their feet as soon as they had taken their holds of collar and elbow. Then they tugged away with their hands and soon afterward settled down to try their relative powers. There seemed to be no advantage on either side at this game, as they were as fixed as statues, and in a minute or so they relaxed their muscles and stood up straight again and commenced fencing with their feet and knees. After a few minutes they again settled down for another trial of main strength, and as before, after a minute or two, they gave it up, and after adjusting their holds they began leg sparring for a few moments. Then McLaughlin settled down with a determined hold of Martin, and, by working his body around, he finally brought his hip in front of Martin, and then, with a superb struggle, he lifted Martin partly up from the ground, and quickly placing his right foot behind Martin's left heel, he twisted the latter over, and threw him flat on his back. The fall is known among the wrestlers as "an inside back heel." McLaughlin was thereupon decided the winner of the match, and hailed the champion wrestler of the world. The last round occupied ten minutes. The time from the beginning of the match to the end was one hour and a quarter.

**ANOTHER CHALLENGE.**

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 16, 1876.

To the EDITOR OF THE HERALD.—I challenge the winner of the wrestling match which takes place to-night between McLaughlin and Martin for \$500 a side, two falls catch as catch can, and two falls Greco-Roman, and toss for deciding fall.

PROFESSOR THIBAUD BAUER.

**Athletiq.****UNIVERSITY COLLEGE ATHLETIC SPORTS, TORONTO.**

A more beautiful day could not have been made to order than that with which the participants in University College athletic sports were favored on the 18th. Bright, warm sunshine, an unclouded autumn sky, and a pure bracing atmosphere, all combined to make the day so enjoyable as to leave nothing to wish for. Of the twenty-two contests on the programme, the first ten, which were least calculated to attract public interest, were decided on Saturday, the first of the remaining twelve being called at two o'clock yesterday afternoon. In most cases the contests were close and exciting, some of the races being in doubt till the competitors were just at the winning post. Appendix is the prize list:

Throwing Cricket-Ball, distance, 1st Mr. Little, 2nd Mr. Lee.

Running Long Jump—1st Mr. Little, 2nd Mr. Culham; prize for resident student, Mr. Lee.

Putting the Stone—Mr. McDonald.

Running, Hop, Step, and Jump—Mr. Little.

High Jump with Pole—1st Mr. Green, 2nd Mr. Morrison.

Kicking the Football—Mr. Green.

Bowling Cricket Ball—Mr. Shanley.

Throwing Cricket Ball, accuracy, Mr. London.

Servant's Race—Bulin Mann.

Walking Race (one mile)—1st Mr. Archeson, 2nd Mr. Morrison.

Steeple Chase—1st Mr. McGregor, 2nd Mr. Green.

Three-legged Race (220 yards)—1st Messrs Tibb and Hunt, 2nd Messrs. Smoke and Crickshank.

Mile Race—1st Mr. McCarl, 2nd Mr. Baldwin; resident student, Mr. Smoke.

Race in Heavy Marching Order (220 yards) Open only to members of University Rifles. 1st Mr. Dobbs, 2nd Mr. Shanley; resident students, Mr. McDonald.

Half Mile Race—1st Mr. McGregor, 2nd Mr. Freeman.

Graduates' Race (220 yards)—1st Mr. Manley, 2nd Mr. Barwick.

Flat Race (100 yards)—1st Mr. Shanley, 2nd Mr. Freeman; resident students, Mr. Stuart.

Hurdle Race (140 yards, 8 hurdles, 2½ feet high)—1st Mr. Dobbs, 2nd Mr. Freeman.

Strangers' Rac. (one mile)—1st Mr. Ledell, Mr. Connally.

Champion Race (440 yards)—Mr. Shanley.

Consolation Race—Mr. Cox.

**BARKING SQUIRRELS.**

When Audubon, the great naturalist, was in Kentucky, in the early part of the present century, he was well acquainted with Daniel Boone, and was his intimate friend. They made frequent expeditions into the forests, the scientist after his bugs and birds, and the pioneer in search of something of a more substantial nature. Afeat of Boone's, which has probably escaped the attention of those who loved to record reminiscences of this brave old pioneer, is thus described by Professor Audubon:—Barking of squirrels is delightful sport, and, in my opinion, requires a greater degree of accuracy than any other. I first witnessed this manner of procuring squirrels while near the town of Frankfort, Ky. The performer was the celebrated Daniel Boone. We walked out together, and followed the rocky margin of the Kentucky river until we reached a piece of flat land, thickly covered with black walnuts, oaks, and hickories. As the general mast was a good one that year, squirrels were seen gamboling on every tree around us. My companion, a stout, tall, athletic man, dressed in a homespun hunting shirt, bare legged, and moccasined, carried a long and heavy rifle which, while loading, he said had proved efficient in all his former undertakings, and which he hoped would not fail on this occasion, as he felt proud to show me his skill. The gun was wiped, the powder measured, the ball was patched with 600-thread linen, and the charge sent home with a hickory rod. We moved not a step from the place, for the squirrels were so numerous that it was unnecessary to go after them. Boone pointed to one of those animals which had observed us and was crouched on a branch some fifty paces distant, and bade me mark well where the ball should hit. He raised his piece gradually until the bead (that being the name given by the Kentuckians to the sight) of the barrel was brought in a line with the spot he intended to hit. The whip-like report sounded through the woods and along the hills in repeated echoes. Judge of my surprise when I perceived that the ball had hit the piece of bark immediately beneath the squirrel and shivered it into splinters, the concussion produced by which had killed the animal and sent it whirling through the air as if it had been blown up by the explosion of a powder magazine. Boone kept on his firing.

**Packting.****THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN.**

Vice-Commodore Charles Gifford writes to the Coburg Star as follows:

"One would have thought that an editor from Coburg would have had the greatest hesitation in giving publicity to foreign newspaper calumnies on a vessel that was modelled, built, and sailed from his own town, and by his own townsmen; a vessel, too, which has made a better race with the American yachts than did the best yacht they would send from England. I beg to state that there are no debts owing on the yacht in New York. The bills sent in were extortive, and trouble was caused by one individual on this account. The debts of the yacht did not amount to \$2,000. Captain Cuthbert is not the principal stockholder in the yacht. Major Gifford did not telegraph to the creditors to go for payment to Mr. F. Schmidt. Mr. Schmidt had no authority to offer the yacht for sale for \$8,000, and I am quite sure did not do so; and the competent judges who say that she may be sold for between \$8,000 and \$4,000, doubtless hope to get a good thing for nothing."

**A GORILLA.**

We have already mentioned the arrival in England, and en route for Berlin, of an undoubtedly Gorilla. Mr. Du Chaillu's discovery of this remarkable animal in the African wilds was at one time doubted, but seeing is believing. The London Times had the following description of the little stranger:

The animal is a young male in perfect health and condition, and measures nearly three feet in height. Its beetling brows, flattened podgy nose, black muzzle, small ears and thick fingers, cleft only to the second joint, distinguish it unmistakably from the chimpanzee. Only one other specimen has been brought alive to England (a young female of much smaller size) which died. The present specimen was seen by the writer at the Alexandra Hotel, it romped and rolled in full liberty about the private drawing-room, now looking out of the window with all becoming gravity and sedateness as though interested, but not disconcerted by the busy multitude and novelty without, then bounding rapidly along on knuckles and feet to examine and poke fun at some new comer; playfully mumbling at his calves, pulling at his beard (a special delight) clinging to his arms, examining his hat (not at all to its approvement), and curiously inquisitive as to his umbrella, and so on with visitor after visitor. If he becomes over-excited by the fun a gentle box on the ear will bring him to order like a child, only to be on the romp again immediately. He points with the index finger, claps with his hands, puts out his tongue, feeds on a mixed diet, decidedly prefers roast meat to boiled, eats strawberries, as I saw, with delicate appreciativeness, is exquisitely clean and mannerly. The palms of his hands and feet are beautifully plump, soft and black as jet. He was supposed to be between two and three years of age.

**INTELLIGENT SPARROWS.**

Dr. Carpenter pledges his word for the truth of the following story: At a ladies' school near Bristol it was the rule, on every day of the week but Sunday, for the girls to go into the playground and eat their luncheon. The sparrows soon found out that the girls dropped crumbs on the ground, and used to gather in large numbers on the garden walls a little before twelve, and wait there till the playground was again empty of human beings. Then down they came to feast upon the crumbs. This used to happen as regularly as the clock struck, except on Sundays. On Sunday the girls attended public worship, and there was an early dinner indoors instead of a luncheon in the playground. Those persons who happened to be at home on Sunday morning were greatly amused to notice that the sparrows knew Sunday as well as any young lady in school! They never came and twittered about on the garden walls a little before twelve on that day; for they had found out that on it there was no feast of crumbs. It seems that they had also their own way of finding out when it wanted a few minutes to twelve.

**FASTEAST BICYCLE TIME.**

A mile bicycle handicap, for valuable prizes, took place at the Molineux Grounds, Wolverhampton, Eng., Sept. 30, Oct. 2. There were a large number of entries, and in heat 3 of the third round J. Keen won from scratch, beating J. Sanky (165 yards start) by eight yards, in 2 min., 56 1-5 sec—the fastest time on record by 8 4-5 sec. Keen won the final heat easily by thirty yards in 2:01; E. Keen (82 yards), second; S. Best (190), third; A. Patrick (70), fourth. Keen still

**A HORRIBLE DEATH.**

About a month ago Alexandra Scott, a farmer living near Cherry Hill, indulged in an excess of horses. The horse he secured was a fine looking animal, but at the time was suffering from some disease in the head. Mr. Scott believed it to be "distemper," and did not object to running the risk. About two weeks ago Mr. Scott's hand began to inflame from a slight wound on the back of it, and became in a few days a very ugly ulcer, causing him a great deal of pain. Last week he became sick of fever, and Dr. Carter was called in. He found the patient suffering from fever, but detected nothing different from an ordinary case of intermittent fever, and prescribed the usual remedies. Dr. Carter having occasion to leave home, and the fever not abating, Dr. Ellis, of Elton, was asked to attend Mr. Scott. At Dr. E.'s first visit, last Saturday, he prescribed for intermittent fever, having first inquired about the sore hand, and being told that it had nearly healed. The next day, however, he found Mr. Scott suffering with a raging fever, and covered with "button lary." The disease was unmistakably "glanders," and had been communicated from the glandered horse through the break in the skin of the hand. Mr. Scott suffered the most fearful agony and delirium throughout the day and into the night of Sunday, when death ensued. Cases of persons suffering from "glanders" are very rare, but occur often enough to remind horsemen that the proper way to deal with a horse suffering from this fatal disease is to have him killed at once. A horse may have "chromic glanders," and live a long time, keep fat, and work without difficulty, yet inoculate man and beast with the deadly virus that is sapping his existence.—*Cecil (Md.) Democrat.*

**REMARKABLE HYDROPHOBIA CASE.**

The most remarkable story about hydrophobia yet reported comes from Connecticut. In 1869 Mr. Joseph Evarts, of Guilford, a butcher, was making his usual round with a meat cart, when he was attacked by a savage dog of the mastiff species. During the encounter the dog bit Mr. Evarts on the leg, inflicting a serious wound. Soon after the attending surgeon learned that their patient had been in contact with an animal suffering from the worst form of hydrophobia, and that skill and medicine could do was brought into requisition to drive the poisoned virus from Mr. Evarts' system. He ultimately recovered, and a few years later he returned to Bransford, where he has been ever since. The adventure with the dog was forgotten and never alluded to until about two weeks ago during the hot term, when Mr. Evarts' friends noticed peculiarities in his actions. He would suddenly appear agitated and moaned as if in bodily pain. Again he would growl and snap like a surly dog and run wildly about. These manifestations increased in violence with each repetition, and so long his friends were compelled to accept the terrible reality that Mr. Evarts was a raving maniac. He grew worse and worse, and soon had to be tied to his bed to prevent his biting those in attendance. Even then he would break loose, as great was the muscular power which the disease enabled him to exert, and at times the united strength of six men was unable to hold him. During a spasm he would tear the bedclothes and gnaw the bedstead in a manner frightful to behold. At present he is hourly growing weaker, and will be likely to continue but a short time longer. This affliction is undoubtedly the result of a bite sixteen years ago, and the attending physicians are of the opinion that it is a case of fully developed hydrophobia.

**HITS TO HORSE TRADERS.**

First, look at the horse while standing in the stable. If he seems to rest one foot on the other, or if he stands on his hind legs from top to bottom, or if he stands on his forefeet, or if he is knee-sprung, and if his hip cap is down, or if he is flat-hocked this sometimes happens. Next, his eyes, if they look weak and he is young, it may be caused by what are commonly called "blind teeth." If he is so, his face will be thick, and they can easily be found by looking just in front of his first grinders, and should be pulled out. Common horse forceps, or punchers, are first preferable, as you can't get roots by pulling every time. Next, at his coupling, and if he kicks up well, placing your ear to his breast, you can easily ascertain if his wind is good, after a little travelling. Next, see if he stands straight standing. It is a great mistake to go to see a horse on the move, and the more you run him, the more he will kick up. You have to stand him up, if stiff, there is where he will kick up. That is what will tell him. If he has been hurt at any time, it will tell him.

## EXCITING CHASE AND CAPTURE OF A BEAR.

### AN EARDLEY WOMAN ON HER MUSCLE.

The Aylmer Times states that on Wednesday evening last, a daughter of a farmer residing on the Eardley road, whilst engaged in her household duties, happened to look out of the window and was considerably astonished at seeing a huge bear sitting upon the fence. The animal was rubbing his nose, and showing other symptoms of feeling at home. It did not take the brave girl long to make up her mind upon what was the best to be done in the matter, so seizing a rolling-pin which lay convenient and calling loudly for the dog, she sallied out to attack the enemy, who just about this time suddenly remembered he had important business elsewhere and commenced to hoot it quite lively. After a short run, the girl and dog caught up with Bruin, and while the dog attacked him in front the girl attacked him behind, belaboring him most unmercifully with the rolling pin upon that of carcass where other animals carry their tail. Finding things were beginning to look serious, bruin determined upon a retreat, and once made a bee line for a tree not far distant, and in a short time was safely ensconced amongst its friendly branches. Leaving the dog in charge, the girl ran for assistance, and several men having assembled they proceeded to the tree where a council of war was held to devise means to capture the bear alive. Salt was not to be thought of, the animal having no tail to put it on, so they resolved to try and get the nose of a rope around his neck and haul him down. To this end, one of the crowd, armed with a long pole, ascended the tree, and for some time made fruitless endeavors to get the rope around bruin's neck. The high-minded animal objecting in toto to such a degrading operation promptly removing the rope each time it was placed over his ears. Finding his efforts unavailing, the operator descended the tree, and as he came down on the one side, the bear came down on the other and surrendered at discretion to the crowd, which by this time had become numerous, and were armed with guns, axes, pitchfork, &c. The prisoner was then secured and marched off in triumph, and now rejoices in an elegant chain while strong efforts are being made to civilize him, as it is thought he will be useful to keep away traps and sewing machine agents.

### INDIAN RUNNERS.

A correspondent in the Sioux country writes:—This system of Indian runners seems to be but little understood. If important news is to be carried; an Indian gorges himself with meat, takes a short nap, mounts one of the fleetest of their ponies, and rushes along like the wind until his horse requires feed, when he nods a few times while his horse satisfies his hunger from the luxuriant meadows, when the ride is renewed. The runner needs nothing for his pony, and takes nothing for himself but his arrows and blanket, and will, in the manner indicated, ride two or three days and nights, passing over from sixty to one hundred miles in each twenty-four hours. When the nearest camp is reached, his story is taken up by other Indians, and in like manner carried in every direction. The speed with which the news travels depends upon its importance, but in this way the Indians often beat the telegraph, and their first reports if they come direct, are usually to be relied upon.

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

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Second Round.—The men were called after twenty minutes, and they began very cautiously, and, after a few minutes of slim tapping and leg sparring, Martin made an effort to get an outside lock, but McLaughlin got away prettily and played on the defensive. Martin tried unsuccessfully several times for this lock, but after fifteen minutes he got an outside lock with his right leg, and quickly laid McLaughlin on the broad of his back. The fall was called an "outside shin trip." The success of Martin was hailed with loud applause by his friends. This round lasted just fifteen minutes.

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PROFESSOR THIBAUD BAUER.

### THE LATE DR. WINDSHIP.

The demise of Dr. George Dr. Windship, of Boston, at the early age of forty-two years, removes the most celebrated "lifter" of the country. In early life he was weaker than the average of young men, and subject to infirm health. As such he entered college in 1850, but

Manley, 2nd Mr. Barwick.

Flat Race (100 yards)—1st Mr. Shadley, 2nd Mr. Freeman; resident students, Mr. Stuart.

Hurdle Race (140 yards, 8 hurdles, 2<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> feet high)—1st Mr. D. D. D., 2nd Mr. Freeman; Strangers' Race, (one mile)—1st Mr. Leddell, Mr. Connally.

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Consolation Race—Mr. Cox.

### BARKING SQUIRRELS.

When Audubon, the great naturalist, was in Kentucky, in the early part of the present century, he was well acquainted with Daniel Boone, and was his intimate friend. They made frequent expeditions into the forests, the scientist after his bugs and birds, and the pioneer in search of something of a more substantial nature. Afeat of Boone's, which has probably escaped the attention of those who loved to record reminiscences of this brave old pioneer, is thus described by Professor Audubon:—Barking of squirrels is delightful sport, and, in my opinion, requires a greater degree of accuracy than any other. I first witnessed this manner of procuring squirrels while near the town of Frankfort, Ky. The performer was the celebrated Daniel Boone. We walked out together, and followed the rocky margin of the Kentucky river until we reached a piece of flat land, thickly covered with black walnuts, oaks, and hickories. As the general mast was a good one that year, squirrels were seen gambolling on every tree around us. My companion, a stout, halo, athletic man, dressed in a homespun hunting shirt, bare legged, and moccasined, carried a long and heavy rifle which, while loading, he said had proved efficient in all his former undertakings, and which he hoped would not fail on this occasion, as he felt proud to show me his skill. The gun was wiped, the powder measured, the ball was patched with 600-thread linen, and the charge sent home with a hickory rod. We moved not a step from the place, for the squirrels were so numerous that it was unnecessary to go after them. Boone pointed to one of those animals which had observed us and was crouched on a branch some fifty paces distant, and bade me mark well where the ball should hit. He raised his piece gradually until the bead (that being the name given by the Kentuckians to the sight) of the barrel was brought in a line with the spot he intended to hit. The whip-like report sounded through the woods and along the hills in repeated echoes. Judge of my surprise when I perceived that the ball had hit the piece of bark immediately beneath the squirrel and shivered it into splinters, the concussion produced by which had killed the animal and sent it whirling through the air as if it had been blown up by the explosion of a powder magazine. Boone kept on his firing, and before many hours had elapsed, he had procured as many squirrels as he wished, for you know that to load a rifle requires only a moment, and if it is wiped after each shot, will do its duty for hours. Since that interview with our veteran Boone, I have seen many other Kentuckians perform the feat.—Louisville Courier Journal.

### SUICIDE OF A PROFESSIONAL CRICKETER.

The body of a young man, dreadfully mangled, has been discovered on the London and South Western line between Guildford and Godalming. A letter found on the deceased shows that he was a professional bowler at the Charterhouse, and the son of Julius Caesar, the celebrated cricketer, and now cricket tutor at the Charterhouse. The deceased, was also named Julius Caesar, states in the letter, which is addressed to his father, that he had long determined to destroy himself, on account of his behaviour to one he loved. He regrets the trouble he has caused, and signs himself "Your unfaithful son." Deceased, who was only twenty-one years of age, was a very promising cricketer.

Jack wants to know if that callid passen who came that little three card trick on him is the Monto negro they are fighting about in Europe. He leaves only a wife.

rapidly along in the race, and had the advantage and took fun at some new comer, playfully numbing at his calves, pulling at his beard (a special delight) clinging to his arms, examining his hat (not at all to its approvement), and curiously inquisitive as to his umbrella, and so on with visitor after visitor. If he becomes over excited by the fun a gentle box on the ear will bring him to order! to a child, only to be on the romp again immediately. He points with the index finger, claps with his hands, puts out his tongue, feeds on a mixed diet, decidedly prefers roast meat to boiled, eats strawberries, as I saw, with delicate appreciativeness, is exquisitely clean and mannerly. The palms of his hands and feet are beautifully plump, soft and black as jet. He was supposed to be between two and three years of age.

### INTELLIGENT SPARROWS.

Dr. Carpenter pledges his word for the truth of the following story: At a ladies' school near Bristol it was the rule, on every day of the week but Sunday, for the girls to go into the playground and eat their luncheon. The sparrows soon found out that the girls dropped crumbs on the ground, and used to gather in large numbers on the garden walls a little before twelve, and wait there till the playground was again empty of human beings. Then down they came to feast upon the crumbs. This used to happen as regularly as the clock struck, except on Sundays. On Sunday the girls attended public worship, and there was an early dinner indoors instead of a luncheon in the playground. Those persons who happened to be at home on Sunday mornings were greatly amused to notice that the sparrows knew Sundays as well as any young lady in school. They never came and twittered about on the garden walls a little before twelve on that day; for they had found out that on it there was no feast of crumbs. It seems that they had also their own way of finding out when it wanted a few minutes to twelve.

### FASTEAST BICYCLE TIME.

A mile bicycle handicap, for valuable prizes, took place at the Molineux Grounds, Wolverhampton, Eng., Sept. 30, Oct. 2. There were a large number of entries, and in heat 3 of the third round J. Keen won from scratch, beating J. Sankay (165 yards start) by eight yards, in 2 m., 56 1-5 sec—the fastest time on record by 8 4 5 sec. Keen won the final heat easily by thirty yards in 2:01; B. Keen (82 yards), second; S. Best (190), third; A. Patrick (70), fourth. Rain fell steadily on the first day, and there was another down-pour on the morning of the second. G. W. Atkinson was referee and time-keeper, and F. White was starter. Keen and David Stanton were to have decided the fifty-mile championship on Oct. 9, at Lillie Bridge.

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

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

No. 1—Dark in color and turbid, deposits a muddy sediment on standing, has a sweet and acid taste, Orange flavor and scarcely bitter, yields on evaporation a thick syrup of inverted sugar, contains only a microscopic trace of Quinine and Quinidine. Is made with Orange Wine.

Sample X—Dark color, with dark muddy deposit on standing, has an acid and slightly bitter taste, contains Cinchonine but no Quinine.

Is made with an acid wine, not sherry.

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

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

JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph. D. D.C.L. F.C.S. Professor of Chemistry and Microscopy Bishop's College and College of Industry, Montreal

Quebec, and a few years later he removed to Stamford, where he has been ever since. The adventure with the dog was forgotten and never alluded to until about two weeks ago during the hot term, when Mr. Evans' friends noticed peculiarities in his actions. He would suddenly appear agitated and meander as if in bodily pain. Again he would growl and snap like a surly dog and run wildly about. These manifestations increased in violence with each repetition, and so long his friends were compelled to accept the terrible reality that Mr. Evans was a raving maniac. It grew worse and worse and soon had to be tied to his bed to prevent his biting those in attendance. Even then he would break loose, so great was the muscular power which the disease enabled him to exert, and at times the united strength of six men was unable to hold him. During a spasm he would tear the bedclothes and gnaw the bedstead in a manner frightful to behold. At present he is hourly growing weaker, and will be likely to continue but a short time longer. The affliction is undoubtedly the result of bite sixteen years ago, and the attendant physicians are of the opinion that it is a case of fully developed hydrocephalus.

### HINTS TO HORSE TRADERS

First, look at the horse while standing in the stable. If he seems to rest one foot, look that leg from top to bottom. See if he has splints, sprains, puffs, wind-calls, or cuts, or if he is knee-sprung, and if his hip cap is down, for in fat horses this sometimes hardly shows. Next, his eyes; if they look weak and he is young, it may be caused by what are commonly called "blind teeth." If this is so, his face will be thick, and they can easily be found by looking just in front of his first grinders, and should be pulled with common horse forceps, or punched out. The first is preferable, as you can get all the roots by punching every time. Next, look at his coupling, and if he knobs up well. By placing your ear to his breast, you can usually ascertain if his wind is good, after a little travelling. Next, see if he stands straight on his feet, or if he stretches himself while standing. It is a great mistake to want to see a horse on the move all the time. You can learn twice as much about a horse standing still as while moving. Far better is back a horse than see him go forward, for if stiff, there is where he will show it, and that is what will tell on his shoulders, if they have been hurt at any time. If you wish to buy, ride the horse yourself, for the owner knows the gait that his horse moves best in and you can tell by the motion of the horse, if you are on him, whether there is anything the matter with his travel or not. I could add much more if I thought necessary.

### HOW TO PHYSIC A PIG.

At a recent lecture before the King's Farmers' Club, reported in a Bristol paper, Professor McBride is stated to have given the following method of dosing a pig:—Dose a pig, which you are sure to choke in, your attempt to administer a drink to, while squalling, halter him as you would for execution, and tie the rope and tie a stick, if you will, as we all know, pull back until the cable is tightly strained. When he can no longer stand, begins to reflect, open his mouth, and between the back part of the jaw and an old shoe from which you have cut the leather. Then he will at once begin to swallow whatever cause, to suck and chew. Then, if you pour your medicine, and he will not swallow any quantity you please.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from eruptions and indiscretions of youth, nervous, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., &c.—Send a recipe that will cure you, Dr. John Baker Edwards, Ph. D. D.C.L. F.C.S. Professor of Chemistry and Microscopy Bishop's College and College of Industry, Montreal D. Biblio House, New York City.



## The Gentleman's Journal

TORONTO, FRIDAY, OCT. 27, 1870.

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

All Communications intended for the "Sporting Times" should be addressed P. COLLINS & CO., Sporting Times Office—rd set 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.,

We respectfully inform all Correspondents of the Sporting Times are supplied with a card of a light green color, with the name of the city or town and correspondent, signed by the proprietor of this paper, with a punch stamp of a horse's head upon the right upper corner, and dated October 1st, 1870, each card running for three months. No person is authorized to use any other credential on our behalf. Managers will save themselves from impoison by demanding an exhibition of said card, and refusing to accept any excuse whatever for non-delivery. 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 send it to this office.

Persons applying for the position of Correspondent are respectfully requested to consider Sincerely yours,

### DATES CLAIMED FOR 1877.

#### AMERICAN.

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

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

### TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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

### MISMANAGEMENT

It will be admitted that any business in which a man engages, to be made successful, requires the careful attention and judicious management of its principal. No doubt, stakes have been made by luck, but they are not frequent enough to be considered the rule, but rather the exception. It will be found it is the careful, painstaking business man who rises to eminence and maintains that position when it is once reached. Fortunes have been, and probably will be again, realized in a day, but their permanency, in many cases, has been consistent with their acquirement. Straightforward dealings and earnest attention are demanded of those who aspire to the pinnacle of success, and with this quality properly exercised failure is reduced to a minimum average. What is equally applicable to business in

such affairs should be conducted, and any deviation from the well-known code of business law will surely result disastrously to those engaged. And failure in turf transactions does much more harm to the interests involved than a default in almost any class of general business. A grocer may become insolvent, or, fleeing from the wrath to come, may voluntarily expatriate himself without causing a feeling of suspicion to be thrown on all others engaged in the same business; but let a Racing Association become defrauded, that is presuming they had a sufficient name to command respect, and at once the whole system is scandalized, and a want of confidence is immediately found to exist against all similar organizations in the country. For its advancement in this country at least, the turf has quite enough to contend against, without being compelled to meet such straight-faced blows as the ignominious failure of prominent Associations to make their obligations good. It requires the best of management to make racing successful under all contingencies, and even then, as in any other class of business, failures will sometimes occur. But there is all the difference imaginable between a failure from unavoidable causes and a default caused by incompetency, extravagance, and a reckless disregard of business principles. And so it will appear to those who are its creditors. A laudable discrimination may always be observed between the worthy and the unscrupulous; the one at least excites sympathy, while the other provokes contempt. If our Racing Associations would manage their business as a business, and not as a snap sporting tool, pay that attention to it which the interest and capital involved in it demand, and be guided in all their transactions by the well-digested laws of commercial polity, fewer failures would ensue, the turf would become a respected institution of our land, and Racing would be in fact, as it is in theory, the highest type of amusement for the masses.

### ADVANCEMENT OF SPORT.

Even to the most casual observer it must be apparent that all descriptions of out-door sports are making material headway in Canada. Almost every hamlet in the country now boasts of its base-ball, cricket, or lacrosse club, and the numerous contests for local championship honors, which are invariably witnessed by large numbers of spectators, attest the interest in which athletic sports are held. The various college and school games are largely patronized by our best citizens, and the battle for victory by the youthful competitors are evidently watched with the keenest attention. The inter-provincial Lacrosse matches in this city during the present season have attracted crowds remarkable for their size. Our foot-ball players, too, command their share of patronage from the public at their matches; and so on through the whole list of games. In different localities, different games engross attention. Take Toronto and Montreal, and it is quite possible to say, no out-door amusement in either of the above cities could command such an attendance as a first-class lacrosse match; while at London and Guelph the prevailing mania is for base-ball. All seem to flourish in their particular localities, and the support they receive is flattering to their future success. Horse-racing, likewise, is spreading through the country, and the number of tracks already built, in construction, or in contemplation is largely in excess of what the most enthusiastic turfists of past years could have ever anticipated. Indeed, it might well be said, that their number is greater than is required, when the quantity of race-horses in the country is considered. But this is a matter which to a great extent only interests the Associations, and, at all events, they answer a good purpose, by placing a very desirable means of developing spirit in horses within the reach of the navy;

our American cousins, and to-day with our population considered, Canada may be placed first in all manly exercises among the numerous States of the Continent. So long as this state of affairs continues, the highest development of manly vigor may be looked for among our sons; and it will doubtless be admitted the greater interest which is taken in out-door sports has done much to advance this physical perfection, which in turn will assist by friendly competition in the advancement of sport itself.

### A BETTING DECISION.

There are so very few cases concerning sporting matters brought before our legal tribunals, that when one does occur many are anxious to learn the law upon the subject. At Dundas on the 17th inst., Judge Sinclair held a Division Court, and the only case of any public importance was one in which a man named Ward sued a stakeholder, Blackwell, for money deposited in the latter's hands as a wager. It appears that Ward made a bet with a man named Van Every on a race, and the latter won, and Blackwell paid over the money to him. Ward, for some reason or other not stated, was dissatisfied, and as related above, took proceedings to recover the amount of his stake, on the plea that he had notified Blackwell not to pay the money over. The learned Judge held that the evidence failed to show that the notice not to pay over the stakes had been given before payment, and entered a non-suit. This can be assumed to be the law governing such transactions.

### A TORONTO TROTTER IN KANSAS.

From our summary of the Races at Leavenworth, Kansas, it will be seen that Rambler Paul, V.S., late of this city, had his mare, Little Wonder, entered in a couple of the contests. The detailed report of the races states, "with the exception of an accident in the third heat, the :50 race was devoid of any particular interest. Little Wonder choked at the head of the home-stretch, on the first half, and fell, throwing her driver from the sulky, while Kitty Conover, close on her wheel, collided with the fallen mare and also came to grief, but fortunately without serious accident. The judges allowed both mares to start in the next heat. Wonder won the second heat in 2:46."

### A GOOD WINNER.

The party behind Bill Bruce when he won his race at Jerome Park on the 14th inst., appears to have kept the secret of his speed well under cover, and, judging from the reports, backed him freely at the odds given, which must have netted them a nice little pot. The Spirit of the Times of last week comments on it as follows:

"The opening race was a handicap sweepstakes, dash of one mile and an eighth, which brought out a field of eight runners, and was won in clever style by the Canada-owned horse Bill Bruce, a son of Enquirer, who beat Egypt, Tigress, Madge, Perse, Invoice, and two others in fair time. The Canadian division of turfmen connected with the winner landed a great stake, for the secret of his ability to win was well preserved, and they were enabled to get their money on to the best advantage. He was admirably ridden by the English jockey, Matthews, who, since his arrival, has greatly distinguished himself by winning on outsiders, notably on Waco, on the second day of this meeting. He rode Bill Bruce with fine judgment and patience; carefully nursing his horse for one final effort, and never coming until the proper moment had arrived."

### THE TORONTO HUNT CLUB.

On Saturday afternoon the members of the club enjoyed one of the best runs of the season; it being a very fine day, a large

## Sporting Gossip.

Inspiration and Bill Bruce will probably be at Baltimore, Md. Racos.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. Wm. Bookless, of Owen Sound, is rapidly recovering from his late serious indisposition. He was suffering from pleurisy and hemorrhage of the lungs.

Another jockey was seriously hurt at the Montreal Hunt Club Steeplechases, on the 17th inst. His name is Ryan and he was riding Bibabita for the Hunt Cup.

Just as we were going to press the summaries of the Chatham Races were received. They will appear next week.

In our correspondent's report of the Kingston Racos it was stated the time in the open trot was suppressed. The secretary's report which we have since received, gives it as follows:—2:39, 0:00, 2:38, 2:36, 2:34, 2:35; and says no time was taken in the second heat as "Harry Walters did not start for any money, nor did he receive any."

Mr. Black has sold out the Commercial Hotel, Oshawa, to two gentlemen from Belleville.

Sheriff Powell and the members of the Ottawa Hunt Club are arranging for the Hunt Steeplechases when the Governor General's Cup will be run for.

A wrestling match took place at Quebec on Wednesday evening, between Treher and Ray, and resulted in the latter being thrown.

The contract for the erection of a curling rink in Galt has been awarded to Messrs. McDougall & Bloomfield, at \$1,200. The rink is to be 156 feet by 80 feet.

The Montreal Horse Market has been very dull the past week. Mr. Elwes, at his weekly sale, disposed of a few at prices ranging from \$25 to \$150. A small lot of rather poor quality, was sold to go to New York State, the price averaging about \$60.

Mr. C. Dalgleish, of Chesterfield, was offered \$2,500 for his Clydesdale stallion "Falkirk Lad," but refused it. The stallion took first prize at Hamilton, and was on exhibition at Guelph.

The Owen Sound Advertiser says, with reference to Mr. W. A. Bookless, of Owen Sound, and Mr. Prettie, another hotel-keeper in that town:—"It is thought that Billy will Book-less when the Dauphin Act comes in vogue. It may prove a good thing for Billy financially, but it seems Prettie hard that a fellow can't have a smile when he wants one."

Mr Addison Cammack has bought the privilege of betting Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the Herald, the sum of \$25,000 any time between now and November 8, that Samuel J. Tilden will be elected President at the coming election, paying twenty-five hundred dollars for the option.

**RULED OFF**—The young colored lad named "Tobs," who rode the horse Marmion at the first day's races at Matchmor Park, was on the 17th ruled off the course by Mr. McCaffrey, the judge on the occasion, for unfair dealing, as he pulled up the horse and did not allow him to take the first jump in the steeplechase on that day.

### THE PRESERVATION OF GAME.

The great question amongst leading sportsmen in this country is:—Can nothing be done to prevent the indiscriminate destruction of all kinds of game and fish in and out of season? It is well known in every section that there are pot hunters who shoot everything they come across from a robin to an eagle, and who know very well that nothing will be said or done to them simply because there are no officers appointed to prosecute such characters. Only this morning I

saw the mare Galatea, by Sunshine, has been sold to a party in Montreal. Oh! horse Marmion, owned in Ottawa, and who made his debut on the turf this fall, winning a hack race easily at Dominion Springs, next appears at the Dominion track, winning both hurdle races easily, the open in the fast time of 4:06, carrying 146 lbs. At Matchmor Park, in Local Steeplechase, he was ruthlessly pulled around a jump by his rider, a boy named Tobe, who was ruled off by the Judges for the act. He then started in the open Steeplechase, which he won hands down; he also ran in the dash of a mile and was only defeated by Maritimo by a head; had he been ridden more resolutely would have won easily.

Marmion is a 4-year old and is at Hampton Court, out of Rebecca, by imp. Glencoe. He stands 15 hands high, of dark chestnut color. He was purchased by Dr. Coleman last year at Jerome Park, from R. W. Walde, Esq., and accompanied Austria, and colt by Enquirer, to Canada. All these horses purchased by the doctor have proved winners both on the flat and over leaps, which speaks well for his judgment.

SKYLARK.

### OBITUARY.

#### CAPT. HUTCHISON, MISSOURI.

It was with extreme regret that we are called upon to chronicle the death of this well-known Western breeder and turfite at his home, Kirkwood, St. Louis County, Mo., on Tuesday, Oct. 10. Capt. Benj. F. Hutchinson was for many years extensively connected with the Western steamboating interests, but lately devoted much of his attention to the breeding and racing interests. About the first victories that were placed to the credit of his colors—red and blue—occurred during the Fall meeting of 1865, over the Laclede Association Course, at St. Louis. There, on the first day, with Derby, by imp. Eclipse, dam Lady Taylor, the dam of Talaria, &c., he spread-engaged a fine field in the three-year-old sweepstakes. On the following day, with Dazzle, the full brother to Bettie Ward, &c., he carried away the male-lot honors, beating Prairie Bird, by imp. Sovereign; Billy Finn, by Childs Harold; Jimmy Kelly (Bowen), by Vandal; Dick Richard's, by Bonnie Laddie, and Emily Downing, the dam of Burgoo. On the fourth day of the meeting, in the two-year-old sweepstakes, with Evangeline, by imp. Eclipse, out of Pranella, he beat Capt. Moore's filly (afterwards Long Nine, dam of Nettie Norton), by Lightning, out of Salie, by imp. Sovereign. Same day won the three-year-old sweepstakes with Derby, beating Maiden, the dam of James A. and Parole; also won an all-age race with Dazzle, defeating Bill Finney and Renfro's chestnut colt, by Ringgold, out of Brill's dam. For several years following these events he raced and bred with considerable success. At the head of his stud he placed that fine race horse and sire, Voucher, by Wagner, out of imp. Britannia, the dam of Verifier. Voucher got Conrad, Ricardo, Melody, La Dame Blanche, Minnow, Whale, Rupee, Restless and Katona, the dam of Tom Ochiltree. Prominent among others owned by him were Prunella, the dam of Nellie Gray, Sympathy, Lizzie W. and other good ones; also Ringlet, the dam of Restless, by Ringgold, out of Mildred, dam of Monarchist, &c. Also Eglantine, by Lambada, the dam of that capital race mare Ruth; also Lilac, by Lightning, out of Dolly Carter, the dam of Phoenix Belle, Joo Daniels &c., and Lilac produced Etta Powell, Violet and Gen. Bowett's fine colt Cousin Vic.

## Hedgemanism.

### A CHALLENGE FOR BARNES.

TORONTO, Oct. 24, 1870.

To the Editor of Sporting Times.

Sir,—I am prepared to make a match with Mr. J. S. Barnes, of this city, to run seventy-five yards, at the half-mile track, for from \$100 to \$500 at any time he may choose. If Mr. Barnes will leave a deposit with the Sporting Times, I will immediately cover it and sign articles.

THOMAS BROWN.

### A PLETHORA OF PEDESTRIANS.

It is said there are a greater number of professional pedestrians in this city at the present time than ever before known. Representatives from all sections of America are engineering for matches, and it will be surprising if something big does not grow out of this influx. The

July 21 to 27
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21 week in Aug.
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pot. The Spirit of the Times of last week

comments on it as follows:—

"The opening race was a handicap sweepstakes, dash of one mile and an eighth, which brought out a field of eight runners, and was won in clever style by the Canada-owned horse Bill Bruce, a son of Enquirer, who beat Egypt, Tigress, Madge, Pera, Invoice, and two others in full time. The Canadian division of turfsmen connected with the winner landed a great stake, for the secret of his ability to win was well preserved, and they were enabled to get their money on to the best advantage. He was admirably ridden by the English jockey, Matthews, who, since his arrival, has greatly distinguished himself by winning on outsiders, notably on Waco, on the second day of this meeting. Horrode Bill Bruce with fine judgment and patience; carefully nursing his horse for one final effort, and never coming until the proper moment had arrived."

#### THE TORONTO HUNT CLUB.

On Saturday afternoon the members of the club enjoyed one of the best runs of the season; it being a very fine day, a large attendance, and splendid hunting country, in fact, everything a lover of the sport could desire. The run began at Lambton and ended near Duck's hotel, on the Lake Shore road, over about seven miles of country. In general, the jumps were very good and numerous, and were taken well by about one half of the horsemen, the balance being left behind after one third of the distance was accomplished, failing to make an appearance at the finish. There were some half a dozen left their saddles, but as no one received any injury, it is the supposition that two or three of them merely dismounted to gain possession of something which attracted their attention, the others, being more of an agricultural turn of mind, wished to examine the soil more minutely than they could on horseback, walked two or three miles through the ploughed fields, letting their horses lead the way. Mr. M. A. Thomas had the honor of adding another "brush" to his collection, and Mr. J. Burns being second in at the death, took possession of the head.—Com.

A pigeon match was shot on the 18th, at Matthew's hotel, Eramosa, between two teams captained by W. H. Matthews and Benjamin Tolton, for a \$10 stake. Mr. Matthews' team won by a score of 36 to 19.

The fourth day of the meeting, in the two-year-old sweepstakes, with Evangeline, by imp. Eclipse, out of Prunella, he beat Capt. Moore's filly (afterwards Long Nine, dam of Nellie Norton), by Lightning, out of Sallie, by imp. Sovereign. Same day won the three-year-old sweepstakes with Derby, beating Maiden, the dam of James A. and Parole; also won an all-age race with Dazzle, defeating Bill Finney and Renfro's chestnut colt, by Ringgold, out of Brill's dam. For several years following these events he raced and bred with considerable success. At the head of his stud he placed that fine race horse and sire, Voucher, by Wagner, out of imp. Britannia, the dam of Verifier. Voucher got Conrad, Ricardo, Melody, La Dame Blanche, Minnow, Whale, Rupee, Restless and Katona, the dam of Tom Ochiltree. Prominent among others owned by him were Prunella, the dam of Nellie Gray, Sympathy, Lizzie W. and other good ones; also Kinglet, the dam of Restless, by Ringgold, out of Mildred, dam of Monarchist, &c. Also Eglantine, by Lambda, the dam of that capital race mare Ruth; also Lilac, by Lightning, out of Dolly Carter, the dam of Phoenix Belle, Joe Daniels &c., and Lilac produced Etta Powell, Violet and Gen. Rowett's fine colt Cousin Vio.

RULED OFF—The young colored lad named "Tobe," who rode the horse Marmion at the first day's races at Mountmor Park, was on the 17th ruled off the course by Mr. McCaffrey, the judge on the occasion, for unfair dealing, as he pulled up the horse and did not allow him to take the first jump in the steeplechase on that day.

#### THE PRESERVATION OF GAME.

The great question amongst leading sportsmen in this country is:—Can nothing be done to prevent the indiscriminate destruction of all kinds of game and fish in and out of season? It is well known in every section that there are pot hunters who shoot everything they come across from a robin to an eagle, and who know very well that nothing will be said or done to them simply because there are no officers appointed to prosecute such characters. Only this morning I saw a man going out to a trout creek with his fishing rod and basket as unconcerned as if he had a perfect right. Now this is simply a burning disgrace to the town in which it is allowed, and something ought to be done at once.

Allow me to make a suggestion: Let every sportsman in Canada sign a petition praying the Government to issue licenses costing \$2 or even \$1 to every gentleman who wishes to sport or fish. Surely no true sportsman will object to pay so small a sum when he knows it will be for his own benefit, and that it will ensure sport to those who know best how to appreciate it.

Of course these pot hunters, and maybe others, will say this is a free country and all that kind of nonsense, but some decided stop must be taken, or we shall be without anything to either shoot or fish.

Yours very truly,  
TOE WEIGHT.

FROM OTTAWA.

OTTAWA, Oct. 24, 1876.

To the Editor of Sporting Times:

The brown gelding Wgram who was so successful at Woodbine meeting, pulled up lame after running in the open steeplechase at Matchmor Park; his injuries are not considered seri-

ous.

The fourth day of the meeting, in the two-year-old sweepstakes, with Evangeline, by imp. Eclipse, out of Prunella, he beat Capt. Moore's filly (afterwards Long Nine, dam of Nellie Norton), by Lightning, out of Sallie, by imp. Sovereign. Same day won the three-year-old sweepstakes with Derby, beating Maiden, the dam of James A. and Parole; also won an all-age race with Dazzle, defeating Bill Finney and Renfro's chestnut colt, by Ringgold, out of Brill's dam. For several years following these events he raced and bred with considerable success. At the head of his stud he placed that fine race horse and sire, Voucher, by Wagner, out of imp. Britannia, the dam of Verifier. Voucher got Conrad, Ricardo, Melody, La Dame Blanche, Minnow, Whale, Rupee, Restless and Katona, the dam of Tom Ochiltree. Prominent among others owned by him were Prunella, the dam of Nellie Gray, Sympathy, Lizzie W. and other good ones; also Kinglet, the dam of Restless, by Ringgold, out of Mildred, dam of Monarchist, &c. Also Eglantine, by Lambda, the dam of that capital race mare Ruth; also Lilac, by Lightning, out of Dolly Carter, the dam of Phoenix Belle, Joe Daniels &c., and Lilac produced Etta Powell, Violet and Gen. Rowett's fine colt Cousin Vio.

#### Pedestrianism.

#### A CHALLENGE FOR BARNEs.

TORONTO, Oct. 24, 1876.

To the Editor of Sporting Times.

SIR,—I am prepared to make a match with Mr. J. S. Barnes, of this city, to run seventy-five yards, at the half-mile track, for from \$100 to \$500 at any time he may choose. If Mr. Barnes will leave a deposit with the SPORTING TIMES, I will immediately cover it and sign articles.

THOMAS BROWN.

#### A PLETHORA OF PEDESTRIANS.

It is said there are a greater number of professional pedestrians in this city at the present time than ever before known. Representatives from all sections of America are engineering for matches, and it will be surprising if something big does not grow out of this influx. They are mostly all short distance runners; a well-known quartermiler from Ottawa had to go home last week, not being able to get a race at that distance.

:o:  
BROWN FORFEITS.

Friday evening last at six o'clock, was the limit of the time for the last deposit in the match between Brown and Barnes. The Barnes party had made their portion of the money good previous to that hour, but the "browns" were not forthcoming for the American at the final, and the Canuck claimed forfeit of the whole money down in accordance with the articles of agreement. \$250 were paid over to Barnes, being the whole amount in our hands. It will be seen Brown offers to make a fresh match at 75 yards on almost any terms with Barnes.

:o:  
BROWN vs. FLEETWOOD.

We learn that Brown, of Ottawa, ran a ten-mile foot race at Ogdensburg, N.Y., on the 17th, with a man named Fleetwood. The latter burst a blood vessel at the end of the fifth mile, and Brown therefore had the field to himself.

The first caribou of the season was shot at Chateau Richer, Que., on the 19th inst.

*Canadian Turf.*

## MONTREAL HUN RACES.

## SECOND DAY.

BLOD BUNNERS, MONTREAL, Oct. 17.—For a piece of Plato of the value of \$300. For horses that have been regularly and fairly hunted with the Montreal Fox Hounds during the current season, and *bona fide* the property of gentleman members of the Hunt prior to 1st October, 1876; to be ridden by gentleman members elected before same date, over about three miles fair hunting country. Weight, 12 stone.

Major Handyside, b h, Moonstone, aged... 1  
And All in, ch w Shira, aged ..... 2  
Dr. Kingston, ch g Bibakiba, aged ..... 3

Time—7:36.

This race was easily disposed of, Moonstone coming in a long way ahead. At the third jump Bibakiba's rider was thrown over the fence, but lost no time in getting into the saddle again; his chances for the cup were gone, however, from that moment.

Same Day—Open Handicap. Purse \$300. \$250 to first, 50 to second. Open to all horses; over the Cup Course.

Alex Gordon, b h Bonanza, aged, 151 lbs.... 1  
Mr Whyte's Bertie Cecil, 147 lbs ..... 2  
J E Mullin's Galatea, 131 lbs ..... 3  
Fisher & Carson, b g Kelso ..... dr  
Dr. Kingston, ch g Bibakiba.....dr

No time.

This was the race to which everybody had looked forward to with keen anticipation and it proved to be a most exciting contest. A very fair start was made, and everything went smoothly until the second fence was reached, when Galatea fell. Bonanza now got a decided lead and kept it, notwithstanding that Bertie pushed him for a time, and would have given him something to do to keep it had not a stumble sent McBride to grass. The race was now apparently between Bonanza and Galatea, but in another instant Roach was spalled. Bonanza now appeared as if he would have the race to himself, but McBride was already in the saddle, clearing everything before him. At the stone fence Bonanza was only two lengths ahead, and they were even before they came to the last jump. From this time the race was a pretty one, Bonanza coming in the winner by not much more than a length. After this race a purse was made up for McBride, which he very well deserved for his pluck and horsemanship.

Same Day—Consolation Handicap. Purse, \$100; \$75 to first, 25 to second. For horses beaten during the meeting, winners excluded. Over the green course.

Mr Mullin's Galatea, 158 lbs ..... 1  
Mr. Penniston's Minnie Mac, 147 lbs ..... 2  
Mr.—'s Harry Duff, 144 lbs ..... 0  
Mr J Crawford's Fusilier, 154 lbs..... 0

Fusilier took the lead at the start and did well till he came to the white-washed fence, which he refused repeatedly, and so fell out of the race. Galatea here took up the lead, and, after a little struggle with Minnie Mac, came in an easy winner.

## RACING AT OTTAWA.

## MUTCHISON PARK.

Oct 16 and 17.—\$200. Trotting. Open to all. \$140, 40, 20.

B Barnes, blk g Frank..... 3 1 2 1 2 1  
T Ives, bg Low Ives..... 1 2 3 2 1 2  
D Jenkins, grh Joe Brown..... 2 3 1 8 3 3  
E O White, gr g Jack Draper.... 4 4 dr

— Vanvalkenburg, gr Capt Smith dr  
W W Baldwin, bg The Moose.. dr

Time—2:32, 2:29, 2:31, 2:30, 2:30, 2:33.

Two heats only trotted on 16th.

Oct 16.—\$175. Running. Open to all horses. Dash of a mile and a half. Handicap. \$150, 25.

J Lannan, br g Maritime, 4 yrs, by Jack Lane, dam by imported Sambo, 115 lbs.... 1

W Williams, ch g Beaconsfield, 3 yrs, by Australian, dam Sue Washington, 100 lbs.... 2

A Todd, b g Edenton, aged, by Ulsterston, dam Amanda, 110 lbs..... 0

A Fisher, ch g Pilot, 5 yrs, by Jack the Barber, dam by Pilot..... dr

D Shoff, d g Protection, aged, by Norton, dam by Wagner..... dr

Time—2:40.

Same Day—\$100. Corinthian Stakes. Running. Open to all horses. Dash of a mile. Gentleman riders. Weights—3 years, 180 lbs; 4 years, 140 lbs; 5 years and aged, 150 lbs. Dominion breeds allowed 10 lbs.

J Lannan, br g Maritime (ped. above) ..... Emmondo 1

Dr Coleman, ch g Marmion, 4 yrs, by Flambton Court, dam by Glencoo..... 2

W Williams, bg The Squire, 6 yrs, by King Lear, dam Generil..... 0

A Todd, b g Edenton (ped above)..... 0

Lola Montez was declared favorite at odds of eight to five. For the hurdle race Claret was a slight favorite, some pools calling even on the Squire.

Oct. 19.—\$100. Trotting. 2:40 class.

C Wagner, g m Lola Montez..... 1 1 1

F Baldwin, b m Nellie Thorn..... 2 2 2

A Harris, ch g Moscow..... 3 3 3

J Smith, b m Maggie B..... 0 0 0

Time—2:40, 2:42, 2:43.

Same Day—\$150. Hurdle Race. Dash of two miles.

Jas McQuade, b h Claret..... 1

D S Booth, b g The Squire..... 2

M Flynn, b m Nellie..... dr

No time.

Oct. 20.—\$. Extra Race. Trotting. 2:40 class.

C Wagner, g m Lola Montez..... 1 1 1

A Harris, ch g Moscow..... 2 2 2

F Baldwin, b m Nellie Thorn..... 3 3 3

Best time—2:41.

Same Day—\$. Trotting. Free for all.

D Jenkins, gr h Joe Brown..... 1 1 1

W Hunt, wt g White Cloud..... 2 2 2

No time.

Same Day—\$. Running. Green Race.

D S Booth, b g The Squire..... 1

Jas McQuade, b h Claret..... 2

Owner's Gauanquo Girl..... 3

Three others started.

\* Protested us not being eligible.

## TROTTING AT OSHAWA.

There was a little match trot at Oshawa last Friday, which created considerable excitement and brought out quite a large number of spectators. The track was in very fine order, reflecting credit on Mr. Conant's care.

Oshawa, Oct. 20.—\$. Trotting Match. Charley to beat Jeff Davis ten rods. Mile heats in 5, in harness.

C Gilbreath, spf g Charley..... 1 1 1

A C Trull, ch g Jeff Davis, by Geo M Patchen..... 2 2 2

Time—2:52, 2:54, 2:51.

## RACING AT TRURO, N. S.

Truro, Oct 11.—Purse \$—.

Owner's Discount..... 1 1 1  
Owner's Little Maid..... 2 2 2  
Owner's Honest Bob..... 3 3 3

Time—2:41, 2:41, 2:41.

Same Day.—Consolation purse \$—; running, mile heats.

Owner's Count..... 2 1 1

Owner's Fawn..... 3 2 2

Owner's Young William..... 4 3 0

Owner's Lightfoot..... 1 ro

Time—2:05, 2:05, 2:07.

Oct 11 and 12.—Purse \$—.

Owner's Discount..... 2 2 1 1 1

Owner's Nellie Thorne..... 1 1 2 2 2

Time—2:44, 2:41, 2:42, 2:43, 2:43.

Same Day—Purse \$—; for stallions.

Owner's Combination..... 1 1 1

Owner's Prince William..... 2 2 2

Owner's Gen Knox..... 3 dr

Time—2:57, 2:55, 2:47.

Same Day—Purse \$—; free for all.

Owner's King William..... 2 1 1 1

Owner's Nellie Thorne..... 1 2 2 2

Owner's Gipsey Queen..... 4 4 3 3

Owner's Discount..... 3 3 4 dr

Time—2:44, 2:41, 2:42, 2:43.

## EQUINE OBITUARY.

## WILD IRISHMAN.

The noted race-horse Wild Irishman, the property of Hon A. B. Conger, Esq., of the Walden stud, Rockland County, N.Y., died on Wednesday 11th inst. at the stables of his owner, of general debility, induced by old age. Wild Irishman, bay horse, foaled 1850, was bred by W. S. Buford, Esq., of Kentucky; he was sired by imp. Glencoe, dam Mary Morris, by Medoc, 2nd dam Miss Obstinate, by Sumpter; 3rd dam Jenny Slamerkin, by Tiger, &c. He was a good race horse in his day, and made himself famous by running second to Lexington in the great sweepstakes race in Kentucky when the son of Boston and Alice Carnal distanced all the field but Wild Irishman. As a two-year old Wild Irishman ran but once, when he obtained second place in a mile dash in a field of four. As a three-year old he was very successful. His first victory was in a two-mile heat race at Crab Orchard, Ky., which he won in two heats in 3:50; 3:51. At Louisville, Ky., he won the Galt House Stake, two mile heats, over a heavy track, distancing a field of five, in 4:01. As a four-year old, Wild Irishman was also successful; he won a race of mile heats, in straight heats, in 1:51, 1:49. He ran second in two-mile heats, at Long Island, and won a race of mile heats, National Course, Long Island, in 1:47.

Time—2:40.

Same Day—\$100. Corinthian Stakes. Running. Open to all horses. Dash of a mile.

Gentlemen riders. Weights—3 years, 180 lbs;

4 years, 140 lbs; 5 years and aged, 150 lbs.

Dominion breeds allowed 10 lbs.

J Lannan, br g Maritime (ped. above) ..... Emmondo 1

Dr Coleman, ch g Marmion, 4 yrs, by Flambton Court, dam by Glencoo..... 2

W Williams, bg The Squire, 6 yrs, by King Lear, dam Generil..... 0

A Todd, b g Edenton (ped above)..... 0

Time—2:32, 2:29, 2:31, 2:30, 2:30, 2:33.

Two heats only trotted on 16th.

Oct 16.—\$175. Running. Open to all horses. Dash of a mile and a half. Handicap. \$150, 25.

J Lannan, br g Maritime, 4 yrs, by Jack Lane, dam by imported Sambo, 115 lbs.... 1

W Williams, ch g Beaconsfield, 3 yrs, by Australian, dam Sue Washington, 100 lbs.... 2

A Todd, b g Edenton, aged, by Ulsterston, dam Amanda, 110 lbs..... 0

A Fisher, ch g Pilot, 5 yrs, by Jack the Barber, dam by Pilot..... dr

D Shoff, d g Protection, aged, by Norton, dam by Wagner..... dr

Time—2:40.

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W Williams, bg The Squire, 6 yrs, by King Lear, dam Generil..... 0

A Todd, b g Edenton (ped above)..... 0

Time—2:40.

Same Day—\$150. Hurdle Race. Dash of two miles.

Jas McQuade, b h Claret..... 1

D S Booth, b g The Squire..... 2

M Flynn, b m Nellie..... dr

No time.

Oct. 19.—\$100. Trotting. 2:40 class.

C Wagner, g m Lola Montez..... 1 1 1

F Baldwin, b m Nellie Thorn..... 2 2 2

A Harris, ch g Moscow..... 3 3 3

J Smith, b m Maggie B..... 0 0 0

Time—2:40, 2:42, 2:43.

Same Day—\$. Hurdle Race. Dash of two miles.

Jas McQuade, b h Claret..... 1

D S Booth, b g The Squire..... 2

M Flynn, b m Nellie..... dr

No time.

Oct. 20.—\$. Extra Race. Trotting. 2:40 class.

C Wagner, g m Lola Montez..... 1 1 1

F Baldwin, b m Nellie Thorn..... 2 2 2

A Harris, ch g Moscow..... 3 3 3

J Smith, b m Maggie B..... 0 0 0

Time—2:40, 2:42, 2:43.

Same Day—\$. Hurdle Race. Dash of two miles.

they came to the last jump. From this time the race was a pretty one, Bonanza coming in the winner by not much more than a length. After this race a purse was made up for McBride, which he very well deserved for his pluck and horsemanship.

Same Day—Consolation Handicap. Purse, \$100; \$75 to first, 25 to second. For horses beaten during the meeting, winners excluded. Over the green course.

Mr Mullin's Galatea, 158 lbs ..... 1  
Mr. Peniston's Minnie Mac, 147 lbs ..... 2  
Mr.—'s Harry Duff, 144 lbs ..... 0  
Mr J Crawford's Fusilier, 154 lbs ..... 0

Fusilier took the lead at the start and did well till he came to the white-washed fence, which he refused repeatedly, and so fell out of the race. Galatea here took up the lead, and, after a little struggle with Minnie Mac, came in an easy winner.

#### RACING AT OTTAWA.

##### MURCHISON PARK.

Oct 16 and 17.—\$200. Trotting. Open to all. \$140, 40, 20.  
B Barnes, blg g Frank ..... 3 1 2 1 2 1  
T Ives, bg Lew Ives ..... 1 2 3 2 1 2  
D Jenkins, grb Joe Brown ..... 2 3 1 3 3 3  
E C White, gr g Jack Draper ..... 4 4 dr  
W W Baldwin, b g The Moose. dr  
Time—2:32 1/2, 2:29 1/2, 2:31, 2:30, 2:30, 2:33 1/2.

\* Two heats only trotted on 16th.

Oct 16.—\$175. Running. Open to all horses. Dash of a mile and a half. Handicap. \$150, 25.  
J Lannan, br g Maritime, 4 yrs, by Jack Lane, dam by imported Sambo, 115 lbs ..... 1  
W Williams, ch g Beaconsfield, 3 yrs, by Australian, dm Sue Washington, 100 lbs ..... 2  
A Todd, b g Edenton, aged, by Ulverston, dam Amanda, 110 lbs ..... 0  
A Fisher, ch g Pilot, 5 yrs, by Jack the Barber, dam by Pilot ..... dr  
D Shoff, b g Protection, aged, by Norton, dam by Wagner ..... dr  
Time—2:49.

Same Day—\$100. Corinthian Stakes. Running. Open to all horses. Dash of a mile. Gentlemen riders. Weights—3 yrs., 130 lbs; 4 years, 140 lbs; 5 years and aged 150 lbs. Dominion breeds allowed 10 lbs.  
J Lannan, br g Maritime (ped. above) ..... Esmonde 1  
Dr Coleman, ch g Marmion, 4 yrs, by Hamp-ton Court, dam by Glencoe ..... 2  
W Williams, ch g The Squire, 6 yrs, by King Lear, dam Goneril ..... 0  
A Todd, b g Edenton (ped. above) ..... 0  
A Fisher, ch g Pilot ..... dr  
D Shoff, b g Protection ..... dr  
Time—1:51 1/2.

Oct 17.—\$150. Steeplechase. Open to all. Dr Coleman's Marmion (ped. above) ..... 1  
Owner's Harcourt ..... 2  
J Fitzsimmon's Wagram ..... 3  
Owner's Bay Jack ..... 4  
No time.

#### RACING AT BROCKVILLE.

The fall races on the Brockville Driving Park commenced on Tuesday, 17th, under very favorable auspices. The weather was excellent and the track in good condition. The attendance was not as large as could have been desired. The first race was the three minute trot for a purse of \$100.

BROCKVILLE, Oct. 17.—\$100. Trotting. 3:00 class.  
W H Comstock, b g W H C ..... 2 1 1 2 2 1  
F Baldwir b m Rosa ..... 3 3 4 1 1 2  
D Russell, b g Honest George ..... 1 2 2 3 4 8  
W Smith, b g Barney Smith ..... 4 4 3 4 3 0  
Time—3:10, 3:05, 3:06, 3:03, 3:04, 3:07.

Same Day—\$100. Running. Mile heats.  
J Lannan's Maritime ..... 1 1  
Owner's Claret ..... 2 2  
Time—1:55, 158.

The weather on Thursday was beautifully fine and the track was in good condition. There was a much larger attendance than on the first day, and the sport was all that could be desired. Pool selling was lively. For the trot, Moscow, Lola Montez, and Maggie B., was about equal for first choice. Just before the race, however,

TUESDAY, Oct 11.—Part 2

Owner's Discount ..... 1 1 1  
Owner's Little Maid ..... 2 2 2  
Owner's Honest Bob ..... 3 3 3  
Time—2:41 1/2, 2:41, 2:41.

Same Day.—Consolation purse \$—; running, mile heats.

Owner's Count ..... 2 1 1  
Owner's Fawn ..... 3 2 2  
Owner's Young William ..... 4 3 to  
Owner's Lightfoot ..... 1 to  
Time—2:05, 2:05, 2:07.

Oct 11 and 12.—Purse \$—.

Owner's Discount ..... 2 2 1 1 1  
Owner's Nellie Thorpe ..... 1 1 2 2 2  
Time—2:44, 2:41, 2:42, 2:43, 2:43.

Same Day—Purse \$—; for stallions.

Owner's Combination ..... 1 1 1  
Owner's Prince William ..... 2 2 2  
Owner's Gen Knox ..... 3 dr

Time—2:57, 2:55, 2:47.

Same Day—Purse \$—; free for all.

Owner's King William ..... 2 1 1 1  
Owner's Nellie Thorpe ..... 1 2 2 2  
Owner's Gipsy Queen ..... 4 4 3 3  
Owner's Discount ..... 3 3 4 dr

Time—2:44, 2:41, 2:42, 2:42.

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##### WILD IRISHMAN.

The noted race-horse Wild Irishman, the property of Hon A. B. Conger, Esq., of the Waldberg stud, Rockland County, N.Y., died on Wednesday, 11th inst., at the stables of his owner, of general debility, induced by old age. Wild Irishman, bay horse, foaled 1850, was bred by W. S. B. Ford, Esq., of Kentucky; he was sired by imp Glencoe, dam Mary Morris, by Medoc; 2nd dam Miss Obstinate, by Sampter; 3rd dam Jenny Slamerkin, by Tiger, &c. He was a good race horse in his day, and made himself famous by running second to Lexington in the great sweepstakes race in Kentucky when the son of Boston and Alco Carneal distanced all the field but Wild Irishman. As a two-year old Wild Irishman ran but once, when he obtained second place in a mile dash in a field of four. As a three-year old he was very successful. His first victory was in a two mile heat race at Crab Orchard, Ky., which he won in two heats in 3:50, 3:51. At Louisville, Ky., he won the Galt House Stake, two mile heats, over a heavy track, distancing a field of five, in 4:01. As a four-year old, Wild Irishman was also successful; he won a race of mile heats, in straight heats, in 1:51, 1:49. He ran second in two-mile heats, at Long Island, and won a race of mile heats, National Course, Long Island, in 1:47 1/2, 1:49. Wild Irishman, having but few opportunities, has not distinguished himself in the stud. His present owner, Mr. Conger, in the last few years allowed him cover a number of trotting mares, some of which are turning out promising foals of his get.

#### The Ring.

##### RICHARDSON vs. WELSH.

The admirers of the "noble art of self-defence" in Montreal, will, on the 30th inst., have a fine opportunity of witnessing an exhibition by two noted masters, viz., Mr. Richardson, of Montreal, and Mr. Welsh, of Boston. To add zest to the encounter, the stakes have been made \$100 a side, the winner to have the receipts of the house. The first deposit was made at Moran's, Craig street, last week; the second was made on the 17th inst., at Brand's. The third was made at Labouchier's, St. Lawrence Main street, on the 21st inst.

On Tuesday week a bear, weighing 284 pounds, was shot on lot 8, con. 8, Hay.

A number of valuable dogs have been maliciously poisoned in Guelph during the past few weeks.

The Chatham Planet, Oct. 20, says:—“Some very fine specimens of wild turkeys

G. C. Mart. B. Sec. Tres.; A. Robertson, Jr. Robt. Mitch. II, Alx. Bruce, John Anderson, Committee of Management.

#### LONDON.

The following are the newly elected officers of the Union Curling Club of London:—President, Mr. Geo. B. Harris; Vice-President, Col. R. L. Lewis; Chaplain, Rev. Dr. Proudfoot, Sec. Tres.; Thomas Westcott, Committee of Management—Col. Moffat, Chas. Murray, W. Y. Brunton, Chas. W. Andrus, H. Fysh and E. Carr.

#### HAMILTON.

The annual meeting of the Thistle Curling Club was held on the 13th inst. The liabilities of this club were stated to be \$120, but the amount of the unpaid subscriptions was quite sufficient if paid up to meet the liabilities. The election of officers resulted as follows:—Patron, Hon. Isaac Buchanan; President, F. R. Despard; Vice-President, Alex. Harvey; Chaplain, Rev. J. C. Smith; Treasurer, John Harvey; Secretary, G. H. Gillespie. Representative Members, the President and Vice-President. Committee of Management, James Simpson, John Smith, A. Sutherland, and the officers of the Club. Skips, James Simpson, G. H. Gillespie, J. Jardine, John Harvey, George Murison, T. D. Walker and John Barry.

#### SCARBORO.

The annual meeting of the Maple Leaf Curling Club of Scarboro' was held at Ellesmere on Wednesday last, when the following officers were elected:—August Morrison, Patron; Jas. Thomson, President; Walter Glendinning, Vice-President; Robert Malcolm, Archibald Glendinning, Representative Members; Rev. Malcolm Magilvary, Chaplain, Richard Thomson, Treasurer; Andrew Young, Secretary; John Whiteside, Robert Glendinning, Adam Richardson, Robert Thomson, Committee of Management.

The annual Bonspiel of the Ontario branch of the Royal Canadian Curling Club will be held this year in Hamilton.

#### Aquatic.

##### SCHARFF v. MORRIS.

The single scull race between Billy Scharff and Evan Morris for \$2,000 and the championship, took place at Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 21st inst. In the betting, Scharff was the favorite, several pools having been sold last night at odds of \$15 to \$25 in his favor. The contestants have been in active training at their quarters and both were in prime condition. Scharff pulls 153 pounds, and Morris 150. The course selected was on the Monongahela river, starting opposite the Salt Works Station extending two and a half miles up the river to the turning boat and return. This course is nearly three eights of a mile longer than the Brown-Coulter one, and is three hundred yards further up the river. The race was won by Scharff by one length. Time, 35, 35.

##### RACE FOR A GOLD MEDAL.

A skiff race took place on Toronto Bay, on Saturday afternoon, for a gold medal, presented by the Ontario Rowing Club for competition amongst its amateur members. There were three entries, G. Oakley, E. Roach, and W. Moss. A good start was effected, and for half a mile no one could claim an advantage. At the end of that distance Roach gradually drew ahead of his opponents, and passed the winning post one boat length ahead of Oakley, who was several lengths ahead of Moss.

##### ROSS DEFEATS BRAYLEY.

The single scull race between Brayley and Wallace Ross came off on the 19th, on the

Flora Belle.—This noted mushroom in the trotting line is doing her Eastern owner proud as a broad mare. She dropped a colt by Volunteer, in August last, which they dubbed Ruth Volunteer. Flora Belle once trotted a mile in 2:22 1/2, but lacking stamina her turf career was short.

Snowball and Seagull Parker.—These well-known trotters, the former with a record of 2:27 1/2, and the latter 2:23 1/2, were last week sold at Heckness' Bazaar, Philadelphia. Snowball was purchased by Mr. Wm. McBride, at \$400, and the latter passed into the stable of Mr. Robert St. cl at \$700.

The Executive Committee of the Maryland Jockey Club offer the owners of Tom Ouch, true and Ten Broek, in the event of their agreeing to run these horses in a dash of four miles, on extra day at the spring meeting of 1877 at Pimlico, to pay them respectively \$500 each, to defray their travelling expenses, and to divide with the winner of the event the gate and stand receipts of the day; the rules and weights of the Maryland Jockey Club to govern the race.

**New Horse Disease in California.**—A strange and fatal disease has attacked the horses near the foot-hills above Rockville, Cal. A large number have died within a few days, and many more have been stricken with it. After death the membrane that supports the bowels is of a yellowish color and is soft and rotten, while the whole cavity outside the intestines is filled with water. No remedies yet applied have, in the slightest degree, arrested the disease after a horse has been once attacked with it.

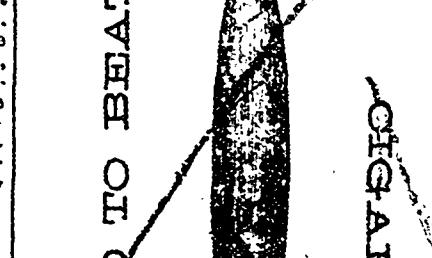
#### SPECIAL NOTICES.

A new candidate for smokers' favor appears in our advertising columns to-day. The "Hard-to-Beat" cigar, manufactured in Montreal by Messrs. Heyneman & Harris, is rapidly working its way into the graces of those who use the weed. The manufacturers assure us the standard of excellence is maintained in every box of their manufacture, and the rapid sale this particular brand has obtained is a guarantee of its worth.

Mr. Maginn, of the Royal Opera House Billiard Room, has an intimation of his business in to-day's paper. Besides managing the room, Jimmy is agent for the most popular American billiard manufacturers.

Prof. Smith, of the O.K. Barber Shop and Bath Rooms, hangs out his sign in our columns to-day. The place is appropriately named, as everything from the proprietor down will be found O. K.

#### CLAYARD TO BEAT CEDAR.



**Heyneman and Harris, Manufacturers, Montreal**

and the management of Messrs. Palmer, will present *Jubilee* on Nov. 7 and 8, with the same complements that marked the production at Brith's, New York. They will be supported by Mr. F. B. Ward and a powerful dramatic company. Julius Caesar is the coming attraction in dramatic circles here, and will certainly be greeted with ovations.

Ex-Mayor Manning, who has purchased the Grand Opera House, intends making extensive alterations in the building. The stage will be placed where the auditorium now is, and vice versa, and the main entrance will be from King street, along which, in front of the Opera House, a row of handsome brick stores will be erected.

Manager Joseph Cobay will open the regular dramatic season at the Royal Opera House, on November 20th. He has already secured Neil Warner, leading; C. W. Coulcock, old man; Miss Sophie Mills, leading, and Miss Anna Wakeman, juveniles. Popular prices of admission are spoken of, viz.:—\$0, 35, and 25 cents.

#### GENERAL.

At the Academy of Music, Montreal, on Monday, was produced by McDowell's Shaugrahan Company, an adaptation of Ouida's popular novel of "Tricotin."

Tom Thumb and party, consisting of the veteran General and wife, Miss Minnie Warren, and Major Newell, will appear in two performances daily at the Théâtre Royal, Montreal, all this week.

Miss Rose Ertinge, supported by Abbey's Dramatic Company, was at Mechanics' Hall, Hamilton, on Monday evening last, and produced in that city for the first time Louis Michel.

Gen. Tom Thumb is billed for Ottawa, Oct. 31 and Nov. 1.

James Haywood's New York Serenaders were at Gowan's Opera House, Ottawa, on Oct. 23.

After the performance at the Holman Opera House, London, on Saturday evening, as Mr. Harry Lindley came out at the stage entrance, he was confronted by two or three young men, one of whom dealt him a severe blow on the forehead, making a large cut, from which the blood flowed profusely. On Sunday morning a young man named Rumbough was arrested on suspicion of being the person who dealt the blow.

Julius Caesar, by the Barrett-Davenport Combination, is announced for Holman Opera House, London, Nov. 6.

The Gangero Royal Yeddo Japs were at Holman Opera House, London, for three nights, commencing Oct. 23. They are coming east.

Ado Gray is playing in the eastern towns, having been at Whitby this week. Mr. C. Watkins is business manager.

It is reported Sir Randal Roberts is collecting a company to support him in a tour of Canada under his own personal management.

Prof. Palmer, the phrenologist, is announced for a course of ten lectures at Guelph, commencing on Nov. 2.

**Byron.**—This fast and lusty representative of the Royal George Family was last week sold by Mr. George Lindenberger, of Louisville, Ky., to Mr. W. J. Neely, of Ottawa, Ill. In company with Neely, Harry Clay is to share the honors of a stud at Mr. Neely's next season. Byron was possessed of a fine turn of speed, having a public record of 2:25 1/2, and three of his progeny that have been trained justify the confidence that he will obtain popularity as a sire. In the Richmond region of Kentucky, having a run of a season there, he is a great favorite.

*Miscellaneous.*

Far dealers from the Upper Ottawa report the supply of furs plentiful but prices very low.

The Rond Eau News says the wife of a gentleman near there killed seven quails at one shot a few days since.

Mr. James Loadman, of Hay, owns a three year old filly, which weighs 1,776 pounds.

The Samoan remedy for sleeplessness is to imprison a snake in a hollow bamboo, and place it under a pillow. The hissing sound emitted is said to be highly soporific.

The salmon product of the Columbia river, Oregon, this season, amounts this year to 40,000,000 pounds, and the value of the portion of this great product canned for shipment exceeds \$8,000,000.

Saturday, September 30, was a lucky day for the fishing smacks of New London, Conn., which on that day struck a shoal of mackerel a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide. The haul amounted to \$10,000.

Frank Buckland, the English naturalist, tells of finding a trout lying dead on its back with a deer fixed tight in one of its gills. The big fish had tried to swallow the little one, and both had perished in the attempt.

Mr. P. Guntor, of Minden, a few days ago, killed one of the largest deer ever seen in that part of the country. The carcass weighed 280 pounds, and the horns measured from tip to tip over six feet.

FOOT RACE.—Between the interval at the races at Ottawa, on the 10th, a foot race of 100 yards took place between W. Williams, of Ottawa, and a stranger who entered his name as Saratoga. The race was won by a few inches by the stranger.

According to the Glasgow Herald of the 29th ult., a brood of chickens hatched Feb. 26, 1876, at Ingraham, Fintry, began to lay on July 2, and now one of them can be seen in all the gravity of full-blown motherhood, with five chickens from her own eggs, hatched on the 19th.

One of those most noble of the birds of prey—an eagle—was shot a few days ago by a sportsman at Allisonville, Prince Edward. It was a fine specimen, and the lucky Nimrod who slew the bird found a purchaser for it in Mr. Charles Gillen, who will add it to his already fine collection.

There is a considerable commerce in toads between France and England. A toad of good size and in fair condition will fetch about twenty-five cents in the London market, and a dozen of the extra quality are worth five dollars. Market gardeners employ them to keep down insects.

Colonel Thomas G. Bacon, of Edgefield, S. C., who died recently, was well known as one of the oldest and most honorable racing men in the country. He was a colonel in the Confederate army during the war, and after the war served as State Senator. He left the turf about two years ago, and has since been a breeder of blooded horses. His stud comprises some of the best stock in the United States.

A WARNING.—People should be very careful as to the position in which they hold pop-bottles in their hands while removing the corks. A few days ago a hotel-keeper in Hamilton was struck in the left eye by a cork from a soda-water bottle which he was opening, and inflammation set in, it is feared he will lose the sight. This accident will serve as a warning to others.

Charles Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant, while lecturing in an English town the other night, were interrupted by persons in the audience. Mr. Bradlaugh intimated that the next man doing it should be put out, whereupon a local tradesman "dared him." Down came Bradlaugh from the platform, and the subsequent proceedings were painfully interesting to the local tradesman.

Amateur sportsmen from Elmira have been scouring the woods in Chemung county for squirrels, much to the annoyance of a worthy member of the Farmers' Club. One day he procured two or three squirrels, had them stuffed, took them to the woods, and nailed them to the limbs of trees where they could be easily seen. His young friends have been improving their marksmanship, with a maximum吐息 of powder and lead, and a maximum consumption of squirrel pie.

The Register, published at Waco, Texas, says: "A wild horse, without saddle, made its appearance in this section of the State not long since, bearing the body of a man. The horse was at length caught, and the body was found strapped to the horse, and had been dead for some time."

We have been shown, says the Kingston News, a curiosity in the shape of a small swordfish, which was caught in the harbour. It is nine inches long, with a snout nearly three inches in length. We believe that there are large numbers of these animals in the harbour and below the bridge, where they pick the oakum out of the seams of barges and vessels, causing sometimes considerable damage.

Mr. A. Reid, merchant, Bonnygate, Cupar-Fife, was fishing recently in the Eden and, bending a little over the stream, a large otter sprang on the bank and attempted to seize him. His wife fetched a gun, and he was successful in shooting the animal in the neck. On being dragged to the shore and measured it was found to be four feet one inch in length, and weighed twenty-two pounds. It was chocolate in color, and considered to be about eight years of age.

A CURIOSITY.—a few days ago one of the horns of wapiti was turned up by the plough on the farm of Mr. Robert J. Hinton, Nepean. The horn measures three feet nine inches from the base to the offshoot of the first branch, and twelve inches in circumference near where it sprung from the skull. This horn when complete must have been at least seven feet high, and belonged unquestionably to an animal of the largest kind of the species. The finding occasionally of horns of this description established the fact that there majestic animals once abounded here.

*UNTAILING A MERMAID.*

In the good old days of Louis Phillippe a showman advertised at the fair at Caen a strange monster, the produce of a rabbit and carp. When the crowd flocked to the booth the Barnum pointed out a rabbit munching in his hutch and a carp bounding in a tank.

"Messieurs et Mesdemoiselles, there is the father, there is the mother. His Majesty Louis Phillippe having, unfortunately, sent for the offspring, I shall be deprived of the honor of showing it to you until the Royal curiosity has been fully gratified."

The showman at the St. Lazare fair at Marseilles should have followed his prudential system. He advertised a living mermaid, and there she was, a fine fair creature with a girl's head and a fish tail, floundering in a huge tank; but Frenchmen have an itching propensity to pinch tails, which led to the discovery that the denizens in piscem was caoutchouc, and in the mulier formosa superne the Marseillais recognized the features of a phryne well known on the Cannetiere. A riot ensued, during which the syren slipped her extremities from her indiarubber tail and bolted behind the scenes, whilst the crowd demolished the booth and insisted on being refunded the two sous which they had paid for intermission. Lord Eldon's brother, Lord Stowell, had a strange fancy for these spectacles, and was well known to all the showmen. He was attracted in Holborn one day by the picture of a mermaid to be seen living within; but the conscientious Barnum stopped him at the door, "It's only the old say sarpint, my lad," and would not take his money.

*FROM FIELD TO TABLE IN ELEVEN MINUTES.*

The citizens of Carrollton, Mo., have been employed in ascertaining in how short a time wheat can be taken from the field and put down in bread on the table. The Miller's Journal prints a letter signed by the judges, county officials, editors and other citizens of Carrollton asserting the truth of following experiment which they watched with watches in hand. The statement is as follows:—"The undersigned citizens of Carrollton and vicinity certify that a trial made this day for the purpose of ascertaining the time in which bread could be made from wheat taken in the field standing, the following time was made by J. F. Lawton, proprietor of the mill: Commenced cutting with reaper at 8:01 p.m.; finished cutting, 8:02; began threshing, 8:02½; finished one bushel at 8:03½. Commenced grinding at 8:04½; finished at 8:06½. Mrs. Lawton began making bread at 8:08½. Griddle cake baked at 8:09½; and biscuit baked and eaten at 8:13; the whole accomplished in 11 minutes. The reaper and thresher and the mill were thoroughly cleaned out before the trial commenced.

Too MUCH FOR HIM.—There is a Frenchman at Mount Sherwood who counts himself somewhat more than a match for the common run of folk. Yesterday, however, he met with a tough customer in the person of

*Horse Notes.*

**VERY FINE.**—This promising three-year-old filly, by Enquirer, dam Fanny Wells, on her return from the Louisville races, was allowed to run freely in a large lot. In galloping about she slipped and broke her right fore-leg.

**CALVIN.**—This fine four-year-old brown colt, by Tipperary, dam Lucy Fowler, met with a serious accident while running loose in his paddock a few days ago. His groom had just left him, when he started to gallop around; not seeing very well, he plunged through the gate, blinding him forever, besides receiving several severe cuts on his head, neck, and body.

**THE RINGERS.**—We are informed, on unquestionable authority, that the old trotter, Myron Perry, record 2:24½, appeared as a ringer recently at Sharon, Pa. Hotspur, record 2:24, trotted, a short time ago, in a race for a slow class, and got one heat in 2:81½, but a prior arrangement had been made with the judges that no time should be announced faster than 2:85, and it was hung out at that figure. The idea of Hotspur objecting to a 2:85 record, is rich. The crop of ringers this season is unusually large. We hear of them all over the country.

**BLACKWOOD, JR.**—This remarkable young stallion, who won the Championship Cup at Breeder's Centennial, is now in New York, in charge of his trainer and driver, A. J. McKimmin, of Nashville, Tenn. For a five-year-old he has had a remarkably busy season, having trotted fourteen races, served sixty-three mares, and travelled many hundreds of miles. He seems to be the toughest of the tough. In training for his races, he is given little, if any, track work, but gets his exercise drawing a buggy with two persons. The day before he made his final at Suffolk Park he drew two persons from the track to the Centennial grounds, and back, over heavy roads, a distance of about sixteen miles. Queer treatment of a trotter, but this horse seems to thrive under it.

**A HORSE MEETS WITH A SINGULAR DEATH.**—The Pottstown (Pa.) Ledger publishes the following singular occurrence: "While Mr. Ludwig was driving his trotting stallion Black Shark home from the races, a barking dog made the beast run away. Mr. Ludwig was thrown out. The horse jumped over a stone wall into a field, where there was an apple tree with two limbs in the shape of a letter V. Into this crotch the horse leaped, and was held as though screwed in a vice. To release him, Mr. Ludwig sawed a limb of the tree."

*A NEW WAY TO KILL FISH.*

We have heretofore advised killing fish by a blow on the head. Dr. E. Sterling, in Rod and Gun, suggests inserting the cutting edge of a "hook extractor" into the fleshy base of the triangle between the gills. He says that "from the incision the blood is all let out with a gush through the opening made into the heart, killing the fish instantly and in a way that ought to be very satisfactory to the most sensitive humanitarian. The fish so treated keeps longer and is in better condition for the table."

**FOR DOG BITES.**—The following remarks are suggested by Dr. Napheys:

1. Tie a string tightly between the bitten part and the body. This can always be done when it is a leg or an arm which is bitten, as is usually the case. It is to prevent the poison from being absorbed into the system.

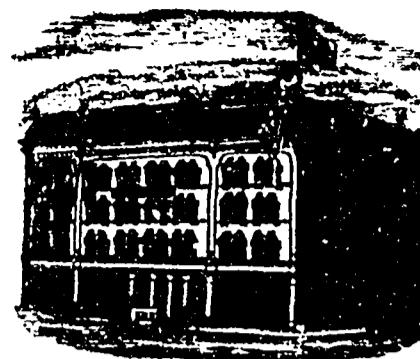
2. Wash the wound thoroughly, pouring abundance of water on it from a height, or hold it under a full steam from a pump or hydrant.

3. Rinse the mouth and suck the wound as hard as possible, and for fifteen or twenty minutes, spitting out the blood, etc., which flows.

4. The wound should finally be cauterized or burned. Carbolic acid, and nitrate or silver, or lunar caustic, are the best for the purpose. But nitric or sulphuric acid will answer, or a red hot poker, or live coals. It is no time to be timid about the means.

When these are done, put a light poultice on the wound, keep quiet until the slough comes off and dismiss the matter from your mind, for all danger is past.

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**MANSION HOUSE,**

CORNER KING AND YORK STREETS,  
TORONTO, - ONT.

William Kelly, Proprietor.

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

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

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

Telegraph Office in connection with this House.  
TERMS, \$1 50 PER DAY.  
Toronto, April 16, 1875.

E. V. HANMER, - PROPRIETOR,  
BELL EWART, ONT.

247-nm

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REDUCED PRICE LIST.

We call attention to our new price list, we quote

Faro Checks, in sets of 600 .....	\$25
“ Dealing Box, plated .....	15
“ Layout, on folding board .....	15
Caso Keeper, wood markers .....	5
Check Tray .....	3
Card Press, with screw .....	3

will furnish the above with six packs of Cards,

## COMPLETE SET OF TOOLS FOR \$65.

A deposit of \$5 with order, balance “ C. O. D. MASON & CO., 84 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO.

Send for our Complete Price List.

206-em

## MACNAB & MARSH,

LATE JOHN MACNAB & CO.,

## Hardware Merchants,

5 FRONT STREET EAST.

## Greener Guns

Victorious at the great “Field” trial held at Wimbledon last April.

## 154 GUNS ENTITLED

### GREENER'S figures of merit, 237-5

DAVISON'S	"	"	286-6
PAPE	"	"	275-7

GREENER TOOK 1st PRIZE & CUP

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

## CHILLED SHOT,

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

This is the most perfect shot made, and being VERY HARD, is more effective at sixty yards than ordinary shot is at forty yards.

MACNAB & MARSH,  
5 Front-St., Toronto.

Agents in Canada for W. W. GREENER.

## WYOMING MONTHLY LOTTERY.

Drawn on the 30th of each month. By authority of the Legislature. \$275,000 IN CASH PRIZES, 1 CHANCE IN 5, TICKETS \$1 EACH, OR 10 FOR \$5, LEAVING \$5 TO BE DEDUCTED FROM THE PRIZES AFTER THE DRAWING. FULL PARTICULARS SENT FREE.  
Address J. M. PATTEE, Laramie City, Wyoming. 224-ty

## PEDESTRIAN SHOES.

All descriptions of pedestrian, running, cricket and base ball shoes, as good as any made, at

WM. GUINAN'S,  
105 Yonge Street, Toronto.

DIVORCES obtained from Courts of different States for numerous causes, without publicity. Terms satisfactory. Legal in all countries with which we have International treaties. F. I. KING, Counselor-at-law, Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds for every State, No. 6 St. Mark's Place, near Cooper Institute, New York City.

Cor. of Washington and Carroll Streets,

## BUFFALO, N. Y.:

TERMS MODERATE. Come and try me.

## DEADY HOUSE,

COR. YORK AND BOLTON STS.,

Near King-St., Toronto.

## M. DEADY, PROPRIETOR

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

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## Daniels' Hotel,

Prescott, Canada.

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

L. H. DANIELS,  
187-ty. Proprietor.

## THE GRAND' SALOON

7 ADELAIDE STREET WEST,

MRS. MORRISON'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

F. C. LAYTON. Proprietor.  
221-ty.

## COLLINS'

North American

HOTEL,

KING-STREET,

DUNDAS.

## Turf Club House,

40 KING-ST. WEST.  
TORONTO.

Frank Martin, Proprietor.

227-ty

## Woodbine Park

CLUB HOUSE

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

W. J. HOWELL,  
Proprietor.  
233-om

215-ty

“ Mesieurs et Mesdames, there is the father, there is the mother. His Majesty Louis Philippe having, unfortunately, sent for the offspring, I shall be deprived of the honor of showing it to you until the Royal curiosity has been fully gratified.” The showman at the St. Lazare fair at Marseilles should have followed this prudential system. He advertised a living mermaid, and there she was, a fine fair creature with a girl's head and a fish tail, floundering in a huge tank; but Frenchmen have an itching propensity to pinch tails, which led to the discovery that the desinens in piscom was caoutchouc, and in the mulier formosa superno the Marsellais recognized the features of a phryne well known on the Cannetiere. A riot ensued, during which the siren slipped her extremities from her indiarubber tail and bolted behind the scenes, whilst the crowd demolished the booth and insisted on being refunded the two sous which they had paid for intermission. Lord Eldon's brother, Lord Stowell, had a strange fancy for these spectacles, and was well known to all the showmen. He was attracted in Holborn one day by the picture of a mermaid to be seen living within; but the conscientious Barnum stopped him at the door, “ It's only the old say sarpint, my lad,” and would not take his money.

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## WEANING COLTS.

The proper time for taking a colt entirely from the dam's milk will vary from three to six months old, according to circumstances. If a mare is a poor milker, and the foal is growing poor and smaller instead of larger, at three months old it will do better to be taken from her and fed. Then, on the other hand, if a mare is a fine milker, and the colt growing and doing well, and the mare is not with foal, it will be an advantage to the colt to run with her until it is six months old. Then, again, whether the mare is a good milker or a poor one, if she is kept for breeding purposes, and is with foal, the colt should be weaned at from four to five months old, and at the farthest should not be allowed to run with her more than four months after the mare is again with foal.

A foal weaned at three months old would be the better for a few quarts of cow's milk twice a day, fresh and warm. For the first ten days after being taken from the mare the colt should be shut up in a small yard and the mare removed to such a distance that they cannot hear each other's calls. After that the colt may be turned in an enclosure where there is good pasture. Always keep plenty of fresh water where the colts can get at it, as they will be thirsty and drink small quantities often.

A despatch from Coatesville, Pa., says that on Tuesday afternoon two miners, employed in the Chester County Iron Mines, engaged in a prize fight to settle a difficulty between them. One of them, Edward Warren, was so severely beaten by his antagonist, James Moore, that he died. His friends then set upon Moore and fatally injured him. The friends of the two men engaged in a riot on Tuesday night, during which several of them were seriously wounded.

So eager are the members of the Montreal Snow-Shoe Club to enter upon the weekly tramps that even now there is a goodly muster on Wednesday nights. Last evening a jolly company started from the Gymnasium, and did “The Mountain,” enjoying a snowshoer's supper at Prendergast's.

and the gravity of full-blown motherhood, with five chickens from her own eggs, hatched on the 19th.

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Colonel Thomas G. Bacon, of Edgefield, S. C., who died recently, was well known as one of the oldest and most honorable racing men in the country. He was a colonel in the Confederate army during the war, and after the war served as State Senator. He lost the turf about two years ago, and has since been a breeder of blooded horses. His stud comprises some of the best stock in the United States.

A WARNING.—People should be very careful as to the position in which they hold pop-bottles in their hands while removing the corks. A few days ago a hotel-keeper in Hamilton was struck in the left eye by a cork from a soda-water bottle which he was opening, and inflammation set in, it is feared he will lose the sight. This accident will serve as a warning to others.

Charles Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant, while lecturing in an English town the other night, were interrupted by persons in the audience. Mr. Bradlaugh intimated that the next man doing it should be put out, whereupon a local tradesman “dared him.” Down came Bradlaugh from the platform, and the subsequent proceedings were painfully interesting to the local tradesman.

Amateur sportsmen from Elmira have been scouring the woods in Chemung county for squirrels, much to the annoyance of a worthy member of the Farmers Club. One day he procured two or three squirrels, had them stuffed, took them to the woods, and nailed them to the limbs of trees where they could be easily seen. His young friends have been improving their marksmanship, with a maximum outlay of powder and lead, and a maximum consumption of squirrel pie.

The Providence Journal says: Since Monday last, on Swinbourne, Peckham & Company's wharf, a very small spider has been raising from the ground to the roof of a shed a flint pebble twenty times as large as himself, and up to last evening it had reached a height of about five feet from the ground. It is hanging in a web as skillfully and systematically as could be done by the most skilful human hand. Two and a half feet higher will place the stone on the roof, from which the insect commenced its labor.”

A specimen of the small horned toad has been sent to Edinburgh by a gentleman residing in Western America. It went in a small box by post, and when taken out showed signs of life. Some tepid water reanimated the little creature, and in a short time it sat up, truly awakened from the other world, one might almost say from two other worlds. The tiny thing had travelled over 6,000 miles, and had been for three weeks excluded from both light and food.

A serious calamity is attracting considerable anxiety in Egypt. Many of the cavalry horses that returned from Abyssinia, came with a malignant disease upon them. The doctors pronounced it a kind of Typhoid fever. It is infectious and terrible, rapid death resulting in many cases in a few hours. The Government, instead of isolating the infected animals, sold them all at very low prices. They have been distributed throughout the country, and in the neighborhood of Cairo several hundred horses are already reported lost.



# METEOR,

Beautiful golden chestnut, foaled 1869, 15-3, by Asteroid, he by Lexington, dam Maria Innis by imp. Yorkshiro; 2nd dam Ann Iris, by Am. Edipao out of Miss Obstinate by Sumpter.

Meteor has been a great race horse at all distances, having won the Jersey Derby in 1872, beating among others Joe Daniels and Grey Planet, in the fastest time by about three seconds the race was ever run in. Has been trained to hurdling, is a splendid jumper, and up to 12 stone across country. Would make a fine steeplechaser or stallion. Will be sold very cheap, as his owner has no use for him. For price, extended pedigree and performances, apply at Sporting Times Office; or address

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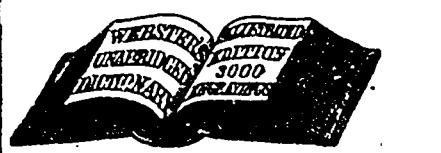
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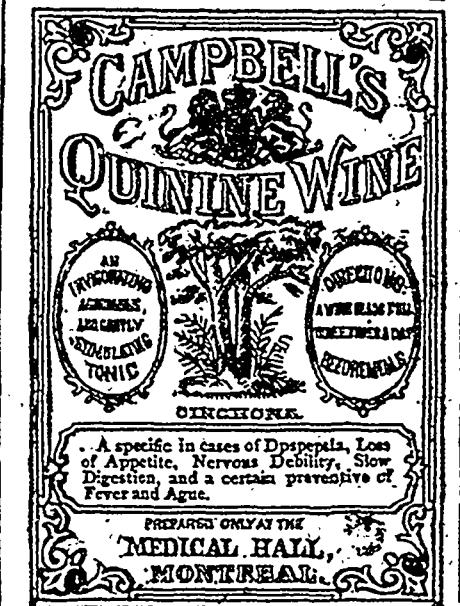
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## RECORD OF THE MAPLE LEAFS.

Below will be found the record of victories and defeats of the Maple Leaf Club for the year 1876—		
14 June	VICTORIES. Score.	
14 June	Maple Leaf vs. Green Stockings of Guelph, at Guelph..... 26 0	
16 "	Maple Leaf vs. Standards of Hamilton, at Guelph..... 12 2	
21 "	Maple Leaf vs Standards of Hamilton, at Hamilton..... 25 2	
6 July	Maple Leaf vs Blue Stockings of Cobourg, at Cobourg..... 15 3	
6 "	Maple Leaf vs Silver Stars of Port Hope, at Port Hope..... 35 6	
7 "	Maple Leaf vs Royal Oaks of Bowmanville, at Bowmanville.. 14 1	
18 "	Maple Leaf vs Guelphs of Guelph, at Guelph..... 26 4	
11 Aug.	Maple Leaf vs Toronto, of Toronto, at Toronto..... 10 2	
17 "	Maple Leaf vs Toronto, of Toronto, at Guelph..... 10 0	
23 "	Maple Leaf vs Silver Creek of Guelph, at Guelph..... 17 1	
20 "	Maple Leaf vs Brown Stockings of St Louis, at Guelph..... 9 8	
16 Sept.	Maple Leaf vs Toronto, of Toronto, at Toronto..... 33 0	
21 "	Maple Leaf vs Green Stockings of Guelph, at Guelph..... 32 0	
2 " "	Maple Leaf vs St Lawrence of Kingston, at Kingston..... 14 3	
27 "	Maple Leaf vs St Lawrence of Kingston, at Kingston..... 11 2	
28 "	Maple Leaf vs St Lawrence of Kingston, at Kingston..... 12 2	
28 "	Maple Leaf vs St Lawrence of Kingston, at Kingston..... 16 5	
29 "	Maple Leaf vs Toronto, of Toronto, at Toronto..... 19 9	
Total runs.....	896 50	

## DEFEATS.

24 May	Tecumsehs of London vs Maple Leaf, at London, ten innings..... 8 7
25 "	Actors of Detroit vs Maple Leaf at Detroit..... 10 7
26 "	Mutuals of Jackson vs Maple Leaf, at Jackson..... 5 4
20 July	Tecumsehs of London vs Maple Leaf, at Guelph..... 10 7
8 Sept.	Cass of Detroit vs Maple Leaf, at Guelph..... 11 6
12 "	Tecumsehs of London vs Maple Leaf, at London..... 8 5
Total runs .....	52 88

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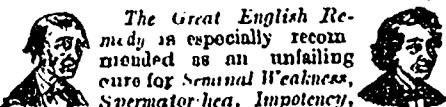
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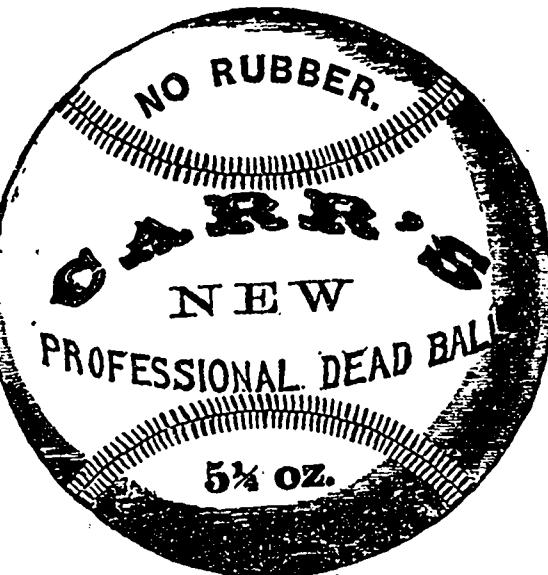
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### A MAGNIFICENT PRESENT!

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

To meet the wishes of a number of our patrons who might desire the picture of a horse in action in preference to a still one like our Chromo of GOLDSMITH MAIL, as a premium, we have selected the next most remarkable trotting celebrity in the world in her greatest race. We refer to LULA at Rochester, N.Y., October 14th, 1875, in her now noted match against Time. The picture is 22 $\frac{1}{2}$  by 28 inches, being larger than that of THE MAIL, and is a fine specimen of the pictorial art. It is not claimed to possess the high artistic value of the latter, but still on account of being larger and in action, with a portrait of Mr. Chas. Green, the driver of LULA, and a view of the Rochester, N.Y., Driving Park, Judges' Stand, &c., the stables, &c., being seen in the distance, might be preferred by many to the other. We desire to accommodate our patrons to the fullest extent. All advance paying subscribers for the year 1876-7, and none others are entitled to their choice of those pictures. All communications and telegrams must be pre-paid.

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