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THE CANADIAN JOURNAL



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.

B D Field's bl m Kansas Girl.....	0 3 1 1
R G Paul's b m Little Wonder.....	2 1 4 dis
B F Aker's r c Moonlight.....	0 3 2 dis
D Atchison's b g Tave.....	4 dis
O Smith's bl 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 Dove.....	4 3 3
E B Lewis' b 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 Losen's Charley Halo.....	2 2
P J Tenax's Major Traux.....	4 3

Somersot Girl, George, and Billy also started.

Time—1:30, 1:30.

\$50. For 4-year-olds. 7-mile heats, 3 in 5. \$25, 15, 10.

O A Root's Socko.....	1 1 1
A J Underhill's Nellie.....	2 2 2
Fred Root's Gipsey Boy.....	4 3 3

Lady Tralon, Nellie Cotton and Johnson also started.

Time—2:03, 2:10, 2:15.

\$160. 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 2
W Madison, jr's Red Eye.....	4 3 3
Ans Reed's Little Anna.....	5 6 5

Fred Datchman, 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 C. Attaragus Chief.....	3 0 2 2
E Foster's Damon.....	4 3 3 4
R Root's Phenomenon.....	8 4 4 3

Time—2:30, 2:38, 2:33, 2:36.

\$50. Stallion Race. \$20, 15, 10, 5.

O 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 \$—

R S Russell's br s Smuggler, by Blanco..	1 1 1
W M Humphrey's ch g Judge Fullerton..	2 2 2

Time—2:37, 2:31, 2:24.

Same Day—Purse \$1,000; for stallions; 2:30 class.

W H Sanders' blk s Young Wilkes, by George Wilkes.....	1 1 2 1
A Woodard's br s Aristocrat.....	3 3 1 3

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 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.....	0
C H Townsend's b g Rumney, 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
Jos Donahue's c o New York, 4 yrs, by Planet, dam Hester, 108 lbs.....	2
Armstrong & Forbes' br h Bill Bruce, 4 yrs, by Enquirer, dam Aurora Raby, 108 lbs.....	8
M Jordan's br h Leader, 4 yrs, by imp Leamington, 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 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. Sarpodon.....	
Tom Ochiltree, dam Katona, by Voucher.....	\$10,000
Sultana, dam Mildred, by imp. Glencoe.....	6,350
McDaniel's colt, dam Canary Bird, by Albion.....	3,550
Acrobat, dam Sallie Lewis, by imp. Glencoe.....	750
Shylock, dam Edith, by imp. Sovereign Chesapeake, dam Roxana, by imp. Chesterfield.....	650
Invoice, dam Volga, by imp. Glencoe.....	90

Total..... \$21,600
* Including \$2,500 in plate.

By imp. Jeamington, he by Faugh-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

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..	\$1,185
By Planet, he by Revenue, dam Nina, by Boston: Aroturus, dam Elkhorna, 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.....	\$500
Athlen, dam Anna Travis, by imp. Yorkshire	410

Total..... \$910

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

Resolute, dam Mattie C., by imp. Yorkshire	\$700
By Baywood, he by Lexington, dam Bayleaf, by imp. Yorkshire.....	
First Chance, dam Dot, by Mad Anthony *\$600 * Including \$300 in plate.	

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

Waco, dam Julietta, by Censor.....	\$400
Kingland, dam Maidstone, by Censor....	573

Total..... \$975

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

Bill Burce, dam Aurora Raby, by imp. Australian.....	\$775
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By imp. Australian, he by West Australian, dam Emilia, by Young Emilia—

Big Sandy, dam Genodra, 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 Lass, by Kingston—

Oriole, dam My Maryland, by Brown Dick	\$500
By Oakland, he by Revenue, dam by imp. Margrave.....	
Princeton, dam imp. Wombat, by West Australian.....	\$500
By Parmesan (Eng.) he by Sweetmeat, dam Gruyere, by Veralem—	
Patience (imp) dam Patronage, by Primo Minister.....	\$200
Cyclone (imp) dam Typhoon, by Wild Dayrell.....	200

Total..... \$400

By Bulletin, he by Lexington, dam Maria Inns by imp. Yorkshire—

Bullet, dam by Wagner.....	\$400
By imp. Phaceton, 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 Maidina, by imp. Australian.....	\$200
By Kentucky, he by Lexington, dam Magnolia by imp. Glencoe.....	
Freebooter, dam imp. Felucca, by Buccaneer	\$140
Mr. Center's brown mare.....	15

Total..... \$155

TOM OCHILTREE AND TEN BROECK.

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

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,
Pres. Kentucky Association.

To Gen. James F. Robinson, President:

I received your telegram. The Associated Press have mistaken my proposition. I offered and still offer to match Tom Ochiltree the last day of the Baltimore races, or the extra day of the Jerome Park races in November, against Ten Broeck, a four mile dash for \$10,000, American Jockey Club rules and new weights. Yours truly,

(Signed) G. L. LORILLARD.
Please answer by telegraph.

To Geo. Lorillard:

The race proposed by you is impossible. Ten Broeck is not in training. Should you desire to accept my proposition, or alter its terms to run over the Kentucky Association course, I shall be pleased to hear from you.

(Signed) J. F. ROBINSON.

Since the above telegrams were made public the following was received and printed in the columns of the Herald:

MEMPHIS, TENN., Oct. 18, 1876.

To the Editor of the Herald:

On Sunday last Mr. Harper promised Ten Broeck for a race at Louisville in the spring against Tom Ochiltree. I wrote a challenge to Lorillard last night.

M. LEWIS CLARKE, Jr.,
Pres. Louisville Jockey Club.

GREAT EASTERN vs. SMUGGLER.

MYSTIC PARK, Boston, Oct. 16.—The first of the three trots arranged to take place between the celebrated stallion Smuggler and the brown gelding Great Eastern came off at Mystic Park this afternoon in the presence of 3,000 spectators. The track presented a galla appearance, as a large number of those present came in carriages, which lined both sides of the homestretch for a long distance, while the grand stand was full of ladies and gentlemen, glad to escape the cold wind which was blowing. It was not

Wrestling.

FRAUDULENT WRESTLERS.

The most glaring and magnificent of frauds was just brought out in connection with last Saturday night's Greco 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 Baurer, 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 Baurer. The rest of Baurer'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 Baurer, 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, \$30 for 2nd, and \$20 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 Cyrille 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 the game out with 200 points, and as many more apparently at his mercy when he stopped. Izar then exhibited his fancy shots. All in

... I am 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 Carow, 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 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, many 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 gypsy. "He would not thank you for calling him by his name!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SELF-DEFENCE.

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 gypsy-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 Father Constant here. The person you speak of fled the country a week ago. You owe him some gratitude, or I am mistaken. 'Tis would be a scurvy trick to lay the blood-hounds on his track."

"Never, fear, man!" answered the Parson, heartily. "Safe and undisturbed as a November stag, halt thou remain so long as thou barrest 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

shuffled back into his seat, "also I warn you, Master Gale, you will bring the dead to heel 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 Garnett 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 Garnett 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 Garnett!"

"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 Garnett 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 Garnett 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 Garnett 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 Garnett that old Carew's life was ebbing away with every passing minute, and that death was busy upon ponder, while here the snow fell thick and fast.

CHAPTER XXIX.

REMORSE.

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 bold dame was busy refilling her pipe, and raised the slender, shapely fingers to her lips, with a comely grace, that a gypsy 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 Rompen of the Romany, a true gypsy marriage, solders 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 tuss 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 inolemeny 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 gypsy; "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 made a wry face, and Waif held her breath. A sheriff's officer seemed the last person to whom it was natural for a gypsy 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 gypsy, who was a bold fellow enough on occasion, but regarded such matters with a keen eye to business. "Tis none of your danglehill 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 gypsy, with more of a husband's authority than was yet permissible in his tone. "Where are you going, lass? Come back, I tell you!"

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 snow."

"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 Garnett 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 Garnett, 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 Garnett, the man she loved so dearly she would have followed him bare-footed 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 strength 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 gypsy, 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 Garnett 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 inmates, left the tent to saddle his horse and depart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

July 21 to 27
July 28 to Aug. 3
July 31 to Aug. 5
July 21 week in Aug.
2d "
2d "
3d "
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 named 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, strikes 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; those who aspire to the pinnacle of success, and with these qualities properly exercised failure is reduced to a minimum average. What is thus true in general commercial transactions is equally applicable to business in connection with turf matters. Most of the failures in our racing associations can, this year, be clearly attributed to a lack of business management, or what is equally bad an ignorance of what is required to make the venture a success. It will be admitted there have been in some cases exceptional circumstances against which the utmost foresight would have contended in vain. It is impossible to control the elements, and human agency is powerless in a war waged by them. But in the majority of cases failure can be imputed to a pure lack of knowledge of the business which was undertaken, or a manifest prostitution of the principles which should have guided to personal aggrandizement. It may as well be understood that we claim that racing should be carried on on as purely business principles as any other venture into which a man may place his capital. And when once entered upon it demands the same attention as anything which may be termed the legitimate, and the inflexible rules which govern the one are equally as applicable to the other. Fair, open-handed dealing, without trickery or chicanery, promptness in financial matters, and absolute equality in all transactions, with good faith and honest intentions as the substratum, are the principles upon which

a respect dimitation 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 turfs 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 speed in horses within the reach of the many; so that if we have not a sufficient number that can be classed as race-horses, still the general average of speed has been greatly increased, and the inquiring careful breeder has opportunities for information which, without the appliances for trials of speed, would be denied him. Again, the columns of our leading papers show by the attention which is given to the compilation of sporting news that these events are considered of sufficient importance to entail considerable expense and labor in placing them in a presentable shape before their readers, and not as was a few years ago, an unconnected jumble that would puzzle the most knowing to make head or tail out of them. Careful and well-written, and usually, very full reports are given of any sport of magnitude, and what would a short time ago be passed over with a couple of lines, has now a column or more devoted to it. And our athletes themselves are in no way behind hand in the advancement. Canadians have succeeded in placing themselves in the front ranks among the competitors of America—our champions have led the way in almost every description of athletic and out-door sports where individual excellence was required. Our horses, though not native to the soil, have held their own in many a hard-run race with those of

Lewinport, 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 checked 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 nettled 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, Pera, 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 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 19th, at Matthew's hotel, Eramosa, between two teams captained by W. H. Matthews and Benjamin Tolton, for a \$10 stake. Mr. Matthew's team won by a score of 86 to 19.

The Montreal Horse Market was very dull the past week. Mr. Elwes, at his weekly sale, disposed of a few at prices ranging from \$25 to \$100. A small lot of rather poor quality, was sold to go to New York State, the price averaging about \$60. Mr. C. Dalglish, 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 Duukin 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 3, 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 "Toba," who rode the horse Marmion at the first day's races at Mutlimer 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 step 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 Wagram who was so successful at Woodbine meeting, pulled up lame after running in the open steeplechase at Mutlimer Park; his injuries are not considered seri-

On 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 Leog Nine, dam of Nettie 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 Finny 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 Mourarhist, &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 Vic.

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 quarter miler from Ottawa had to go home last week, not being able to get a race at that distance.

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.

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 carbon of the season was shot at Chateau Richer, Que., on the 19th inst.

and the gravity of full-blown motherhood, with five chicks 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 hunter who shot 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 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 late evening it had reached a height of about five feet from the ground. It isling in a web as skillfully and systematically as could be done by the most skillful 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 re-animated 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 pronounce 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.

tank. "Messieurs 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 piscum was caoutchouc, and in the mulier formosa superne the Marseillais recognized the features of a phryne well known on the Cannetières. 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 stepped 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 bread at 8:08½. Griddle cake baked at 8:09½; and biscuit baked and eaten at 8:12; the whole accomplished in 11 minutes. The reaper and thresher and the mill were thoroughly cleaned out before the trial commenced and not a particle of flour was used that did not come from the wheat cut in the above trial. The witnesses kept separate time and in the result all time agreed.

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.

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.

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 a gypsy, with whom he proposed to trade horses. To make sure, the Frenchman secured the services of a compatriot, and the "dickers" was begun by a close scrutiny of the gypsy's nag, and while the two Frenchmen were intent on a thorough examination, the gypsy mounted on the Frenchman's horse, by way of trying what he was made of, and rode away—away, much to the surprise of the cute Frenchman, who found himself in possession of a \$20 horse instead of one that cost him \$100 a short time since. Moral—Don't trade horses with people sharper than yourself.

FATAL PRIZE FIGHT.

A despatch from Contesville, 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.

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Base Ball.

RECORD OF THE MAPLE LEAFS.

Below will be found the record of victories and defeats of the Maple Leaf Club for the season 1876.

DATE.	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. Torontos, of Toronto, at Toronto.....	10 2
17 "	Maple Leaf vs. Toronto, of Toronto, at Guelph.....	10 0
24 "	Maple Leaf vs. Silver Creeks of Guelph, at Guelph.....	17 1
20 "	Maple Leaf vs. Brown Stockings of St. Louis, at Guelph.....	9 8
16 Sept.	Maple Leaf vs. Torontos of Toronto, at Toronto.....	33 0
21 "	Maple Leaf vs. Green Stockings of Guelph, at Guelph.....	82 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. Torontos 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 "	Etues of Detroit vs Maple Leaf at Detroit.....	10 7
26 "	Mutuals of Jackson vs Maple Leaf, at Jackson.....	5 4
30 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.....		62 86

THE TECUMSEH BASE BALL CLUB.

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KING FAN.—Some of our Eastern exchanges persist in printing this cat's name King Pharaoh. We will state that he was named after the little game in which cases frequently alter circumstances.

Out of five English race-horses which had been running on Continental race-courses, and were being brought on the steamer Queen from Ostend to Queensborough, two were killed on the voyage, a third died on the way across, and the fourth, on reaching Queensborough, was so much injured that he was killed at the pier. The horses were worth \$7,500 each.

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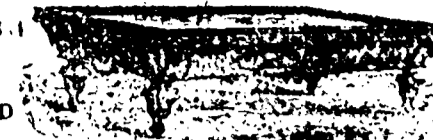
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See Advertisement of War Hulet for Sale, on Seventh Page. 268-11.

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

Address correspondence,
P. COLLINS & CO.,
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