

GENTLEMEN

THE CANADIAN

JOURNAL



CL. VI

TORONTO, ONT., FRIDAY, NOV. 23, 1877.

NO. 376

American Turf.

TROTTING AT MYSTIC PARK, BOSTON.

Mystic Park, Nov 10 and 12.—Purse \$200, for class.

Cooper's bg Joe Ripley.... 1 1 2 2 2 1

Boyer & Chamberlain's blk g..... 4 2 3 1 1 3 2

Boyer's blk g Vulcan..... 2 4 1 4 4 1 3

Boyer's b m Wild Lily.... 3 3 4 3 2 ro

— 2:30, 2:29, 2:28, 2:30, 2:31, 2:28, 2:29.

The first five heats were trotted on the

Mystic Park, Nov 12.—Match; \$—.

Boyer's b m Belvidere..... 1 2 2 1 1

Boyer's br g Lyman..... 2 1 1 2 2

Time—2:45, 2:45, 2:44, 2:41, 2:44.

TROTTING AT LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

Lawrence, Oct 30 and 31.

Boyer's b g Col Dawes..... 2 1 0 3 1 2 1

McGuigan's b m Lady Vesta 4 4 0 1 3 1 3

Boyer's gr g Don..... 1 2 0 2 3 2

Boyer's ch g Little Sam 3 3 4 dr

— 2:34, 2:36, 2:37, 2:41, 2:37, 2:41.

TROTTING AT BANGOR, ME.

Bangor Trotting Park, Nov 7, 1877.—Purse \$200 to first, 100 to second; mile heats, 3 in harness.

Boyer's (Bangor) g g Billy Platter.. 1 1 1

Boyer's (Bangor) ch g Anodyne 2 2 2

Time—2:47, 2:41, 2:41.

Boyer's Day—Purse \$20; 15 to first, 5 to second; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

Boyer's (Sussex, N B) g m Gypsy..... 1 1 1

Boyer's (Glenn) b m Ione..... 2 2 2

Time—2:54, 3:55, 2:52.

Pedestrianism.

THE VAN HILLERN, THE FEMALE PED.

100 MILES IN 27H. 46M. 5S.

Bertha Von Hillern, the female pedestrian who began a walk of 100 miles in Philadelphia, succeeded in her undertaking. She continued walking all night, at 7h. 5m. 55s. a.m., completed her fifty-mile. At this time she experienced difficulty in keeping awake. At 7h. 23m. 40s. her first mile was finished and the pedestrian for the first time stopped for a rest. A lapse of 52m. 38s., during which she had breakfast of eggs, coffee and beef and her feet bathed in cold salt water changed her shoes and stockings. At

were matched for a seventy-five yards race, and there was much betting thereon. Owing to reports, industriously circulated, Hudson's backers had to give odds, and it is asserted that he was bribed to let the other man win. However, when the race came off he won as he pleased, and went home. The precious trio who endeavored to bribe him were very indignant, and wanted him arrested for obtaining money under false pretences; but public opinion was decidedly against them, and though his conduct in pocketing the money is hardly defensible, most persons will think that the would-be swindlers got a well-deserved lesson.

THE ENNIS-O'LEARY FIASCO.

Contrary to expectation, the 100-mile walking match between Daniel O'Leary and John Ennis, in Chicago, climaxed in a regular burlesque, Ennis caving in when he had gone fifty-four miles, which took him 17h. 48m. 58s., his antagonist then being 36 miles ahead of him. When they started Ennis quickly took the lead, making his first mile in the fast time of 7m. 47s. O'Leary was then half a minute behind his opponent. In every succeeding mile he went further in front, being 1m. 25s. in advance at the end of ten miles. Ennis walked about six miles and a half in the first hour. O'Leary about six and one-third miles. Ennis covered close on to twelve and a half miles in the two hours. O'Leary made about twelve and a quarter miles in the same space of time. Between the eighteenth and nineteenth mile O'Leary began to overhaul his man in the most rapid manner, and on the nineteenth mile he went past him, finishing his twentieth mile nearly two minutes and a half before his opponent. From this out there was no interest whatever in the exhibition, as O'Leary widened the gap at every stride. Ennis being compelled to put in frequent stoppages. O'Leary's time for the 100 miles was 19m. 59m. 40s.

McCaul, of Galt, Ont., but now a resident of Sioux City, Iowa, has been watched to run a man named Mathewson, of Lincoln, Nebraska, 100 yards, for \$2,000, on December 1. McCaul thinks he has made a good match, and feels very confident of the result.

Rogers, the American pedestrian, who won the £100 handicap at Manchester, Eng., as mentioned a couple of weeks ago, turns out to be Brown, who ran Barnes here a year or so ago. His home is Trenton, N.J.

William Gale, the Cardiff pedestrian, who recently accomplished the feat of walking 1,600 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, and

Base Ball.

BASE BALL "FRAUDS."

The backers of the Louisville Grays observed some inexplicably weak playing among their strongest men during the past ball season, and they began to suspect there was an African in the fence. It turns out that their suspicions were well founded, for one of the men has betrayed the others and made a full confession of their iniquity. The following is telegraphed:

The examination of the players of the Louisville Base Ball Club for alleged "crookedness," was conducted by an able lawyer, and has resulted in the expulsion of A. H. Nichols, James A. Devlin, George W. Hall and William Craver. Hall, Devlin and Nichols confessed to having received bribes for selling games. The first two told the whole story, and begged for mercy at the hands of the directors. Nichols gave the information which led to the exposure of the nefarious trace. Craver proclaims his innocence. He was expelled for general misconduct. Devlin acknowledges with having "stood in" with Hall, and in his statement of "crooked" transactions relates how he swindled the latter out of the proceeds of their dishonesty. McCloud, a New York pool-seller, is the name of the party who is known to have paid them for "throwing" games. The expose causes much indignation.

A LUCKY BASE BALL PLAYER.

The Rochester Democrat says: "It is rumored that Edward Caskin, of the Rochester Base Ball Club, has just fallen heir to a very handsome fortune, and both he and his friends are anxiously waiting for a confirmation of the first intelligence received. He was the guest of the Lotus Club, of the ninth ward, Tuesday evening, and before the company he exhibited the letter from his brother, who is in business in Connecticut, stating that the latter had just received information to the effect that the family were recently made heirs to property valued at £1,200,000 in Australia. This is very cheering information, and though the Rochesterers could ill afford to lose so fine a player as Caskin, they would all like to see him in the role of a man of wealth."

BASE HITS.

It's snow weather for base ball; so the juvenile mind is siled into thoughts of cutters.

The Chicago Post estimates the net losses of different base ball clubs this season as follows: Chicago, \$6,000; St. Louis, \$8,000; Hartford, \$2,500; Louisvilles, \$2,000; Indianapolis, \$4,000; Tecumsehs, \$3,000; Milwaukee, \$2,000.

SHOOTING AT HAMILTON.

On Tuesday, 16th, a pigeon match took place at Mr. H. McKee's Mountain View Hotel, Hamilton. The first match was at 5 birds, 21 yards rise, ground traps, and resulted as follows:—

	21 yds.	26 yds.
Charley Cook.....	10111-4	111-3
F Morrison.....	10111-4	110-2
— Johnson.....	01111-4	010-1
F Bates.....	00110-2	
H McKee.....	00010-1	

The second shoot was as follows:—

Morrison.....	1 0 1 1 1-4
Bates.....	1 0 1 1 1-4
Cook.....	1 1 0 1 0-3
McKee.....	1 1 1 0 0-3
Johnson.....	0 0 1 1 0-2

Morrison and Bates divided. The result of the third match is given as follows:—

Johnson.....	1 1 1 1 1-5
Morrison.....	1 1 1 1 0-4
Knight.....	1 0 1 1 1-4
Bates.....	1 1 1 0 0-3
Cook.....	1 1 0 0 0-2
McKee.....	1 0 0 0 0-1

Johnson took first money and Morrison second. A sweepstake at double birds followed, but darkness setting, in the sport was brought to a conclusion on the first round. Knight, Johnson and Bates killed both their birds, and Morrison only got a single. Mr. J. E. Dallyn acted as referee.

THIRTY BULL'S-EYES.

THE BEST SHOOTING ON RECORD

The most extraordinary long range shooting that has thus far been placed on record was done on the 14th, at Creedmoor, N.Y., by Mr Thomas Lamb, Jr., one of the reserves of the American team for 1877. He had been practising at the 1,000 yards butts until after two o'clock, when, in company with Captain Harty and another marksman, he went down to the 900 yards firing points, where, in the presence of Captain Harty, Mr. Clark, of the Sun, and the reporter of the Herald, he performed the unparalleled feat of scoring thirty bull's-eyes in succession. The weather was delightful; the air clear and cool; the wind moderately steady and blowing a light breeze up the range in the direction of from "half past five" to "half past six o'clock." In performing this un-heard-of as unexpected achievement, Mr. Lamb used three kinds of ammunition—first, a quantity containing 103 grains of powder, behind a Remington pointed bullet of 550 grains, second, the round pointed bullet of the same make and weight, and third, the same with a shell filled at random with

A. Patterson, J. Williamson, A. Barnston, R. W. Tyre and D. B. Macpherson.

INGERSOLL.

At the annual meeting of the Ingersoll Curling Club, last week, the officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:—Mr. James Smith, Patron; Mrs. Jas. Smith, Patroness; J. W. Lawson, president; W. S. King, Vice-President; R. A. Woodcock, Sec.-Treas.; R. N. Grant, Chaplain. Committee of management—J. M. Wilson, G. S. King, G. W. Whalley, Robert Vance and W. Dempster. Hon. Members—Jas. A. Skinner, Esq., M. P.; Hon. Adam Crooks, M. P. P.; Jas. King, Esq., and D. Kemp, Esq.

CHAMPION CHECKER MATCH.

A checker match was played between Upper and Lower Towns teams, Ottawa, on the 18th, over Mr. Ross' tobacco store, resulting in a victory for the Lower Town men by six games. The play lasted two hours. The score is as follows:—

UPPER TOWN.	LOWER TOWN.	DRAWN.
W. Stewart.....	1 P. Fhernault..	1 4
W. Hutchinson.....	4 B. Hastie....	2 2
— Norris.....	2 C. Beaupre....	3 2
J. Ross.....	8 N. Germain... 14	3
— Dupont.....	7 E. Cazotte... 5	4
W. Chalmers.....	1 N. Souppelle.. 10	3
W. Jamieson.....	5 G. Borbridge.. 4	0
R. McTavish.....	6 J. M. Taylor.. 1	3
D. Farquhar.....	1 J. Ingram.... 7	1
W. Henchman.....	4 M. J. Whalon. 5	1
J. H. Bell.....	8 J. Stewart.... 0	2
T. McKay.....	4 J. White..... 2	2
G. Hutchinson.....	8 H. A. Collins.. 5	1
— Edmondson.....	6 W. Aumond... 6	2
J. Ritchie.....	1 B. Lang..... 1	3
— Ross.....	3 C. Bontly.... 7	1
A. Duff.....	3 C. Hornsby... 4	0
D. Soyer.....	4 A. Henry..... 6	2

Aquatic.

GALT, BRUS., BEAT SHAW AND PHILIPS.

On Saturday afternoon a double-scutt race took place on the Bay here between the Galt brothers of the Argonaut Rowing Club, and Messrs. Shaw and Philips of the Toronto Rowing Club. The water was in beautiful condition, and the start was made from off Yonge St wharf the turning buoy being near the Queen's wharf. About four o'clock the boats took their positions, the word being given almost immediately after. The Toronto representatives struck the water

The first five heats were trotted on the
 Park, Nov 12—Match: \$—
 Laughlin's b g Belvidere..... 1 2 2 1 1
 J. J. Jr's br g Lyman..... 2 1 1 2 2
 Time—2:45, 2:45, 2:44, 2:41, 2:44.

TROTTING AT LAWRENCE, KANSAS.
 Lawrence, Oct 30 and 31.
 McKee's b g Col Dawes..... 2 1 0 3 1 2 1
 McKee's b m Lady Vesta 4 4 0 1 3 1 3
 Arnold's gr g Don..... 1 2 0 2 2 3 2
 Malone's ch g Little Sam 3 3 4 dr
 Time—2:34, 2:36, 2:37, 2:41, 2:37, 2:37, 2:41.

TROTTING AT BANGOR, ME.
 Bangor Trotting Park, Nov 7, 1877—Purse
 \$200 to first, 100 to second; mile heats, 3
 in harness.
 McKee's (Bangor) g g Billy Platter.. 1 1 1
 Jennings' (Bangor) ch g Anodyne 2 2 2
 Time—2:47, 2:41, 2:41.
 Day—Purse \$20; 15 to first, 5 to second;
 mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.
 Gypsy's (Sussex, N B) g m Gypsy
 Time..... 1 1 1
 (Glenburn) b m Lone..... 2 2 2
 Time—2:54, 3:55, 2:52.

Pedestrianism.

THEA VAN HILLERN, THE FEMALE PED.

100 MILES IN 27H. 46M. 5S.
 Bertha Von Hillern, the female pedestrian who began a walk of 100 miles in Philadelphia, at seven o'clock, on Nov. 1. She continued walking all night, at 7h. 8m. 55s. a.m., completed her fifty-first mile and the pedestrian for the first time stopped for a rest. A lapse of 52m. 8s., during which she had breakfast of eggs, coffee and beef and had her feet bathed in cold salt water changed her shoes and stockings. At 5m. 45s., Miss Von Hillern started upon the steady swinging, graceful gait with which she started last evening. After the fourth mile another rest of 4m. 21s. taken, and again after the next mile, she reclined in a chair for 7m. 49s. the seventy-first mile she stopped for 50s., for dinner, for which she had appetite. After the eighty-eighth mile rested for 22½ minutes. By this time she was crowded with a large number of and gentlemen, who came to see the action of the match. There was considerable excitement, but no indication that she would fail as she still walked with the same gait with apparent ease, and showed no signs of distress, while she had kept ahead from the first mile. After the ninety-mile she paused for 3 minutes; after the sixteenth mile for about 7 minutes, and she started on the ninety-seventh mile and received the cheers of the spectators. The ninety-eighth mile the pedestrian again for ten minutes, and, after starting, drank a cup of seltzer water. The ninth mile was walked in 17m. 5s. west time of the race and the last the 100th, was made in 11m. and 45s., the best time. At the successful conclusion this unparalleled feat by a lady, Miss Hillern was vociferously applauded. She made the race in 27h. 46m. and 5s. in 18m. 55s. to spare. Her actual time, deducting rests, was 25h. 2m.

DOUBLE CROSS IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

A class of "sportsmen" who consider it legitimate business to "square" an opponent take a lesson from a little affair which opened at Moncton, N.B., the other two men, Hudson and Henderson,

money is hardly defensible, most persons will think that the would-be swindlers got a well-deserved lesson.

THE ENNIS-O'LEARY FIASCO.

Contrary to expectation, the 100-mile walking match between Daniel O'Leary and John Ennis, in Chicago, climaxed in a regular burlesque, Ennis caving in when he had gone fifty-four miles, which took him 17h. 48m. 58s., his antagonist then being 36 miles ahead of him. When they started Ennis quickly took the lead, making his first mile in the fast time of 7m. 47s. O'Leary was then half a minute behind his opponent. In every succeeding mile he went further in front, being 1m. 25s. in advance at the end of ten miles. Ennis walked about six miles and a half in the first hour. O'Leary about six and one-third miles. Ennis covered close on to twelve and a half miles in the two hours. O'Leary made about twelve and a quarter miles in the same space of time. Between the eighteenth and nineteenth mile O'Leary began to overhaul his man in the most rapid manner, and on the nineteenth mile he went past him, finishing his twentieth mile nearly two minutes and a half before his opponent. From this out there was no interest whatever in the exhibition, as O'Leary widened the gap at every stride. Ennis being compelled to put in frequent stoppages. O'Leary's time for the 100 miles was 19m. 59m. 40s.

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Rogers, the American pedestrian, who won the £100 handicap at Manchester, Eng., as mentioned a couple of weeks ago, turns out to be Brown, who ran Barnes here a year or so ago. His home is Trenton, N.J.

William Gale, the Cardiff pedestrian, who recently accomplished the feat of walking 1,500 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, and who started at 4.30 o'clock on Sunday morning, Oct. 21st, on an attempt to walk 4,000 quarter-miles in 4,000 consecutive periods of ten minutes each, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, England, completed his task at 10.58 o'clock, on November 16. He was in good condition at the finish.

At the first annual meeting of St. Lawrence Snowshoe Club, Montreal, the following officers were elected:—President, Chas. Ennis; Vice-President, John Feeney; Treasurer, F. Muth; Secretary, James Dooley; Committee—J. Warrell, Wm. Pinderer, J. Hughes and T. Morrissey.

Davis, the New England pedestrian's attempt to walk one hundred miles in twenty-four hours, was a failure. He could accomplish ninety-nine miles only.

Last week a new snow-shoe club was formed in Montreal, mainly composed of members of the Hawthorne Cricket Club. This new organization is to be known by the name of "Mount Royal Snow-Shoe Club," and the following will be the office bearers for the ensuing year: President, J. Fowler; Vice-President, H. Hamilton; Committee, A. P. Drummond, K. McLea, W. Ingles, G. Drummond, G. Porteous; Secretary-Treas., J. Maile.

A FATAL MISTAKE.—The Duke of St. Albans' two-year-old chestnut colt Lord Clive, by Lord Clifden, out of Plunder, the winner of the Criterion Nursery Stakes, at the Newmarket Hought meeting, is entered in the Derby for 1878 as brother to Warren Hastings, when he is only half brother, and for this mistake he is ineligible to run for the classic event. It is alleged that if his nomination was all right, he is so promising that he could be sold for £6,000. The Duke gave Mr. Rayner £8,000 for him.

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BASE HITS.

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The Chicago Post estimates the net losses of different base ball clubs this season as follows: Chicagos, \$6,000; St. Louis, \$8,000; Hartford, \$2,500; Louisvilles, \$2,000; Indianapolis \$4,000; Tecumsehs, \$3,000; Milwaukee, \$2,000.

Robert Addy, the former captain of the Cincinnati Base Ball Club, was, on Nov. 10, dismissed from the club. Charges against Foley, another member of the club, are being investigated.

An American exchange says:—"The army of tramps has been increased. In other words the base-ball clubs have disabused."

There will be fewer professional base ball clubs next year, and a most determined war will be waged against all "crookedness." This will, of course, make straight arm pitching necessary.

An exchange says:—"It is predicted that more interest will be taken in base-ball next season than ever. Merchants will close their stores, and every day on which a game is played (which will be seven days in the week) will be declared a legal holiday. The advantage will be that no promissory note will fall due during the season, and everybody will be happy."

The announcement recently made that Robert Addy, the Canadian ball player had been dismissed from the Cincinnati Club and that Foley was also to be thrown out, appears to be untrue. Addy has been honorably released from the nine, and given a bonus of \$100 for his honest service. Foley was also honorably released, he going back to his former occupation, and retiring from base-ball.

SALE OF EFFIE.—Col. Richard Penistan has sold to Wm. H. Greas, Esq., of Philadelphia, his promising three-year-old filly Effie, by Almont, for \$1,600. Effie was the winner of the Three-Year-Old Stakes at the late Breeders' meeting, and was driven a mile by John E. Turner over the Point Breeze track recently in 2:38.

F. Bates..... 0 1 1 1 1
 H. McKee..... 0 0 1 0 1

The second shoot was as follows:—

Morrison	1 0 1 1 1—4
Bates	1 0 1 1 1—4
Cook	1 1 0 1 0—3
McKee	1 1 1 0 0—3
Johnson	0 0 1 1 0—2

Morrison and Bates divided. The result of the third match is given as follows:—

Johnson	1 1 1 1 1—5
Morrison	1 1 1 1 0—4
Knight	1 0 1 1 1—4
Bates	1 1 1 0 0—3
Cook	1 1 0 0 0—2
McKee	1 0 0 0 1—1

Johnson took first money and Morrison second. A sweepstake at double birds followed, but darkness setting in the sport was brought to a conclusion on the first round. Knight, Johnson and Bates killed both their birds, and Morrison only got a single. Mr. J. E. Dallyn acted as referee.

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Col. J. Schuyler Crosby, United States Consul at Florence, recently won the second prize at a pigeon match, open to all nations, near Pisa, against thirty-four contestants. It consisted of a silver medal and standard. In the double-bird match he won the first prize.

Mr. Butterfield, general agent for the Utica and Black River Railroad, has been on a shooting trip to Cobden, near Renfrew, Ont., last week, and killed 74 partridges in two days.

The Australian medal, a cut of which appears in our advertising columns to-day, awarded to Mr. J. L. Rawbone, the popular breech-loading implement manufacturer of this city, is now on exhibition at Messrs. Schuyler, Hartley & Graham's, Maiden Lane, New York, where it can be seen by sportsmen visiting that great centre for sporting goods.

Quirling.

MONTREAL.

The annual meeting of this Club was held on the 14th, at the Phoenix Fire Insurance Company's offices, St. Sacramento street, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—Henry Budden, Esq., President; Hanbury Macdougall, Esq., Vice-President; Rev. Gavin Lang, Chaplain; F. Stancliffe, Sec.-Treas.; Committee, Messrs.

Seeley, B. Grant, Chaplain. Committee of management—J. M. Wilson, G. S. King, G. W. Whalley, Robert Vance and W. Deupster. Hon. Members—Jas. A. Skinner, Esq., M. P., Hon. Adam Crooks, M. P. P.; Jas. King, Esq., and D. Kemp, Esq.

CHAMPION CHECKER MATCH.

A checker match was played between Upper and Lower Towns teams, Ottawa, on the 18th, over Mr. Ross tobacco store, resulting in a victory for the Lower Town men by six games. The play lasted two hours. The score is as follows:—

UPPER TOWN	LOWER TOWN	DRAWS.
W. Stewart	1 P. Thault	1 4
W. Hutchinson	4 R. Heston	2 2
Norris	2 O. Berupre	3 2
J. Ross	8 N. Germain	14 3
Dupont	7 E. Cazotte	5 4
W. Chalmers	1 N. Souppelle	10 3
W. Jamieson	5 G. Borbridge	4 0
R. McTavish	6 J. M. Taylor	1 3
D. Farquhar	1 J. Ingram	7 1
W. Huchinsin	4 M. J. Whalon	5 1
J. H. Bell	8 J. Stewart	0 2
T. McKay	4 J. White	2 2
G. Hutchinsou	8 H. A. Collina	5 1
Edmonson	6 W. Anmond	8 2
J. Ritchie	1 R. Laug	1 3
Ross	3 C. Boutly	7 1
A. Duff	3 C. Horusby	4 0
D. Soyer	4 A. Henry	6 2

Aquatic.

GALT, BROS., BEAT SHAW AND PHILIPS.

On Saturday afternoon a double-scul race took place on the Bay here between the Galt brothers of the Argonaut Rowing Club, and Messrs. Shaw and Philips of the Toronto Rowing Club. The water was in beautiful condition, and the start was made from off Yonge St. wharf, the turning buoy being near the Queen's wharf. About four o'clock the boats took their positions, the word being given almost immediately after. The Toronto representatives struck the water first, and for a few strokes maintained the lead. However, in a short time the Galt brothers pulled ahead, and at their boat house had a length the best of it. From this time the race was in their hands and they came home winners by about fifteen lengths; the time being 15 m. 25 sec for the two miles. Mr. J. R. Hay, of the Toronto Club, officiated as starter, and Mr. G. R. Grasset, of the Argonauts, as judge.

SALE OF KEEN JIM.

Col. R. S. Strader, Lexington, Ky., has bought for Mr. Robert Bonner, New York City, the four-year-old roan gelding, Keen Jim. Keen Jim is a plain-looking roan gelding, about 15½ hands, with ragged hips, but what he lacks in looks he makes up in action, being a smooth, level-gaited youngster. He was bred by George F. Keero, Shelbyville, Ky., of whom he was purchased, and is by Keene's Lookout, out of Laura Fair by Rattler, grandam by President (thoroughbred son of Kosciusko), great grand dam a pacing mare owned by Mr. John Curd, Fayette Co., Ky. Lookout was by Bourbon Chief, (son of Mambrino Chief) dam Lady Scott by Woodford, (thoroughbred son of Kosciusko) grandam by Downing's Bay Messenger. Rattler was by Stockbridge Chief, dam a Morgan mare. Keen Jim has a double cross of thoroughbred blood, on sire and dam's side, through the own brothers Woodford and President, both by Kosciusko, dam Melissa by Hancock's Hambletonian. At the recent fall meeting of the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' Association, at Lexington, Ky., Keen Jim made the best and fastest four-year old performance, beating the following excellent trotters of the same age—Katie Jackson, Waverland Chief and Romance, it three straight heats, in the astonishing time of 2:20½, 2:24½, 2:26½.

Kate Coventry!

CHAPTER XXIII.

(CONTINUED.)

'Miss Coventry!' ejaculated her husband what is it? A perfect specimen of common house-spider, I'll lay my life. What an energetic girl!—found it on her pillow, and lost not a moment in bringing it here. I'm eternally obliged to you. Where is it?—Mind you don't injure the legs!—Pray don't stick a pin through the back!

'O Mr. Lumley! I sobbed out, 'it's worse than a spider. Get up, please; there's going to be a duel and I want you to stop it. Captain Lovell and Cousin—Cousin—'

I fairly broke down here, and burst into tears; but the kind old man understood me in an instant.

'Margery, my dear,' he shouted, 'got me up directly—there's not a moment to lose. Oh, these boys! these boys! young blood and absence of brains! If they would but devote their energies to science—don't distract yourself, my dear, I'll manage it all. Where does Captain Lovell sleep?'

'First door on the right, when you get got down the steps in the bachelors' wing,' I replied, unhesitatingly, much to the surprise of Mrs. Lumley. She would have known too, if she had been shut up there for a couple of hours in a shower-bath.

'I'll go to him as soon as I'm dressed, promised Mr. Lumley. 'I pledge my honor he shan't fight till I give him leave. Go to bed, my dear, and leave everything in my hands. Don't cry, there's a good girl. By the way, the housemaids here are so infernally officious—you haven't seen a good specimen of the common house-spider anywhere about, have you?'

I assured the kind-hearted old naturalist I had not; and as he was already half out of bed, I took my departure and sought my own couch—not to sleep, Heaven knows, but to toss and turn and tumble, and see horrid visions, waking as I was, and think of everything dreadful that might happen to my cousin, and confess to my own heart how I loved him now, and hated myself for having treated him as I had, and reveal, as it were in self-reproach and self-torture. It was broad daylight ere I fell into a sort of fitful doze, so out-wearied and over excited was I, both in mind and body.

CHAPTER XXIV.

It is very disagreeable to face a large party with anything on your mind that you cannot help thinking must be known, or at least suspected, by your associates. When I came down to breakfast, after a hasty and uncomfortable toilette, and found the greater portion of the guests assembled at that gossiping meal, I could not help fancying that every listless dandy and affected fine lady present was acquainted with my proceedings during the last twelve hours, and was laughing in his or her sleeve accordingly. I cast a rapid and frightened glance round the table; and, to my infinite relief, beheld Cousin John eating his egg as composedly as possible; whilst a reassuring smile and pleasant 'Good-morning' from Mr. Lumley gave me to understand that his mediation had averted all fatal proceedings.

The other guests ate and drank, and laughed and chatted much as usual; but still I could not help remarking on the face of each of them a subdued expression of intelligence, as though in possession of some charming bit of news or delightful morsel of scandal. Lady Scapegrace was the first to put me on a footing of equality with the rest.

'We have lost some of our party, Kate,' said she, as she handed me my tea. 'I confess I suspected it last year, in London. She is a most amiable girl, and will have a large fortune.'

beds was dear old Mr. Lumley. He had hobbled out on his crutches purposely to give me an interview. I thanked him, as if he had been my father, for all his kindness; and he talked to me gently and considerately, as a parent would to a child.

'I promised you, my dear, that they should not fight, and I think I have kept my word. Your cousin, Miss Coventry, is a noble fellow,' said the old man, his benevolent features kindling into admiration; 'but I had more trouble with him than his antagonist. He would not be satisfied till Captain Lovell had assured him, on his honor, that you had yourself declined his advances in a manner which admitted of no misconstruction; and that then, and not till then, he considered himself free. You were right, my dear—I am an old man, and I take a great interest in you, so do not think me impertinent—you were right to have nothing to say to a rouse and a gambler.

'I was not always the old cripple you are so forbearing with now. I lived in the world once, and saw a good deal of life and men. My experience has convinced me that selfishness is the bane of the generality of mankind; but that nowhere is it so thoroughly developed as in those who live, what people call, 'by their wits,' and enjoy all the luxuries and pleasures of life by dint of imposing on the world. I consider Frank Lovell, though we all vote him such a good fellow, one of that class; and I do not think he would have made a good husband to my young friend, Miss Coventry. Your cousin, my dear, is a character of another stamp altogether. and if, as I hear everybody say, he is really to be married to that Welsh girl, I think you will agree with me that she has got a prize such as falls to the lot of few.'

Mr. Lumley was by this time out of breath; but I could not have answered him to save my life. Like one of his own favorite house-spiders, I had been unconsciously spinning a web of delighted self-delusion, and here came the ruthless housemaid and swept it all away. How blind I must have been not to have seen it long ago! John might be very fond of pheasant-shooting, and I believe, when the game is plentiful and the thing well managed, that sport is fascinating enough; but people don't travel night and day into such a country as Wales, where there are no railroads, merely for the purpose of standing in a ride or knocking over a certain quantity of half tame fowls. No, no; I ought to have seen it long ago; I had lost him now, and now I knew his value when it was too late. Too late!—the knell that tolls over half the hopes and half the visions of life.

'Too late!—the one bitter drop that poisons the whole cup of success. Too late! The golden fruit has long hung temptingly just above your grasp; you have labored and striven, and persevered, and you seize it at last and press it to your thirsty lips. Dust and ashes are your reward; the fruit is still the same, but it is too late; your desire for it has gone, or your power of enjoying it has failed you at the very moment of fruition; all that remains to you is the keen pang of disappointment, or, worse still, the apathy of disgust. I might have made John my slave a few weeks ago, and now—it was too provoking, and for that Welsh girl, too! How I hated everything Welsh! not ancient Pistol, eating his enforced leek with its accompanying sauce, could have entertained a greater aversion for the Principality than I did at that moment.

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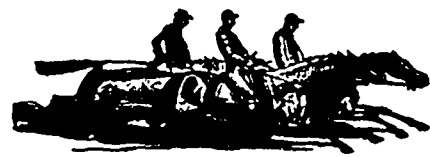
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'We have lost some of our party, Kate,' said she, as she handed me my tea. 'I confess I suspected it last year, in London. She is a most amiable girl, and will have a large fortune.'

I looked at her ladyship as if I was dreaming.

'You needn't be so surprised, Kate,' said she, laughing in an utter bewilderment; 'don't you miss anybody? Look round the table.'

Sure enough the Molasses party were absent, and there was no Frank Lovell. Then it was true, after all! He had sold himself to that lackadaisical young lady, and had been making a fool of me, Kate Coventry, the whole time. How angry I ought to have been! I was surprised to find I was not. On the contrary, my first feeling was one of inexpressible relief, as I thought there was no earthly obstacle between myself and that kind face on the other side of the breakfast-table; though too soon a horrid tide of doubts and fears surged up, as I reflected on my own unworthiness and caprice.

How I had undervalued that noble, generous character! How I had wounded and annoyed him in sheer carelessness or petulance and thought little of inflicting on him days of pain to afford myself the short and doubtful amusement of an hour's flirtation and folly!

What if he should cast me off now? What if he had obtained an insight into my character, which had cured him entirely of any regard he might previously have entertained for me? What if I should find that I had all my life been neglecting the gem which I was too ignorant to appreciate; and now, when I knew its real value, and would give my life for it, it was beyond my grasp?

At all events, I would never forget him. Come what might now, I would never care for another. I felt quite glad Frank Lovell was as good as married, and out of the way. The instant I had swallowed my breakfast, I put my bonnet on and rushed into the garden, for I felt as if fresh air was indispensable to my very existence. The first person I met in the morning amongst the flowers

enough; but people don't travel night and day into such a country as Wales, where there are no railroads, merely for the purpose of standing in a ride or knocking over a certain quantity of half tame fowls. No, no; I ought to have seen it long ago; I had lost him now, and now I knew his value when it was too late. Too late!—the knell that tolls over half the hopes and half the visions of life.

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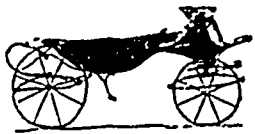
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Treats all diseases of the Domesticated animals. Comfortable box stalls, and all the appliances of a first-class Infirmary.

Horses examined as to soundness.

Office and Infirmary—23 & 25 Sheppard Street Toronto. 91-11

THE TORONTO Brewing and Malting Co.

SIMCOE-ST., TORONTO.

BREWERS, MALTSTERS AND HOP MERCHANTS,

we now supplying the Trade and Families with their superior ALES, STOUTS, and COOPER, brewed from the finest Malt and best brands of English Hops.

Special attention is invited to our D. B. S. STOUT, having all the qualities, and being equal in every respect to London or Dublin Stout, Liberal terms to the Trade. Special rates to large consumers.

BRANDS :

A. Brilliant, full flavor, warranted to keep sound on draught.

B. Stout Ale.

D. B. S. Stout, highly recommended for purity and excellence.

T.B.O. COOPER. A specialty, this celebrated English beverage in perfection.

L.P.A. A pale, brilliant, bitter Ale, brewed expressly for family use; highly recommended for its purity and delicacy of flavor.

Brewers supplied with malt, manufactured

FISCHE & CO.

277 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO,

Manufacture a Support for Pants just adapted to Sporting men, as it relieves all strain on the pants when bending or stooping. Sent to any address on receipt of 75 cents. 278-ty.

Turf Club House,

KING-ST. WEST, TORONTO.

Frank Martin, Proprietor.

227-11

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One Red and Black Wheel, with lay-out, boxing, &c., all complete. The same as was run on the race tracks at Woodbine, Woodstock, London, Hamilton, Chatham, Waterloo, West End Driving Park, Toronto, &c., &c. The best money making game in the world, far superior to the old paddle wheel. Only three of them ever made. Cheap for Cash. Address

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UNIVERSAL TROTting RECORD.

2:14 TO 2:30.

A complete record of all horses that have ever trotted a mile in 2:30 or better, with their full pedigree and the fastest recorded time of each horse, alphabetically arranged. Price, \$1; sent by mail to any address. Agents wanted for nearly every town. Canadian agent,

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Ontario Veterinary College.

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Session commences on October 26th. 222-ty

MONTREAL VETERINARY COLLEGE

SESSION 1877-78

Lectures commence on the 2nd of October. Prospectus giving full information to intending students will be forwarded free by applying to

D. McEACHRAN, F.R.O.V.S.,
Principal, 6 Union Avenue,
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Thorough-bred Mare for Sale.

A thoroughbred mare, 15.3, perfectly sound, stinted to Hyder Ali; will be sold cheap for cash, or will be exchanged for a good sized driver or saddle horse. For particulars address,
319-11 SOLON, SPORTING TIMES Office

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A two colt 4 years, grey, by Winfield Scott, he by Edward Verett by Ryeck's Halbletonian 15 hands, perfectly sound, can trot a 2:50

The Sportsman.

OFFICE: 9 MURRAY-ST., N.Y.

CHARLES J. FOSTER, EDITOR.

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THE

Chicago Field :

A Journal for the Sportsmen of To-Day.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

—AT—

170 E. MADISON STREET, CHICAGO.

The FIELD is a complete weekly review of the higher branches of sport—Shooting, Fishing, Racing and Trotting, Aquatics, Base Ball, Cricket, Billiards, and General Sporting News, Music and the Drama.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

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THE

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237-11 OFFICE, No 3 PARK Row, N. Y.

THE Gentlemen's Journal

—AND—

Sporting Times,

THE ONLY

SPORTING PAPER

IN THE DOMINION.

PUBLISHED

EVERY FRIDAY

—OFFICE—

90 KING STREET WEST

TORONTO, ONT.

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

TURF, FIELD, AND AQUATIC SPORTS

ART, BILLIARDS, VETERINARY,

SHOOTING, TRAPPING, FISHING.

ATHLETIC PASTIMES, NATURAL HISTORY

MUSIC, AND THE

DRAMA



The Gentleman's Journal

TORONTO, FRIDAY NOV. 28, 1877.

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—and not to any of our employees. This will avoid any delay.

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

Are respectfully informed, that all Correspondents of the SPORTING TIMES are supplied with a card of a PURPLE color, with the name of the city or town and correspondent, signed by the proprietors of this paper, with a punch stamp of a horse's head upon the right upper corner, and dated October, 1877, each card running for three months. No person is authorized to use any other credential on our behalf. Managers will save themselves from imposition by demanding an exhibition of said card, and refusing to accept any excuse whatever for its non-production. The card is not transferable; and if it be presented by any person other than the one whose name it bears, managers and others will retain it and mail it to this office.

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

DATES CLAIMED FOR 1877.

AMERICAN.

RUNNING MEETINGS.

New Orleans Dec 1 to 4
Charleston, S. C. Feb 5 to 9 (1878)

DATES CLAIMED FOR 1878.

CANADIAN.

Oshawa May 24

AMERICAN

Ereepport, Ill. May 30 to June 2
Prophetstown, Ill June 4 to 7
Clyde, N. Y. July 8 to 5
Toledo, O July 16 to 19
Cleveland, O July 23 to 26
Buffala, N. Y. July 30 to Aug 2
Freeport, Ill Aug 1 to 4
Rochester, N. Y. Aug 6 to 9
Prophetstown, Ill Aug 6 to 9
Utica, N. Y. Aug 13 to 16
Springfield, Mass. Aug 20 to 23
Larville, Ill Aug 20 to 23
Mystic Park, Boston Sept 3 to 6

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any person or persons who takes a paper regularly from a Post Office, whether directed in his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for payment.
2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and then collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.
3. The Courts have decided, that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

TO OUR FRIENDS

A BOLD PROPOSITION.

Sometimes the greatest results have very small commencements. The ball once started in motion on favorable ground, it is difficult to say when its momentum will cease. A little extra excitement in American turf circles has created a war between the East and West. The proposal of a special purse to be run for at Baltimore this Fall brought the two opposing sections in contact, and the defeat of the Western champion, Ten Broeck, by the speedy son of Learnington and Maiden, is now a matter of history. Owing to unfavorable weather, a second race between these horses at Jerome Park was a fiasco, Parole easily capturing the trick by a walk-over, the damp weather having so affected the Kentucky crack that he was not in condition to put in an appearance with credit to himself or justice to his friends. The fire thus created is not to be allowed to smoulder away into ashes, but fresh fuel has been added, and already a lurid glare is seen, which before the conclusion of the season of 1878 threatens to increase in sufficient intensity to illuminate the whole of the continent. This additional fuel has been added by a proposition of a leading eastern turfman to run his individual horses against the combined stables of the west, at Jerome or Saratoga, next season. It will be remembered a paragraph was taking the rounds of the press, in which it was stated that Parole would be backed against Ten Broeck for \$20,000 a side, to run at Louisville next spring any distance from one to four miles. Upon referring to the principal in the matter—the owner of Parole—he would not accept the paternity of the deft contained in the paragraph in question, but substituted a proposition which, for its boldness, has had no equal in the annals of racing events on this continent. It is embodied in a letter to the Turf, Field and Farm, and is published in that journal of last week. Its effect is as follows:—

JERSEY CITY, Nov 13, 1877.

EDITORS TURF, FIELD AND FARM.—I have not challenged Ten Broeck, but I am willing to run Parole against him for \$25,000 a side, \$10,000 forfeit, two miles and a half, western weights and dry track. The race to be run at Saratoga, and I will allow Ten Broeck \$5,000 for expenses if it comes off.

I will also run from my Rancocus stable—
A two-year-old at three-quarters of a mile,
A three-year-old at one mile and three-quarters.

A four-year-old at two miles and a quarter,
A five-year-old at three miles,
against Western horses of same ages, excepting that I will run my five-year-old against a five-year-old or over. The four races to be run at Jerome Park or Saratoga, for \$2,500 a side each race, \$1,000 forfeit. To be named at the post. The four races to be accepted, or none.

This offer means that I am willing to run my stable against the pick of the entire West.

Yours, respectfully,
P. LORILLARD.

It will be noticed that Mr. Lorillard has named eastern tracks as the location of these great events. In the Parole-Ten Broeck matter he concedes the point of western weights, which exhibits in a marked degree the fairness of the proposal so straight-forwardly made. It will also be observed the letter contains a couple of challenges—first, to run Parole against Ten Broeck; second, to run a two, three, four, and five-year-old against the pick of the west. Kentucky horsemen will hardly let these bold propositions go unheeded, and their acceptance will create the wildest excitement among turfmen of all classes. The one event alone—Parole against Ten Broeck—would fire up the enthusiasm to an explosive pitch, and the additional races would still further excite the popular mind. It was the intention to have made a season with Ten Broeck in the spring, but when Mr. Lorillard's intimation to run Parole against him was

liam, Gen. Phillips, Charlie Gorham (a half brother of Bill Bruce), and Felicia. The Rancocus stable would be represented by Bazil, Zoo-Zoo, or Bombast.

The western five-year olds, and upwards, would comprise such horses as Ten Broeck, Whisper, Largentoon, Joe Rhodes, Elemi (a full sister to Lottie B., and half sister of Moonbeam) and Aristides. Mr. Lorillard would meet the choice of this lot with a selection from Parole, Barricade, and Preston.

It is to be hoped the western turfmen will be heard from favorably in this matter, as an acceptance of these propositions would do much for the turf next year, not only in the United States but in Canada.

FROM THE RECORDS.

We have received from the office of the Turf, Field and Farm a worthy little compilation entitled the Alphabetical Racing Record for 1877, which contains much valuable information. It gives the name, color, and age, of all the winners in the United States during the year, with the date, distance, weight carried, amount of stake, number of starters in and time of each race. From this little *vade mecum* we make the following excerpts having reference to horses owned in Canada. At half-a-mile the only winner from this side on American soil is the bay gelding Rancocus, three years, owned by Prof. Smith, V. S., Toronto, who at Saratoga on August 4, won a match for \$100, crediting himself with 51 seconds, 100 lbs. up. The brown mare Inspiration, six years, owned by the same gentleman, won three races, dash of a mile. At Cleveland, Ohio, June 20, purse \$100, beating five others, 1:44, 112 lbs. up; at Ogdensburg, N. Y., July 4, purse \$100, beating three others, 1:50, 118 lbs. up; and at the same place, September 6, purse \$90, beating three others, 1:54. In the mile best-class we find the name of Ella Walton (Ella Wotten) owned by Mr. Ford, of Prescott, who won at Canton, N. Y., September 8, purse \$175, two entries, 1:56, 1:56. Inspiration again shows up at Ogdensburg, N. Y., Sept. 8, purse \$175, two entries, 1:52, 1:47. She was also the winner in a mile-and-a-quarter dash, at Jerome Park, September 29, stake \$1,260, nine starters, 2:15, 117 lbs. At one-mile and-a-half the grey, three-year old filly, Lady D'Arcy, owned by Col. Boulton, Cobourg, came to the front at Ogdensburg, N. Y., September 7, purse \$150, four starters, 2:48. On July 4, at same place, Inspiration won a dash of one mile four and a half furlongs, purse \$150, five starters, 2:50, 122 lbs. At two miles the bay horse Bill Bruce, 5 years, then owned by Mr. John Forbes, of Woodstock, Ont., captured a two-mile dash at Cleveland, Ohio, June 20, purse \$450, six entries, 3:36, 115 lbs. At two-and-a-half miles, Inspiration shows on the lead at Cleveland, Ohio, June 28, purse \$660, four starters, 4:31, 112 lbs. This is the fastest time for the year reported, and is worthy of mention. Her trainer, Mr. Charley Boyle, thought that day if he had let her run four miles out she would have cut down Ten Broeck's record. She had 2:44 to run the remaining mile and a half in, and from the ease with which she won her race, he has no doubt she could have accomplished it easily. Assuming she had kept up her pace for four miles, which Mr. B. thinks was quite within her power, she would have accomplished the four miles in 7:14, one and three-quarter seconds below the Kentucky crack. It is to be regretted he did not try it. At one mile and a quarter, over hurdles, the old veteran Kelso, the property of Mr. Archie Fisher, Toronto, showed in the van at Saratoga

in Canada was very indefinite. Mr. Cumber's communication appears now to be a vile decoction saturated with mendacity from beginning to end, an imposition on the good nature and confidence of a journalist; and instead of being the means to clear up the character of Mr. Cumber and Brightwood, will do much to throw them in the deep ponds of darkness and suspicion. The following letter addressed to the Spirit of the Times shows up Mr. C. in a very unenviable light:

BRANTFORD, Nov. 3, 1877.

DEAR SIR,—In reading your paper of this date I observed a communication from J. Cumber, complaining bitterly of the cost, trouble, and inconvenience he was put to in proving Brightwood's eligibility to recover purses won by him in the Northern Illinois Circuit, costing some \$250 to obtain affidavits from the breeder of Brightwood, P. J. Pilkey, of Brantford, Can. Mr. Cumber ought to consider such evidence very cheap, for he knows very well, just as well as I do, that Mr. Pilkey is not the breeder of Brightwood, as any one in the town can tell you. I think Mr. C. will have to go a long way out of Brantford to find the breeder of Brightwood. Mr. P. J. Pilkey, of this town, is the breeder and owner of a young stallion, six years old, called Amber, sired by Clear Grit, dam by Royal Revenge, that he trotted several races in Canada, and recently returned from Goderich, where he has been trotting. As to Pilkey being the breeder of Brightwood, it's a falsehood from beginning to end, fabricated by Cumber and the parties who trotted Brightwood through the country.

Yours, One Who Knows.

P.S.—I will bet \$100 or \$1,000 what I say is correct and true. As to what horse this Brightwood is, I cannot inform you, but there is no doubt he's a ringer. Some people think he is the horse Peculiar.

THE TORONTO HUNT CLUB.

A large number of horsemen, both members and others, assembled at the meet, at the Woodbine Park, last Saturday. There was every prospect of rain, but it cleared away in the afternoon, and turned out beautiful. For the hunt Old John brought down twelve couples and a half of hounds, and I must say for a looker on, I never saw hounds in better condition for a run than they were, and then Mr. Thomas took the hounds from the Club House and put them into the bush back of the Woodbine track, and away they went in full cry over Mr. Williams' farm, along the lakeside for about two miles, and reynard with the pack to his heels, ran across to Mr. Patterson's farm, on the Kingston road; he then doubled back and run straight for Norway, and through on to Mr. Duggan's farm, and then across the heights.

At this point the pace was killing, but nothing daunted, the gallant pack kept their victim well in hand; they drove him straight on to the O'Coners' farm, on the lake side, through the barn door went the fox and hounds, helter skelter; he then turned back and run to Norway again, the fox straining every nerve to shake off his persistent tormenters. It was no use for they came up to and killed him, close by the Norway House on the Kingston Road. One of finest day's sport the club have had this fall. Miss Ida Walker being up first at the death, took the brush. Quite a number of croppers, but none badly hurt. Mr. Mead, Jr., being next up took the head. Those who continued to the end were Messrs. W. Copland, Gooderham, W. D. Darlington, J. Mead, A. Godson, M. A. Thomas, Walter Lee.

Following are the names of a few who were out on Saturday: Messrs. M. A. Thomas, Master; W. D. Darlington, Whip; Jos. Mead, Jr., J. G. Worts, W. Copland, G. Gooderham, Walter Lee, A. Shields, John A. Donaldson, T. B. Fuller, Jos. Walker, Fred Walker, A. M. Godson, John Burns, Wm. Hastings, Mr. Hughes, Hon. F. Smith & Sons, N. Rooney, Mr. Stewart & Son, Mr. Grant, J. W. Merrick, Wm. Ramsay, R. Bond, Whip; O. Mead, John Dixon, W. Brown, A. Smith, V. S.; Dr. Troutman & ladies, Mr. Gooderham & ladies, Mr. F. Worts & ladies, Mr. Cornell & ladies, and about 40 others.—CON.

Sporting Gossip.

Mr. Seth D. Bane, the popular western driver and trainer, has removed from Chatham to Detroit. He has established himself in a shoeing shop, where he will make a specialty of manufacturing his toe weight shoes. His address is Finney House, Detroit.

The New Brunswick trotting mare Gypsy Queen recently won a race at Bangor, Me. She was lately purchased by a citizen of Bangor for \$1,600.

Mr. M. H. Sanford arrived in New York from England on Wednesday of last week, in the steamer Republic, of the White Star Line. He comes with a renewed stock of health and is looking well.

A mare, belonging to Mr. W. H. Dorland, of Zimmerman, Halton County, died a few days ago at the ripe old age of thirty-three. She was worked up till last Fall. She was the dam of the trotting gelding Comet, now owned by Mr. Joseph Ryan, of Hamilton.

A report was current in the New York papers that the converted prize fighter Orville (Awful) Gardner, had been backsliding, and was about to go into the liquor business, as a support for his family; the pious dodge being overdone in Gotham. It is said Gardner denies the truth of the report. He visited Canada, about twenty years ago, giving sparring exhibitions, and teaching the young idea how to hit straight from the shoulder.

The Guelph Herald says that betting on the result of the polling for the Dunkin Bill is getting quite fashionable in that locality. 500 majority against the Bill is the customary figures for even money.

A couple of billiard tables were lately introduced into Blyth, Ont., and a certain clergyman, believing they are going to ruin the morals of the rising generation, made them the subject of his discourse in the pulpit on a Sunday evening. Poor fellow.

Mr. S. White, of Cooksville, last week purchased from Mr. Lyon, of this city, the thoroughbred mare The Swallow, 9 years old, by Ruric, dam Augusta by imported Ainderby. She is believed to be in foal by Hyder Ali. The consideration was not made public. The Swallow was the winner of the Queen's Plate, at Hamilton, in 1874, and during that season run a number of races with fair success. In addition to The Swallow, Mr. W. has Nellie and Satinella as a nucleus for a thoroughbred stock farm. They will be all bred to Hyder Ali in the spring.

Mr. Geo. T. Billington, of Hamilton, called at our office last week and showed us a patent two-bow buggy top, for the manufacture of which he is disposing shop rights. It is a very neat affair, fully 25 per cent. cheaper, and being much lighter than the old style, has much to recommend it.

First-class hotel business in New York cannot be called financially successful. The Lelands have gone under; and now the Stetsons, of the Astor House, have been adjudicated bankrupts. Liabilities, \$50,000; assets 0.

The steamship Dominion sailed from Montreal for Liverpool on the 14th. Among her freight were 600 sheep and 150 cattle.

A beautiful pair of trotting stallions are advertised for sale in to-day's paper. They are well bred, and speedy enough not to take snowballs from any one they are likely to come across on the road. They will be sold cheap, as the owner has other business to attend to.

The Detroit Horse Fair will be held from July 2 to 5, 1878.

The trotting gelding Ed. Burton, who has been in training at Buffalo this season, is

Oshawa.....	May 24
Freeport, Ill.....	May 30 to June 2
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TO OUR FRIENDS.

We have on our books a large amount of money due us for subscriptions. We have been particularly indulgent to our friends and patrons, and trust they will see the necessity of promptly remitting their indebtedness in this respect. As the issue and collection of drafts is a pecuniary loss to us of some moment, it is hoped that those who are indebted for subscription will remit without entailing on us the trouble and expense of individual drafts. We make this broad appeal in the fullest confidence of a ready response.

Everything used about a printing office is cash, and to meet the weekly drain on our exchequer we are compelled to ask payment of outstanding obligations. Our expenses naturally increase as the winter approaches, and as most of our subscription accounts are far past due—our terms being *in advance*—we feel no delicacy in making the request for prompt remittance. Many of our readers are a couple of years in default, and their remittances will greatly assist us and place us under renewed obligations.

Mr. McKay, of Truro, N.S., has sold his trotting horse Discount to a gentleman of New York city, for \$2,000

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The Turf thinks this proposition to run Ten Broeck is liberal, and says in order to sustain the reputation of his horse, Mr. Harper will be compelled to accept it. In speaking of the balance it appears to have no doubt that the western stables will concentrate their forces, and respond favorably to the propositions so fairly made by the eastern turfman. In naming over the probable contestants, it submits that the two-year olds can be only indicated by their pedigrees, having no performances by which their standard of merit can be measured. In the three-year old class the West would be able to select from such a galaxy as Himyar, Pomeroy, Leveler, Day Star, Blue Eyes, Milan, Momentum, Waterwitch, Stella, Minnock, Cammie F., and Actrees, all winners this year. Mr. Lorillard would probably select from Judith Spartan, Perfection, Hildegrade, and Pique.

The western four-year-old delegation from which a pick could be made would comprise such flyers as Vera Cruz, King Faro, Mo-Whirter, Mahlstick (a half brother to Mohawk,) Flying Locust, Leonard, King Wil-

son, and a pair of hounds, but I must say for a looker on, I never saw hounds in better condition for a run than they were, and then Mr. Thomas took the hounds from the Club House and put them into the bush back of the Woodbine track, and away they went in full cry over Mr. Williams' farm, along the lakeside for about two miles, and reynard with the pack to his heels, ran across to Mr. Patterson's farm, on the Kingston road; he then doubled back and run straight for Norway, and through on to Mr. Duggan's farm, and then across the heights.
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Correspondence.

INGERSOLL.—The long expected match of ten pins between Bixels Brewery and the McMurray House came off last Thursday at Mr. Geo. Reid's new bowling alley. The room was crowded to excess and quite a large amount of money changed hands. Messrs. Leonard Bixil & Henry Line represented the brewery while Messrs. Wm. McMurry & Richard Cairns did battle on behalf of the hotel. The result was a surprise to many. Notwithstanding the skill displayed by Mr. Bixil the brewery sustained a disastrous defeat. Mr. Geo. Manglar and Capt. Robt. McMurray acted as umpire and referee respectively.—TOE WEIGHT.

KINGSTON—A football match between the Military Cadets and a team composed of citizens was played on the grounds of the former club on Saturday afternoon, and resulted in a decided victory for the Cadets, in fact the city men became completely demoralized, and were unable to say by how much they were defeated. The result was expected, however, as the citizens were without practice, never having played together before. They expect to give a better account of themselves in the return match. I understand a game is to be played this week at Port Hope, between the Queen's College Club of this city and a team from Toronto.

Mr. Conroy has sold his trotting mare Lady Emma to a gentleman from Syracuse. Consideration private. This makes eight speedy ones sold here this Fall.—BROC.

them the subject of his discourse in the pulpit on Sunday evening. Poor fellow.
 Mr. S. White, of Cooksville, last week purchased from Mr. Lyon, of this city, the thoroughbred mare The Swallow, 9 years old, by Ruric, dam Augusta by imported Ainderby. She is believed to be in foal by Hyder Ali. The consideration was not made public. The Swallow was the winner of the Queen's Plate, at Hamilton, in 1874, and during that season run a number of races with fair success. In addition to the Swallow, Mr. W. has Nellie and Satmella as a nucleus for a thoroughbred stock farm. They will be all bred to Hyder Ali in the spring.
 Mr. Geo. T. Billington, of Hamilton, called at our office last week and showed us a patent two-bow buggy top, for the manufacture of which he is disposing shop rights. It is a very neat affair, fully 25 per cent. cheaper, and being much lighter than the old style, has much to recommend it.

First-class hotel business in New York cannot be called financially successful. The Lelands have gone under; and now the Stetsons, of the Astor House, have been adjudicated bankrupts. Liabilities, \$50,000; assets 0.

The steamship Dominion sailed from Montreal for Liverpool on the 14th. Among her freight were 600 sheep and 150 cattle.
 A beautiful pair of trotting stallions are advertised for sale in to-day's paper. They are well bred, and speedy enough not to take snowballs from any one they are likely to come across on the road. They will be sold cheap, as the owner has other business to attend to.
 The Detroit Horse Fair will be held from July 2 to 5, 1878.

The trotting gelding Ed. Burton, who has been in training at Buffalo this season, is owned by Mr. George Gordon, of St. Thomas, Ont. A year ago Mr. G. bought him in Yarmouth for \$150, and thinking the youngster showed signs of speed, placed him in a trainer's hands for development. He now has a record of 2:45 it is said; and a western paper reports that Mr. Gordon has refused \$4,000 for him (?).

Charley Green is reported to have purchased a half interest in Great Eastern, the mammoth trotter.

Rolfe, the jockey who rode Jongleur in the Cambridgeshire, was presented with the handsome sum of \$2,500 for his success.

At a late sale of thoroughbred stock at Newmarket, Eng., the bay horse Hampton, 5 years, by Lord Clifden, dam Lady London by Kettle drum, was purchased by Lord Ellesmere for \$86,000. Big money for a horse.

A local journal, that deals more in gossip than news, says that Mr. McFarland is to enter a splendid racer, recently imported from Kentucky, for the next Canadian Derby. It likewise says Mr. Robinson also intends entering a thoroughbred grey for the same race. Considering there has been no Canadian Derby for three years and no likelihood of one for three years to come, the enterprise of Messrs. McFarland and Robinson or the gullibility of the reporter must be very great. And we forgot, Mr. Tom Cousens, the noted jockey, is training Mr. McFarland's Kentucky rosinator. Tom Collins has been heard of, but who is Tom Cousens, the noted jockey? He's alone in his glory.

MORE ABOUT "BRIGHTWOOD."

A couple of weeks ago we published a letter from a Mr. Cumber, the owner of the horse Brightwood or Clover, in which he claimed that Brightwood was all "straight," and offered as testimony in that behalf evidence of his breeding. It was asserted in that communication that Brightwood was bred by Mr. P. J. Pilkey, of Brantford, Ont., and that he was sired by Clear Grit, dam by Royal Revenge. This story seemed quite possible, but the probability of a horse of Brightwood's calibre being bred and unknown

STILL THEY COME.

One of the most important sales of fine trotting stock ever held in the United States, took place at Flatbush, Long Island, N. Y., on Tuesday of last week. The stock was the property of the estate of the late Mr. V. Van Wyck of that place. Among the horses disposed of was the trotting stallion Jupiter Abdallah, one of the most noted of Flatbush sires. He was purchased for \$2,500 by Mr. Wm. Hendrie, of Hamilton, and the following description is given of him.

Jupiter Abdallah, (formerly Major Anderson), is a bay stallion, foaled May 20, 1855, bred by Mr E. Martense, and purchased from the Van Wyck estate, at the sale on Nov. 18, 1877. He was sired by Jupiter (Rich'), dam Kate, by old Abdallah, and dam by old Abdallah (son of Mambrino, imported Messenger). Jupiter, chestnut horse, foaled 1849, by Long Island Black Hawk, dam Gipsy, by Almaack, a son of Mambrino, by imported Messenger. From the above pedigree it will be seen that Jupiter Abdallah is closely connected on both sides in very straight lines to imported Messenger, who has strong claims to be considered the fountain head of trotters in America. The consideration paid for Jupiter Abdallah was \$500. The Turf, Field and Farm says of the horse "Jupiter Abdallah, the darling of Mr. Van Wyck in his life time, is dirt cheap." In looking further into the breeding, it will be seen that Long Island Black Hawk, was by Andrew Jackson, dam by Miller, by Mambrino. Andrew Jackson, by Young Bashaw, by Grand Bashaw. Jupiter Abdallah is the sire of some good ones. Result, the winner of the 2:28 Stallion Race at the Cressler's meeting at Fleetwood, N. Y., on Oct. 16, is by Jupiter Abdallah, dam Compromise, by Hambletonian.

He won the third, fourth and fifth heats in 2:27, 2:27, beating Nil Desperandum, by Phillip, Champion, Jr., and Montezuma. Among his other colts are the bay mare Tom Moore, dam Nellie Moore, by Manchester, record 2:28, sold at same sale \$2,350, Roden's Prince, dam by imported Trustee, record 2:27; bay mare Belle of the Gigs, dam the dam of Tom Moore, 6 years old, sold at the Van Wyck sale for \$2,100; by Tom Moore, b m foaled 1874, dam Lady Moore, by Peacemaker, sold at same sale for \$1,000; Flatbush Abdallah, b h, seven years old, dam Abdallah Maid, by Flying Cloud, sold \$1,300, b g Major Jones, 4 yrs, dam by Thorne, by Jupiter Abdallah, was knocked down at \$500; and a three-year-old gelding Franks Cooke, dam, Lady Under by Tom Wonder was sold on private sale at a figure said to exceed \$2,500. This is a pretty good exhibit for the get of the old sire, and stamps him a valuable sire. He is the only produce by Jupiter Abdallah out of a Hambletonian mare, but so flatly has this cross been that Mr. Hendrie purchased a couple of Hambletonian mares with the intention of breeding them to his importation. The Turf, Field and Farm says that Jupiter Abdallah's colts, so far, are taller than himself, notably one who is 5 ft 9 in height.

Mr. Hendrie is to be complimented on his taste, and with two such stallions in his stable as the thoroughbred Big Sandy and the trotting stallion Jupiter Abdallah, it is hard to exercise a valuable influence on the market at the head of the lake. That section of the country is now pretty well supplied with trotting sires, and in a few years they will show the result of their location if there is any truth in the saying that "blood tells."

lotion daily to the irritated parts, viz.:—Corrosive sublimate, two drachms; Alcohol, four ounces; water, sixteen ounces. The horse should be regularly and carefully exercised every day, but not allowed to travel more than six or eight miles; and be careful not to expose him to wet when under the medicines. Make sure your horse is not standing close to where poultry is kept, as sometimes the irritation you describe is due to poultry lousiness.

Veterinary.

ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE SOCIETY.

The usual weekly meeting of the Ontario Veterinary College Literary College, was held in the lecture room of the College, on Thursday evening, 1st inst. Mr. Thomas, of Guelph, read an essay upon Specific Ophthalmia, which was well discussed, the President summing up. Mr. Smeall, of this city, then read a communication upon Rupture of the Liver, which occurred in the practice of Mr. McIntosh, of Kingston, in which three-fourths of a pound of the liver was removed, and the patient recovered. After a vote of thanks to Messrs. Thomas and Smeall the meeting adjourned.

English Turf.

THE GREAT SHROPSHIRE HANDICAP.

LONDON, Nov. 14, 1877.

At the Shrewsbury November races, to-day, the principal event was the Great Shropshire Handicap, a dash of one mile. For this race thirteen horses ran. The Duke of Montrose's colt Hopbloom, with 10 to 1 laid against him at the start, proved the victor, with the Duke of Westminster's filly, Helena, at 3 to 1, in the second place, and Mr. T. Ansley's filly Lady Ronald, at 25 to 1, third. The following is the summary:—

- The Great Shropshire Handicap of 500 sovs., added to a sweepstake of 25 sovs. each, 15 sovs. forfeit, entrance 3 sovs. only. The new straight mile.
- Duke of Montrose's b c Hopbloom, by Parmesian, out of Coglisauce, 4 yrs. 1
- Duke of Westminster's b f Helena, by Cardinal York, out of Florence Alalabid, 3 yrs. 2
- Mr T. Ansley's b f Lady Ronald, by Lord Lyon, out of Edith, 3 yrs. 3

AMERICAN HORSES IN ENGLAND.

A correspondent sends us the following, which we have answered as fully as time and space will permit.

J. M., Chicago, Ill. will be glad for the following information: Who trains Mr. Sanford's horses in England? What races have they won? What date did R. Ten Broeck take his horses over to England?—the names of the horses he owned? Who trained for him and what races he won?

ANSWER.—Charles Littlefield is Mr. Sanford's trainer; he went over with the horses. In 1876 Mr. Sanford's Bay Final won the Dullingham handicap, after a dead heat with Broadside, 2 miles 2 furlongs and 28 yards; Preakness walked over for the Brighton Cup; Bay Final won the Dullingham Handicap this year; Brown Prince won the Plate, 100 sovereigns, at Newmarket Craven meeting; Donna won Handicap Plate, 100 sovereigns, same meeting; Mate won the second-class Cambridgeshire Stakes at Newmarket October meeting, and the second-class Cesarwitches Stakes, handicap, at Newmarket Houghton meeting; Start, by Glenelg, won the Beauport stakes at Newmarket July meeting, first Welter Handicap at Newmarket October meeting, and the Ancaster Welter Handicap at the Newmarket Houghton meeting. Mr. Ten Broeck shipped the first lot of horses to England in 1856—Lecompte, Prior and Priores, all three noted on the turf of this country. He afterwards sent over Starke, Bonita, Optimist, Annette, Umpire, Satellite, Maggiore, Rubicon, Olive Branch, Woodburn, &c. The late A. J. Minor was his first trainer. He was succeeded by Mr. J. B. Pryor, who remained in charge of Mr. T's horses until his return to America. In 1857 Priores won the Cesarwitch Handicap Stakes, after a dead heat with El Hakim, 34 starters. In 1858, Priores won the Yorkshire Handicap, at Doncaster; received 200 sovs. forfeit from Beadsman, in match, one mile; won a match vs. Poodle, 200 sovs. each at

market; won the selling purse of 50 sovereigns at Newmarket second October meeting and a handicap, one and a quarter miles, at Shrewsbury Autumn meeting. Umpire won several races after his sale to Lord Coventry. Olive Branch, by Lexington, same year (1862), won the tenth Biennial Stakes at Bath, one and a half miles; the Cowdray Stakes, at Goodwood, three-quarters of a mile. She was then sold to Mr. Bignell and won several races in his stable.—Turf.

BETTING.

The recent indictment of the pool-sellers at Hoboken has created quite a stir in turf circles. It cannot be denied that a large portion of those interested in turf matters commiserate the unfortunate position of the delinquents, and thereby hang a tale. It is too late at this juncture to inquire who are most to blame in the premises, the hapless culprits whom the laws of a neighboring State are expected to punish, or those who patronized and gave character to the institution over which the offenders presided. The action of Judge Knapp at Hoboken in compelling the Grand Jury to indict the New York pool-sellers will do away with betting on turf events; but it may aid in keeping it hidden from the public eye, where it is offensive to many. The fact is, betting should be conducted under systematic rules; it should be regulated and controlled by the jockey clubs, as a measure of protection to all who take part in it. Since men will back their opinions, give them the opportunity to do so in a quiet way, under certain restrictions, and let the clubs be responsible for any dereliction of good faith. No State enactment can interfere with the liberty of a subject or citizen guaranteed to him by the higher law of constitutional enactment. Under the protectingegis of the clubs, men will not be interrupted in quietly backing their opinions at race meetings. Remove betting from the cities—that is, all auction and mutual pool-selling—and the prominent racing clubs will experience no difficulty in having the law passed at the late State Legislature so modified as not to interfere with betting on the track, when conducted under the supervision and control of the clubs.—Turf.

A CAUTION.

Mr. J. D. Willis, of Boston, shipped forty horses from Boston in the steamer Palestine, which were sold at Lucas' yard, Liverpool, on 8rd inst. The lot averaged \$150 a piece, and entailed a loss of \$50 a head. Want of blood is the reason assigned, and the fact may have some influence in inducing our farmers next spring to patronize the services of a thoroughbred stallion if there is one to be found in the neighborhood. The English market is likely to exercise a great influence on the demand for horses, and buyers for the English market do not want the underbred, hairy-legged monstrosities produced by crossing ordinary mares with "general purpose" stallions, any more than they want weards with neither bone nor substance. What they want is the offspring of a thoroughbred sire and a stout, shapely farm or carriage mare. It costs no more to have the right sort at five years old than the wrong; and while one is cheap at \$200, the other is hard to sell at \$100.—Mail.

DEATH OF CREEDMOOR.

We regret to learn that Mr. J. T. Williams, Spring Station, Ky., has lost his valuable and richly bred young stallion Creedmoor. He died Tuesday, Nov. 7th, of colic. He was foaled in 1878, bred at Woodburn Farm, by Asteroid, out of imp. Target by Rifleman, her dam Melrose by Melbourne, out of Clarkia by Mulley Molock, &c., and bought by Messrs. Williams & Owings at a yearling for \$230. He was a chestnut, four white stockings, and blaze face, standing sixteen hands high. He had a neat, blood like head, stout neck running into well-inclined shoulders, excellent middle piece, with a slight defect in his standing ribs. He had excellent legs, broad, flat knees, with immense bone and great substance. His racing career was extremely good.

Horse Notes.

KISBER—This splendid racehorse, the Derby winner of 1876, has broken down, and retires to the stud.

ACCIDENT TO A TURFMAN—Mr. Joseph MoMann, the trainer of Kilburn and other good ones, broke his arm en route from Baltimore to Washington, on the 11th inst.

space with an explanation relative to the advertisement headed a "grand testimonial to Felix James Morris."

Pressure of adverse circumstances compels me to make an appeal to our many friends and patrons in order to help us out of our present sad condition. Our efforts have not met with success; our actual receipts have fallen far short of our expenses, and the members of my company, who have every right to look to me for the fulfillment of their contracts, find themselves with most uncertain prospects. In order to liquidate my present indebtedness to them I came forward as a beneficiary, and by so doing I but add to my long list of obligations to the Montreal people. Next week will witness our last appearance in Montreal; and, believe me, I turn away from the old city and many, many true friends with a heavy heart.

Faithfully yours,
Felix J. Morris.

A DESERVED COMPLIMENT.

Dr. Talmage, in his evening's lecture upon the secular affairs of the week, paid Senator John Morrissey a high compliment. "He has been re-elected," said Dr. Talmage, "not by his old-time partisans, but by republicans. Hamilton Fish, General Grant's Secretary of State, voted for him. Peter Cooper, the friend of education and the founder of a great institute, voted for him. The Fifth Avenue equipages voted for him. Murray Hill voted for him. If some of you had lived there you would have voted for him." This is simply a statement of facts, but it is certainly flattering to Mr. Morrissey. Nevertheless we scarcely regard as just the implication of Dr. Talmage that all the "old-time supporters" of Morrissey voted on the side of the Senator's Tammany opponents.—N. Y. Herald.

ENGLISH JOCKEYS.

It is something to be a successful jockey on the English turf. Besides the princely income he enjoys, he is a potentate in his way, and occupies a limited sovereignty, over which he rules. Horse-owners are his subjects; they pay him every deference, and pay richly, too, for the services he renders. As a rule, the English jockey is faithful, conscientious, incorruptible. When engaged to represent the interest of a particular stable, he is temperate, pains-taking, industrious and judgmatical, and all the wealth of Golconda's mine will not buy him from his trust. His reward is the good opinion of dukes, lords, and commoners, and a right royal income in money. When disposed to be thrifty the most of them acquire wealth in a few years, and, later, retire upon a competency, with honors thick upon them. In short, the English jockey is one of the most popular institutions of the English turf.

In this connection, it may not be out of place to remark that it would be as well for some of the jockeys who ride for the American turf to emulate the example of their English cousins. Like them, they would in time reap a substantial reward for their fidelity and the conscientious discharge of their duties. "A word to the wise," &c.—Turf.

Miscellaneous.

Deputy Reeve Cull, of Mitchell, has sold his black and tan miniature of a dog to a person in Guelph for \$60, nearly six times the price of a horse that was sold by Baliff Coppin on the market on Saturday.

MORE HIPPODROME WRESTLING.—Bauer and Miller wrestled in Boston on Monday night. New York connoisseurs, when speaking of the event last week smilingly said, "It is Bauer's turn to win now." Their astuteness was proved by the result. Bauer gained one fall, and the public were amused by the exhibition. That kind of "smile" performance may wash in the Hub, but it doesn't go down in New York.

The owners of Brown Ned, of Port Sarnia, have challenged the speedy little trotter, Russian Spy, of Watford, for \$500 a side.

One of the speediest thoroughbred geldings in Canada is offered for sale at good value for the money. In August last he ran half a mile, with 100 lbs up, over a soft track, in 51 seconds.

Monday and Tuesday evenings he appeared as Mowber in Little Emily and gave the greatest satisfaction with his eccentric impersonation of that character. Mrs. Morrison filling the role of Mrs. Mowber. On Wednesday evening Mr. Rowe's original comedy of Brass was the bill, with that gentleman as Waiton Stray, a model of audacious mendacity. A matinee on Thursday. This Friday evening Mr. Rowe takes his benefit. To-morrow evening he concludes his engagement. Miss L. Ormo (Miss Kate Girard) who was announced to support Mr. Rowe was too severely indisposed to take her place on Monday and Tuesday evenings. During the week the support by the stock company has been very good, especially Miss McAllister, Miss Carr, and Mr. Hudson. Jennie Deans and the Invincibles are underlined for early production.

At the Royal Opera House Pullman's Great London Sensation is announced for four nights and one matinee, commencing Monday, November 26th. Among the attractions are J. W. Whiston, the great facial artist; the Dominatives, said to be the smallest people in the world; and a strong list of names of concert artists. The optical illusions are quite a feature of the show. The Sensation is favoured with very complimentary notices by the press fraternity wherever it has visited.

The Queens has drawn large houses all week with Niblo's pantomime of Diado. In addition to this the regular variety company have presented a programme of the usual nature. Several new faces are announced for Monday night.

GENERAL.

MONTREAL.—The Academy of Music was crowded on Saturday night last, the occasion being the farewell benefit to Miss Isabel Morris.—The lyric drama of Joan of Arc is on for a season of one week at the Theatre Royal, commencing Monday, 19. Miss Theresa Nowcombe assumes the title role.—Mr. Snow, of Chicago, has leased the Academy of Music from the 1st of December, and intends giving novelties of various kinds during the season.

HAMILTON.—Pullman's London Sensation, under the management of Prof. H. T. Wells, with Mr. John W. Whiston, the monologue artist, as the leading attraction, Mechanics' Hall, Nov. 23 and 24.—Tandy Bros., vocalists, assisted by local talent, same hall, Nov. 28.—Royal Star Dramatic Company—Sophie Miles as star, same hall, November 29, 30, and Dec. 1.—At the Opera House this week a number of new people are announced, among the rest Guy Linton and Lucy Adams.

LONDON.—Sophie Miles and Spackman's Royal Star Dramatic Co. at Holman Opera House for a short season, commencing Nov. 19, when the bill was Mary Stuart, 20th, Leah, the Foraker.—The London Aylum Dramatic Club gave their first entertainment on Nov. 16, the two-act comedy of His Last Legs being performed.

PETERBORO.—The Tandy Bros., Drabburn's Hall, Dec. 5.

GUELPH.—The variety company from the Hamilton Opera House, at Town Hall, for two nights, Nov. 21 and 22.

TEESWATER.—Prof. Maitland and company at Town Hall, Nov. 30.

Cool Burgess commenced an engagement at the Olympic Theatre, 624 Broadway, N. Y., on Monday 19.

The girl who committed suicide at Ingersoll a week or two ago, and who was going around with a minstrel troupe, was Mrs. Francis Alexander, whose husband is a merchant in Mount Clements, Mich. She eloped a short time previously with a man named Dale, a member of the troupe.

IF THEY TELL YOU THE MONTREAL HOUSE, MONTREAL, IS CLOSED, DON'T BELIEVE IT. SOMEBODY SAID THAT REDUCING THE RATE TO \$1.25 A DAY WOULD HAVE THAT EFFECT. WE DON'T THINK SO.

L. W. DECKER.

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To Correspondents.

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

Notice taken of anonymous communications or queries. No answer by mail or reply.

Thanks. Your request will be answered in next Paper went last week.

Trump's American Hoyle must be understood, however, never to count honors at eight points, but to be shown before the first trick is completed. Thus it might happen that partners at eight points, holding the same hand, would be beaten, even though one side wanted three or four tricks "game." Further—"but the inquiry must be made by the player holding the honors till it is his turn to play."

M. Cannington.—We would recommend you to have your horse clipped, and in a comfortable stable, with plenty of clothing. Allow him about twelve pounds of oats and twelve pounds of hay per day. Give him one ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic every night, mixed with a quantity of boiled feed. Continue the treatment for two weeks. If he continues to improve much, apply a little of the following

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Duke of Westminster's b f Helena, by Cardinal York, out of Florence Aislabie, 3 yrs..... 2
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market and entailed a loss of \$50 a head. Want of blood is the reason assigned; and the fact may have some influence in inducing our farmers next spring to patronize the services of a thoroughbred stallion if there is one to be found in the neighborhood. The English market is likely to exercise a great influence on the demand for horses, and buyers for the English market do not want the underbred, hairy-legged monstrosities produced by crossing ordinary mares with "general purpose" stallions, any more than they want weeds with neither bone nor substance. What they want is the offspring of a thoroughbred sire and a stout, shapely farm or carriage mare. It costs no more to have the right sort at five years old than the wrong; and while one is cheap at \$200, the other is hard to sell at \$100.—Mail.

DEATH OF CREEDMOOR.

We regret to learn that Mr. J. T. Williams, Spring Station, Ky., has lost his valuable and richly bred young stallion Creedmoor. He died Tuesday, Nov. 7th, of colic. He was foaled in 1873, bred at Woodburn Farm, by Asteroid, out of imp. Target by Rifleman, her dam Melrose by Melbourne, out of Clarkia by Muley Molock, &c., and bought by Messrs. Williams & Owings at a yearling for \$280. He was a chestnut, four white stockings, and blaze face, standing sixteen hands high. He had a neat, blood like head, stout neck running into well-angled shoulders, excellent middle piece, with a slight defect in his standing ribs. He had excellent legs, broad, flat knees, with immense bone and great substance. His racing career was extremely good.

Horse Notes.

KISSER—This splendid racehorse, the Derby winner of 1876, has broken down, and retires to the stud.

ACCIDENT TO A TURFMAN—Mr. Joseph McMann, the trainer of Kilburn and other good ones, broke his arm en route from Baltimore to Washington. He is, however, able to get around.

The expenses of the Newport Steeplechase were \$6,184.58, and receipts \$6,245. The balance \$60.47, was very properly donated by the Stewards to the Newport Hospital.

SALES OF TROTTERS AT LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.—Among recent sales of trotting stock at Leavenworth, Kansas, was that of Pine Leaf, record of 2:29, for \$2,500; Joe Green, \$495, and Kansas Girl, \$700.

TO PREVENT SHOE BOLE.—A correspondent writes that a sure preventive of shoe boils, caused by horses lying on their elbows, is to nail a 3x2 piece of scantling, with edges rounded, across the floor of the stall, about four feet back of the manger.

ANOTHER HIGH-PRICED YEARLING.—It is reported in English turf circles that the yearling brother to All Heart, by King Tom out of Marigold, has recently been purchased by Lord Lonsdale for £6,000. This is the highest price ever paid for a yearling.

Ten Broeck, King Farq and Vera Cruz arrived home in Kentucky on the 9th inst., from New York.

ARRIVAL OF FOSTER.—Capt. T. G. Moore, of Lexington, Ky., has arrived from California, and brought back with him the chestnut stallion, Foster, ten years old, by Lexington, out of Verona by imp. Yorkshire, her dam imp. Britannia by Moley, &c. Capt. Moore intends making a season in Kentucky with Foster, and from the rare form shown by his son, King William, he ought to command a liberal share of public patronage.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, MONTREAL.

The following communication explains itself. It is addressed to the Montreal Star: DEAR SIR,—May I intrude upon your valuable

represent the interest of a particular stable, he is temperate, pains-taking, industrious and judgmatical, and all the wealth of Golconda's mine will not buy him from his trust. His reward is the good opinion of dukes, lords, and commoners, and a right royal income in money. When disposed to be thrifty the most of them acquire wealth in a few years, and, later, retire upon a competency, with hot rs thick upon them. In short, the English jockey is one of the most popular institutions of the English turf.

In this connection, it may not be out of place to remark that it would be as well for some of the jockeys who ride for the American turf to emulate the example of their English cousins. Like them, they would in time reap a substantial reward for their fidelity and the conscientious discharge of their duties "A word to the wise," &c.—Turf.

Miscellaneous.

Deputy Reeve Cull, of Mitchell, has sold his black-and-tan miniature of a dog to a person in Guelph for \$60, nearly six times the price of a horse that was sold by Bahff Coppin on the market on Saturday.

MORE HIPPODROME WRESTLING.—Bauer and Miller wrestled in Boston on Monday night. New York connoisseurs, when speaking of the event last week smilingly said, "It is Bauer's turn to win now." Their astuteness was proved by the result. Bauer gained one fall, and the public were amused by the exhibition. That kind of "snide" performance may wash in the Hub, but it doesn't go down in New York.

The owners of Brown Ned, of Port Sarnia, have challenged the speedy little trotter Russian Spy, of Watford, for \$500 a side.

One of the speediest thoroughbred geldings in Canada is offered for sale at good value for the money. In August last he ran half a mile, with 100 lbs up, over a soft track, in 51 seconds.

Mr. John Forbes, of Woodstock, writes us that his stock is locking exceedingly well, especially Grey Eddie, Combination and Vicksburg.

From a letter in another column it will be seen we are not to have the honor of claiming Brightwood as "a distinguished Canuck."

Monsieur Adrien Izar, the noted French finger player is making arrangements for a tour of Ontario. He will give an exhibition in Toronto shortly, and then proceed west, taking in Guelph, London, &c. He is also quite an expert with the cue.

The adjourned races at Cobourg were concluded on Monday of last week. Mr. J. Mackie's b. m. Lady Mack had a walk over for the trot; and Mr. Andrew Dickinson's b. m. Fannie also walked over for the half-mile heat flat race. These were the only horses to show up.

The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News, published weekly at \$4 per year, by Mr. Fred., J. Englehart, at 298 Broadway, New York, is the latest candidate for public favor. It is elegantly illustrated, printed on toned paper, 16 large pages, and its general get-up is very flattering. Mr. Englehart is a graduate of the Turf, Field and Farm office, which is a strong indication of success in his new venture.

Amusements.

CITY.

Mr. George Fawcett Rown in his engagement at the Grand Opera House has met with a flattering success as was expected. On

Hall, Nov. 23 and 24.—Fanny Dees, vocalists, assisted by local talent, same hall, Nov. 28.—Royal Star Dramatic Company—Sophie Mulvaney, star, same hall, November 29, 30, and Dec. 1.—At the Opera House this week a number of new people are announced, among the rest Guy Linton and Lucy Adams.

L. Spens.—Sophie Miles and Spackman's Royal Star Dramatic Co. at Holman Opera House for a short season, commencing Nov. 19, when the bill was Mary Stuart, 20th, Leah, the Foreaker.—The London Asylum Dramatic Club gave their first entertainment on Nov. 16, the two-act comedy of His Last Legs being performed.

PETERBORO.—The Lady Bros., Bradburn's Hall, Dec. 6.

QUEBEC.—The variety company from the Hamilton Opera House, at Town Hall, for two nights, Nov. 21 and 22.

THRESWATER.—Prof. Maitland and company at Town Hall, Nov. 30.

Cool Burgess commenced an engagement at the Olympic Theatre, 624 Broadway, N. Y., on Monday 19.

The girl who committed suicide at Ingersoll a week or two ago, and who was going around with a minstrel troupe, was Mrs. Francis Alexander, whose husband is a merchant in Mount Clements, Mich. She eloped a short time previously with a man named Dale, a member of the troupe.

IF THEY TELL YOU THE MONTREAL HOUSE, MONTREAL, IS CLOSED, DON'T BELIEVE IT. SOME IMAGINED THAT REDUCING THE RATES TO \$1.50 AND \$1.25 A DAY WOULD HAVE THAT EFFECT. WE DON'T THINK SO.

L. W. DECKER.

326-41

FOR SALE.

A handsome thoroughbred gelding, 3 years old, and very fast. For particulars address ANSWER, SPORTING TIMES Office, Toronto.

326-41

COCKING.

A few GAME BIRDS for Sale. Fit only.

JOHN EDWARDS,
Dundas, Ont.

326-41

TROTTING STALLIONS FOR SALE

The owner not having time to properly develop his span of fast and elegantly bred trotting stallions, will dispose of them very cheap.

MATT CAMERON b h foaled 1872, 15-2, by Highland Boy, he by Sam's by Volunteer; dam by Toronto Chief; 2nd dam the Goodenough mare, by St. Lawrence; 3rd dam by Tippo, with dam by Tom Kibble. Matt Cameron can show better than 2:40, and is without record.

YOUNG ERIN CHIEF, b h foaled 1874, 15-2, by Erin Chief; dam same as Matt Cameron. Young Erin Chief can trot better than 2:00, has had no handling, and promises to be speedy.

The horses are perfectly sound, kind, and pure gaited; can be driven double or single at top of their speed by a lady; are nicely matched in size, color, and disposition; can speed to pole better than 2:00; and are without vice or fault of any kind. Can be seen at half-mile track, Queen St., West, Toronto.

For price address, HORSEMAN, SPORTING TIMES Office, Toronto.

326-41

THE Master of the Hounds

CHAPTER I.

(CONTINUED.)

'Right,' my old friend, you are quite right; style is the thing with fox-hounds. Harriers may hunt a fox to death, but they can't finish him off in the same style as fox-hound.'

'Well, then there is another reason why I prefer large hounds (not heavy, lumbering, throaty brutes, whose heads are so heavy that, when once down, they can't get them up again), but with clean heads and necks, and straight, muscular limbs, active and lightsome as tigers; they have power and strength to work over our heavy country, and come cheerfully home after the hardest day, with courage unabated, and sterns well up. Besides, every man has not the brains to breed a big, clever hound; and I dislike little men, little women, little horses, and little hounds, although they are all very well in their way, but not to my taste.'

'Well, Beauchamp,' replied Sir Francis, 'you have succeeded to the utmost of your wishes, for I never yet saw so fine and handsome a pack of fox-hounds as that now before me, and if they can go the pace, they are quite perfection.'

'That you will see also by-and-by, Burnett, if the scent holds.'

'Come, then, let us mount and away, for I see your son is already in the saddle, and anxious to begin.'

CHAPTER II.

The breakfast-room was cleared in a trice, and many polite offers made by Fred Beauchamp, Vernon, and Markham, to lift Miss Constance on her beautiful bay, which stood at the hall door, with Bob Conyers carefully examining the girths and bridle.

'Thank you,' she said, 'for your kind attentions; but my friend Mr. Conyers would be highly offended were I to accept any other hand than his, which was the first to place me on horseback.'

'Well, Con,' said Bob, as he adjusted her habit, after vaulting her into the saddle, 'you look like your father's own child this morning, and I'll back your seat and management on horseback against all the riding-school-taught misses in England.'

'Ah, Mr. Conyers,' she exclaimed, laughing; that is a little vanity on your part because you were my instructor.'

'Well, Miss Beauchamp,' interposed Vernon, 'Conyers may be justly proud of such a highly-finished and graceful pupil.'

'Thank you, Mr. Vernon, for your compliment; but fine speeches are thrown away upon a fox-hunter's daughter, which I told you once before this morning; and lightly touching her horse with the whip, he sprang instantly away, capering and kicking, to the consternation of Markham and those near; but Constance never moved an inch from her seat, and bounded off, with Bob at her side, laughing and patting her horse on the neck, delighted with his gambols.'

'By gad, Vernon!' exclaimed the Captain, 'that's a deuced fine horsewoman, sits like a jockey, but her horse's heels were devilish near finding out whether I had any brains in my head.'

'Not many there, I'll answer for,' replied Vernon, saying which, he galloped away to overtake Miss Beauchamp. Two whole cavalades were now on the move. Will Beauchamp with the pack, and his two whippers-in, taking the lead, and close behind them Mr. Beauchamp, Sir Francis Burnett, and old Sir Lionel Markham, who had only just arrived.

'Why, Markham,' exclaimed the squire, 'we gave you up as not intending to honor us this morning, and Constance said she was sure you must be very ill, not to patronize her breakfast table on our gala day.'

'No, Beauchamp; thank goodness I am hearty and well, but had some confounded long-winded business letters to write, and post to-day, and thinking it very doubtful where our Parkwood fox might lead us, I sat

Charley's holloa and rate, hark back again. Just as I feared—those coffee-housing cigar fellows have banded the fox back into covert. Ay, ay, now they are at him again; he is still holding to the outskirts of the wood, but the horsemen prevent his breaking. Now, Markham, steady a moment, they are turning, and we shall see them cross the drive before us. Look, yonder he goes,' as at a couple of bounds the fox cleared the drive; and with a scream which made the welkin ring, the old squire rushed to the spot, and, cap in hand, cheered his darlings on the scent.

'Now, Markham, we must forget our age, and stick to him; this fox means mischief, and will break at the lower end; come on, now is our time, we have them all to ourselves, and there is a capital line of gates up to the furze hills, which is his point.' Clapping spurs to their horses, the two old sportsmen hustled along down the nearest drive, which led to the bottom of the covert, and when they reached the gate, the pack was streaming away over the second large grass field, with heads up and sterns down, running as if they could see him.

'By Jove, what a pace, Beauchamp! we shall never catch them.'

'Come along,' roared the squire, and bang he went over the first bullfinch. 'Now for the gates—here we are, it's plain sailing now, and turf all the way. Give Hotspur his head, I say; put him along; and fast and furious went the old squire, screaming and spurring as if in the hey-day of his youth.

'Hah! hah! laughed Sir Lionel, this is glorious fun! the dandies won't sneer at the old fogies to-day, nor the Leicestershire men override the hounds. But here comes Will, I declare, with half a dozen fellows striving for the lead; but it won't do—Rattler holds his own, and has the speed of them all. Bang, bang, over the gates, here he comes. Ah! Will, you've caught us at last, my boy.'

'Glad to see you, sir, riding so well to-day; you gave us the slip at starting with the governor; but keep up the ball, Sir Lionel, now you have set it going. You won't be overridde yet awhile.'

'Go along, Will, never mind me; Beauchamp and I will fight on as long as we can.'

'Well, de me, my dear dad,' cried his son, as he rode by his side for a few seconds; 'you handed them cheerily over the drive; now, good-bye, and beware of those helter-skelter fellows behind.'

The hounds had now gained the furze hills, where a large pack of thick gorse gave the fox an opportunity of recovering second wind, the nature of the covert preventing his toes pressing him so closely as in the more open copse wood; and here they remained dodging about until the whole field, consisting of a hundred and fifty horsemen, or thereabouts, joined them.

'Well, Burnett,' exclaimed Mr Beauchamp, 'was that fast enough for you?'

'Can't say exactly, my friend, as a man is not expected to ride through a hundred acres of underwood as he would over a stubble field; but this patch of gorse is more to my taste, from which they won't give me the slip quite so easily. By gad, this puts one in mind of Leicestershire—fine open pastures all around—hounds cannot run away from us here.'

'Don't make too sure of that, Burnett,' replied Mr. Beauchamp; 'you will find it stiffer work across that vale, with ditches deep enough to hold a horse, with only his head above water; but look, Charley's cap is held up, the fox is away, and now comes the tug of war.' In a second, Will's scream brought the pack all round him, and setting down to the scent, they flashed away like lightning.

'Now, Master Will,' cried Sir Francis, taking his place by his side, 'I mean to keep you company, and see if your paragon can run away from me.'

'Come on then, Sir Francis, here's something to begin with,' as a stiff ox fence, about six feet high, stood across the common, right before them, over which the hounds had just dashed. Sir Francis put on the steam, going at the leap full speed, which prevented his horse assuming his distance, and his stride bringing him too near the fence for a good take off, he swerved suddenly aside, and threw his rider. William Beauchamp, by pulling up a little, enabled his horse to take it in his own style, and clearing it, he rode quickly away with the other side. As Sir Fran-

and I must now follow your example; but it can't be done in a minute, with this rushing brute, who will go in his accustomed style.'

'Then take my horse, and I will ride yours,' said Bob.

'Oh, no, my good friend, there is no time for changing, so come along; and another dip was the result, man and horse rolling into the next field.'

'You're not hurt, I hope?' said Conyers.

'No,' replied Sir Francis, 'I'm used to this sort of thing; often ride for a fall to get the other side.'

'That's more than I should like to do,' remarked Bob; 'a fall ain't so pleasant, that I should ride for it.'

'Must be done in Leicestershire sometimes, to keep with hounds, sir.'

'Oh, very likely,' replied Bob; 'but in this country it's not the fashion to do things in that way; we stick to the pig's skin.'

'Hah, hah! quoth Jack Taylor to his neighbor, Sir Lucius, who was riding with him, and looking back on the prostrate baronet; 'we shan't be troubled much more with his company. Now for the brook, Gwynne. A sovereign, Markham is in for one, and Coventry for another. They never go a' water.'

Sir Francis here passed them at a furious pace, going at the brook forty miles an hour, and with a cheer, landed safely over. 'Now Captain Markham,' he cried, 'come along!' and souse went the guardsmen into the stream.

'Hah! hah! my boy!' shouted the baronet; 'pleasant and cool, I hope, and all that sort of thing! Good bye, Captain, and mind you don't drink too hard.'

'Down that old crack-jawed fellow,' chattered the Captain, with drawn breath, and teeth rattling like castanets; 'but I'll be the death of that fire-eater, if ever I get on his track again.'

Fred Beauchamp, although laughing ready to split his sides, gave the Captain's horse a lifting hand, and they were soon again on terra firma. 'Thank'e, Fred,' said Markham; 'I'll do the same for you some time; but demm it all, I'll ride in the wake of that Leicestershire hero, and knock him over the very first fence we meet together.'

'Easier said than done, Markham, for he's going at a trimming pace now.'

'Then here goes to catch him.' And away they rattled.

It is needless to relate the various casualties that occurred over four miles of stiff enclosures, which the hounds traversed at such a pace that none but their huntsmen and two whippers-in were ever near them, till they reached a large woodland called the Holt, where all hoped for some little respite to their blown horses; but in vain; the gallant fox held on his course, going straight through this line of coverts, reaching nearly three miles in extent, and again bravely faced the open. The heavy, sticky nature of the soil in the drives (being a yellow clay) told fearful tales on the already distressed horses, whose riders still pushed them along, there being no fences to impede their progress.

'Holloa, Bob!' cried Vernon, who was riding behind him, 'you've lost a shoe.'

'Nothing more likely, Dick; but if I had lost all four, instead of one, there's no time for repairs, for I hear the horn again to the left, and the wounds are away.'

'And where now, Conyers?' inquired the Captain; 'not across another brook, I hope?'

'Even so, Markham—the forest is his point, some six miles a-head, if Will and Charley don't handle him before he reaches it. Forward, away! come along, you trusting scoundrel.'

Having cleared the wood, about fifty horsemen showed on the other side, the Leicestershire baronet taking up the running at a determined pace, to retrieve his lost laurels; and the fences being now lighter, he kept the lead, for about three miles, to the top of a rising ground, from whence the forest might be seen in the distance; but the pace to the hill told tales on his gallant horse, which staggered and fell at the last gate, rolling over him. The next four leading men left the baronet as he lay; but Bob Conyers, seeing the accident, went directly to his assistance, and, jumping from his saddle, helped him to rise.

'You are hurt now, Baronet,' he said, 'or at least, ought to be.'

first exclamation. 'I feel demmed uncomfortable, old fellow.'

'That's not unlikely, my boy, after swallowing mud and water enough to choke an alligator. Confound these brooks, with their rotten banks. I'll not ride another inch after that fellow, Will Beauchamp; so get up, Markham, and let us have a glass of hot brandy and water at the nearest public, and then home as hard as we can gallop.'

Many others, some from finking the brook, some from seeing no prospect of again catching the hounds, followed Vernon's example, trotting off home; and of the whole field, not half a score went on to the finish.

As Conyers was assisting the baronet on his horse, he exclaimed—'Hark, by Jove they have him. That's Will Beauchamp's whoo-hoop! for a thousand. Ay, there it is again; no doubt about it now; and as I live, the old squire's scream as well. But how the dickens he got there puzzles me. Now, Burnett, it's all over; and we will walk our horses quietly down that lane yonder, to meet them.' In about twenty minutes the pack was seen leisurely jogging towards them, with Charley and the fox's head at his saddle.

'Well done, my darlings,' shouted Bob; 'but where did you handle him, Charley?'

'Pulled him down, sir,' replied the whipper-in, touching his cap; 'just two fields this side the forest.'

'By gad, Charley, that was cleverly done.'

'Yes, sir, a bit of good luck on our side to-day, but he had it twice before on his.'

'Why, Beauchamp, my old friend,' exclaimed Sir Francis, as the worthy squire approached, 'how in the world could you manage to be where you are?'

'Easily enough Burnett; you ride straight; I ride cunning, and craft wins this time; but what's the matter? with your arm in a sling? no broken bones, I hope?'

'Shoulder put out, and in again; now it's all right, thanks to your friend Conyers, who gave up his sport to assist me.'

'No merit in the case,' replied Conyers; 'old Plowman was dead beat, and I was glad of an excuse to pull up.'

'Don't believe him for once, Beauchamp,' said Sir Francis.

'Ay, ay, Bob!' exclaimed the squire; 'we know Plowman and yourself quite well enough to swallow no more of that story than we think proper.'

'Well, Beauchamp, what now?' inquired Sir Francis; 'where's the next draw?'

'Home, so says Will; and there are few to say nay to that. What think you Coventry?'

'The only thing to be done, in my opinion Beauchamp. We have had a capital run of at least twelve miles in an hour and twenty minutes, and I am more than satisfied. Enough, sir, is as good as a feast, to any but a glutton; and I like for the sake of the hounds, to leave well alone.'

'And you, Gwynne and Tyler, what are your ideas?'

'Quantum suff,' replied Sir Lucius; 'and I'll answer for Tyler's being of the same opinion, to say nothing of two lost shoes, for which he must fork out at the next smithy.'

'Eh, Gwynne, you don't mean that?'

'Then dismount and see; 'tis true enough.'

'We don't ask your opinion, Burnett, and will save you the trouble of expressing it—a warm bath and bed being ordered by your physician.'

'Another twenty minutes would suit me quite as well,' replied Sir Francis.

'Very likely, and another fracture perhaps,' added the squire; 'but I don't want my house turned into a hospital for my friends; so home is the word.'

With the exception of Tyler and Conyers, the dinner-party that evening at Bampton House might be termed a family one—the squire never inviting much company on hunting days, it being so uncertain at what hour they might sit down to table. The only ladies were Constance and her friend Miss Raymond, a lively, cheerful person, in age somewhat Constance's senior, who was then on a visit to Bampton. Sir Francis, notwithstanding his hurts and bruises, entered an appearance at the dinner table, and made a tolerable fight with soup and fish, and a savoury dish of minced venison, which the squire had ordered to be prepared expressly for him, seeing he had only one hand comfortably at command; and after the ladies had retired, he was cozily ensconced in a large arm-chair, with a little table at his side, close to the fireplace, and a jug of mul-

them again, we bundled through the forest fence, and forgetful of our years, stuck to them, as Charley said, 'like good 'uns'; in fact, my horse's mettle was up, and go he would at everything, until he pulled him down in the open. Will, Charley, and myself screaming in chorus, for the last two fields, when they had him in view, as if the fiend possessed us; and whether a six-barred gate or a river had come in our way just then, it would have been of little consequence. There, Burnett, is the history of my adventures to-day; now, what were yours?'

'My tale is soon told, to Beauchamp, by being thrown out at the first fence, my chance was over, barring checks; but trying to make up for lost ground, I pumped the wind out of Skyscraper, who in revenge gave me six falls in the first four miles, and after leaving the Holt, a couple more; in the last of which, to settle the business, he fell and lay upon me. For the rest, I must refer you to that good Samaritan Conyers.'

'Who, I am happy to say,' chimed in Bob, 'Arrived just in time to prevent Skyscraper rolling you out for a pancake, on intent, when your humble servant reached the scene of action. Those who had seen a donkey on his back, pertinaciously bent on turning himself over on the highest side of the ground, may form some idea of your comfortable position, with Skyscraper trying to play the same trick, and act as a rolling-pin on your prostrate body.'

'Well, well, Burnett,' said the squire, 'it is well, indeed, you are able to sit in that arm-chair, after such a pounding, and sip your claret so satisfactorily. Such a process would have played old gooseberry with my victualing department.'

'Never mind, Sir Francis,' said Fred Beauchamp; 'you won't be the only man with sore bones to-night, if I may judge by the glimpse I had of our friends in the rear, when looking back from Craig-hill. Horses without riders going in all directions, and such a lot of cranes at the brook! Markham I suspect, had a second cold bath there, but we shall hear all about it to-morrow evening at Harcourt's who sent me an especial invite; and I am told all the world and his wife are to be there.'

'Ah! I suppose to parade the heiress,' remarked Mr. Beauchamp.

'She don't want parading, Squire, I'll engage,' put in Bob Conyers.

'Oh! I see—I beg pardon, Bob; forgot she is a pet of yours.'

'And isn't that enough, my worthy old friend, to convince you she is no forward miss, but one of the right sort, although she is an heiress? That can't be helped, yet she will make a thorough good foxhunter's wife, notwithstanding, and a huntsman's too,' in a low voice, audible only to his next neighbor Will Beauchamp.

'I wish your words may prove true, Bob,' said Beauchamp.

'And that you may have an opportunity of judging whether I am a true prophet or not,' added Conyers. 'Now, Will, pass the bottle, and I'll give you a toast, and as a preface, a stanza from Moore,' which he sang in a rich melodious voice—

"Fill the bumpers fair;
Every drop we sprinkle,
From the brow of care,
Smooths away a wrinkle."

'Bravo! Bob,' shouted Sir Lucius. 'We are warming up a little now—go a-head!'

'Now, gentlemen, are you ready?—bump pers all round?' inquired Bob, without noticing Sir Lucius' remarks.

'Ay, ay,' was the general response.

Then said he, rising, Her's to the health of Blanche Douglas; and may she have a fox-hunter for her husband.' Every glass was emptied in a second. 'Thank you, my friends; and now, Sir Lucius, I'll give you one more verse from Toomy Moore, with the chorus.

"Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when through the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses."

("Now the chorus," aside.)

"Fill the bumpers fair,
Every drop, &c."

In which all joined most heartily, not excepting the squire and Sir Francis.

'Couldn't you favor us with another stanza?' said the latter.

'Not to-night, Burnett, although you know *Dulce est desipere in loco*; but the other verses are not much to my taste; and be-

...tentions, but my friend Mr. Conyers could be highly offended were I to accept any other hand than his, which was the first to place me on horse-back.

'Well, Con,' said Bob, as he adjusted her habit, after vaulting her into the saddle, you look like your father's own child this morning, and I'll back your seat and management on her back against all the riding school taught in Essex in England.'

'Ah, Mr. Conyers,' she exclaimed, laughing, that is a little vanity on your part because you were my instructor.'

'Well, Miss Beauchamp,' interposed Vernon, 'Conyers may be justly proud of such a highly finished and graceful pupil.'

'Thank you, Mr. Vernon, for your compliment; but two speeches are thrown away upon a fox-hunter's daughter, which I told you one before this morning; and lightly touching her horse with the whip, he sprang instantly away, capering and kicking, to the constant irritation of Markham and those near; but Constance never moved an inch from her seat, and bounded off with Bob at her side, laughing and patting her horse on the neck, delighted with his gambols.'

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'Not many there, I'll answer for,' replied Vernon; saying which, he galloped away to overtake Miss Beauchamp. The whole cavalcade were now on the move. Will Beauchamp with the pack, and his two whippers-in, taking the lead, and close behind them Mr. Beauchamp, Sir Francis Burnett, and old Sir Lionel Markham, who had only just arrived.'

'Why, Markham,' exclaimed the squire, 'we gave you up as not intending to honor us this morning, and Constance said she was sure you must be very ill, not to patronize her breakfast table on our gala day.'

'No, Beauchamp; thank goodness I am hearty and well, but had some confounded long-winded business letters to write and post to-day; and thinking it very doubtful where our Parkwood fox might lead us, I sat down and answered them at once; but they spoilt my appetite for breakfast. However, here we are, just in the nick of time to see Will's darlings before they dash into covert. By Jove! Beauchamp, they are beauties, indeed, their coats like satin, and the very acme of condition, ribs well defined, flanks light, and how gingerly too they step along, like dandies in cork-heeled boots, heads here, heads there, by Jove, sir, there'll be a scent to-day.'

'So say I, Markham, and when once away, they will bid you and me good-bye.'

'Never mind, my old friend; knowledge of country is half the battle, and we shall, I hope, be there or thereabouts at the finish. Now then, away they go, slap dash into covert, one wave of Will's hand, and not a hound is seen outside. Beautifully done! Yoic over, my lads, that's all—and away goes Charley, sneaking along like his namesake, quickly but silently, to the further end of the covert. Quick, open the gate, into the drive, and now see how they dash, and fly over the stuff—heads up, too, by Jove! they wind him—there's a fox on foot, I'll swear. Hark! Bounty has found him.'

'Hoic! hoic!' cries Will. In a minute the chorus is complete, every tongue proclaiming the glad tidings that a fox is found.

'By Jove, what a crash! they are close to his brush—and now Will's scream, he us over the drive, mark how they dash, and fling across into the high wood, in their wide-spreading column, carrying everything before them. Go he must, or do.'

'Now, Burnett,' cried Mr. Beauchamp, 'put in the spurs, and away to the opposite gate, at the further end of the drive; we old folk will fall w.'

The Leicestershire man was gone in a moment, and had just left the wood, when Mr. Beauchamp suddenly exclaimed, 'Stop, Markham, the hounds are at fault and I hear

as he rode by his side for a few seconds; you handed them cheerily over the drive; now, good-bye, and beware of those helter-skelter fellows behind.'

The hounds had now gained the furze hills, where a large pack of thick gorse gave the fox an opportunity of recovering second wind, the nature of the covert preventing his toes pressing him so closely as in the more open copse wood; and here they remained dodging about until the whole field, consisting of a hundred and fifty horsemen, or thereabouts, joined them.

'Well, Burnett,' exclaimed Mr. Beauchamp, 'was that fast enough for you?'

'Can't say exactly, my friend, as a man is not expected to ride through a hundred acres of underwood as he would over a stubble field; but this patch of gorse is more to my taste, from which they won't give me the slip quite so easily. By gad, this puts one in mind of Leicestershire—fine open pastures all around—hounds cannot run away from us here.'

'Don't make too sure of that, Burnett,' replied Mr. Beauchamp; 'you will find it stiff work across that vale, with ditches deep enough to hold a horse, with only his head above water; but look, Charley's cap is held up, the fox is away, and now comes the tug of war.' In a second, Will's scream brought the pack all round him, and settling down to the scent, they flashed away like lightning.

'Now, Master Will,' cried Sir Francis, taking his place by his side, 'I mean to keep you company, and see if your paragon can run away from me.'

'Come on then, Sir Francis, here's something to begin with,' as a stiff ox fence, about six feet high, stood across the common, right before them, over which the hounds had just dashed. Sir Francis put on the steam, going at the leap full speed, which prevented his horse measuring his distance, and his stride bringing him too near the fence for a good take off, he swerved suddenly aside, and threw his rider. William Beauchamp, by pulling up a little, enabled his horse to take it in his own style, and clearing it, he rode quickly away on the other side. As Sir Francis fell, two stout, hard riding young farmers came down together at the fence, which being broke by their weight, made a gap for others to pass easily over; and the baronet never having quit his hold of the reins, was soon in his saddle again, going fast and furiously, to make up for lost time. Charley remarked to his master, 'The Leicestershire baronet won't ride over them to-day, sir, I think.'

'Not if we can hold on at this pace,' was the reply, 'but if we come to a check, he will be upon us directly.'

About a score of the first flight were now with Sir Francis, all striving for the lead; and the baronet, to escape them, sent his horse flying at a stiff double fence, landing him with his heels in the ditch on the other side, the shock again dislodging the rider from his seat.

'Eh! Burnett,' exclaimed Captain Markham, who had landed by his side, 'that was a nasty one, old boy. Much damaged, old fellow?'

'Pray mind your own business, sir,' retorted the baronet, angrily; 'I don't want your assistance.'

'Oh! ah! pepperly old boy!—soon get cooled a little—fine piece of water just below.'

'In which I hope you'll be drowned, you conceited fool!' muttered the baronet, as he sprang on his horse's back.

Bob Conyers having left Constance on the furze hills to return home with her groom) now rode up, and joined Sir Francis. 'It won't do, sir,' said he, good humoredly, 'going at our banks and double ditches in that fashion, or you will get a fall in every field; just let your horse see how mine takes them on and off the bank, and he will soon catch the trick.'

'Thank you, Mr. Conyers; I see your horse can clear these ready-made graves at a fly,

...Easier said than done, Markham, for he's going at a trimming pace now.'

'Then here goes to catch him.' And away they rattled.

It is needless to relate the various casualties that occurred over four miles of stiff enclosures, which the hounds traversed at such a pace that none but their huntsmen and two whippers-in were ever near them, till they reached a large woodland called the Holt, where all hoped for some little respite to their blown horses; but in vain; the gallant fox held on his course, going straight through this line of coverts, reaching nearly three miles in extent, and again bravely faced the open. The heavy, sticky nature of the soil in the drives (being a yellow clay) told fearful tales on the already distressed horses, whose riders still pushed them along, their being no fences to impede their progress.

'Ho! ho, Bob!' cried Vernon, who was riding behind him, 'you've lost a shoe.'

'Nothing more likely, Dick; but if I had lost all four, instead of one, there's no time for repairs, for I hear the horn again to the left, and the hounds are away.'

'And where now, Conyers?' inquired the Captain; 'not across another brook, I hope?'

'Even so, Markham—the forest is his point, some six miles ahead, if Will and Charley don't handle him before he reaches it. Forward, away! come along, you trusting scoundrel.'

Having cleared the wood, about fifty horsemen showed on the other side, the Leicestershire baronet taking up the running at a determined pace, to retrieve his lost laurels; and the fences being now lighter, he kept the lead, for about three miles, to the top of a rising ground, from whence the forest might be seen in the distance; but the pace to the hill told tales on his gallant horse, which staggered and fell at the last gate, rolling over him. The next four leading men left the baronet as he lay; but Bob Conyers, seeing the accident, went directly to his assistance, and, jumping from his saddle, helped him to rise.

'You are hurt now, Baronet,' he said, 'or at least, ought to be.'

'I feel queer and giddy,' replied Sir Francis, in a choking voice; 'but help me on the saddle, I shall be all right again.'

'No, you won't, just yet, and if I put you up one side, you would tumble over the other; it won't do, Baronet, so just sit down where you are; take a pull at my flask, and let's see if you have any ribs smashed.'

'Oh, nothing of that sort, I believe,' said Sir Francis, faintly; 'but my left shoulder pains me uncommonly.'

'And no wonder!' exclaimed Bob, examining his arm, it's out of the socket. Here, Stubbins,' cried Bob, to a young farmer just riding up, 'lend a hand; catch hold of Sir Francis, and hold him tight and strong, whilst I put his shoulder to rights;—when, taking him by the hand, with his knee under the baronet's armpit, Bob pulled with all his might, and snap went the bone into its proper place again; but Sir Francis fainted from the pain.'

'Ah, never mind, Stubbins, leave him now and you go on, my good fellow, with many thanks for your ready help.'

Whilst Bob was attending his friend, many were brought to grief in the vale below. Markham, Vernon, and three others came down together to the second brook, at which (company giving courage) they charged nearly abreast; but Markham's horse, being a little in advance, and swerving aside at the brink (having no relish for a second dipping), Vernon and the rest, not being able to pull up, knocked him over, and themselves, too, pell-mell, into the water, where the Captain, from being undermost, was in a fair way of being drowned, had not a sporting yeoman jumped into the brook and dragged him from his horse. As it was, when placed on the bank, the Captain looked more like dead than alive, until relieved of nearly a bucket of fluid.

'Eh! aw demmit, Vernon!' was his

'Well, Beauchamp, what now?' inquired Sir Francis; 'where's the next draw?'

'Home, so says Will; and there are few to say nay to that. What think you Coventry?'

'The only thing to be done, in my opinion Beauchamp. We have had a capital run of at least twelve miles in an hour and twenty minutes, and I am more than satisfied. Enough, sir, is as good as a feast, to any but a glutton; and I like for the sake of the hounds, to leave well alone.'

'And you, Gwynne and Tyler, what are your ideas?'

'Quantum suff,' replied Sir Lucius; 'and I'll answer for Tyler's being of the same opinion, to say nothing of two lost shoes, for which he must fork out at the next smithy.'

'Eh, Gwynne, you don't mean that?'

'Then dismount and see; 'tis true enough.'

'We don't ask your opinion, Burnett, and will save you the trouble of expressing it—a warm bath and bed being ordered by your physician.'

'Another twenty minutes would suit me quite as well,' replied Sir Francis.

'Very likely, and another fracture perhaps,' added the squire; 'but I don't want my house turned into a hospital for my friends; so home is the word.'

With the exception of Tyler and Conyers, the dinner-party that evening at Bampton House might be termed a family one—the squire never inviting much company on hunting days, it being so uncertain at what hour they might sit down to table. The only ladies were Constance and her friend Miss Raymond, a lively, cheerful person, in age somewhat Constance's senior, who was then on a visit to Bampton. Sir Francis, notwithstanding his hurts and bruises, entered an appearance at the dinner table, and made a tolerable fight with soup and fish, and a savoury dish of minced venison, which the squire had ordered to be prepared expressly for him, seeing he had only one hand comfortably at command; and after the ladies had retired, he was cozily ensconced in a large arm-chair, with a little table at his side, close to the fireplace, and a jug of mulled claret, hot and spicy, for his particular discussion, placed thereon.

'Ah, Beauchamp, my kind old friend, you know how to make your guests feel happy and at home, and now I'm just in the humour to hear how you managed to be in at the finish to-day; it's a mystery to me.'

'But easily solved,' replied the squire, 'as thus:—Having viewed the fox across the drive in Parkwood, I knew his long white tag to be the same we had followed twice last season to the forest, when the owner thereof beat us; and from his trying at first to break at top of the covert, where the cigar men headed him, I knew very well he would make good his point—at least, if able to do so.'

'But why did he run to the fuzzle-hills then?'

'To turn up another of his family connections, perhaps, in place of his own precious carcass, or to take second wind by dodging his pursuers in the thick gorse there. But when he broke the second time, in a line for the Holt, thinks I to myself, he now means the forest; and turning into an old lane, I and Markham, having seen you go to the left, bore straight away for the forest, as hard as he could go, and as it so happened, we were not far out in our reckoning. The fox entering the other side of the Holt, threaded the whole length of those coverts, and being down wind, we could hear the hounds turning towards us, still we slackened not our pace until we reached a hard road, which leads straight through the forest. Here we pulled up for a few moments, when hearing the horn outside the covert we again rode fast for a couple of miles to rising ground, from which I caught sight of the hounds, running almost mute, with the fox only two fields before them. My old blood boiled up at the sight, and Highflor picking up his ears, impatient to be with

gauge,' put in Bob Conyers.

'Oh! I see—I beg pardon, Bob; forgot she is a pet of yours.'

'And isn't that enough, my worthy old friend, to convince you she is no forward miss, but one of the right sort, although she is an heiress? That can't be helped, yet she will make a thorough good foxhunter's wife, notwithstanding, and a huntsman's too,' in a low voice, audible only to his next neighbor Will Beauchamp.

'I wish your words may prove true, Bob,' said Beauchamp.

'And that you may have an opportunity of judging whether I am a true prophet or not,' added Conyers. 'Now, Will, pass the bottle, and I'll give you a toast, and as a preface, a stanza from Moore,' which he sang in a rich melodious voice—

'Fill the bumpers fair;
Every drop we sprinkle,
From the brow of care,
Smooths away a wrinkle.'

'Bravo! Bob,' shouted Sir Lucius. 'We are warming up a little now—go ahead!'

'Now, gentlemen, are you ready?—bumpers all round?' inquired Bob, without noticing Sir Lucius's remarks.

'Ay, ay,' was the general response.

Then said he, rising, Here's to the health of Blanche Douglas; and may she have a fox-hunter for her husband.' Every glass was emptied in a second. 'Thank you, my friends; and now, Sir Lucius, I'll give you one more verse from Toomy Moore, with the chorus.

'Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when through the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.'

('Now the chorus,' aside.)
'Fill the bumpers fair,
Every drop, &c.'

In which all joined most heartily, not excepting the squire and Sir Francis.

'Couldn't you favor us with another stanza?' said the latter.

'Not to-night, Burnett, although you know *Dulce est desipere in loco*; but the other verses are not much to my taste; and besides that, I must reserve my sweet voice for Miss Constance, with whom I have promised to warble a stave or two.'

Soon after, coffee was introduced, and an adjournment made to the drawing-room, where music and singing brought the evening to a happy conclusion, with this select and cheerful party of friends; the gentlemen not being sorry to retire rather early to their rooms, after the fatigues of the day. Sir Francis was obliged to take the lead upstairs about eleven o'clock, escorted by his considerate friend, who insisted on seeing he had everything comfortable.

Whilst the family are locked in the arms of Morpheus, we may take the liberty of an author, who has the privilege of burning the midnight oil, to give a short description of the edifice under whose roof the family of Beauchamp and their guests were now reposing.

Bampton House was a large, long building, with gable ends, situated at the extreme end of a fine avenue of magnificent beech and elm trees of immense proportions; showing the excellence of the soil from which they sprang, not only by their large dimensions, but the altitude of their stems, which can only be attained on superior land. Over the entrance was an old-fashioned portico, reached by a flight of steps on either side, and closed in the front. The hall was lofty and spacious, with an old carved oak staircase, leading up from the centre, and branching off on either side, and a huge fire-place, with old iron dogs, on which large logs of wood were piled, reflecting sufficient heat almost to roast an ox. An antiquated brass chandelier, shining like gold, was suspended from the centre of the ceiling; and from the oak panels were suspended the portraits of many generations past, long since mingled into dust.

To be continued.

FIGHTING WITH GLOVES.

TOM ALLEN VS. TOMLIN GILBERT FOR TWO HUNDRED POUNDS AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Contrary to expectation, the long talked-of fight between these two men came off at Sadler's Wells Theatre last night without the least attempt being made by the police in the way of interference. The attendance in the old building was not so large as on previous occasions, a state of affairs brought about by many conflicting circumstances. It was rumored that the authorities had put their veto against it, and many who doubtless intended to be present were thereby prevented from putting in an appearance. Then again, former experiences as to the entrance and exit at the theatre were not pleasant, in addition to which those learned in statistics openly stated that, if a genuine combat, it would be extremely one sided, for Tom Allen was the hero of many well fought battles, while his opponent was almost unknown, even in his native town of Lincoln. The entertainment was advertised to commence at seven o'clock precisely, but it was nearly eight ere the doors were opened. There was no crowding or hurrying, everything was done decently and in order. The centre seats were pretty well occupied when the preliminary sparring was begun, but by some means or other, when the piece de resistance came on every corner was filled. The strains of a mixed band cleared the way for a set to between Pat Perry, of Birmingham, and Jim Rawlins, of Hull, who were followed by J. Ireland and R. Habijam, while the winding-up bouts were between Punch Callow and Seekey Hart. It was now past nine o'clock, and an unusual air on the stage indicated the approach of the aspirants for championship honors. Precisely at a quarter past nine Allen entered the ring, and almost immediately afterward Gilbert followed suit.

Once inside the ropes little time was lost in arranging matters and commencing hostilities. A referee was chosen, and at twenty minutes past nine the pair faced each other, Allen having for his seconds Bat Mullins and J. Driscoll, while Gilbert was looked after by Jem Dillon and Jim Terry, of Nottingham. The talent were on the qui vive to see how the novice shaped, and he had scarcely put up his fists till it was evident that the battle would be virtually a gift to the Brum, whose position was artistic, while that of the other was constrained and awkward. In the first round it was apparent that Allen fancied his superiority, and he at once led off with his left and very early got home on the nose and finished up the round by crossing his opponent with the left and bringing him to his knees. The next round was brisk, but brief; they worked away in close company till they were earned to their corners before they had been fighting one minute. In the third round, Allen made free use of his left and time after time reached his mark without ever being stopped. The fourth round was all in favor of Tom, who could clearly do as he liked with his man, on whom he repeated frontal visitations and the fast fighting was rapidly its having effect. With an upper cut from the right he was knocked completely off his legs, and the round, of course, was at an end. The fifth round, after a few rallies, was terminated by the Lincoln man getting down on his knees, and in the sixth Allen still scored every point, the other going in for body blows when he found he could not reach his opponent's face. The seventh and last round was a merry one. Allen was slightly out of wind, but scatheless, while Gilbert's face showed crimson streaks in more than one place. They quickly got to close quarters, when the countryman was seen to hit his man more than once below the belt, a proceeding which evidently riled Mr. Thomas, who in turn went to work with a will, and planted one or two blows that made Gilbert wince and reel all over the ring. He again took the unfair fighting, and Allen, throwing himself, landed him all his length on the floor and fell beside him. As wrestling was forbidden a claim of foul was made by Dillon and Terry, but the referee wisely ordered the men to fight on. Gilbert, however, had enough of it, and neither argument nor persuasion would get him to again face him who had administered so severe chastisement in the last round. There was nothing left, therefore, but to proclaim Allen the victor, and with the playing of "God Save the Queen" by the band the affair was at an end. — London Sportsman.

A BENEVOLENT PEDDLER.

HOW HE DISPOSED OF HIS WARES AND SOLD A CROWD.

One evening last week a carriage containing one man stopped on Hancock Street, Gloucester and the occupant soon gathered a crowd by his persuasive eloquence. Then he took from his pocket a dozen or so of rings, which he sold at ten cents each, and which he requested the buyers to hold up so he could see them, meanwhile

bought a peck of dried apples, they were all stuck together in a lump, but I got 'em jammed into the pot, poured in some water and started the fire. Presently a few of 'em began to rise up to the top of the pot, and so I skimmed 'em off and put 'em in a pan. Pretty soon more of them bulged up, and I skimmed them off and put 'em in the pan. The first thing I know, after I had skimmed that blasted pot for a while I had to get another pan, and then another, and by the time I'd got four pans heaped up full, dang my skin if there wasn't more apples in the pans than there was in the pot. That is, I thought so at the time. I kept getting pans and buckets and lard cans, and all the while plumb frightened to death for fear some of the boys would come in and see how extravagant I was, for I had been blowin' on how cheap I could run the mess. The blasted apples still kept a comin' out of the pot. I put some papers out on the floor and covered 'em with fruit, and, by jove, the place looked like a Santa Clara fruit drying establishment, and the pot was still bilin' full."

"What has that got to do with a mule dyin'?"
"Wait a minute, I'm comin' to the mule. Finally I got desperate and dumped over twelve bushels of the apples back of the cabin, behind a tree. In about an hour I heard a devil of a noise, and ran out. What do you suppose I found? Why, a four-hundred-dollar mule kioken' in the agonies of death. The apples were all gone; the mule nearly so. He was swelled up like a balloon, and the first thing I knew he busted. Pledge my word, gentleman, he exploded like a giant-powder blast, and brought the whole camp to the place. I kept still, they could not find the mule and it cost 'em \$10 to advertise a reward for him in the Sacramento Union. About two weeks afterward they caught a couple of greasers hanging round, and they put it up that they stole the mule, so they hung 'em. I was there, but did not say a word for fear the boys would find out how extravagant I had run the commissary. Let's have something."

AQUATIC.

A SWEEPING CHALLENGE FROM TRICKETT.

The London correspondent of the Boston Globe says:—"Considerable interest is evinced here over a sweeping challenge from the Australian champion, Edward Trickett, to row any man in his country or America a single-scull race for £500 or £1,000 a side and the championship of the world. Trickett has forwarded from Sydney the following fair proposal, in which he is prepared to meet any man in the old or new world for a large sum which will doubtless result in a reply from either Hamilton, of Canada, or Courtney, the wonderful oarsman of the United States. Trickett offers to row any man in Great Britain, the United States, or the colonies, a single-scull race in the best and best of boats, distance from three to five miles, straight away, for £500 to £1,000 a side. He offers to allow any oarsman who accepts the challenge expenses to row on the Paramatta river, the race to take place four months after signing articles, and the editor of Sydney Bell's Life to be stakeholder and referee. Should neither Higgins nor Boyd, the present champions, accept the challenge, Trickett offers to row any man in the United States or the Provinces in a three or five mile single-scull race for £500 or £1,000, and defray any oarsman's expenses to row at Sydney. If none agree to go to New South Wales, he will row any man in the United States or the colonies, and if they agree to row for £1,000 a side he will defray his own expenses. If they decline to row for this sum, he will row for £500 a side—no less—and will take £100 for expenses. The New York Clipper to be stakeholder and to select a referee. At first when the challenge was received in London it was expected that either Higgins, who now holds the championship, or Robert Watson Boyd, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, would be matched against the Australian; but neither Higgins nor Boyd can find backers to accompany them to Australia, and unless the champion agrees to, again visit England the prospects are no one there will leave there to meet him. Perhaps some of the American oarsmen may agree to meet Trickett and row for the championship of the world, which the Australian took with him from England when he outrowed the champion on the Thames."

HANGED FOR A BET.

On April 15, 1812, two men were charged before the magistrates under the following curious circumstances; a constable who was passing along Hampstead road on the previous evening observed a stout man six feet high hanging by his neck from a lamp-post attached to a wall, having been tied up and "turned off" just before by a short man. The officer rushed to the spot, and when he arrived there the handkerchief by

Poetry.

OLD SLEDGE.

You may apologize whilst as a game which requires
The stolid skill of our English sires:
You may risk your luck on a draw at poker.
Or patronize euchre—but not with the joker:
You may flud that in cribbage there's something to do

When you lay out a sequence, or fifteen-two;
You may build at casino, or onto a party
For a quiet bout of piquet or ecarte—
But there isn't a game in the whole of the pack
That can hold a candle to high-low jack

Blest Puritan game! in the far-away time,
When innocent sport was condemned as a crime,
The boys of New England would hie them away,
To a friendly barn with its sheltering hay,
On the afternoon of the Sabbath day,
To digest the sermon and blunt its edge
With thy multitudinous charms, Old Sledge!
They shuffled and dealt with a cautious hand,
For their pastboard friends wore contraband,
But over and oft, as they made their scores,
They carelessly called the game "all fours."

And afar on the California slope,
In the days when the Argonauts, flushed with
hope,
Were searching for "pockets" and staking their
claims,
They counted you then the prince of games.
By the blazing camp-fire gathered round,
What solid comfort in thee they found!
Those bearded men, who carried their lives
Clutched in their hands, as they carried their
knives,
Dealt out the cards and brimmed their cup
Of earthly pleasure with seven-up!

With all thy changes of form and name,
At heart, Old Sledge, thou art still the same,
Thy laws are laws of life in a way,
Where all must shuffle and deal and play;
Where the pack is cut by those who would live,
And some must beg and some must give;
If we hold the high it is safe, we know,
But we need to be cautious with only the low,
For a knave will carry its point like a brick,
Where a king would fall at taking the trick!

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Those who assail the Prince of Wales are soundly taken to task by the editor of Truth in a long and earnest article, in the course of which the habits of the Heir Apparent are referred to as follows:—"He is fond of field sports and rides well to hounds, while he shares with the humblest of his future subjects that fondness of racing which is one of our national characteristics. He is equally at home on the ocean as in the hunting field and at the covert side, and he is a bold and successful yachtsman. When in London he is, like his ancestor George III., a great patron of theatres, and so singularly is he in unison with theatre-goers that managers are ever anxious to know his real opinion of a new play, for what pleases him is almost certain to please the public. In Norfolk, where he has purchased an estate, he leads the life of a country gentleman, talks learnedly with his neighbors about crops, has strong opinions respecting the merits of different breeds of sheep and cattle, and is never so happy as when he has carried off a prize at an agricultural meeting. There he mixes, almost as a private gentleman, with squires and farmers, and as his popularity in the county where he resides and where he is so well known is unbounded, amongst high and low, it is only reasonable to suppose that it is merited, for the severest censors of princes are those who come in habitual contact with them."

A WILD MAN.

The Fremont (Neb.) Tribune, of October 21st contains an article giving the details of the discovery of a wild man in that vicinity. Two young men were out hunting water fowl when they came upon the strange being. He was just emerging from a clump of trees and underbrush when they caught a glimpse of him. His dress was of the most primitive style, consisting of a woollen shirt. He had a stick in his hand, which he swung around his head as if striking at something he saw in the air, and uttering the while a sharp, unearthly noise. Like a wild animal he was constantly on a sharp lookout, nervously looking this way and that, as his ear detected the least unusual noise, or his eye noticed the shaking of a reed, or anything that was the least extraordinary. After a few moments he squatted on his haunches under a tree and began to dig in the ground with his hands and the stick, occasionally carrying something

HOAG'S MUFFLED MARE.

A sprinkling of horsemen gathered at the hard half mile track outside of Seneca Falls, N. Y., to look on a trot between three ordinary horses owned in the neighborhood. Between the heats Mr. Milton Hoag, keeper of the Hoag House, drove on the track with a bay mare muffled to the ears in a discolored summer blanket. The mare was booted and harnessed to a mud-stained, rough-looking skeleton wagon. Hoag drove the mare in a shambling walk. She looked like a rheumatic-stricken beast as she passed the stand, and the assembled horsemen laughed as her driver turned around and exclaimed: "Boys, have your timers ready when I come around!" At this the mare started, and was seen throwing her legs out in a wonderful manner. The hoofs on her fore legs were turned under like fish-hooks, and her hind feet darted forward with the speed of lightning. She had Flora Temple's stride, without getting as low down. The muffled mare skinned around the upper turn of the track like a mile a minute engine around a curve, and she came down the back stretch with the swoop of a pigeon, without a break.

"Heaven and earth!" exclaimed Deacon Obadiah Latham, who was never known to use a profane ejaculation before, "did any of you, gentlemen, ever see a mare trot like that before? There's no minister's horse there. Here she comes. Get your watches ready!"

And she did come, with the fastest quartette of pattering hoofs ever heard on that track, or probably any other, to a wagon, with a driver weighing about two hundred pounds.

Mr. George Haight, Mr. Joshua Hinckley, and other judges in the box, all owners of fast trotters, started their timers carefully as the mare rattled by.

"Let her go, Mill," shouted Deacon Latham.

Mill looked pale but determined. He had evidently never driven a trotter fast before; but he was in for it, and he let her go.

"George, you take the last quarter, while I take the half," shouted Mr. Hinckley to Mr. Haight.

The mare glided around the half-mile track with the speed of a Coney Island Railroad dummy, eager for a smash up. As she passed under the string Mr. Hinckley shouted: "Half mile in 1:10;" and Haight: "She made the quarter around the turn in thirty-three seconds." The other timers corroborated them.

"That mare can beat all the fast trotters in the world," said an old Long Island horseman who was present.

To the writer he said: "She is a California mare without a record. She is a seven year old bay, with tremendous muscle in her shoulders and quarters, large lungs, and points that I think will make her the wonder of the trotting world. John Splan saw her in California, and started East with her to beat Rarus and other flyers; but she was taken sick in Omaha, and Hoag's brother, who is interested in her, brought her to Seneca Falls. She is now recovered, and is called Lady Hoag."

WOMAN DIVER.

In the vicinity of New York there is a professional woman diver. Her husband is a diver in the Santa Barbara pearl fisheries, and from him his wife took his place in the pearl fisheries. She says there is a fascination about diving business which is stronger than all its terrible dangers, and the fascination acted powerfully upon herself. She was able to remain down as long as any of the men. Once she was almost suffocated by a break in the air supply, and when she was dragged to the surface her face was black and stained with blood which had started even from her eye sockets. She was unable to go down again for two days, but at the end of that time she resumed her perilous trade.

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INSTINCT OR REASON.

In one of the late Government reports on ornithology the following story is told: "A gentleman who resides near Baltimore, upon one of the small inlets of the Chesapeake Bay, was recently taking a walk near the water's edge, when he noticed a fish-hawk rise from the water with a prize in his mouth, and after getting a short distance instantly be set upon by an eagle, evidently waiting for a meal and quiet spectator of the fishing. Being attacked and compelled to give it up, he dropped it, which the eagle, catching in the air, flew away with, apparently disregarding the pangs of a guilty conscience. The next day he noticed a repetition of the fishing operation by the hawk, and on the eagle's approach, as before, he promptly dropped it again and quickly disappeared. The eagle caught it, as before, in the air, but, strangely, as he thought, let it go, and it fell to the ground. Being generally interested in nature, the gentleman concluded to go up and examine the cause of the unusual conduct of the thieving "Emblem of Freedom" our great North American bird. He did so, and reached the spot, found the supposed fish a piece of dried mackerel. It was the old story of "Itouge is swoop," etc., but at once suggests the question: "Is there naught save mere instinct granted by nature to her creatures?"

We believe it gives strong evidence of reasoning power exercised to gratify the feelings of mortification and revenge. Any one can imagine this practical joker looking over his shoulder and laughing.

Miscellaneous.

They now call the collogo prizes for rowing skullerships.

Stafford Davis, of Coffee County, Ga., 104 years old, was recently married to a young woman in her teens, and is the father of a new-born child.

A California paper tells about a boy climbing a tomato vine to get away from a mad dog. Tomato vines attain an enormous size in California, and so does lies.

A new cast-iron spire of the Rouen Cathedral, which has just been completed, has the unequalled height of 492 feet. No other structure raised by the hand of man has reached so lofty a point. The cross of St. Peter's at Rome is but 452 feet above the ground.

A Yankee gentlemen said that Nantucket horses were celebrated for their general worthlessness, imbecility, and marvelous slowness. He said a citizen sold one to a cavalry officer during the civil war, and warranted him to be a good war-horse. The soldier came back afterwards in a towering passion, and said he had been swindled. "As how?" said the Nantucketer. "Why, there's not a bit of go in him, and yet you warranted him as a good war horse. 'Yes, I did, and he is a good war horse, he'd show or die than run!"

In 1758, the Duke of Quisenberry, then Lord March, made a match to convey a letter a certain number of miles within a given time. Even the most knowing ones of the day deemed the thing impossible. His lordship, however enclosed his ticket in a cricket ball, and stationed in a large circle twenty young men, who were good hands at catching, made them throw it from one to another at the appointed period, at the expiration of which, the ground being measured, the distance that the ball had been made to travel was found to exceed, by nearly one-fourth, the stipulations of the wager.

Mr. A. J. Wyatt, Mt. Sterling, returned home on Saturday, from a fishing trip to the mountains where he had been several days. When he arrived at the store he turned his horse, starting him home, a distance of about one hundred yards. A bull dog belonging to Mr. Wyatt saw the horse and ran to meet him, and went back with him to the gate which being shut at the time he unlatched with his paw and pushed it open, permitting the horse to enter. After the horse had gone in he latched the gate and began playing with the horse, showing his joy at his return.

The New York Herald of November 4th says: "A Jewish lady by the name of Davis who resides on East Fifth street in this city, is 100 years of age." The lady referred to is Mrs. Phoebe Davis, mother of Mr. Davis, of Cliff Street.

Allen fancied his superiority, and he at once led off with his left and very early got home on the nose and finished up the round by crossing his opponent with the left and bringing him to his knees. The next round was brisk, but brief; they worked away in close company till they were carried to their corners before they had been fighting one minute. In the third round Allen made free use of his left and time after time reached his mark without ever being stopped. The fourth round was all in favor of Tom, who could clearly do as he liked with his man, on whom he repeated frontal visitations and the fast fighting was rapidly its having effect. With an upper cut from the right he was knocked completely off his legs, and the round, of course, was at an end. The fifth round, after a few rallies, was terminated by the Lincoln man getting down on his knees, and in the sixth Allen still scored every point, the other going in for body blows when he found he could not reach his opponent's face. The seventh and last round was a merry one. Allen was slightly out of wind, but scatheless, while Gilbert's face showed crimson streaks in more than one place. They quickly got to close quarters, when the countryman was seen to hit his man more than once below the belt, a proceeding which evidently riled Mr. Thomas, who in turn went to work with a will, and planted one or two blows that made Gilbert wince and reel all over the ring. He again took the unfair fighting, and Allen, throwing himself, landed him all his length on the floor and fell beside him. As wrestling was forbidden a claim of foul was made by Dillon and Terry, but the referee wisely ordered the men to fight on. Gilbert, however, had enough of it, and neither argument nor persuasion would get him to again face him who had administered so severe chastisement in the last round. There was nothing left, therefore, but to proclaim Allen the victor, and with the playing of "God Save the Queen" by the band the affair was at an end.—*London Sportsman.*

A BENEVOLENT PEDDLER.

HOW HE DISPOSED OF HIS WARES AND SOLD A CROWD.

One evening last week a carriage containing one man stopped on Hancock Street, Gloucester and the occupant soon gathered a crowd by his persuasive eloquence. Then he took from his pocket a dozen or so of rings, which he sold at ten cents each, and which he requested the buyers to hold up so he could see them, meanwhile haranguing the crowd to the effect that the money he had received was his, or belonged to the house he represented, and that he could do with it as he pleased, or, in his own words, give it to the poor, scatter it among the crowd, or put it in his own pocket, but in this case, he should return it to the persons who had bought the rings of him—which he did. The next move was to sell silver half dollars for twenty five cents; a number of which he disposed of to his confederates in the crowd, two or three or three of whom came with him. Then he had a dozen chains, "only a dozen," which were sold at \$1 each, and every one that bought one was requested to hold them up, and he distributed the money he had taken for the chains among them again, all the while impressing upon their minds that the money was his to do as he pleased with. He then told the crowd that he had one dozen more of extra long and nice chains that he would sell for \$10 each, before disposing of a dozen watches, which he would soon sell at \$4 each, most of which he readily disposed of to the crowd, which by this time was very jubilant over the bargains he was giving, and vying with each other to see who could pass up their money first. After talking to the crowd as he previously had done about doing with the money as he pleased, the peddler quietly said he guessed he needed the money as much as anybody, and would put this in his pocket, and bade the crowd good evening, saying he hoped he would meet them in heaven, and in an instant he whipped up his horse and was gone, leaving the crowd perfectly dazed and bewildered at the suddenness of his departure.

A MAN WHO SAW A MULE DIE.

"Aint it a curious thing that nobody never seen a mule die?" remarked an old teamster in Gumbert & Weber's saloon. "No man living ever saw a mule die. I s'pose?"
"Thus remarked Mr. Daniels, lighting a fresh cigar. "In 1850 I was mining on the south fork of the Yuba, and it came my turn to cook for my gang. We took turus each week, you know. Well, I was going to show how economical I could run the commissary. I went and

in this country or America a single scull race for £500 or £1,000 a side and the championship of the world. Trickett has forwarded from Sydney the following fair proposal, in which he is prepared to meet any man in the old or new world for a large sum which will doubtless result in a reply from either Haulan, of Canada, or Courtney, the wonderful oarsman of the United States. Trickett offers to row any man in Great Britain, the United States, or the colonies, a single scull race in the best and best of boats, distance from three to five miles, straight-away, for £500 to £1,000 a side. He offers to allow any oarsman who accept the challenge expenses to row on the Paramatta river, the race to take place four months after signing articles, and the editor of Sydney Bell's Life to be stakeholder and referee. Should neither Higgins nor Boyd, the present champions, accept the challenge, Trickett offers to row any man in the United States or the Provinces in a three or five mile single scull race for £500 or £1,000, and defray any oarsman's expenses to row at Sydney. If none agree to go to New South Wales, he will row any man in the United States or the colonies, and if they agree to row for £1,000 a side he will defray his own expenses. If they decline to row for this sum, he will row for £500 a side—no less—and will take £100 for expenses. The New York Clipper to be stakeholder and to select a referee. At first when the challenge was received in London it was expected that either Higgins, who now holds the championship, or Robert Watson Boyd, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, would be matched against the Australian; but neither Higgins nor Boyd can find backers to accompany them to Australia, and unless the champion agrees to again visit England the prospects are no one there will leave there to meet him. Perhaps some of the American oarsmen may agree to meet Trickett and row for the championship of the world, which the Australian took with him from England when he outrowed the champion on the Thames."

HANGED FOR A BET.

On April 15, 1812, two men were charged before the magistrates under the following curious circumstances; a constable who was passing along Hampstead road on the previous evening observed a stout man six feet high hanging by his neck from a lamp-post attached to a wall, having been tied up and "turned off" just before by a short man. The officer rushed to the spot, and when he arrived there the handkerchief by which the tall man was suspended gave way, and he fell to the ground. His eyes were protruding from their sockets, and he was nearly "gone"; but, on recovering himself sufficiently to stagger on his legs, he immediately struck the officer so violent a blow on the nose as nearly to knock him down. Both men were with difficulty secured, when they explained that the tall man, who was being hanged was simply paying a "debt of honor." The two had been "tossing" in the afternoon, first for money, then for clothes, the tall man having won the other's jacket, trousers and shoes, they agreed to toss up who should hang the other. The short man won the toss, and forthwith proceeded to hang the tall man on the lamp-post. The tall man urged that had he won the toss he would in like manner have assuredly hanged the short man; but the magistrates, expressing their horror and disgust at the whole story, sentenced both prisoners to find bail for their good behavior. Not having bail they were committed to Bridewell.

STAGGERS AND INDIGESTION.

This disease is thus treated by the agricultural editor of the New York Times: It is known as "staggors," or congestion of the brain, resulting from indigestion and distention of the stomach and bowels. It is often called "stomach staggers," and frequently occurs when horses not subject to indigestion are overfed with grain or green food. The treatment is to relieve the bowels by a purge of half an ounce of powdered aloes in warm water, or a pint of linseed oil, or an injection of warm soap and water with a handful of salt. Afterwards to feed the horses very cautiously, giving only the lightest and best food, viz. sound timothy hay, cut, moistened, and mixed with oats and rye ground together, half a tablespoonful of ginger should be given in each food. A drachm of sulphate of iron in each feed for a week should be of use. Care must also be taken to give water in small quantities, but often, and always to treat the horse so that the stomach may never be overloaded or overworked. If this is neglected there is danger that on some occasion a fatal attack may occur.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Those who assail the Prince of Wales are soundly taken to task by the editor of Truth in a long and earnest article, in the course of which the habits of the Heir Apparent are referred to as follows. "He is fond of field sports and rides well to hounds, while he shares with the humblest of his future subjects that fondness of racing which is one of our national characteristics. He is equally at home on the ocean as in the hunting field and at the covert side, and he is a bold and successful yachtsman. When in London he is, like his ancestor George III., a great patron of theatres, and so singularly is he in unison with the theatre-goers that managers are ever anxious to know his real opinion of a new play, for what pleases him is almost certain to please the public. In Norfolk, where he has purchased an estate, he leads the life of a country gentleman, talks leisurely with his neighbors about crops, has strong opinions respecting the merits of different breeds of sheep and cattle, and is never so happy as when he has carried off a prize at an agricultural meeting. There he mixes, almost as a private gentleman, with squires and farmers, and as his popularity in the county where he resides and where he is so well known is unbounded, amongst high and low, it is only reasonable to suppose that it is merited, for the severest consors of princes are those who come in habitual contact with them."

A WILD MAN.

The Fremont (Neb.) Tribune, of October 21st contains an article giving the details of the discovery of a wild man in that vicinity. Two young men were out hunting water fowl when they came upon the strange being. He was just emerging from a clump of trees and underbrush when they caught a glimpse of him. His dress was of the most primitive style, consisting of a woolen shirt. He had a stick in his hand, which he swung around his head as if striking at something he saw in the air, and uttering the while a sharp, unearthly noise. Like a wild animal he was constantly on a sharp lookout, nervously looking this way and that, as his ear detected the least unusual noise, or his eye noticed the shaking of a reed, or anything that was the least extraordinary. After a few moments he squatted on his haunches under a tree and began to dig in the ground with his hands and the stick, occasionally carrying something to his mouth which he seemed to be eating. The boys became more interested in the strange being than in the object of their hunt, and crawled cautiously toward him until near enough to satisfy their curiosity. He was digging roots and feeding upon them. As nearly as they could judge from appearances he was about forty or forty five years of age, of strong and bony frame, his hair was so long as to fall in snarls over his bronzed and dirty shoulders; his beard, like his hair, long and shaggy, and his entire body covered with a growth of hair which could not have been less than an inch long. His complexion must have been originally light, as his hair was of a lightish brown. After viewing him a short time they concluded to retreat. After going a few steps the monster sprang up and stared intently at them. Becoming frightened, he sprang into a Platé, crossed over to Little Island, and disappeared in its thick underbrush.

The Anti-Horse Thief Association has 961 lodges and 8,000 members in Missouri, Iowa, and Illinois. It does not encourage lynching, although that course is permitted in places where the officers of the law cannot be relied on to prosecute thieves. In a recent convention in Augusta, Ill., it was said that the order had secured the conviction of over one thousand thieves within a year.

\$777 is not easily earned in these times, but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment that we furnish. \$66 per week in your own town. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. We have agents who are making \$20 per day. All who engage at once can make money fast. At the present time money cannot be made so easily, and rapidly at any other business. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address at once, H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. 318-ly

Mr. Haight.

The mare glided around the half-mile track with the speed of a Coney Island Railroad dummy, eager for a smash up. As she passed under the string Mr. Hunkley shouted "Half mile in 1:10," and Haight: "She made the quarter around the turn in thirteenth seconds. The other timers corroborated them."

"That mare can beat all the fast trotters in the world," said an old Long Island horseman who was present.

To the writer he said. "She is a California mare without a record. She is a seven year old bay, with tremendous muscle in her shoulders and quarters, large lungs, and points that I think will make her the wonder of the trotting world. John Splan saw her in California, and started East with her to beat Rarus and other flyers; but she was taken sick in Omaha, and Hong's brother, who is interested in her, brought her to Seneca Falls. She is now discovered recovered, and is called Lady Hong."

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A NEW USE FOR CHURCHES.

A Montreal firm in the oyster fish and fruit business wrote to the trustees of a certain church on St. Catherine Street, offering \$100 for the privilege of affixing one of their gilt edged posters to the vestibule of the church. The reading matter in the posters is very modest, simply informing the public that "we are extensive importers of smoked and dried fish, green and canned fish, milk and shell oysters, foreign domestic fruits, &c." In a postscript the parties state. "We have offered your Church \$50 more than any other Church, believing that your congregation are greater eaters of the luxurious bivalves."

The Thorold Post, 9th inst., says:—"About a week ago, Mr. Ralph Garner, Stamford township, was shipping some horses at Niagara for Toronto. One of the horses, a fine grey, slipped off the side of the gangway, and fell into the river. The horse made for the shore, but some individuals having run along the side of the wharf attempted to catch him, and this scared Mr. Horse, who struck out boldly for the opposite shore, at the old fort. Here the current bore him out into the lake. A boat started from the shore in pursuit of him, but they could not catch up to him. Another boat was launched from the steamer, and between the two the horse was brought back to the Canadian shore and landed safely on the deck of the steamer. This is one of the most remarkable swims heard of round here. The distance was calculated by those who saw the occurrence to be over two and a half miles."

No Excuse for Any One being Out of Employment.—Our attention has been called to some new and useful household invitations recently patented by L. E. Brown, of Cincinnati, Ohio, which make housekeeping a pleasure, instead of a dreaded necessity. They have been having a large sale for them throughout the United States, and now wish to introduce them through the Dominion of Canada, and offer good reliable lady or gentleman canvassers an opportunity seldom met with for making money rapidly. For terms and territory write at once to L. E. Brown & Co., 214 and 216 Elm Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. 323-ut

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The New York Herald of November 4th says: "A Jewish lady by the name of Davis, who resides on East Fifth street in this city, is 100 years of age." The lady referred to is Mrs. Phoebe Davis, mother of Mr. Saul Davis, of Clifton. We understand the old lady has passed her 101st year and is able to read and sew without the aid of glasses, and joins in all the amusements of the young with as much zest as if she were herself in the prime of life.

The box constructor at the New York Aquarium, which recently gave birth to fifty young snakes, is said to have transferred its affections from its young to a common land turtle, which occupies the same apartment, curling its body under and about the turtle, and embracing it in a most affectionate manner. In this position the snake oft falls asleep. The turtle seems to accept the situation with the utmost satisfaction.

FOOD FOR BIRDS.

It is not a good thing to feed birds upon lard lots, nor in fact splinters from such pellets. We do not apprehend such action among American sportsmen, nor should we elsewhere, in those of other countries, but for a very grave assertion which has lately reached us through the columns of a foreign exchange. The story is nevertheless interesting. A short time ago the keepers on Sir H. Falton's estate at Ashford, England, noticed a singular mortality among the pheasants. The cause was not immediately discovered, but it was eventually found out that the birds swallowed the splinters from spent bullets lying about on the ground at the range of the local volunteers, which was close at hand. The lead did not produce immediate death, but caused led poisoning, to which the birds by slow degrees succumbed. Other even more remarkable instances than the above have occurred with pheasants and grouse swallowing shot picked up in the covers that have been shot, and among the heaviest mistakes either for lead or gravel. Last year a considerable number of pheasants died in one gentleman's preserve at Lancashire from this cause, and there is every probability that many of both pheasants and grouse annually found dead from some such cause, owe their death to picking up pellets in this manner."

Billiards.

SEXTON BEATS C. DION.

The eighth billiard contest for the Delaney gold medal, the championship of America and \$1,000, occurred on Tuesday of last week, at Tammany Hall, New York, between William Sexton, the present champion, and Cyrille Dion. The place was well arranged for such an affair. The 6x10 table, with patent wire cushions, stood in the centre of the great hall under brilliant gas jets, and the chairs for the audience stood in rows one above the other on platforms on each of the four sides of the table. There was ample space for the players, umpires, marker, and press between the players and the front rows of the spectators.

It is certainly true that no billiard match was ever witnessed in this city with so select an audience as that which assembled in Tammany Hall last night. On the stage, which was taste fully draped with the national colors, sat some dozens of ladies in elegant costumes, and through the audience, especially in the front rows, were many more, not even in the gallery, which was packed, was to be seen a poorly dressed person. The best known billiardists in the city were present too. There were Rudolph, Garner, Daly, Strauss, Slosson and others. Besides these were seen the faces of men who are well known on 'Change and in the highest social circles in Gotham. It is safe to assume from their presence and that of so many ladies that billiards are understood and liked by a large class of the gentler sex. The decorum of such an assemblage was all that might have been expected of such people. Applause, it was observed, was bestowed intelligently and in a well-bred manner, and although clapping of hands was loud and frequent, there never was a stamp of the foot or an exclamation heard. At the opening the seats were nearly all occupied, but the aisles and lobbies filled up after the theatres closed. From this it will be seen that the game was a long one. Six hundred points were played and half of them were not scored before half-past ten o'clock. The umpires were Mr. G. F. Slosson for Mr. Sexton; Jacob Schaeffer for Mr. C. Dion. Mr. G. B. Hubbell, of Hartford, Conn., was chosen referee and Mr. Willmarth was marker.

At half-past eight the game began, Cyrille Dion getting the lead. He only scored 3, and was followed by Mr. Sexton with a little 3 also. Dion's second inning was of little account; it earned him nothing, while that of his adversary marked him up 2. Dion's third did not help him much; but Sexton was more fortunate. He got the balls together on the cushion and made a run of 42. This good fortune of his antagonist aroused Dion, who also made a short run of 19. He was less successful, however, in the three following innings, in which he earned absolutely nothing, while Sexton scored 4, 5 and 1. He, too, played poorly in the next two innings, but in his ninth he counted 39, making his total up to this point in the game 117 to Dion's 38.

The performance of both players from this until the fifteenth inning was not startlingly brilliant, Sexton's highest thus far being only 16. He had two cyphers. Dion in the fifteenth inning scored 31, making his complete record 100 that of his opponent being 145. In his last run Dion made some splendid shots, which won the approval of the spectators, as did also Sexton in his twelfth inning by a magnificent angle shot. Perhaps some of the most brilliant players during the match was shown by Sexton in his nineteenth inning, in which he scored 11 by 8, but they were shots such as an expert billiard player alone could have made. In his twenty-second inning Dion led off with 45 shots, which for skill were not surpassed last night by either himself or Sexton, but do what he would Dion could not get the balls together, and when he closed his score was within one of that of his adversary. They stood Dion 161, Sexton 162.

Now the contestants may be said to have varied to their work, and Sexton, in the twenty-third inning, got the ball together, and, before they parted, ran 49. His next three shots were beauties two masses and one "follow," which might be classed as an astonishing one. It was now a quarter to ten o'clock, and Dion had scored 106 points, Sexton 233, and for three-quarters of an hour the men played with varying luck and trifling scores six innings each. In the next, his thirtieth inning, Sexton ran 97, and sat down amid the plaudits of his admirers with a total record of 371 to Dion's 225. At the thirty-third inning Sexton reached his 400, while Dion's string only told 235. But now his star was in the ascendant and he, after Sexton retired, went to the table, and getting the balls together, ran 105, when he missed an easy shot and had to give way to Sexton. This gentleman, however had very bad luck during the next seven innings, while Dion was more fortunate, and gradually lessened the breach between his and his antagonist's score materially. At eleven o'clock they stood—Dion 374, Sexton

AWARDED

—1877—

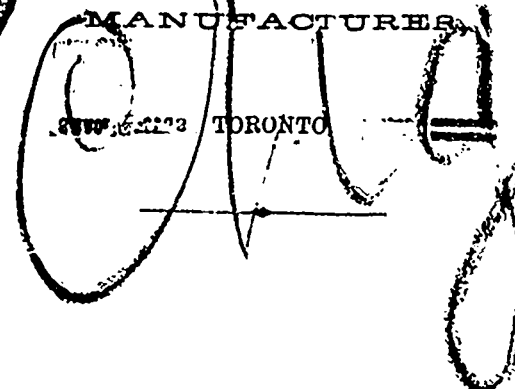
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Send for my new Price List, which will be mailed free upon request. Before putting away your Gun for the Season have it well cleaned, nothing will injure it more than neglect. Only first-class English Workmen employed. Skate Price List on Application.

DEATH OF THORN.

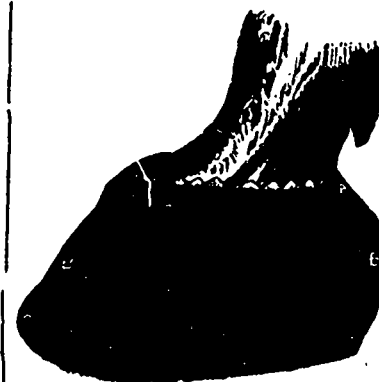
This celebrated English racer is dead. Some weeks since we announced that he had broken a leg. A veterinary surgeon was called in, set the limb, and the great horse was placed in slings. He at first seemed to improve, but very soon it was discovered that the hoped for improvement in his condition was a delusion, and his case became hopeless. To relieve him of the pain he constantly suffered, Mr. R. N. Batt, his owner, had him destroyed. Having carried the colors of his owner with distinguished success for six years, running sixty races, and very often with the top weight, he was retired, having made his last appearance at the last Doncaster Meeting, and was sent to Middleham Moor, to enter the stud the coming season, where he was turned into a paddock, and while romping over the grass slipped and broke his leg. Thus passed away the best son of King of Trumps and Lady Alice Hawthorn, in his seventh year. No horse of his time made more reputation as a weight carrier, unless, indeed, Thunder is his superior. Their struggle for the Alexandra Plate, at Doncaster, in 1874, with only 1 lb. difference in favor of Thorn, was regarded at the time as one of the very best races ever run. Thunder, with 125 lbs. up, against 124 on Thorn, won the Plate by barely a head. The following year he captured the Arcot Plate, with 140 lbs. up, giving so good a horse as Tartino 31 lbs. In the death of Thorn Mr. Batt and the English turf have sustained a serious loss.

SENATOR MORRISSEY'S DEPARTURE.

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A HORSE THAT BREATHES THROUGH ITS NECK.

Edging around in front of the animal the reporter saw that sure enough a tube had been inserted in the windpipe between the head and shoulders, through the opening of which the horse was inhaling and exhaling oxygen with all the force and capacity of a blacksmith's bellows. A little inquiry elicited the facts from Mr. Woodlin. The horse (a fine large black) had formerly been used as a 'bus horse for the Bellows House in Rock Island. Some two months ago the animal had a violent attack of epizootic—so severe indeed, that the larynx, or opening of the windpipe, had been swollen shut, and the horse seemed likely to die of suffocation. He was taken to Matt Fisher's stables in Davenport, where a veterinary surgeon cut the windpipe as described and inserted a syphon-shaped silver tube about six inches in length, through which the animal obtained his allowance of air. The tube has a tin facing, to which the straps are attached which keep it in place. The horse does not suffer the least inconvenience from the arrangement, and is as full of life as ever. It will be seen that by this mode of treatment all strain is removed from the obstructed larynx, leaving it in the best possible shape for doctoring. As soon as the swelling subsides and the natural passage is again open, the tube will be removed, the hole sewed up, and the horse is himself again. As we have said, the horse was used at the Bellows House before his sickness, but when Mr. Jarvis, the present proprietor, took charge, he shipped the animal down to his Island Farm, in exchange for one that was sound, which accounts for the presence of the horse on our streets, and consequently for this item.—Muscatine (Io.) Tribune.



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CABIN PARTS.

FOR SALE.

The first time he was hit, while that of his adversary marked him up 2. Dion's third did not help him much, but Sexton was more fortunate. He kept the balls together on the cushion and made a run of 42. This good fortune of his antagonist aroused Dion, who also made a short run of 19. He was less successful, however, in the three following innings, in which he earned absolutely nothing, while Sexton scored 4, 6 and 1. He, too, played poorly in the next two innings, but in his ninth he counted 59, making his total up to this point in the game 117 to Dion's 88.

The performance of both players from this until the fifteenth inning was not startlingly brilliant, Sexton's highest thus far being only 18. He had two cyphers. Dion in the fifteenth inning scored 51, making his complete record 100 that of his opponent being 145. In his last run Dion made some splendid shots, which won the approval of the spectators, as did also Sexton in his twelfth inning by a magnificent angle shot. Perhaps some of the most brilliant players during the match was shown by Sexton in his nineteenth inning in which he scored only 8; but they were shots such as an expert billiard player alone could have made. In his twenty-second inning Dion led off with 45 shots, which for skill were not surpassed last night by either himself or Sexton; but do what he would Dion could not get the balls together, and when he closed his score was within one of that of his adversary. They stood Dion 161, Sexton 162.

Now the contestants may be said to have warmed to their work, and Sexton, in the twenty-third inning, got the ball together, and, before they parted, ran 49. His next three shots were beauties—two masses and one "follow," which might be classed as an astonishing one. It was now a quarter to ten o'clock, and Dion had scored 166 points, Sexton 233, and for three-quarters of an hour the men played with varying luck and triding scores six innings each. In the next, his thirtieth inning, Sexton ran 97, and sat down amid the plaudits of his admirers with a total record of 371 to Dion's 225. At the thirty-third inning Sexton reached his 400, while Dion's string only told 235. But now his star was in the ascendant and he, after Sexton retired, went to the table, and getting the balls together, ran 105, when he missed an easy shot and had to give way to Sexton. This gentleman, however, had very bad luck during the next seven innings, while Dion was more fortunate, and gradually lessened the breach between his and his antagonist's score materially. At eleven o'clock they stood—Dion 374, Sexton 420. In this portion of the game that delicacy of touch for which Sexton is celebrated was most apparent, and elicited thunders of applause by the success which so often attended whenever either man made safety plays; but it must be said that both men seldom resorted to such tactics. The largest run of the evening was made by Dion in the thirty-fourth inning, and some of the best display shots also.

The game was finally won by Sexton in fifty-three innings, the score standing—Sexton, 600; Dion, 426. Appended are the scores of the players by innings:—

THE SCORES.

Sexton—3, 2, 42, 4, 5, 1, 0, 1, 59, 0, 18, 0, 8, 2, 0, 6, 2, 0, 8, 0, 1, 17, 54, 0, 1, 5, 2, 0, 33, 97, 8, 4, 17, 0, 1, 1, 0, 0, 18, 35, 8, 4, 0, 32, 0, 0, 3, 0, 0, 3, 39, 7, 54. Total, 600. Highest run, 97. Average, 11 1-3.

Dion—5, 0, 1, 19, 0, 0, 0, 3, 12, 3, 3, 1, 51, 1, 1, 0, 2, 9, 3, 45, 2, 1, 0, 9, 7, 3, 0, 42, 4, 0, 6, 105, 18, 0, 2, 0, 14, 7, 2, 8, 1, 11, 0, 12, 1, 0, 1, 0, 6, 0, 0, 5. Total, 426. Average, 8.

A billiard match was announced last week as having been played in Paris, France, between Maurice Vignaux and one M. Fabian, of 1,000 points up, for 4,000 francs and the championship, which was won by Fabian by 49 points, and with a high run of 439. Vignaux is reported to have run 417. If this game took place, it was probably played upon a very small-sized French table.

A Canadian farmer recently saw two men attempting to drive a hog past his house, but the animal was so obstinate that they finally told the farmer that if he would kill it for them they would give him half of the meat. He accepted the offer with alacrity, and not only killed the hog but dressed it, after which the strangers drove away with their half. When, however, he went at night to feed his own hogs he found that he had killed his own property, receiving half of it for his trouble.

DEATH OF THORN.

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DEATH OF AN OLD TURFMAN.

One of the oldest and most respectable turfmen in the north died last week at his residence in Madison, N. J., at the ripe age of 73. This was Mr. Henry K. Toler, who will be remembered as the man who made the famous match, in 1842, for \$20,000 a side, between Fashion and Boston, Col. Johnson and Mr. James Long, backing the latter horse. Mr. Toler was also an influential supporter of the New Jersey turf, and one of the most active managers of the one popular and successful Paterson race meetings—Frank Forrester, in his "Field Sports," spoke of Mr. Henry Toley as the "first gentleman sportsman of America."

THE ACCIDENT TO "PARIS."

The Chicago Field of last week gives the following account of the accident to Mr. L. H. Smith's, Strathroy, Ont., champion setter Paris, which prevented him from taking part in the Nashville Field Trials:—"Paris will not run, as he met with a sad accident on Thursday last which will disable him for some time. At Pembroke, Ky., where Mr. Smith was working his dogs, Paris was attacked by a savage sow, which broke his leg. Fortunately he is not ruined for life, as, in time, he is likely to recover; but it will be a long time before he can use the leg. Whitford and Captain Patrick Henry both say Paris was in better form than ever before. Smith, as can be imagined, feels very badly over it as he had great expectations of him in these trials."

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IN WINTER QUARTERS.—The well-known western flyers, Slow Go, Belle Brasfield, Lady H., and the pacing mare Lucy, are now in winter quarters in and about Pittsburgh, Pa. Brasfield is looking fine, and will be roaded during the cold term by her owner, Rody Patterson, Jr.

FOR SALE, THE CELEBRATED STALLION CALOGRAM!

CALOGRAM, chestnut horse, foaled 1868, 16 hands 3/4 inch; weighs 1,160 lbs. PEDIGREE—Calogram, by Censor, dam imported Maud, by Stockwell; 2nd dam, Countess of Albermarle, by Lanercost; 3rd dam, sister to Hornsea, by Velocipede; 4th dam, by Cerberus; 5th dam, Miss Cranfield, by Sir Peter Teazle; 6th dam by Pegasus; 7th dam, by Paymaster; 8th dam Pomona, by Herod; 9th dam, Caroline, by Snap; 10th dam, by Regulus; 11th dam by Whip; 12th dam, Large Hartley, by Hartley's Blind Horse; 13th dam, by Flying Whig, by Williams' Woodstock Arabian; 14th dam, by St. Victor Barb; 15th dam, by Whynot (a son of Fenwick Barb); 16th dam, a Royal mare. (See Bruce's Am. Stud Book, Vol I, p. 107) Censor, foaled 1859, by Lexington, dam Fleur de Lis (by imported Sovereign, out of Maria West—Waguer's dam.) Lexington, by Boston, dam Alice Carneal. Full particulars on application to DAVID VAN CAMP, BOWMANVILLE, ONT. 323-tf

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A beautiful French pony, 6 years old, 11 hands high, sound, kind and gentle, is a regular pet. Has no record and can trot on ice or a good track close to 2:40. For price and full particulars address Box 464, P. O., Kingston, Ont. 325-tf

Trotter for Sale.

A fine young mare, 8 years old, perfectly sound and kind, can trot in 2:35, record 2:43. Will be sold dirt cheap. Address, A. A. Spence, THE TIMES Office, Toronto.



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