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**American Turf.**

**LOUISIANA JOCKEY CLUB FALL MEETING.**

New Orleans, Dec. 2—Purse \$400; for all ages; \$300 to first 75 to second, 25 to third; two miles, over eight hurdles.  
 A Keene Richards' ch c Rodding, 4 yrs, by Harry of the West, dam by Joe Stoner 182 lbs ..... 1  
 Capt Cottrell's Colonel Nelligan, 5 yrs, 138 lbs 2  
 F Lloyd's Port Leonard, aged, 140 lbs ..... 3  
 J W Greer's b f Cora Linn, 87 lbs ..... 3  
 Red Cloud and Lloyd's colt also started.  
 Time—3:56½.

Same Day—Fifth renewal of the Slocomb Stakes, for two year-olds, at \$25 each, p. p., with \$400 added; second to receive \$75 out of the stakes; four subs; one mile.  
 Williams & Owings' b f Marge Duke, by Bayonet, dam Tick, by Monte, 87 lbs ..... 1  
 J W Greer's b f Eva Shirley, 87 lbs ..... 2  
 J W Greer's b f Cora Linn, 87 lbs ..... 3  
 Hattie P not placed.  
 Time—1:50½.

Same Day—Purse \$400; for all ages; of which \$75 to the second; mile heats.  
 J Murphy's br c Bob Woolley, 4 yrs, by Leamington, dam Item, 104 lbs ..... 1 1  
 F Lloyd's Sundown colt ..... 6 2  
 Williams & Owings' Fair Play, 5 yrs, 110 lbs 5 3  
 W Cottrell's Donough, 3 yrs, 90 lbs ..... 2 0  
 Owner's Whipsaw ..... 3 0  
 W R Babcock's Woodland, 8 yrs, 90 lbs.. 4 0  
 Time—1:48—1:47.

Dec. 5—New Orleans Stakes, for three-year-olds; two mile dash.  
 A Keene Richards' c f Clemmie G., by War Dance, dam Alexandria ..... 1  
 A Keene Richards' b c Henry Owings, by Gilroy, dam Estelle ..... 2  
 G B Morris' Uncle Tom, by Uncle Vic, dam Maid of the Mill ..... 3  
 Time—3:41.

Same Day—Club purse \$250; \$200 to first, 50 to second; all ages to carry 100 lbs; three-year-olds to carry their proper weight; 3 lbs allowance to mares and geldings; one mile dash.  
 A Keene Richards' b c Redman, by War Dance ..... 1  
 G W Spencer's b f Coronella, by Rebel, dam by Rupo ..... 2  
 M Welch's b g Port Leonard, by Voucher, dam Prunella, 97 lbs ..... 3  
 Time—1:45½.

Same Day—Club purse \$500, for all ages; \$400 to first, \$100 to second; two-mile heats.  
 W Lakeland's ch c Gen Harney, 4 yrs, by Pat Malloy, dam Yellowbird ..... 1 2 1  
 Groves & Rhoads' br c Whipsaw, by Hiawatha, dam Bouquet ..... 3 1 2  
 J Murphy's b g War Jig, aged, by War Dance, dam Dixie ..... 2 3 ro  
 Williams & Owings' b c Fair Play, 5 yrs, by Vigil, dam Crucifix ..... 5 4 ro  
 Owner's b c George Quinno, 5 yrs, by Vigil ..... 1 dis  
 Time—3:43, 3:41½, 3:51.

Dec. 7—Third Day. \$400. Hurdle Race, Handicap. Two miles.  
 Port Leonard ..... 1  
 Redding ..... 3  
 Red Cloud ..... 3  
 Woodland ..... 0  
 Time 3:49.

Pool Betting—Redding, \$250; Woodland, \$100—Field \$22.

second, Whipsaw third, War Jig fourth, Port Leonard distanced. Time—7:55½, 8:20½.  
 Pools on the track—General Harney, \$75; Whipsaw, \$35; War Jig, \$25; the field, \$10.

**THE CALIFORNIA OAKS.**

The California Oaks was inaugurated on Saturday, 9th, four mile and repeat race for a purse of \$10,000, divided into four prizes. The weather was fine, the track in good condition and the attendance large. Mollie McCarthy, Mattie A., Ballinette, Emma Skaggs and Lola Lodi started. Josie C. and Gentle Annie, who were also entered, were withdrawn. In the pools before the race Mollie McCarthy sold at 110, Mattie A. at 60, and the field at 20.

The horses got off well together at a quarter to three, p.m. Mollie McCarthy drew slightly ahead, and at the half mile had the lead by half a length, Skaggs second, Lodi and Mattie A. together about two lengths behind, Ballinette trailing. These positions were maintained with scarcely any change to the end of the third mile, when Ballinette closed up and Skaggs fell behind. At the half of the fourth mile Mollie was still in the lead, with Mattie A. close behind, Ballinette and Lodi together a couple of lengths behind, and Skaggs fifty yards in the rear. In this order they came down the home stretch, Mollie running easily, with Mattie A. half a length behind under the whip. The former won the heat in 7:38½, Ballinette, Skaggs and Lodi distanced.

Mollie now sold in the pools at 200 to 50 for Mattie A.  
 The horses got a good start for the second heat, Mollie a neck ahead. This was a beautiful heat, the horses keeping about neck and neck throughout until they swung into the home stretch, when Mollie forced slightly ahead, and came under the string barely a length in advance, winning the heat, race, and first money in 7:52½, Mattie A. taking the second money. The third and fourth prizes revert to the society, in accordance with the conditions of the race.

The race was apparently squarely contested, and the result was received with satisfaction by the spectators.  
 San Francisco, Dec 9, 1876.—Four miles and repeat race for a purse of \$10,000, divided into four prizes. No horse to win more than one prize; a distanced horse to get no prize. Over the Bay District Course

Thos Winter's, California, br m Mollie McCarthy, 8 yrs, by Monday, dam Honnie Farrow ..... 1 1  
 W R Armstrong, Michigan, ch m Mattie A, 4 yrs, by imp Australian, dam Minnie Mansfield ..... 2 2  
 W H Brown, California, c m Ballinette, 3 yrs, by Eclipse (or Monday), dam Baltimore ..... dis  
 E J Travis, Nevada, br m Lola Lodi, aged, by Lodi, dam by Belmont ..... dis  
 N Randall, California, b m Emma Skaggs, 5 yrs, by Norfolk, dam Sallie Franklin ..... dis  
 L R Martin, New York, b m Josie C, 3 yrs, by imp Leamington, dam by Lexington ..... dr  
 C Resgan, Idaho, blk m Gentle Annie, 5 yrs, by Baywood, dam Pat Malloy ..... dr  
 Time—7:58½, 7:52½.

**TRAMPOLINE.**

S. J. Schermerhorn, of Nevada, Iowa, sends the following concerning his mare Trampoline, by Hayes' Tramp; and as she has attracted a great deal of attention among horsemen of the West during the past season, it will be read with interest by those

seven races, and, save the one heat dropped at Freeport, was never headed, and won in three straight heats. One thing seemed strange, for a green horse, and that is, she never 'got off,' as horsemen say, while her competitors were changing sides in alternate races and being drawn. She trotted her last race as she did her first one; and she stands in her box to-day a perfect animal, with nothing to mar her beauty or utility."

**FROM GUELPH.**

GUELPH, Dec. 11th, 1876.

To the Editor of Sporting Times:  
 Sir,—You must not think we are idle here in the way of sport, although much of it does not get to the outer world. Pigeon-shooting is prevalent among the knights of the trigger, and if we have not crack shots, still they are able to show fair averages.

Much of course will be expected of the Maple Leafs next year. Our ball tossers are keeping their muscles up by gymnastic exercises, and will come out in the Spring in good training for the diamond field campaign of '77.

There has been a big fight here between Whiskey and Cold Water. The backers of the latter were principally women and children, while the Maldoons, the solid men, made the former their favorite. Before getting into the ring, the Cold Waterites made a great blow, but on stripping their champion was found to be no match for old Alcohol's boy. The battle ground was in the County Council Chamber, and that august body acted as referee. The affair only lasted one round. On putting up their dukes, Cold Water led off with some very pretty sparring, but as the result showed was wonderfully short of stamina. Whiskey was confident, and although having no especial training like his opponent had had the advantage of, put in some severe body blows, which knocked the Prohibition infant out of time; and the sponge was thrown up, the referee deciding the fight against Cold Water. As usual in such affairs the losers made a great many excuses, and did a good deal of kicking against the ruling of the referee, but everybody who saw it said it was a one-sided affair, Prohibition's boy having everything against him, except assurance.

The fine trotting stallion St. Joe, by Blackwood, is wintering here. He is comfortably quartered in the stables of Mr. Deady's Hotel. St. Joe, you may know, is a half-brother, by the sire, to the celebrated Blackwood, jr., the winner of the Centennial Stallion Race at Philadelphia, this fall. Blackwood, jr., is the sire of the yearling filly Idlewood, which trotted three heats at Col. Overton's track, Nashville, Tenn., on Nov. 23rd, in 3:04, 3:02½, 2:57½. St. Joe is the same age as Blackwood, jr., and, as you are probably aware, is something of a horse himself. After a hard contest, in which he showed he possessed all the essential elements of a trotter, he won the 2:50 race at Ferguson this Fall; he also was awarded the Diploma at the Guelph Central Fair for the best Road or Carriage Stallion. Some of his yearlings are held at big figures in Kentucky, from

**Cricket.**

**THE CARLTON CRICKET CLUB.**

ANNUAL DINNER.  
 On the evening of the 8th, the members of the Carlton Cricket Club held their third annual dinner at the Rossin House.

A sumptuous and elegant dinner was spread in the dining room, to which a large number of members of the club and invited guests sat down at half-past eight. Mr. Strong, the President of the club, occupied the chair, the croupiers being Messrs. Goldin and Coen.

After ample justice had been done to the good things included in the bill of fare, the Chairman proposed "The Queen and the Royal Family," which was honored with cheers and "God save the Queen."

"The Governor-General and the Lieutenant-Governor" was next proposed by the chair.  
 Mr. Coen next gave the "Army, Navy, and Volunteers." Major Arthur responded on behalf of the Army and Mr. Marsh for the Volunteers. Mr. Coen sang "The British Lion" in fine style.

Next came the "Carlton Cricket Club," which was replied to by Mr. Coen, the Captain, who alluded briefly to the history of the Club during the past season, adverting particularly to the kindness he had received from the second eleven, who had always been ready, often at a sacrifice of time and convenience, to supply the places of the first eleven in matches, when the latter were unable to be present. He said that he not only wished to thank them for this, but he would take this occasion of presenting them with a cup, to be given to the best batsman in the second eleven for the season of 1877.

The cup was then handed to the President in charge for the second eleven. The cup is a very handsome one, the bulb being supported by three wickets and two bats, a ball lying on the centre of the pedestal.  
 Messrs. Coen and DeGrass responded for the second eleven.

The Chairman gave the "Mayor and Corporation," which was responded to by Mayor Morrison.

Mr. Coen gave "Kindred Clubs," which was responded to by Mr. T. Arthur, of the Toronto Lacrosse Club, and Mr. Fraser, of the Toronto Cricket Club.

Mr. Smeers proposed the Carlton Foot Ball Club, responded to by Mr. Liddell.  
 Mr. Borland proposed "Our visitors," which was responded to by Mr. Samuel Lount.

Another song was given by Mr. Coen.  
 Mr. Goldie proposed the "Profession and the Press." It responded to by Mr. Coelman and the members of the press present. Mr. Liddell then sang "Far Away," which was enthusiastically received, and the singer responded with "The Bonny Woods of Craigielea."

"The Ladies," proposed by Mr. Coelman and responded to by Mr. Howell. "Absent Friends," by the Chairman, "The President," by Mayor Morrison, "The Captain," by Mr. Liddell, "Old Country Athletics," by

**The Trigger.**

**BEATON BEATS SMITH.**

A pigeon shooting match took place at Sarnia on the 6th inst., between two well known shots of that town named Beaton and Smith. The match was at 15 birds each for a purse of \$10. Mr. Beaton won the match by one bird, killing 14 out of 15, but unfortunately three of them fell out of bounds, leaving him 11 to count. Mr. Smith killed 12, but two of his birds fell out of bounds.

**FATAL GUN ACCIDENT.**

The fate of the young man Charles McDonald, from Paisley, who was lost on the 16th November while hunting in Muskoka, has been ascertained. On Wednesday Mr. John Biscom, of Oxbridge, who formed one of a party in search for the missing man, saw his gun lying against a log, and on going a step or two further found the body of the unfortunate man. On examination it was found that a ball had entered on the right side above the lower rib, and had perforated the lung in an upward course, coming out near the middle of the left shoulder blade. An inquest was held, and the jury came to the conclusion that McDonald had died from the accidental discharging of his own gun. The bodies of Lang and Cooper have not yet been found. Messrs. Cole and Stephenson left Bracebridge on Thursday morning to go in search.

**SMALL SHOT.**

Venison is plentiful at Ash railway, and sells for twelve cents a pound.  
 James Sawyer, Minden, killed a moose, the hind-quarters of which weighed 600 pounds.

Mr. Fred Haddon, formerly an amateur pigeon shooter, of Dundas, Ont., is now located in Detroit. On Nov 25th he and a friend were out for a day's sport and bagged 54 quail, 2 rail and grouse, and 18 rabbits. On 29th and 30th, he made a bag of 33 quail and 2 rabbits.

Rural sportsmen are bagging lots of rabbits nowadays, and are much delighted on bringing them to the city, that proprietors of eating houses will only pay a head for them.

Several gentlemen were out shooting on the 12th of this month, and when traversing the lands of Lagran, about two miles west of Caledonia, one of the sportsmen was surprised to find a small rabbit-dog, not three weeks old, sitting on a log, and he succeeded in killing one. The animal was found to be pure white.

**NAMES CLAIMED.**

Curt Trud.—I claim the name of Capt. Trud for my great-great-grandfather, who was killed at the battle of the Clouds, 1875, with his legs, both hind legs and neck for his wounds, and by Waterbury, by Rydyk's Hamlet man, dam my boy mare Jenny Lind, by Young Sr. Waterbury by my grand-father, a Mr. S. W. Trud, and dam by D. E. Trud, a daughter of the late Capt.

the stakes; four subs; one mile.

Williams & Owings' b f Madge Duke, by Bayonet, dam Tick, by Monte, 87 lbs ..... 1  
J W Guest's b f Eva Shirley, 87 lbs ..... 2  
J W Greer's b f Cora Linn, 87 lbs ..... 3  
Hattie P not placed.

Time—1:50 1/2.

Same Day—Purse \$400; for all ages; of which \$75 to the second; mile heats.

J Murphy's br c Bob Woolley, 4 yrs, by Leamington, dam Item, 104 lbs ..... 1  
F Lloyd's Sundown colt ..... 2  
Williams & Owings' Fair Play, 5 yrs, 110 lbs ..... 3  
W Cottrill's Donough, 3 yrs, 90 lbs ..... 2  
Owner's Whip-saw ..... 3  
W R Babcock's Woodland, 3 yrs, 90 lbs ..... 4

Time—1:48—1:47.

Dec. 5—New Orleans Stakes, for three-year-olds; two mile dash.

A Keene Richards' c f Clemmie G., by War Dance, dam Alexandria ..... 1  
A Keene Richards' b c Henry Owings, by Gilroy, dam Estelle ..... 2  
G B Morris' Uncle Tom, by Uncle Vic, dam Maid of the Mill ..... 3

Time—3:41.

Same Day—Club purse \$250; \$200 to first, 50 to second; all ages; carry 100 lbs; three-year-olds to carry their proper weight; 3 lbs allowance to mares and geldings; one mile dash.

A Keene Richards' b c Redman, by War Dance ..... 1  
G W Spencer's b f Coronella, by Rebel, dam by Rapce ..... 2  
M Welch's b g Port Leonard, by Voucher, dam Prunella, 97 lbs ..... 3

Time—1:45 1/2.

Same Day—Club purse \$500; for all ages; \$400 to first, \$100 to second; two-mile heats.

W Lakeland's ch c Gen Harney, 4 yrs, by Pat Malloy, dam Yellowbird ..... 1 2 1  
Groves & Rhodes' br c Whip-saw, by Hiawatha, dam Bonquet ..... 3 1 2  
J Murphy's b g War Jig, aged, by War Dance, dam Dixie ..... 2 3 0  
Williams & Owings' b c Fair Play, 5 yrs, by Vigil, dam Crucifix ..... 5 4 0  
Owner's b c George Quintine, 5 yrs, by Vigil ..... 4 dis

Time—3:43, 3:41 1/2, 3:51.

Dec. 7—Third Day. \$400. Hurdle Race, Handicap. Two miles.

Port Leonard ..... 1  
Bedding ..... 2  
Red Cloud ..... 3  
Woodland ..... 0

Time 3:49.

POOL BETTING—Redding, \$250; Woodland, \$50; Field \$22.

Same Day—\$300. Dash of one mile and three quarters.

Clemmie G ..... 1  
War Jig ..... 2  
George ..... 3  
Quinine ..... 0  
Donough ..... 0  
Falmonth ..... 0

Time—3:09 1/2.

POOL BETTING—Clemmie G, \$100; Field, 20.

Same Day—\$500. Mile heats, 3 in 5.

Bob Woolley ..... 1 1 2 1  
Coronella ..... 2 4 1 2  
Henry Owens ..... 3 2 3 0  
Lloyd's Colt ..... 4 3 4 0  
Fair Play ..... dis

Time—1:45, 1:45, 1:44 1/2, 1:47.

Woolley was the favorite in the pools.

Dec 9.—Howard Stakes, mile dash, was won by Eva Shirley, Cora Linn second, Madge Duke third, Hattie P. fourth. Time—1:52 1/2.

Pools on the track—Eva Shirley, \$25; Madge Duke, \$31; the field, \$17.

Mile dash for a consolation purse of \$250, was won by Coronella, Henry Owens second, Sundown colt third, Falmonth fourth. Time—1:50 1/2.

Pools on the track—Coronella, \$100; Henry Owens, \$25, the field, \$12.

Four mile heats, for a purse of \$800, was won by General Harney in two straight heats, Uncle

ahead, and at the half mile had the lead by half a length, Skaggs second, Lodi and Mattie A. together about two lengths behind, Ballinette trailing. These positions were maintained with scarcely any change to the end of the third mile, when Ballinette closed up and Skaggs fell behind. At the half of the fourth mile Mollie was still in the lead, with Mattie A. close behind, Ballinette and Lodi together a couple of lengths behind, and Skaggs fifty yards in the rear. In this order they came down the homestretch, Mollie running easily, with Mattie A. half a length behind under the whip. The former won the heat in 7:38 1/2, Ballinette, Skaggs and Lodi distanced.

Mollie now sold in the pools at 200 to 50 for Mattie A.

The horses got a good start for the second heat, Mollie a neck ahead. This was a beautiful heat, the horses keeping about neck and neck throughout until they swung into the homestretch, when Mollie forced slightly ahead, and came under the string barely a length in advance, winning the heat, race, and first money in 7:52 1/2, Mattie A. taking the second money. The third and fourth prizes revert to the society, in accordance with the conditions of the race.

The race was apparently squarely contested, and the result was received with satisfaction by the spectators.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 9, 1876.—Four miles and repeat race for a purse of \$10,000, divided into four prizes. No horse to win more than one prize; a distanced horse to get no prize. Over the Bay District Course

Theo Winter's, California, br m Mollie McCarthy, 3 yrs, by Monday, dam Hennio Farrow ..... 1 1  
W R Armstrong, Michigan, ch m Mattie A, 4 yrs, by imp Australian, dam Minnie Mansfield ..... 2 2  
W H Brown, California, f m Balinette, 3 yrs, by Eclipse (or Monday), dam Baltimore ..... dis  
E J Fravis, Nevada, br m Lola Lodi, aged, by Lodi, dam by Belmont ..... dis  
N Randall, California, b m Emma Skaggs, 5 yrs, by Norfolk, dam Sallie Franklin ..... dis  
L R Martin, New York, b m Josie C, 3 yrs, by imp Leamington, dam by Lexington ..... dr  
C Reagan, Idaho, blk m Gentle Annie, 5 yrs, by Baywood, dam Pat Malloy ..... dr

Time—7:38 1/2, 7:52 1/2.

### TRAMPOLINE.

S. J. Schermerhorn, of Nevada, Iowa, sends the following concerning his mare Trampoline, by H. Yes' Tramp; and as she has attracted a great deal of attention among horsemen of the West during the past season, it will be read with interest by those who desire to know more of this promising young trotter:

"Trampoline, familiarly known as Schermerhorn's Baby, was trotted, somewhat, as a two, three and four-year-old, but mostly on exhibits. She was used the rest of her life as a buggy beast, with an occasional brush on the track; but was never in regular training in her life until this season, she being seven years old. I entered her through the Illinois circuit in the 2:43 and 2:48 classes, and she trotted two races a week each alternate week—that is, she trotted one race one week and the week following two races. Commencing at Sycamore, she did her first repeating in a three-in-five race. Her owner and driver, yours truly, was by no means an expert, while the class in which she went was full of artistic drivers, and I had them as well as their horses to beat. It was said of her, before starting, that she was so wild that, when scoring, she would go over the top of the fences; but on trial she never made a mistake, and they soon learned to score as little as possible. On hearing the bell sound the recall she would stop and walk back, leaving the field to score by themselves. On getting the word she always went to the front at once, and ever trotted as the field trotted—if they were fast, she was faster, if slow, she seemed to trot to their time, but always in the lead. She started in

in the way of sport, although much of it does not get to the outer world. Pigeon-shooting is prevalent among the knights of the trigger, and if we have not crack shots, still they are able to show fair averages.

Much of course will be expected of the Maple Leaf next year. Our ball tossers are keeping their muscles up by gymnastic exercises, and will come out in the Spring in good training for the diamond field campaign of '77.

There has been a big fight here between Whiskey and Cold Water. The backers of the latter were principally women and children, while the Muldoons, the solid men, made the former their favorite. Before getting into the ring, the Cold Waterites made a great blow, but on stepping their champion was found to be no match for old Alcohol's boy. The battle ground was in the County Council Chamber, and that august body acted as referee. The affair only lasted one round. On putting up their dukes, Cold Water led off with some very pretty sparring, but as the result showed was wonderfully short of stamina. Whiskey was confident, and although having no especial training like his opponent had the advantage of, put in some severe body blows, which knocked the Prohibition infant out of time; and the sponge was thrown up, the referee deciding the fight against Cold Water. As usual in such affairs the losers made a great many excuses, and did a good deal of kicking against the ruling of the referee, but everybody who saw it said it was a one-sided affair, Prohibition's boy having everything against him, except assurance.

The fine trotting stallion St. Joe, by Blackwood, is wintering here. He is comfortably quartered in the stables of Mr. Deady's Hotel. St. Joe, you may know, is a half-brother, by the sire, to the celebrated Blackwood, jr., the winner of the Centennial Stallion Race at Philadelphia, this fall. Blackwood, jr., is the sire of the yearling filly Idlewood, which trotted three heats at Col. Overton's track, Nashville, Tenn., on Nov. 23rd, in 3:04, 3:02 1/2, 2:57 1/2. St. Joe is the same age as Blackwood, jr., and, as you are probably aware, is something of a horse hunter. After a hard contest, in which he showed he possessed all the essential elements of a trotter, he won the 2:50 race at Fergus this Fall; he also was awarded the Diploma at the Guelph Central Fair for the best Road or Carriage Stallion. Some of his yearlings are held at big figures in Kentucky, from which place he was imported last Spring. We think, around here, he is one of the finest looking horses in the Dominion.

I envy you in the possession of two such Opera Houses as you have in your city. At the Grand I see you have had the Beauclerc Sisters. I saw them in New York, under rather adverse circumstances, but thought them very fine. Neil Warner, who I saw a short time ago in Montreal, you have at the Royal; and Coudock is also there. Could you not get Coudock to give a round of his old pieces, such as Luke Fielding, Caleb Plummer, Uncle Phil, &c., and I will come down and board a week with you.

Yours,

SURFACE.

Sheriff Powell's (Ottawa), well known race mare Alzora has a beautiful filly by War Cry, and is in foal to Hembold.

The turkey to be sent for our Christmas dinner need not weigh over fifteen pounds—provided the exorcism is paid.

Messrs. John Pascoe and John Forbes beat Messrs. Harwood and Paterson at Woodstock, on the 5th inst. They shot at ten birds each, usual conditions. Pascoe and Forbes killed nine each.

After ample justice had been done to the good things included in the bill of fare, the Chairman proposed "The Queen and the Royal Family," which was honored with cheers and "God save the Queen."

"The Governor-General and the Lieutenant-Governor" was next proposed by the chair.

Mr. Cooch next gave the "Army, Navy, and Volunteers." Major Arthurs responded on behalf of the Army and Mr. Marsh of the Volunteers. Mr. Coen sang "The British Lion" in fine style.

Next came the "Carlton Cricket Club," which was replied to by Mr. Coen, the Captain, who alluded briefly to the history of the Club during the past season, advertising particularly to the kindness he had received from the second eleven, who had always been ready, often at a sacrifice of time and convenience, to supply the places of the first eleven in matches, when the latter were unable to be present. He said that he not only wished to thank them for this, but he would take this occasion of presenting them with a cup, to be given to the best batsman in the second eleven for the season of 1877.

The cup was then handed to the President in charge for the second eleven. The cup is a very handsome one, the bulb being supported by three wickets and two bats, a ball lying on the centre of the pedestal.

Messrs. Cooch and DeGrassi responded for the second eleven.

The Chairman gave the "Mayor and Corporation," which was responded to by Mayor Morrison.

Mr. Coen gave "Kinired Clubs," which was responded to by Mr. T. Arthurs, of the Toronto Lacross Club, and Mr. Fraser, of the Toronto Cricket Club.

Mr. Searns proposed the Carlton Foot Ball Club, responded to by Mr. Liddell.

Mr. Borland proposed "Our visitors," which was responded to by Mr. Samuel Lount.

Another song was given by Mr. Coen.

Mr. Goldie proposed the "Professions and the Press." It responded to by Mr. Creelman and the members of the press present. Mr. Liddell then sang "Far Away," which was enthusiastically received, and the singer responded with "The Bony Woods of Craig-ilea."

"The Ladies," proposed by Mr. Creelman and responded to by Mr. Howell. "Absent Friends," by the Chairman, "The President," by Mayor Morrison, "The Captain," by Mr. Liddell, "Old Country Athletes," by Mr. Marazzy, and a couple of comic songs by Mr. Goldie filled out the programme. After which the company broke up with "Auld Lang Syne," having spent a very pleasant evening.

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

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

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

Sample No. 2—Dark color, with dark muddy deposit on standing has an acid and slightly bitter taste, contains Cinchonine but no Quinine. Is made with an acid wine, not sherry.

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

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

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

The fate of the young man Charles McDonald, from Parsley, who was lost on the 16th November while hunting in Muskoka, has been ascertained. On Wednesday Mr. John Benson, of Uxbridge, who formed one of a party in search for the missing man, saw his gun lying against a log, and on going a step or two further found the body of the unfortunate man. On examination it was found that a ball had entered on the right side above the lower rib, and had perforated the lung in an upward course, coming out near the middle of the left shoulder blade. An inquest was held, and the jury came to the conclusion that McDonald had died from the accidental discharging of his own gun. The bodies of Lang and Cooper have not yet been found. Messrs. Cole and Stephenson left Bracebridge on Thursday morning to aid in search.

### SMALL SHOT.

Venison is plentiful at Amherstburg, and sells for twelve cents a pound.

James Sawyer, Minden, killed a moose, the hind-quarters of which weighed 600 pounds.

Mr. Fred Habbun, formerly an amateur pigeon shooter, of Dundas, Ont., is now located in Detroit. On Nov. 25th he and a friend were out for a day's sport and bagged 58 quail, 2 ruffed grouse, and 18 rabbits. On 29th and 30th, he made a bag of 34 quail and 2 rabbits.

Rural sportsmen are bagging lots of rabbits nowadays, and are much disgusted on bringing them to the city, that professors of eating houses offer only a shilling a head for them.

Several gentlemen were out shooting on the estate of Ocht rtyre, and when traversing the lands of Laggan, about two miles west of Craigs, some of the sportsmen were surprised to see at a considerable distance three white foxes. Sir William Elliott fired, and succeeded in killing one. The animal was found to be pure white.

### NAMES CLAIMED.

CAPT. THAD.—I claim the name of Capt. Thad for my chestnut colt, foaled May 30th, 1876, with blaze face, both hind legs and rear for leg white, sired by Waverly, he by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam my bay mare Jenny Lind, by Young Sir Walter, he by imported thoroughbred Sir Walter, second dam by D. France, he by imported thoroughbred Cock of the Rock; third dam a St. Lawrence French Canadian mare—Nettie—GEO. P. GERMAIN, Buffalo, Dec. 5, 1876.

COL. SNOWDEN—I claim the name of Col. Snowden for my brown colt, with star in forehead and nearly black white, sired by Waverly, he by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam my bay St. Lawrence French Canadian mare—Nettie—GEO. P. GERMAIN, Buffalo, Dec. 5, 1876.

COL. SNOWDEN—I claim the name of Col. Snowden for my brown colt, with star in forehead and nearly black white, sired by Waverly, he by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam my bay St. Lawrence French Canadian mare—Nettie—GEO. P. GERMAIN, Buffalo, Dec. 5, 1876.

### Go Correspondents.

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

OTTAWA.—We can find nothing in turf, will make a further search. Will mail you copy of book.

C. H. CONNOR.—We cannot do anything from our advertised rats. The pictures are not sold.

INGERSOLL.—Thanks for interest taken. JOE BANKS.—We have a letter for you.



MARKET HARBOURGH!

How Mr. Sawyer went to the Shires.

CHAPTER VI

A MERRY GO-ROUND.

Again, I say, nothing but good wine will wash the infection down. Let him, then, where port is new, or where claret unbound, be ware how he thus trespasses on the forbearance of his guests.

Of course they killed their first check the first check they gradually took to hunting, and so to running once more. Mr. Sawyer distinguished himself by describing a very perfect semicircle with Hotspur, ever some paces near Stanford Hall. The roan was tired, and his rider somewhat, so a downhill was the inevitable result. Nevertheless, he fell honorably enough, and hoped no one but himself knew how completely the accident was occasioned by utter exhaustion on the part of his steed.

There is no secret so close as that between a horse and his rider. Up to the first check, Hotspur had realized his owner's fondest anticipations. "He's fit for a king!" ejaculated the delighted Sawyer, when they flew so gallantly over the brook. Even after the hounds had run steadily on for the best part of an hour, the animal's character had only sunk to "not thoroughly fit to go," but when they arrived at the Hemplow Hills, and the pack, still holding a fair hunting pace, broke that choking ascent, he could not disguise from himself that the roan was about "told out." They are indeed no joke, those well known Hills, when they present themselves to astonished steeds and ardent riders after fifty minutes over the strongest part of Northamptonshire. A sufficiently picturesque object to the admirer of nature, they prove an unwelcome obstacle to the follower of the chase, and it was no disgrace to poor Hotspur that, although he struggled gamely to the top, he was reduced to a very feeble and abortive attempt at a trot when he reached the flat ground on the summit. Ere long this degenerated to a walk; and I leave it to my reader, if a sportsman, to imagine with what feelings of relief Mr. Sawyer observed the now distant pack turning short back. The fox was evidently hard pressed, and dodging for his life.

The Rev. Dove, with an exceedingly red face, a broken stirrup-leather, and a dirty coat, viewed him crawling slowly down the side of a hedgerow. In an instant his hat was in the air, and Charles, surrounded by his hounds, was galloping to the point indicated. Two sharp turns with the fox sight—a great enthusiasm and hurry amongst these sportsmen who were fortunate enough to be present, and who rode, one and all, considerably faster than their horses could go—a confused mass of hounds rolling over each other in the corner of a field—Charles off his horse, and amongst them, with a loud "Who-whoop"—and the run is concluded, to the satisfaction of all lookers-on, and the irremediable disgust of the many equestrians who started "burning with high hope," and are now struggling and stopping over the adjoining parish, in different stages of exhaustion. The Honorable Crasher congratulates Mr. Sawyer on his success, also takes this opportunity of introducing his friend to the M. F. H. A few courteous sentences are interchanged, Messrs. Savage, Struggles, and Brush propose a return to Harborough; organs are offered and all, everybody seems pleased and excited. John Staudish Sawyer has attained the object for which he left home—he has seen a good run, made a number of pleasant acquaintances, latched once more into that gay world, which he now thinks he abandoned too soon. He ought to be delighted with his success, but, alas for human triumphs!

and our friend, with many feigned excuses and a dejected expression of countenance, lingers behind his companions, and pines his way homewards alone.

CHAPTER VII

It is needless for me to observe that Mr. Sawyer was one of those individuals who are so common in common parlance as not having been born yesterday. He had lived through the whole of this superficial world of ours, and the produce of "keeping his head down" had kept the key of his

as ingenuous as they were ludicrous. One factious nobleman actually got a tired favourite home next day right through the streets of Melton, disguised as the middle horse of a cart-team; nor did all the lynx-eyes, ready to watch for the "casualties consequent on a cupper, discover the identity of one of the best nags in Leicestershire, under the weather-beaten winkers and shabby harness of a four horse waggon. Mr. Sawyer trusted to the cloud of night for the same immunity.

He had just stabled his steed in the warmest corner of the shed, and, having taken off his own coat to fling over the animal's heavy quarters, was beginning to speculate on the probable rheumatism that would succeed this imprudence, when, to his astonishment and disgust, the door was darkened by another figure, and his solitude disturbed by the entrance of a man and horse, in all probability seeking the same shelter for the same cause.

The new-comer was a remarkably good-looking person, extremely well got-up, particularly as regarded his nother extremities, and our friend at once recognized him as having been very forward with the hounds at different stages of the run. His horse, a well-bred bay, was "done to a turn." When Sawyer looked at its drooping head and leaving flanks, it seemed to put him quite in conceit with the roan. For a moment neither spoke a word—then the absurdity of the situation seemed to strike them simultaneously, and they both burst out laughing.

"What? They've cooked your goose as well as mine!" said the stranger, in off-hand tones, producing at the same time a cigar-case, on which our friend could not help fancying he deserved a coronet, and proceeding to light a most tempting-looking weed.

"A very likely day to do it, too," he added, glancing, as Sawyer thought, somewhat contemptuously at himself and steed. "The pace for the first twenty minutes was alarming, and the country awfully deep. I should say you'll hardly get that horse home to-night."

The suggestion was neither flattering nor consolatory. Mr. Sawyer felt half inclined to be offended; but he thought of the silver cigar-case, and swallowed two retort uncourteous that rose to his lips. He was a true Briton, and not above a weakness for the peerage. "This good-looking man," he argued, "notwithstanding his black coat, must be a Viscount at least!"

"I'm going as far as Market Harborough," he observed meekly. "It cannot be more than seven or eight miles. I shall hope to accomplish this."

"Lucky for you!" replied the other. "I want to get to Melton, if I can. I've a hack here at Welford, if this beggar can take me there. He's short of work, poor devil! and could hardly wag coming up the hill. I should say your horse would die."

This was an unpleasant and rather startling way of putting the matter. Mr. Sawyer had not indeed considered it from that point of view. Though a man of energy, he felt somewhat helpless; as who would not in a similar position? Eight miles from home, in a strange country, encumbered with a dying horse!

"What had I better do?" inquired he, rather plaintively to the unknown.

Noblemen though he were, the latter seemed to be an energetic personage enough, and pretty familiar with the usages of the stable. Between them they made poor Hotspur as comfortable as circumstances would admit, the unknown conversing with great comascension and volubility the while.

"What you want for this country, said he, rubbing away the wine at Hotspur's ears and forehead, "is a strong stud. If you've sport hereabouts, it pulls two horses so to pieces. Now this is a nice little well-bred horse enough, but he hasn't size, you see, and scope, there's nothing of him, consequently, when you drop into a run, he goes as long as he can, and it's all U P! Mine, now, would have gone on for ever, if he'd had condition, but I only bought him ten days ago, and he's never had a gallop. Nothing like good ones—big ones—a plenty of em! Look at him now, he's getting better every moment."

Without subscribing entirely to this statement, Mr. Sawyer humbly asked his new friend if he himself was very strong in horses?

"Not very," was the reply. "I've got eleven, however, at my place, which I shall be very happy to show you whenever you like to come over. Every one of them up to more than your weight," he added, casting his eye over Mr. Sawyer's much-beamed figure. "I shall be happy to give you a mount on any one of them you fancy, and you will know them better than I can tell you."

Our friend was gratified with gratitude.

that, as it was dark, and the horses were somewhat recovered, they should endeavor to make their way home.

"When will you come?" asked the unknown, as they emerged into the open air—both horses coughing, one lame before, and the other all round. "I've a bay that would carry you admirably, and a brown, and indeed, a chestnut that you would like. I'd take five hundred for the three, and they're so perfect, a child might ride them."

"What a cordial, good fellow!" thought Mr. Sawyer. "He wishes me to enjoy my visit, and ride his horses with thorough confidence, so he tells me of their great value and perfect tuition. I have indeed 'lit upon my legs, as the saying is." "Thank you," he replied aloud. "My time is my own, and I will pay you a visit whenever it is perfectly convenient to you to receive me. My name is Sawyer, and I am staying at Harborough. Perhaps you will kindly write and let me know."

"Very well, sir," answered the other, muttering something about business; but touching his hat, as Mr. Sawyer thought, with all the politeness of the old school, as their ways diverged; and he jogged off to get his hack, leaving our friend to plod on afoot by the exhausted Hotspur, in the darkening twilight, cheered but by one solitary star, which threatened to be soon eclipsed by the clouds that were rising fast in the sighing night-wind.

It was no such enviable position, after all. Seven miles at least had Mr. Sawyer to go; and he must walk, or ride at a foot's pace, every yard of the way. The sky was ominous of rain, and the Laranagas were all smoked out; and poor Hotspur was unquestionably "done to a turn."

These are the moments which the most thoughtless of men cannot but devote to reflection. There is nothing like pace to drive away unpleasant considerations; but when two miles an hour is the best rate we can command, black Care is pretty sure to abandon his seat on the caudle of the saddle, and, springing nimbly to the front, grins at us in the face. I remember well how a fast-going youth—a friend of my boyhood, now, alas! gone to Jericho via Short-street, and with whom I have spent many a pleasant hour that might have better employed—used to read with great energy whilst he was dressing. It was the only time, he said, that his conscience could get the better of him, and during which he had leisure to think of his sins and his debts. He smothered the accusing voice and its painful accessories by a course of severe study, and so got the anodyne and the information at once.

Mr. Sawyer's reflections were cheering enough till he began to get tired. He liked the idea of visiting the hospitable nobleman with whom he had lately parted, and picturing to himself the very pleasant visit he hoped to pay him, and the accession of importance would doubtless invest him amongst his Harborough friends. He only wished he had inquired his name, but then, he was evidently a personage whom everybody knew and it was better not to betray his ignorance. Also, when the written invitation arrived—as unquestionably it would—with its armorial bearings, and signature in full, he would know all about it. Before he had tramped through the mud for a mile, he began to think he had rather "got into a good thing."

Ere long, it began to rain—first of all, an ominous drizzle, that seemed like continuing, then a decided pour, such as runs into the nape of a man's neck and the tops of his boots, and wets him through in about a quarter of an hour. It was not much, but, cutting the mud in his soles, so he climbed stiffly into the saddle, and was disagreeably aware that Hotspur, besides being thoroughly tired, was also undoubtedly lame.

By degrees, his spirits fell considerably. He began to think of the Honorable Crasher, with his off-hand manner and his nine hunters. He remembered a certain table of the earthenware vessel that sailed down-stream among the iron pots. How was he to hold his own in the last going, set which he had entered? He had better, perhaps, have contented himself with the old county, and stayed quietly at home. The comforts of The Grange presented themselves in painful contrast to the muddy road along which he was plodding—ever to the smoky bedroom and dingy parlor which would receive him at Harborough. Though the rain had moderated, he jogged along the dark highway, now squeaking into puddles on the side, now cursing the stones lately laid down in the middle—in either case, to the equal discomfort of poor Hotspur—and felt himself more unhappy and out of humor every yard he went.

Presently, the horse quickened his pace of his own accord; and the sound of hoofs behind him produced its usual inspiring effect on the rider.

"Company, at all events," observed Mr. Sawyer, aloud. "Hold up, you brute!" he

have been thinking about me in the dark, after a day's hunting."

"I was thinking how well you rode," answered Mr. Sawyer, who, not much versed in the ways of womankind, saw he might have said something more flattering, but, like a frightened bather, put one foot in, and then withdrew it. It was not his line, you see, as he said himself, and consequently he felt a little awkward at first with the ladies.

The latter, however, are all cases strenuous advocates for the "sliding scale" rather than the "fixed duty." I think I have observed that they are usually as ready to bring a shy man "on" as they are to keep a forward one back. There is a certain temperance at which they consider you malleable; so they heat you up, or cool you down to it, with no small chemical skill. Sometimes, but rarely, they burn their own fingers in the process.

"I was wondering how you would get home," said the young lady very innocently after a pause. "Your poor horse looked so very tired; but, then, he carried you famous ly. Papa and I know you by your cap—didn't we, Papa?"

Papa, who had now come up, corroborated his daughter; but the Reverend was somewhat abstracted and unobservant. He was not quite satisfied with the way his horse had carried him. He doubted whether the animal had pace. He doubted whether he had blood. He doubted whether he had courage. In truth, he was thinking just then whether he hadn't better sell him to Mr. Sawyer.

That worthy was recovering his lost ground, by expressing many tender hopes that Miss Dove was not very tired. "She had had such a long day; and it was so wet for a lady to be out; and how would she ever get home all that way into Leicestershire?"

"Oh, we have a carriage at Harborough," answered the fair object of all these anxieties; "and I don't mind being late half so much as Papa does. I do so like being out at night. Do you know, though I am so fond of riding, I am rather romantic, Mr. Sawyer?"

"Oh, indeed! Yes, of course," rejoined our friend, seeing another opening, but not getting at it quite so readily as if it had been in a bullfinch. "It's very pleasant sometimes, particularly in the summer; and horses always go best at night. But, there's no moon now," he added, looking wistfully first at the heavens, and then, as far as the darkness would permit, in his companion's face.

"I'm certain you're a great quiz," answered Miss Dove to this harmless observation. "I told Mamma I was quite afraid of you, the day you came to luncheon at the Rectory. I dare say you think us all wild savages here, compared with what people are in your own country. By the bye, your country place is somewhere near London, I think you said?"

Mr. Sawyer did not remember saying anything of the kind, but he looked insinuating, which he need not have done, as it was so dark, and replied,

"Forty minutes by rail. I can run up, and do my shopping, and back again, between luncheon and dinner. I'm only half a mile from a station."

Then he had a country place. So far, so good. In discussing him with Mamma, the latter had inclined to think not, but Miss Dove held strongly to her own opinion. She knew the country gentleman's cut, she said; and in this instance she was right.

"Do you farm much?" was her next inquiry, putting the unconscious Sawyer through his feelings, as only a woman can.

It was evidently all right. A man who had land to keep, and a place of his own, was nearly none of your penniless interlopers such as visit the grass at intervals, like the locust, and eat it bare, and fly off and are seen no more. Here was a bee worth catching, with a hive, and honey, and flowers of its own—a good, honest humbl. bee, with plenty of buzz, and no sting.

By this time the lights of Harborough were twinkling in the distance, and the Rev. Dove, whose horse had coughed more than once, thought it advisable to trot forward and get the carriage ready; whilst his daughter and Mr. Sawyer came on at a foot's pace, the latter gallantly affirming that he would take the greatest possible care of his charge, and wishing, as soon as they were alone, either that somebody else would overtake them, and so break the *tere-a-tere*, or else that he could find something to say, else she must think him so confoundedly stupid. It was agreeable too, when he got a little more used to it. The girl talked on in her gentle, pleasant voice, of the hounds, and the people and the country. Her tones had caught the languor of slight fatigue, and were very soft and silvery in the ear. More than once he wished it was not too dark to see the long eye-lashes resting on her cheek, those silky

eyebrows having made no slight impra-

put her carefully into papa's carriage, and tucked her up as assiduously as if she was going to the North Pole, he actually whispered, "You won't forget your promise?" while he shook hands, and wished her "Good-bye." Nor did the scarce perceptible pressure with which that promise was ratified tend to restore our friend's equanimity in the least.

He was not a ball going man, far from it. Also, I question whether it is not a breach of privilege that you rest at an hotel should be broken for a whole night by the thumping of feet, the squeaking of fiddles, the Scotch Quadrilles, and the monotonous "Tempete," whilst your dinner and general comfort for two days previous to, and two days after the solemnity, is reduced to positive misery. Nevertheless, Mr. Sawyer caught himself repeating more than once during the evening—which, by the way, he spent in an atmosphere of smoke, with Struggles, Brush, Savage, and the Honorable Crasher—"Ball! ball!—was ever anything so lucky? Go!—of course I'll go! In fact, I promised: and perhaps she'll dance with me twice!"

CHAPTER XIII

"AFTER DARK."

I never can understand upon what principle the rate of a groom's wages is always inversely proportioned to the work he performs. For instance, Major Brush's excellent domestic—a bat-man, of lengthy proportions and military exterior—brushed his master's clothes, prepared his master's breakfast, took the first horse to covert, and rode the second on occasion, cleaning either or both, if necessary, when they came in, upon a stipend which would barely have kept Mr. Tiptop in Cavendish and blacking.

The latter worthy, with a whole troop of helpers under his command, never seemed to have a moment to spare for anything but the routine duties of his station. As for riding a second horse, or remaining out on a wet day, beyond his accustomed dinner-hour, his master would as soon have thought of bidding him dig potatoes! No; if Mr. Tiptop went out hunting at all, it was generally on a third horse in excellent condition, that wanted a couple of hours' preparation for the day after to-morrow, when the rider, in a long-backed coat, a shaven hat, and the best boots and breeches the art of man can possess, might be seen at intervals, during a run with the first fox, now opening a hand-gate, now creeping cautiously through a gap, and anon cantering, with a Newmarket seat, and his hands down, up some grassy slope, in front of soldiers, statesmen, hereditary legislators, and justices of the peace, as if not only the field, but the county, was his own.

Old Isaac, on the contrary, though subject to occasional "rustiness," and imbued with a strong aversion to what he called being "put upon," was ready and willing to turn his hand to anything, if he thought such versatility would really conduce to Mr. Sawyer's advantage. With the assistance of The Boy—who, indeed, since his arrival at Harborough, had been constantly inebriated—the old man looked after the three hunters, the hack, and his master, with considerable satisfaction. He had even spare time on his hands, now that he was removed from the responsibility of the pigs, the poultry, and the potatoes at The Grange.

It was in one of these moments of leisure that the bold idea of getting the better of Mr. Tiptop entered the old groom's mind. I need not, therefore, specify that, under his calm demeanor, Isaac concealed a disposition of considerable enterprise and audacity.

Now the manner in which he proposed to take advantage of the acquaintance he had lately struck up with Mr. Tiptop was as follows:—By dint of his own sagacity and diplomatic reticence, he resolved that he would prevail on that gentleman to procure the master that the redoubtable bay horse Marathon should be transferred to his own stables; and, to explain Isaac's a ricty for his consummation, I must be permitted to describe the appearance and general capabilities of that peculiar animal.

Marathon, then, was a long bay horse, about fifteen-two, with short legs, a round barrel, well ribbed up, and an enormous wish-tail, of which he made considerable use. He was one of those doubtfully shaped animals which are condemned alike by the eye of the totally inexperienced and the consummate judge of horseflesh, but which are much coveted by that large class of purchasers with whom "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

And here I must remark how correct is usually our first impression of a horse; and how seldom ladies—who judge of these, as

with what feelings of relief Mr. Sawyer observed the now distant pack turning short back. The fox was evidently hard pressed, and dodging for his life.

The Key Dove, with an exceedingly red face, a broken stirrup leather, and a dirty coat, viewed him crawling slowly down the side of a hedgerow. In an instant his hat was in the air, and Charles, surrounded by his hounds, was galloping to the point indicated. Two sharp turns with the fox sight—a great enthusiasm and hurry amongst these sportsmen who were fortunate enough to be present, and who rode, one and all, considerably faster than their horses could go—a confused mass of hounds rolling over each other in the corner of a field—Charles off his horse, and amongst them, with a loud "Who-whoop!"—and the run is concluded, to the satisfaction of all lookers-on, and the irreparable disgust of the many equestrians who started "burning with high hope," and are now struggling and stopping over the adjoining parish, in different stages of exhaustion. The Honorable Crasher congratulates Mr. Sawyer on his success; also takes this opportunity of introducing his friend to the M. F. H. A few courteous sentences are interchanged; Messrs. Savage, Struggles, and Brush propose a return to Harborough; cars are offered and lit; everybody seems pleased and excited. John Standish Sawyer has attained the object for which his left hand—he has seen a good run, made a number of pleasant acquaintances, launched once more into that gay world, which he now thinks he abandoned too soon. He ought to be delighted with his success; but, alas for human triumphs!

As! even in the fount of joy,  
Some bitter drops the draught alloy;

and our friend, with many feigned excuses and a doctored expression of countenance, lingers behind his companions, and plods his way homewards alone.

## CHAPTER XII.

### "DEAD FOR A DUCAT."

It is needless for me to observe that Mr. Sawyer was one of those individuals who are described in common parlance as not having been "born yesterday." He had lived long enough in this superficial world of ours to realize the prudence of "keeping his own counsel," just as he kept the key of his own cellar at The Grange; and he would no more have thought of entrusting his dearest friend with the one than the other.

Accidentally, when he felt certain ominous thumps against the calves of his legs, which he felt that "Hotspur" was suffering from palpitation of the heart," he resolved to conceal, if possible, from every eye that untoward failing of so good an animal. And, with considerable judgment, he waited till his friends were out of sight ere he dismounted, and led his jade staid into a barn, which he opened at hand, there to recover himself a little, and refresh himself, if possible, to make his way home in the dark, and trust to chance for some excuse to account for his delay, when he met them again at the dinner-table.

Perhaps the reason is, that in those fastidious conditions so much understood—for we cannot admit the uncomplimentary excuse that hounds do not run now as formerly—why horses stop so much less often in the hunting field than they did in the palmy days of Musters and Assheton Smith, and "the d-d Quorants," who were always either "showing" or "being shown the trick" some fifty years ago. Then a hunter's reputation was as fragile as a sultana's, and was guarded as jealously. Not only must he be "sans peur," but also "sans reproche." And the efforts of these lords to preserve the character of their treasures were

British, and not above a wicket. "This good-looking man," he argued, "notwithstanding his black coat, must be a Viscount at least!"

"I'm going as far as Market Harborough," he observed meekly. "It cannot be more than seven or eight miles. I shall hope to accomplish that."

"Lucky for you!" replied the other. "I want to get to Melton, if I can. I've a back here at Welford, if this beggar can take me there. He's short of work, poor devil! and could hardly be coming up the hill. I should say your horse would die."

This was an unpleasant and rather startling way of putting the matter. Mr. Sawyer had not indeed considered it from that point of view. Though a man of energy, he felt somewhat helpless; as who would not in a similar position? Eight miles from home, in a strange country, encumbered with a dying horse!

"What had I better do?" inquired he, rather plaintively to the unknown.

Noblemen though he were, the latter seemed to be an energetic personage enough, and pretty familiar with the usages of the stable. Between them they made poor Hotspur as comfortable as circumstances would admit, the unknown conversing with great condescension and volubility the whole time.

"What you want for this country," said he, rubbing away the while at Hotspur's ears and forehead, "is a strong stud. If you've sport hereabouts, it pulls two horses so to pieces. Now this is a nice little well-bred horse enough, but he hasn't size, you see, and scope; there's nothing of him; consequently, when you drop into a run, he goes as long as he can, and it's all U P! Mine, now, would have gone on for ever, if he'd had condition; but I only bought him ten days ago, and he's never had a gallop. Nothing like good ones—b.g ones—an' plenty of 'em! Look at him now; he's getting better every moment."

Without subscribing entirely to this statement, Mr. Sawyer humbly asked his new friend if he himself was very strong in horses?

"Not very," was the reply. "I've got eleven, however, at my place, which I shall be very happy to show you whenever you like to come over. Every one of them up to more than your weight," he added, casting his eye over Mr. Sawyer's much-battered figure. "I shall be happy to give you a mount on any one of them you fancy; and you will know them better than I can tell you."

Our friend was penetrated with gratitude. Various stole over him of an eligible acquaintance, that would soon ripen into friendship, with this most affable of peers; of a charming country house, agreeable women, billiards, music, dry champagne, and flirtation—himself an honored guest; of an introduction, perhaps, through his noble ally, into the best London society and everything that he had always thought most desirable, but hitherto considered beyond his reach. "Doubtless," reasoned Mr. Sawyer, "he has remarked my riding, and taken a fancy to me. On further observation, he finds my manners are those of a perfect gentleman; and he is determined we shall become friends. How lucky Hotspur was so beat that I came in here!"

Accordingly, he thanked his new acquaintance with considerable *empressment*, and assured him that "he should take the first opportunity of taking his hospitality."

The unknown looked a little astounded. "Well," he replied, "if you don't mind roughing it a bit, I dare say I can find room for you, even in little crib; but you can see the horse out hunting, and ride them too, just the same."

"How considerate these noblemen are!" thought Mr. Sawyer, "and how playful! I dare say his little crib, as he calls it, is three times the size of The Grange. But he insists on mounting me, all the same." So he thanked him once more, and proposed

during which he had leisure to think of his sins and his debts. He smothered the accusing voice and its painful accessories by a course of severe study, and so got the anecdote and the information at once.

Mr. Sawyer's reflections were cheering enough till he began to get tired. He liked the idea of visiting the hospitable nobleman with whom he had lately parted, and picturing to himself the very pleasant visit he hoped to pay him, and the accession of importance would doubtless invest him amongst his Harborough friends. He only wished he had inquired his name; but then, he was evidently a personage whom everybody knew and it was better not to betray his ignorance. Also, when the written invitation arrived—as unquestionably it would—with its armorial bearings, and signature in full, he would know all about it. Before he had tramped through the mud for a mile, he began to think he had rather "got into a good thing."

Ere long, it began to rain—first of all, an ominous drizzle, that seemed like copulating; then a decided pour, such as runs into the nape of a man's neck and the tops of his boots, and wets him through in about a quarter of an hour. It was not much fun, changing the fluid in his soles; so he climbed stiffly into the saddle, and was disagreeably aware that Hotspur, besides being thoroughly tired, was also undoubtedly lame.

By degrees, his spirits fell considerably. He began to think of the Honourable Crasher, with his off hand manner and his nine hunters. He remembered a certain fable of the earthenware vessel that sailed downstream among the iron pots. How was he to hold his own in the fast going set which he had entered? He had better, perhaps, have contented himself with the old county, and stayed quietly at home. The comforts of The Grange presented themselves in painful contrast to the muddy road along which he was plodding—even to the smoky bedroom and dingy parlor which would receive him at Harborough. Though the rain had moderated, he joggled along the dark highway, now squelching into puddles on the side, now cursing the stones lately laid down in the ruddle—in either case, to the equal discomfort of poor Hotspur—and felt himself more unhappy and out of humor every yard he went.

Presently, the horse quickened his pace of his own accord; and the sound of hoofs beheld him produced its usual inspiring effect on the rider.

"Company, at all events," observed Mr. Sawyer, aloud. "Hold up, you brute!" he added, as Hotspur made an egregious "bite," that nearly lamed him on his nose.

Ere long, the new arrivals ranged alongside of him. They were a lady and gentleman, on exceedingly tired horses. What a piece of luck! They were no other than the Reverend and Miss Dove!

"She knew him at once, though it's so dark," thought our friend, with considerable gratification, as the damsel, adapting her own pace to that of the jaded Hotspur without difficulty, accosting him by name.

"How luckily, too!" said she, in her joyous tones. "We shall keep each other company all the way to Harborough. Papa and I were just saying how lonely the road was, after dark; and our poor horses are so tired, they can hardly walk."

"Lucky indeed, for me," replied Mr. Sawyer, gallantly, adding with considerable *empressment*—for it was dark enough to give a shy man confidence—"Do you know I was just thinking of you?"

The Reverend had dropped behind to light a cigar. Miss Dove seemed to have no objection to receive this statement; of the truth of which I have myself, however, strong doubts. She wedged her horse a little nearer her companion, and answered laughingly.

"Indeed! A penny for your thoughts, then. I should like to know what you could

do about now," he added, looking towards the first at the heavens, and then, as far as the darkness would permit, in his companion's face.

"I'm certain you're a great quiz," answered Miss Dove to this harmless observation. "I told Mamma I was quite afraid of you, the day you came to luncheon at the Rectory. I dare say you think us all wild savages here, compared with what people are in your own country. By the bye, your country place is somewhere near London, I think you said?"

Mr. Sawyer did not remember saying anything of the kind, but he looked insinuating, which he need not have done, as it was so dark, and replied,

"Forty minutes by rail. I can run up, and do my shopping, and back again, between luncheon and dinner. I'm only half a mile from a station."

Then he had a country place. So far, so good. In discussing him with Mamma, the latter had inclined to think not, but Miss Dove held strongly to her own opinion. She knew the country gentleman's cut, she said; and in this instance she was right.

"Do you farm much?" was her next inquiry, putting the unconscious Sawyer through his facings, as only a woman can.

It was evidently all right. A man who had land to keep, and a place of his own, was nearly none of your penniless interlopers such as visit the grass at intervals, like the locust, and eat it bare, and fly off and are seen no more. Here was a bee worth catching; with a hive, and honey, and flowers of its own—a good, honest humble-bee, with plenty of buzz, and no sting.

By this time the lights of Harborough were twinkling in the distance, and the Rev. Dove, whose horse had coughed more than once, thought it advisable to trot forward and get the carriage ready; whilst his daughter and Mr. Sawyer came on at a foot's pace, the latter gallantly affirming that he would take the greatest possible care of his charge, and wishing, as soon as they were alone, either that somebody else would overtake them, and so break the *tete-a-tete*, or else that he could find something to say, else she must think him so confoundably stupid. It was agreeable too, when he got a little more used to it. The girl talked on in her gentle, pleasant voice, of the hounds, and the people and the country. Her tones had caught the languor of slight fatigue, and were very soft and silvery in the ear. More than once he wished it was not too dark to see the long eye-lashes resting on her cheek, those silky excrescences having made no slight impression on Mr. Sawyer. He felt quite sorry when the turnpike denoted their approach to the confines of the town at which their ride must cease. He could not conceive now how he could have been so out of spirits not an hour ago.

"When shall I see you again?" he ventured to ask as their horses' hoofs clattered on the stony pavement, and he saw the lumps of the Reverend's carriage glowing like the eyes of some monster ready to carry off his Andromeda. As he spoke he even ventured to place his hand on her horse's neck; and this was a great stretch of gallantry for Mr. Sawyer.

"Oh, you'll be at the ball, of course, even if we don't meet out hunting before that."

"Ball!" repeated our friend in amazement. "What ball do you mean?"

"Why, the Harborough Ball," answered the young lady. "Everybody will be there, Captain Struggles, Major Brush—even Mr. Crasher, though he won't do much in the way of dancing. Why, it is held at your hotel. The music will keep you awake all night, so you may as well go."

"I will, if you'll dance with me," rejoined Mr. Sawyer, with the air of a man who is "in for a penny, in for a pound."

And he felt quarer than he had ever done about Miss Mexico when she murmured a gentle affirmative. Nay, when he had

day after tomorrow, when the Peer, in a long-backed coat, a shaved hat, and the best boots and breeches the art of man can possess, might be seen at intervals, during a run with the first fox, now opening a hand-gate, now creeping cautiously through a gap, and anon cantering, with a Newmark seat, and his hands down, up some grassy slope, in front of soldiers, statesmen, hereditary legislators, and justices of the peace, as if not only the field, but the county, was his own.

Old Isaac, on the contrary, though subject to occasional "rustiness," and imbued with a strong aversion to what he called being "put upon," was ready and willing to turn his hand to anything, if he thought such versatility would really conduce to Mr. Sawyer's advantage. With the assistance of The Boy—who, indeed, since his arrival at Harborough, had been constantly incriminated—the old man looked after the three hunters, the hack, and his master, with considerable satisfaction. He had even spare time on his hands, now that he was removed from the responsibility of the pigs, the poultry, and the potatoes at The Grange.

It was in one of these moments of leisure that the bold idea of getting the better of Mr. Tiptop entered the old groom's mind. I need not, therefore, specify that, under his calm demeanor, Isaac concealed a disposition of considerable enterprise and audacity.

Now the manner in which he proposed to take advantage of the acquaintance he had lately struck up with Mr. Tiptop was as follows:—By dint of his own sagacity and diplomatic reticence, he resolved that he would prevail on that gentleman to persuade his master that the redoubtable bay horse Marathon should be transferred to his own stables; and, to explain Isaac's anxiety for his consummation, I must be permitted to describe the appearance and general capabilities of that peculiar animal.

Marathon, then, was a long bay horse, about fifteen-two, with short legs, a round barrel, well ribbed up, and an enormous swish-tail, of which he made considerable use. He was one of those doubtfully shaped animals which are condemned alike by the eye of the totally inexperienced and the consummate judges of horseflesh, but which are much coveted by that large class of purchasers with whom "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

And here I must remark how correct is usually our first impression of a horse; and how seldom ladies—who judge of these, as of all other articles, at a glance—are mistaken in their opinion of the animal, if indeed they condescend to turn their attention to his "make and shape."

The worst point about Marathon was his head, which was coarse, and denoted a salky temper; but he carried a beautiful coat; could stride away for a mile or so, on light ground, with his hind legs under him, in the form of a race-horse; and in short was never so graphically described as by Mr. Job Sloper, when he sold him for sixty guineas and a set of phaeton harness to his present owner: "If that there horse ain't worth fifteen sovereigns—that's all."

And Mr. Sawyer has since confessed to himself, on more than one occasion, that Job Sloper was right.

Mr. Tiptop liked Isaac, because he thought him an original; and the swell groom, who was as epicurean in his tastes as if he had been a Peer, took the pleasure of his friend's society over a can of egg-flip and a pipe of Cavendish daily, after evening stables; during which convivialities, the hard-headedness peculiar to the aborigines of the Old Country was of infinite service to the latter, who wormed out all the secrets of the Honourable Crasher's stable, without betraying his own.

To be Continued.



DUCK SHOTS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

(FROM THE ROD AND GUN.)

BY ROYAL.

At the western end of Lake St. Francis, a large extent of the shores on both sides of the river have been flooded by the dam at the head of the Beauharnois Canal.

James Hopkins, generally called "Jim," is a man of about 42 to 45 years of age, stands about 6ft. 3in. in his stockings, but, not carrying much flesh, does not weigh much over 180 lbs.

His home is always open to sportsmen, and Mrs. Hopkins can cook ducks as well as any one I know of. When I shoot in his neighborhood I always use his shanty, and letting my own men cook breakfast, usually either take supper at Hopkins' or get Mrs. Hopkins to send over some hot ducks.

Lake St. Francis is the very poor in number of its local shots, Hopkins being the only one entitled to rank as first-class. A few miles below Hopkins' lives a man named Semay, who is a fair second-class shot, and sets out decoys fairly.

Baptiste Panet or Goyette, Le. Boule, senior; the Cardinals, Raphael and Alphonso Barretto, and the Barroaus.

First in age, shooting and fame, comes Nital Barretto—a man of forty-five or forty-six winters' about six feet high, and active as a cat. Long exposure to all weathers and a bald head, make him appear nearer sixty than forty; but his eye is as keen and hand as steady as ever.

Next to him in reputation as a shot ranks Edmond Desantels—some even consider him equal to the old man—but he has not the nerve, and would break down where money was at stake.

He is also a sportsman, who is passionately fond of snipe shooting, but too nervous to hit anything, always takes Edmond with him when he goes to Sorel, and I have seen him sitting on his canoe smoking his pipe, while Desantels and Baptiste were shooting snipe for him.

A CATTLE "ROUND-UP" IN COLORADO.

The stock business upon the Western plains is an exciting and busy occupation. As the cattle run at large upon the range, the herds of many proprietors necessarily become mixed together.

MR. J. DUNN WALTON'S SALE.

The sale of this popular New York horseman took place, pursuant to announcement, at Messrs. Barker & Sons' City Auction Mart and New York Tattersall's, on Saturday, 25th ult.

FATAL ACCIDENT TO AUSTRALIAN RACEHORSES.

A sad calamity has happened on the Australian Coast, by which some of the best of the colonial thoroughbred stock has been lost.

LIABILITY OF OWNERS OF STALLIONS.

SPORT LEVELS ALL DISTINCTIONS.

The subjoined sensible article appeared recently in The London Morning Advertiser, and it is to be hoped that the agitation of the subject to which it refers may be without a good effect upon the exclusive class across the Atlantic.

"The success of the recent International Regatta, and the promise of even better sport and larger entries next year, have directed attention more than ever to the curious social distinctions which exist even among the most ardent lovers of athletic exercises.

A BIG POLAR BEAR

The skin of an immense polar bear has been received by a man in Norwich, Conn., from a friend in the barque Isabella, at Cumberland Inlet, with an account of its exciting capture.

Horse Notes.

Monarch, Jr., is passing the winter at Lexington, Kentucky.

Red Cloud is to have absolute rest this winter. Correct, Mr. Wade kept him out of harness till the grass starts, and the horse will be himself again when the next trotting season is on.

GOVERNOR TILDEN.—Mr. C. A. Fox, of Coldwater, Mich., recently sold to parties in Niles, same State, the yearling colt Governor Tilden, by Hambleton Star.

The Kentucky Association course at Lexington has recently been covered over to an extent with manure to the depth of several inches, which has been ploughed under.

A LABOR STORY.—Oakland Maid is reported to have trotted the last half mile of a race in a recent race, at San Francisco, in precisely one minute. The people who witnessed the feat would not have believed it unless they had seen it themselves, and we claim the same privilege of incredulity.

Lebourne, a celebrated English trotter, died on Nov. 6 from internal injuries manifestly inflicted upon him on Oct. 30 or 31. A reward of £200 is offered for information which will lead to the conviction of the offenders.

DEATH OF A HON. MAN.—David Sawyer, well known in Nashville and the whole country by turmen, departed this life the early part of last week. His home was Huntsville, Ala., where his remains will be shipped.

Tom Hunter, the sire of Albermarle, has passed into the hands of Dell Short, he having purchased a half interest in him, and is now located at Coldwater, Mich.

A SPORTING MAYOR.—Alderman Randall Stevenson, of Durham, who has been Secretary to the Race Committee of Durham for the last twelve years, and who has held various positions in sporting shows, was unanimously elected Mayor of Durham on the 9th ult.

FROST OUT.—In consequence of the severe frost on Friday and Saturday, 10th and 11th ult., the Autree Course at Liverpool was found to be too hard for racing, the meeting was therefore abandoned.

AN HONOR TO AN AMERICAN STUDENT.—Mr. Frank L. Billings, of Boston, Mass., now a student at the Veterinary College at Berlin, has been made an Honorary Member of the Veterinary Union of Prussia and American Correspondent.

A GOOD FEED FOR POOR AND YOUNG HORSES.—Take two quarts of oats, two bran, and half a pint of unsalted macaroni, and put in a stable bucket, then the bran, and over these the oats, then the macaroni, and water sufficient to saturate the whole, and cover with an old rug to keep the steam in.

WOODEN CARRIAGE.—Col. J. L. Lepper, the owner of the four year old Woodford, which is reported to have sold him for \$20,000. He is by Clark Camel out of Virginia, by the thoroughbred horse Judy Towers, and is the best four year old of the year.

REMARKABLE PRESENCE OF MIND.

Owing to an alleged error of judgment the work as fast as possible, the man who was carrying the cable engaged in the work yesterday. The cable was broken, and the man was killed.

might have his place, as he was tired of shooting and would go home. I picked up, I think, 19 birds after he left.

His home is always open to sportsmen, and Mrs. Hopkins can cook ducks as well as any one I know of. When I shoot in his neighborhood I always use his shanty, and letting my own men cook breakfast, usually either take supper at Hopkins', or get Mrs. Hopkins to send over some hot ducks. Jim is very good company, and from having met such numbers of military in his day, is unusually well informed and a good talker. It is a treat, after a hard day's shooting, when the inner man has been fortified and the guns cleaned and the cartridge-bags replenished for the morning's work, to smoke and jaw with Jim, and listen to his criticisms on the shooting of different men. He always maintains that Capt. Elphinstone, of the Scotch Fusilier Guards, was the best shot he ever saw. Elphinstone taught him to shoot with both eyes open, and was a wonderful shot after duck; he could shoot and kill long after it was black dark. Money, of the Canadian Rifles, was untiring as a walker, and never discouraged no matter how deep the walking. Others were not so fortunate; some excited Jim's ire by their bungling (he has no mercy for a tailor). Of the French Division, he used to think most of Maxime Monjeau (the Treuges) and Baptiste Bibaud, of Sorel (more of these when I come to Lake St. Peter). It was Monjeau that first used the live decoys for black ducks up at Lancaster. Hopkins has a boy Charlie, 17 years of age, that he is training in the way he should go, who, some of these days, will shoot as well as his father.

Lake St. Francis is the very poor in number of its local shots, Hopkins being the only one entitled to rank as first-class. A few miles below Hopkins' lives a man named Semay, who is a fair second class shot, and sets out decoys fairly. Semay always has plenty of boats for hire, and makes a little, tinkering watches. At Summersdown the hotel-keeper can find a young man called Pierre, who used to work for Hopkins, and is a moderate hunter. Further up, at St. Regis, there are several Indians trained by Messrs. Holyoake, Noward and Mackay, that are good for black duck shooting and woodcock. They do not understand decoy work. Their names are Louis Bruce, Louis Pipe and Angus, all three good men. By the way, the Holyoake (Capt.) I mentioned above was a brother of the Holyoake mentioned in poor Frank Forester's "Melton Mowbray." Captain Holyoake, now dead, for many years used to live during the whole of the shooting season on an island not far above Hopkins' place, where Mackay and Noward had a shanty. Poor Noward is already dead. Well I remember his funeral in 1869. He was Colonel of the Victoria Rifles, and had a military funeral, and, being very popular, had nearly 5,000 troops, regulars and volunteers, at it.

Lower down the lake, at River Beaudette, there are two hunters, both very expert trappers, but one rather a fine shot, Octave Montreuil, commonly called Petit Paul, is a good shot, but only fit for marsh work, knowing next to nothing of decoys. He is a great fisherman, and very expert with the spear. The above are almost all the Lake St. Francis local shots. I forgot to say that Hopkins is very expert with decoys, but his peculiarity is to use more wooden ones than any of us. He uses the real bird on floats as well, but has a strong partiality for the wood.

#### "THE FORTY THIEVES"

At a foot of the Lachine Rapids, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, lives a hardy race of habitants, who gain a livelihood by duck shooting in early spring, fishing in May and June, and recovering sunken oak timber the rest of the open season. A few of them shoot in autumn, but as the timber business is more profitable, they are the exception. From their occasional difficulties with owners of timber, who object to pay salvage, and try to cheat the poor habitants out of their rightful dues, they are called the "Forty Thieves." Among their number are some of the best sportsmen in America—fearless canoe-men; brilliant shots, capable of any amount of endurance in cold and bad weather, and, at heart, the best game preservers we have in the Province. The principal men among them are Nital Barrette (white duck), Edmond Desantels (Poult Coq), Jean

company with his son and brother in law, make no less than nine trips to the wreck between evening and daylight, rescuing 55 of the passengers, for which they received two dollars a head from the company. The steamer was wrecked just at the head of Isle Heron, in a very ugly part of the rapids, and of all outnats there were only four canoe crews that dared venture to render assistance.

Next to him in reputation as a shot ranks Edmond Desantels—some even consider him equal to the old man—but he has not the nerve, and would break down where money was at stake. Desantels is a man about thirty six or thirty eight years of age, not more than five feet six in height, spare in figure, and the most restless, ambitious mortal I have ever chanced to meet. Every spring he is off a week before a bird comes in, and Barrette and I usually do not start for our first trip till Desantels has returned empty handed. However, when the birds are in he has wonderful luck, witness killing seven geese with two barrels on one occasion this spring, and five on another, last April.

He is also a superb shot at snipe. A gentleman in Montreal, who is passionately fond of snipe shooting, but too nervous to hit anything, always takes Edmond with him when he goes to Sorel, and I have seen him sitting on his canoe smoking his pipe, while Desantels and Baptiste were shooting snipe for him. Desantels' great fault is that, when he gets a little whiskey in he is inclined to brag too much, but the past summer has rather cured him of that, at least so far as pigeons are concerned, as I have beaten him on three different occasions, and have (only to stop his talking) offered to shoot him any kind of match he pleased, either at single or double birds, for money or reputation alone. He backed out. Not for an instant do I pretend that I am anything like so good a shot as he, but being accustomed to shoot for money all my life, my nerves are better than most people's when required. Desantels is also a very good spearsman, and kills a good many fish when the suckers run up the river. Next to him comes Jean Baptiste Pauet, or Govette, a quiet respectable man, of medium height, grayish hair, clean shaven face, except moustache, and very determined jaw. He, though not so brilliant a shot as either Barrette or Desantels, is a steady all-day shot, and his bags during the season are not far behind the others. These three men are the chiefs of the Forty. Of the others, LaBonte is the best. He is very jealous of Desantels, and thinks he can beat him. He killed three brant last April in the channel between Point St. Charles and the Naus Island, just where the Victoria Bridge is. Had I been able to get one of them I would have sent it to Greene Smith as a proof brant were not unknown on the St. Lawrence. They certainly are not common, but are well enough known to the men at Barreche, and several are killed every spring. Of the remaining shooting men of the Lachine district, none, with the exception of Alphonse, is at all likely to become notorious. Plenty of them are fairly good shots, but none extra. Alphonse, moreover, is likely to become as well known as his father, and his great strength, handsome face, civil and obliging manner, added to his cool, steady shooting, gain the regard and good-will of all who know him. Such are a few examples of members of the Forty Thieves. Some day I may perhaps scribble you an account of a night's spearing with them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MARTIN—Narcisse Matte, of the Gatineau country, had a live martin in Ottawa the other day. It was caught in a dead fall, which was so arranged as to catch it without injury. The animal was a very pretty one, and the price asked for it was \$3.

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

every channel of trade. The prices of the animals offered. Appended are the names of purchasers and prices paid: Tommy, b g by Ethan Allen; G F Maxwell, Albany, N.Y. \$400  
Frank, b g by Ethan Allen; R Carr, Tivoli, N.Y. 160  
Ned, b g by General Knox; Dr. W Lee, Brooklyn 195  
Daudy, ch g, by the Morrill colt; Jas Murray, N.Y. 165  
Hunter, b g, by Ethan Allen, Col. C R Gray, Montreal 275  
J D Walton, b g, by Young Drew, Dr Lee, 325  
Nelle, ch m, by Daniel Lambert, Jam by Sherman, W F Layton, Providence 650  
Onward, b g by Phil Sheridan; O Barrett, Boston 525  
Cuo, b g, by Jules Jurgensen; J R Alexander, Richmond, Va. 210  
Ino, br g (full brother to Cuo); John Given, Astoria 155  
Richmond, b g, by General Knox; dam by Hiram Drew; D S Snow, Newburgh 475  
Silvertail, ch g, by Independence; C C Hoyer, Keyport 135  
Countess, ch m, by General Knox, dam thoroughbred, C Sheldon, Concord, N.H. 1300  
Morrill, Jr, ch g, by Winthrop Morrill; W C George, N.Y. 150

#### FATAL ACCIDENT TO AUSTRALIAN RACEHORSES.

A sad calamity has happened on the Australian Coast, by which some of the best of the colonial thoroughbred stock has been lost. It appears that after the Australian Jockey Club races several of the horses that had been running at the meeting were shipped on board the City of Melbourne, which left Sydney for Melbourne at midnight on Saturday, Sept. 9. Soon after leaving the weather became very stormy, and on Sunday a heavy sea smashed the wheel, and the boxes which contained the horses being broken, no less than nine of these animals were destroyed, amongst them being seven the property of Mr. C. B. Fisher, the most fashionably-bred horses in the colony, to which, as well as to the owner, the loss is a very heavy one. The horses destroyed were Burgundy, by The Marquis; Robin Hood, who last year won the Melbourne Derby and Sydney St. Leger; The Poacher, S. verregn, Nemisis (by Knight of the Garter), Eros, Etoile du Matin, a colt by Lecturer, and a colt by The Marquis.

#### LIABILITY OF OWNERS OF STALLIONS.

A case was recently tried at Shaftesbury County Court which, from its novelty and peculiar character is of interest to stock breeders. The action was brought by Mr. Meatyard, farmer, of Manston, against Mr. Coates, a large breeder of stock, residing near Blanford, to recover the sum of £40, the value of his mare that died from injuries caused through the neglect of defendant's servant. On May 11 defendant's groom was travelling with an entire horse. One of the plaintiff's mares was served, but immediately afterwards showed symptoms of symptoms of dangerous illness, and died within fifteen hours. A post-mortem examination, made by Mr. Reeks, M.R.C.V.S., revealed the fact that the rectum of the mare had been ruptured. Plaintiff's advocate contended that the injuries were the result of carelessness, defendant's groom not performing an important duty at the proper moment. For the defence it was argued that the circumstances that led to the death of the mare were not under the control of the defendant, and that therefore he was not liable. His Honor said the evidence was conclusive that the groom did not assist the horse at a critical moment, and his judgment, therefore, must be for the plaintiff. He granted defendant's solicitor a case if he thought it necessary to appeal.

with an other more likely selection to be very precise the former was, and yet to deny the title, because it is alleged that his social position does not warrant its bestowal. The attempt to define social classes which are in a state of transition is really impossible. Would it not, then, be far better to class our athletes according to those simple rules which are obvious to any one? A professional is one who seeks pecuniary gain; an amateur is one who does not. Let public amateur competitions, then, be open to all who are not professionals, and let the prizes consist of simple acknowledgment of victory, such as printed or illuminated cards. For, by the bye, while gentlemen amateurs see so many faults in others, it is hardly fair for them to forget that their largest fields are always to be found where the most valuable plate is the prize, and that before now gentlemen amateurs have been found who have turned their silver "pots" into hard cash. Of course, clubs should always hold private competitions open only to such persons as they choose to admit, just as the Gun Club and similar institutions do. Our objections point solely to those "national" and "international" meetings the expenses of which are provided by public subscriptions. In a nation of shopkeepers it is surely absurd to find the great trading community virtually excluded from the national sports in order that no offence may be given to those gentlemen who think that no man can be an amateur unless he is one of themselves."

#### A BIG POLAR BEAR.

The skin of an immense polar bear has been received by a man in Norwich, Conn., from a friend in the barque Isabella, at Cumberland Inlet, with an account of its exciting capture, which the Bulletin prints as follows: "A party of two men from the Isabella, including a number of Esquimaux and myself were walking on the ice, when, rounding a hammock, we unexpectedly discovered near us a large bear, quietly feeding. We would have returned to the ship without disturbing it, as we were armed with only one rifle and a few spears carried by the natives, had not one of the several dogs that were with us announced our presence by a loud bark. The bear, as soon as it saw the intruders, began to advance slowly towards us, but was met by two dogs, who attacked the animal vigorously, but with little effect. He shook them off, and, after injuring three of them so badly that they had to be killed, he continued to advance. We discharged the rifle, and then fled to the ship, where we armed ourselves, and came out to look after his bearskin, who had disappeared behind one of the numerous hammocks by which we were surrounded. We had searched for some time, when as one of the Esquimaux passed the corner of a hammock he came face to face with the infuriated animal. He gave a fearful cry as the brute struck him with one of his immense paws. The rest of us heard the cry and rapidly surrounded the brute: which stood perfectly still over the body of the Esquimaux. We fired sixteen shots, twelve of which entered his body, before it received its death wound. The native was insensible when we picked him up, and badly torn about the shoulder by the bear's claws, but was not seriously hurt. We took the body of the bear on a sledge to the ship; it weighed 1,575 pounds, and was ten feet one inch from nose to tail, and eight feet four inches around the thickest part of its body.

The Winnipeg chamberlain has received \$5,610 for licenses,—hotels \$3,000, saloons \$2,200, billiards \$110, and shops \$800.

denied from the same cause.

AN HONOR TO AN AMERICAN STUDENT.—Mr. Frank L. Billings, of Boston, Mass., now a student in the Veterinary College of Berlin, has been made an Honorary Member of the Veterinary Union of France, and American Correspondent. This is the first time in which this honor has been conferred upon a student, and reflects greater credit upon Mr. Billings. It was a token of the highest esteem and friendship which the French Council for the culture, scholarly abilities, and the gentlemanly qualities of Mr. Billings.

A GOOD FEED FOR POOR AND YOUNG HORSES.—Take two quarts of oats, two bran, and half a pint of husk. Place the oats in a stable bucket, then the husk, and over these the bran, then pour on boiling water sufficient to damp the whole, and cover with an old rug to keep the steam in. After it has stood a couple of hours stir the mass well together. This given three times a week in addition to the usual food, will soon put on flesh. This will also be found of great service in feeding yearlings, increasing their size and substance, and keeping them healthy.

WOODFORD CHIEF.—Col. R. P. Pepper, the owner of the four year old Woodford Chief, is reported to have sold him for \$20,000. He is by Clark Chief out of Virginia, by the thoroughbred horse Billy Towser, and is the best four year old of the year. At the late Kentucky Breeders' Meeting he distinguished himself by winning the race for four year olds after a game contest with R. S. Strader's Eric, winning the third, fourth, and fifth heats, the time of which was remarkably close—2:31, 2:31, 2:31.

#### REMARKABLE PRESENCE OF MIND

Owing to an alleged necessity of pushing the work as fast as possible on the new point bridge, Pittsburg, the contractors and the men who are employed in joining the three cables engaged all day yesterday. They are compelled to work in a "bush" or platform, which is suspended above the river at about the height of ninety feet above the water. Yesterday afternoon a workman hanging from the platform was a rope which reached nearly to the water. In his frightful descent the man attempted to grasp the rope, but as he kept turning somersault in the air he was unable to reach it until about twenty feet off the river, when he succeeded in grasping the rope with both hands. He was first unable to stop his descent, and slid down the rope for about fifteen feet, until his feet nearly touched the water. Then, to the astonishment of the people on the banks who had seen with the horror of a terrible fall, he commenced climbing back up the rope and over hand. Then the crowd cheered him lustily, and his companions on the platform drew him up on a jurel, except the inside of his hand, which was badly lacerated.

#### FOULRY EPIDEMIC.

Around Ottawa there is a disease at present existing among poultry, notably in turkeys and chickens. When fowls die the heads of chickens turning black and their heads, and offages the bodies to mark so that if a bird is seen in the market without a head, the circumstance is a sure sign of disease. When the head turns black, chicken doubles its life up, and it is something like a cobra's appearance.





The Gentleman's Journal

TORONTO, FRIDAY, DEC. 16, 1876.

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

All Communications intended for the "Sporting Times" should be addressed P. COLLINS & Co., Sporting Times Office—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 LIGHT GREEN 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 1st, 1876, 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 SUCCESS A NEGATIVE.

DATES CLAIMED FOR 1877.

AMERICAN.

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

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

TO OUR FRIENDS.

We have on our books a large amount of money due us in accounts and subscriptions. We have been particularly indulgent to our friends and patrons, but this is the dull season of the year, and as our expenses are greater in winter than spring, summer and fall, we are compelled to call upon those indebted to us for prompt payment. Everything used about a printing office is cash, and to meet the weekly draft upon our exchequer, we must collect outstanding debts. Therefore we most earnestly request our friends and patrons, who are indebted to us, either by account or subscription to remit, and place us under renewed obligations.

SPECULATIVE INVESTMENTS.

It must be admitted that there is an inherent element of speculation in human nature, which develops itself in a manner to a great extent governed by the characteristics of the individual. A man who gambles in grain would not do so when another who invests a few dollars in a horse race as an inferior, so would he put up a stock scheme turn his attention to the industrial chevalier who pursues his money on the turn of a card or the chance of an ivory ball, as being a vagabond. In this we see but the outcropping of similar dispositions which have been directed into different channels, drawing their supply from the same sources. Assuming the facts to be correct, we proceed to see how investments are made under circumstances of

larity can be credited, and not to any fault in the system itself.

Within comparatively a few years a lusty young giant has arisen as an opponent to the American pool system. This is the introduction of the French Mutual system, which has made gigantic strides into the good graces of our betting men. Free, open, and everything above board, with no chance of concealment or controlment, giving equal chances at all stages to the man of means or the moderate investor, it would indeed be strange if its popularity had not advanced at a very rapid rate. Easy of comprehension, and unobjectionable in its method of working, non-exciting in the hottest state of the feelings, and based on mathematical and mechanical principles, making it as true as the magnetic needle, it is bound in time to all but usurp all other methods of investment. In the leading racing centres of the country the business transacted by the French Mutuals is immense, and increasing, and it is sure, wherever known, to draw forth the economies of all who have dealings which require to be transacted through this or some other medium something similar.

FRAUDS ON ENGLISH RACECOURSES

There is great excitement in old country turf circles over the prosecution by the English Jockey Club of two individuals who entered a three-year-old mare, named Spynn, at the Sutton Park races, and subsequently as a filly named Gance, for the Trial Stakes, at Wolverhampton, which she won. In the interval between the meetings the prisoners disguised the mare. They painted a white star on her forehead with caustic, put a white mark on the nostril and gray hair on the fetlock. They also docked her tail four inches. The prisoners have been committed for trial. This sharp trick reminds one of the old London frauds practised even yet in St. Martin's lane and Whitechapel of selling painted sparrows for goldfinches.

A PROBABLE STEP.

A short time ago attention was drawn to the advisability of our turf magnates instituting a series of stake races, which was advocated would prove of great benefit in forwarding the better interests of the institution of racing. The article appears to have acted as a leaven in the matter, and besides exciting discussion in horse circles on its merits, has brought forth more desirable fruit. A correspondent informs us in a friendly communication that at least one association is taking the preliminary steps for giving a three-year-old Province-bred Derby next season. Some of the minor details connected with giving a race of this character remain uncompleted, but the principle has been recognized, and in all probability will be given a practical test during the approaching season. It will not be placing one of the oldest and most reliable turf associations in a false position when it is mentioned that the Waterloo Club is the one we have been informed to first act on our suggestion. As before remarked, the movement is incipient; but there can be no doubt in the hands of such an active and successful organization it will be one of the features of the Spring campaign. It might be as well to make the forfeit and entrance monies small as an encouragement to our breeders and owners of young stock to try their juveniles, while the added money, it may be safely said, will be in keeping with the general character of our friends at Waterloo. As soon as decided upon, and the earlier the better, due publicity should be given to the conditions of the race, which might act as a spur to hurry up the managers of some of our other tracks, which in the end might make the winnings of the crack three-year-old of 1877 something to be sought for.

MAJORITIES.

The word "majority" is a subject worthy of consideration by those who are in the habit of investing on their knowledge in

cast for some one candidate. A careful study of this will be a preventive of disputes; and, as the information is open to all, there should be no difficulty in arriving at an understanding when wagers of this description are pending and in question.

CANADIAN HORSES IN ENGLAND.

Mr. Joseph Grand, of this city, writing from Liverpool to Dr. Coleman, Ottawa, says: "Quit a trade has recently sprung up between Canada and England in horses, and the prices realized are most encouraging. The Liverpool Mercury writing on the subject says:—"The high prices obtained for horses in this country has attracted the attention of Canadian breeders to the importation of stock from that country to England. A considerable trade has consequently sprung up between Liverpool and the Canadian ports, and, as the demand for horses is increasing, it is likely to be further developed. A sale of Canadian horses, imported by Messrs. Grand & Son, of Toronto (the Dominion Tattersall's), was held yesterday by Messrs. Jeffryes & Son, at Aigburth, when very fair prices were realized (average 60 guineas), taking into consideration the season of the year. The importers were well satisfied with the result of the sale."

ANOTHER IMPORTATION.

On Thursday last Mr. Henry Fry, of Aurora, a gentleman well known to those who are interested in the horse trade, called at our office and reported the arrival of the thoroughbred stallion Longstreet, which he had purchased from Mr. P. P. Parker, of Bowling Green, Mo.

Longstreet is a beautiful chestnut, 15:8, bred by R. A. Alexander, Esq., of Kentucky, foaled in 1864, by Lexington, dam Alice Jones, by imported Glencoe, 2nd dam Blue Bonnett, by imported Hedgesford; 3rd dam Grey Fannie, by Bertrand; 4th dam, by imported Buzzard; 5th dam, Arminda, by imported Medley, 6th dam, by imported Bolton; 7th dam, Sally Wright, by Yorick, &c., &c. He is a full brother of the well-known race-horses Jonesboro and Caraboo. Alice Jones, his dam, was a half sister to Thunder, by Lexington, imported into Canada, by the late Mr. Shedden. It will be seen Longstreet is rich in two of the most prominent strains of blood in America, Boston and imp. Glencoe. He is described as a horse of great bone and substance, with as fine a set of legs as ever graced a thoroughbred. His limbs are as clean as a new pin, and he is reported sound as a dollar. His new owner, Mr. Fry, is known to be one of our most experienced horsemen, and in his purchase of Longstreet, it can be readily imagined he has not thrown away his sweetness on the desert air. It is the intention to use him for stock purposes in the vicinity of Aurora. Since his arrival Mr. Fry has been sorely tempted to part with him, but has so far resisted the blandishments, and it will be to the advantage of the stock raisers of the northerly portion of the county of York if they can retain him in their section.

A BIG PAPER.

One of the most marked journalistic enterprises of the year will be the issue of the Christmas number of The Spirit of the Times, New York. From the prospectus we learn it will contain at least 40 pages and 100 illustrations. Among the specialties in the approaching issue will be a Christmas story, by Wilkie Collins; an article by the Rev. W. H. Murray, author of the perfect horse; a history of pantomime, by Mr. Blanchard; Canvass-Backs, by an old sportsman; The American Riflemen of the year, with portraits; The American Boatmen of the year, with portraits; The English, French, and New York Stag, with over 60 portraits; Portraits of leading contributors; likenesses of celebrated horses; &c., &c., in addition to the regular departments of the paper. In a letter Mr. Buck, the editor, says, "I hope to turn out a paper on the 22nd that will do honor to American

when dealing with the question of the introduction of billiards into the institution, were liberally applauded.

Vice-Chancellor Blake occupied the chair, and expressed his approval of the scheme, and stated that he had recently changed his opinions as to the game of billiards. He thought it was right and proper that the Mechanics' Institute should inaugurate a room in which that game could be played free from all contaminating influences. Billiards was a good and noble game, and he did not see why such a good game should be given to the devil.

Prof. Buckland said he felt great pleasure in being present on such an auspicious occasion, because the object in view met with his entire approbation. He did not see why things which were good in themselves should be excluded from our recreations because some persons had seen fit to mix them with evil. This remark he applied to billiards.

Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, (St. Andrew's Church,) said he had very willingly spoiled another engagement in order to be present to-night. He thought the Mechanics' Institute had taken a step in the right direction, and he had a good right to think so, because it was a step which he had advocated from that platform to the Young Men's Christian Association some months ago. He was, however, glad that the Mechanics' Institute, rather than the Young Men's Christian Association, had made the experiment. He called it an experiment, because he did not think anyone could predict that it would be a success. He hoped it would, however, because in that event he hoped not only Mechanics' Institutes, but Young Men's Christian Associations and other institutions would follow the example of the Toronto Mechanics' Institute in providing suitable healthful recreation for those who might be connected with them. He liked the scheme, it was providing suitable and lawful recreation. He saw around him billiard tables, bagatelle tables, and chess tables. People objected to billiards—why? Because it was hard to play billiards except when surrounded by evil associations. He supposed that a good billiard player—he (Mr. Macdonnell) had not any scruple at all in his own conscience about playing billiards—was perfectly satisfied as to that. People did not object to it because it was a game of chance, but because it had generally been associated with what was evil. Granted; and they must grant that billiards had been and were practically surrounded by evil associations. Who ever went to work to learn to play billiards must learn to play them in spite of temptations to drink and gamble, and in spite of temptations to go down the broad road to destruction. Now, then, what was the best way to counteract that? Here in Toronto were many young men who liked to play billiards, but who had not the opportunity of playing on billiard tables in their own homes; and there were others who might only have the opportunity of playing in a private house when invited out to a friend's occasionally. How were such young men to gratify their love for that amusement? He must go to a billiard saloon, where they knew better than he (Mr. Macdonnell) did what the young man's surroundings would be. He thought the Mechanics' Institute was taking the true way to get over the evil. They had drawn a line between the game itself and its evil associations, and had thus furnished an example which the Churches might well follow.

Rev. Dr. Robb (Cook's Presbyterian Church) said he believed there was room for enlargement on one side of the human mind on the matter of amusements. As to the amusements inaugurated by the Mechanics' Institute, he thought they were not to be discarded. He did not see that there were any evils surrounding chess, drafts, or bagatelle; and although there were more holes in a bagatelle table than in a billiard table, he saw no reason why the latter should be considered more "unholy" than the former. The scheme was but an experiment, and the result he hoped would gratify the highest expectations of the promoters.

R-v. J. Smith (Bay Street Presbyterian Church) said he had not heard so much for thirty years on the matter of amusements with which he could agree as he had heard that night. He agreed with the Chairman that there was no amusement in which the people could engage in which the pastor should not be expected to engage, and he claimed it as a right that if his people attended the theatre or a ball he had a right to attend the theatre or to lead off at a ball. He looked upon the movement as an experiment and expressed a hope that it would succeed.

Dr. Coleman, of Ottawa, intends to devote his colt Clandeboyc, by Enquirer out of Leisure, to stock purposes next season. This colt, by his breeding and size, is just what is

PRESIDENTIAL BETTING.

The muddle in the election for the President of our neighboring Republic has been a Gordian knot for the pool-sellers and betting men of the United States. What to do under the peculiar circumstances connected with this affair, and maintain a conscientious consistency between the investors on one hand and the holders on the other, has indeed been a riddle difficult of solution. When it was seen that unlooked for delay was absolute in obtaining a decision, some of the larger firms paid back money when the investors were mutually willing. But last week Mr. John Morrissey "belled the cat" by peremptorily declaring all bets off on the general result, and paying the money back in all cases where he was stakeholder. This will probably govern the action of all the rooms in New York, and will, consequently, be followed as the rule throughout the States. Mr. Morrissey made the following statement to a Herald reporter, who spoke to him on the subject:

"I think that the spirit of all bets made on the result of the Presidential election was on the result of the electoral vote in the several States on the 7th of November last. Since then a number of the States have been in dispute, charges of fraud have been made in three of the Southern States, and the question of the right of the Governor to fill a vacancy has arisen in Oregon, which must be decided hereafter. Both parties to-day claim to have elected their candidate, and no matter which side wins, in the face of so many complications, the other would not be satisfied with the result. I should have taken this course before now had it not been known that I have wagered considerable money on Mr. Tilden myself, and for fear that people might put a wrong construction on the act. As the matter now stands I think no one can charge me with benefitting myself."

DEMAND FOR THOROUGHBREDS.

During the past week or ten days, we can safely say, as many as a dozen gentlemen have called upon us for information respecting the purchase of thoroughbred stallions. This little incident of itself denotes a very healthy feeling towards the interest taken in thoroughbred stock in this country. The various sections of Ontario have been well represented in this delegation of embryo purchasers, and shows the increased value attached to blooded stock is universal in its bounds. Already in Ontario there are large numbers of horses of this class, but the increasing market demand for well-bred horses of weight-carrying capacity has stimulated the production of what may be described as elegant saddle horses. The export trade next season will prove a heavy draft on this class of stock, and as a consequence when the supply becomes decreased, the value will probably advance. To maintain this source of supply, the introduction of strong sires of approved strains of breeding is demanded, and our far-seeing horsemen readily conclude the only means of reaching this objective point is by the infusion of new blood.

BURNING OF THE BROOKLYN THEATRE.

The Brooklyn, N. Y. Theatre was destroyed by fire on the night of the 5th inst., while the performance was going on. The house was about two-thirds filled, and the audience became panic-stricken when the alarm was given. Miss Kate Claxton who recently filled an engagement here, was playing the part of the Blind Girl in the Two Orphans at the time. The fire originated in the flies, and in a short time reduced the house to a perfect ruin. The most melancholy part of the disaster was the great loss of life, the number of those missing being estimated at about 350. Already about 300 bodies have been recovered from the ruins, many of whom were burned to such an extent as to be perfectly unrecognizable. From the inflammable nature of the material, the conflagration was particularly rapid; and the exits being blocked up by the demoralized mass of humanity eager to escape from the fury furnace in which it was confined, it became an easy prey to the flames. It is



## A PROBABLE STEP.

A short time ago attention was drawn to the advisability of our turf magnates instituting a series of stake races, which was advocated would prove of great benefit in forwarding the better interests of the institution of racing. The article appears to have acted as a leaven in the matter, and besides exciting discussion in horse circles on its merits, has brought forth more desirable fruit. A correspondent informs us in a friendly communication that at least one association is taking the preliminary steps for giving a three-year-old Province-bred Derby next season. Some of the minor details connected with giving a race of this character remain uncompleted, but the principle has been recognized, and in all probability will be given a practical test during the approaching season. It will not be placing one of the oldest and most reliable turf associations in a false position when it is mentioned that the Waterloo Club is the one we have been informed to first act on our suggestion. As before remarked, the movement is incipient; but there can be no doubt in the hands of such an active and successful organization it will be one of the features of the Spring campaign. It might be as well to make the forfeit and entrance moneys small as an encouragement to our breeders and owners of young stock to try their juveniles, while the added money, it may be safely said, will be in keeping with the general character of our friends at Waterloo. As soon as decided upon, and the earlier the better, due publicity should be given to the conditions of the race, which might act as a spur to hurry up the managers of some of our other tracks, which in the end might make the winnings of the crack three-year-old of 1877 something to be sought for.

## MAJORITIES.

The word "majority" is a subject worthy of consideration by those who are in the habit of investing on their knowledge in municipal or other elections. The general meaning of the term has been accepted that the candidate who is at the head of the poll has a majority, without any consideration as to how many candidates votes were cast for. Such an interpretation of the meaning of the word is extremely faulty, and will not be sustained by the best authorities. This has been a question in New York State in the present Presidential election. There Tilden had an excess or plurality of votes over Hayes alone of very near 83,000, but those who bet he would have a majority of 80,000 have been declared losers. This will be more readily understood when it is stated that to obtain a majority a candidate must poll over one-half of the total amount of votes cast. He succeeded in this, but not to the extent of 80,000, as his excess of one-half was but 26,816; the difference being made up of votes cast for other candidates. This is a good illustration of the principle. The excess of votes over the next highest is termed a plurality, this is assuming more than two are contestants, a majority is only constituted by more than one-half of the total vote being

imported by the late Mr. Shelden. It will be seen Longstreet is rich in two of the most prominent strains of blood in America, Boston and imp. Glencoe. He is described as a horse of great bone and substance, with as fine a set of legs as ever graced a thoroughbred. His limbs are as clean as a new pin, and he is reported sound as a dollar. His new owner, Mr. Fry, is known to be one of our most experienced horsemen, and in his purchase of Longstreet, it can be readily imagined he has not thrown away his sweetness on the desert air. It is the intention to use him for stock purposes in the vicinity of Aurora. Since his arrival Mr. Fry has been sorely tempted to part with him, but has so far resisted the blandishments, and it will be to the advantage of the stock raisers of the northerly portion of the county of York if they can retain him in their section.

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## BILLIARD PLAYING.

### WHAT TORONTO REVERENDS SAY ABOUT IT.

A few weeks ago we drew attention to the fact that the Mechanics' Institute of this city, had determined upon introducing billiard tables into their rooms as one of the attractions of the institution, and complimented the managers upon their determination to remove blue-stocking rule and puritanical ideas from their very attractive Institute. On Monday evening last the new billiard room was formally opened, and addresses were delivered by several of our most prominent citizens, clergymen and others. Four handsome billiard tables and one bagatelle table, from the establishment of Messrs. Riley & May, constituted the first instalment. The feelings of the meeting were clearly in favor of the more liberal ideas, and the speeches made by the clergymen and others present,

gratified that our friends were practically surrounded by evil associations. Who ever went to work to learn to play billiards must learn to play them in spite of temptations to drink and gamble, and in spite of temptations to go down the broad road to destruction. Now, then, what was the best way to counteract that? Here in Toronto were many young men who liked to play billiards, but who had not the opportunity of playing on billiard tables in their own homes; and there were others who might only have the opportunity of playing in a private house when invited out to a friend's occasionally. How were such young men to gratify their love for that amusement? He must go to a billiard saloon, where they knew better than he (Mr. Macdonnell) did what the young man's surroundings would be. He thought the Mechanics' Institute was taking the true way to get over the evil. They had drawn a line between the game itself and its evil associations, and had thus furnished an example which the Churches might well follow.

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Dr. Coleman, of Ottawa, intends to devote his colt *Clandeboye*, by *Enquirer* out of *Leisure*, to stock purposes next season. This colt, by his breeding and size, is just what is wanted for the cold-blooded mares of that section.

Mr. Sherwood, of Ottawa, recently purchased from Mr. Fearnly, of Belleville, a fine two-year old colt. The youngster is said to be very fashionably bred, and of extraordinarily good appearance. The consideration reported is \$250.

Mr. Alex. McKenzie, V. S., of Usborne met with a serious accident the other day while administering medicine to a colt, which threw himself and jammed Mr. McKenzie's leg against the stall. Medical aid was promptly obtained, and the injured limb is progressing as favorably as might be expected.

Mr. Archie Fisher has purchased from Mr. James Lannan the speedy Province-bred *Maritime*.

Messrs. J. & W. Watt, of Nichol, Ont., sold to Mr. R. E. Norman, of Norman, Ill., a two-year old *Clydesdale* stallion, weighing about 1,800 lbs. He was shipped to his new home, and has arrived safe and in good shape.

healthy feeling towards the interest taken in thoroughbred stock in this country. The various sections of Ontario have been well represented in this delegation of embryo purchasers, and shows the increased value attached to blooded stock is universal in its bounds. Already in Ontario there are large numbers of horses of this class, but the increasing market demand for well-bred horses of weight-carrying capacity has stimulated the production of what may be described as elegant saddle horses. The export trade next season will prove a heavy draft on this class of stock, and as a consequence when the supply becomes decreased, the value will probably advance. To maintain this source of supply, the introduction of strong sires of approved strains of breeding is demanded, and our far-seeing horsemen readily conclude the only means of reaching this objective point is by the infusion of new blood.

## BURNING OF THE BROOKLYN THEATRE.

The Brooklyn, N. Y. Theatre was destroyed by fire on the night of the 5th inst., while the performance was going on. The house was about two-thirds filled, and the audience became panic-stricken when the alarm was given. Miss Kate Claxton who recently filled an engagement here, was playing the part of the Blind Girl in the *Two Orphans* at the time. The fire originated in the flies, and in a short time reduced the house to a perfect ruin. The most melancholy part of the disaster was the great loss of life, the number of those missing being estimated at about 850. Already about 800 bodies have been recovered from the ruins, many of whom were burned to such an extent as to be perfectly unrecognizable. From the unflammable nature of the material, the conflagration was particularly rapid; and the exits being blocked up by the demoralized mass of humanity eager to escape from the fury furnace in which it was confined, it became an easy prey to the flames. It is said the larger portion of the loss occurred to the occupants of the gallery, a theory that can very readily be believed. Among the number lost were Mr. Harry S. Murdock and Mr. Claude Burroughs, two well-known actors, the latter a brother of Mr. Burroughs who was here with the Mrs. Chanfrau combination a few weeks ago. Those who escaped tell heart-rending stories of the panic and sufferings they witnessed during the exit. The dramatic profession have instituted a series of benefits for the sufferers and their families. To those who may feel inclined to moralize on the destruction of the theatre, and the cremation of the hundreds of unfortunate victims, it would be as well to remember the destruction of a church by fire at Callac, South America, a few years ago, when 2,000 people perished. The Brooklyn disaster is the greatest that has ever taken place in any theatre in America, and furnishes a lesson to our managers which should be immediately acted upon.

An old horse was sold in Ottawa on Friday last for 50c.

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

## TO OUR FRIENDS.

We have on our books a large amount of money due us in accounts and subscriptions. We have been particularly indulgent to our friends and patrons, but this is the dull season of the year, and as our expenses are greater in winter than spring, summer and fall, we are compelled to call upon those indebted to us for prompt payment. Everything used about a printing office is cash, and to meet the weekly draft upon our exchequer, we must collect outstanding debts. Therefore we most earnestly request our friends and patrons, who are indebted to us, either by account or subscription to remit, and place us under renewed obligations.

## SPECULATIVE INVESTMENTS.

It must be admitted that there is an inherent spirit of speculation in human nature, which develops itself in a manner to a great extent governed by the characteristics of the individual. A man who gambles in grain would look down on another who invests a few dollars on a horse race as an inferior, so would the putter-up of a stock-scheme turn his back to the industrious cavalier who ventures his money on the turn of a card or the chances of an ivory ball, as being a vagabond. In this we see but the outcropping of peculiar dispositions which have been directed into different channels, drawing their supply from the same sources. Assuming this to be correct, we proceed to see how investments are made under circumstances of different natures. In this the bounds will be confined to that which is most prevalent, and consign the grain and stock speculators to a more convenient occasion.

In England, or, as we may term it, the "Old Country" investments are usually made through the medium of a book-maker. This system has never been a success in this country; and, at present, is only used in America on the leading stakes at Saratoga and Jerome; and is in the hands of a couple of houses. For obvious reasons its introduction into Canada is liable to be far in the future.

Native and to the manor born is Pooling in America. Much as this system has been maligned, it is a great improvement on the old style of betting out of hand, which, as all know who have tried it, is open to the most serious objections. The pooling, properly used, is the most convenient and safest method of making stakes; and if it has not been prostituted to the worst purposes by unscrupulous men, would have secured its supremacy for time to come. However, it is to its abuse its waning popu-

## Veterinary.

## DISEASES OF THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

ESSAY READ BY R. A. HARDING, KINGSTON, JAMAICA, VETERINARY STUDENT, AT THE WEEKLY MEETING OF THE VETERINARY SOCIETY IN CONNECTION WITH THE ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, DEC. 7.

Diseases of the digestive organs are in most cases due to errors in feeding. The immense length and volume of the intestines in the horse make them much more liable to disease than the stomach. This may be understood when we remember that true digestion takes place in the intestines. The stomach of the horse is relatively small, very much smaller than the stomach of the ox and sheep (comparatively). The food is but a very short time detained in the stomach, and this only to dilute and liquify it, that is, to convert it into a pulaceous mass to permit of its passage through the Pylorus. This done it is passed on to the intestines. Now, if proper food be given, it is well masticated and mixed with saliva; on reaching the stomach it there excites the churning motion, is further broken down and softened by the secretions it has stimulated, and then passed on to the Duodenum. But, if on the other hand an over-liberal quantum of improper food be given, such as is artificially prepared, it is rapidly taken into the mouth and passed on to the stomach, which is filled and distended before the organ can get to work: or, even a moderate quantity will effect the same result by generating gas faster than the stomach can prepare the food for onward passage. Is it then any wonder that so many horses suffer from Acute Indigestion?

## What is Acute Indigestion?

Acute Indigestion is a distention of the stomach from food, or from gas the result of fermentation of food; as for instance, a horse liberally fed and immediately put to work; the exertion under digestion, fermentation is set up, gas is generated, and the stomach distended.

If there be one class of horse more subject to this disease more than another, it is the horse that has fitful work to do, and old rather than young horses. Experience teaches that farmers' horses are very liable to it; also, that it is more fatal in old horses; this may perhaps be accounted for by the superior strength and elasticity of the walls of the stomach in the young, as likewise by the fact that in old horses the secretions of the stomach are somewhat impaired.

Professor Williams, in his work on Veterinary Medicine, says that "Distention of the stomach may arise from repletion with solid food, or from the evolution of gases arising from solids or liquids contained within it undergoing the process of fermentation, or disengaged from the gastric walls when the stomach is empty, as occurring in conditions of great prostration." Therefore, if this be true, we may have acute indigestion caused by the fermentation of the gastric secretions only.

The most common causes of this disease are: Feeding food that the animal is not accustomed to, in large quantity; boiled food, as oats, peas, &c. Chopped food, when horses are doing fast work; feeding a horse incautiously when exhausted by work; very nutritious food of certain kinds, as wheat; sudden changes of food.

The symptoms are very alarming. The animal feeling discomfort from an overloaded or distended stomach, begins to paw, in a few minutes he gives a nervous twitch or two, moves about uneasily in his stall, looks round at his sides, his countenance the while wearing a most anxious expression; ere long he lies down—and this in anything but a careful manner—and rolls, and will then start to his feet almost at a bound; sweats, will by this, if not already, be seen to break out profusely behind the ear and shoulder, and generally bedewing the body, twitching of the superficial muscles in the region of the shoulders, particularly of the left, is to be noticed sometimes. The pulse is from the first faster, but will run as high as 70 or 80 per minute, as the disease increases in intensity; there is usually a slight diarrhoeal discharge in the early stage of the disease. Erection of gas too may be observed, which is not an unfavorable symptom. The anus is sometimes protruded and reddened. In some cases a party has a journey to

plenty of room for him to roll about, then administer laudanum, spirits nitros ether, sulphuric ether, turpentine and linseed oil, powdered opium, ammonia, a cathartic, according to the symptoms and causes of the disease. The use of enemata simple or medicated will be found of great benefit. Brisk rubbing with a whisp of straw to the abdomen will often be of material service in giving relief to pain.

Should there be inflammatory symptoms never exhibit purgatives, but give powdered opium, using counter irritants to the abdomen and keeping the animal warm and comfortable as possible.

In the hypothetical case just above related, we should attend to the immediate comfort of the animal, and give a dose of linseed oil, 1 pint, turpentine, 1 ounce to 1½, and laudanum, ½ ounce to 1. Give a clyster of a little more than half a bucket of warm water with an ounce of turpentine. In fifteen or twenty minutes the clyster may be repeated, and afterwards at similar intervals without the turpentine till relief is obtained. In about an hour after the exhibition of the drench, if the symptoms are not abating, repeat it, or if abating, but not satisfactorily, give a smaller drench, possibly omitting the laudanum if thought unnecessary; or, in place of repeating this dose give ammonia, of the carbonate 3 drams, in bolus made up with a little linseed meal and water, if the liquor be used give 3 or 4 drams, and this latter may be advisedly conjoined with aloes in solution 6 drams. Rub the abdomen with a whisp of straw till it is dry and comfortable to the touch.

After recovery the animal must be carefully fed and worked for a week or two.

The usual terminations of this disease are ruptures of the stomach, or bowels; or asphyxia, or gastro-enteritis.

There is another type of this disease which has been named Chronic Indigestion. A party brings a horse to our surgery and tells us that he does not know what ails the animal, he gets plenty of food and eats it all, yet it seems to do him no good, much of it, particularly the oats, are passed out undigested. On looking at the animal you at once see he is in an unthrifty condition, eye dull and heavy, coat sticking to the ribs, pulse weak and sluggish. This state is due to general constitutional debility and impaired condition of the digestive organs.

The causes are numerous, feeding on one kind of food too long, over-ripe food, improper food, ravenous feeding, food given irregularly and injudiciously, in short, errors in feeding. There are other causes, too, such as dentition, diseases of the teeth; it may be the result of other diseases, an over-secretion of gastric juice will produce it, or it may be from constitutional predisposition resulting in debility of the stomach.

SYMPTOMS.—The horse is dull, and if we may use the term, out of sorts. On being put to work he sweats easily, and is soon tired out. A depraved appetite is sometimes developed, the animal licking walls, eating dirt, clay, etc.; the feces are of a light color, and there may be a slight diarrhoea, but a constipated state of the bowels is more general. In addition to these symptoms, Prof. Williams says there is "Sourness of the mouth, and usually increased thirst; the animal soon becomes headbound, has a dry scurfy skin. There is irregularity of the bowels, and frequent escape of flatus by the anus. If caused by imperfectly masticated food, such as whole oats or coarse hay, these may be found in the feces. In addition to the above diagnostic symptoms, there may be a dry cough, or irregularity of the pulse, which may be slower or faster than natural; colicky pains may also be present in some cases, occurring more particularly in an hour or two after the animal has partaken of food; whilst in others fits of giddiness, megrins, and even paralysis occur."

For the successful treatment of this type of indigestion we cannot too carefully enquire for the causes, history, feeding, etc., of our patient—for to treat symptoms in this disease instead of causes is not to ensure success. Therefore, having found the cause, endeavor to remove it; a change of feed will be beneficial; give a mild purgative, as aloes 4 drams, and calomel 1 dram, soda carbonate 1 dram, and gentian 1 dram, two or three times a day. Stimulants may be tried, such as good ale; mineral acids will be very beneficial sometimes. In summing up the treatment, allow me to do so in Prof. Williams' own words, viz.: "It is almost needless to observe that the dieting of the animal is to be carefully conducted, and that pure air, moderate exercise, and good grooming are essentials to good digestion. Occurring in the winter, if the animal be clothed thickly with hair, clipping will act almost magically, restoring the digestion and appetite, which may have been long impaired, notwithstanding remedies, in the course of a few hours."

Prof. Williams draws attention to the fact that young animals, as foals, are liable to indigestion, "induced by draughts of cold

nightly meeting on 7th inst., the President, Prof. D. McEachran, in the chair.

Mr. C. Herbert read a French essay on "Punctured Foot." This paper was the first ever read before the Association in the French language, and at the close of the reading the French members present took an active part in the discussion.

A most interesting paper, by Mr. W. P. Hall, student, on "Inflammation of the Lungs" followed, and the frequency of the disease, and the diversity of opinion concerning its treatment, necessarily makes the subject one of great importance and interest to the profession. The paper was productive of quite a lengthy debate, which was brought to a close by some very instructive remarks from the President.

At the next regular meeting, 21st inst., Mr. C. Herbert, student, will read a French paper on "Skin Diseases," and Mr. J. A. Couture, V.S., a communication on "Furunculus."

## Billiards.

## A CHALLENGE FROM JOHN HICKEY.

MONTREAL, Dec. 9th, 1876.

To the Editor of Sporting Times.

SIR,—Please insert the following in your next.

"I, John Hickey, challenge any resident of Canada or Vermont, to play me a three-ball American game of Billiards on a Colander or Riley & May 5x10 table, for \$250 or \$500 a side, within thirty days from date.

"A forfeit and articles to SPORTING TIMES will meet with my prompt attention.

"Yours &c.,  
"JOHN HICKEY."

W. JAKES WILL PLAY HICKEY.

TORONTO, Dec. 13, 1876.

To the Editor of the Sporting Times:

Sir,—Your kindness in showing me the above challenge enables me to answer it without delay, which will probably be acceptable to Mr. Hickey, as he appears anxious to have the game come off at an early date.

I will play Mr. Hickey a game of French caroms, 500 points, on a Riley & May 5x10 table, for \$250 a side, in Toronto, any time on a week's notice. Herewith I deposit in your hands the sum of \$25 as a forfeit, and an acceptance addressed to your office will be promptly attended to.

Yours,  
W. JAKES,  
Champion of Canada.

## HUGGARD vs KIDD.

The second game between Thos. Huggard and Sandy Kidd was played in the Belchamber House Billiard room, Ft. Sarina, on Monday night, 4th inst., and this time was handsomely won by Mr. Kidd, he beating his opponent nearly 800 points. The game was 500 points, four ball carom, and was very close up to 800, when Kidd let out and made some splendid play, making runs of 108, 198, and 90 in succession. The winner's average was about 48, which is very large.

## PHELAN vs DAVIS.

The concluding game at the Hamilton Tournament was played at the International Hotel in that city, between Messrs. J. P. Phelan and Sam Davis. At the commencement of the game the pools sold about even. Phelan for choice. Unfortunately the table was dead, and rapid scoring impossible. From the very first, however, Davis was out of it and was not playing at all in his proper form. When the game was called at the interval, Phelan was some 70 points ahead, and pools now sold at 2 to 1 that Phelan would not win by 50. After the interval, Davis' play improved, and by some good play he made a run of 18, which was applauded. He could, however, never catch Phelan, who eventually won by 44 points, thus winning the first prize in the tournament. Phelan's highest run was 18, Davis' 18.

The Hamilton Times says of the tournament: "Looking at the play during the tournament, there is no doubt that the best man won, and we congratulate him on his victory, not only for his play but for his firmness, he being the originator of the tournament, in putting down any attempts at (to use a mild term) deceiving the public. We have no hesitation in saying that it was

181 in public, even if in private. During his tour in New Orleans; 8 ston has played with all the experts thereaway, giving long odds and invariably winning.

## FRANK DION vs JOHN HICKEY.

John Hickey was again beaten by Frank Dion on the 6th ult., in the three ball match game of caroms for \$150 a side, 500 points, 20 per cent. of which was allowed Dion. The game was played in Brand's Hall, Montreal, on a Colander table. On the 17th innings the score stood; Hickey, 64; Dion, 60. On the 60th innings the score stood, the former, 267; the latter, 224. The 70th innings showed Hickey to be 309; Dion, 257. They continued in this way, playing pretty evenly, and at the 103rd and last innings Dion stood 400 to Hickey's 388. Dion thus won by 12 points even, and 112 including discount allowed.

FOR SECOND CLASS.—A tournament for second class players commenced at Hamilton, on Monday evening last.

AN EXPLANATION.—Mr. Phelan, of Hamilton, writes us a letter in explanation of a paragraph in last week's paper. He assures us the pool seller had nothing to do with the fraud spoken of, and says "that the success of the tournament was partially owing to the lively interest taken in it by that official and the very able manner in which he conducted the whole affair." Our information in the matter was wholly derived from the Hamilton papers.

PROBABLE.—There is talk of a couple of tournaments in this city this winter. So far they have advanced no farther than talk, but when they assume a definite shape, we will probably hear more of them.

NEW TABLES.—Mr. Whalen of the White Rose Billiard Room and Bowling Alley, Jarvis street, has enlarged his room and will put in four new tables this week.

## THE MANUFACTURE OF "THE WEED."

WHAT MESSRS. JOAB SCALES, & CO., MAKE.

A few days ago we had the pleasure of visiting this well arranged factory, which is without doubt one of the most complete establishments of the kind in existence; a full description of which appeared in these columns last February.

We were shown many new and beautiful styles which were undergoing the processes of manufacture. Space will not permit us to enter into a lengthened description of the various brands and the different process of manipulation which they undergo, but a brief mention of the best lines is a tribute due to the enterprise and success of this model firm.

"The Old Man's Favorite" is probably the most popular smoking tobacco to-day in the Dominion. It is what is termed "soft-pressed," and the stock used in its production is selected with great care from the best tobacco growing sections of Virginia and North Carolina. This is a pet brand with the firm, and its quality can always be relied on.

"The Southern Beauty," put up in half pound and quarter pound plugs, is a beautiful style of goods, bright yellow in color, waxy in consistency, and glossy in appearance.

"The Little Queen" is a very popular brand, made from the pure golden leaf. It appears to be very rich, and since its introduction has had a constantly increasing demand.

The new 12-inch twist is claimed to be the finest ever manufactured in the Dominion. The material in this brand is the cream of the fine bright Tobacco of the best producing regions in America, selected without regard to expense. Its appearance is certainly indicative of its quality.

The finer grades of "bright pounds" were suggestive of comfort and pleasure combined, and in appearance would satisfy the most fastidious devotees of the weed, while its quality it is assumed could be safely gauged from its looks.

"Pine Apple" is a new style of bright soft pressed, made in convenient size for retailing without cutting.

"Solace Pocket Piece" is likewise a bright tobacco of convenient size, the workmanship of which is noticeable.

"Perfection" is a very convenient article of tobacco for smokers. It is granulated in the leaf, and then pressed into a plug, and covered with tin-foil. A knife is not required to prepare this for the pipe. A piece of suitable size is broken off the plug, and is rubbed into proper shape for filling. Among cigarette smokers, Perfection is in great demand.

## Amusements.

The Grand Opera House on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evening was in the hands of the stock. On Monday and Tuesday the bill was The Corsican Brothers, and the Widow and the Vain, Wednesday, Green Bashes; Thursday and this Friday evening, Prof. Bakuin in his exposure of Spiritualism. Usual matinee and Saturday evening performance by the regular company. Monday evening of next week complimentary benefit to Mrs. Morrison. On Tuesday, Daly's 5th Avenue Company commenced a season opening in Pique. The Christmas piece at this house promises to be something in keeping with its name.—Grand.

Monte Christo, a five act spectacular drama, is holding the boards at the Royal Opera House all this week. It is strongly cast, the leading parts being in the hands of Misses Miles and Wakeman and Messrs. Warner, Coudock and Ketchum. Much of the scenery is new and portions of it elegant. The various dances, marches, songs, &c., in the piece have proved attractive. Great preparations are being made for the Christmas spectacle, which is promised to eclipse anything ever produced in this city.

## GENERAL.

MONTREAL.—On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Mr. McDowell gave three grand benefits at the Academy of Music, for the sufferers by the Bro. Lynn fire; the Two Orphans on the first two evenings, and Married in Haste for Wednesday; a Leon Ogo is underlined for early production. The London Lyceum English Opera Company are at the Academy of Music, on Thursday, 14th, Martha, 15th, Mariana, 16th, Rukemian Girl. Cal Wagner's Minstrels put in two nights at Mechanics' Hall on 11th and 12th.

HAMILTON.—Last night (Thursday), Lottie in Uncle Tom's Cabin. This Friday evening, Tom Allen and John I. Schless, and Messrs. Bauer and Fr. Muller, sparring and wrestling. Royal Opera House Company from Toronto, 18th, Othello; 19th, Inquirer; 20th, Richard III; Messrs. Neil Warner, Coudock, and Miss Sophie Miles in leading roles. 20th, War to the Knife, and the Miller and his Men, by the Garrick Club. All above at the Mechanics' Hall. On Monday a variety company will open St. James, Hall for a season.

OTTAWA.—This Friday, Ottawa Amateur Dramatic Club, at Cowan's Opera House, programme, Barrick Room, A Bright Day Being, and The First Night.

LONDON.—The Holman Opera Company have been here the past week resting, and on Sunday left for Cleveland, Ohio. Tom Thumb at Holman Opera House, 11th.

BROOKVILLE.—Ada Gray with her company opens here next week.

INVERSOLE.—Tom Thumb at Town Hall, 9th. Big business.

Six of the thirty-eight horses taken to England by Mr. Spiers, of this city, have been sold to a London dealer for \$850 each.

Mr. C. Perkins, of Rochester, N. Y., is at present at Ottawa, waiting for the winter trotting campaign. He will have a couple of horses.

The Montreal Horse Market continues very dull. Mr. Elwyn sold a lot of milking animals at from \$20 to \$50 each, and a good pair of carriage horses at \$300. The old trotter, Brandy, was sold for \$105.

A grand fox hunt took place at Brantford on Thursday. It was under the management of Mr. George Ash, of the Commercial Billiard Parlor.

See Advertisement of War Huletts for Sale, on Seventh Page.



is set up, gas is generated, and the stomach distended.

If there be one class of horse more subject to this disease more than another, it is the horse that has useful work to do, and old rather than young horses. Experience teaches that farmers' horses are very liable to it; also, that it is more fatal in old horses; this may perhaps be accounted for by the superior strength and elasticity of the walls of the stomach in the young, as likewise by the fact that in old horses the secretions of the stomach are somewhat impaired.

Professor Williams, in his work on Veterinary Medicine, says that "Distention of the stomach may arise from repletion with solid food, or from the evolution of gases arising from solids or liquids contained within it undergoing the process of fermentation, or disengaged from the gastric walls when the stomach is empty, as occurring in conditions of great prostration." Therefore, if this be true, we may have acute indigestion caused by the fermentation of the gastric secretions only.

The most common causes of this disease are: Feeding food that the animal is not accustomed to, in large quantity; boiled food, as oats, peas, &c. Chopped food, when horses are doing fast work; feeding a horse incautiously when exhausted by work; very nutritious food of certain kinds, as wheat; sudden changes of food.

The symptoms are very alarming. The animal feeling discomfort from an overloaded or distended stomach, begins to paw, in a few minutes he gives a nervous twitch or two, moves about uneasily in his stall, looks round at his sides, his countenance the while wearing a most anxious expression; ere long he lies down—and this in anything but a careful manner—and rolls, and will then start to his feet almost at a bound; sweats, will by this, if not already, be seen to break out profusely behind the ear and shoulder, and generally bedewing the body, twitching of the superficial muscles in the region of the shoulders, particularly of the left, is to be noticed sometimes. The pulse is from the first faster, but will run as high as 70 or 80 per minute, as the disease increases in intensity; there is usually a slight diarrhoeal discharge in the early stage of the disease. Eructations of gas too may be observed, which is not an unfavorable symptom. The anus is sometimes protruded and reddened.

Imagine a case, a party has a journey to accomplish, say to-morrow, and in way of preparing his horse for the more than usual work, he gives him at night a little more than usual. The morning comes, and ere he hitches him up, he gives him a liberal quantum, saying to himself that his horse shan't fail for want of a little food. He starts; the horse is fresh and lively, going along at a good pace, the owner not minding to hold him in, having the idea possibly that a little run at the first will clear his wind for the journey. Before he thinks of letting him settle down to a steady pace, he is surprised to see him sweating, and much more than usual; he now notices that he goes unsteadily, and on pulling him up he finds that he is in pain and even attempts to lie down. Possibly with much difficulty and perseverance he gets to his journey's end, none too soon for his horse, who now exhibits the disease in all its vigour. He lies and rolls, sweats bedew the body; tap the abdomen and it gives a tympanitic sound. The pulse is quick but weak, the extremities are more or less cold as the case approaches a fatal termination or yields to treatment or nature.

**TREATMENT**—In treating a patient, carefully and quickly note the symptoms, and enquire the history of the horse, mode of feeding, &c., &c. So far as circumstances will permit make your patient comfortable by putting him in a loose box where there is

feeding. There are other causes, too, such as dentition, diseases of the teeth; it may be the result of other diseases, an over-secretion of gastric juice will produce it, or it may be from constitutional predisposition resulting in debility of the stomach.

**Symptoms**—The horse is dull, and if we may use the term, out of sorts. On being put to work he sweats easily, and is soon tired out. A depraved appetite is sometimes developed, the animal licking walls, eating dirt, clay, &c.; the faeces are of a light color, and there may be a slight diarrhoea, but a constipated state of the bowels is more general. In addition to these symptoms, Prof. Williams says there is "Sourness of the mouth, and usually increased thirst; the animal soon becomes hidebound, has a dry scurfy skin. There is irregularity of the bowels, and frequent escape of flatus by the anus. If caused by imperfectly masticated food, such as whole oats or coarse hay, these may be found in the faeces. In addition to the above diagnostic symptoms, there may be a dry cough, or irregularity of the pulse, which may be slower or faster than natural; colicky pains may also be present in some cases, occurring more particularly in an hour or two after the animal has partaken of food; whilst in others fits of giddiness, megrins, and even paralysis occur."

For the successful treatment of this type of indigestion we cannot too carefully enquire for the causes, history, feeding, &c., of our patient—for to treat symptoms in this disease instead of causes is not to ensure success. Therefore, having found the cause, endeavor to remove it; a change of feed will be beneficial; give a mild purgative, as aloes 4 drams, and calomel 1 dram, soda carbonate 1 dram, and gentian 1 dram, two or three times a day. Stimulants may be tried, such as good ale; mineral acids will be very beneficial sometimes. In summing up the treatment, allow me to do so in Prof. Williams' own words, viz.: "It is almost needless to observe that the dieting of the animal is to be carefully conducted, and that pure air, moderate exercise, and good grooming are essentials to good digestion. Occurring in the winter, if the animal be clothed thickly with hair, clipping will act almost magically, restoring his digestion and appetite, which may have been long impaired, notwithstanding remedies, in the course of a few hours."

Prof. Williams draws attention to the fact that young animals, as foals, are liable to indigestion, "induced by draughts of cold milk; removal from the dam at too early an age, or, what is commonly the cause in some districts, compelling her to work shortly after the birth of the offspring, and allowing it to suckle at rare intervals and when the dam is heated."

These causes are productive of symptoms similar to those seen in the older animal, with the exception that the diarrhoeal discharge in the young is generally present. "The faeces often resemble the color of the food. In the young animal, when fed on milk, the faeces will often resemble it, both in color and consistence, mixed, however, with large masses of curdled milk, and often very foetid."

In the majority of such cases, to remove the cause is to cure the disease. If not, give a mild dose of castor or linseed oil.

On the same evening Mr. Walter Langtry another student of the College read an interesting paper on Impaction of the Rumens, which he had successfully treated by performing the operation of Rumenotomy.

**MONTREAL VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.**

This Association held its regular fort-

carons, 500 points, on a Rilly & May table, for \$250 a side, in Toronto, any time on a week's notice. Herewith I deposit in your hands the sum of \$25 as a forfeit, and an acceptance addressed to your office will be promptly attended to.

Yours,  
W. JAMES,  
Champion of Canada.

#### HUGGARD vs KIDD.

The second game between Thos. Huggard and Sandy Kidd was played in the Bel chamber House Billiard room, Pt. St. Charles, on Monday night, 4th inst., and this time was handsomely won by Mr. Kidd, he beating his opponent nearly 800 points. The game was 600 points, four ball carom, and was very close up to 300, when Kidd let out and made some splendid play, making runs of 108, 198, and 90 in succession. The winner's average was about 48, which is very large.

#### PHELAN vs DAVIS.

The concluding game at the Hamilton Tournament was played at the International Hotel in that city, between Messrs. J. P. Phelan and Sam Davis. At the commencement of the game the pools sold about even in Phelan for choice. Unfortunately the table was dead, and rapid scoring impossible. From the very first, however, Davis was out of it and was not playing at all in his proper form. When the game was called at the interval, Phelan was some 70 points ahead, and pools now sold at 2 to 1 that Phelan would not win by 50. After the interval, Davis' play improved, and by some good play he made a run of 18, which was applauded. He could, however, never catch Phelan, who eventually won by 44 points, thus winning the first prize in the tournament. Phelan's highest run was 18, Davis' 18.

The Hamilton Times says of the tournament: "Looking at the play during the tournament, there is no doubt that the best man won, and we congratulate him on his victory, not only for his play but for his firmness, he being the originator of the tournament, in putting down any attempts at (to use a mild term) deceiving the public. We have no hesitation in saying that it was only through Mr. Phelan's honesty that one or two big things (?) did not come off. The tournament would have passed off in the most satisfactory manner had it not been for the attempt of one of the players to sell a game. Which is worse, he or the people that attempted to buy him, is an open question. However, the little game was spoilt, and the player debarred from contending in any future tournament held in Mr. Phelan's rooms. When will people learn that legitimate sport will succeed, while 'roping' must sooner or later come to an untimely end?"

#### SEXTON IN NEW ORLEANS.

In New Orleans, week before last, William Sexton, among other performances complimentary to his skill, credited himself with the remarkable achievement of running 841 at the three-ball game. This is not a record but it is none the less meritorious for not being one. No other player, record or no record, has ever run so many, if we except Garnier, who, according to his own account once ran upwards of 2,000, and without crotching the balls, somewhere in France. But Garnier was here several years before he ran 100 even in an exhibition game, and has not in this country ever gone beyond

We were shown many new and beautiful styles which were undergoing the processes of manufacture. Space will not permit us to enter into a lengthened description of the various brands and the different process of manipulation which they undergo, but a brief mention of the best lines is a tribute due to the enterprise and success of this model firm.

"The Old Man's Favorite" is probably the most popular smoking tobacco to-day in the Dominion. It is what is termed "soft pressed," and the stock used in its production is selected with great care from the best tobacco growing sections of Virginia and North Carolina. This is a pot brand with the firm, and its quality can always be relied on.

"The Southern Beauty," put up in half pound and quarter pound plugs, is a beautiful style of goods, bright yellow in color, waxy in consistency, and glossy in appearance.

"The Little Queen," is a very popular brand, made from the pure golden leaf. It appears to be very rich, and since its introduction has had a constantly increasing demand.

The new 12-inch twist is claimed to be the finest ever manufactured in the Dominion. The material in this brand is the cream of the fine bright tobacco of the best producing regions in America, selected without regard to expense. Its appearance is certainly indicative of its quality.

The finer grades of "bright pounds" were suggestive of comfort and pleasure combined, and in appearance would satisfy the most fastidious devotee of the weed, while its quality it is assumed could be safely gauged from its looks.

"Pine Apple" is a new style of bright soft pressed, made in convenient size for retailing without cutting.

"Solace Pocket Piece" is likewise a bright tobacco of convenient size, the workmanship of which is noticeable.

"Perfection" is a very convenient article of tobacco for smokers. It is granulated in the leaf, and then pressed into a plug, and covered with tin-foil. A knife is not required to prepare this for the pipe. A piece of suitable size is broken off the plug, and is rubbed into proper shape for filling. Among cigarette smokers, Perfection is in great demand.

The above specialties are all bright stock for smoking, but the firm manufacture the darker grades of Chewing Tobacco extensively. Old Virginia sun-cured tobacco is exclusively used for the manufacture of chewing, and the care in its manipulation and the judicious selection of the raw material have done much to establish the proud reputation which the goods of Messrs. Scales & Co. so deservedly enjoy.

This firm caters to the best tastes of the users of tobacco, and have been mainly instrumental in driving out the filthy trash which was considered by foreign manufacturers as good enough for the Canadian market. Their staples are standards among dealers, and their name is a household word among users of tobaccos.

Being practical men with long experience, they are familiar with the minutest details connected with the business, and having procured the services of Mr. John R. Morris, an old Virginian manufacturer, as superintendent, who is conversant with all the modern improved methods of manufacture, their standard of quality is always guaranteed.

Our visit was, indeed, one of pleasure, which was much enhanced by the very lucid explanations of the gentlemanly superintendent, respecting the different kinds of tobacco (which he was kind enough to sample

HAMILTON—Last night (Thursday), 1.30 in Uncle Tom's Cabin. This Friday evening, Tom Allen and John E. Scholes, and Mon. Bauer and F. F. Meier, sparring and wrestling. Royal Opera House Company from Toronto, 18th, Othello; 19th, Incarnate. 20th, Richard III; Messrs N. d. Warner, Conlock, and Miss S. p. M. in leading roles. 20th, War to the Knife, and The Miller and his Men, by the Garrick Club. All above at the Mechanics' Hall. On Monday a variety company will open St. James' Hall for a season.

OTTAWA—This Friday, Ottawa Amateur Dramatic Club, at Gowanus Opera House programme, Barrek Room, A Night-Long, and The First Night.

LONDON—The Helman Opera Company have been here the past week resting, and on Sunday left for Cleveland, Ohio. Tom Thumb at Helman Opera House, 11th.

BROCKVILLE—Ada Gray with her company opens here next week.

INGERSOLL—Tom Thumb at Town Hall, 9th. Big business.

Six of the thirty-eight horses taken to England by Mr. Spiers, of this city, have been sold to a London dealer for \$850 each.

Mr. C. Perkins, of Rochester, N. Y., is at present at Ottawa, waiting for the winter trotting campaign. He will have a couple of horses.

The Montreal Horse Market continues very dull. Mr. Elwes sold a lot of muddling animals at from \$30 to \$80 each, and a good pair of carriage horses at \$300. The old trotter, Brandy, was sold for \$105.

A grand fox hunt took place at Brantford on Thursday. It was under the management of Mr. George Ash, of the Commercial Billiard Parlor.

See Advertisement of War Hulett for Sale, on Seventh Page.

268-11.

HARD TO BEAT



CIGAR.

Heyneman

and

Harris

Manufacturers, Montreal





### A MAGNIFICENT PRESENT!

The proprietors of the **SPORTING TIMES** have much pleasure in announcing to their patrons that they have made arrangements to present a magnificent horse picture to their advance paying subscribers for the year 1876-7. Realizing the importance of this undertaking, and being determined to offer our subscribers a picture that should in itself be worthy of the paper it represents, and which should be treasured as a work of art; after culling over the finest productions of the American press, we selected the beautiful chromo of **GOLDSMITH MAID**, printed in nine colors and innumerable shades, size 18½ by 24 inches, believing, as our friends will when they see it, that it is the finest horse picture ever published in America. It is not to be confounded with the miserable pictures hawked around the country by some journals, but is really a work of high art and intrinsically of more value than we receive for our yearly subscription. She is represented standing in a box stall stripped, and in this position the picture, from which the chromo is reproduced, was painted by one of the first artists in the profession in America. When varnished and mounted it is impossible to distinguish between the chromo and a very fine oil-painting. It is a work of art worthy of a place in the finest collections in the country, and what adds to its value it is the *only correct likeness* of **GOLDSMITH MAID** ever published. As a memento of the most remarkable trotting quine in the world, shortly to be relegated from the turf, it will be treasured by every horseman in the country, more especially by those who have seen the little mare in any of her races. This picture was sold by subscription only a few months ago for \$5 a piece, and copies of it were in great demand. We expect in this liberal gift to more than double our subscription list in the next three months, and if our friends who receive the picture will only show it to their acquaintances and inform them how they may get a copy, we are sure our anticipations will be realized. The picture can be procured in no other way; we do not sell it; and only give it to those who remit *Yearly in advance* for the **SPORTING TIMES**.

To meet the wishes of a number of our patrons who might desire the picture of a horse in action in preference to a still one like our **Chromo of GOLDSMITH MAID**, as a premium, we have selected the next most remarkable trotting celebrity in the world as her greatest race. We refer to **LULA**, Rochester, N. Y., October 14th, 1875, in her now noted match against Time. The picture is 22½ by 23 inches, being larger than that of **THE MAID**, and is a fine specimen of the pictorial art. It is not claimed to possess the high artistic value of the latter, but still on account of being larger and in action, with a portrait of Mr. Chas. Green, the driver of **LULA**, and a view of the Rochester, N. Y., Driving Park, Judges' Stand, &c., the staples, &c., being seen in the distance, might be preferred by many to the other. We desire to accommodate our patrons to the fullest extent. All advance paying subscribers for the year 1876-7, and none others are entitled to their choice of those pictures.

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233-om

...at its nearest point. Here he remained until eight o'clock next morning, when, having fallen asleep he fell into the water, and finding that it was only some two feet deep, he waded a hour. Soon after he found a lumber shanty, and having become revived by a breakfast of pork and beans, he made his way home again to the delight of his friends, who had been kept in anxiety and suspense by his absence.

### PEANUTS.

Some of our readers are perhaps not aware that the peanut, called in the South ground nut, or gopher, grows and arrives at maturity on the ground at the roots of the mother plant, precisely the same as the potato. The stalk and leaves of the plant resemble clover somewhat, except that the stems are tough and waxy. To get at the nuts when ripe the plants are pulled out of the ground, the nuts adhering firmly to the roots. They are grown in the light sandy soil of Tennessee, Virginia and North Carolina. Peanuts are also grown to a great extent in Africa, India, Brazil and in some of the West India islands. The best are raised in the valley of the River Gambia, in Africa, and yield large quantities of oil. This product is esteemed, when properly prepared, equal to olive oil, for culinary purposes, but is also used in woollen manufactures, soap making, for lamps and for lubricating machinery.

Last year the crop in the United States was as follows: Tennessee, 235,000 bushels; Virginia, 450,000; North Carolina, 100,000. The imports from Africa in 1875 were 846,000 bushels, of which Boston imported 33,000, New York 23,000 bushels. The average of the new crop this year is somewhat larger than last year, and of a better quality. The crop year begins Oct. 1, and ends Sept. 30 of the ensuing year. The new crop will come forward under very favorable auspices, the previous crop well sold up.

### FIGHT WITH A DEER.

While out hunting in the mountains a few miles above Lakeport, Minn., a few days ago, Kirke Pool brought down a fine three-point buck, which, as he approached to cut his throat, began to recover from the effects of the shot, staggering to his feet. Hastily pouring a charge of powder down his rifle, Kirke let an unpatched ball fall into the barrel, thinking it would reach the powder, and fired at the deer. The ball evidently lodged in the barrel above the powder, and as a natural sequence the rifle was torn for about five inches above the breech. Strange to say, Kirke was unhurt by the bursting of his gun, and, throwing it down, approached his prey once more. By this time the buck had fully recovered from the shot, and was himself ready for the fight, and as it does not take a buck long to make up his mind to attack, the first thing that Kirke knew was that the point of each antler had entered the palm of either hand, and that he had the deer by the horns. The buck was strong and a rough-and-tumble fight now ensued, the deer jerking the man up and down and wounding him in the face. At length, by an almost superhuman effort, Kirke threw the buck, and, putting one foot upon one of his horns, drew his knife and finished him.

On Wednesday evening last the Aylmer Curling Club met to re-organize for the season. The following officers were elected:—James Linnane, President; C. W. Clarke, Secretary-Treasurer; Andrew Murray, E. D. Mann, James Pease and E. M. Bigg—Skips.

The match announced at Kankakee, Ill., of Emory Cobb's short horn bull, 10th Duke of Arden, valued at \$20,000. The animal was bought in Canada.

**THE ERMINE.**—A fine specimen of the ermine, stuffed by Mr. Norvell, naturalist, may be seen in the store of Mr. G. A. Mills. This little animal is rarely found in this neighborhood, but the specimen referred to was caught on the mountain by Mr. Fillman.—*Hamilton Times.*

**DETROIT.**—F. H. Gillman, of the Detroit Gun Club, now holds the State Championship Medal, having won it at the shoot Nov. 10. A new organization, called the Pacific Gun Club, has been formed at Detroit. T. B. Birmingham is President; C. W. Norton, Secretary; Walter Y. Clark, Treasurer.

...and two that he had been sold for \$100. Moreover, he was the first man to jump at the last of the year.

On Friday last Ral Karn, of Embro, shot a large otter whilst hunting in the vicinity of Mad Branch, West Zorra. He was refused \$50 for it. On the same day John Seaton, of Laketon, shot a swim which measured seven feet across from tip to tip.

The encore nuisance lately had a deserved rebuke at Birmingham, England. Some 16000 having acceded to one encore, very properly refused to sing a third time, a determination which was greeted with hoots and hisses from what must have been a delightfully ill-mannered audience. At last he retreated to the platform, and the noise was increased. Madame Godard waited at the piano for some considerable time amidst these hisses and hootings, and at last very properly left the platform and refused to play at all. The audience was thus suitably punished.

At Columbia, Ky., a few days ago a fox found which chased a fox into a cave because wedged between the rocks in such a way that it took over two days' work to dig him out. He was a valuable animal, and so that time was considered well spent.

**VICTIMOUS VINDICATION.**—Betim Man (to his partner)—"Look here, Joe! I fear you've been gambling on the Stock-exchange! Now, a man must draw the line somewhere; and if I at kind of thing goes on, you and me will have to put company!"

The annual meeting of the Montreal Cricket Club was held on the evening of the 24th ult. at the St. Lawrence Hall, a large number being present. The statements showed the Club to be in a very prosperous condition, many new members having joined during the past season. There have been eighteen matches played, of which eleven have been won by the Club, four lost, and three drawn. The following committee were elected for next year:—Messrs. Galt, Gordon, Clouston, Holland, and Staincliffe, Secretary-Treasurer.

On the evening of the 20th ult., the Elora Curlers held a very enthusiastic meeting, in Biggar's Commercial Hotel. There was a large attendance, and amongst the new members made were Messrs. Andrew Smart, C. E. Perry, Jas. Anderson, Robt. Hall, Geo. Laird, Wm. Bain, James Foote and Geo. Gordon. The following skips were elected: For outside matches—Messrs. C. Lawrence, Thos. Black and John Bain. Home—W. Leech, D. Foote and James Henderson.

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I offer my bay stallion for sale cheap. He is without doubt the best bred trotting stallion in Canada, having 6 crosses to imp. Messenger, and being descended from trotters on both sire and dam's side.

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I will guarantee him to trot a full mile in 2:35 with handling. He has never had any handling of any account, and is untried. He is sound and without fault.

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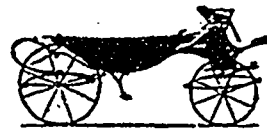
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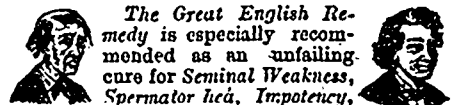
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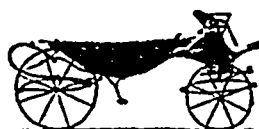
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**Angus Morrison**  
 AS MAYOR.  
 The Nomination takes place on Friday, December 22nd, 1876, and the voting on Monday January 1st, 1877.  
 GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

**ST. JOHN'S WARD.**  
 The favor of your Vote and Influence is respectfully solicited for  
**MR. H. PIPER,**  
 AS ALDERMAN.  
 The Election takes place Monday Jan. 1st., 1877

TO THE  
 Electors of St. George's Ward.  
 Your Vote and Interest are respectfully solicited for  
**George Verrall,**  
 As ALDERMAN for 1877.

**ST. JOHN'S WARD.**  
 Your Vote and Interest are respectfully requested for  
**George L. Tizard**  
 As ALDERMAN, for 1877.

**ST. ANDREW'S WARD.**  
 Your Vote and Interest are respectfully solicited for  
**William Burke,**  
 As ALDERMAN for the year 1877.  
 The election takes place on Monday, January 1st, 1877.

TO THE ELECTORS OF  
**St. ANDREW'S WARD**  
 Your Vote and Interest are respectfully solicited for  
**George Hastings**  
 As ALDERMAN for 1877.