

THE ANTLER

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DEER SHOOTING.

Some Facts and Anecdotes Concerning this Kingly Sport.

Ed. W. Sandys, in "Outing."

To sportsmen of the Eastern, Central and Northern States and of the Province of Ontario, the American deer, *Cervus Virginianus*, is the king of forest game. Even in these days of rapid travel, it is not the privilege of every enthusiastic hunter to go speeding to Western mountains or to remote Northern wilds, where reign such monarchs as the moose, elk, caribou, grizzly, sheep and goat. Only a comparatively small proportion of the active sportsmen of to-day have tasted the joys of genuine big game hunting or have seen the greater *cervidae* free in their natural haunts. Perhaps one hundred men know more or less about deer, for every man informed by personal experience in the ways of the deer's antlered cousins; so to the average sportsman, who has not wandered farther than the magnificent forests of the Adirondacks, of Maine, Michigan, Ontario, and other equally accessible regions, the deer is king, and to kill a full grown buck is the crowning triumph of sportsmanship.

In regard to the actual glory of killing a buck, I have no opinion to pass—personally I would prefer a month's lively field shooting over good dogs to all the sport with deer that I have ever enjoyed; but there is no question about the buck being stately game and worthy of any man's rifle. Handsome beast this a full-grown buck in prime condition is not easily found, and the man who hunts him in a sportsmanlike fashion and kills him fairly has reason for self-congratulation.

Not so many years ago deer were abundant throughout all the vast territory extending from as far north as the center of the Province of Quebec to the far west, and from the region west of the rock plains to the Atlantic coast. But civilization and deer warfare are directly opposed to each other, and at present the regions where the animals are really plentiful are by no means so broad or numerous as been sportsmen might desire. My own experience with this game has been mainly acquired in the wilds of Ontario and that stronghold of deer, the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, in a por-

tion of Wisconsin and in a section of that country embracing the International line between the State of Maine and the Province of Quebec. In all these regions deer are still plentiful enough to afford glorious sport, and the same may be said of parts of the far west, of the Adirondacks and of Pennsylvania, and of other districts farther south.

The American deer, common deer, or just "deer," as the animal is called by those who know naught of kindred western variety, is peculiar to the American continent. It differs broadly from the three well-known European species—the red deer, the fallow deer, and the pretty little roe. Of these three the red deer is the only one which can stand comparison with the American. To be candid, the famous stag of the Highlands and picturesque Devon is the handsomest and statelyst animal of the lot. He is a smaller edition of that grandest of all deer, the elk, or wapiti, and to him *Cervus Virginianus* must yield the palm. But an animal may rank second to the red stag in the matter of noble beauty and still be exceedingly fine and graceful.

A comparison of the heads of full-grown males of the four species will reveal marked differences, particularly in the formation of the antlers. The head of the red stag is of the elk type—clean-cut, blood-like in every line. Smaller than the elk's head, it is quite as beautiful and carries proportionally fine antlers. These also closely resemble in shape the tremendous head-gear of the bull elk, with brow antlers bending downward and forward. The main beams of the stag's antlers point backward, and the branches or tines, all spring from the anterior side and point forward.

Widely different is the palmated antler of the fallow deer, which shows in miniature something of the flattening characteristic of the antlers of moose and caribou. The head of the little roe is more of antelope type, with small erect antlers with a prong in front. Of all these antlers those of the red stag most resemble the crowning glory of *Cervus Virginianus*, yet the real resemblance is so slight that even a careless observer should note the difference at a glance. The main beams of the American buck's antlers incline sharply backward from the head, for perhaps half their length, then turn forward with a beautiful, bold curve and end in two sharp points. The brow antlers are sharp, erect spikes, and all other prongs, or tines, spring from the posterior side of the main beams, and generally point forward and upward. Peculiarities of structure are quite common in the antlers of the American deer, double tines being the most frequently noted deviation from the ordinary formation. The doe lacks the antlers, though excess has been recorded where the female head sported feeble imitations of her lord's weapons. The antlers are shed and

renewed annually, but, as they fall off at a time when the animals are protected by law, not so many sportsmen have seen bucks save with armed heads, or with the newly completed antlers in what is termed "the velvet." If, early in the year, one should chance to be poking about in the haunts of the deer, the sight of a buck with unadorned head, or with one antler gone and the other still in position, would be nothing but what should be expected. Soon after the old antlers fall, swellings, like tumors covered with plush, appear; these increase in size and assume the shape of the antlers with astonishing rapidity until the new antlers have attained their full size, when they present the appearance of an ordinary pair of antlers covered with fine velvet. The covering, or "velvet," is filled with blood-vessels which supply material for a new growth. The furrows in the complete, antler show the course of the circulation during its formation, and no sooner is the building process completed than the velvet begins to wither and dry up.

Now the buck realizes that he is fully armed and equipped for the fierce contests which must decide the possession of the does of his favorite range, and he busies himself in testing his new weapons and in putting a proper polish upon every inch of them. He bangs and rattles his horn daggers against convenient trees and thrusts and swings them into dense, strong shrubs, and if observed during this honing-up process he frequently seems a disreputable-looking beast, with long streamers of blood-stained "velvet" hanging to what will shortly be fine-polished antlers with points as sharp as knives.

When the last rub has been given and every beam and tine is furnished thoroughly, our bravo goes a wooing with the best of them. He trails the coy does through lone covers and along favorite runways unceasingly; he is fiery and impetuous and full of fight, and asks no fairer chance than to meet a rival as hard and short-tempered for as himself. He meets one before long, for every grown buck is on the warpath, and when the pair fall foul of each other there is frequently a long and desperate combat, in which one gladiator must be thoroughly whipped, or killed.

All deer kind fight savagely during the rutting season, and occasionally two battling rivals find a miserable doom by interlocking, when both must perish. Two dead bucks thus locked head to head have been found lying as they fell in an open glade, where the scarred surface of the ground and the crushed and riven shrubs about, told an eloquent tale of a wild journey long sustained, and of unparelleled efforts of the wearied conqueror to free himself of his dead foe.

The finding of two bleached skulls, with antlers still locked firmly together, will conjure up in the well-informed sportsman's mind a thrilling scene.

An open glade, with two noble champions eyeing each other with blazing eyes, and perhaps a dreamy-eyed doe—the cause of all the trouble—peering timidly from the bushes near by. Explosive, wrathful blasts from angry nostrils rip the stillness, and the hair of the raging bucks stands on end. Their grand eyes blaze with jealous hate; they stamp with knife-edged hoofs that spurn the ground; blast after blast hisses to and fro; they shift their positions warily, for each is lighter with agility and science counted with sheer brute strength. Two blasts louder and fiercer yet, and then a crash as they go together in sudden, swift charge, head on, for so to the careless gladiator that fails to meet the shock fair and true. If he swerve he must give ground and expose his side to the polished lance of his rival's head, and one chance home of such weapons would probably end the battle.

Front to front they strive, pushing furiously, straining with all the wondrous nervous strength of deer, panting heavily with the tremendous exertion of a life and death struggle. First one is forced backward and then the other yields in turn. Sharp tines draw blood from both; they fall upon their knees, rise again, wheel this way and that, but ever head to head and pushing with what strength remains.

At last, too exhausted to battle further, they attempt to draw apart for a moment's breathing spell. But the restless sparring of opposing points has worked a horrible mischief. The two antlers have got entangled in a way that allows of no separation, and both the poor beasts must die. In desperation one lunges forward in a final effort and, perhaps, breaks by adversary's neck. He has won the fight, but the dead buck is the more fortunate of the two. The winner may fall down or stand up, his head is pinned to the dead one. He may pull and push as he will, his doom is sealed.

Weak and trembling from his deadly toil; craving to reach the well-known watering-place, and to bury his dust-fouled, foaming muzzle in the saving stream, he may stand or lie where he is. Undoubtedly the welcome deer is not long delayed; the tortures of thirst hasten the end, and in a brief time, perhaps, a keen-nosed wolf winds the rich prize and leads her greedily lured to the abundant feasting, or an instinct-guided raven falls like a plummet from airy heights, and in stooping, signals to his kind that food is found.

There are several methods of destroying the deer, and unfortunately, most of them savor of the shambles, and are, or should be, beneath the notice of men claiming to be sportsmen. These may be fairly dismissed as being unworthy the serious consideration of readers of *Outing*.

One method, and a bad one, luckily seldom practiced save by lumbermen and settlers in need of fresh meat, is attack-

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ing the deer during the period of deep snow, when, perchance, a strong crust has formed. A number of deer may assemble, during severe weather, in a sensible bit of woodland rich in favorite food. The assembled animals, while feeding to and fro, tramp down a certain extent of snow, forming what is sometimes termed "a yard," as do the sheep. When a hunter or a hunterman discover one of these yards disgusting slaughter is apt to result.

A party of men mounted on snow shoes can speed over the snow crust, which is the surest hoofed animal, and it is not an easy matter to turn the poor animals to a standstill and knock them on the head with axes or clubs. A shot or a hit will stampede the deer in the yard, and in fleeing they reach the deep snow, thus following forward for a short distance they find themselves trapped and helpless, and capable of doing nothing more than plunging feebly. Aided by their snow shoes the butchers soon overtake the unsuspecting deer in death-glancing mead. Needless to say, only a settler wanting meat, or a brute in human guise gives such murder.

Another method, and he who follows it forfeits his claim to sportsmanship. This is, I believe, popular in the South, but I fail to see where the hunted animal has any chance for its life, or where the hunter has to show any skill beyond a desire to hit a mark in a somewhat baffling light, and at a distance of only a few paces. Two murderers can best perform this unsavory task, and they hunt afoot, the one under hand being fired over the other and mounted upon horses, or mules, which would not mind a gun being fired over their heads.

At night, through the dark woods, the fire-hunters walk or ride, one man bearing a blazing fire-pan in front, which is fed with fat pine knots or other suitable fuel. Behind the pine-skull, the hunter's countenance, with a shotgun charged with buckshot. The light from the fire-pan reaches some distance ahead, and presently it "shines" the eyeballs of some animal which has halted to gaze wonderingly at the fiery invader. Two sorts of creatures, from horse or cow down to broad-faced owl, may be "shined" during a night's hunt, the hunter-trusting to their experience to tell them what the owner of the glowing eyes may be. Green hawks frequently have to pay for a coat, or a heifer, as a result of fire-hunting, but men well posted in the butchery seldom fail to recognize a deer's eyes.

The animal appears to be fascinated by the torch, and will stand and stare curiously for some time, providing the hunters keep reasonably quiet. In the gloom just behind the torch-light, the pan-bearer finally marks a brace of mule-deer, their size, color, and the distance between them, he knows that they belong to a full-grown deer. The two men cautiously advance, until they are as near the shining eyes as they can safely venture. Then the man with the shot-gun levels on the dark space between the eyes and a storm of buckshot kills or wounds the deer as the case happens to be. If the hunter hear a fall and a struggling in the undergrowth, they can safely venture that the deer has not been vain; but sometimes a lightning rush through the cover, and a crashing of twigs growing rapidly fainter, tells that the game has only been wounded, or has been missed outright. In any case, fire-hunting has no place among honest sports, and, unhappily, it is very deadly.

Upon a par with this method is the "jacking" or "floating," so common upon northern lakes during the first of the open season for deer. The animals lead the water to drink, or to feed upon lush aquatic growths, and fall inglorious prey to the fire-hunters. In this case two men sally forth at night in a canoe, or

skiff, one man sitting, or kneeling, in the bow and the other near the stern with a gun forward, a spear or rifle, and a torch or "jack-lantern," rigged in front of him. As a rule the "jacks" are arranged so that the light can be shut off or turned on at will, and sometimes the light is furnished by a small lantern fixed on the stern's aft.

The most important matter is that the light should be thrown ahead strongly while leaving everything behind it in dense shadow. It is usually directed so as to sweep the shore of a stream, or within range of the shore of a lake, until game is located. A cautious advance upon the wondering animal, a roar of a gun and a hit or a miss, complete the story of what is, despite the assurance of its stories, simply an outrageous piece of pot-hunting.

Another method equally unsportsmanlike, is lying in ambush within easy range of a spring or a "salt lick," and putting the unsuspecting deer which may happen to come in search of salt or water. This requires no more skill than an ability to tell from which quarter the breeze is blowing and to post one's self accordingly, and is fired from a dead rest.

Coursing deer with fleet horse and gall bound is an entirely different matter. In certain portions of the South and West this method is possible, and a man could ask for no more thrilling experience than may be found in a wild fire gallop, with the fleetest of quarries and noble hounds in front, and the best horse under him as keen in the race as his excited rider. The densely forested condition of the wilder portions of the northern country, where deer yet abound, and the fact that the American deer prefers to hunt, when he can get a chance, in a kind of country where no horseman could possibly follow hounds with safety or pleasure, forbids coursing ever finding favor with the people best able to support it.

And now having glanced at some of the irregular methods, we come to the two regular styles of deer-hunting—driving with hounds and stalking, or as it is called in America, "still-hunting."

I am aware that my opinion of the relative value of these two methods will clash with the views of many men sportsmen, yet, after having enjoyed a fair share of "hounding" and of "still-hunting," I have no hesitation in declaring for the latter as being the sportsmanlike way of hunting the deer.

Any man with fair shooting ability and owning one or more dogs capable of running a fresh track, may be a successful "hounder" of deer, providing he knows enough to select a proper "runway" (regular path of deer) in the woods, or an advantageous point upon the shore of a forest lake. Deer have a habit of running to water, if possible, when chased by dogs—hence the name, which comes to these scounders to deer life, the wolves.

This habit and the well known fondness deer display for certain selected routes, or "runways," leading from point to point in the forest, are the weaknesses which the "hounder" takes deadly advantage. A man knowing the "runways" (always easily discovered) of a tract of woods, can post a gun where one runway tops a ridge, and another where the trail-giving swimmer ends its sufferings.

The picture of "hounding" is not overdrawn, and, while the excitement of the wait while the game is afoot is keen through the ringing clamor of the pursuing hounds is enough to madden even sluggish blood, the final shooting of the game always caused me something closely akin to regret. In "hounding," moreover, a large tract of woods is necessarily disturbed, and the game in it frightened in all directions.

to begin. Having reached his chosen point, he releases the dogs and works through the cover until a fresh track is found. The scent may be somewhat difficult to pick up at first, but the dogs chide long now and then and run along until a sudden burst of trumpet tongues announce that they are sure of their game and are running in full cry. The work of the man who handles the dogs is done for the present, and he can either hasten to some ambush where he has reserved for himself, or work leisurely toward the guns.

Meantime, the men posted at the prevailing points have been awaiting developments with what patience they possess. Some of them will play for a certainty way, and they will keep peering about anxiously, starting nervously every time a nut falls, or a mouse or squirrel rustles in the dry sweep of the cover to right and left and anxious eyes, lead the game steep past him unawares; and the man watching the lake will scan every yard of visible shore and open water, and fidget, and squawk, and wonder if he can catch some way, or favor, or chance, or others. Every one of them hopes hard that he'll be the lucky man, and about the time when they feel that patience has ceased to be a virtue, a woodcock sprints and again it rises, sweet and far—the wondrous voice of a hound.

Every man's heart stirs in response to that sound, growing louder and clearer every moment. Now it swells like power as the chase crosses some high-power; anon it softens to a muffled tonguing as the running dogs slant down deep ravine, or toil in fierce haste through tangled nooks. Nearer and nearer the blood-stirring of the sports, louder and louder the red thudding of the dogs roar forth their maddening warning, till at last, like a great billow of noise, the cry rises above the last hill and crashes in full power amid the trees in view of the hound. Bears the hunters vigorously, hands clutch on weapons nervously, eyes flash and sharp—he is coming—he is on the advance of trumpet tones. It is glorious.

It has been, so far, but now comes the objectionable part. A great noble, hardy brute, trembling with mingled fright and the weariness of a long burst of speed, crashes past the man on the runway, and in quivering terror at the sight of an unexpected foe almost within striking distance.

If the man does not experience "buck-argue" and get crazily rattled (as he very frequently does), he can pull the trigger, he miss it clean or wound it (these things have been done), the chase continues. Soon the dogs speed past the excited man and the deer on and on, and the hound plunges bravely into the swim for its life.

It would be safe now from dogs alone, for deer are rapid and almost tireless swimmers. The man who has a dog, and a water has seen the quarry. The closing act of the drama is something for which I have no taste. Well and rapidly as the deer may swim, it cannot escape the pot-hunter pursuing in swift canon or skiff, and a moment's shot will find the swimmer end its sufferings.

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The successful qualifications for success in this branch of sport are simple enough. If one can shoot fairly well—say, can hit a deer with buckshot anywhere under fifty yards—and can control his nerves when the pinch comes, shoot all she/he has to do is to remain patiently at his stand and keep a sharp lookout. The guns do the waiting—the dogs do the rest. Of course, when the shot-gun goes place to the rifle, the difficulty of hitting the deer is greatly increased, and a stronger element of sport is introduced, but even then there is no glory that I can see in pumping lead after a swimming deer.

How different are the conditions governing "still-hunting." Here is a fair matching of instinct of a high order, aided by speed, endurance, keen sight and keener nose, after finished woodenst, patience, perseverance, judgment, microscopic observation and close skill with the rifle. The man possessing all these qualifications necessarily has the advantage of the deer, but it has been lacking of one, or more, and he will never possess the honor of a successful hunt. In the sport, the wiry, enduring frame, the oak-like step, the coolest judgment, the keenest eyes, that see everything almost without looking—the steady nerve and the ripest knowledge of woodsward, all play great parts. Indeed, the man who can successfully still-hunt a wary old buck in difficult cover, when there is no gun on the ground to deaden foot-falls and plainly betray the route taken by game is entitled claim the honor of being a master of the craft.

Such a man is seldom met even in the best game districts; I know and have "still-hunted" with three of the veterans who know every phase of forest life, who could read "sign" minute as a leaf displaced, or a slight abrasion on a rock, as plainly as I could read printed page. They were born still-hunters and hated two things equally—one the tongue of running wind, and the other shore of deer on the runway or in the water. Any of these men would put a bullet through a trailing hound with more satisfaction than they would kill a fox of Ontario.

A glance at a bit of sport in Western Ontario may show what still-hunting is like under ordinary conditions. In the portion of the province which lies between Lake Erie and Little St. Clair is a magnificent tract of the lakes that is made up of unbroken miles of heavy forest. Placid, almost currentless creeks and bordered ponds mark it here and there, and one side of the tract is so little above the level of the lakes that it is made up of unbroken miles of heavy forest. Placid, almost currentless creeks and bordered ponds mark it here and there, and one side of the tract is so little above the level of the lakes that it is made up of unbroken miles of heavy forest.

Since the days of "Ferreter" the region has afforded capital mixed stock and the game-fist embracing deer, turkey, grouse, duck, quail, dove, cock, quail, mouse and sundry warblers. It is of course, not so good at present as it once was, but a still-hunter can find deer and turkey in the timber, and the liver of the

(Continued on page 939.)

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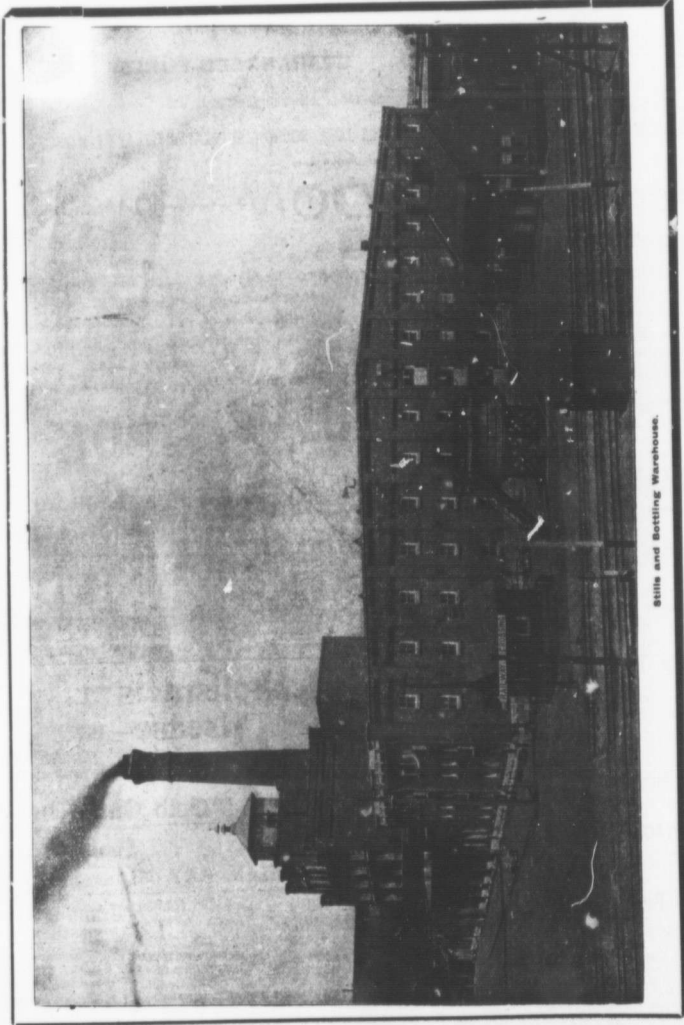
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Trade AND OTHER Notes.

A too active tongue has cost many a hotel proprietor his position.

THERE is no profit in an overworked employe, even to the employer.

What has become of all the hotel talent dispersed through the World's Fair a year ago?

Poor food exhibitions are more numerous than pure food exhibitions, a fact to which hotel stewards can testify.

As elevator boys in a large western hotel committed suicide. The ups and downs of life seemed too great to bear.

The architect who plans a hotel that does not need remodeling before it is a year old is yet to appear on the scene.

The hotel steward who is never impatient must rank as one of the slowest business men of the nineteenth century.

The wisdom of a tourist is nowhere more displayed than in the amount of baggage he carries; or the more experienced travelers always carry the least.

The clerk who informs the new arrival that the room he engages will cost never more it, and it often saves trouble when the day of settlement comes.

There have been filed at Trenton, N. J., in incorporation of "The Great White Sulphur Springs," which is said to mean a new whiskey trust, capitalized at \$5,000,000.

How to give the boarder of the country hotel all the earth and the fullness thereof for four dollars a week is one of the problems confronting the country hotel proprietor.

What the traveling public demands is fast, plain cooking, and good plain cooking demands the highest ability, found only in the most experienced and most skillful cooks.

MR. T. O'NEILL has purchased the old hotel place on the Dundas road and his street, has rebuilt and refitted it, and turned it into a first-class hotel. He held upon possession yesterday.

In book account is opened which records the wear and tear of hotel furniture and fixtures it is well for the proprietor to keep such an account in his mind, when figuring up his profits and losses.

MR. CHARLES CAMPBELL, proprietor of the Riverside House, Moulinette, is dead. Six weeks ago, he was thrown from his bicycle while driving, and received injuries in his hand, which resulted in his death.

While an appetite for lobster is reputed to be developing among hotel proprietors claim that this article does not contain any poison. It is said that it shall be done to harmonize these things, is the question.

Hotel keepers have to deal with the capricious and unreasonable animal into this part of the universe. To a colloquial expression, in comparison with the proprietor of a lively horse stock farm has a "picnic."

The Galatia Hotel, Amprico, has lately much improved, one of the improvements being the building of a verandah, with a fresh coat of paint and an addition to the kitchen causes it to take on a nicely metropolitan appearance.

Those of our esteemed contemporaries dwelling at length the proper way to register when arriving at a hotel.

The manner of registering is of no concern to either proprietor

or guest than the payment of the hotel bill.

"I have accepted a position in the office of the T— House," wrote the clerk looking for a job. A short time later he reported that he had sent in his resignation, which the proprietor was kind enough to accept.

ROBERT KEULTE, proprietor of the Sussex restaurant, took in on Monday an old silver coin about the size of an old English crown, dated back as far as the year 1726. It had been in a Jeffrey family for over a century.—St. John, N.B., *Telegraph*.

A hotel keeper in a town in Texas conducts the only hotel in town, has the only store, is the only legal authority of the place and on Sunday occupies the pulpit of the only church found in the town.

"Keeping the hotel," however, is what keeps him busy, his other duties being merely incidentals.

It is painful to witness that several seasoned contemporaries are still battling vigorously but vainly against the use of French on hotel bills of fare. One sees so little of anything but the plainest English on menus nowadays that the words of these fighters seem to be agitating only the open air.

BEFORE the Barricade Police Magistrate, last week, David Ellis, of Elmville, was charged with violating the liquor license act. Ellis has a shop license and it was proved that he sold liquor in smaller quantities than allowed by law and allowed it to be consumed on his premises. He was fined \$75 and \$111 costs.

On Monday morning, Mr. Fred Brunet, manager of the Revere House, Sussex street, Ottawa, led to the altar Miss Gravelle, sister of Mr. Louis Gravelle, the well known butcher of By Ward. The ceremony was performed by the parish priest, at the Church of Notre Dame de Lourdes, Cyrville.

The Saloonkeepers' Association of Cincinnati, Ohio, has recently commenced war on the several drug stores that are kept open after midnight. Now the druggists, to get even, will immediately commence on the saloonkeepers and will prosecute every one found selling drinks on Sunday, or found open after midnight. They have employed a private detective to watch them.

A BATHER exciting scene took place in a Lindsay hotel the other night. Two young lady guests having returned after spending the evening with friends, were surprised to find their room already occupied. The alarm was given and the intruder quickly conveyed to another rooming place. Needless to say he was perfectly harmless and never spoke during the process of removal.

The inland revenue receipts of the Toronto division for the month of October are as follows: Spirits, ex-warehouse, \$42,377.33; malt, ex-warehouse, \$19,399.58; tobacco, ex-factory, \$1,183.75; tobacco, ex-warehouse, \$22,694.89; cigars, ex-factory, \$2,174.70; cigars, ex-warehouse, \$1,325.35; wine, ex-factory, \$2,819.06; methylated spirits, \$2,156.25; licenses, \$670; petroleum inspection fees, \$760.20; other revenue, \$206.60; total, \$95,968.89.

Those who doubt the importance of the position held by the hotel clerk, who do not believe the personality of the office to be of any consequence, will find an investigation that the leading hotel managers and proprietors of the country are very careful in the selection of their office force. The clerk is the person who first meets the guests, and he is also the one who meets him last. Who, that has traveled extensively, does not remember the different impressions made by the clerks of different hotels?

It is reported that a "boom" has struck Palestine; real estate is rapidly advancing, many structures, among them hotels, are being erected and the locomotive is making the region in and about Jerusalem resound with its shrieking whistle. Modern business and travel is making all that is possible in historic places flee from the face of the earth. The railway is doing more to bring a unity of action and thought among the different nations of the world than either religion or government, although the chief inspiration seems to be business.

MR. GEO. O. ATKINSON this forenoon went into the City Hotel. Seeing a gun on a shelf, he commenced to investigate it. The gun was at half cock, and in pulling the trigger of the left hand barrel, of 4 by 3 inches through an inch board screen, in one of the sitting rooms and scattered the splinters all over the room at the time. This is another warning to be careful of handling fire arms. The gun was loaded for the purpose of shooting rats, and had been placed on the shelf for easy access.—*Adolph Mercury*.

THAT it is a serious offence against the law to purchase liquor for a person who is "black-listed" in the hotels, is quite evident from a police court case which came before Magistrate Dumble on Monday. "Shiner" McMahon was charged with having procured liquor for Hank Dehane, and the defence being weak, the magistrate fined McMahon \$25 and costs or 30 days in goal. "Shiner's" choice was a month's free board at the goal rather than pay twenty-five kopecks. The case, it is hoped, will prove a warning to the public, that the procuring of liquor is a serious offence.—*Calvary Sentinel-Star*.

MR. JOSEPH DUNN, the popular hotel-keeper, having his license transferred from the Grant House to the Gosling House, on the corner of King and Tiddon streets, gave a dancing party and supper at the opening of the latter house under his management on Thursday night. About twenty-five couples were present to partake of the hospitality of the new host. The Gosling House has long been the resort of farmers coming to London market, who find its stabling convenient, and its other accommodations suitable for their wants. Mr. Dunn enters upon the new management with good prospects of success.—*London Free Press*.

MARQUIS DE CROISIC (Richard De Legrot), whose financial misfortunes in connection with the New Fifth Avenue hotel bearing his name gave him much notoriety a year ago, is under arrest on a charge of perjury, the complainant being Edward Franke, a Harlem builder. Detective Reilly found the marquis and his wife living in a fashionable boarding house in New-York. They were greatly astonished when the detective produced a warrant and declared they were being persecuted. Despite the apparently comfortable circumstances in which the detective found him the marquis declared he was ruined, and had not money enough to pay his way to New York. The charge of perjury upon which the marquis was indicted grew out of his unfortunate hotel experiences. Complainant Franke alleges that on March 25, 1892, when he had been engaged to make extensive alterations in the Hotel De Legrot, the marquis, in two affidavits filed with the department of buildings, said he was the sole owner of the hotel, and that in another paper filed about the same time with excise board he swore the hotel was the property of his wife. Franke made the allegations as required, believing he says, that the marquis owned the hotel. The builder says his loss was more than \$11,000.

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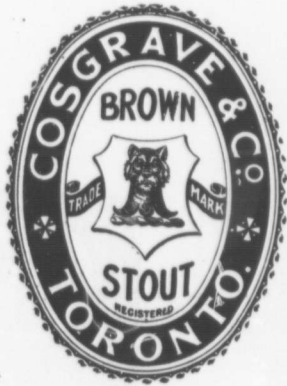
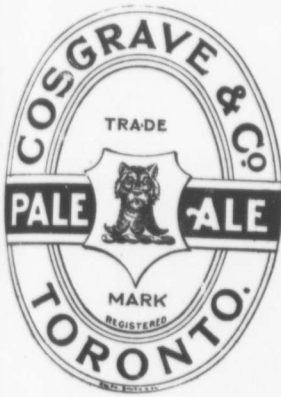
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The Advocate.

LOUIS P. KRIBBS

Editor and Proprietor

ISSUED EVERY WEEK

HEAD OFFICE

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Toronto, Thursday, November 8, 1884.

THE TEMPLAR ENRAGED.

MESSES. WALKER & SONS, of Walkerville, Ont., manufacturers of "Canadian Club" and other whiskies, have recently tried themselves and their business before the Canadian public in a manner almost if not wholly unprecedented, and admitted to challenge stout and criticism. The *Templar* should, therefore, not be deemed intrusive, but rather commendable as discharging a sacred trust, if from its standpoint as a social and political economist it accepts the invitation and investigates the peculiar and prosperous industry conducted by the now wealthy Walker & Sons.

The *Templar*, the organ of the "Advanced Prohibitionists," is always radical and usually courteous. Occasionally it rises in wrath, and when so it wields the pen like unto the healthy husbandman on a bright morning in January; but never have we seen it so completely lose its temper—if an "it" has a temper—as in its last issue in connection with the above. Every reader of the newspapers knows, Messrs. Hiram Walker & Sons recently formally opened their new business offices at Walkerville. The offices are the finest in America, and the owners celebrated the event fittingly. We all thought the session auspicious, but it seems we all were mistaken. It appears that the event was a public calamity, tending to produce widespread ruin and untold desolation, and the *Templar* devoted seven columns of fat faced type to denouncing the peculiar atrocity of a distilling firm having the audacity to erect business offices. From this outburst we obtain a deal of information which hitherto we were unblest with.

It would seem that Hiram Walker & Sons are "a parasite on legitimate industries" and likewise that the money they may be possessed of "has been blood," in consequence of which "wives die in sorrow and babes starve at the breast of famishing mothers." Truly this is terrible. But it is nothing to that follows. The "nation" is guilty of "folly," "inconceivable vice and torments are concealed," the distillers are "drinking the vital forces" and Canadian "Club" is doing a "deadly and damnable work," likewise "wounds and bruises," "is simply awful. It is bad enough to find, but to conceal inconceivable woes and torments is demonic and quite in keeping with the other deadly and damnable work.

Nor is this all. The new offices it is declared have been decorated through "extensive brigandage," and "the imprecations and curses of the lost which wake the echoes of the infernal regions." Very ornate indeed must be these last ornaments which the same authority alleges were donated by the "high Priestesses of Hell." But to proceed, the legislators are designated as "dumb dogs," the press as "hiring shepherds" and the citizens as revelling in "a carnival of sin and shame." And so on to the end of the list, with much language which we would not care to repeat, and all quite as foolish as it is vile.

We shall not moralize on this overflow. If the *Templar's* constituency like that of a dish it is about what we would expect of them. It is their idea of practical temperance. But to Bro. Buchanan, who at heart is not a bad fellow, we would make a suggestion. All flesh is grass and he might hire himself out for fall pasture until the cooling frosts of autumn bring him back to his senses. Otherwise his friends should keep an eye upon him.

THE LATEST ATTACK.

MR. F. S. SPENCE, secretary of the Dominion Alliance, has, through the medium of the Toronto *Star*, made a deliverance upon the present attitude of the temperance people with respect to proposed parliamentary and legislative action. Mr. Spence speaks with the authority of the Dominion Alliance, and his words may be taken as indicating the decision of that body. He describes the position of the Prohibitionists as one of waiting, but they are not to remain inactive long. Both the Dominion Parliament and the Ontario Legislature are to feel the weight of their influence before the birds come back in the spring. With regard to the larger body Mr. Spence says:

We cannot do much in the Dominion until the Royal Commission's report is received. It is, you know, considered discourteous when the House asks for information, as it did on the question again. You see then how effectually the system shunted the question. I don't say that the question was intentionally shunted. It was, however, effectively done.

But the temperance people are getting tired of this. It was three years ago last June since a Royal Commission was appointed, and no report has been given yet. It can be easily be shunted at the next meeting of Parliament. The report will consist of six volumes of at least one thousand pages each. The members may raise objections and thus postpone consideration. We don't expect a favorable report. But we expect to get some valuable information on the question. We want the report made so that we may discuss it freely. We won't wait longer, though. We have been treated discourteously and should not be expected to wait longer. The question will be brought up whether the report is presented or not.

So far so good. Our latest information is that the report of the Royal Commission will be ready by the end of the year. Whether it will be distributed before Parliament meets we do not know. It is

a report to Parliament and may be first presented to that body, which is the usual custom.

Mr. Spence does not expect the report to be "favorable." No man knows better than the secretary of the Dominion Alliance why not to expect a report favorable to Prohibition. As the representative of the Alliance before that Commission he attended the meetings of that body from Halifax to Victoria, he heard the evidence and knows its weight. No man knows better the utter unworkability of a prohibitory law or the enormous evils that follow in its wake. And no man knows better that once the report is out, its judgment will have to be met by something better than slang-wrangling the Commissioners.

The question is to be brought up whether the report is presented or not. Why, bless us! the question was brought up at the last session of Parliament, was discussed by half a dozen members to an empty house and was then relegated to the dust heap. Perhaps our friends may have a better organization next time. Regarding the Legislature Mr. Spence remarks:

We are waiting for the Supreme Court's decision on the jurisdiction question. That may not now be ready before next March. If it is decided before the close of the next session of the Provincial Legislature that the Province has jurisdiction to deal with the question we will expect Prohibition at once. If it decides that the Province has not jurisdiction, we will then press some moderate reforms. If the decision is not made in time for the next Legislature, than minor reforms may be urged.

If it is decided that the Province has jurisdiction the Alliance may "expect" Prohibition at once but whether they will get it is quite another thing. The Legislature will have something to say in the matter, and this, it must be borne in mind, is a new Assembly. It is in its infancy and minor reforms that Mr. Spence strikes the key-note of the true line of action that is to be adopted. He describes these reforms thus:

They will be in the line of license reform. We will demand a more rigid enforcement of the law throughout the country. We will ask that no one be given liquor if he is less than 21 years of age. We will ask that the penalty of breach of the law be heavier and more strictly enforced. We will ask that the hours of selling liquor be materially reduced. Another reform which we will advocate is that in connection with the retaining of licenses by license holders. Now a man before he can secure a license in a place where a saloon existed must secure the signature of the majority of the voters in the sub-division. If he once secured this there is nothing further necessary. The voters cannot deprive the man of the license. We ask that voters may be given permission to take away as well as give a license.

We have again and again warned the trade that their opponents were determined to harass where they could not destroy. And now look at this propaganda. Did the ingenuity of man ever devise more vexatious embarrassments, senseless and malicious as they are. A hotelkeeper is to decide as to the age of his customers, additional penalties are to be

found, additional burdens exacted, his hours of business to be curtailed and his property to be placed in jeopardy at the mere whim of his neighbors. The rights, nay, the convenience even of the public is in no way to be considered, the public principles are to be outraged, the citizen who believes in the moderate use of liquor is to be set completely in the background, and all so that these men of one idea may harass and vex and beggar a legitimate trade. The assumption of these people is intolerable but their very assumption will carry them to success if effort is not met by effort. The trade must be thoroughly organized against this attack. If organized they can defeat it, unless organized they will be defeated. We wish to emphasize this to our readers.

THE TERRITORIAL ELECTIONS.

The elections for members of the North-West Assembly have been held and there is now in the Prohibition camp. The "fadists" made a determined effort. They brought out their men in good time, organized a roaring campaign, flooded the plains with literature and heralded far and wide their determination to "sweep the country." Indeed, nothing less than a clean sweep would satisfy them.

What is the result? They stand in a worse light than in the last Assembly. They are weaker numerically and they have made their big fight. The people of the territories had a taste of Prohibition, and they wanted no more of it. In South Regina they made a dead set at Mowatt because he had side-tracked a Prohibition resolution last year. Mowatt was elected by a good runoff majority. In Moosejaw, so as to secure the defeat of Speaker Ross they put up Aimable, a Chief among the Royal Templars. Ross had 126 majority, in Moosejaw Neff had 126 majority, though he was opposed by one of the Royal Templars' Grand Councilors. A great shot was made they thought in inducing Rev. Leonard Gaetz to take the field in Red Deer. The rev. gentleman is now a sadder and a wiser man. In Banff Dr. Brett was denounced but the doctor easily got 'ere just the same. In West Calgary Sifton, son of Hon. J. W. Sifton, of Manitoba, a Supreme Councillor of the Templars, etc., was beaten out of his boots by Critchley.

But the fun was in Medicine Hat. Tweed is an hotel keeper and so is his opponent Fearon. Tweed played the repentant racket, promised to vote for Prohibition, was endorsed by the Templars, who turned out for him in a body, and was roundly beaten by Fearon, who refused to even consider the question of Prohibition. Finally Premier Haultain, who has been a favorite subject of Templar denunciation for the past two years, and who was daily and weekly warned to note the handwriting on the wall, was elected by acclamation. Perhaps our temperance friends may now be able to decipher certain inscriptions on the plaster!

PROHIBITION IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

SOUTH DAKOTA enjoys the privileges and blessings of Prohibition, has done so since 1890. The State is a high table land, a wind swept prairie, the home of the cyclone, suffering the greatest degrees of cold of any territory on the North American continent outside the Arctic circle, and is principally known to the rest of the world because of the poverty of its inhabitants occasioned by the frequency of destructive blizzards. It is therefore a most promising field for the operations of a prohibitory law.

Mr. H. H. Guernay, of Altamont, in that State, has compiled official figures in relation to the operation of the prohibitory law, obtained from the clerks of the courts in each of the organized counties. There are forty-one of these organized counties, and thirty-four of these organized counties that the use of liquor has not lessened under the law, while seven "think" that it is lessened. But that is a small part of it.

From the report it transpires that in the less than four years of the operation of the law there have been 1,189 arrests for selling liquor of which only 81 were convicted. To secure these convictions cost \$45,040, a sum so enormous compared with the results attained that it is no wonder the people have grown weary of the drain. Even if this had resulted in enforcement there might have been some recompense but there are now in the State 287 open saloons, places that openly and ostentatiously defy the law and are supported by the people in doing so, and 403 known "blind pigs," that is, saloons which make some pretence of concealing their business but are known to the general public. How many exist that have not this general reputation cannot be determined.

This is a splendid result, is it not, for four years of Prohibition.

From a temperance contemporary we learn that "The Canadian Pacific Railway has rallied to the aid of a lawless and murderous gang." So? We know nothing as to the "gang," but we do know that Sir William Van Horne stands so immorally above his prohibition traders that it is probable he does not even know that he has been attacked.

MANITOBA prohibitionists met the other day and demanded that a measure in accordance with their views should be passed at the next session of the Legislature. They pointed to the plebeitic Premier Greenway did not see it in that light. He did not know whether he wanted Prohibition and anyway he was decided not to act until the question of jurisdiction was settled. So our Manitobans friends will have to worry along under the law for a while yet.

THE Templar remarks: "If the Advocate desires to be understood as the champion of law breakers and murderers

and the bully of the friends of law and order it will see that we understand it wishes and respect them." Both? Bro. Buchanan reminds us of a poet once wrote about a much greater man:

We thought that genius dwelt above those blinking eyes,
And smiled benignly at that enormous size.
We all were wrong,
'Twas but the damnable strain
Of cast-iron and water on the brain.

MR. LOSEAR REINHARDT, of "Salvador" fame, has purchased, at a good round figure it is said, that very desirable residence 487 Jarvis street and is receiving the congratulations of his many friends in which THE ADVOCATE desires to warmly join. It is a magnificent property, one of the finest on this street of beautiful homes. The extensive premises are surrounded by spacious grounds well laid out with evergreen shrubbery, spreading vines and fruit-bearing trees. Our readers will join with us in expressing the hope that Mr. Reinhardt will long be spared to enjoy in prosperity with his good wife and family, the beautiful home they now possess.

ORGANIZATION.

MR. E. DICKELDIE meeting at Milton on Wednesday, October 31st, for the County of Halton. Owing to rain and bad roads the attendance was not as good as expected, but those present affiliated themselves with the Provincial Association and further meetings will be held at Georgetown and Oakville, in the same county. At the conclusion of the same the Association for the county will be formally completed. He also held a very successful meeting at Brampton for the County of Peel on Thursday, the 1st inst., and formed an association with the following officers: John Clark, Brampton, president; Edway Waterhouse, Cooksville, 1st vice-president; J. Farrell, Streetsville Junction, 2nd vice-president; K. H. Kessey, Brampton, secretary; Henry, Cheltenham, member of Provincial Executive.

On Friday another very successful meeting was held at Collingwood for West Simcoe, and an association formed with the following officers: Thomas Collins, Collingwood, president; John Henderson, Duntroon, 1st vice-president; John Wilcox, Stayner, 2nd vice-president; J. C. McFadyen, Collingwood, secretary; auditor; E. J. Stone, Collingwood, president; Jas. Rowland, member Provincial Executive.

Under unforeseen circumstances the proposed trip of the Provincial Secretary to the eastern part of the Province is postponed for another week.

THE INDIANA STATE LIQUOR LEAGUE.

The Indiana State Liquor League held its annual meeting at Mozart Hall, Indianapolis, Oct. 15, and effected a complete reorganization. The election of officers resulted as follows:

President, John Wetlicher, Indianapolis; Vice President, J. V. Bain, Hammond; Treasurer, Henry Victor, Indianapolis. After the new officers were installed Mr. August Stoker, of Lafayette, offered a resolution, which was passed unanimously, that the present association shall be non-political in every respect.

The President then appointed as mem-

bers of the Executive Board: August Stoker, of Lafayette, Secretary; Daniel Engle, J. H. Gruenhart, F. Welland, Wm. Beatty of Indianapolis, Charles Mounier and G. C. Memering of Terre Haute, Hugh McGurty of Brazil, M. F. Grady of Lafayette and L. F. Wilson of Shelbyville. It was decided to hold the next meeting in Indianapolis. The Executive Board went into session and appointed J. F. Callen, publisher of the Hotel and Sample Room, as the official State Secretary.

HALLOW'E'EN.

The Annual Banquet of the Toronto Caledonian Society.

The annual Hallow'e'en dinner of the Toronto Caledonian Society was held this year as usual at the Walker House. On the occasion the management put up one of the best spreads that Scotland ever set down. The menu card was a splendid piece of work from the lithographic presses of Alexander & Cable, done in colors and winding up with President Simpson's motto:

"Our ship is tight, and sure, and bravely rigged,
As when we meet our foe at sea."
For the benefit of our hotel-keeping friends we append the menu and toast list as specimens that may be useful for similar occasions:—

MENU.

"COME SIT YE DOWN."

"Some merry friendly country folks
Together did convene,
To burn their ails and join their stocks
And hand their Hallow'e'en."

"Some ha'e met an' canna eat,
An' some wad eat that wad it,
But wa'e hae' mact an' we can eat,
The tale the Lord be thankit!"—BURNS.

SALTED ALMONDS. SPANISH OLIVES.

Soup.
"Now good digestion wait on appetite and health on both."—Shakespeare.
Scotch Broth.

Fish.
"Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea."

Lake Eric White Fish, Maitre d'Hotel Potatoes, a la Parisienne. PALE SHERRY.

SCOTCH HAGGIE.
"Fair fa your honest sony face,
Great chieftain of the puddin' race."—BURNS.

Entrée.
Tenderloin of Beef, Larded with Mushrooms, Escalloped Oysters.

Joists.
Turkey, Cranberry Sauce, Leg of Lamb, Crab Apple Jelly, and a dish of Venison, Port Wine Sauce.

Vegetables.
Mashed Potatoes, Scotch Kale, Sugar Corn, Green Peas.

ROCK PUNCEL.
Ome.
Lake St. Clair Wild Duck, Saratoga Chips, SANDERMAN'S OLD PORT.

Entrée.
Caledonian Pudding, Brandy Sauce, Marmalade Tart. Mince Pie, Peach Pie.

Scotch Short Bread. Macaroons.

Desert.
"Across the walnuts and the wines."—Tennyson
Apples Pears Bananas Grapes
Figs Raisins
CALIFORNIA CLARET.

Cheese—Bouquet, Canadian.
Cider. Coffee.

GLENLIVET TODDY.

TOASTS.

"TIL BUTTERED BROWN W' PROBRANT LANT SET A THEIR GARS A-BERTERIN."

"W' merry songs, and friendly cracks,
I met the auld warty,
And wove laces, and funny jokes,
My spallars were cheery and cheery."

The Queen:
"A perfect woman, nobly planned,"

The Governor-General of Canada and the Lieut.-Governor of Ontario:
"But he still was faithful to his clan,
My spallars were a Highland man."

The Dominion Parliament and Legislature Assembly of Ontario:
"In gathering votes ye were no slack,
Now stand as lightly by your lack;
Never claw your lug and fidge your back,
An' lum an' lum, and tell your crack,
Before them a."

The Mayor and Corporation of the City of Toronto:
"The subject who is truly loyal
To the Chief Magistrate will
Neither advise nor submit
To his country's misdeeds."

The Army, Navy and Veterans:
"Bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Hielan' gill;
He has nae mair, but how to kill,
Twa a blow."

The Day and o' Wha Honor it:
"To burn their ails an' 'pu' their stocks,
An' hand their Hallow'e'en."

The Land We Left and the Land We Live In:
"Oh Scotia, my dear, my native soil,
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent,
"Land of the great inland sea,
Swept by the mighty breeze,
Fair Canada."

Sister Societies:
"Then let us pray that each as may,
As come it will for a' that;
That man to man, and world to world,
Shall brothers be for a' that."

Commercial Interests:
"The past is great, but the greatest is that which is yet to come."

The Press:
"A chief's amang ye takin' notes
An' faith he'll print it!"

The Ladies:
"The most man the world ever saw,
He dearly lov'd the lassies O,
Rud King Spyc,
"Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And the days o' auld lang syne."

"Gude night, an' joy be wi' ye o' us."

JUDICIAL SALE

Re HIRAM JAMES BROWN
A LUNATIC

The following Hotel Property

Will be Sold by Public Auction

on

Friday, 9th day of Nov., 1894

AT THE
BROWN HOUSE, AYLMER, ONT.

At Two o'clock in the afternoon

Viz.—The well-known and popular hotel
in Aylmer, Ont., known as the Brown
House, three stories, forty bedrooms, wash
rooms, good stabling, etc., and also four acres
which produce an annual rental of \$200.
The property will be sold subject to a mortgage
bid

For further particulars, terms, etc., see lay
posters, and inquire

MESSERS. EDGAR & MALONE,
Barristers, Toronto.

MESSERS. McLEAN, McLEAN & CAMERON,
Barristers, St. Thomas.

MESSERS. MILLER & BACKHOUSE,
Barristers, Aylmer.

W. W. WHITE, ESQ., Auctioneer, Aylmer.

ROBERT MILLEK, Master, at St. Thomas.

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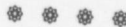
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HOW THEY DRINK IN NEW MEXICO.

The man from New Mexico and his Chinese friend stood against the bar in one of the palatial saloons of Chicago. The dispenser put out four glasses. "Where's your beer?" asked the New Mexico visitor.

"An' not on," responded the dispenser.

"Never tend bar in New Mexico?"

The dispenser said he never had the pleasure.

"The pleasure nothin'. Tain't no pleasure, I tell 'un. It's such a man's life is worth. But I see you don't savor about the beer. Well, I'll tell you how they drink in New Mexico. There's only one thing to drink—that's whiskey or glass. He ain't got no whole lot of glasses, like you. He just sets up one big glass. Then he takes out his beer and he marks the glass for us money. Say there's three. He puts two beer marks on the glass about so far apart. Then he fills the glass himself with liquor to the rim of the glass. The first man in the party drinks down to the first beer mark, and then he passes the glass to the next man, and he drinks down to the second beer mark, and the third man drinks to the bottom of the glass. Tain't safe for a man to go before his beer mark. A man in New Mexico who'd do that wouldn't live long enough to send his wife a 'divin' request. A New Mexico man might rot a stage coach, but he wouldn't drink before his beer mark. Got any water?"

"Oh, yes. Plenty of water."

"Well, set 'er up. And if there's any thing extra for it, I'll pay the cost. Say—this is the finestest town I was ever in. The idea of settin' up four glasses for two men to drink outen. I reckon there ain't another town on earth where such 'strangement is seen."

THE NEW LAW IN OHIO.

The food and liquor adulteration laws are being vigorously enforced by the Ohio Food Commissioner. Local liquor dealers have received rules and regulations and labels for their guidance. Every article must be sold for exactly what it is. For instance: Gin must not be sold for "Holland" gin, unless it is manufactured in Holland, and "Cognac" or "French" brandy must not be sold unless it is manufactured in France. The sale of brandy is prohibited, unless it is distilled from grapes or grape juice, and when manufactured in this country must not be sold as foreign brandy; and apple and peach brandy must not be sold unless distilled from the fruit. The laws of Ohio on the subject of vices are very clear and very strict. Pure wines must be fermented juice of the grape and nothing else, and only such wines can be sold and labeled as "Pure Wines." Every jug, bottle, bag, keg, barrel, or other receptacle in which intoxicating liquor is sold or delivered, must be labeled or branded with the words "Containing no poisonous drugs or other added poisons," together with the name of the person or firm preparing the package.

ALL THE SAME, ANYWAY.

A man went into a restaurant the other day and took a seat on a stool. He looked at the bill of fare a minute and then beckoned to the waiter. "Hay," he said, "gimme some veal."

"What's that, sir?" asked the waiter,

as he brushed the crumbs into the man's lap and handed him a glass of water in which his thumb was immersed beyond the first joint.

"Gimme some veal."

"Veal?"

"Yes, veal."

The waiter wandered off to the kitchen and held an animated conversation with the cook. Pretty soon he came back and put a plate of dark red meat in front of the customer and began to pay close attention to it, as if he were eating it.

The customer turned the meat over with his fork. He inspected it on both sides. Then he said: "Hay, waiter, come here."

The waiter walked over and leaned on the counter.

"I asked for veal," said the customer, inquiringly.

"Yes."

"This ain't veal. It's roast beef."

"Roast beef?" repeated the waiter, in great astonishment.

"Yes, roast beef."

The waiter turned to walk away.

"Well," he said, "what's roast beef but veal in a second childhood? You gimme a patin."

PETTY TYRANNY.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET became a publicist in the way of restricting, or inducing the Government to restrict, the public as to how, when and where they should take anything to drink, and what they should and should not drink. This looked to some of us like love of tyranny. What does she do at home? At the end of her ladyship's park is one of the prettiest footpaths in the neighborhood, and this she proposes to close, apparently in order to prevent the public from overlooking her son's shooting ground. Lady Henry is good enough to offer another piece of ground for a path in exchange for the "prettiest walk in the neighborhood," but this proposal the authorities have not accepted. Now what does she do next? She erects a huge wooden partition along the whole length of the footpath, so that the Rogate public shall not be able to overlook her grounds. She has already, so it is reported, put up two sections 3 ft. by 7 ft. This is precisely the spirit in which well-to-do prohibitionists appear to desire to deal with the public. Lady Henry Somerset has prepared well-stocked game preserves for her son. The public footpath is inconveniently near them. But the public like to take a walk sometimes where a pheasant or a hare may be seen now and again. Oh, no! They must go elsewhere. Just so! Well-bred people may have champagne, port, brandy, pale ale, or whatever they please, but the public must not have any place where they may touch or taste anything of the sort. This may be petty government, but it is not also 'petty tyranny'—*Licensing World.*

A MODERN PURIST.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET, mist, it seems, be classed with the great army of professors whose practices do not by any means coincide with their preachments. According to the *Morning Star*, a lady, who poses as the embodiment of all the Christian virtues, derives a handsome portion of her income from a "fetid slum, a sink of all the corruptions, which stands in her name in the books of the St. Pancras authorities." Many portions of her Somerset Town estate are described as being "filthy and pestilential," and are condemned in the St. Pancras Health Report for the current year. One portion is said to be "a narrow, lathouse alley, in which one meets a type of humanity which is well suited to believe never existed than to try

to describe." Another portion, York buildings, "a collection of ramshackle shelters for the lowest class of laborers," has been condemned, and is to be demolished, and a similar fate awaits more of Lady Somerset's property off Church street, where the poor and children lounge about on floors and in doorways "in a condition of squalor and misery which it would be hard to match in all London." We are further told that "misery and filth present themselves on every side," and that "the neighborhood is worse than Seven Dials or Whitechapel."

"That it is the haunt of the most shameless, brutal and revolting vice." If Lady Henry Somerset were simply an ordinary property owner, such charges as these must, if proved, relegate her to the ranks of those who fatten upon the misery, vice and crime of their fellow-creatures; but when, with such a terrible record as this behind her, she poses as the champion of all that is light and beautiful and pure and virtuous, her audacity rises to a height of sublimity which ordinary language is inadequate to describe. It is nothing less, as she is wont to proclaim, that she presents a large share of her income from public-house property, and, quite fittingly, we now find that the impostor is not "a vice" at all. The *Empire* derives a further and probably a larger slice of revenue from the rents of rookeries which are hotbeds of filth, vice, disease and crime.—*The London World.*

THE AUDIENCE LAUGHED.

At one of Sir John Ripley's meetings a young Free Church minister at question time got up, and timidly said, "May I ask if Sir John is a testator?" The reply, given, as we should have thought characteristic of the man " 'Ye a testator? Certainly not!'" And how the audience laughed! Sir John is a confirmed lacheler, an enthusiastic angler, and an early riser. After striking a brief, he usually prepares himself for the day's labors by a ride, and whilst so engaged may often be encountered in Hyde Park. Shooting is, however, his chief relaxation, and he invariably seeks it in the Scotch moors. Sir John is just sixty by years of age, having been born in 1834 at Rumcorn in Cheshire. He was educated at Liverpool Collegiate Institute, and Trinity College, Cambridge. He graduated Second Wrangler and Second Smith's Prizeman in 1856, and second class in the classical tripos, and was elected a Fellow of his College. In 1860 he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, and acted as Junior Equity Counsel to the Treasury from 1875 to 1881, in which latter year he became Q. C. and three years after Bench of his Inn. He was appointed Solicitor-General and knighted in 1892, and succeeded Sir Charles Russell as Attorney-General during the present year.

PROHIBITION AT MEDICINE HAT.

The following communication appears in the last issue of the *Regina Leader*:

DEAR SIR,—Ever since the people of the West have had an opportunity of expressing their opinion upon the Prohibition question, it has been continually dinned into our ears by the moralists of the godly Province of Ontario how that our fair country has been dragged into the foul mire of "high license" from the pedestal of "pure Prohibition," which she enjoyed in the savory old permit days.

We have likewise been warned as to the action which these pariahs would take in election matters when they had the chance. How they would rise in their

might, march in their batallions to the ballot box and bring us back to the old slough water days once more.

Of course, when such a chance arose there would be no question about their candidate. He would be a Rehehatch of the Rehehatches, with not the slightest trace of the "unholy thimble" about him.

Well, sir, here in Medicine Hat, these people had a chance of bringing out a candidate of their own. Both Messrs. Tweed and Pearson were elected on such peculiar ideas. Now, where does their high morality and ranting come in?

Tweed is not a total abstainer, and still draws a revenue from the "curse" trade; yet upon giving a catch vote "plunge" at the eleventh hour our temperance friends, muffle their drums and to the mark like little men, the same as the rest of the "have-tos." Is it not time, sir, that these political pecksniffs and snivelling Rehehatches were taught a lesson by every elector who is opposed to cant and hypocrisy?

CONSENSIVE,
Medicine Hat, Oct. 21st.

INTERESTING EVENT AT BURTON.

The Burton Brewery Company recently completed the extension of premises for co-ownership purposes at a cost of something like £15,000, and the same day the general meeting of the directors of the firm of Truman, Hanbury, Buxton and Company celebrated the twenty-first year of its establishment in the town. During the ceremony associated with the former event, the chairman of the directors expressed the hope, which was of course shared by all present, that the occasion marked a new epoch in the history of the undertaking, and, with the like approval of the part of the audience, stated that the Burtonians were taught a lesson by the consolidation and stability of the concern were of greater moment than the temporary absence of dividends. Commenting on the event, a Burton contemporary remarks that some interesting reminiscences are awakened in a review of the house of business which is known the world over by the ensign of the "Black Eagle." Mention is made of the antiquity of the London section, in whose cellars there are deeds which show that their trade had its existence as far back as 1660, and it was not generally known that John Timbs, in one of his interesting books of research and anecdote, records an incident of later date, created by the burning of an immense vat of porter said to be the largest in the world. The liquor descended with great and destructive force into the vicinity of Brick Lane, inundated the poorer portion of the populace, and had fortunately received timely warning from the firm's surveyor. Even more recently the Burton branch has enabled the London centre in great things, for a few months ago it received an offer of £500,000 copper altogether unique in its diameter.

A SOAKER.

Mr. Bibber— "I just came down in the kitchen, love, to get a point or two, but if you go away next week I'll have to go on my own. If you ever get those boys dumping in the pan? Beans? Why do you have to soak 'em before cooking?"

Mrs. Bibber— "Of course."

Mr. B.— "That's funny. Now, if we was going to cook 'em, you'd be the only one that would cook yourself any additional soaking unnecessary."

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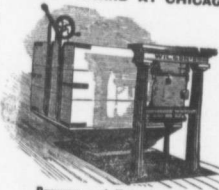
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Sporting.

Sleaz downpouring
 Rain and sleet
 James and Marie
 Chanon to marry

Marie thinks him
 Nice young fellow
 James, corrupted
 Shares misdeeds.

Could see it,
 Starts to sing;
 James invests in
 Flamingo ring.

Theatres, halls and
 Country dancing;
 Shanty music till
 Midnight haunting

James buys fables, chairs
 And bedding;
 Friends invited
 Stylish wedding.

Baby comes, and
 Yells like a blaze;
 James goes crazy
 Plays the races.

James gets busted
 Morrie for cash;
 Dies of leudanism
 Settles hash.

NOTES.

WHAT sporting interest is alive in Ontario is now fast centered on the struggle for the Rugby football championship between the Queens, of Kingston, and the Hamilton Tigers. Queen's won the first match on Saturday 19 to 10, but they did it by virtue of superior weight on a field that was a sea of water and mud. On hard ground there may be a different story to tell. On the same day Ottawa College defeated Montreal 14 to 11, for the Quebec championship. The match between the Ottawa representatives and the winners of the Kingston-Hamilton series will be interesting.

THE week has seen another fiasco in trotting circles—the match between the two great pacers, Robert J. and John R. Gentry, at Philadelphia. The stallion was too lame to go and was withdrawn at the end of two slow heats, when the gelding went out and did the circuit in 2:06, lowering the track record by two seconds. Gentry should never have been started and his owners knew it, and so did the crowd after they had paid their good dollars. The long and short of it is this, that it was a skin game to draw a crowd.

IT is a pity that the end of a great season should have been marred by these failures and the Alox-Dirctum fraud. Of this latter the statement now made is that Salisbury was guaranteed \$4,000 to bring the mare to Mystic Park, and start, while the promoters kept all she made over that amount. It was a nice scheme.

Well, the season is over, both for sulky and saddle. There is a trotting meeting at Dallas, Texas, yet to come, and the "skates" are still galloping around the southern tracks, but the good horses are all in winter quarters. Let us hope for a good year in 1895.

WHAT is the sense of keeping up the talk about the O.J.C. trouble as some of

the papers are doing. The thing is over, let it rest. Mr. Patteson, Mr. Torrance and Mr. Mead have retired. That is to be regretted for they were all good men. But the new directors, Robert Davies, Hon. Senator Ferguson, D. W. Alexander, Geo. Gooderham and Wm. Christie, are also good men and will be workers. The new second vice-president especially is no novice, and will be a decided aid to the working strength of the club. Better all, unite in an effort to make next year's meet a greater success than ever (than grumble about what is past.

THE Hamilton Jockey Club is in good shape. The annual meeting was held on Monday, and all the reports were satisfactory. The old board of directors were re-elected. J. M. Ledridge, J. J. Stuart, Geo. Roach, W. Hendrie, jun., Geo. E. Tuckett, J. S. Hendrie and Robert Thomson. A. D. Stewart was re-elected as secretary. The directors will meet in a few days to elect officers.

THE sale of trotting stock at Madison Square Garden, New York, last week, shows that prices have come down most materially from the boom figures of a couple of years ago. On the first day the lay stallion Regal Wilkes, the star of the sale, was purchased by J. F. Calloway, of Louisville, Ky., for \$2,726. Mr. Shultz, only two years ago, paid \$13,000 to own him. Baron Ross, a hand-some looking animal, sold for \$700, which was \$7,900 less than was paid for him by the seller. Pandect cost \$6,000 as a yearling and went for \$710. Robert Steel's consignment consisted of twenty-one head, which sold for a total of \$4,935, an average of \$235 per head. Isaac V. Baker, jr.'s lot of twelve head brought \$1,510, an average of \$125.80 per head. Thirty-three head, the property of J. H. Shultz, sold for a total of \$13,000, an average of \$396.66. On the following day a Michigan stall worth two years ago \$250,000, sold for less than \$20,000. These figures are sufficient to indicate that prices have come down to a normal level to say the least.

THE last issue of the *American Sportsman* contains an excellent portrait of our own Uncle Charlie Brown, whom it describes as "one of the leading admirers of trotters in Toronto." We guess it is about right, and moreover it might have added "the man who holds the world's record for greatest number of heats started in two hours and a half, made at Toronto Exhibition in September, 1894."

FROM PROFESSIONAL STANDPOINT.

Young mother (whose baby has been weighed by the butcher).—"And how much does the little fellow weigh, Mr. Ballwinckle?"

Butcher—"Twenty pounds, mum."

Young mother—"Isn't he a splendid specimen?"

Butcher (dubiously).—"Well, from my point of view, mum, he runs too much to suit."

COLT TROTTERS IN CALIFORNIA 1894.

The performances of the colt trotters in California so far this year have been very meritorious, when it is taken into consideration the fact that they are trotting only once generally one day for running and the next for trotting. It is a very rare occurrence for the trotters to have a track within two seconds as fast as any good track in the country. The most creditable performance by a colt this year was that of the yearling Adair, 2:23, by Advertiser, 2:15, Dan Beautiful, Bell, by the Moor. His first race was at San Francisco, August 17, where he made the yearling free for all, trotting the mile in 2:28. His next start was at Petaluma, August 23, where he won, going an easy mile in 2:30. At Woodland, August 27, he again won the free for all yearling race, trotting the mile in 2:26, first half in 1:15, last half in 1:11, and gained the world's race record for an entire colt, reducing Athalon's mark of 2:27 one second. Having no engagements either at Sacramento or Stockton, after the tracks being open for both runners and trotters, he was only exhibited through the stretches at these points. At San Jose, Friday, September 28, he was started to beat his record of 2:26 and won, trotting a very even mile in 2:23, the world's yearling record. It is possible for this colt to trot a mile in 2:20; he has shown eight in 17 seconds, 2:16 1/2. He combines all the qualities of the first-class racehorses, and the best age and wants to race.

The best two-year-old so far on the circuit this year is the chestnut filly La Belle, 2:16, second heat. She is by Sydney, dam Anna Belle, he by the late J. J. Hayward, son of Planet. This is a truly remarkable filly. She was a wonderful burst of speed, showing a half mile in a race in 1:06, and over such a track as Terre Haute or San Francisco, she would do better. Her mile close to the two-year-old record of Arthur, 2:10. Her best performance was at Stockton, September 17, where, trotting out two widths from the pole, the track being torn up on the inside for runners, she defeated the great colt Athania, by Jimmie, in 2:18, 2:16, the best two-year-old race ever trotted. The best three-year-old of the year so far is the unbeat Art, 2:16, in 2:18, 2:17, 2:16, the best three-year-old race ever trotted in California. At Woodland, September 1, she was again victorious in the free for all three-year-olds, trotting in 2:18, 2:20, 2:16, 2:16, 2:22, Sacramento, September 6, Art won the Occident stake, having an easy race, 2:27, 2:29, 2:31. At the same place September 11, she again won the three-year-old free-for-all. Losing the first heat in 2:20, she went to the half in 2:17, 2:18, 2:21, and finishing the mile in a jog. Gazelle, black filly, by Gossiper, has trotted the fastest mile for a three-year-old in California, 2:16. She has a fine way of going, is level headed, and is capable of beating her record. There are other three-year-olds that have shown that they are entitled to rank with the first division, several of them having, when beaten, been colt races for three-year-olds, Visalia, by Iris, son of Eros, winning a good race from a field of thirteen more than ordinary three-year-olds in 2:23, 2:18, 2:21, 2:21, and finishing the third heat. At Sacramento she reduced her record to 2:20, and was second in 2:17, 2:18. This filly has a phenomenal burst of speed, in

a third heat she trotted the last half in 1:04. Rio Alto has shown that he is made of the right material to race. He is by Palo Alto, 2:08, dam Fable, by General Benton; second dam Elaine, 2:29, half sister to Electorator. Rio Alto was the richest stake in California, the State Fair Turf, worth \$5,000 in straight heats, 2:21, 2:21, 2:20. He has for his engagements at the fall meeting of the Pacific Coast Trotting Horse-Breeding Association, and before the season is over he will add more laurels to the wreath that encircles the inventory of the dead queen, Green Mountain Maid, a dead horse.

A DOUBLE CROSS.

In the Time When They Used to Trot Mile Races. It is nearly thirty-five years since I went into a judges' stand as one of three magistrators of a turf event. It was some time in March, 1859, and the only appearances were there to twenty-five colt ten mile race within twenty-four hours. These were two matches for \$500 a side, play or pay, the contestants being the grey gelding, Old Chief, who was all appearances a thoroughbred long and I, was claimed at the time that he was by Gray Eagle, the great rival of Wagner, out of a Glencoe mare. The other was the famous bay mare, Princess, subsequently celebrated as the owner of J. P. Tenple, and now world renowned as the dam of Happy Medium. It is necessary to go back a little to review the circumstances that led up to the race. Princess had been brought out by Andrew J. Daniels in the fall of 1858, when she beat Terre Wind and Prudence in 2:36 or thereabouts. She then went up to the State Fair where she beat Jim Barton, and was afterwards sold to New York by the returns to San Francisco at a large price between those two gelding pacers. Princess was arranged for \$500 a side, the track to add \$500, making \$2,000 all. The day was a perfect one, but on October 10, the returns to New York Betting was one hundred to sixty on New York, against either of the others. I was called, and Jim Barton being quite lame, permission was given to draw him. He letting closed at 100 to 40 on New York, and Jim Barton was called. He won the first heat on difference in 2:32, but his second heat just as Princess was not up to him at the half-mile post and he took a long breath again. At the head of the stretch she was not less than five lengths astern when Andy let her up with such a rush at the drop and she crossed yellow in the lead. Her work left his feet and Prudence was 2:30 by an open length. The verdict "dead give away" and everybody who could trot in 2:25 beating a horse so more mile horse to draw him. At this time Charles Hosmer owned a strongly built and well proportioned brown gelding called Honest John, he had defeated Verrier's Battler. His stallion was a brand by horse bred by James Bigart, of Sandy Hill, N.Y. Honest had defeated him in two races of two heats each, one in the harness and the wire the second heat in 1:19 and led wire to wire in the second mile in 2:10 which was the fastest mile ever run in a two-mile race by a stallion, this would not stand as a record. He was subsequently the sire of May 2:29.

Honest John, about a week after two victories over the stallion, was a trial by John Crooks of ten mile harness in the presence of a dom-

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 the wire

Homser's most intimate friends. Crooks was instructed to "break up" John as he ran upon the back-stretch of the eighth mile just to see if he would break tired. John went the entire ten miles along without any other horse to help him; and at the eighth mile, after passing the spectators, Crooks let go his head and he took, but caught in three strides and sprang down to his gut. He came home and died of age in 28 minutes, 19 1/2 seconds. That night Homser John and Princess were matched for \$5,000 a side, which forfeit. On the strength of the race trial aforesaid, Homser John was called a favorite in what little antepost betting took place.

At the meantime it leaked out that Princess had developed a temper and was liable to kick everything to pieces. So there were probabilities that her new driver, E. W. Teackle, would pay for the first. This only prickled the Homser John and they went over bets they could not play or pay. Ten days from the opening of the market they got action from their money. Crooks had told them they were needed a big work out and, instead of seven miles in about twenty-five minutes, they decided upon a sharp five miles. He told them the horse was feather-light like a bird and he believed he could beat the Dutchman's 7,321, then the race took three miles.

Accidentally, on the 18th day of February, 1898, these gentlemen took out Homser John, driven by John Crooks, and a horse Chief, driven by John M. Danahy. They gave the gray horse the pole and unity a length the best of the start, and the brown gelding had passed him before taking the pole from him before he had taken the half. The first mile they ran in 2:34, and the second in 2:30, being 3 1/2 for two miles. Homser John was going around the first turn some-what popping like a pistol and old John Danahy said as though he was shot. He had been down in the coffin joint. He was then sent down to Whipple's farm at San Jose and every care taken of him, but he died there a year later. He left the Homser-Pease-Alton-Card race without a horse to tackle Princess. The forfeit was paid over to Teackle Pease \$5,000 of play-or-pay bets were laid that night at the old saloon opposite the Mint. Nothing was heard of a race several days. Since coming of the new ownership Princess had looked just as well as ever. She was now a generally fast work. She was now the hands of James L. Eoff, the most successful man in the history of the American turf, either trotting or running. Eoff had bought John Crooks one night and suggested that there should be a job race set up, out of which both could make money.

"All right," said Crooks, "but you're not to do the jobbin'." That mare of mine will pull an omnium and beat all horses as Glencoe Chief or Jim Barlow. "That's not the horse," replied Eoff, "but we want is Glencoe Chief for ten times as much." Princess up on the stand, and returned to the stand, and Eoff and I had gone ten times when I had only gone nine. Men that rattled in a long race that way. Princess went off and saw Pease, the old Homser John. They made an agreement to meet Eoff, who then told us to do what he had told Crooks. Princess as Chief against that she should match Pease, and should stand ready to bet \$2,000, or \$1,000 if necessary, within eight hours before the race. Accordingly they made two races, to come in successive days, for \$5,000 each way, the winner to take two-thirds

of the gate money. In the first race the horses were to go to wagons, and in the second Princess was to go to wagon and the Chief in harness. That day Teackle commenced betting and never let up till the day of the race. On the day previous to the first race Homser met Teackle in front of the Mint saloon and bet \$10,000 sold on the first race. This bet was posted with Porter & Collins, proprietors of that saloon. An hour later Pease came along with \$5,000 and Teackle covered that, too, but Col. Jack Gambhill was designated as stakeholder of the bet. Card next fell in and bet \$1,000 on the Chief, and about four o'clock W. S. Alton dropped in and bet \$1,500 on the race. This made \$34,000 in all, bet by the four principals to the race.

In that day there were no street cars and only a few omnibuses in San Francisco, and the ways of getting out of the track were very limited. It was four miles out of town, and there was a little sand beach at Islais Cove, where a great many passengers were landed from a little boat called the Rambler. The omnibuses charged \$1 per head and the hacks \$3.50, and then they carried up into the stand, and then the judges were chosen. Col. Jack Gambhill represented the syndicate and S. H. H. Mosker represented Teackle. After submitting several names for presiding judge, the choice fell upon Alfred J. Ellis, the father of Mrs. Lilly Eamer son, who was originally Mrs. Orrin Hickok.

Princess drew the pole, and as they came up to score I saw Teackle pull up the collar of his long drab overcoat and put both hands in his pockets as he walked up the stretch and took a position near the driver's gate. His face was pale as a corpse, for he had two long dueling pistols in his pocket and stood ready to kill Eoff if he lost the race. As they came up the first time the Chief was ahead, but Eoff nodded for the word and with a quick chirp to his mare held the pole. The balance of the race in the description, for Princess held her head right along for seven miles, when the gray broke and Eoff had to pull back to him. On they went in this manner until coming down the stretch on the tenth mile when Pease rushed out excitedly and exclaimed:

"Jim, what the hell are you about? This is the tenth mile."
"You're mistaken. It's only the ninth," said Eoff.
So after trotting ten miles in 29:10, they went on into an eleventh mile when Princess suddenly broke and Glencoe Chief passed her. Then I looked up the stretch again and saw Teackle had taken his hands out of his overcoat pockets and was holding his sides with laughter. Glencoe Chief crossed the score six yards ahead of Princess on the eleventh mile, but unfortunately for the Pease-Homser syndicate, that mile did not count. Princess had won the race, 29:10, and Mr. Teackle came up by a negro with the reporters stand, followed by Eoff and the reporters and then set up. He treated the reporters and then set up with as much more to the judges. He then went into town with the \$34,000. That night I met him down town. We were in a quiet place, and I ask, "Would you have shot Eoff to-day if he had lost the race?" "Of course I would. Why shouldn't I shoot him for \$34,000 when he shot a man in Illinois once for \$300?"

That day was a very calm one, but the next showed signs of being a living hell. As I was getting on my horse to ride out to the track, along came Col. Jack Gambhill, his wife's illness. He asked me to deliver a note to Mr. Homser at the track, which I did. Homser said, "So old Jack won't

be out, eh? Suppose you act as a judge in his place? To this I agreed, and it was my first day as an officer of a race. No incident of any sort occurred during the race, for Princess trotted the entire distance with the lines lying on her back to 29:16, and, as there was a sharp wind blowing at the time, I thought it was a better performance than the one of the previous day.—Hidalgo.

JOKED THE PROHIBS.

How New Jersey Humorists Played Tricks on Halloween.

MONTECLAIR, N. J., is full of humorists. Some of them got together before Halloween and resolved to give a public exhibition of their propensities. They agreed to make their jokes at the expense of the prohibitionists. And so, when night came, they met near the home of Dr. F. Merritt, the pioneer prohibitionist of Montclair, in Fullerton avenue, and, moving upon it in a body, soon converted its exterior into a fair imitation of that of a beer garden. Beer kegs were scattered about the garden, brewers' signs were put over the gateway, and a transparency was stuck at the gate which read:

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THE WAY HE WORKED IT.

Cateleigh—"I'm sorry to see you broke, Buteleigh."
Buteleigh—"Broke? Who's broke? What's the matter with this?" (on showing roll of bills.)
Cateleigh—"Nothing. Lend me twenty, will you?"
"What have you got to say for yourself?"
"Just dis, suh; I wants a liar to defend me."
"You mean a lawyer?"
"Yes suh; I knowed I most had it."

Wife (reading newspaper)—"According to the statistics I see the number of marriages decreases, while the number of suicides is increasing."
Husband—"That's, easily explained."
Wife—"How so?"
Husband—"Men are beginning to prefer the less painful method of getting out of this world."

STABLE GLEANINGS.

Horse items for this column will be selected from any part of the country.

Sho.—What does playing the races mean? **H.**—Well, to Trotter it meant every cent he had and two hundred borrowed.

Axtell's latest 2.30 performer is the grey three-year-old filly Axtella (2.29), out of Della, by Nutwood. Record made Oct. 25 at Terre Haute.

Longshot.—Do you consider horse-shoes an emblem of luck?

Flower.—Yes, when they are on the winning horse.

John P. B. Wheelden, who brought suit against the lessees of the Naalun (N. H.) track for damages for injuries to his horse Daily News, was awarded \$1,000 by the court. If this case is established as a precedent no track owners or lessees can protect themselves against such claims unless through special laws.

There was a man in our town And he was wondrous wise Whenever he had a horse of sell He'd hate to advertise; And when he found a horse was sold He did not stop to bother But put an ad. in THE ADVOCATE And straight away bought another.

A British clergyman recently undertook to give his horse a sea bath. As the beach was lonely, he took off all his clothing, a precaution which proved embarrassing when the horse ran away, carrying him right through the main street of the village. He never preached there again.

The meeting at Galesburg demonstrated the fact that there is money for the association in slow pacing classes. In his 3.10 pacing class Mr. Williams had fifteen pacers face the starter, and the best time was 2.17. In the 2.52 class nine started, best time 2.21. In the 2.32 class 14 started, best time 2.16.

The bay pacer, Jack 2.10, by Harkaway, died Friday morning last at Mystic Park, under suspicious circumstances. The night before his death he was in the best order, and early the following morning was found in convulsions, dying before a veterinary could be summoned. The horse is believed to have been poisoned.

Belle Hamlin 2.12½ has a filly by Manbrino King. Two years hence the little miss will be started to Chimes. That's the way they breed cracker jacks at village Farm. At the age of seventy-six Mr. Hamlin is laying plans ahead for fifteen years, a system worthy of emulation by many men, who imagine they are getting ready to die at forty-five.

The barn belonging to N. Yeager was burned Sunday morning at Red Oak, Ia. It was used as winter quarters for the

trotters in charge of J. Tilden. The three-year-old stallion Antwerp, by Antee, and Elgin Girl 2.19, by Legal Tender, Jr., were burned. A yearling by Redwald 2.23½ was also lost. The fire was undoubtedly of incendiary origin.

The bottom is certainly getting a little lopsky. May King, that cost Smith McCann \$12,000, was lately sold for \$1,600.

Exchange. May King is not the corner stone of the horse business, is he? A Massachusetts man lately sold his wife for 75 cents and his license cost him more than that. Did you feel that you had been cheated when you read about that sale?—*Western Breeder.*

When the train that took the fifteen hundred Maury contains up to Nashville to see the Robert J. Gentry race pulled up at Ewells, the first man to get on was the commanding figure of a six-foot, two-inch Tennessee with a possum, ready for baking, in a white pasteboard box. A laugh went down the sides when the boys learned that Capt. M. C. Campbell had boarded the train with a possum for Ed. Geers.

A trainer or driver may, it is true, succeed fairly well with a horse in spite of certain defects in his temperament or character. With ordinary horses, pluck in riding or driving can usually be made to take the place of nerve. Whyte Melville analyzed those two qualities very justly. "Pluck," he said, "is that kind of courage or determination which enables a man to do what he is afraid to do; whereas, nerve is the absence of fear; the one being chiefly a moral, the other, perhaps, chiefly a physical quality."

Into the ear of the horse being driven by a young woman whispered the voice of the tempter. "Why," asked the voice, "don't you run away with her?"

The horse looked at the voice in great surprise.

"Just gaze at her face," he exclaimed, "and you'd like to have him run away with her."

Saying which the horse fell naturally into a 55-minute clip and was soon lost to sight.

On the moonlight nights in Tennessee, says the *Sportsman*, the enthusiastic admirers of the sidewheeler sit out in the back yard and listen to the imaginary footfalls of the two-minute pacer. Of course they think he will carry Hal blood and they would like to have him show a line to Traveller. Unfortunately, John R. Gentry and Robert J., the two strongest candidates for this honor at the present time, show nothing but trotting blood. Still, time makes changes. Next year the pacing-bred fellow may be up in the front row cutting records and getting the money.

Philpen, the conditioner and driver of Palo Alto, in speaking of Adbell a few

days ago, said: "Adbell has a good disposition. Of all the Beautiful Bells family, I think he resembles Bell Boy the most. He is a great foggler and gets away with eight or nine quarts of oats every day. He was weaned last August, but he was not taken out of the paddock until January of this year. He got little work in the kindergarten. I do not think that he was ever taken in there more than four times, and that only when it rained. Adbell did not show unusual speed when first taken up, but improved every time he was driven. He did not show a 2.40 gait until May."

A Virginia judge once visited a plantation where the darkey, who met him at the gate, asked him which barn he would have his horses put in. "Have you two barns?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sah," replied the darkey; "den de ole barn an' mas'r has jes build a new one."

"Where do you usually put the horses of visitors who come to see your master?"

"Well, sah, if dey's Methodist or Baptist's we generally puts 'em in de ole one; but if dey's Episcopal we puts 'em in a new one."

"Well, Sam, you can put my horse in the new barn; I'm a Baptist but my horse is an Episcopalian."

Try the following mixture for worms in horses, says an exchange: Flowers sulphate iron, three ounces; tartar emetic, one ounce; powdered castor seed, four ounces. Mix, and give a teaspoonful twice each day in food. After the colts have taken the above for one week, carefully, give each a pint of raw linseed.

(Continued on page 954.)

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FIG. 2 is an interior perspective view of one of the Cask.
FIG. 3 is a transverse horizontal section through the middle of Cask.

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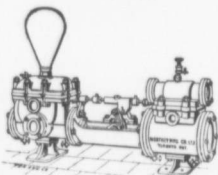
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STABLE GLEANINGS.

(Continued from page 952).

oil, and when the effect has passed away, continue the powder and repeat the oil in two weeks. When a cold has subsided from an accumulation of worms, give the oil as above, followed by twenty drops tincture mix somea every half hour for two hours. This will cause them to make a hasty exit from the stomach and small intestines. Continue the mix with some materials for a few days until the worms are expelled from the body.

Watson Taylor, of Washington, Pa., was arrested Oct. 22 at Pittsburg, on the charge of having attempted to poison the pacer Gaiters. Taylor matched the gelding, Judge Black, against Gaiters, the race to take place Oct. 22. John Fox, a rubber, alleges that Taylor gave him a bottle on Sunday, with the understanding that he was to administer its contents, which were arsenic and belladonna, to Gaiters, and then start him from winning the race with Judge Black. Taylor remained in the McKee Racks jail until liberated on bail of \$2,500. He got out in time to drive his horse in the match event. It occurred in Hatter's stable at straight heats. There was enough arsenic and belladonna in the bath to have killed twenty horses. Taylor has said J. W. Ozden, of Philadelphia, had used his preparation.

Some time ago a traveler arrived at a western town and upon stating that he desired to purchase a horse, was directed to a sale stable near by. The proprietor led out several horses for inspection, but, according to the visitor, each one possessed a prohibitive blemish. Finally every horse in the stable, except one, had been shown and none were qualified. This one was perfectly sound but rather aged. More out of curiosity than because of a desire to sell, the proprietor ordered this animal before the critic. The horse was passed at that it was not for sale, as his wife possessed a steel engraving of one of George Washington's horses and the engraving was a perfect representation of the animal then before him. The horse walked up to the horse, looked at its teeth, and blandly said, "I'll be darned if I don't believe it's George's horse."

The Electrotoners have gathered in another championship by the performance of the yearling pacer Elrod at Dallas, Texas, last Saturday, who won a half mile in 1:47, with a repeat in 1:40 the second heat. This is certainly a wonderful piece of work, and while the youngster may not be able to carry this fast clip a full mile, she must certainly be able to pace the distance close, if not better, than the record of 2:29, made by Belle Acton in 1892. Elrod is by Electric, a son of Electioneer, out of Sprite, by Belmont, and therefore a brother to the noted sires Egotist and Sprinter. The dam of Elrod is by the famous sire Danus, son of Onward, and the filly was bred at the Lone Star Farm of Henry Ecol, at Dallas, Tex. The Lone Star state is doing a great deal in the way of the production of extreme speed at the pace, and Elrod is a fortunate number of the entire of fast youngsters which have made the state famous.

Late despatches from Berlin indicate that affairs have taken a decided unfavorable turn for R. T. Kneels, held in that city for the alleged crime of "ringing" with the mare Belle 216. The case was called for trial Thursday last week, and after hearing the preliminary testimony, the judge before whom the trial is held "orders the two, Bethel, said to be in the United States, two of Kneels' witnesses, and two Germans, now in America, and who are able to give testimony regarding Kneels' identity, to be brought from America to Germany." So

the Associated Press dispatches state. This puts Kneels into quite a predicament, and apparently leaves him little hope for acquittal. It appears that he will further have the effort of delimiting the trial, which will be concluded for some months. Furthermore, Bethel can not be taken from the United States to Germany until she is first brought back to the United States from Germany. As Kneels owns the subject or he must find himself face to face with the belief that that German judge is quite a humorist.

To judge or not
To judge—that is
The question—
Whether it better to join
The mob and in the
Quarter street,
And bet my ring
And, by one bad decision,
Make a monkey of myself,
And lose the counter
The million stake to profit
In my ordinary judge to bet
For
I will not hear the
lost—the back broken road—
The realization of the
vices of the
For the handsome one
Who is not to be
Attempt to give them
The
N. A. I. on on speaking terms
With myself.
Better to bet, to journey
To that industrial country,
No trace ever gets
The
The prominent citizen,
The candidate for congress
Of the banker
May go on these races
I'll put in my permission—
I'll put in the time
Because I do have
And doing those
In to me.

The season of 1894 will undoubtedly end without a change in the record for two-year-old trotters. The performance of Oakland Baron 2:14 at Nashville is the nearest approach to the phenomenal work of Arion, and if the high-wheeled sulky cranks are to be allowed in their own class, not a second slower than the mile of Electioneer's son. However, in spite of the fact that the record for the age has been lowered, it is undoubtedly true that no such an array of fast two-year-olds has ever before been assembled as the present season has developed. And nearly, if not quite all, of them are possessed of race-horse qualities. More than that, they are fairly deeply bred in trotting lines, which accounts in great measure for their pronounced ability and easy and early development. We have no doubt that as the breeders progress it will soon become no uncommon thing for a two-year-old to trot in better time than 2:30, and while there may be few as fast as was Arion the average will be much better than has been the rule heretofore. Trotting blood is beginning to tell and that it is, as has been demonstrated by the two-year-olds of 1894.

The season which is closing, in fact may be said to have reached its end, save in the far south, appears to have been noted for the almost universal rejection of the dash system in harness racing. Two winters ago nearly all track managers were of the opinion that races must be shortened, and a great deal was printed on the subject in all the publications devoted in whole or in part to the light-harness horse. The arguments advanced in support of short, sharp contests were voluminous and apparently convincing, but it seems that the public, having learned the three-in-five plan of racing, was not content with the dash system, hence it did not meet with the expected approval, and we now see it mentioned but little. The disposition, however, did have an excellent effect in one direction, in that it awakened many track managers to a realizing sense of the awful drag which robbed an afternoon of racing of

much of its pleasure. The result is that this season has been rendered memorable by the spirited manner in which race meetings have been conducted. "The day will elapse to the old system for many years is certain, and, when properly conducted, we see no really good reason for a change.

BIG SQUIRREL HUNT.

Last week a Toronto party of four, Mr. J. K. Wilson, of "Headquarters," Mr. H. E. Hughes, the well-known caterer, Mr. John Taylor, the equally well-known cigar manufacturer, and Mr. Richard Lane, banker, took in the district about Bradford on a squirrel hunt. They had two short days and a half shooting, and though it rained a good deal of the time, they just bagged a most extraordinary squirrel. There were some splendid specimens and all were fat as butter. John Wilson bag a string of the game across the "Headquarters" front door, and there was a constant stream of visitors down stairs to see the balance of the "bag" which made a most good display.

JOHN K. GENTRY.

Among the many prominent horsemen when the representative of the *Breed World* held the business meeting at the great St. Louis fair the past week, was James F. Ramey, of Sedalia, Mo., says that paper, who lately sold the champion pacing stallion, John K. Gentry 2:03. In speaking of this great horse, Mr. Ramey said "John K. was foaled May 7, 1889, on the farm of H. C. Toler, Wichita, Kan., for whom I was then working. He was a finely formed colt. I liked him from the very first and gave \$300 for him at four weeks old. Shortly afterwards changing my location to Sedalia, Mo., I took the colt with me. He was then about an 11 possessed and one can imagine I did all in my power to improve him. He was double-gated and did not show any special aptitude at going until, in his three-year-old form, I put hobbles on him for a short time, confining him to the pace. He started in his first race at Higginsville, the fall of 1892, winning in straight heats, the best of which was in 2:41, the fastest mile he had gone up to that time. The following week I started him at Holton, Kas., believing that with everything favorable he would go a mile in about 2:32. He won in straight heats, taking a record of 2:15. A more surprised and pleased man never drove a horse than I was when I saw the time. He never lost a heat or failed to accomplish everything I expected of him during the season with a record of 2:13. This spring he covered twenty-six miles before going into training at Terre Haute. Remaining there a few weeks, I had the horse sent to Cleveland, where we see the great advantage of working with Kroulind and Directum, always working well within himself. He never went a mile better than 2:13, up to the time of his first race at Detroit, where he could not beat three hours in 1:47 if memory fails. I sold him for \$10,000, and expressed my opinion then that he could beat all the pacers in the world but Robert J., and I now think he can beat that horse a race. Of course I was sorry to see him leave our stable, but consoled myself with the fact that we still owned his full brother, Thos. Shelton, two years old, that could pace a quarter in 29 seconds. I worked my horse with leather pads and hobbles, and in the show the day before repeating, or before a race, cutting them out the day after, which seemed to do a great deal of good for their feet, especially on hard, well kept tracks."

CARE OF LEGS AND FEET.

COMMENTING on the care of legs and feet an English specialist writes: "It is to imitate nature by the following means: I have earth from all the stable, and wash the legs from knees and hock-joints every day; walks in the dew and rain-soaked grass are given. Should the horse come in from exercise with feet full of earth is not picked out, but left for two or three hours, cooling and sweetening the feet wonderfully. It is not advisable to leave the earth on the feet longer than this, as it becomes hard and from the heat of the sun, which balks the object aimed at—it is possible to apply cold water bandages, changed every two hours, for reducing heat in feverish legs, and I do not grease the hocks and allow the smuth, when showing, to remain any part of the hoof but the wall, which is lower, so that when the shoe is put on the frog has an even bearing with the shoe. With the above system I have never had any difficulty in keeping down the horse's limbs right; in fact they are hardly improved upon, and deserve the eulogy pronounced by the famous trainer, John Scott, on Lord Zetland's great horse, Velociter, viz: "His legs and feet, my Lord, are like hives."

THE HOTEL SPOTTER.

How Proprietors Keep Track of Free Drink and Knockdowns.

"Tell you what my 'n' is," exclaims Louis, "if any bartender of mine doesn't give out no so many free drinks, I'll give him his walking papers. And the 'n', he added, "he sold three drinks yesterday and didn't ring them up."

Louis is an amiable dispenser of drinks, soft and otherwise, at a little saloon on East Twelfth street which he calls "buffet." As he spoke he held in his hand a sheet of paper, on which are several entries, written in ink, as follows: "At 8 o'clock, a bartender opened up. Milkman called at 7. George and Barker, treated him to a cocktail. At quarter past 7 ice-man called. Hagedrunk and a cigar and didn't pay for the Baker came in right afterward and got free drink of whiskey. A man who had been keeper called Tom came in at half past 7. George and Tom had three drinks. Tom didn't pay. Stranger paid 25¢ for a milk punch at 8 o'clock. Bartender didn't ring up the price."

"There now," said Louis, "that's a 'n' you may expect from these bartenders. They're always trying to do you. I am in at 8 o'clock and I—"

"That's interrupted," a bartender opened up in your hand."

"Oh, this," replied Louis, again being over the document referred to. "This is a report from a bartender's desk. It's a new scheme and a grand one. There's a committee in this city supplies men to keep 'tab' on bartenders when the proprietor is away."

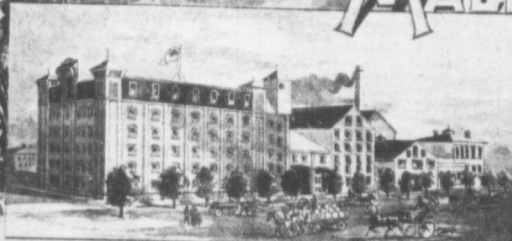
"I pay so much a month and get port every day. The detective comes and adds up the like any other street watches. How things are going and notes. Of course I expect my bartenders to give out a free drink once in awhile don't suppose I ought to kick if he's bringing up an occasional quartet, but too strong. I'll just readover this report to him when trade becomes slack."

"I noticed a strange bartender's place next day."

"What's up?" I asked of Louis. "He told me 'George'?"

"Yes," he replied, "he was getting to be too high priced for me. Come away to-morrow, and I'll show you the new man in working. No 'n' here."

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BRUKE O'DAY—"Wot's dese pneu-matic tires we hear so much about, nowadays?"
DENNY RAY—"I don't know, but if it's anyting new in de tired line it's funny it hasn't!"

FOT EMPTY - HANDED.

Ambulance Surgeon (reporting)—"Nothing in that last call. Feller was insensible from drink. Brought him to with ammonia and come back."
House Surgeon—"But you've got a case in the wagon there."
Ambulance Surgeon (carelessly)—"Oh, that's a feller we run over coming back!"

SIXTY women took to bloomers
And threw their skirts away,
The plans of nice, if not of men,
Going after agny."

A QUEER FELLOW, DICKENS.

"Dis feller Dickens went a queer customer," said Raggles. "I see him advertisin' in all de book-shops 'Dickens works for one dollar. I wouldn't work for ten."

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

At the milliner's hung a hat very fair
And Mrs. Blinker prayed for it,
The powers invisible answered her prayer—
But Mr. Blinker paid for it.



—"struck us."

A HEAVY LOAD.

Bridget—"Wud ye please tell me, mum, if the gentleman next door gits drunk?"
Mistress—"Oh, no, Bridget; I think not—Why do you ask?"
Bridget—"Well, mum, Oi do be afther watchin' ay him comin' from th' carner, an' ivery step he tak, he tuk th' sidewalk wid him."

NOT SUPERSTITIOUS.

Mrs. Laidlaw—"Mrs. Woods was married on Friday, and in less than a year she was a widow."
Mrs. Woods—"Now she will probably want to be married thirteen times, to see how that would affect her luck."

EXPLAINED.

"The difference between you and me," said the thief to the self-seeking politician, "is that you are always running after officers, but the officers are always running after me."

THE COAL DEALER'S WIFE.

Wife—"I must go to the doctor; I fear I've got dropsy. I weigh 200 pounds."
Husband—"Where were you weighed?"
Wife—"On your coal scales."
Husband—"Then don't worry; your weight is normal."

Johann (to his sister)—"Emma, if you give me a bit of your cake I'll spoil the piano so that you won't be able to take a lesson for a fortnight."



It Didn't Work.

AGENT—"Excuse me, sir, but I haf here a good corn-salve varient to cure in twenty-four hours."

HE HAD WORKED HER FOR GAS.

A LITTLE man with a bald head and an ineffable blue eye drifted into a Main street saloon and threw a half dollar on the bar.

"Gimme a schooner of beer," he said. The schooner was brought to him. Just as he was about to drink it a big man came in and said:

"Hello, Shorty, who's buying?"
"I am," replied Shorty, with dignity.
"You," scoffed the big man, "why, you never had a cent in your life. Your wife gets your wages."
"That's all right," said Shorty, "meh, he she does, but I got money to-day."
"How'd you get it?"
"Well," replied Shorty, "I don't know as I mind tellin'. I had a couple of bad teeth, and she gimme enough to get 'em pulled!"
"Sure, but I worked her for 50 cents for gas, and this is the 50c. See!"

Schamberg (to Jacoba)—"You was a liar and a scoundrel. Do you hear dot?"
Jacoba (to Schamberg)—"I hear you already, and I think you was talking to yourself."



—Great Scott, man! dot was mine corn you tread on."

THE BLOT REMOVED.

The duke's manner was visibly constrained in the presence of his affianced.
"I can not marry into a family," he was saying, as gently as possible, "whose wealth was accumulated in trade."
She trembled in spite of her efforts to appear calm.
"Do you lay that imputation upon my house, your grace?" she asked.

He bowed sadly.
"Tis false," she shrieked. "The money that came over the bar only paid expenses. The profit was all in the tickle-in-the-slot machine."
"Darling, can you ever forgive me?" he exclaimed, sinking upon one knee.
"Edward!"

THE "FASHION O' THE HOOSE."

A SEVANT girl happened to be engaged at a farm house where the mistress was known to have a rather hasty temper. On the first Saturday night the girl was told to clean the boots and shoes for Sunday.

Coming into the kitchen a short time afterward, the mistress, seeing that the maid had cleaned her own boots first, was so enraged that she lifted them and threw them into a tub of water which stood near.

The servant made no sign, but when all the boots were cleaned she also lifted them and threw them into the tub of water.

"Why, what ever possessed you to do that?" gasped her mistress in a fury.
"Oh, I just thought it was the fashion o' the hoose," calmly replied the girl.

SHORT AT THE TOP.

She—"Well, Jack, how do you like my coming out dress?"
He—"It's very appropriate."
She—"What do you mean by that?"
He—"Well, you seem to be coming out of it."

Mr. Oldbain—"I am a self-made man, sir. I began life as a barefoot boy."
Eccentric—"Indeed. Well, I wasn't born with shoes on either."

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Her husband's name is John, and now he somehow manages to stay at home every night and sleeps with one eye open and a revolver under his pillow.
"I TELL YEE, MARY ANN," said Mopsy Dolan, as he sat down to his supper, "it is not for me to be contributive to the felly-man, but when Dennis O'Brien wuz his wood leg, takes to carryin' a man besides, it looks some like to some shifty and extravagant, so it do."

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DEER SHOOTING.

(Continued from page 953.)

hammerless can pick up a reputable bag of grouse, cock, quail and waterfowl in the thickets and on the marshes.

Great tracts of the unbroken timber have been held for many years by a certain company, and a comparatively little clearing has been done on these reserves, the deer and turkey yet exist at certain points. Once the company decided to sell the oak on one of the tracts, and hired two rugged fellows—half hunter, half logger—to explore the limit and report on the value of the standing oak. These men were very decent fellows, and no sooner did I get wind of their trip than I resolved to accompany them if possible. They wanted somebody to make out a respectable report for the company, and they knew that I was willing to share work and fun alike.

We outfit for a week, and after a short trip by rail, followed by a long drive some jolting in a farmer's wagon, we reached our destination. The men called our "camp" was an old log structure, just sound enough to shelter us from the weather. Looking as forlorn and desolate as though it were ten miles from anywhere on earth. Inside it stood a crazy old stove, and a little lively work seemed plenty of fuel and made a good barn comfortable enough for our simple needs.

Next day we began the work of estimating the oak. Our weapons were Winchester, but as old Dave grudgingly repeats, no matter if the company would prefer it that way, so I was the only one to carry a rifle during the three days' explorations.

One day I got three quail by shooting them when "two morning" another day, when opening by sheer accident to see something black moving in a thicket, I leveled on it and blazed away. Following the shot came a crashing of twigs and flapping of heavy wings, and three fat turkeys came above the brush and flew to safer quarters. I thought that I had missed, but in the thicket I found a plump young hen lying dead.

The evening of the last day of oak-hunting, we figured up our note-books and I made out the report, and our work for the company was completed.

Old Dave was in high feather, for he had found plenty of fresh "sign" of deer that day, and his own, Tom, had also seen enough to warrant expectations of excellent sport when the still-hunting began in earnest. Dave went outside for a last look at the weather, and reported that we were in luck, "furr is sartin to snow some from morning till night." It was cold in the old hove that night, and with daylight we found Dave's prediction verified, for a couple of inches of light snow whitened everything within sight. Dave routed us out with "Here's trackin' snow." Hastily leys, with breakfast; we can't get started none toosoon.

An hour later we were scattered in the woods. Dave going east, Tom west, and I south, heading for a creek bordering a densely tangled thickets. I did not expect to find sign of game within three miles of camp, so stepped along smartly without paying particular attention to anything but my path.

This was wrong, for still-hunter soon commenced to hunt the moment he enters country where game can possibly be, and should never let up until he has left the last yard of such country behind his home-ward feet. My carelessness soon became reality dead for a measured thump-thump on the ground caused me to look ahead, and lo! there were two goodly fawns bounding off to my right, with white flags pointing skywards in defiance.

Those flags should have brought about a trace, but they precipitated war. I dropped my honest old pipe recklessly upon the snow and whirled the Winchester from my shoulder to the level with above energy that really should have accomplished more than it did.

The fact is, I got rattled. The fawns kept bounding slowly forward, in a ridiculous prancing gait. They kept swinging to the right, and in a twinkling the rifle to the right, and the leading shoulder and pulled, P-a-a-a! The spiteful voice of the (alleged) deadly weapon ripped through the stiffness and echoed far and wide amid long corridors of trees, and the fawn began to fyen down *course*! Oh, yes! both fawns went down—that is they got 'down to their work' for never a bit of my lead touched either. No more silly bounding about those tracts; they had heard strange, an awful noise, and they were going right home to tell the old mother doe about it.

The way those two cock-tailed youngsters lengthened out and put across behind them was marvellous, and they sped close the open route, and flashed across the landscape like two yards of fur-trimmed electricity, while I held the old Winchester tight to my shoulder with my left hand and jingled the *new nose* with my right, trying to trigger every time I guessed a shell was nearly in position.

Click—lick—ping!—click—lick—ping!—click—lick—ping!—click—lick—ping!; and so on, while a yellow cascade of empty shells spouted from the gun, and bullets chased each other about a yard apart. I should judge—then, a sudden silence fell and I stood like six different kinds of fool in the centre of my smoke-cloud and watched the last faint flutter of two wispy white handkerchiefs vanishing behind a ridge. When last seen the white tails pointed heavenward, and every still-hunter knows what that signified.

Despairing youthful lover never watched the faded flutter of emerald green and "gone-ness" in his soul than expressed mine at that moment, but suddenly the ludicrous aspect of the thing struck me and I laughed outright, and proceeded to hunt up my pipe. While filling for another whiff, I heard two faint reports from the direction the fawns had taken, and guessed that Tom or Dave had accounted for one or both of them.

Working ahead I came to where the fawns had stood watching my approach, and from the number of wet foot-prints stamped in the snow I judged that they had stood within easy range for quite some shots; thus illustrating what deer will sometimes do in comparatively open country—when one *doesn't* use them.

Needless to say, my eyes did better service for the remainder of the day. About noon I found the fawns, and fell upon my luck, and saw that he had been making fast time in the direction of the worst stretch of cover along the creek; in all likelihood he had been alarmed by my furious farewell to the fawns.

I tracked rapidly along till the sign showed he had slackened speed, and presently found where he had stopped to look back. From this point he had walked into the cover close to the creek and I found myself in a difficulty. The creek was comparatively straight for nearly a mile and the breeze set directly across its course from my side. I could not keep to the high ground, for the buck would surely wind me, nor could I cross the two-way wide water unless I saw for it, which was out of the question. Naught remained save to get as close to the creek as possible in the hope of keeping to leeward of the game, and to

When running, the deer elevates its tail, showing the long white hair of the lower end. If the tail is blown by a bullet the tail is almost invariably tucked close to the haun, concealing the white.

try still-hunting in almost impossible cover. For all that I knew to the contrary, my vision might be lying down within fifty yards of me, so I made a lynch on to the water's edge. Half way through the thicket the track turned parallel to the stream, so I was satisfied that the buck had not taken water.

What happened during the next two hours had best be left among the tangled, tangle-destroying thickets of that miserable creek. I crawled, crept, sometimes almost inch by inch, and peered here, there and everywhere, but never struck game. At last, I see, till the long strain on muscles and nerves fairly made me savage. At last, while wriggling over a log, I flushed a grouse.

The roaring burst of its swift wings sent me hurt up into my throat, and for an instant I passed half over the log. Then I heard a faint sound from the right—tick, click—then the unmistakable snap of a small twig, then a sudden crash of little branches and a loud crack—thump—thump. Unwittingly I had crept within fifty yards of the buck. I could hear him going, and at the sound of the third thump I made a frantic dash for the open. Branches and mud struck me in the cover seemed to have at least one claw as some part of me before I plunged through the last barriers.

A crashing from the extreme end of the cover caught my eyes to something which rose and fell twice it bounded into the open and dashed away. I saw the defiant white banner flaunting, and I covered it as well as excitement would permit and blazed away. If the shot was a trifle more speed on the deer's part and perhaps a jaunter flit of the white signal. Then I turned and hunted in the direction of the camp.

When darkness closed I hurried my self preparing paper, as I expected Dave had been unable to set a trail when they got in. Before the last grouse was ready I heard a hail and went outside. My two comrades were together, tired but jolly, as they had every reason to be. One was a fox on his shoulder, and Tom had two turkeys and Dave one. Dave had killed the fawns I had missed, while Tom, after looking in vain for deer, had trailed a flock of nine turkeys and shot three.

I told them of my performances, and Dave remarked, "I heard ye pumpin' away, and presently I spied the fawns comin' a-kintin' right for me. I dropped my rifle, and I was a-foxtin' 'em, and I 'other one stoppe' a-foxtin' 'em, and I thought it was a shame to have it sufferin' for its brother, so I gathered it in, too. I know the place where your buck was, and I don't blame ye for losin' him—that's the worst thakin' in this country. I'll go over the top of the mountain."

Next day more snow fell, and though the three of us hunted earnestly till late afternoon, no more deer were added to the pole at the end of the camp. Tom and I were a fox on his hip, the birds are being doubtless scattered members of the flock found the previous day. Dave reported plenty of sign near the creek, and advised work in that direction for our last day.

The morning proved sharply cold, and a stiff breeze made itself felt in the open. We made an early start, Tom and I heading directly for the creek, while Dave went north, saying that he wanted to see a thicket in the direction of the stream. I took down along the creek in the afternoon. We found a bend in the creek where a high fallen elm almost bridged it, and Tom advised me to cross so that we could cover both sides of the stream. I tripped in my direction for perhaps two hours without finding a track, and I was becoming convinced that there was no game my side the water when I heard a



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shot, followed by a voice shouting: "Let out across the creek!" When I was in the cover was too thick to allow of an extended view in any direction, so I ran straight to the creek. As my hatpans I reached a small marshy open and at the edge of a wood still to await developments.

This was fortunate for me as it proved for I had barely got staid when I heard a crackling of brush and saw something moving toward me and not more than fifty yards distant. I was certain that the moving animal was a deer, but there was a possibility that it might prove to be Tom—especially if I tried at all to hit it.

A moment later the question was settled by a tiny deer doe trotting back from the cover and halting on the edge of the marsh. She had no more idea of my close proximity than I could prevent it. She her get away, if I could prevent it. She was like the lady of long age, and despite her warning, she looked back, and "salted" for so doing. She turned her head from me, pricked her great ears forward, and gazed earnestly toward the brush across the river.

Her neck was hardly more than five yards from the front sight of the Winchester, and I fancied I had set her hold rifle steady. Covering the eye of her neck I pulled, and she went away as though struck by lightning. Her evening over, I held her and then looked to see how near the bullet had struck the spot aimed at.

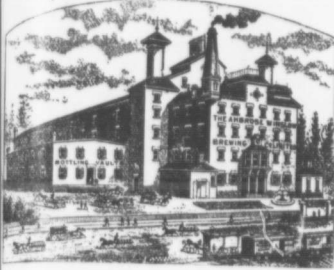
To my utter mortification I found the lead had entered the back of her neck exactly between the ears. Had her neck not been turned as it was, I should have missed her clean, through the shoulder. When the knife had done its worst, she shouted to learn the result of the shot. I found him in the brush beside me, and larger size, and learned that he had stalked the two, killed one and showed warn me of the other, which was what he supposed was my direction. We found a suitable slapping, and after the doe's feet slung her on the point, I toted her to the camp. We then

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my dose, and when she was finally to camp and hung up we had just a energy left to prepare supper for

had filled our pipes for the second shooting, before Dave came in. I was very weary, but he smiled as he saw the does and remarked "the only good one of the old buck's lung safe enough 'way to the end of the brush." After he examined the does for bullet marks, he turned to me and queried, "I showed up over the brush? I might square and clean; your shot must have been in fine shape." I said, but I blushed a sunset shade

all over the inside of my skin as I thought of how I had "drilled her square."

Next day Dave and Tom brought in the buck and we gave him the post of honor on the game pole, which made "not a bad show for greenhorns," as Dave remarked. While the two had been toiling with the buck I had packed what little was left of the camp damage, and when the farmer drove up at noon we were all ready for him. While the horses fed we had a cold snack, and loaded our game and outfits upon the rough wood-rack of the hob-sled. By sunset we reached the little railway station, and placed our venison and turkeys in the baggage car before the wondering eyes of the usual gathering of interested rustics.

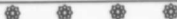
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