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American Turf.

RUNNING AND TROTTING AT MOBILE, ALA.

MAGNOLIA JOCKET CLUB—Spring Meeting—First Day, March 29.—One mile dash; purse \$100; \$70 to first, 20 to second, 10 to third.

W Cottrell's b m Puss Broadnax, 4 yrs, by Daniel Boone, dam Eveline, by Brown Dick 1
W Cottrell's b h Nelligan, 5 yrs, by Harry of the West, dam Emeline, by Brown Dick... 2
W F Cheatham's br h Newbern, 4 yrs, by Vandal, dam Lena Harding, by Childs Harold..... 3
Time—1:50.

Same Day.—One mile and one-fourth mile dash; purse \$125; \$80 to first, 30 to second, 15 to third.

W Cottrell's b h Nelligan, pedigree as above 1
N B Cheatham's br h Newbern, pedigree as above..... 2
W H Williamson's ch m Carrie Fish, 4 yrs, by Daniel Boone, dam by Bill Cheatham..... 3
Time—2:18.

Same Day.—Purse \$100, for 2:15 class; \$70 to first, 20 to second, 10 to third; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

L B Fordney's b m Edna Earle..... 2 1 1 1
E B Toulmin's b g Dick Abrams..... 3 3 3 2
G B Shawhan's ch m Birdie..... 1 2 2dr
John McDonald's br m Alice..... dis
A Williams' Jeff Boone..... dis
Time—2:52; 2:49; 2:49; 2:49.

Second Day, March 30.—Purse \$225; \$160 to first, 40 to second, 25 to third; mile heats, 3 in 5.

W B Cheatham's br c Newbern, 4 yrs, by Vandal, dam Lena Harding..... 1 1 1
W Cottrell's b h Nelligan, 5 yrs, by Harry of the West, dam Emeline..... 2 2 2
W H Williamson's ch m Carrie Fish, 4 yrs, by Daniel Boone, dam by Bill Cheatham 3 dis
Time—1:52, 1:51, 1:51.

Same Day.—Purse \$100; \$65 to first, 25 to second, 10 to third; mile heats, 3 in 5, for horses that never beat 3:00.

John McDonald's br m Alice..... 3 1 1 1
J H Shelton's br h Nubbin Bidge..... 1 3 3 8
E B Toulmin's b h Dick Abrams..... 2 2 2 2
G B Shawhan's b m Lady Bates..... 4 4 4 4
Time—2:55, 2:49; 2:49, 2:51.

Third Day, March 31.—Purse \$175; \$100 to first, 50 to second, 25 to third; dash of two miles.

W Cottrell's b f Puss Broadnax, 4 yrs, by Daniel Boone, dam Eveline..... 1
W Cottrell's b h Nelligan, pedigree as above... 2
W H Williamson's b f Carrie Fish, 4 yrs, by Daniel Boone, dam by Bill Cheatham..... 3
Time—1:04.

Same Day.—Purse \$150; \$100 to first, 50 to second; mile heats, free for all.

L B Fordney's b h Blind Tom..... 1 1
G B Shawhan's ch m Birdie..... 3 2
E B Toulmin's b g Dick Abrams..... 2 3
John McDonald's br m Alice..... 4 4
Time—2:45; 2:45.

Aquatics.

THE CAMBRIDGE AND OXFORD BOAT RACE.

The annual Oxford and Cambridge boat race was rowed on Saturday upon the Thames, from Putney to Mortlake, in the presence of an immense crowd which far outstripped in num-

ment of absolute silence. Then "Go!" The oars grip the water. The race has begun. Time, 2h. 2m. 17s. p. m. Both crews caught the water at the same moment, Cambridge getting off a little quicker than their antagonists. The form of both crews was admirable. Oxford rowing 38 to the minute, and immediately quickened to 40, but without any perceptible gain of speed. From this point to Hammersmith Oxford was badly steered, and they were thrown further out by an oddy which caught their craft just opposite Bishop's Creek. At Craven Cottage Cambridge was three yards ahead of Oxford, who, from this to the Crab Tree, made futile efforts to overtake their opponents. The Cantabs meanwhile steadily maintained their rate of 36 a minute. They were admirably steered almost in the centre of the stream, and when Oxford, off the Crab Tree, made another struggle for the lead Cambridge quickened their stroke to 38, while Mr. Davis, their coxswain, crowded the Oxonians toward the shore. Meanwhile the Cantabs drew clear of Oxford, and opposite the Soap Works they succeeded in taking their adversaries' water. This virtually ended the race. Hammersmith Bridge, one mile and five furlongs from the start, was reached in eight minutes and thirty-one seconds. Here Cambridge was a clear length ahead. At the Doves, Cambridge was already two lengths ahead. At Chiswick Church, Cambridge pulled still further ahead, and in rowing up to Barnes' Bridge continued to increase their lead. Cambridge finished four lengths and a half ahead, while Oxford stopped nearly opposite the Stup Hotel. The time as officially taken was 20m. 19s., the time of the winning crew being faster than last year's by one minute and forty-three seconds. Both crews had evidently had enough, for, instead of paddling back, both went aboard the steam launch for Putney. The betting at Putney was 2 to 1 against Oxford, and at Mortlake, amid great excitement, the betting men were offering 3 and 4 to 1 without takers.

At the final weighing yesterday the aggregated weight of the Oxford crew was 1,355 pounds, against Cambridge's 1,340, exclusive of coxswains, Oxford's coxswain being seven pounds the heavier.

THE ARGONAUT CLUB.

The first general meeting of the Argonaut Rowing Club for this year was held at the Bossin House. The statement of the Treasurer shows that the finances of the club are in a flourishing condition, and when a sporting club can show a good surplus, after paying all their debts in full for the year, it augurs well for their future prosperity. A large number of members was added to the list, and many others have expressed their intention of joining. The officers are: President, Mr. Henry O'Brien; Vice-President, Edward Spragg; M. B. C. S.; Captain, Mr. Harold Lamb; Secretary, Mr. G. E. Ryerson; Treasurer, Mr. Geo. Harris; Committee, Messrs. T. W. Fisher, Busk Harris, F. J. Taylor, W. H. Perram, W. Richards, L. H. Robertson, and Dr. W. H. Ellis.

Billiards.

A CHANCE FOR MR. RUSSELL.

To the Editor of the Sporting Times.
Sm.—Having noticed in your issue of this date that an Ottawa correspondent says that there is considerable talk of a match between Mr. T. Russell and myself, I would say that this is the first I have heard of it, but if Mr. Russell wishes to play me, I will play him a match game of Billiards for One Hundred Dollars a side. Game to be 500 points up, 3-ball French game, to be played on a 6 x 10-

MY EXPERIENCE WITH TROTTERS.

BY DAN MACE.—EDITED BY J. H. SAUNDERS.

Embracing the Leading Incidents in His Career as a Trainer and Driver, with a Detailed History of the Dispositions, Treatment, and Performances of the Noted Trotters that Have Passed Through His Hands; How They Were Fed, Trained, and Driven; with an Essay on Shoeing Trotters and the Care of the Horse's Foot.

CHAPTER XIV.
General Butler—His Races with Pavee and Mr. Simmons' Brown Stallion—His Three Match Races with Rockingham—His Trots with Geo. M. Patchen for \$30,000—He Tackles Dutchman's Three-Mile Time, and Loses by an Accident—His Feeding and Training.
(Continued.)

[From the Spirit of The Times.]

August 1, 1863. Gen. Butler trotted in harness against Dutchman's three mile saddle time, 7:32. This took place on the Fashion Course. The match was for \$750, Horace Jones backing time two to one. Mr. Genet had offered previously to match Butler against Dutchman's time in three matches under saddle, in harness, and to wagon. (Dutchman made his famous three-mile time August 1, 1839.) The track was in good order, but the weather not exactly the best for a long race. I got the word about four o'clock, and went away with the runner ridden by my brother Ben laying about two lengths behind. I got down to the half mile pole in 1:13. This was a little too fast, so I slowed up, and had the runner taken back that Butler might not get excited and cause me to pull him. The first mile was trotted in 2:29, very easily, and I had not seen the horse up to his speed, the first half of the second mile was in 1:19, and the full mile in 2:30, this made the two miles in just five minutes, and Butler was not distressed a morsel; after going into the third mile, Butler was frightened by Adam S. Carpenter, one of our old turfites, who came out on a runner to keep me company the last mile, and who, knowing I was driving a winning race, and wishing to let me know it, ran his horse up on me at a terrible gait, and called out so loudly that Butler made a very bad double break which, I think, lost him the race. I still tried very hard to help out, but, although he made a strong effort, I could not get him home better than 7:34. Then I saw the want of cotton in his ears, as he had been going well up to the time of this break, and I had him well in hand, besides he was not distressed a particle. Butler had trotted more close and exciting races than any horse on the turf at that time, and seldom had been in a race when not require more than three heats to win. After he left my hands several drivers have him. John Lovett, James Eoff, and McKee, who, while driving him over the old trotting course at Chicago, in a heat trotted after dark, was killed by some ruffians who placed an obstruction on the track. This caused a rule to be adopted by all trotting associations which prohibited trotting after dark.

When in training, as Butler was a strong constitutioned horse, he needed a great deal of work, probably as much as any horse that ever appeared upon the turf. He was a great feeder, and would eat twelve quarts of oats, besides about all the hay he could get. I used to drive him with a plain snaffle. He wore ankle boots behind. He needed a great deal of speeding. I often gave him two miles nearly up to speed. I think he liked to trot to a wagon better than in any other way. He was a horse that always trotted on his courage and never liked the whip. The weight of a snapper would cause him to do his best at any time. Butler trotted so many

stall, and has, perhaps, only a small yard to take any exercise in, his muscles lose their strength, and become soft, relaxed, and flabby. In case a horse has no blemish, nor physical disability, it is far better to jog him than to "let him up," he is then fit to be trotted in the early spring, whereas if he is turned out all winter, give him a "freeze out," I think it will take some four months before he will come back to himself. It is like taking a good healthy man, who is working every day, and confining him three or four months. Could he get himself in good working trim again in three or four weeks? I think not; it would take him three or four months before he got back his strength.

Horses need about the same treatment as men in this respect. I have turned out horses in a box stall, and not harnessed them through the winter, but given them walking exercise, and I have found that it took two or three months before they would be the same horses again. After working them a month, they might speed as fast as ever, but when put to the test to go their mile, they were not there; they would go fast a quarter, and pretty well a half, but after that would show conclusively that they lacked stamina and muscle. When I take a horse to the track which has been jogged and fed well all winter, I find that in four or six weeks, he is able to trot a fair race, but in a couple of weeks more, he will trot better still. Now if the same horse has been running out, he requires to be jogged for two months, with an additional speeding, and then he will not be fit to trot a hard race perhaps. If a very fast and valuable horse, and you don't want to take any chance, you would say it is still too early to trot him, he ought to have another month or six weeks to put him in capital fix. A conversation on this subject would be carried on something after this fashion:

A. "How would you like to trot your horse?"
B. "I don't care to trot him soon, as it might knock him all to pieces."
A. "What is the particular objection to trotting him?"
B. "I don't think he has got strength enough yet to trot a long-up race, because he has been running out all winter."
A. "How would you like to trot Fallerton?"
B. "First rate, he is fit to trot; I have been jogging him all the season."

A great many fast trotting horses belonging in New York have been kept at work this winter; that is, they have had a good long jog every day when the weather has been at all suitable. Fallerton, Hopful, Orient, Thomas L. Young, Castle Boy, Socrates, Rosalind, Sen-sation, Crown Prince, and many others which I cannot call to mind at the moment, have been jogged during the winter. All these horses have done well, and appear to be in fine health, and immediately ready for spring work. I generally go to the track I choose to work on, about the 1st of April; each horse has a box stall, say 16 by 20 feet square, with bars, where all the blankets are hung, cases for bits, and plenty of brushes, combs, wooden skewers, etc. Each horse has as many as two or three dozen nice towels, plenty of sponges, some very soft for the mouth, which we call mouth sponges, others for the legs and feet, steel foot hooks for cleaning out the feet, etc. Every stall is kept well aired and bedded down with fresh, clean straw. One of the important points in taking care of a trotter is that perfect cleanliness is observed, and to that end it is requisite that body, legs, and feet shall be kept as clean as any child's. Many horses have the finest blankets which can be bought with their names embroidered on them—also, sheets, hoods, halters, and circles of the very finest description. If a horse will only learn to go fast enough he can have the best of everything. There are a great many gentlemen who have their horses' stalls, where they make it headquarters, like a parlor, sometimes

will tell in a race. Some gentlemen write me "I have a horse, so and so, how do you advise me to train him?" I don't think any driver can tell how, till he has had the horse in the hands; it all lays with disposition; some horses we have to use very gently, and some to conquer. Some are little lambs, and others like lions. In my experience a good positioned horse will learn your ways, and you will learn his, if horse and man understand and are used to each other, they will get along better than if they are strangers. This is where experience comes in. Some drivers have more skill than others, and a skillful driver can take a strange horse and beat the man that has handled him. Skill will accomplish more where a trainer has had a horse some time, he knows how much work he needs, what kind of a bit suits him, etc. First, learn to harness a horse so he will be suited and feel easy, then see which he likes best, a very light or a very stiff sulky—a sulky has much to do in fitting a horse for a fast race. A trainer can learn every day—that is my experience. If I am going to trot a race, and am satisfied with the horse's condition, perhaps I try him a mile and repeat, same I would speed still more, according to whether he is a game horse or not. In short, I would give him such a trial as he needed, but not up to extreme speed. I have given up trying horses, just before a race, up to their speed. I have known horses to go fast in a trial and it has lost them the race. I generally give a horse a quarter to see if he is "at himself" and has his speed, a trainer should know about his horse's condition, and how much work he can stand. During a race I consider it of great importance that a horse should be "cooled off" partly between heats. I think all drivers should be a great judgment about this. A great many trainers are very careless about it; they do not think how hot it is and how it is taking hold of their horse. Perhaps he has now the first heat easy, and they call, without much trouble, get him ready for the next, which he may also win, but not so easily as the first, then when the third one comes to be trotted he may find some horse which has been laying off that will go for him and cramp him on the last quarter and beat him home, then they will begin to take care of their horse, but it will then be too late to do what should have been done at first. I am speaking to new beginners and not to old and experienced trainers, who have learned, years ago, the necessity of attending to this matter under all circumstances.

If the horse has had a hard heat, and the day is hot, observe if he sweats freely; if so, don't clothe him up but little, give him a few swallows of water, and walk slowly a short distance; then bring him in, and scrape and rub him up, taking care to get the water well out, then rub his legs and keep sponging him constantly about the head, as it refreshes a horse greatly, give him a handful of wet hay or grass, which I prefer. I sometimes give them a little oatmeal gruel; some horses prefer the water pure; a gill of sherry is excellent to give, some prefer brandy or whiskey, but I think them too powerful, if a horse is not used to stimulants, I think the sherry far the best; I generally bathe the legs in Medford rum, and always keep it on hand when travelling. In cold, bleak, windy weather, I think as soon as a heat is over a horse should be covered up and kept warm. Rubbing hurts him more than it does him good, as the cold air strikes him and chills his blood, but do not clothe him enough to "make him sweat." Rub the legs and muscles of the arms. I don't believe in rubbing the legs too much; the part to rub is above the knees and hocks. Many use niquar across the loins, but too much of that is bad, as it heats up, and makes a horse want to stale. Rub, as I have said, the muscles of the arms, as that is where a horse gets tired and needs to be helped. After a race, and the horse is taken to his stable, he should be cooled off, and if he is marked and

MAGNOLIA JOCKEY CLUB—Spring Meeting—First Day, March 29.—One mile dash; purse \$100; \$70 to first, 20 to second, 10 to third.
 W Cottrill's b m Puss Broadnax, 4 yrs, by Daniel Boone, dam Eveline, by Brown Dick 1
 W Cottrill's b h Nelligan, 5 yrs, by Harry of the West, dam Emeline, by Brown Dick... 2
 W B Cheatham's br h Newbern, 4 yrs, by Vandal, dam Lena Harding by Childo Harold..... 3
 Time—1:50.

Same Day—One mile and one-fourth mile dash; purse \$125; \$80 to first, 30 to second, 15 to third.

W Cottrill's b h Nelligan, pedigree as above 1
 N B Cheatham's br h Newbern, pedigree as above..... 2
 W H Williamson's ch m Carrie Fish, 4 yrs, by Daniel Boone, dam by Bill Cheatham..... 3
 Time—2:18.

Same Day.—Purse \$100, for 2:15 class; \$70 to first, 20 to second, 10 to third; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

L B Fordney's b m Edna Earle..... 2 1 1 1
 E B Toulmin's b g Dick Abrams..... 3 3 3 2
 G B Shawhan's ch m Birdie..... 1 2 2r
 John McDonald's br m Alice..... dis
 A Williams' Jeff Boone..... dis
 Time—2:52, 2:49, 2:49, 2:49.

Second Day, March 20.—Purse \$225; \$160 to first, 40 to second, 25 to third; mile heats, 3 in 5.

W B Cheatham's br c Newbern, 4 yrs, by Vandal, dam Lena Harding..... 1 1 1
 W Cottrill's b h Nelligan, 5 yrs, by Harry of the West, dam Emeline..... 2 2 2
 W H Williamson's ch m Carrie Fish, 4 yrs, by Daniel Boone, dam by Bill Cheatham 3 dis
 Time—1:52, 1:51, 1:51.

Same Day.—Purse \$100; \$65 to first, 35 to second, 10 to third; mile heats, 3 in 5, for horses that never beat 3:00.

John McDonald's br m Alice..... 8 1 1 1
 J H Shelton's br h Nubbin Ridge..... 1 3 3 3
 E B Toulmin's b h Dick Abrams..... 2 2 8 3
 G B Shawhan's b m Lady Bates..... 4 4 4 4
 Time—2:55, 2:49, 2:49, 2:51.

Third Day, March 31.—Purse \$175; \$100 to first, 50 to second, 25 to third, dash of two miles.

W Cottrill's b f Puss Broadnax, 4 yrs, by Daniel Boone, dam Eveline..... 1
 W Cottrill's b h Nelligan, pedigree as above... 2
 W H Williamson's b f Carrie Fish, 4 yrs, by Daniel Boone, dam by Bill Cheatham..... 3
 Time—4:04.

Same Day.—Purse \$150; \$100 to first, 50 to second; mile heats, free for all.

L B Fordney's b h Blind Tom..... 1 1
 G B Shawhan's ch m Birdie..... 3 2
 E B Toulmin's b g Dick Abrams..... 2 3
 John McDonald's br m Alice..... 4 4
 Time—2:45, 2:45.

Aquatics.

THE CAMBRIDGE AND OXFORD BOAT RACE.

The annual Oxford and Cambridge boat race was rowed on Saturday upon the Thames, from Putney to Mo. lake, in the presence of an immense multitude which far outstripped in numbers the spectators of any previous year. The morning sun shone brilliantly over the river, and a cloudless sky, such as is rarely seen in London at this time of the year, welcomed the enormous crowds who thronged the various routes from London. During the whole morning and afternoon this magnificent weather continued, and the light blue of the sky was interpreted by the Cantabs and their friends as a happy omen of success. The tide was about the middle of the flood, and was running like a mill-race when the boats started. The water throughout was perfectly smooth, while a light following breeze materially aided the speed of the craft. Oxford won the toss for choice of position, and selected the Middlesex side as the more favorable. Both crews launched their boats at twelve minutes to two p. m., and rowed down to the starting place, which is exactly 200 yards above the aqueduct at Putney. The finish is the same distance above the famed inn, the Ship, at Mortlake. The boats are got into their position at three minutes to two p. m. Oxford rowed in the narrowest of the two boats built for her by Clasper, the Oxford boat builder, while Cambridge occupied the new boat built for them by Swaddle & Wimsip, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. A thousand necks are craned to see the "first catch" and double the number of ears listen for the signal. The clear voice of the starter breaks upon the air—"Gentlemen, are you ready?" Like machines the crews "get forward." A mo-

At the same moment, Cambridge getting off a little quicker than their antagonists. The form of both crews was admirable, Oxford rowing as to the minute, and immediately quickened to 40, but without any perceptible gain of speed. From this point to Hammermith Oxford was badly steered, and they were thrown further out by an eddy which caught their craft just opposite Bishop's Creek. At Craven Cottage Cambridge was three yards ahead of Oxford, who, from this to the Crab Tree, made futile efforts to overtake their opponents. The Cantabs meanwhile steadily maintained their rate of 36 a minute. They were admirably steered almost in the centre of the stream, and when Oxford, off the Crab Tree, made another struggle for the lead Cambridge quickened their stroke to 38, while Mr. Davis, their coxswain, crowded the Oxonians toward the shore. Meanwhile the Cantabs drew clear of Oxford, and opposite to the Soap Works they succeeded in taking their adversaries' water. This virtualy ended the race. Hammermith Bridge, one mile and five furlongs from the start, was reached in eight minutes and thirty-one seconds. Here Cambridge was a clear length ahead. At the Doves, Cambridge was already two lengths ahead. At Chiswick Church, Cambridge pulled still further ahead, and in rowing up to Barnes' Bridge continued to increase their lead. Cambridge finished four lengths and a half ahead, while Oxford stopped nearly opposite the Ship Hotel. The time as officially taken was 20m. 19s., the time of the winning crew being faster than last year's by one minute and forty-three seconds. Both crews had evidently had enough, for, instead of paddling back, both went aboard the steam launch for Putney. The betting at Putney was 2 to 1 against Oxford, and at Mortlake, amid great excitement, the betting men were offering 3 and 4 to 1 without takers. At the final weighing yesterday the aggregate weight of the Oxford crew was 1,355 pounds, against Cambridge's 1,340, exclusive of coxswains, Oxford's coxswain being seven pounds the heavier.

THE ARGONAUT CLUB.

The first general meeting of the Argonaut Rowing Club for this year was held at the Bossing House. The statement of the Treasurer shows that the finances of the club are in a flourishing condition, and when a sporting club can show a good surplus, after paying all their debts in full for the year, it augurs well for their future prosperity. A large number of members was added to the list, and many others have expressed their intention of joining. The officers are—President, Mr. Henry O'Brien; Vice-President, Edward Sprague, M. R. C. S.; Captain, Mr. Harold Lamb; Secretary, Mr. C. E. Ryerson; Treasurer, Mr. Geo. Harris; Committee, Messrs. T. W. Fisher, Busk Harris, F. J. Taylor, W. H. Perram, W. Richards, L. H. Robertson, and Dr. W. H. Ellis.

Billiards.

A CHANCE FOR MR. RUSSELL.

To the Editor of the Sporting Times.
 Sir,—Having noticed in your issue of this date that an Ottawa correspondent says that there is considerable talk of a match between Mr. T. Russell and myself, I would say that this is the first I have heard of it, but if Mr. Russell wishes to play me, I will play him a match game of Billiards for One Hundred Dollars a side. Game to be 500 points up, 8-ball French game, to be played on a 5 x 10 table of Riley & May's manufacture, with 2 1/2 balls. Mr. Russell can name any day for the match, to be played between April 21 and May 18. I will give Mr. Russell \$80 to play the game in Cobourg, or I will take the same amount and play the game in Ottawa. Enclosed you will find \$80, which I place in your hands as forfeit, and as soon as Mr. Russell covers it you will please notify me.

SAM. JAKES.

Cobourg, April 7.
 A billiard match is to take place at the Canterbury Hall, Hamilton, on the 26th instant, between Mr. James Phelan, of the Royal Hotel, and Mr. Sam. Davis, for \$100 a side. The match is 300 points at the three ball game. The Hall will be fitted up for the occasion with raised seats. Both players are in steady practice.
 A TOURNEY.—On Saturday Mr. James Bennett of this city, and Mr. T. Russell, of Ottawa, had a couple of games of French, 100 points up, the latter getting the odds of 25, at the Bovere House, for a small amount. Bennett won both games. The first 100 to 65, with the winner's average of 2.50; and the second 100 to 44, with an average of 8. Largest run, 19 by Bennett.

Embracing the Leading Incidents in His Career as a Trainer and Driver, with a Detailed History of the Dispositions, Treatment, and Performances of the Noted Trotters that Have Passed Through His Hands, How They Were Fed, Trained, and Driven; with an Essay on Shoeing Trotters and the Care of the Horse's Foot.

CHAPTER XIV.

General Butler—His Races with Puss and Mr. Simmons' Broken Stallion—His Three Match Races with Rockingham—His Trots with Geo. M. Patchen for \$30,000—He Tracks Dutchman's Three-Mile Time, and Loses by an Accident—His Feeding and Training.

(Continued.)

[From the Spirit of the Times.]

August 1, 1863, Gen. Butler trotted in harness against Dutchman's three mile saddle time, 7:34. This took place on the Fashion Course. The match was for \$750, Horace Jones backing time two to one. Mr. Genet had offered previously to match Butler against Dutchman's time in three matches under saddle, in harness, and to wagon. (Dutchman made his famous three-mile time August 1, 1839.) The track was in good order, but the weather not exactly the best for a long race. I got the word about four o'clock, and went away with the runner ridden by my brother Ben laying about two lengths behind. I got down to the half mile pole in 1:13; this was a little too fast, so I slowed up, and had the runner taken back that Butler might not get excited and cause me to pull him. The first mile was trotted in 2:29, very easily, and I had not seen the horse up to his speed, the first half of the second mile was in 1:13, and the full mile in 2:30, this made the two miles in just five minutes, and Butler was not distressed a morsel; after going into the third mile, Butler was frightened by Adam S., a carpenter, one of our old turfites, who came out on a runner to keep me company the last mile, and who, knowing I was driving a winning race, and wishing to let me know it, ran his horse up on me at a terrible gallop, and called out so loudly that Butler made a very bad double break which, I think, lost him the race. I still tried very hard to help out, but, although he made a strong effort, I could not get him home better than 7:34. Then I saw the want of cotton in his ears, as he had been going well up to the time of this break, and I had him well in hand, besides he was not distressed a particle. Butler had trotted more close and exciting races than any horse on the turf at that time, and seldom had been in a race which did not require more than three heats to settle. After he left my hands several drivers had him. John Lovett, James Eoff, and McCheser, who, while driving him over the old trotting course at Chicago, in a heat trotted after dark, was killed by some ruffians who placed an obstruction on the track. This caused a rule to be adopted by all trotting associations which prohibited trotting after dark.

When in training, as Butler was a strong constitutioned horse, he needed a great deal of work, probably as much as any horse that ever appeared upon the turf. He was a great feeder, and would eat twelve quarts of oats, besides about all the hay he could get. I used to drive him with a plain snaffle. He wore ankle boots behind. He needed a great deal of speeding. I often gave him two miles nearly up to speed. I think he liked to trot to a wagon better than in any other way. He was a horse that always trotted on his courage and never liked the whip, the weight of a snapper would cause him to do his best at any time. Butler trotted so many races that it would take up too much space here to speak of them all, but they will be more fully described in my book. Gen. Butler, although pretty well along in years, I think he is now twenty-three, is driven on the road frequently, and I have seen him myself within a week or two.

CHAPTER XV.

Training Horses which have been turned out during Winter—Training Horses which have been Jogged during Winter—Training and Conditioning for a Race—Cooling out between Heats—Where Experience and Skill comes in—Treatment during a Race—Treatment after a Race.

Speaking in relation to horses, which have been jogged all winter, and have had good care, I can say I have been more successful with them than with those which have been "turned out" or "let up," particularly when I have trotted them for the early spring purses. If a horse is kept at work during suitable weather through the winter, he is more apt to be in good heart and good health, his muscles are stronger and more fully developed, and he has something to commence track work on. On the contrary, while a horse is turned out he is generally fed light, and on soft feed, carrots and mashos, he puts on a quantity of soft flesh, and gets an enormous belly, but as he passes his time in a box-

horse may be turned out in the winter, and be fit to be trotted in the early spring, whereas if he is turned out all winter to give him a "freeze out," I think it will take some four months before he will come back to himself. It is like taking a good healthy man, who is working every day, and confining him three or four months. Could he get himself in good working trim again in three or four weeks? I think not; it would take him three or four months before he got back his strength.

Horses need about the same treatment as men in this respect. I have turned out horses in a box stall, and not harnesses them through the winter, but given them walking exercise, and I have found that it took two or three months before they would be the same horses again. After working them a month, they might speed as fast as ever, but when put to the test to go their mile, they were not there, they would go fast a quarter, and pretty well a half, but after that would show conclusively that they lacked stamina and muscle. When I take a horse to the track which has been jogged and fed well all winter, I find that in four or six weeks, he is able to trot a fair race, but in a couple of weeks more he will trot better still. Now if the same horse has been turned out, it requires to be jogged for two months, with an additional spring, and then he will not be fit to trot a half race, perhaps. If a very fast and valuable horse, and you don't want to take any chance, you would say it is still too early to trot him, he ought to have another month or six weeks to put him in capital fix. A conversation on this subject would be carried on something after this fashion:

A "How would you like to trot your horse?"
 B "I don't care to trot him soon, as it might knock him all to pieces."
 A "What is the particular objection to trotting him?"
 B "I don't think he has got strength enough yet to trot a bang up race, because he has been running out all winter."
 A "How would you like to trot Fullerton?"
 B "First rate, he is fit to trot; I have been jogging him all the season."

A great many fast trotting horses belonging in New York have been kept at work this winter, that is, they have had a good long jog every day when the weather has been at all suitable. Fullerton, Hopeful, Orient, Thomas L. Young, Castle Boy, Socrates, Rosalind, Sunstaker, Crown Prince, and many others which I cannot call to mind at the moment, have been jogged during the winter. All these horses have done well, and appear to be in fine health, and immediately ready for spring work. I generally go to the track I choose to work on, about the 1st of April; each horse has a box stall, say 16 by 20 feet square, with bars, where all the blankets are hung, cases for bits, and plenty of brushes, combs, wooden skewers, etc. Each horse has as many as two or three dozen nice towels, plenty of sponges, some very soft for the mouth, which we call mouth sponges, others for the legs and feet, steel foot hooks for cleaning out the feet, etc. Every stall is kept well aired and bedded down with fresh, clean straw. One of the important points in taking care of a trotter is that perfect cleanliness is observed, and to that end it is requisite that body, legs, and feet shall be kept as clean as any child's. Many horses have the finest blankets which can be bought with their names embroidered on them; also, sheets, hoods, halters, and circles of the very finest description. If a horse will only learn to go fast enough he can have the best of everything. There are a great many gentlemen who have their horses stables, where they make it headquarters, like a parlor, sometimes even painted and decorated. When traveling, of course, the stalls are not as nice as at home, but most of the associations have made great improvements of late years in this respect. Narragansett Park was one of the first to pay attention to stabling. Mr. Amasa Sprague erected some very nice buildings at this track, and the stalls were very comfortable, airy, and commodious.

When I first go to the track in the spring I give my horses their work upon the road, but their speeding on the track; if they have too much track work they get discouraged and tired of it. When a horse comes in from his work on the road, if I want him to have some fast work on the track, he is taken from the wagon, nicely sponged out, his boots, if he needs them, put on, and he is harnesses to his sulky. I then jog him, say a couple of miles, to prepare him for speeding. Some horses need more speeding than others, if I am working a horse which can trot in 2:30, I give him at this time, say a mile in 2:50 (it would be hard to make an arbitrary rule to be followed by a new beginner at this time as no two horses need to be trained alike), perhaps a quarter as fast as he can go. If he acted badly perhaps he would need to be driven still more to settle him. I treat a horse not according to age, but according to his temper, some horses need speeding every day and some do not need it more than twice a week. It is a nice point to condition a horse so all his speed

horse in the hands, it is says with disposition, some horses we have to use very gently, and some are a little laible, and some are a little laible. In my experience a good positioned horse will learn your ways, and you will learn to use him, if he and man understand and are used to each other, they will get along better than if they are strangers. This is where experience comes in. Some drivers have more skill than others, and a skillful driver can take a strange horse and beat the man that has handled him. Skill will accomplish more where a trainer has had a horse some time, he knows how much work he needs, what kind of a harness suits him, etc. Last year I took a horse to harness so he will be suited and feel easy, then see which he likes best, a very light or a very stiff sulky—a sulky has much to do in fitting a horse for a fast race. A trainer can learn every day that is my experience. If I am going to trot a race, and am satisfied with the horse's condition, perhaps I try him a mile and repeat, some I would speed still more, according to whether he is a game horse or not. In fact, I would give him such a trial as he needed, but not up to extreme speed. I have given up to my horses, just before a race, up to their speed. I have known horses to go fast in a trial and it has left them the race. I generally give a horse a quarter to see if he is fit to harness and has his speed, a trainer should know about his horse's condition, and how much work he can stand. During a race I consider it of great importance that a horse should be cooled out properly between heats. I think all drivers should use great judgment about this. A great many trainers are very careless about it; they do not think how hot it is and how it is taking hold of their horse. Perhaps he has now the first heat easy, and they can, without much trouble, get him ready for the next, which he may also win, but not so easily as the first, then when the third one comes to be trotted he may find some horse which has been "laying off" that will "go for" him and cramp him on the last quarter and beat him home, then they will begin to take care of their horse, but it will then be too late to do what should have been done at first. I am speaking to new beginners and not to old and experienced trainers, who have learned, years ago, the necessity of attending to this matter under all circumstances.

If the horse has had a hard heat, and the day is hot, observe if he sweats freely, if so, don't clothe him up but little, give him a few swallows of water, and walk slowly a short distance, then bring him in, and scrape and rub him up, taking care to get the water well out, then rub his legs, and keep sponging him constantly about the head, as it refreshes a horse greatly, give him a handful of wet hay or grass, which I prefer. I sometimes give them a little oatmeal gruel, some horses prefer the water pure, a gill of sherry is excellent to give, some prefer brandy or whiskey, but I think them too powerful, if a horse is not used to stimulants, I think the sherry far the best; I generally bathe the legs in Medford rum, and always keep it on hand when travelling. In cold, bleak, windy weather, I think as soon as a heat is over a horse should be covered up and kept warm. Bobbing hurts him more than it does him good, as the cold air strikes him and chills his blood, but do not clothe him enough to make him sweat. Rub the legs and muscles of the arms. I don't believe in rubbing the legs too much, the part to rub is above the knees and hocks. Many use liquor across the loins, but too much of that is bad, as it heats up, and makes a horse want to stale. Rub, as I have said, the muscles of the arms, as that is where a horse gets tired and needs to be helped. After a race, and the horse is taken to his stable, he should be rubbed nearly dry, then blaz koted, and walked slowly, and this should be repeated until he is thoroughly cooled out, then he is ready to brush off and be blanketed up for the night. You can, after this, put his feet in a tub of warm water, with shorts in it, sometimes washing soda may be used. Bathe the legs for three quarters of an hour, then rub dry, and bathe with liquor not too strong and bandage very light. After the liquor has dried in, and the legs are perfectly dry, if you think the bandages will be too warm to keep on all night, you can take them off, and smooth the legs down a little. Some horses are better and more comfortable with them off than on. Some trainers prefer to leave them on all night, I do what I think best for any particular horse. A hot mash of oats and shorts, with a handful of oil meal thrown in, a good, dry, clean bed, and some hay, will complete all that can be done for him.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HORSE BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION. This prominent association of Jackson, Miss., will give their seventh annual spring fair on June 20 to 23. Premiums to the amount of \$8,000 will be divided equally among the following classes: 3:00—2:50—2:44—2:40—2:34—2:30—2:26, and free for all. They have adopted the five per cent. forfeit system. Forage free.

THE BLACK MARE.

A Story of Punctestown Races.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

DAISY.

"I don't make out what fellows mean in that song," answered Daisy. "But I like a good song if it's in English; and I like best of all to hear you play!"

"Now, what on earth has that to do with it," she asked impatiently. "We are talking about the mare. Send round for her tomorrow morning, and you can enter her at once. Has she got a name?"

"It used to be 'The Dark Lady,'" he answered, smiling rather mischievously, "out of compliment to you. But I've changed it now."

"I ought to be very much flattered. And to what?"

"To Satanella."

She bit her lip, and tried to look vexed; but she couldn't be angry with Daisy, so laughed heartily as she waved him a goodbye, and cantered home.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. LUSHINGTON.

With all her independence of spirit, it cannot be supposed that Miss Douglas went to and fro in the world of London without a chaperon. On women, an immunity from supervision, and what we may call the freedom of the city, is conferred by matrimony alone. This franchise seems irrevocable of age. A virgin of fifty gathers confidence under the wing of a bride nineteen years old, shooting her arrows with the more precision that she feels so safe behind the shield of that tender, inexperienced matron. Why are these things so? Why do we dine at nightfall, go to bed at sunrise, and get up at noon? Why do we herd together in narrow staircases and inconvenient rooms at the hottest season of the year? If people bore us, why do we ask them to dinner? and suffer fools gladly, without ourselves being wise? I wonder if we shall ever know.

Blanche Douglas accordingly, with more courage, resolution, and *à propos* face, than most men out of town, had placed herself under the tutelage of Mrs. Francis Lushington, a lady with a convenient husband, who, like the celebrated courtier, was a vet in the way not out of the way. She talked about Frank, as she called him, every ten minutes; but so that they were seldom seen together, except once a week at afternoon church.

That gentleman himself must either have been the student of mortals, or the most cunning, his wife included to think him the latter.

Mrs. Lushington knew everybody, and with everybody. There was no particular reason why she should have attained popularity, but society had taken her up, and she had no hurry to get her down again.

She was a little fair person, with pretty features and a soft pleading voice, very much dressed, very much painted; as good a fool as could be imagined to such a woman as Blanche Douglas.

They were sitting together in the dining-room of the latter about half past two p.m. There never was such a lady for going out to luncheon as Mrs. Lushington. If you were asked to that pleasant meal at any house within a mile of Hyde Park Corner, it would have been a bad bet to take five to one about not meeting her. She was like a nice luncheon herself. Not much of her; but what there was light, delicate, palatable, with a good deal of garnish.

"And which is it to be, dear?" asked this lady of her hostess, finishing a glass of sherry with considerable enjoyment. "I know I shall have to congratulate one of them soon, and to send you a wedding-present; but it's no use talking about it, till I know which."

"Do you think it a wise thing to marry, Clara?" said the other in reply, fixing her black eyes solemnly on her friend's face.

Mrs. Lushington pondered. "There's a good deal to be said on both sides," she answered; "and I haven't quite made up my mind what I should do if I were you. With me you know, it was different. If I hadn't made a convenience of Frank, I should have been nursing my dreadful old aunt still. You are very independent as you are, and do no end of mischief. But, my dear, you won't last for ever. That's where we fair women have the pull. And then you've so many to chide from. Yes; I think if I were you, I would."

"And you'll laugh at me, Clara, I feel," said Miss Douglas. "Do you think it's a plan to marry a man one don't care for, an' who rather bores one than

own mind. What would you have?"

"My dear, I couldn't!"

"State your objections."

"Well, in the first place, he's very fond of me."

"That shows good taste, but it needn't stand in the way, for you may be sure it won't last."

"But it will last, Clara, because I cannot care for him in return. My dear, if you know what a brute I feel sometimes, when he goes away, looking so proud and unhappy, without ever saying an impatient word. Then I'm sorry for him, I own; but it's no use, and I only wish he would take up with somebody else. Don't you think you could help me? Clara, would you mind? It's uphill work, I know; but you've plenty of others, and it wouldn't tire you, as it does me!"

Miss Douglas looked so pitiful, and so much in earnest, that her friend laughed outright.

"I think I should like it very much," replied the latter, "though I've hardly room for another on the list. But if it's not to be the General, Blanche, we return to the previous question. Who is it?"

"I don't think I shall ever marry at all," answered the younger lady, with a smothered sigh. "If I were a man, I certainly wouldn't; and why wasn't I a man? Why can't we be independent? go where we like, do what we like, and for that matter, choose the people we like?"

"Then you would choose somebody?"

"I didn't say so. No, Clara; the sort of person I should fancy would be sure never to care for me. His character must be so entirely different from mine, and though they say, contrasts generally agree, black and white, after all, only make a feeble kind of grey."

"Whatever you do, dear," expostulated Mrs. Lushington, "don't go and fall in love with a boy! Of all follies on earth, that pays the worst. They are never the same two days together, and not one of them but thinks more of the horse he bought last Monday at Tattersalls, than the woman he 'spooned,' as they call it, last Saturday night at the Opera."

Miss Douglas winced.

"I cannot agree with you," said she, stooping to pick up her handkerchief; "I think men grow worse rather than better, the more they live in the world. I like people to be fresh, and earnest, and hopeful. Perhaps it is because I am none of these myself, that I rather appreciate boys."

Mrs. Lushington clapped her hands. "The very thing!" she exclaimed. "He's made on purpose for you. You ought to know Daisy!"

Miss Douglas drew herself up. "I do know Mr. Writers," she answered coldly; "if you mean him. I believe he is called Daisy in his regiment and by his very particular friends."

"You know him! and you didn't tell me!" replied the other gaily. "Never mind. Then, of course you're devoted to him. I am; we all are. He's so cheery, so imperturbable, and what I like him best for, is that he has no more heart, than—than—well, than I have myself. There!"

Miss Douglas was on her guard now. The approprative faculty, strong in feminine nature as the maternal instinct, and somewhat akin to it, was fully aroused. Only in London, no doubt, would it have been possible for two such intimates to be ignorant of each other's predilections; but even here it struck Blanche there was something suspicious in her friend's astonishment, something not quite sincere in her enthusiasm and her praise.

So she became exceedingly polite and affectionate, as a fencer goes through a series of courteous salutes, while proposing to himself the honor of running his adversary through the bricket.

"You make yourself out worse than you are, Clara," said she; "it's lucky I know you so well. Indeed, you musn't go yet. You always run away before I've said half my say. You'll be sure to come again very soon though. Promise, dear. What a love of a carriage!"

It was, indeed, a very pretty Victoria that stopped at the door—fragile, costly, delicate, like a piece of porcelain on wheels—and very pretty Mrs. Lushington looked thereon, as she drove away.

She had turned the corner of the street some minutes before Miss Douglas left the window. Passing a mirror, that lady caught the reflection of her own face, and stopped, smiling, but not in wrath.

"They may well call you Satanella," she said; "and yet I could have been so good—so good!"

CHAPTER V.

THROUGH THE MILL.

She was iron-dusted and satin-skinned, Ribbed like a drum, and lumbd like a deer, Force as the fire, and fleet as the wind.

expected to flash a black cock rather than to hail a Hansom cab at only two hours' distance from its regular stand in Pall Mall.

The black mare, stripped for a gallop, stood ten yards off in the glow of a morning. That Daisy meant to give her a "spin," was obvious from the texture of his nether garments, and the still silver-mounted whip in his hand.

He had met St. Josephs the night before in the smoking-room of a military club, and, entertaining a profound respect for that veteran, and had taken him into his counsels concerning the preparations and performances of the black mare. Daisy was prudent, but not cunning. The elder man's experience, he considered, might be useful, and so asked frankly for his advice.

The General cared as little for steeple-chasing as for marbles or prisoner's base, but in the present instance felt a morbid attraction towards the younger officer and his venture, because he associated the black mare with certain rides, that dwelt strangely on his memory, and of which he treasured every incident with painful accuracy, sometimes almost wishing they had never been.

There is a disease, from which, like small-pox, immunity can only be purchased by taking it as often as possible in its mildest form. To contract it sooner or later, seems the lot of humanity, and St. Josephs had been no exception to the general rule that ordains men and women shall inflict on each other certain injuries and annoyances, none the less vexatious because flagrantly imaginary and unreal.

The General had loved in his youth, more than once it may be, with the ardour and tenacity of his character; but these follies were now things of the past. In some out-of-the-way corner, perhaps, he preserved a knot of ribbon, a scrap of writing, or a photograph with its hair dressed as before the flood. He could lay his hand on such memorials, no doubt; but he never looked at them now, just as he ignored certain sights and sounds, voices, tones, perfumes, that made him wince like a finger on a raw wound. To save his life, he would not have admitted that the breath of a fresh spring morning depressed his spirits more than the sarocco, that he would rather listen to the pipes of a Highland regiment in a mess-room than to a certain strain of Donizetti, the softest, the saddest, the sweetest of that gifted composer—softer, sweeter, sadder to him, that it was an echo from the past.

Among the advantages of growing old, of which there are more than people usually imagine, none is greater than the repose of mind which comes with advancing years—from fatigue, indeed, rather than satisfaction, but still repose.

It is not for the young to bask in the sun, to sit over the fire, to look forward to dinner as the pleasantest part of the day. These must be always in action, even in their dreams; but at and after middle age comes the pleasure of the ruminating animals, the quiet comfort of content. An elderly gentleman, whose liver has outlasted his heart, is not so much to be pined after all.

Yet must he take exceeding care not to leave go of the rock he clings to, like an oyster, that he may drift back into the fatal flood of sentiment he ought to have baffled, once for all. If he does, assuredly his last state will be worse than his first. Very sweet will be the taste of the well-remembered dram, not so intoxicating as of yore to the seasoned brain; but none the less a stimulant of the senses, a restoration for the frame. Clutching the cup to drain perennial youth, he will empty it to the dregs, till the old sot reels, and the grey hairs fall dishonored in the dust.

If follies perpetrated for women could be counted like runs in a cricket-match, I do believe the men above forty would get the score.

"Let me see her gallop," said the General, with a wistful look at the mare, "and I will tell you what I think."

He too was a fine horseman, but he sighed to reflect he could no longer vault on horseback like Daisy, nor embody himself at once with the animal he bestrode, as did that young and supple light dragoon.

"I never saw a better," said the old officer to himself, as the young one, sitting close into his saddle, set the mare going at three-quarter speed. "And it she's only half as good as her rider, the Irishman will have a job to keep the stakes on their side of the Channel this time! Ah, well. It's no use, we can't hold our own with the young ones, and I suppose we ought not to wish we could!"

The General fell into a very common mistake. We are apt to think women set a high price on the qualities we value in each other, forgetting that as their opinions are chiefly reflected from our own, it is to be talked about, no matter why, that constitutes merit in their eyes. What do they care for a light hand, a firm seat, a vigorous frame, or a keen intellect except in so far as these confer notoriety on their possessor? To be celebrated is enough. If for his virtues,

Approaching the leap, he urged her with voice and limbs. They came at it, racing pace.

"On, you tailor!" muttered the General, holding his breath, in fear of a hideous fall. "I'm wrong!" he added, the next moment. "Beautifully done, and beautifully ridden!"

Even at her utmost speed, the mare sprang upright into the air, like a deer, kicked the farther face of the bank with such lightning quickness that the stroke was almost unperceivable; and, flying far beyond the ditch, seemed rather to have gained than lost ground in this interruption to her stride.

Away she went again! Over two more fences, done at the same headlong pace, round the corner of a high black hedge, down into the hollow, up the opposite rise, and so back into the straight, where Daisy, smiling pleasantly, and much heightened in color, executed an imaginary finish, with his hands down.

"I've not seen a goer for years," observed the General, as her jockey dismounted, and two stable lads scraped a little lather from the mare. "But she seems to take a deal of riding; and I think she is almost too free at her fences, even for a steeplechaser."

"I'm delighted to hear you say so," was the answer. "That where we shall win. When I had her first she was rather cautious; but I hurried and hustled her till I got her temper up, and she puts on the steam now as if she was going to jump into next week. I believe she'd do the great double at Punctestown in her stride."

The older man shook his head. "She has capital forelegs," said he; "but I saw just such another break its neck last year at Lincoln. When they're so free you must catch hold like grim death; for, by Jove, if they overjump themselves at that pace, they're not much use when they get up again."

"That would be hard lines," said Daisy, lighting a cigar. "It's the only good thing I ever had in my life, and it must not boil over. If you come to that, I'd rather she broke my neck than hers. If anything went wrong with Satanella I could never face Blanche Douglas again."

"Blanche Douglas!" The General winced. It was not his habit to call young ladies by their Christian names; and to talk familiarly of this one seemed a desecration indeed.

"I should hope Miss Douglas will never ride that animal now," said he, looking very haughty—"throaty," Daisy called it, in describing the scene afterwards.

"Not ride her?" replied the young gentleman. "You can't know much of Satanella, General, if you suppose she wouldn't ride anything, if you only told her not! She's a tramp of a girl, I admit, but, my eyes, she's a rum one! Why, if there wasn't a law or something against it, I'm blessed if I don't think she'd ride at Punctestown herself—boots and breeches—silk jacket—make all the running, and win as she liked! That's her form, General, you may take my word for it!"

St. Josephs positively stood aghast. Could he believe his ears? Silk jacket! Boots and breeches! And this was the woman he delighted to lean on. To have annihilated his rippant young acquaintance on the spot would have given him intense satisfaction, but he was obliged to content himself with contemptuous silence and sundry glances of scorn. His displeasure, however, seemed quite lost on Daisy, who conversed freely all the way back to town, and took leave of his indignant senior with unimpacted affability when they parted.

CHAPTER VI.

CUTTING FOR PARTNERS.

"Then you'll—ask a man?"

"I'll ask a man."

The first speaker was Miss Douglas, the second Mrs. Lushington. These ladies, having agreed to go to the play together, the former at once secured adjoining stalls, for herself, her admirer, her friend, and her friend's admirer. Only in such little parties of four can the modern drama be appreciated or enjoyed.

Miss Douglas had long promised General St. Josephs that she would accompany him to the performance of a popular farce called Uncle Jack, whereof the humor consisted in an abstraction of "Boots" of a certain traveller's garments at his hotel, and consequent engagement of this denuded wayfarer to the lady in his affections. The general would have walked barefoot to Canterbury for the delight of taking Miss Douglas to the play; and, after many misfires, a night was at length fixed for that treat, of course under the supervision of a chaperon.

Like others who follow "will-o'-the-wisps," St. Josephs was getting deeper into the mire at every step. Day by day this dark bewitching woman occupied more of his thoughts, wound herself tighter round his weary heart. Now for the first time since

Nobody, I suppose, is insane enough to imagine a man feels happier for being in love. There were moments when St. Josephs positively hated himself, and everybody else. Moments of vexation, longing, and a bitter sense of ill-usage, akin to rage, but for the leavening of sadness, that toned it down to grief. He knew from theory and practice how to manage a woman, just as he knew how to bridle and ride a horse. Alas! that each bends only to the careless ease of conscious mastery. He could have controlled the Satanella on four legs almost as well as reckless Daisy. He had no influence whatever over her namesake on two.

Most of us possess the faculty of looking on those affairs in which we are deeply interested, from the outside, as it were, and with the eyes of an unbiassed spectator. Such impartial perception, however, while it increases our self-reproach, seems in no way to affect our conduct. General St. Josephs cursed himself for an old fool twenty times a day, but none the more for that did he strive or wish to put from him the folly he deplored.

It was provoking, degrading, to know that in presence of Miss Douglas he appeared at his very worst; that when he rode out with her, he was either idiotically simple, or morosely preoccupied; that when he called at her house, he could neither find topics for conversation, nor excuses to go away; that in every society, others, whom he rated as his inferiors, must have seemed infinitely pleasanter, wiser, better informed, and more agreeable; and that he, professedly a man of experience, and a man of the world, lost his head, like a raw boy, at the first word she addressed him, with succeeding in convincing her that he had lost her his heart. Then he vowed to rebel—to wean himself by degrees—to break the whole thing off at once—to go out of town, leaving no address—to assert his independence, show he could live without her, and never see her again! But when she asked him to take her to the play, he said he should be delighted, and was!

Among the many strange functions of society, few seem more unaccountable than its tendency to select a theatre as the rendezvous of sincere affection. Of all places, there is none, I should imagine, where people are more *en evidence*—particularly in the stalls, a part of the house especially affected, it would seem, as affording no protection to front or rear. Every gesture is marked, every whisper overheard, and even if you might speak aloud, which you musn't, during the performances, you could hardly impart to a lady tender truths or falsehoods, as the case may be, while surrounded by a mob of people who have paid money with the view of keeping eyes and ears wide open until they obtain its worth.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding all these drawbacks to confidential communication, no sooner does a fair angler of the present day feel that, in fisherman's language, she "has got a bite," than straightway she carries her prey off to a minor theatre, where by some inexplicable method of her own, she proceeds to secure the gudgeon on its hook.

St. Josephs got himself up with extreme care on the evening in question. He was no faded *petit maître*, no wrinkled dandy, curled, padded, girthed, and tottering in polished boots towards his grave. On the contrary he had the wisdom to grow old gracefully, as far as dress and deportment were concerned, rather advancing than putting back the hand of time. Yet to-night he did regret the lines on his worn face, the bald place at the crown of his head. Ten years, he thought, rather bitterly, only give him back ten years, and he could have held his own with the best of them! She might have cared for him ten years ago. Could she care for him? Yes, surely she must, he loved her so!

"Your brougham is at the door, sir," said his servant, once a soldier, like himself, a person of calm temperament and a certain grim humor, whose private opinion it was that his master had of late been conducting himself like an old fool.

The General got into his carriage with an abstracted air, and was driven off to dine nervously and without appetite at the Senior United.

How flabby seemed the fish, how tasteless the cutlets, how insufficiently prosy the conversation of an old comrade at the next table—a jovial veteran, who loved highly-seasoned stories, and could still drink of the *quantum* he was pleased to call his "whack of Port." Never before had this worthy's discourse seemed so idiotic, his stomach so obtuse, his chuckles so fatuous and insane. What did he mean by talking about "fellows of our age," to St. Josephs, who was seven years his junior in the Army List, and five in his baptismal register? Why couldn't he eat without winceing, laugh without coughing; and Why, oh! why could he not give a comrade greeting, without slapping him on the back? St. Josephs, drinking scalding coffee before the other ar-

A virgin of fifty years, with a...
the wing of a feather ten years old,
the long her arrows with the more precision
that he feels safe behind the shield of that
to her, an experienced matron. Why are
the things? Why do we dine at night
falling to be late and a night up at once?
Why do we herd together in narrow stair
cases and in narrow rooms at the bottom
of the year? If people bore us, why
do we seek them to dinner? and suffer fools
thickly without ourselves being wise? I won
der if we shall ever know.

Blanche Douglas accordingly, with more
of a resolution, and with more force, than
she had ever before had placed herself under
the wing of Mrs. Frances Lushington, a
body with a convenient husband, who, like
the celebrated courtier, was never in the way
of the way. She talked about Frank
as if he called him every ten minutes; but
how they were seldom seen together,
except once a week at afternoon church.

"That gentleman himself must either have
been the student of mortals, or the most
capable, his wife inclined to think him the
best."

Mrs. Lushington knew everybody, and
was everywhere. There was no particular
reason why she should have attained popu-
larity, but society had taken her up, and
she had no hurry to set her down again.

She was a little fair person, with pretty
features and a soft pleading voice, very much
disposed very much painted; as good a field
as could be imagined to such a woman as
Blanche Douglas.

They were sitting together in the dining-
room of the latter about half past two in
the evening. There never was such a lady for going out to
luncheon as Mrs. Lushington. If you were
asked to that pleasant meal at any house
within a mile of Hyde Park Corner, it would
have been a bad bet to take five to one about
not meeting her. She was like a nice lun-
cheon herself. Not much of her; but what
there was light, delicate, palatable, with a
good deal of garnish.

"And which is it to be, dear?" asked this
lady of her hostess, finishing a glass of sherry
with considerable enjoyment. "I know I
shall have to congratulate one of them soon,
and to send you a wedding-present; but
it's no use talking about it, till I know which

"Do you think it a wise thing to marry,
Clara?" said the other in reply, fixing her
black eyes solemnly on her friend's face.

Mrs. Lushington pondered. "There's a
good deal to be said on both sides," she an-
swered; "and I haven't quite made up my
mind what I should do if I were you. With
me you know it was different. If I hadn't
made a convenience of Frank, I should have
been nursing my dreadful old aunt still. You
are very independent as you are, and do no
end of mischief. But, my dear, you won't
last for ever. That's where we fair women
have the pull. And then you've so many to
choose from. Yes; I think if I were you, I
would."

"And—You'll laugh at me, Clara, I feel,"
said Miss Douglas. "Do you think it's a
good plan to marry a man one don't care
for? I mean, who rather bores one than
otherwise?"

"I did, dear," was the reply; "but I don't
know that I've found it answer."

"It must be dreadful to see him all day
long, and have to study his fancies. Break-
fast with him, perhaps, every morning at
nine o'clock."

"Frank would go without breakfast often
enough, if he couldn't make his own tea, and
insisted on such early hours. No, dear, there
are worse things than that. We have to be
in the country when they want to shoot, and
in the spring too sometimes, if they're fond
of hunting. But, on the other hand, we mar-
ried women have certain advantages. We
can keep more flirtations going on at once
than you. Though, to be sure, I don't fancy
the General would stand much of that! If
ever I saw a white Othello, it's St. Josephs."

"St. Josephs? Do you think I want to
marry St. Josephs?"

"Could the General have overheard the tone
in which his name was spoken, surely his
best heart would have felt very sore and
sad."

"Well, he wants to marry you!" was the
reply; "and, upon my word, dear, the more
I think of it, the more I am convinced you
couldn't do better. He is rich enough,
and a good looking, and seems to know his

the worst. They are never the same two
days together, and not one of them but
thinks more of the horse he bought last
Monday at Tatteralls, than the woman he
spooned, as they call it, last Saturday
night at the Opera.

Miss Douglas winced.

"I cannot agree with you," said she,
stooping to pick up her handkerchief, "I
think men grow worse rather than better,
the more they live in the world. I like
people to be fresh, and earnest, and hopeful.
Perhaps it is because I am none of these
myself, that I rather appreciate boys."

Mrs. Lushington clasped her hands.
"The very thing!" she exclaimed. "He's
made on purpose for you. You ought to
know Daisy!"

Miss Douglas drew herself up. "I do
know Mr. Walters, she answered coldly,
if you mean him. I believe he is called
Daisy in his regiment and by his very par-
ticular friends."

"You know him! and you didn't tell
me!" replied the other gaily. "Never
mind. Then, of course you're devoted to
him. I am, we all are. He's so cheery,
so imperturbable, and what I like him best
for, is, that he has no more heart, than—
well, than I have myself. There!"

Miss Douglas was on her guard now. The
approprative faculty, strong in feminine
nature as the maternal instinct, and some-
what akin to it, was fully aroused. Only in
London, no doubt, would it have been pos-
sible for two such intimates to be ignorant
of each others predilections; but even here it
struck Blanche there was something sus-
picious in her friend's astonishment, some-
thing not quite sincere in her enthusiasm
and her praise.

So she became exceedingly polite and af-
fectionate, as a fencer goes through a series
of courteous salutes, while proposing to him-
self the honor of running his adversary
through the brisquet.

"You make yourself out worse than you
are, Clara," said she; "it's lucky I know
you so well. Indeed, you must go yet.
You always run away before I've said half
my say. You'll be sure to come again very
soon though. Promise, dear. What a love
of a carriage!"

It was, indeed, a very pretty Victoria that
stopped at the door—fragile, costly, delicate,
like a piece of porcelain on wheels—and very
pretty Mrs. Lushington looked therein, as
she drove away.

She had turned the corner of the street
some minutes before Miss Douglas left the
window. Passing a mirror, that lady caught
the reflection of her own face, and stopped,
smiling, but not in mirth.

"They may well call you Satanelle," she
said; "and yet I could have been so good—
so good!"

CHAPTER V.

THROUGH THE MILL.

"She was iron-sinewed and satyr-skinned,
Ribbed like a drum, and limbed like a deer,
Fierce as the fire, and fleet as the wind.

There was nothing she couldn't climb or
clear:
Rich lords had vexed me in vain to part
For their gold and silver, with Britomart."

"It describes your mare exactly, and how
the gifted, ill-fated author would have liked
a ride on such a flyer as Satanelle."

The speaker's voice shook, and the cigar
quivered between his lips while they pro-
nounced that ill-omened name.

"She's better than common, General,"
was the reply. "Just look at her crest.
They're the right sort, when they train on
like that!"

General St. Josephs and Daisy Walters
were standing on a breezy upland common,
commanding one of the fairest landscapes in
England, backed by a curtain of dusky
smoke from the great metropolis, skirting
two-thirds of the horizon. There was
heather at their feet; and a sportsman set
down in that spot from the skies might have

From "The Romance of Britomart," not
the least stirring of those spirited verses
called "Bush Ballads and Galloping
Rymes," composed by the late A. Lindsey
Gordon, and published at Melbourne, Aus-
tralia, 1870.

flood. He could lay his hand on such
memorials, no doubt, but he never looked
at them now, just as he ignored certain
sights and sounds, voices, tones, perfumes,
that made him wince like a finger on a raw
wound. To save his life, he would not have
admitted that the breath of a fresh spring
morning depressed his spirits more than the
sirocco, that he would rather listen to the
pipes of a Highland regiment in a mess-
room than to a certain strain of Donizetti,
the softest, the saddest, the sweetest of that
gifted composer—softer, sweeter, sadder to
him, that it was an echo from the past.

Among the advantages of growing old, of
which there are more than people usually
imagine, none is greater than the repose of
mind which comes with advancing years—
from fatigue, indeed, rather than satisfac-
tion, but still repose.

It is not for the young to bask in the sun,
to sit over the fire, to look forward to dinner
as the pleasantest part of the day. These
must be always in action, even in their
dreams, but at and after middle age comes
the pleasure of the rummaging animals, the
quiet comfort of content. An elderly gentle-
man, whose liver has outlasted his heart, is
not so much to be pitied after all.

Yet must he take exceeding care not to
leave go of the rock he clings to, like an
oyster, that he may drift back into the fatal
flood of sentiment he ought to have bailed,
once for all. If he does, assuredly his last
state will be worse than his first. Very
sweet will be the taste of the well-remember-
ed dram, not so intoxicating as of yore to
the seasoned brain; but none the less a
stimulant of the senses, a restoration for the
frame. Clutching the cup to drain perennial
youth, he will empty it to the dregs, till the
old set roels, and the grey hairs fall dishon-
ored in the dust.

If follies perpetrated for women could be
counted like runs in a cricket-match, I do
believe the men above forty would get the
score.

"Let me see her gallop," said the Gen-
eral, with a wistful look at the mare, "and
I will tell you what I think."

He too was a fine horseman; but he
sighed to reflect he could no longer vault on
horseback like Daisy, nor embody himself
at once with the animal he bestrode, as did
that young and supple light dragoon.

"I never saw a better," said the old of-
ficer to himself, as the young one, sitting
close into his saddle, set the mare going at
three-quarter speed. "And if she's only
half as good as her rider, the Irishmen will
have a job to keep the stakes on their side
of the Channel this time! Ah, well. It's no
use, we can't hold our own with the young
ones, and I suppose we ought not to wish we
could!"

The General fell into a very common mis-
take. We are apt to think women set a high
price on the qualities we value in each other,
forgetting that as their opinions are chiefly
reflected from our own, it is to be talked
about, no matter why, that constitutes merit
in their eyes. What do they care for a light
hand, a firm seat, a vigorous frame, or a
keen intellect except in so far as these con-
fer notoriety on their possessor? To be
celebrated is enough. If for his virtues,
well. If for his vices, better. Even the
meekest of them have a strong notion of im-
proving a sinner, and incline to the black
sheep rather than all the white innocents of
the fold.

In the meantime, Daisy felt thoroughly
in his element, enjoying it as a duck enjoys
immersion in the gutter. Free goer as she
was, the mare possessed also an elasticity
rare even amongst animals of the highest
class; but which, when he has once felt it,
no horseman can mistrust or mistake. As
Daisy tightened his hold on her head, and
increased her speed, he experienced in all its
force that exquisite sense of motion which I
imagine, is the peculiar pleasure enjoyed by
the birds of the air.

Round the common they came, and past
the General once more, diverging from their
previous direction so as to bring into the
track such a fence as they would have to en-
counter in their Irish contest. It was a high
and perpendicular bank, narrow at the top,
with a grip on the taking off, and a wide
ditch on the landing side. Anything but a
tempting obstacle to face at great speed.
Though she had gone three miles very fast,
the mare seemed fresh and full of vigor, pull-
ing, indeed, so hard that Daisy needed all
his skill to control and keep her in his hand.

fighting a cigar. "It's the only good thing
I ever had in my life, and it must not boil
over. If you come to that, I'd rather she
broke my neck than hers. If anything went
wrong with Satanelle I could never face
Blanche Douglas again."

"Blanche Douglas!" The General
winced. It was not his habit to call young
ladies by their Christian names; and to talk
familiarly of this one seemed a desecration
indeed.

"I should hope Miss Douglas will never
ride that animal now," said he, looking very
haughty—"throaty." Daisy called it, in de-
scribing the scene afterwards.

"Not ride her?" replied the young gen-
tleman. "You can't know much of Satanelle,
General, if you suppose she wouldn't ride
anything, if you only told her not! She's a
trump of a girl, I admit; but, my eyes, she's
a run one! Why, if there wasn't a law or
something against it, I'm blessed if I don't
think she'd ride at Punchestown herself—
boots and breeches—silk jacket—make all
the running, and win as she liked! That's
her form, General, you may take my word
for it!"

St. Josephs positively stood aghast. Could
he believe his ears? Silk jacket! Boots and
breeches! And this was the woman he de-
lighted to hear of. To have annihilated his
flippant young acquaintance on the spot
would have given him intense satisfaction;
but he was obliged to content himself with
contemptuous silence and sundry glances of
scorn. His displeasure, however, seemed
quite lost on Daisy, who conversed freely
all the way back to town, and took leave of
his indignant senior with unimpair'd affa-
bility when they parted.

CHAPTER VI.

CUTTING FOR PARTNERS.

"Then you'll—ask a man?"

"I'll ask a man."

The first speaker was Miss Douglas, the
second Mrs. Lushington. These ladies, hav-
ing agreed to go to the play together, the
former at once secured adjoining stalls, for
herself, her admirer, her friend, and her
friend's admirer. Only in such little parties
of four can the modern drama be appreciat-
ed or enjoyed.

Miss Douglas had long promised General
St. Josephs that she would accompany him
to the performance of a popular farce called
Uncle Jack, whereof the humor consisted in
an abstraction of "Boots of a certain
traveller's garments at his hotel, and conse-
quent engagement of this denuded wayfarer
to the lady in his affections. The general
would have walked barefoot to Canterbury
for the delight of taking Miss Douglas to
the play; and, after many missfires, a night was
at length fixed for that treat, of course under
the supervision of a chaperon.

Like others who follow "will-o'-the-
wispis," St. Josephs was getting deeper into
the mire at every step. Day by day this
dark bewitching woman occupied more of
his thoughts, wound herself tighter round his
weary heart. Now for the first time since
she died he could bear to recall the memory
of the blue-eyed girl he was to have married
long ago. Now he felt truly thankful to have
baffled the widow at Simla, and behaved like
"a monster," as she said, to the foreign
countess who used to ride with him in the
Park.

Hitherto he was persuaded his best affec-
tions had been thrown away, all the nobility
of his character wasted and misunderstood.
At last he had found the four-leaved sham-
rock. He cared not how low he stooped to
pluck it, so he might wear it in his breast.

For one of his age and standing, such an
attachment has its ridiculous as well as its
pitiful side. He laughed grimly in his
grizzled moustache to find how particular he
was growing about the freshness of his gloves
and the fit of his coat. When he rode he
lengthened his stirrups, and brought his
horse more on its haunches. He even adopt-
ed the indispensable flower in his button-
hole; but could never keep it there, because
of his large circle of child-friends, to whom
he denied nothing, and who regularly de-
spoyed him of any possession that took their
fancy. There was one little gipsy, a flirt,
three years of age, who could, and would,
have coaxed him out of a keepsake even from
Miss Douglas herself.

out of town, leaving no address—to assert
his independence, show he could live without
her, and never see her again! But when she
asked him to take her to the play, he said he
should be delighted, and was!

Among the many strange functions of
society, few seem more unaccountable than
its tendency to select a theatre as the ren-
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there is none, I should imagine, where people
are more *en evidence*—particularly in the
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the cutlets, how insufficiently prosy the con-
versation of an old comrade at the next table.
—a jovial veteran, who loved highly-seasoned
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he was pleased to call his "whack of Port."
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seemed so idiotic, his stomach so ob-
trusive, his chuckles so fatuous and in-
sane. What did he mean by talking about
"follows of our age," to St. Josephs, who
was seven years his junior in the Army List,
and five in his baptismal register? Why
couldn't he eat without winceing, laugh
without coughing; and why, oh! why could
he not give a comrade greeting, without
slapping him on the back? St. Josephs,
drinking scalding coffee before the other ar-
rived at cheese, felt his sense of approaching
relief damped by remorse for the reserve of
coldness with which he treated his old, tried
friend. Something whispered to him, even
then, how the jolly gormandising red face
would turn to him, true and hearty, when
all the love of all London had faded and
grown cold.

Nevertheless, at the doors of the theatre
his pulses leapt with delight. So well timed
was his arrival, that Mrs. Lushington and
Miss Douglas were getting out of their car-
riage when his own stopped. Pleased, eager
as a boy, he entered the house with Sata-
nella on his arm, placing himself between
that lady and her friend, while he arranged
shawls, foot-stools, scent-bottles, and pro-
cured for them programmes of the enter-
tainment; chary, indeed, of information,
but smelling strong of musk.

Need I say that he addressed himself at
first to Mrs. Lushington? or that, perceiving
a vacant stall on the other side of Miss
Douglas, his spirit sank within him while he
wondered when and how it would be filled?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An attempt is being made to organize a
crew to represent Quebec at the Centennial

Veterinary.

MONTREAL VETERINARY ASSOCIATION.

The final meeting for the present session was held on Thursday evening at the Veterinary College, the President, D. McEachran, M.R.C.V.S., in the chair. Messrs. Vray, V.S., Boston, and Lyman, M.R.C.V.S., Springfield, Mass., who were proposed at last meeting, were balloted for and unanimously elected members. Mr. C. C. Lyford was elected librarian for the summer. A cordial vote of thanks was passed to the press for their liberality in publishing the reports of the meetings during the session.

Mr. A. O. F. Coleman, V. S., Ottawa, was then called upon to read his paper on "Ventilation." The importance of the subject, and the very instructive manner in which it was treated made the paper a very interesting one. Mr. Coleman exhibited several diagrams of different methods of ventilating stable and public buildings. A very lively discussion ensued on the respective advantages of the different plans. Mr. Coleman argued in favor of admitting the air by an outside shaft on each side of the stable, opening close to the ceiling, and a central exhaust shaft for the escape of heated impure air.

Mr. J. C. Baker, who was present as a visitor, recommended the admission of air by a wooden box opening at each end of the stable, passing along the wall close to the ceiling and in front of the horses, with moveable slats, so arranged that the current of air would be delivered upward, and in addition to have a shaft opening through the roof (in a double stable in the centre, in a single one near the wall, behind the horses).

Mr. Sermon contended for admitting the air through openings guarded by gratings and slides, a little above the level of the floor, in front of each stall.

This was objected to by most of the speakers, on the ground that, in our variable and severe climate, it exposes the horses to drafts.

The President pointed out one difficulty which interfered with the application of most plans of ventilation proposed, especially in the city. Most stables were placed at the extreme end of the lot, adjoining other stables and buildings at the ends, and usually on the division line, so that the rights of proprietors prevented openings to be made in the main wall. Hence, in building city stables, we were compelled to ventilate according to circumstances. He thought when openings could be made in the wall over the horse's heads, with iron gratings or slides, with a centre shaft or shafts in the middle of the ceiling, opening through the roof, it was the best system. But where openings could not be made in front, large shafts divided in four compartments, so as to obtain a current of air from all quarters of the wind, the windows being swung on pivots, or made to open as suggested by Mr. Coleman, or Walsh's plan. There would be no difficulty in obtaining a supply of pure air. Builders, as a rule, make the shafts too small. A stable thoroughly drained is more than half ventilated; no matter how perfect the one may be, without the other it is comparatively useless.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

On Monday night of last week a number of men met at a house on North Tow River, Mitchell County, for the purpose of a general spree. As usual in such cases, a quarrel ensued, and in a fight between a young man named Davis and a drunken companion named Tooley, the former was stabbed in the abdomen, and portion of his entrails protruded from the wound. In this condition he was placed in a blanket, a pole run through a loop in the same, and the ends shouldered by two men, who attempted to carry him where he would get surgical aid. Their path led along the side of a rugged mountain, and they had borne him some distance when the knot through which the pole ran loosened, and the wounded man was thrown down the mountain, his intestines catching on bushes and winding around him as he rolled down its precipitous side. He was alive when picked up, and his friends carried him to a house in the neighborhood. We are informed that an old midwife was called in to attend him. She pushed back the entrails and sewed up the orifice with packthread. Later in the day Dr. Dugger arrived, who gave it as his opinion that the operation had not been properly done—that Davis's "paunch" was not in the proper position, and that some of the minor entrails were missing. This he ascertained by giving the patient several hearty shakes; he said "the sound was too hollow." At this order the man was again ripped open, while parties were sent in search of the missing entrails. They found several of these indis-

MARK TWAIN'S RARE BIRD.

Mark had a constant playmate and chum, a boy about his own age, named Napoleon Pavey, or, for short, Pole Pavy. One warm spring day, the two boys having got a holiday, Mark shouldered an old flint-lock musket, and Pole an old squirrel rifle, without any lock at all, which he carried along, as he said, just for the looks of the thing, and went duck hunting over in Suy Bottom. The boys hunted faithfully for several hours, and succeeded in killing a chicken-hawk and a crow, after which they commenced their homeward march, not very proud of their success, as in this region at that day game abounded. Finally Mark stooped suddenly, as an idea struck him, and exclaimed:

"See here, Pole, let's get up a rare—what d'ye call it? A rare geological specimen for the boss; you see he's got a great hankerin' after these things."

"What's a rare geological specimen, Mark?" said Pole, as he opened wide his eyes.

"Why, it's a rare bird what ain't never been seen in these parts before; something very uncommon like," answered Mark.

"Where are you going to get her Mark? We ain't got nothing but the old chicken robber and egg sucker and they ain't a bit uncommon," queried the skeptical Pole.

"We'll get her up to order, Pole," answered Mark, as he flung himself on the grass beneath a giant old elm tree.

The two boys went to work on their rare "geological" specimen. As Mark would pluck a feather from the tail of the crow, Pole would hand him a corresponding feather that had been taken from the tail of the hawk, which Mark would carefully insert in the socket from which he had just pulled the crow's feather. And thus after two hours of steady work, every one of the long feathers of the hawk's tail had been transferred to the crow, and it would require a careful examination to have detected the fraud.

"How is that for a specimen, Pole?" said Mark, as he admirably exhibited the retailed crow to the gaze of his companion, resplendent in the rich plumage of the chicken eater.

"She is a stunner, Mark; a regular stunner. I guess they ain't never seen a bird like that in Hannibal before."

The hawk was thrown away and the boys trudged homeward. By the time they arrived in town, the blood of the crow had congealed, and the false feathers in the tail had become firmly fixed.

As Mark had said, Judge Clemens, his father, was somewhat of a naturalist, and had a passion for whatever was rare and strange in the animal kingdom.

"Why, Mark!" he said, "where in the world did you get that strange-looking bird?"

"It's my opinion," replied Mark, with an air of greater importance than he was accustomed to assume in the presence of his father, "that is the Bird of Paradise; leastwise, that it belongs to that species."

That night the bird was carefully laid away in a place where it would be safe from the devouring presence of old tom cats, which Mark afterwards wrote about as creating such a fearful destruction at his sister's candy buildings. The report soon circulated through the town that a strange bird, the like of which had never before been seen, was killed, and Mark and Pole became the heroes of the hour. The next day being Sunday, Judge Clemens invited all the wise men of the village of Hannibal, to his house to examine and pass their opinion on the new zoological specimen. They came. The bird was exhibited on a table, round which the savants gathered. One faction, headed by Dr. ———, maintained that the bird was nothing more than a common black crow, the tail of which had been turned gray by some means not understood, having possibly had salt thrown on it in the young and tender days of the bird. The other faction, headed by Judge Clemens, scouted such an idea. It was absurd—ridiculous. They were willing to admit that the bird very much resembled the crow; that possibly it was a crow; but, if so, it belonged to a separate and distinct species from any that had ever before been discovered.

The discussion was continued, and, became exciting. Neither faction would admit themselves wrong and the other right. Mark and Pole occupied a position near the door, and were attentive and interested, though silent, auditors.

"What!" exclaimed Judge Clemens, warming up, "do you tell me that it would be possible by an external process to turn the feathers in the tail of that bird from black to the colors that they are? These uniform rings and spots would defy the skill of the greatest painter that ever lived. No, gentlemen," continued the Judge, as he violently took hold of the bird by the tail to examine the spots more closely: "no gentleman——" But the discussion was cut short

HEIGHTS OF THE MEN IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

In the general annual return of the British army for 1875, just printed, is a table showing the heights of the non-commissioned officers and men on the 1st of January, 1875, from which it appears that on that day there were out of 178,170 soldiers, 11,476 under five feet five inches, 28,760 five feet five inches to five feet six inches, 85,894 five feet six inches to five feet seven inches, 80,165 five feet seven inches to five feet eight inches, 28,998 five feet eight inches to five feet nine inches, 19,375 five feet nine inches to five feet ten inches, 11,814 five feet ten inches to five feet eleven inches, 8,814 five feet eleven inches to six feet, and 8,905 six feet and upwards; 1,076 are returned as "not reported." Of those "six feet and upwards," 749 belonged to the Household Cavalry, 180 to the Cavalry of the Line, 870 to the Royal Artillery, 106 to the Royal Engineers, 468 to the Foot Guards, 1,889 to the Infantry of the Line, 68 to Colonial Corps, 81 to Army Service Corps and 54 to Army Hospital Corps. The proportion of six feet and upwards men per 1,000 was 22, and of those under five feet five inches, 75 per 1,000.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

A MAN ATTACKED BY LYNXES.

We have received the following from Mr. James Calwell, of Fort Coulogne, Pontiac, which will no doubt prove interesting to our readers:—

I started on the 22nd instant for Mr. Geo. Bryson's shanty to do a piece of work I had agreed to do, and on my way back to the shanty I got lost. After leaving Coulogne I kept the main road as far as Mr. Armstrong's hotel, then wishing to take a short cut through the woods, I put on my snowshoes and struck north, thinking I would reach the shanty about 5 o'clock p. m., but after travelling for some two hours after night I felt assured I was lost, and being much fatigued and hungry, I made up my mind to remain in the woods till morning. After cutting some dry wood with my axe, I heard the cry of a lynx. Being afraid of it attacking me, I crouched down in my coat as low as possible; but in a few minutes I heard the cry of another lynx answering, and so they kept up their noise for over thirty minutes, when, as I suppose, they smelt me. Then they began to approach me, circling around as if to take me by surprise. I rose up to my feet, and taking my axe in hand, determined to sell my life as dearly as possible. In an instant one sprang at me, but I was lucky enough to put an end to fighting, with a blow on the head from my axe. But while engaged in combat with the one, the other sprang on my back, and not being able to use my axe, I endeavored to pull out my knife, but my hand was so cold that I dropped it in the snow. So I had to use my hands as lively as possible to release it, but before I could master it it had all my coat and pants torn off me, and my back so scratched as to make me feel faintish. After fighting for about thirty minutes I succeeded in choking it with much trouble. After the fight was over I put on my overcoat, and got my axe and knife, determined not to sleep any more that night. When morning came I skinned the brutes, and then put on my snow shoes and retraced my tracks till I reached a farmer's house, where I got my breakfast and a pair of pants to take me to Coulogne, where I purchased a suit of clothes from a friend, and got my wounds cared for.—*Pembroke Observer.*

WHITE DEER.—A man named Baptiste Larocqua captured two white deer recently in the township of Lavant, Lanark, which he intends to exhibit at the Philadelphia Centennial. They are a buck and doe, about two years old each. The owner has been offered \$200 for the curiosities, but refuses to accept that sum. He expects to make a big strike with them at the Centennial.

BRINGING A DEAD DOG TO LIFE.—The Buffalo Commercial thus describes an interesting experiment which was tried at the Medical College in that city: "The subjects were two dogs—one considerably larger than the other—which were placed under the influence of ether until both animals were pitter, unconscious. An artery in the neck of the large dog was pinned. In this a tube was inserted and the stop-cock of the tube turned off, thus preventing any blood from escaping until the proper time came. The small dog was then placed upon the table, the carotid artery opened and the animal allowed to bleed to death. When the blood had ceased to run it was announced that the dog was absolutely dead. Artificial respiration was applied, and then the tube in the neck of the large canine was inserted in that of his bloodless brother, the Professor meanwhile working upon the chest,

DEER SLAYING.

The depth of snow this spring, and the crust formed after the moist weather, have exposed moose and red deer to the mercy of dogs and men. We are told that in the Gatineau and Coulogne regions several hundreds have been killed, their skins stripped off and the meat left to rot in the woods. Further east and south on both sides of the Ottawa River, red deer have been hunted down and killed almost daily. Within fifteen miles of this city, near Eastman's Springs, seven were chased out of their yards the week before last and killed by settlers. On Saturday last a fawn was wounded by a gun shot, and afterwards torn to pieces by dogs. It seems to be a common practice in the adjoining townships to let deer hounds and curs run loose among the deer yards, and drive out the animals so that the farmers and others can kill them near their houses and hide the carcasses at once. The local magistrates everywhere appear to think it no duty of theirs to enforce the game law. These poor animals are now perfectly helpless the dogs having fawns and the deep-crust snow preventing all chances of escape. The Local Governments should certainly do something to cause their statutes to be respected, and the Legislative Assemblies ought to attach some responsibility to the owners of dogs which run these deer and worry their young, just as is done to protect sheep and lambs. We would suggest to sportsmen in this city the immediate collection of a fund to employ detectives and send them to find out the offenders, and trace up the owners of dogs doing so much mischief, and follow up the information obtained so as to make some severe examples. "Will you be one?"—*Ottawa Free Press.*

SCOTTISH PEDESTRIANS.

Edward Irving and Professor Wilson, the author of *Noctes Ambrosianae*, were both stupendous walkers. The great feat of the last-named celebrity was the famous walk from Kelso into Edinburgh—a distance of sixty miles—to see George the Fourth enter the Modern Athens. Wilson started from the border town a little before daybreak in summer time, having first bathed in the stream at the bottom of his garden, where the Tweed and Till flow into one channel. At two o'clock he stood in the streets in Edinburgh, having walked the distance in ten hours, the rate being six miles an hour. Mr. Frederick Tatham writes to us (London Telegraph) concerning Edward Irving, whose portrait he painted forty years ago, being a member of that strangely gifted preacher's congregation. Irving stood 6ft. 4in. barefoot, and was a model of symmetry. The bony structure of his gracefully litho and active frame was perfect. Mr. Tatham says: "During the sittings Mr. Irving told me that when a younger man, he had walked in Scotland seventy-two miles a day for fifteen consecutive days, and then he ran in the last four. I asked why he did this feat, and he replied, in his characteristic manner, 'I was a young man, and I did it in the pride of my strength.'" Mr. Tatham adds, with regard to Irving, these words, in which he would be heartily supported by Mr. Thomas Carlyle, "He was very truthful, and not given to boast."

MARK TWAIN'S LECTURE.

Mark Twain delivered a most amusing lecture at Clickering Hall, N. Y., on Wednesday afternoon. The attendance was scarcely what might have been expected. He began by a description of Nevada as it was when he lived there fifteen years ago. His description of the country and the people was very amusing, the anecdote he related was one in relation to buying a horse, which he told as follows: "I bought the horse at auction; they called it a Mexican plug. I did not know what that was, but I supposed it was all right. The brother-in-law of the auctioneer took me to one side and said, 'Now, I could cheat you, but I won't; I see you are a stranger. Now, that horse is a genuine Mexican plug, and, besides, he can 'out-buck' anything in the country.'" I did not know what "bucking" was, but I wanted a horse that could excel in something, so I bought him. The next afternoon I thought I would ride him, so I brought him out, and two men held his head and another man held him down to the ground by his tail, and I mounted, and just as soon as they let go that horse brought all his feet together in a bunch and lowered his back and then suddenly elevated it, throwing me some feet in the air. I went straight up and came straight down and lit on the saddle, and up I went again and still again. This time I lit on the neck of the animal and hung fast. Then he rose on his hind feet and went through with all the gymnastic performance he knew of, and finally ended by throwing me up again, and while I was in the air I heard some one

All Sorts.

Several residents of Prince Edward propose to form themselves into a society for the protection of fish and game. A meeting for that purpose will be held in the Town Hall, Pictou, on Friday next.

TRAPPING.—A gentleman who has just arrived in Ottawa, from Hastings, announces that lumbering has been carried on pretty briskly this season in the forest portions of the country, and that trapping, though pretty generally engaged in by farmers, has not been very successful. Fur bearing animals are becoming very scarce in that district.

Mr. Williams had a day or two ago a specimen of a strange freak of nature, exhibiting the head, hair and other appearances of a dog with the feet, &c., of a calf. It had lived about an hour only after birth. The cow had been attacked by a bull dog some months ago, and the fright accounts for the unnatural appearance of the offspring.—*Chatham Planet.*

Two gentlemen disputing about religion in a coffee house, one of them said: "I wonder, sir, you should talk of religion when I hold you five guineas you can't say the Lord's Prayer." Done, said the other. The money being deposited, the gentleman began with "I believe in God"—and so went cleverly through the creed. "Well," said the other, "I own I have lost; I did not think you could have done it."

FROM THE EXHIB.—Mr. Jas. Gold, Guelph, has now in his possession a fine bald headed eagle, which was caught a few days ago by a farmer in Erin. It would not be eligible for a prize in a poultry show, or, as he is a fine specimen, he would certainly take a first prize.

The New Brunswick Legislature has recently passed a law more stringent even than ours, it prohibits the killing of moose, caribou and caribou for three years. The destruction of caribou in that province has been so great of late years as to necessitate its prohibition, and we trust that it may not be too late to secure their protection.

Thirty millions of rabbits are consumed annually in England. The fur is largely used in the manufacture of silk hats. It is a wonder the rabbit question enters largely into English politics. It has a bearing upon industry, the food supply and sport. What shall be done with the rabbits is a question which the landlord warily discusses with his tenant.

We will not swear that the following is true. "A little boy in Cobles, trod out from play, fell asleep on the kitchen floor Monday night. The father, who was reading in an adjoining room, was suddenly startled by a cry from the child, who exclaimed, 'Father! father! I have swallowed a mouse, and he is biting me inside!' An emetic was immediately administered, which had the desired effect, and the boy, after some terrible retching, threw up the mouse, and strange to relate, the creature was alive and active, and made its escape to a hole in the floor. It appears that while the child slept he had his mouth open, and the mouse, which was very small, was frightened by a muscular action of the tongue, jumped into his mouth and down his throat."

A PRETTY TOUGH ONE.—A man named Langley, who went to St. Mary's bay, hunting, seeing a moose on the mountain shore, he fired, and, at the same moment, the porpoise leaped from the water and the bullet killed both it and the moose. The porpoise floated to the shore, and the man used it as a raft to paddle across to the moose. There he found that the moose, after killing the moose, had gone into a low tree, in which was a store of wild apples, which was flowing through the hole made by the bullet. Reaching for what he thought was a stick, to plug up the hole, he caught the rabbit by the leg. Rather startled, he saw it violently from him, and struck it with an eighteen partridge, killing it.

On a farm near Chatham, a man named ——— that lately lost its mate. It mourned several days, refusing, very properly, any attentions from other geese. But good fortune could not survive human care. Goosey became enamored of our man's boy, his charge of fowl and brute. For weeks his company constantly at feeding time, always welcomed him with affectionate greetings, and followed him into the house to shut him from her sight. Encouraged by his friendly offices, her esteem deepened into love, and now no other companion satisfies her for a moment. Long before daylight she commences calling for him, and she will take no food except from his hand. She follows him day by day, and when he rounds the field where he is plowing, she comes to town she can only be kept from being shut up in her house, and she keeps up a continual calling until he returns. True to romantic character, she follows him to the very end of the field.

near the wall, behind the horses). Mr. Sermon contended for admitting the air through openings guarded by grates and slides, a little above the level of the floor, in front of each stall.

This was objected to by most of the speakers, on the ground that, in our variable and severe climate, it exposes the horses to drafts.

The President pointed out one difficulty which interfered with the application of most plans of ventilation proposed, especially in the city. Most stables were placed at the extreme end of the lot, adjoining other stables and buildings at the ends, and usually on the division line, so that the rights of proprietors prevented openings to be made in the main wall. Hence, in building city stables, we were compelled to ventilate according to circumstances. He thought when openings could be made in the wall over the horse's heads, with iron gratings or slides, with a centre shaft or shafts in the middle of the ceiling, opening through the roof, it was the best system. But where openings could not be made in front, large shafts divided in four compartments, so as to obtain a current of air from all quarters of the wind, the windows being swung on pivots, or made to open as suggested by Mr. Coleman, or Walsh's plan. There would be no difficulty in obtaining a supply of pure air. Builders, as a rule, make the shafts too small. A stable thoroughly drained is more than half ventilated; no matter how perfect the one may be, without the other it is comparatively useless.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

On Monday night of last week a number of men met at a house on North Tow River, Mitchell County, for the purpose of a general spree. As usual in such cases, a quarrel ensued, and in a fight between a young man named Davis and a drunken companion named Tooley, the former was stabbed in the abdomen, and portion of his entrails protruded from the wound. In this condition he was placed in a blanket, a pole run through a loop in the same, and the ends shouldered by two men, who attempted to carry him where he would get surgical aid. Their path led along the side of a rugged mountain, and they had borne him some distance when the knot through which the pole ran loosened, and the wounded man was thrown down the mountain, his intestines catching on bushes and winding around him as he rolled down its precipitous side. He was alive when picked up, and his friends carried him to a house in the neighborhood. We are informed that an old midwife was called in to attend him. She pushed back the entrails and sewed up the orifice with packthread. Later in the day Dr. Dugger arrived, who gave it as his opinion that the operation had not been properly done—that Davis's "paunch" was not in the proper position, and that some of the minor entrails were missing. This he ascertained by giving the patient several hearty shakes; he said "the sound was too hollow." At this order the man was again ripped open, while parties were sent in search of the missing entrails. They found several of these indispensable to the progress of digestion, and, hurrying back to the house, handed them to the M. D. As they were very dirty he rinsed them in cold water, sprinkled a little salt over them as a preservative, and then put them in the patient. The wound was re-sewed, and when our informant left it was thought that Davis would recover. If he does, a life insurance policy would be the greatest extravagance he could indulge in.

Capt. Patton, the English pigeon shooter, won the grand prize at Monaco, worth \$30,000, and then lost it all at roulette.

Rookwood, a stallion of fine road repute in the West, has just been sold by Mr. John H. Steiner, Indianapolis, to Mr. Geo. Darling, Rochester, N. Y.

THE HIGHEST JUMP ON RECORD.—The London Sportsman of the 4th ult. has the following: "The highest jump on record, either amateur or professional, has just been accomplished by Mr. J. Brooks, the O. U. A. C. president, who, whilst practising on the 4th ult., jumped 5 ft. 11½ in. To show the authenticity of this, it may be stated that the jump was measured twice in the presence of the ground man, three 'blues,' and various other gentlemen. We may, therefore, look forward to see this gentleman accomplish 6 feet before the end of the season.

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"Let's scoot Pole," said Mark, "the show's ended." And the two boys vamoosed.—*Hannibal Courier.*

A lately formed company, composed of about a dozen gentlemen of Montreal and Waterloo, have purchased Couin's pond, a celebrated fishing resort, from Captain A. A. Mooney, of Bolton. Mr. Mooney had erected and filled a large ice-house for summer use. It is the intention of the company to keep the pond exclusively for the use of its members.

THE INTERNATIONAL FOOT BALL MATCH.—The important preliminaries for the selection and training of the Canadian team have been arranged, Ontario sending nine men and Quebec six. Each club will bear the expenses of its representatives, and a subscription list will shortly be started in Montreal. At a late meeting, the committee of the Montreal Club selected about twenty men to go in training for the preliminary matches. The Canadian team promises to be a crack one, and with such players as Ker, Perram, Hope, Greenfield and others from Ontario, and Thomas, Campbell, Wilmot, Gough, Stewart and Price, from Quebec, a spirited contest may be expected.

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Seneca, Mich., has a young marksman who has been winning a reputation that gave promise of soon distancing the great Bogardus. His name is Kinney, and he is fourteen years old and wonderful stories have been told of his extraordinary success in shooting wild turkeys. He always shot them through the head—killed two at one shot, and one day six of these wild animals succumbed to his superior marksmanship. Nobody else could find wild turkeys, and several neighbors thought their flocks of tame ones grew less; and now comes the boy's aunt and has him arrested for killing saundry turkeys of her flock, and the marksman owns the corn and tells how he managed to do so well. He would place the turkeys between two logs, with their heads exposed, and step back and blaze away, taking off all the heads that were in line, and thus this young aspirant for fame has come to grief.

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Edward Irving and Professor Wilson, the author of *Noctes Ambrosiana*, were both stupendous walkers. The great feat of the last-named celebrity was the famous walk from Kelso into Edinburgh—a distance of sixty miles—to see George the Fourth enter the Modern Athens. Wilson started from the border town a little before daybreak in summer time, having first bathed in the stream at the bottom of his garden, where the Tweed and Till flow into one channel. At two o'clock he stood in the streets in Edinburgh, having walked the distance in ten hours, the rate being six miles an hour. Mr. Frederick Tatham writes to us (*London Telegraph*) concerning Edward Irving, whose portrait he painted forty years ago, being a member of that strangely gifted preacher's congregation. Irving stood 6ft. 4in. bare-foot, and was a model of symmetry. The bony structure of his gracefully lithe and active frame was perfect. Mr. Tatham says: "During the sittings Mr. Irving told me that when a younger man, he had walked in Scotland seventy-two miles a day for fifteen consecutive days, and then he ran in the last four. I asked why he did this feat, and he replied, in his characteristic manner, 'I was a young man, and I did it in the pride of my strength.' Mr. Tatham adds, with regard to Irving, these words, in which he would be heartily supported by Mr. Thomas Carlyle, "He was very truthful, and not given to boast."

MARK TWAIN'S LECTURE.

Mark Twain delivered a most amusing lecture at Chickering Hall, N. Y., on Wednesday afternoon. The attendance was scarcely what might have been expected. He began by a description of Nevada as it was when he lived there fifteen years ago. His description of the country and the people was very amusing, the anecdote he related was one in relation to buying a horse, which he told as follows: I bought the horse at auction; they called it a Mexican plug. I did not know what that was, but I supposed it was all right. The brother-in-law of the auctioneer took me to one side and said, "Now, I could cheat you, but I won't; I see you are a stranger. Now, that horse is a genuine Mexican plug, and, besides, he can 'out-buck' anything in the country." I did not know what "bucking" was, but I wanted a horse that could excel in something, so I bought him. The next afternoon I thought I would ride him; so I brought him out, and two men held his head and another man held him down to the ground by his tail, and I mounted, and just as soon as they let go that horse brought all his feet together in a bunch and lowered his back and then suddenly elevated it, throwing me some feet in the air. I went straight up and came straight down and hit on the saddle, and up I went again and still again. This time I hit on the neck of the animal and hung fast. Then he rose on his hind feet and went through with all the gymnastic performances he knew of, and finally ended by throwing me up again, and while I was in the air I heard some one say, "Ah, how he bucks!" So that was "bucking." Before I got down some one hit that horse, and when I got down he was not there. Plenty of friends gathered round to offer me sympathy. They always do when you want to be alone. I wanted to sit down and I did sit down, and I was so sore and bruised and sick and I put one hand on my head, the other on my stomach, and if I had sixteen hands I could have found places for them. One friend said, "Why, you might have known he was a thing but a Mexican plug. Yes, I do know it. And another, "Why, you could see that that animal bucked." Yes, that was what I bought him for.

Mr. Ham Cooper, or Lancaster, Hamilton, is inventing a new process of artificial incubation.

A serious and flagrant violation of the game laws by the killing of two moose within twenty miles of Halifax, is reported to have occurred a few days since. Active measures are being taken to bring the offenders to justice.

A GOOD DAY'S WORK.—Henry Cusack, of Wallacetown, cut down two eight cords of maple wood with a buck-saw and piled the same in ten hours yesterday for Dr. Ling-Beat that.

The New Brunswick Legislature recently passed a law more stringent even than ours, it prevents the killing of moose deer and caribou for three years. The destruction of caribou in that province has been so great of late years as to necessitate this measure, and we trust that it may not be too late to secure their protection.

Thirty millions of rabbits are consumed annually in England. The fur is largely used in the manufacture of silk hats. We wonder the rabbit question enters largely into English politics. It has a bearing on industry, the food supply and sport. What shall be done with the rabbits is a question which the landlord warmly discusses with his tenant.

We will not swear that the following is true. A little boy in Colmae tired out from play, fell asleep on the kitchen floor Monday night. The father, who was reading in an adjoining room, was suddenly startled by a cry from the child, who exclaimed, "Father! father! I have swallowed a mouse, and he is biting me inside!" An emetic was immediately administered, which had the desired effect on the boy, after some terrible retching threw up the mouse, and strange to relate, the creature was alive and active and made his escape to a hole in the floor. It appears that while the child slept he had his mouth open, and the mouse, which was very small, frightened by a muscular action of the child, jumped into his mouth and down his throat.

A PARTY TOWN ONE. A man at Langley, who went to St. Mary's Bay, hunting, seeing a moose on the shore, he fired, and, at the same moment, a porpoise leaped from the water, the bullet killed both it and the moose. The porpoise floated to the shore, and the man used it as a raft to paddle across to the moose. There he found that the moose, after killing the moose, had gone into a low tree, in which was a store of wild fruit, which was flowing through the hole made by the bullet. Reaching for what he thought was a stick, to plug up the hole, he caught a rabbit by the leg. Rather startled he threw it violently from him, and struck a couple of eighteen partridge, killing them all.

On a farm near Chattanooga is a girl that lately lost its mate. It mourned several days, refusing, very properly, any attentions from other geese. But, possibly, its fullness could not survive having lost its mate. Goosey became enamored of one of the other geese, and she, in turn, had her company constantly at feeding time. She always welcomed him with affectionate greetings, and followed him with her eyes, shut him from her sight. Encouraged by his friendly offices, her esteem deepened into love, and now no other companion satisfies her for a moment. Long before daylight she commences calling for him. She will take no food except from him. She follows him day by day, and circles round the field where he is plowing. The highest farm fence cannot at all prevent her coming to town she can only be kept by being shut up in her house. She keeps up a continual calling until he comes to her. True to romantic character, when she is drooping—slowly fading from her constant exertions to be near him, her charmer are slowly but surely coming. This is no fancy sketch. We have seen the "papers" for every word of it.

A CLEVER SHEEP DOG.

A correspondent of Land and Water quotes from Professor Sadgwick the following of a gentleman in Cumberland: "My errand over," he told the Professor, "was returning home, when my horse was kicked me off, but kicked me afterwards that my leg was frightfully broken. The night was coming on, the snow fell heavily; nothing could be done more than my position, as I could not move, in desperation I dipped my glove in my pocket and gave it to my sheep dog. He took this straight home, let me know he was going into the parlor to my father for help." As if the beast had understood the word, he seized the glove and returned. The servant tried to catch him, but he forced his way into the parlor, and delivered the glove on the sill. My father, who was sitting there, saw that some accident had occurred, gathered the man or the farm, and the dog, came to my rescue.



The Gentleman's Journal

TORONTO, FRIDAY, APRIL 14, 1876.

P. COLLINS & CO., PROPRIETORS. 99 KING ST. WEST, ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.

All Communications intended for the "Sporting Times" should be addressed P. COLLINS & Co., Sporting Times Office, and let to any of our employees. This will avoid any delay.

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

Are respectfully informed, that all Correspondents of the SPORTING TIMES are supplied with a card of a yellow color, with the name of the city or town, and correspondent, signed by the proprietors of this paper, with a punch stamp of a horse's head upon the left upper corner, and dated April 1st, 1876, each card running for three months. No person is authorized to use any other credential on our behalf. Managers will save themselves from imposition by demanding an exhibition of said card, and refusing to accept any excuse whatever for its non production. The card is not transferable, and if it be presented by any person other than the one whose name it bears, managers and others will retain it and mail it to this office.

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

DATES CLAIMED FOR 1876.

Table with columns for location, date, and event. Includes entries for Nashville, Lexington, Louisville, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Freeport, Ili., Leroy, N.Y., Am. Jockey Club, N.Y., and various international locations like London, Paris, and Montreal.

ENTRIES CLOSE.

Table listing closing dates for various events, including Woodbine Park, Toronto, Woodstock, Ont., London, Dundas (holiday), Waterloo, Ont., Aurora, Woodbine (match), Montreal (holiday), Woodbine Park, Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal (regular), and various races.

conditions as well as the entire bill which the Woodbine Association will hang up. It can readily be anticipated it will be a model one; and with the prestige of the Plate to assist in their initial gathering the success of the meeting is assured beyond a hazard.

A CHANCE FOR A CIRCUIT.

There are none who will dispute the policy of establishing a racing circuit, embracing the leading tracks of Ontario. The advantages both to horsemen and associations are undeniable, and will not be called in question. To the one, travelling expenses, a serious item in a season's campaign, are curtailed, and the opportunity of engagements are increased; while to the other larger fields of horses, which to a great extent is indicative of increased attendance, are almost guaranteed. Having these desirable objects in view it is quite possible our managers, could they see how they might be accomplished, would readily concede to any plan to carry out a system which has so much in itself to recommend. From the present standpoint this does not appear as a difficulty requiring much tact to overcome. It is hardly possible, although announced in our advertising columns to-day, that London will insist upon holding their meeting at the time stated. The counter local attraction might prove an opposition that would be fatal to the success of the Turf Club; and as it is probable there are gentlemen who are mutually interested in both sports, it is possible some of them might devote their energies to the Base Ball affair as having the claim of priority to their attentions. This at once would cause a division, if not a dissonance, and it needs not the wisdom of an oracle to divine the result if the management should not be unanimous. Then again Woodstock will hardly feel disposed to hang up a good premium list with such competition as is presented in this city. We know a local affair has been spoken of for that day, the regular meeting being held over for a more auspicious occasion. Whitby and Waterloo both claim the same week, with the title, we fancy, vested in the latter place. Now if Waterloo would consent to recede for one week, allowing our Eastern neighbors the week after Woodbine, this would bring London, Woodstock and Hamilton in pretty rapid rotation if the former should waive their claims to the Queen's Birthday, which is extremely probably in the case of one of them at least, as two meetings so close to one another as Woodstock and London could not be expected to be successful. This is made as a suggestion worthy of consideration by all concerned, and we should be pleased to hear of this circuit being established for the Spring campaign in Ontario—Woodbine, Whitby, Waterloo, London, Woodstock and Hamilton. Come, what say you gentlemen?

A NEW TRACK.

In to-day's paper we give directions for laying out into tracks, and half-mile tracks for racing and training purposes. The article has been called forth by repeated enquiries made on the subject, one of our correspondents being Mr. Conant, of Oshawa, who has determined upon erecting a half-mile track which shall be a model of completeness. Already he has the necessary lumber, timbers, and posts on the ground for the stands and fencing, and will assume operations as soon as the weather will permit. He has been aided in his efforts by subscriptions from the leading men of the town and neighborhood, and purposes to have it completed as rapidly as possible. During the present summer it will be used as a training track, and the inaugural meeting will take place in September probably, when Mr. C. informs us he will offer such inducements, as horsemen will find it to their advantage to pay Oshawa a visit. As is usual in some localities the energy of the promoter meets with considerable opposition from the Peke-your-nose-into-other-people's-business Society, led by a rural divine who, with a graceless lack of knowledge and charity, has stigmatized every one who visits a driving park

HOW TO LAY OUT MILE AND HALF MILE TRACKS.

Lately we have received enquiries with requests to furnish instructions how to lay out race tracks. The usual form is given in the first two paragraphs, and while no doubt the most correct for racing purposes, containing the best turns and stretches obtainable, still is not always available for the purposes of construction on account of the shape of the plot required for it. It is of course expected that any Racing Association building a track even with the instructions given before them, would employ a competent civil engineer to superintend the building and lay out the grades and curves. But the object of our article is more for the purpose of giving information to those who may desire to lay out half-mile tracks for training purposes, and for this object have had engraved the diagrams numbered 1, 2 and 3. The lines as given in the diagrams are the lines of the inside fence, and the track will measure a half mile at three feet from the fence in the track. From these diagrams and instructions it will be seen how possible it is to get a track on a piece of ground that the orthodox style would not admit.

To LAY OUT A FULL MILE TRACK.—Select a level field of forty-two acres, draw through the centre of it a straight line of 440 yards (a quarter of a mile). On each side of this line, and an exact distance of 140 yards 2 inches from it, draw parallel lines of equal length, so that the space between the two outer lines will be 280 yards 4 inches. This being done, drive a stake at each end of the centre line; fasten a cord thereto; extend the cord at right angles for 140 yards 2 inches, until it touches the end of the outer line, and then describe with the extreme end of the cord an outer curve or semicircle between the ends of the two outer lines. You will then have a continuous outer line, being exactly a mile (1,760 yards) in length, and requiring an enclosure of forty-six acres of ground. From this outer line or track set the fence of the course three feet in on the straight sides and curves. In this way an exact mile (as near as may be) is preserved for the actual foot track of the horses. The first distance post is placed 60 yards from the judges' stand; the second at 240 yards, and the start is 60 yards before entering the turn. The track should be graded round the turns like a track of a railroad or circus, the outer portion highest, so that a horse can extend himself at full speed as well around the turns as on the straight sides.

To LAY OUT A HALF-MILE TRACK.—Lay off two straight sides, 600 feet each (parallel), and 452 feet 4 1/2 inches apart, connected at each end with a perfect semicircle (radius 226 feet 2 3/16 inches; place your fence exactly upon a line so formed (which is the inside of your track), and your track will measure exactly half a mile three feet from the fence; the outside fence to be placed according to the width of the track desired. If not convenient to obtain an engineer to run the curves, it can be done as follows: Place a centre stake midway between the parallel straight lines at each end; take a wire with a loop at the end, loose enough to turn upon the stake, and measure upon this wire 226 feet 2 3/16 inches (the radius of the curves), which from the centre stake, will exactly reach the ends of the straight lines; then describe your semicircle, beginning at the end of one straight side, putting down a stake every twelve feet, if that is the length of fence panels desired.

No. 1. Plot of ground at command, say 240 yards square, which would allow a track of 25 feet width.

Measure off a square of 698 feet. Cut off the four corners with a fourth of circle of 98 feet radius. Having your cord or wire 99 feet long, the centre will easily be found. See figure 1.

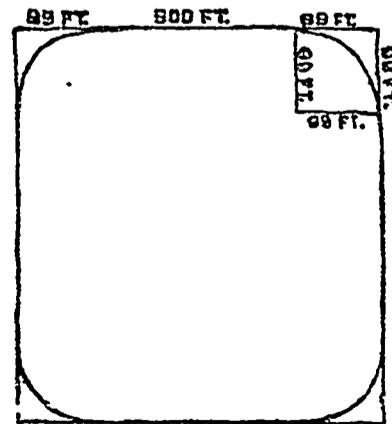


FIG. 1.

This track, as will be at once seen, is very easily and simply divided into quarters or eighths. An eighth need have but one turn only. The straight-reaches will be 500 feet or 166 2/3 yards.

No. 2. Piece of ground 400 yards long and 125 yards wide. A track 25 feet wide can be laid on this ground, with two straight sides of 800 feet or 266 2/3 yards long, and two circular

would be practically correct. A practical engineer with a transit instrument can locate perfectly a track, either half mile or mile, over any ground, following only where the grade suits, putting in curves in either direction, as required.

STALLIONS IN THE SPORTING TIMES.

Again this week we have quite an addition to our announcements, which will be anxiously scanned by the horsemen of Canada. On account of the pressure on our columns, we are compelled, reluctantly, to curtail our notices.

ERIN CHIEF.—This well-known and popular "George" stallion will occupy his old camping ground. He is a fine looking, beautiful acting, and fast trotting horse, while his pedigree recommends itself. His success has been very large, many of his colts promising great speed. He is looked upon very favorably by his friends in the SPORTING TIMES Stallion Race next September.

FRANK ALLISON was brought from the Western States this winter, where his merits as a trotting stallion were freely recognized. He is possessed of considerable speed, as his record of 2:36 shows. His pedigree is fully given in the advertisement, and coupled with his size and speed, should make him worthy the attention of breeders. On this horse's arrival in Canada we gave a very full description of him, which will doubtless be fresh in the memory of our readers.

HIGHLAND is the only son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian in Canada, west of Prescott, and, as his pedigree shows, is inbred to that strain of trotting blood. He is quite a long bodied, low horse, with great bone and fine trotting action. His owner thinks he can show :30 at any time.

ALTON is another of Mr. Dulmage's horses. He is by Mr. Simon James' Highland Boy, and it is claimed for him, by his owner, that he is the finest formed horse in Canada. He has a fine, slashing, open gait, and can show :35 in the opinion of those who ought to know; needs no boots or toe weights in speeding, and is of good size and beautiful color. Mr. Dulmage submits the above fine team, and will be happy to show them as well on the track as in the stable.

ST. JOE.—This fine, large, well bred and fast trotting stallion was imported from Kentucky a few months ago by his present proprietor, who has elected the fine country around Guelph as his trying place. Of the merits of Blackwood, his sire, it is unnecessary to speak; and the advertisement contains evidence of his get in the South. This is the only "Blackwood" in Canada, and he should take high rank among the fine horses of the country. A careful perusal of his announcement will repay the reader.

To Correspondents.

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

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

ENQUIRES, St. Catharines.—The accident at the Desjardins Canal occurred on March 12th, 1857. Address Mr. Wm. McMurray, Ingersoll, for full particulars. Expecting your other question.

J. D., Wingham.—The Canadian Trotting Rules are out of print. What will we do with the stamps?

D., Sherbrooke.—It was considered expedient; as if they were admitted, the chances are they would have had it pretty near all to themselves, one having a record of 2:29 1/2 and the other not far from it. There are five stallions in Ontario having records better than 2:40, viz.: Caledonia Chief, Dominion Boy, Captain Tom, Whirlwind and Frank Allison; and it is probable there are a dozen others who can trot in that time; many of them have no record.

D., Ingersoll.—\$250. Represented sound; and in foal to King Tom.

P., Remoo.—You are indebted \$150.

Sporting Gossip.

Mr. James Armstrong, of Yarmouth, Co. Elgin, has a span of draught horses which weigh 4,600 pounds.

Mr. Joe Goss, a distinguished member of the English P. R., arrived in New York on Saturday. He intends entering into a fictitious controversy with Mr. Tom Allen, or "any other man."

On Friday afternoon last Mr. James Ward, the champion pigeon shot, for a small wager with Mr. Frank Dorville, undertook to hit five out of ten apples thrown in the air, with a shot gun loaded with a ball. He was successful, as the following shows—111001011 0—6 out of 10.

It is said the present season has been very disastrous on horses in the Upper Ottawa region. It is quite a common spectacle to see in the course of a week three or four going down the river.

The once-famous steeplechase mare Lobe-lia, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Capitola, well known in Canada, was shot last week at Saratoga. She was owned by Col. McDaniel. Having been turned out for exercise in the paddock, she was kicked by another mare in the shoulder, splintering the bone so badly that it was thought she would never recover, and she was consequently destroyed.

A dog and poultry show is going on this week at Grand's.

Old Mr. Jones, who formerly handled Lady Kate, Clarion and the Bruce mare, has taken up his quarters at Woodbine for the season.

The stallion mentioned a few weeks ago as having been purchased by Mr. Bentie, of this city, in Cleveland, Ohio, is the brown horse Fire Clay, by Cassius M. Clay. He is 16 hands high, and will weigh about 1,200 pounds. He has been used for track purposes, with but limited success. In addition Mr. B. purchased Mambrino Belle, by Mambrino Patchen, dam by Consternation; 2nd dam by American Eclipse. It is said she can trot in 2:35. The prices paid were not made public. It is Mr. B's intention to take them to England.

Dr. Swinbourne, V. S., Montreal, purchased some fine horses at Grand's sale last week.

Mr. Willie Small, who has had charge of the trotting stallion Warr Hulett this winter, will put in the summer at Woodbine. In addition to the above horse he will have "Tilly," a Royal George mare, and two or three others under his care.

Our Buffalo correspondent's budget is as follows:—Dr. S. Somerville, of Buffalo, N. Y., the well-known Veterinary surgeon, last week sold his pacer, Billy Hopper, to E. H. Webbing, of Brantford, Ont., consideration, \$1,200. He has a record of 2:24 1/2. Mr. W. intends shipping the horse to London, Eng., next month.—Prince Charles, gelding, owned by Mr. D. Kirkover, Buffalo, N. Y., will be driven by Sam Willard, the coming season. The Prince is in fine condition and promises to beat his former record of 2:38.—Mr. W. E. Richmond's Napssch and Blonde are said to be the fastest double team in Buffalo. Last year they beat Russell and mate and Delmay and mate in three straight heats. Best time 2:44 1/2.

Mr. J. P. Wiser, Prescott, reports March 27th, b. c. by Rysdyk, dam Lady Moxley Both hind heels white. He has named him "Prescott."

Mr. William Reeves, a competent pedestrian trainer, has located at Mr. Harry Giddings, Queen st. west, where he intends to devote himself to his profession. His announcement in another column gives full particulars.

Messrs. Gwatkin & Son, type foundry, offer to furnish breeders with specimen sheets of their stock cuts. See advertisement.

Base Ball.

BASE BALL CONVENTION.

FORMATION OF A CANADIAN ASSOCIATION OF BASE BALL PLAYERS.

A convention of delegates called from the leading base ball clubs in the Province was held at the Walker House on the 7th inst., pursuant to the call of Mr. Geo. Sleeman, President of the Maple Leaf B. B. C., Guelph. The following clubs were represented:—Maple Leaf, Guelph, Mr. Geo. Sleeman; Tecumseh, London, H. Gorman; Toronto B. B. A., Toronto, W. McPherson; Stan-

The Application for the position of Correspondent are respectfully requested to consider before a meeting.

DATES CLAIMED FOR 1876.

AMERICAN.	
Nashville, Tenn.	May 2 to 6
Lexington, Ky.	8 to 13
Cincinnati, Ohio	May 15
Cincinnati, Ohio	24 to 27
Baltimore, Md.	24 to 27
Freeport, Ill.	May 30 to June 2
Seroy, N. Y.	May 30 to June 1
Am. Jockey Club, N. Y. (alter date days)	June 8 to 17
Richville, Mich.	June 6 to 8
Michigan, N. Y.	June 6 to 8
Cambridge City, Ind.	June 6 to 9
Grand Rapids, Mich.	12 to 17
Homer, N. Y.	13 to 15
Buffalo, N. Y.	June 13 to 15
Elmira, N. Y.	June 13 to 15
Penn., Ind.	June 13 to 17
Jackson, Mich.	18 to 28
Terre Haute, Ind.	June 20 to 23
Byrnes, N. Y.	20 to 22
Point Breeze, Philadelphia	20 to 28
Watertown, N. Y.	27 to 29
East Saginaw, Mich.	27 to 30
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	28 to 30
Long Branch, Philadelphia	July
Chicago, Ill.	June 30 to July 4
Dayton, Ohio	July 3 to 5
Ogdensburg, N. Y.	July 4
Detroit, Mich.	July 4 to 8
Chicler Park, Cincinnati	July 11 to 13
Newark, N. Y.	July 12 to 15
Chicago, Ill.	July 18 to 21
Cleveland, O.	July 25 to 28
Saratoga	Aug.
Freeport, Ill.	Aug. 8 to 11
Buffalo	1st week in Aug
Rochester	2nd "
Utica	3rd "
Mendota, Ill.	3rd "
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	4th "
Earlville, Ill.	4th "
Hartford, Conn.	Aug. 29 to Sept 1
Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 5 to 8
Mystic Park, Boston	Sept. 12 to 15
Am. Jockey Club, N. Y. (alter date days)	Oct. 3 to 14

CANADIAN.	
Woodbine Park, Toronto	May 24 to 26
Woodstock, Ont.	May 24 to 25
London	May 24 to 25
Dundas (holiday)	May 24
Waterloo, Ont.	May 31 & June 1
Aurora	June 30 to July 1
Woodbine (match)	June 8
Montreal (holiday)	July 1
Woodbine Park, Toronto	July 1 to 3
Hamilton	July 1 to
Montreal (regular)	July
Barrie (match)	Sept. 15
Canadian Stallion Race	Sept.

ENTRIES CLOSE.

CANADIAN.	
Aurora colt stake	May 15
Aurora	June 29
Canadian Stallion Race	June 1

THE QUEEN'S PLATE.

After what must have been quite a struggle the powers that be have allotted the Queen's Plate for the present year to the youthful though vigorous Woodbine Association of this city. It is now the duty of the recipients, as soon as possible, to make known the conditions upon which the trophy will be contested. The time between now and the advent of their meeting on the Queen's Birthday is already abbreviated enough, and gentlemen having eligible horses have no surplus time to procrastinate in training, if they desire to bring their horses to the post in anything like shape. We assume the Plate should be run for as early in the year as possible to give horses a chance of the benefits of the Spring campaign, which would be denied them if the contest was held over to mid-summer. And in the fitness of things nothing could be more appropriate than having the Queen's Plate run at a Queen's Birthday meeting. Next week we will possibly be able to give full particulars of the

Mr. Conant is interested in both sports. It is possible some of them might devote their energies to the Base Ball affair as having the claim of priority to their attentions. This at once would cause a division, if not a dissonance, and it needs not the wisdom of an oracle to divine the result if the management should not be unanimous. Then again Woodstock will hardly feel disposed to hang up a good premium list with such competition as is presented in this city. We know a local affair has been spoken of for that day, the regular meeting being held over for a more auspicious occasion. Whitley and Waterloo both claim the same week, with the title, we fancy, vested in the latter place. Now if Waterloo would consent to recede for one week, allowing our Eastern neighbors the week after Woodbine, this would bring London, Woodstock and Hamilton in pretty rapid rotation if the former should waive their claims to the Queen's Birthday, which is extremely probably in the case of one of them at least, as two meetings so close to one another as Woodstock and London could not be expected to be successful. This is made as a suggestion worthy of consideration by all concerned, and we should be pleased to hear of this circuit being established for the Spring campaign in Ontario. Woodbine, Whitley, Waterloo, London, Woodstock and Hamilton. Come, what say you gentlemen?

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AURORA RACES.

The Aurora Turf Club announce in this week's paper the outline of their programme for the Spring Races. There will be two days, June 30 and July 1, and six events will comprise the bill, viz.: four trots and two running races. The entries for the colt sweepstake will close on May 15th. This should be an interesting race. Full particulars will shortly be given. The management is in good hands, and, consequently, the meeting is sure to be a successful one.

Of the thirty-three races now rowed Oxford has won seventeen to Cambridge's sixteen.

thereto; extend the cord at right angles for 140 yards 2 inches, until it touches the end of the outer line, and then describe with the extreme end of the cord an outer curve or semicircle between the ends of the two outer lines. You will then have a continuous outer line, being exactly a mile (1,760 yards) in length, and requiring an enclosure of forty-six acres of ground. From this outer line or track set the fence of the course three feet in on the straight sides and curves. In this way an exact mile (as near as may be) is preserved for the actual foot track of the horses. The first distance post is placed 60 yards from the judges' stand; the second at 240 yards, and the start is 60 yards before entering the turn. The track should be graded round the turns like a track of a railroad or circus, the outer portion highest, so that a horse can extend himself at full speed as well around the turns as on the straight sides.

TO LAY OUT A HALF-MILE TRACK.—Lay off two straight sides, 600 feet each (parallel), and 452 feet 4 1/2 inches apart, connected at each end with a perfect semicircle (radius 226 feet 2 3/16 inches); place your fence exactly upon a line so formed (which is the inside of your track), and your track will measure exactly half a mile three feet from the fence; the outside fence to be placed according to the width of the track desired. If not convenient to obtain an engineer to run the curves, it can be done as follows: Place a centre stake midway between the parallel straight lines at each end; take a wire with a loop at the end, loose enough to turn upon the stake, and measure upon this wire 226 feet 2 3/16 inches (the radius of the curves), which from the centre stake, will exactly reach the ends of the straight lines; then describe your semicircle, beginning at the end of one straight side, putting down a stake every twelve feet, if that is the length of fence panels desired.

No. 1. Plot of ground at command, say 240 yards square, which would allow a track of 25 feet width.

Measure off a square of 698 feet. Cut off the four corners with a fourth of circle of 98 feet radius. Having your cord or wire 99 feet long, the centre will easily be found. See figure 1.

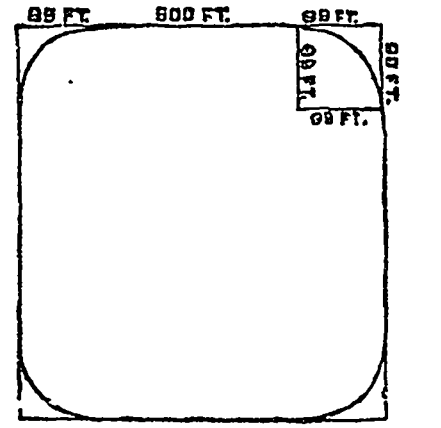


FIG. 1.

This track, as will be at once seen, is very easily and simply divided into quarters or eighths. An eighth need have but one turn only. The straight-reaches will be 500 feet or 166 2/3 yards.

No. 2. Piece of ground 400 yards long and 125 yards wide. A track 25 feet wide can be laid on this ground, with two straight sides of 800 feet or 266 2/3 yards long, and two circular ends struck with a cord of 162 2/3 feet long.

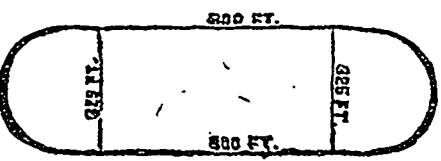


FIG. 2.

No. 3. Piece of ground same length as last, but wedge-shaped or of irregular widths at two ends—say 400 yards long, 165 yards at one end and 83 yards, or just half as wide as the wide end, at the other.

A track on this piece will have straight sides 800 feet, and a circular end at large end struck with a cord of 225 feet length, and at other end with a cord of 190 feet length.

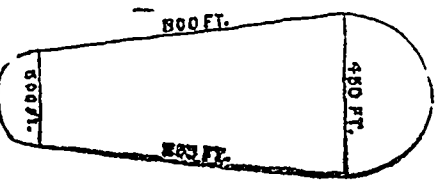


FIG. 3.

This construction would not be perfectly symmetrical at the ends, but the track for driving

show 30 at any time. Almon is another of Mr. Dalmage's horses. He is by Mr. Simon James' Highland Boy, and it is claimed for him, by his own r, that he is the finest formed horse in Canada. He has a fine, slashing, open gait, and can show :35 in the opinion of those who ought to know; needs no boots or toe weights in speeding, and is of good size and beautiful color. Mr. Dalmage submits the above fine team, and will be happy to show them as well on the track as in the stable.

St. Joe.—This fine, large, well bred and fast trotting stallion was imported from Kentucky a few months ago by his present proprietor, who has elected the fine country around Guelph as his trusting place. Of the merits of Blackwood, his sire, it is unnecessary to speak; and the advertisement contains evidence of his get in the South. This is the only "Blackwood" in Canada, and he should take high rank among the fine horses of the country. A careful perusal of his announcement will repay the reader.

To Correspondents.

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

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

ENQUIRER, St. Catharines.—The accident at the Desjardins Canal occurred on March 12th, 1857. Address Mr. Wm. McMurray, Ingersoll, for full particulars respecting your other question.

J. D., Wingham.—The Canadian Trotting Rules are out of print. What will we do with the stamps?

D., Sherbrooke.—It was considered expedient; as if they were admitted, the chances are they would have had it pretty near all to themselves, one having a record of 2:29 1/2 and the other not far from it. There are five stallions in Ontario having records better than 2:40, viz.: Caledonia Chief, Dominion Boy, Captain Tom, Whirlwind and Frank Allison; and it is probable there are a dozen others who can trot in that time; many of them have no record.

D., Ingersoll.—\$250. Represented sound; and in foal to King Tom.
P., Romeo.—You are indebted \$1.50.

Sporting Gossip.

Mr. James Armstrong, of Yarmouth, Co. Elgin, has a span of draught horses which weigh 4,600 pounds.

Mr. Joe Goss, a distinguished member of the English P. R., arrived in New York on Saturday. He intends entering into a fistie controversy with Mr. Tom Allen, or "any other man."

Mr. Joseph Rellinger shipped from Guelph, on Saturday, for Albany, eight heavy draught horses purchased in the Northern section.

Goldsmith Maid trotted against Golden Gate on Saturday last in San Francisco, the latter to run a mile and 550 yards. The Maid won in 2:19 1/2, beating Golden Gate three seconds.

The Moose and American Girl, two Ottawa horses, will be handled by Vanvalkenberg, at Ogdensburg, this season. They were taken to the latter place last week.

In San Francisco on Saturday, O'Leary, the Chicago pedestrian, completed the feat of walking 10 miles in 139 hours and 32 minutes.

Watertown, N. Y., races, always interesting to Canucks, will be held June 27th to 29th.

During the "big sale" at Grand's last week, Peter, the head groom, was violently thrown from a horse he was jumping over a bar, and was badly shaken up. His numerous friends will be glad to hear he is rapidly recovering.

B. purchased Mambrino Belle, by Mambrino Patchen, dam by Consternation; 2nd dam by American Eclipse. It is said she can trot in 2:35. The prices paid were not made public. It is Mr. B's intention to take them to England.

Dr. Swinburne, V. S., Montreal, purchased some fine horses at Grand's sale last week.

Mr. Willie Small, who has had charge of the trotting stallion Warr Hulot this winter, will put in the summer at Woodbine. In addition to the above horse he will have "Tilly," a Royal George mare, and two or three others under his care.

Our Buffalo correspondent's budget is as follows:—Dr. S. Somerville, of Buffalo, N. Y., the well-known Veterinary surgeon, last week sold his pacer, Billy Hopper, to E. H. Webbing, of Brantford, Ont., consideration, \$1,200. He has a record of 2:24 1/2. Mr. W. intends shipping the horse to London, Eng., next month.—Prince Charles, gelding, owned by Mr. D. Kirkover, Buffalo, N. Y., will be driven by Sam Willard, the coming season. The Prince is in fine condition and promises to beat his former record of 2:38.—Mr. W. E. Richmond's Napsach and Blonde are said to be the fastest double team in Buffalo. Last year they beat Russell and mate and Delmay and mate in three straight heats. Best time 2:44 1/2.

Mr. J. F. Wiser, Prescott, reports March 27th, b c, by Rysdyk, dam Lady Moxley. Both hind heels white. He has named him "Prescott."

Mr. William Reeves, a competent pedestrian trainer, has located at Mr. Harry Giddings, Queen st. west, where he intends to devote himself to his profession. His announcement in another column gives full particulars.

Messrs. Gwatkin & Son, typefounders, offer to furnish breeders with specimen sheets of their stock cuts. See advertisement.

Base Ball.

BASE BALL CONVENTION.

FORMATION OF A CANADIAN ASSOCIATION OF BASE BALL PLAYERS.

A convention of delegates called from the leading base ball clubs in the Province was held at the Walker House on the 7th inst., pursuant to the call of Mr. Geo. Sleeman, President of the Maple Leaf B. B. C., Guelph. The following clubs were represented:—Maple Leafs, Guelph; Mr. Geo. Sleeman; Tecumseh, London; H. Gorman; Toronto B. B. A.; Toronto, W. McPherson; Standard, Hamilton; Mr. Harris; Independents, Dundas; E. Collins; Clippers, Toronto; A. Ronald; Young Canadians, Dundas; E. Collins; Etnas, Toronto; T. F. O'Reilly; Tecumseh, Dunnville; G. Sleeman; Eglinton, Eglinton; J. Mullaney.

The meeting organized with Mr. Sleeman in the chair; Mr. P. Collins, Sporting Times, Secretary.

On motion of Mr. E. Collins, seconded by Mr. W. McPherson, it was resolved to form an association to be known as "The Canadian Association of Base Ball Players."

The following officers were elected:—President, Mr. Geo. Sleeman, Guelph; Vice-President, Mr. G. Spalding, Dunnville; Secretary, Mr. H. Gorman, London; Treasurer, Mr. W. F. Mountain, Toronto.

The convention proceeded to frame a constitution and by-laws, taking as a guide those adopted by the National Association of the United States. The several sections were taken up and discussed *seriatim*, and amended to suit the views of the delegates.

The Constitution embodies that all properly organized Canadian Clubs are entitled to membership on payment of \$2 to the Treasurer on or before the 15th of May in each year; and that no club belonging to the Association shall play a match game with any Canadian Club outside of the Association, either on the grounds of the latter or on any other grounds not belonging to the Association. (This latter rule, it will be observed, prevents Association Clubs from playing

Dinen	22	190	5ft 11
Powers	22	170	5ft 8
Jury	29	145	5ft 8

Total 220 yrs. 1,650 lbs. 58ft 1 1/2 in.
Average ... 22 yrs. 165 lbs. 5ft 9 1/2 in.

As compared with the similar record of the Maple Leaf, which we published a few days since, the Tecumseh average nearly 1 1/2 inches per man taller, 18 lbs. per man heavier, and about 2 years each younger.

The members of the Beaver Base Ball Club, London, met and elected the following officers:—President, Mr. Geo. Hiscox; 1st Vice-President, Mr. W. H. Burrell; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. Thos. Rooks; Secretary, Mr. A. Darch; Treasurer, Mr. C. E. Trebilcock; Managing Committee, Messrs. J. Rooks, G. Hiscox, Trebilcock, Winnet and J. L. Payne; Captain, Mr. Jas. Hunter.

A meeting of the Forest City club of Pembroke was held for the purpose of organizing for the coming season. Mr. T. Knight was elected President; Mr. H. Lloyd, Vice-President; J. B. M. Gormen, Secretary; and T. Lloyd, J. L. Deacon, and F. McDowell, Directors. The first nine were also chosen, their names being J. Knight, R. Cuzner, T. Knight, R. C. Miller, P. H. McIntosh, H. Lloyd, C. Dunlop, D. Jamieson, and F. F. McDowell.

Social.—On Friday evening, 21st inst., the Grand River Club, will hold a social dance in the Town Hall, in aid of the funds of the club. All who are interested in base ball, and the public generally, are invited to be present.

The S. S. B. B. Club, of Port Hope, held their annual meeting on the 10th inst. The following were elected officers:—President, Col. R. W. Sniart; Vice-do., J. E. Lynn; Captain, J. Addy; Treasurer, R. Dingwall; Secretary, E. T. Hamly; Committee, Geo. Wright, S. McCurdy, J. Addy. They have obtained new grounds which, when completed, will be second to none in Canada.

The annual meeting of the Young Canadians, of Penetanguishene, was held on the 7th inst., when the election of officers was proceeded with as follows:—President, S. McDougall; Vice-do., J. Blair; Sec.-Treas., C. McGibbons; Captain, L. Lessier; Directors, C. McGibbons, L. Lessier, and G. Molouey. The "Y. C." is the champion club of the county, and has been recently strengthened by the addition of a fine catcher and a fast pitcher.

Veterinary.

TORONTO VETERINARY COLLEGE.

The examination at the Ontario Veterinary College was concluded on Tuesday of last week, and passed off highly successful. Eleven candidates obtained the Diploma of the Council of the Agricultural and Arts Association. The examinations were, as usual, of a very high standard. The various candidates were also subjected to a rigorous practical examination on the detection of lameness, disease and examination of horses as to soundness. We believe this excellent Institution was never so prosperous as at present, as it is attended not only by students from all parts of Canada, but many come from the United States, where many of the graduates of the college are already meeting with great success in practice. At the last session of the Legislature the government voted \$2,000 for the purpose of an enlarged Veterinary museum and library, and no doubt this handsome and well deserved grant will enable Dr. Smith and his colleagues to add largely to the efficiency of the college. The prizes were distributed by Mr. Coleman, V. S., of Ottawa, one of the first graduates of the college, who referred in appropriate terms to the fact that the college had extended its influence through this continent, and he was very glad that Mr. Bates, of Missouri, had proved himself a worthy student of Veterinary science, and had gained the Silver Medal in the Anatomy class for junior students.

Mr. Coleman also stated that he had acted as an examiner in this Institution on previous occasions, and also at other Institutions of a similar character, but he had never met with so many candidates so well up in all branches pertaining to their profession, and he had no doubt but the Ontario Veterinary College would continue to be the foremost Institution in this country in the future, as it had been in the past. In concluding his address he referred in high praise to Dr. Smith, the Principal and Founder of the College, and who

Anatomy Junior Class.—Mr. George W. Bates, Wellington, Lafayette Co., Missouri, 1st silver medalist. Mr. R. Newton, Belleville, Mr. David Stovel, Mount Forest. Mr. A. Harding, Kingston, Jamaica. Mr. Lorge, Mr. Evers, Cobourg, prizemen.

Physiology.—Mr. Andrew (Gund), Beaverton, first prize.
The following obtained honors: Messrs John Standish, W. A. Dunbar, T. A. Morrison.
Chemistry—Senior Class.—Mr. W. A. Dunbar.
Junior Class.—Mr. A. Harding.
Materia Medica.—Mr. W. A. Dunbar, first prize.
Honors—Messrs Beatty, Morrison and Colman.

General Examination.—Mr. John Standish, Silver Medalist
Honors—Messrs Dunbar, Tennent, Colman and Morrison.

The following students received certificates of regular attendance: Messrs A. R. Colman; Henry Doan, W. A. Dunbar, John Standish, John Beatty, William W. Stewart, Andrew Gunn, Edward Golding, Christopher Taylor, J. B. Wright, Thos. A. Morrison, Ezekiel Tennent, John B. Ross, William Gibb, E. Keuning, R. M. Somerville, Walter Lantry, A. Harding, Herbert Hamilton, Richard Newton, Geo. W. Bates, Richard Davis, Henry Hopkins, George McEvers, David Stovel, Sherman Rogers, Albert Stephenson, Fred W. Matthews, John Stephenson, J. S. Anderson, M. L. High, M. McKillop, T. Hayward, H. E. Poole, George B. Holmes.

Among the visitors present were Messrs John P. Bond, V. S., Toronto, James Cress, V. S., Oshawa, T. B. Hiltcock, V. S., Uxbridge, J. S. Hughes, V. S., Schomberg, T. Hodgson, V. S., Toronto, W. Somerville, V. S., Buffalo, N. Y., O'Neil, V. S., London, E. A. Grange, V. S., Guelph, M. Young, V. S., Stayner, J. Welsh, V. S., Clinton, J. H. Leannet, V. S., London.

At the weekly meeting of the Ontario Veterinary College held on Friday, the 31st ult., Mr. Dunbar read a very interesting paper on horse shoeing, and Mr. Coleman and Mr. Ross also read communications.

BONE SPAVIN.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE MONTREAL VETERINARY ASSOCIATION BY JAMES R. McLAGOULIN, SECOND SESSION STUDENT AT THE VETERINARY COLLEGE.

(Concluded.)

What, with our hard, uneven roads and hills, the cruel practice of over-loading, and brutal careless driving that is daily practiced, it is marvellous that so many animals escape this disease. But with any of the foregoing imposed on a horse the hock and its appendages generally suffer, and we have imparted to the bones extreme concussion, or to the ligaments over exertion and strain. Improper shoeing may also cause either one of these, as when the smith, by raising the calks, throws the whole limb from the hip downward out of its natural position, and thereby completely alters the centre of gravity, causing an unequal distribution of labor to the weaker portions of the joint. Blows and kicks also cause the disease to develop itself on the outside of the hock, and it is not uncommon to see ignorant grooms and teamsters belabor a poor animal's hind limb, seldom thinking and caring less of the injury they are inflicting.

Bone spavin, as a rule, produces lameness sooner or later. Where one or both hocks bore the disease, at the stables of his own farm, a Village of Waddington, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y. Mares left with Capt. Farlinger of Morrisburgh, Ont., or with Samuel Hollinsworth, Prescott, Ont., will receive the best of care.

PEDIGREE.—PHIL SHELDON is a dark brown color, stands 16 hands high, and weighs 1,100 lbs; he was sired by Young Columbus, he by Old Columbus, his dam being the celebrated Black Maria, granddam of Harris' Hambletonian. Phil's dam, Black Fly, from a Tippeo Horse; dam from Black Jack. He trotted in the grand stalling race at Mystic Park, Boston, in 1874, open to all stallions in the world, for the championship—there were 16 entries, the best in the world. The lameness shows itself, and when quite a distance is travelled, it very often disappears entirely, but allow the animal to again rest himself, and on starting away a re-occurrence of the lameness takes place. The departure of the lameness depends not only on the amount of exercise, but principally on the extent of growth in the spavin. If it be newly forming, the lameness may cease after a few miles have been travelled, but if it has acquired considerable growth, exercise will but slightly abate it.

The degree of interference with the action of the joint by the bony deposit determines the extent of the lameness, which is further aggravated by the difficulty experienced by the periosteum in accommodating itself to the bony growth beneath it. Although it cannot be admitted that the approach of this disease is seldom anticipated to any degree of certainty until it clearly reveals itself either by lameness or enlargement on the joint; yet Veterinary surgeons have been very successful in destroying the lameness consequent

bring iron have, in some respects, been tried, they may be very true, but in the majority of cases its application is indispensable.

I have witnessed several successful operations with it in the hands of our worthy President who has at present a stable of horses in this city under his professional care, a great number of which have been submitted to this operation and in every instance successfully, and these are but criteria of his repeated and successful application of the firing-iron.

I deem it therefore, a necessary and indispensable article in the profession, and more particularly in this disease, for, although its application is very painful, the object to be accomplished is more speedily attained than by any other compound, and the horse is sooner relieved of his lameness and becomes a useful animal instead of a comparatively useless animal to his owner.

A most of you are aware, Professor McEachran, in using the iron or other counter-irritant, does not, as is customary, confine it to the antero-internal part of the joint, but round the entire articulation, thus inducing complete, not partial, ankylosis—hence his success in these cases compared with others.

Amusements.

CITY.
During the week the houses at the Grand have been as large as probably could have been expected at this penitential season. On Monday evening Miss Carr had her benefit; Goldsmith's comedy of the Stoops to Conquer, and a Day after the Wedding comprised the bill. The attendance was in no way commensurate with Miss Carr's talents or popularity, and the seeming non-appreciation of her abilities must be looked for in some other way. On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings Daly's society drama of Under the Gaslight was produced, cast to the full strength of the company, with all its beautiful scenery and striking mechanical effects. This, Friday evening the house is closed, it being observed as a religious holiday. Saturday's matinee is for the benefit of Mrs. Marlowe, when it is expected the house will be uncomfortably filled. On Monday, Miss Agnes Booth, who succeeded in her previous visit in creating quite a theatrical sensation, commences a second engagement, and will be heartily welcomed. Mr. Barry Sullivan will shortly follow.

The Holman Opera Company concluded their season on Saturday evening with the Rose of Castile. Upon medical advice Miss Sallio Holman has retired for a brief period, when the summer season will be inaugurated. They are rusticating this present week at London.

It reported, we know not on what foundation, that some American manager has leased the Royal Opera House for next season.

The Kennedy family of Scottish Vocalists have been well received by appreciative audiences at Shaftesbury Hall on their last farewell visit.

Mr. E. H. Evans, walking gent, is disengaged, and can be addressed care of this office.

GENERAL.

Hamilton correspondence, date 10th inst.—At the Canterbury Varieties, the company last week was as follows:—Sam Howard, Ferguson and Flynn, Ned Mason, Mons. Fillo, Harry Heedson, Harry Weeks, Emma Elliot, Minnie Fox, and Minnie Roseland. Announced for 10th are, Madame and Bertie Quicello, Sallio Woodruff and John E. Parks. Departures.—The Young Amateur Dramatic Company, of Hamilton, are billed for the 2nd in the Mechanics Hall. They have had the following piece: the 8 act drama of Oddy's Child, and to conclude with the Burlesque of Lucretia Borgia.

Buffalo correspondence, 10th inst.—The grand spectacle of the Naid Queen will be produced at the Academy of Music this week, commencing on Tuesday. The regular season at the theatre is drawing to a close, and the leading members of the stock company take their annual benefits on the off-nights of the few remaining weeks. Mr. Fred Wren will have his on Monday, 24th, appearing as Myles Na Copleen in Colleen Bawn. Mr. C. B. Wells has his on the 27th, in Caste. An excellent programme is offered to patrons of the Adelphi this week. Mr. Dan Shelby has been tendered the management of the Grand Opera House, New York.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club are announced at Peterboro for the 11th of May. Vast improvements are about to be made in the Stratford Town Hall, the estimated cost being \$8,000.

Quinine Wine of the three... examined.—Signed,
JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph. D. D.C.L.F.C.S.
Prof. of Chemistry and Microscopy, Bishop's College and College of Industry, Montreal

To Amateur Pedestrians

HAVING secured the assistance of Mr. C. Bunya, I can now offer you a splendid opportunity to improve your

Condition, Speed, Action

&c. I have established myself at the Gymnasium, corner of Queen and Dundas streets, Toronto, where I request you will send in your names as early as possible, that I may be ready to receive you. I beg to refer you to the following gentlemen:

CORNER BURNS, who has the Champion belt for 100 yards.

JOHNNY BARNES, the coming man, who is now prepared to match W. Bingham 100 yards HARRY GREENING, who is ready to match any hotel keeper in Canada 125 yards.

JOHN BRICKS, and DAVE KENNEDY.

TERMS.—Training, with regulation board, \$7.50 per week, without board, \$3.50 per week. Patrons may rely on everything confidential.

242-ht WILLIAM REEVES.

TO OWNERS OF STALLIONS.

SEND YOUR ADDRESS and a three-cent stamp for our specimen sheets of Horse Cuts \$50 1/2.

242-ht GWATKIN & SON, 85 & 87 Bay Street, Toronto.



ERIN CHIEF.

This celebrated trotting stallion will make the season of 1876 as follows: Monday, May 1st, Newmarket, for noon; Haddard, for night; Tuesday, Bondhead, for noon; Schomberg, for night, and remain until Thursday; then to Kitleby, for noon, and home to his own stable, Aurora, for night, where he will remain till the following Monday. This route to be continued for three seasons. Terms.—Insurance, \$30; season, \$25; single leap, \$10. Single leap, cash at time of service; season to be paid last road; insurance, 1s. 6d. per 1876. Good pasturage and stabling furnished at cheap rates. All accidents at owners' risk.

ERIN CHIEF is a golden chestnut, 15.3, and for style of action and appearance is faultless, as a stock-getter, he is a great success, as can be proved by his many and valuable colts. He was sired by Howe's Royal George, he by Field's Royal George of Buffalo, he by old Royal George, he by Warrior, he by Tippeo, he by Ogden's Messenger, he by old imported Messenger. His dam, Erin Queen, by imported Charon, g d by Sir Henry, g g dam by imported Blacklock (formerly Fidget), he by Phantom, he by old Blacklock. Erin Chief has no record, but can trot in 2:30 or better, and is entered as a competitor at the Centennial Exhibition.

242-am DOUGLAS & WELLS, Aurora, Ont.



Frank Allison.

This trotting stallion will have a limited number of mares at the farm of the subscriber, Oak Ridge.

FRANK ALLISON is a beautiful bay, 7 years old, 16 hands, sired by Blackbird, he by Little Cassius, he by Cassius, he by Henry Clay, he by Andrew Jackson, he by Young Bashaw, he by Grand Bashaw, he by the Harris Horse (a Messenger), grand dam by Gifford's Morgan.

Frank Allison possesses great bone and substance, with fine trotting action. Terms, \$25 to insure; \$10 single leap.

242-am C. I. DOUGLAS.

The Trotting Stallion



ST. JOE,

Imported from Lexington, Kentucky, by Mr. J. Hetherington, will stand for mares at the Hotel, Guelph, during the season of 1876.

DESCRIPTION AND PEDIGREE: ST. JOE is a Blackwood, 1st dam by Mark Time, sire of P. Prall, dam of Lady Stout; 2nd dam by W. Ford; 3rd dam by Gray Eagle.

This is one of the finest bred horses that ever left Kentucky (color, black, foaled 1871, 16.2, ten hands and one inch high, very stylish and perfect in his gait. At two years old he won a race in 2:52 on a half mile track at Lexington, Ky. It is claimed that he has sired many of the best horses in the State. He has sired a sire, Blackwood, who has sired many of the best horses in the State. He has sired a sire, Colonel West, who has sired many of the best horses in the State. He has sired a sire, finished horse that has won a half of the year old he fell into the hands of Mr. Hirsch, and with only five weeks handling, trotted a mile in 2:30, over slow track. Mr. Hirsch claimed to could repeat this with 2:35.

A SHORT LIST OF COLTS THAT HAVE BEEN HANDLED IN KENTUCKY BY BLACKWOOD.—Blackwood, jr., at three years old, trotted in Lexington in 1874, and got a record of 2:34, also in Louisville of 2:32. Rosewood, at five years old in 1876, trotted and got a record of 2:27, at Lexington. Freshman, at four years old, at Harrodsburg, Ky., trotted and got a record of 2:36, in the fall of 1875. Protine, at three years old, trotted third at Lexington, Ky., in the fall of 1874 in 2:28. Mantague Mar, at four years old, trotted better than 2:40. And all of the horse's colts that have been handled have done for big prices.

TERMS.—Twenty dollars for the season, to be paid at the time of service. If any mares should not prove to be in foal, the owners have the privilege of returning them next season, at half price, upon producing satisfactory evidence, that they have not held. N.B. Good pasture, and has been secured for mares coming from a distance, at reasonable rates. All accidents, escapes, &c., will be at the owners' risk.

JOHN HETHERINGTON, Proprietor, Guelph, March, 1876.



YOUNG ERIN CHIEF.

This well bred young trotting stallion will make the season for a limited number of mares at the stable of Mr. Tumbinson, Athol.

YOUNG ERIN CHIEF, by Erin Chief, dam by Toronto Chief by Toronto Chief the sire of Thomas Jefferson; 2nd dam the Goodenough mare by St. 1 Lawrence; 3rd dam by Tippeo; 4th dam by Tom Kimble.

\$20 to insure; \$12 for season. M. SINNOTT, Proprietor.

241-hm.

CAMPBELL'S

QUININE WINE

AN INVIGORATING, AGREEABLE, AND GENTLY STIMULATING TONIC.

PREPARED ONLY AT THE
**MEDICAL HALL,
MONTREAL.**

A specific in cases of Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Nervous Debility, Slow Digestion, and a certain preventive of Fever and Ague.

**THE THOROUGHBRED RACE HORSE.—
HOW TO BREED, REAR, AND TRAIN
HIM.**

BY AN OLD TRAINER.

CHAPTER XIII.

(Continued.)

The Training of Two Year-Olds.

[From the Spirit of the Times.]

No brushes during the week nor strong work, except the move of a mile. Sweated as usual at the end of the week each colt according to his state of flesh, condition, etc. Next morning work as usual, and give a light move of three or four hundred yards at the end of the first gallop; in the second gallop, give two moves, but do not let the colts get quite up to the top of their speed.

Prepare for a mite and repeat run as before directed; walk and trot as usual, strip and run. Take care to have the grass heights up, if possible. Shoes make a difference of three seconds to a mile. Between the heats clothe according to the weather, and try to get some sweat; and as soon as you get a scrape, begin to cool down about seven minutes before the time (twenty minutes) expires; rub quickly and lightly. In the fourth week, make the feed stronger by mixing three parts of hominy to five of oats.

PHYSIC.

All gross horses should have at least one dose of medicine before they go into active training. The best medicine for horses is Barbadoes aloes. After the horses or colts have been walking for eight or ten days, give them bran mash for thirty-six hours, with one-half of the usual quantity of hay. For twelve hours previous to giving the medicine, give no hay, and muzzle the horses. After the medicine is given, continue the mashes, give no hay, and keep the muzzles on until the medicine operates, which it will do in from twelve to thirty hours. Give as much white water as the horses will drink. As soon as the medicine begins to operate, give a little hay, and continue the mashes until there have been three or four discharges from the bowels, then give the usual feed. Should the medicine operate more than six or eight times mix a little starch in the water the horses drink. If that does not arrest the purging, give injections of starch and laudanum. Four or five days should elapse after the medicine has ceased to operate before the horses are put to work, and should the purging have been violent, six or eight days should be suffered to pass before the horses are put to work.

Some very gross, heavy-bodied horses would derive advantage from two doses of physic, given before going to work, at an interval of two weeks. Should any of the horses while at work refuse their feed, become feverish, with warm and rather full legs, stop their work, and give them a dose of physic. If training for a race, the last dose of physic should be given at least a month previous to the race.

For a Two-year-old.

- Four drachms best Barbadoes aloes.
- One " best ginger.
- Two " Castile soap—is a dose.

For three or four-year-olds, the aloes may be increased a drachm for gross, heavy-bodied ones. If properly prepared beforehand by mashes, etc., five or six drachms of aloes will be sufficient.

CHAPTER XIV.

Training of the Three-Year-Old.

In Capt. Minor's "Short Rules for Training Two-Year-Olds," which I republished last week, the reader will observe a few points of difference from those which I have advocated in these articles. Capt. Minor advises the washing of the horse's legs, but you will notice that he instructs them to be rubbed very lightly with soft cloths, just enough to dry them, and protests against hand rubbing. This treatment was a great improvement in the then existing practice, for most of the trainers at that time would have their horses' legs rubbed three or more times daily, and at night, before closing up the stables, they would set a boy at each leg, and make them rub for an hour. It will also be noticed that, although Capt. Minor used clothing, which was the practice in his day, he was very careful to change according to the variations in the weather, and he advises lightly clothed in warm weather; in fact he showed, in his treatment of the horse, that, in many respects, he was far in advance of his contemporaries. But he lived to see the evil effects of "breathing" horses under heavy clothing, for he lost his filly La Vari Reine, in consequence of breeding her briskly two miles under blankets; she dropping dead on the track. The excessive muscular action forced the heart to unnaturally increased action; the lungs, brain, and organs of circulation became engorged with blood, and death was the result.

In a previous chapter we spoke of the breeding of the colt. Now, after scraping him, if you should have a colt of a delicate constitution, or rather deficient conformation; a colt say with short ribs, a light or ewe neck; or an acute angular for behind, or a light or sunken muscle over the loins—such a formed animal, if confined at all, must be chiefly trotted and walked, or lightly cantered, but seldom galloped, or exercised by himself, or with others with like formation and disposition, and never galloped in any manner with colts who require a great deal of strong work to condition them. If you do so, they will soon train off, the delicate and perfect formation cannot stand the fatigue, and if this course is pursued they will become

if after being severely worked, they require a little quiet rest, either to sleep standing, or to lie down; the door should be closed, but not the windows, and never longer than an hour should the doors be closed in the daytime, if the weather be warm. At the expiration of that time, the doors should be opened wide, the manure thrown out, the bedding readjusted, and the colt allowed to come to the door and to breathe as much fresh air as he can. This is a great secret in the stable economy with colts; to keep them in health you must give them plenty of light and air, but be sure and keep them undisturbed if you wish to have them healthy and vigorous feeders. Blankets tend to keep the temperature too high, which enervates and softens the body. In summer time, night or day, colts are always too warm when kept in a stable, and nine times out of ten they go amiss from excessive heat and want of pure air. I have always advocated that a bucket of pure water should be within reach of the colt whilst in the stall; it is beneficial to the colt in many ways. If the atmosphere of the stable is hot and dry, the gentle evaporation from the water renews the supply of moisture in the air, and keeps it in a state adapted for the respiration of the colt. Besides, a constant supply of good fresh water by him when eating his oats, and more particularly his hay, is beneficial. If the hay and water are near each other, by watching the colt a few minutes, you will perceive that, after a few mouthfuls of hay, he will go to the water, dip his lips in the bucket, drink a few swallows, and then return to his hay, and so on alternately, until he has eaten as much as he desires. Thus, by having water by him whilst feeding, it enables him to eat more hay by keeping the mouth moist, and also enables him to masticate it better, and to swallow it easier. But the still greater advantages of water are yet to be mentioned. The stomach having water in it whilst eating, causes the dry hay to swell into as juicy a form as it was when standing as grass, and thus prevents the masticated dry hay from absorbing the mucus nature secretes to lubricate the intestines, and also prevents constipation, and its oftentimes attendant, colic; prevents, also, the colt becoming feverish and quitting eating, becoming dry in the skin, tacked up, and going amiss, while you are wondering what caused it. If he has not been over-worked, in most cases such results arise from the want of plenty of water, a little grass, and a little salt. You will frequently notice that where colts that are vigorous feeders are eating their oats, they will dig their troughs, and come to the door. What for? Why, of course, to get water. You will then see the necessity of not only keeping water constantly with the colt, but should be kept close to his trough, so that he will not waste his oats, by travelling from the trough. Great care should be observed by trainers that the grooms, or those whose duty it is to attend to the colts whilst in the stable, treat them kindly. It may be that they are among them boys or men of malevolent dispositions, who will tease, fret, and strike, and cruelly treat the colt in many ways, until he becomes vicious, frenzied, and mad, and, after a time, dangerous to approach or attend to. This arises from bad treatment, the effects of a villainous disposition on the part of the groom. With horses, especially, kindness begets kindness. Colts are frequently tied up so high as to affect the eyes, by forcing the jaw out of its natural repose, and this alone will make a horse uneasy, and, if continued, will make him vicious. Very often the groom is too heavy with his currycomb, and scratches away, wholly regardless how much or how little he is punishing the poor beast. Then, perhaps, if the colt will not stand still whilst he is being thus scraped with a rough currycomb, his groom will take a whip and slash him round awhile; and, if this fellow is an average specimen of his class, he will kick him in the belly until he himself becomes exhausted, or until the colt breaks loose from his halter. But if the trainer is a man of energy and firmness, he will prevent this kind of treatment to his colts, by walking back and forth from stall to stall, and observing closely whilst his colts are being groomed off. He can thus prevent such brutal treatment, which, if continued, will surely ruin the best conditioned horse in the world. I have seen colts thus treated which would take half an hour's time to get the bridle upon their heads, so great is the fear created in their minds by ill treatment. A groom should not be allowed to speak too loudly or harshly to a horse, much less to strike or whip him, and no trainer who attends to his business will allow it. I have known horses become so frightened from bad treatment in the stable as to quit eating and become worthless for the rest of the season. It must be borne in mind that a horse whilst in training is in an artificial state, should be treated with the utmost kindness, and as near in accordance with nature as possible.

In feeding horses great care should be observed—not to overfeed them, and not to give too much at one time. Recollect, it is not so much the number of quarts of oats or grain given, but it is the sum total of all he eats of hay, grass, bran, carrots, and oats; all this should be apportioned judiciously to the horse's appetite so as to satisfy the trainer that his horse has eaten enough during the day to keep him strong and vigorous, and thus enable him to take his proper exercise. The feed in the morning should be the smallest, unless he is exercised early in the morning before feeding; but at noon his feed should be two or three quarts more than was fed in the morning. The largest quantity should be given at night at his last feed. Thrifty growing colts should be fed a quart or two at four o'clock, p. m., as it is too long from noon until night for them to go without lunch. Be sure that your colts get plenty of good hay, for hay, like grass, is a good appetizer, and will induce the colt to eat more oats or grain than he would if the hay and grass were kept from him. The phosphate of lime they contain goes to make and mature the bone. Horses should be seldom muzzled, unless they should eat too much of their bedding, or become too gross for fast work.

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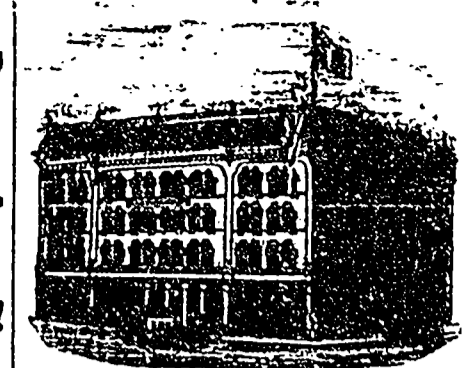
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and its oftentimes attendant, colic, prevents, also, the colt becoming feverish and quitting eating, becoming dry in the skin, tucked up, and going amiss, while you are wondering what caused it. If he has not been over-worked, in most cases such results arise from the want of plenty of water, a little grass, and a little salt. You will frequently notice that when colts that are vigorous feeders are eating their oats, they will leave their troughs, and come to the door. What for? Why, of course, to get water. You will then see the necessity of not only keeping water constantly with the colt, but should be kept close to his trough, so that he will not waste his oats, by travelling from the trough. Great care should be observed by trainers that the grooms, or those whose duty it is to attend to the colts whilst in the stable, treat them kindly. It may be that they are among them boys or men of malevolent dispositions, who will tease, frolic, and strike, and cruelly treat the colt in many ways, until he becomes vicious, frenzied, and mad, and, after a time, dangerous to approach or attend to. This arises from bad treatment, the effects of a villainous disposition on the part of the groom. With horses, especially, kindness begets kindness. Colts are frequently tied up so high as to affect the eyes, by forcing the jaw out of its natural repose, and this alone will make a horse uneasy, and, if continued, will make him vicious. Very often the groom is too heavy with his currycomb, and scratches away, wholly regardless how much or how little he is punishing the poor beast. Then, perhaps, if the colt will not stand still whilst he is being thus scraped with a rough currycomb, his groom will take a whip and slash him round awhile; and, if this fellow is an average specimen of his class, he will kick him in the belly until he himself becomes exhausted, or until the colt breaks loose from his halter. But if the trainer is a man of energy and firmness, he will prevent this kind of treatment to his colts, by walking back and forth from stall to stall, and observing closely whilst his colts are being groomed off. He can thus prevent such brutal treatment, which, if continued, will surely ruin the best conditioned horse in the world. I have seen colts thus treated which would take half an hour's time to get the bridle upon their heads, so great is the fear created in their minds by ill treatment. A groom should not be allowed to speak too loudly or harshly to a horse, much less to strike or whip him, and no trainer who attends to his business will allow it. I have known horses become so frightened from bad treatment in the stable as to quit eating and become worthless for the rest of the season. It must be borne in mind that a horse whilst in training is in an artificial state, should be treated with the utmost kindness, and as near in accordance with nature as possible.

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(Late of the St. Lawrence Arcade.)
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IN CANADA,
BENEDICK,**

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Toronto.
235-um.

**THE TROTting STALLION
BASHAW
ABDALLAH**

Will make the season of 1876, at the Thames Valley Stock Farm, one mile north of the town of St. Mary's, Ont. Terms, \$25 to insure. Good pasturage and care of mares, but all accidents and escapes at owner's risk.

BASHAW ABDALLAH is a jet black, flowing mane and tail, 15-3; weighs 1,150 lbs., with fine trotting action, good carriage, kind disposition, and great development of muscle. He was sired by Freehold Bashaw, of New Jersey (record of 2:36), he by old Black Bashaw, he by Young Bashaw, and he by the Arabian horse Grand Bashaw. Bashaw Abdallah's dam was Mary Tracy, by New York Rattler, he by Old Abdallah, he by Mambrino, by imported Messenger. Rattler is a half-brother to Rysdyk's Hambletonian. Young Bashaw's dam was Perl, by First

THE THOROUGHbred STALLION



HYDER ALI,

Will make the season of 1876 in the vicinity of Toronto, for a limited number of mares. His book is now open.

Description.—Hyder Ali is a beautiful bay, about 16 hands, foaled in 1872, sired by imp. Leamington, dam Lady Duke, by Lexington; 2nd dam, Magdalen by Medoc; 3rd dam, Kepp's dam by Sumpter; 4th dam, by Lewis' Eclipse; 5th dam, Marin by Craig's Alfred; 6th dam, by Tayloe's Bellair; 7th dam, by imp. Medley, &c. (See American Stud Book, vol. I, p. 60f, vol. II, p. 4). Leamington by Faugh-a-Ballagh (winner of the St. Leger in 1844), dam by Pantaloon.

It is unnecessary to enlarge on the high breeding of Hyder Ali, as the above pedigree, combining the two most fashionable strains in America—Lexington and Leamington—speaks for itself.

Hyder Ali was considered the crack two and three-year-old of his years as a racehorse.

TERMS—To insure, thoroughbreds, \$40; other mares, \$25.

Standing at R. Bond's, Richmond street, Toronto, until 10th of April.

For further particulars address,

Mr. DWYER,
"Sporting Times" Office,
233- Toronto.



**THE
Thoroughbred Kentucky Stallion
WAR CRY,**

Will make this season (1876), at my farm near Weston; he will also stand at Yorkville, York Mills, Thornhill, Woodbridge, Colerain, Tullamore, Woodhill, Grahamsville, and intermediate places. Full particulars in posters at the commencement of the season.

WAR CRY was sired by War Dance, he by Lexington out of Reel, by imp. Glouco; dam Eliza Davis, by imp. Knight of St. George (Leger winner 1854), out of imp. Melrose by Melbourne (See Am. Stud Book, page 374, Vol. I). War Cry (foaled 1870), is a rich chestnut, 15-3 hands, with powerful development, beauty of symmetry and gentleness of disposition.

TERMS—To insure—Thoroughbred mares, \$20, other mares, \$16. Good pasture for a limited number of mares. Escapes and accidents at owner's risk.

H. GRACEY,
WESTON, March 7, 1876. 237-um



**THE THOROUGHbred STALLION
TUBMAN,**

Will serve a limited number of mares, at the farm of the subscribers, Lachine, near Montreal.

TUBMAN is a beautiful bay, 16½ hands high, and has great bone and substance; is a first-class race horse, and has won at all distances.

TUBMAN was sired by War Dance, he by Lexington out of Reel, by imp. Glouco; dam Lass of Sidney, by imp. Knight of St. George; 2nd dam imported mare by Lanercost.

TERMS—Thoroughbred mares, \$15; other mares, \$10; to insure, \$20 and \$15.

DAWES & CO.
LACHINE, March 17, 1876. 238-um.



**The Celebrated Trotting Stallion
Phil Sheridan,**

Will serve a limited number of mares the coming season, at the stables of his owner, in the Village of Waddington, St. Lawrence Co., N.Y.

Mares left with Capt. Farlinger of Morrisburgh, Ont.; or with Samuel Hollinsworth, Prescott, Ont., will receive the best of care.

PEDIGREE: Phil Sheridan is a dark brown

**Rysdyk,
STOCK FARM.**



**THE
Trotting Stallion
RYSDYK**

By Hambletonian, out of Lady Duke, by Lexington, will make the season of 1876, at the proprietor's stables.

\$100 TO INSURE,
\$25 to be paid at time of service.

RYSDYK, the "Stud King" of the Stock Farm, is the best bred trotting stallion in America, embracing the best possible cross of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, the highest type of the trotting horse with Lexington, the perfection of the thoroughbred; and the unequalled staying qualities of the latter added to the purely gated trotting action of the former.

Mares kept at moderate charge and well cared for. All accidents and escapes at owner's risk.

Communications by letter or telegraph cheerfully attended to by addressing the proprietor or superintendent, H. W. Brown. Mares not proving in foal can be returned next season free of charge. 239-nm



Chestnut Hill,

By Rysdyk, out of the Miller mare, by Bully King, son of Geo. M. Patchen, g d by Duroc, will make the season of 1876 at the same stable. The services of this high bred trotting sire will be held at

\$75 TO INSURE,
\$20 to be paid at time of service.

Terms in other respects the same as those of his sire, Rysdyk. 239-nm



**Wm. B. Smith,
TUBMAN,**

By Thomas Jefferson, son of Toronto Chief, dam imp. Heatherbloom, by Tally Ho, will make the season of 1876 at the same stable.

\$50 TO INSURE,
\$15 to be paid at time of service.

For durability, stamina, and gameness, this stallion has no superior. His famous sire, Thomas Jefferson, the Black Whirlwind of the East, is one of the fastest trotting stallions in America, having secured for himself in public trial a record of 2:22, winning the stallion purse at the great Buffalo meeting of 1874. 239-nm



North America,

By Bombardier, son of imp. Glouco; dam the Harrison mare, by Defiance, will make the season of 1876 at the same stable;

\$50 TO INSURE,
\$15 to be paid at time of service.



**The Trotting Stallions
Highland Boy,
AND
Winfield Scott,**

Will make the season of 1876 at the stables of the undersigned.

HIGHLAND BOY, foaled 1866, is a beautiful bay, black points, 16½ hands high, and for style, action and symmetry, is not surpassed by any stallion in America, was sired by Hamlet, by Volunteer, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam Black Maria bred by Mr. Verley, of Dutchess Co., N.Y., by Mambrino Chief, the sire of Lady Thorn. Highland Boy is the sire of a great number of fast and promising colts. Chester, Jr., winner of the Boyle three year old stake at Hamilton, September, 1875. Tennyson, Mat Cameron, The Harris colt, Wentworth, Albion, Highland Boy, Jr., The Baxter Colt, and many others. He produces well from all kinds of mares, and the majority of his colts are very stylish and rangy, with fine trotting action.

WINFIELD SCOTT, foaled 1867; dappled gray, 15½ hands high; sired by Edward Everett (sire of Fullerton, record 2:18; Mountain Boy, 2:20; Joe Elliott, &c., &c.); by Rysdyk's Hambletonian. Winfield Scott's dam was the celebrated trotting mare Lady Shannon (record 2:28), by Harris Hambletonian, by Bishop's Hambletonian, by imp. Messenger. The oldest colts of Winfield Scott are coming three, and the few that have been driven show remarkably trotting speed and very fine disposition. \$20 the season; \$30 to insure.

SIMON JAMES,
DELTA STABLES,
Hamilton.
240-um



**THE TROTting STALLION
FEARNOUGHT CHIEF,**

Will make the season of 1876 at Woodstock and vicinity.

FEARNOUGHT CHIEF is a bright golden chestnut, over 16 hands, with great bone and fine trotting action; foaled 1872, sired by Fearnaught, Jr., he by old Fearnaught, he by Perkins' Young Morrill, he by old Morrill; (See Wallace Am. Trotting Register, Vol. I, pp. 138, 241, Vol. II, p. 265); dam, a fast trotting mare by Toronto Chief, he by old Toronto Chief, the sire of Thomas Jefferson.

His book is limited. Address
JOHN FORBES,
Woodstock, Ont.
239-um



**Columbus and Hambletonian
STALLION
Warr Hulett.**

He is a beautiful bay, black legs, mane and tail; stands 16½ hands high; foaled in 1864; sired by Woodruff's Columbus; 1st dam by Andrus' Hambletonian (sire of Princess); 2nd dam by Green Mountain Morgan.

HULETT is a natural trotter, and has a record of 2:11, made at Middle Granville, N.Y., during his season of 1874. He is no untried stallion, and is a sure foal getter and the sire of some very fast colts, including Belle of Pawlet, 2:31; Robinson, 2:32; Lady Brown (3 yrs), 2:52; Belle Belle (Jan 8, 1876), 3 yrs old, trotted ½ mile heats in 1:29, 1:27, 1:26; Daniel Drew (3 yrs), 2:15; Sally Brown "Norton Colt," Hiram Drew, Louise Hulett, &c., &c.

HULETT has more Messenger blood in him than any horse in Canada.

TERMS—\$50 the season, secured by note due 1st November, 1876. Mares not proven in foal to be returned free of charge until proven in foal, while I own the horse.

Will stand at the Woodbine Driving Park, Toronto, the season of 1876, from 1st May till 1st August—limited to 60 mares.

Send for circular giving extended pedigree and full particulars. Address, James Addison, Hartman P.O., North York. Pasture furnished at reasonable rates to mares bred to Hulett.

239-em J. ADDISON.

LAKIN'S PATENT

Overdraw Bar Check

**\$300. \$300.
Mathushek
PLANOS.**

EXCEL in volume of tone.
EXCEL in firmness and purity of tone
EXCEL in voice like quality of tone
EXCEL in durability and keeping in tune
EXCEL for the concert room.
EXCEL for teaching schools and seminaries.
EXCEL for the drawing room.

These are broad assertions, but capable of proof. They are unlike any other in construction, and their peculiarities are points of excellence. Their illustrated and descriptive catalogue, which we send FREE TO ANY ADDRESS explains conclusively, in harmony with acoustics and mechanics all that is claimed for the Mathushek.

There are thousands of happy owners of Mathushek's willing to certify to their superior excellence. We have room here for but a few brief extracts:—

New York, Oct. 28, 1867.

We, the undersigned, Judges of Pianos at the Fair of the American Institute, after a careful examination of the Concert Grand, do award to FREDERICK MATHUSHEK, the HONOUR of making the BEST of this class of instruments then and there exhibited, or known to us elsewhere.

(Signed) EDWARD MOLLENHAUER,
A. D. W. BESEMANN,
M. J. GIANNETTI,
CHARLES FRADEL.

Musical Conservatory,
802 Broadway, N.Y.

These Pianos must take the lead of all known instruments, and their peculiar construction renders them by far the most durable, and the least liable to get out of tune.

EUGENE J. MERRIAM.

Since the date of this concert the Mathushek has been my favorite.

J. JAY WATSON,

Watson's Conservatory of Music, N.Y.
No money would tempt me to banish it from my home.

D. SCHUYLER, Buffalo.

Mathushek superior to all others.

H. MOLLENHAUER, New York.

Mathushek has in reality taken a step in advance of all makers of Pianos in the world.

J. G. SHAW,

Musical Critic, Saratoga.
I have heard nothing to equal it in sweetness or tone. Its notes are more like those of our sweetest singing birds, or those of the finest human voice, than any instrumental notes I ever heard. We are delighted with our instruments. May you be blessed with great and deserved success.

Yours truly, SPENCER L. FINNEY,
Pastor Second Presb. Church, Princeton, N.J.

The Mathushek Orchestra Square Grand Piano is brilliant, of wonderful power, and melodious in tone.

ALFRED H. PEASE, Rochester

I was fully convinced that the Mathushek was the crown of all.

H. BELLACK.

My old tuner, who has taken care of my piano for the past ten years says that the No. 10 Orchestral, just received from you, is the best made and finest instrument in this city.

Yours, &c.,
D. M. SOMERVILLE, Cleveland, O.

ELM ST. W. M. S. SCHOOL, Toronto.

We have great pleasure in stating that as an instrument to lead the singing in a School nothing can equal it. The tone is soft and full. The bass is grand, and when 600 voices are singing together the Piano can be distinctly heard. Every note rings out as clear as a bell.

S. J. HUNTER, Pastor,
WARRING KENNEDY, Superintendent
SAMUEL FRISBY, Musical Conductor

It has given my family the very highest satisfaction.

REV. JOHN BREDIN, Barrie.

It has given entire satisfaction, and delighted all who have seen it.

THOMAS BEST, Toronto.

It gives the most complete satisfaction. For sweetness, smoothness, and richness of tone we have never heard its equal.

J. O. EMMETT, M.D., Fonthill.

This is to certify that I purchased two of your Mathushek Pianos and find them as represented, a first-class instrument. I consider them second to none.

GEO. TAYLOR, Don Mills.

The Mathushek I purchased from you three years ago has given the most perfect satisfaction. Everything you said in regard to them has been fully borne out. Quite a number are in use here and all say they would not exchange their piano for any other make they have ever heard of.

trials.
Mares from a distance will be furnished pas-
turage and good care at low rates; but the prop-
rietors will not be responsible for any accidents
or losses.

J. ENRIGHT & BRO.

Dundas, Feb. 1876.
234-um.



The Well-Bred Trotting Stallion

ABERDOUR,

(FORMERLY ABERDEEN STAR).

By Aberdeen, dam by Seeley's American Star;
and the well-known Royal George Stallion

Whirlwind,

Will make the season of 1876 in the vicinity of
Toronto.

TERMS—\$20 to insure.
Further particulars in future advertisement.

R. DAVIS,
Don Brewery,
Toronto.
235-um

Toronto, Feb. 22, 1876.



THE TROTting STALLION

BASHAW

ABDALLAH

Will make the season of 1876, at the Thames
Valley Stock Farm, one mile north of the town
of St. Mary's, Ont. Terms, \$25 to insure.
Good pasturage and care of mares, but all acci-
dents and escapes at owner's risk.

BASHAW ABDALLAH is a jet black, flowing mane
and tail, 15-3; weighs 1,160 lbs., with fine trot-
ting action, good carriage, kind disposition, and
great development of muscle. He was sired by
Freehold Bashaw, of New Jersey (record of
2:36), he by old Black Bashaw, he by Young
Bashaw, and he by the Arabian horse Grand
Bashaw. Bashaw Abdallah's dam was Mary
Tracy, by New York Rattler, he by Old Abdal-
lah, he by Mambrino, by imported Messenger.
Rattler is a half-brother to Rysdyk's Hamble-
tonian. Young Bashaw's dam was Perl, by First
Consul; granddam Fancy, by imported Messen-
ger. Black Bashaw's dam was by True Ameri-
can; grand dam by Hickory. Freehold Bash-
aw's dam was by Old Abdallah, the sire of Rys-
dyk's Hambletonian.

Address,
A. F. DEFOE,
St. Mary's, Ont

235-um



THE THOROUGHbred STALLION

HELMBOLD,

By imported Australian, dam by Wagner, by
Wagner, &c., will stand this season at Montreal.
Terms—Thoroughbreds, \$20; half-breds, \$10.
For particulars apply to

C. J. ALLOWAY, V. S.,
MONTREAL.
241-um



THE

Thoroughbred Kentucky Stallion

WAR CRY,

Will make this season (1876), at my farm near
Weston; he will also stand at Yorkville, York
Mills, Thornhill, Woodbridge, Colerain, Tulla-
more, Woodhill, Grahamsville, and intermediate
places. Full particulars in posters at the com-
mencement of the season.

WAR CRY was sired by War Dance, he by Lex-
ington out of Roel, by imp. Glencoe; dam Eliza
Davis, by imp. Knight of St. George (Leger
winner 1854), out of imp. Melrose by Mel-
bourne (See Am. Stud Book, page 374, Vol. I.)
War Cry (foaled 1870), is a rich chestnut,
15-3 hands, with powerful development, beauty
of symmetry and gentleness of disposition.

TERMS—To insure—Thoroughbred mares, \$20,
other mares, \$16. Good pasturage for a limited
number of mares. Escapes and accidents at
owner's risk.

H. GRACEY,
Weston, March 7, 1876. 237-um



THE THOROUGHbred STALLION

TUBMAN,

Will serve a limited number of mares, at the
farm of the subscribers, Lachine, near Montreal.
TUBMAN is a beautiful bay, 16½ hands high,
and has great bone and substance; is a first-
class race horse, and has won at all distances.

TUBMAN was sired by War Dance, he by Lex-
ington out of Roel, by imp. Glencoe; dam Lass
of Sidney, by imp. Knight of St. George; 2nd
dam imported mare by Lanercost.

TERMS—Thoroughbred mares, \$15; other
mares, \$10; to insure, \$20 and \$15.

DAWES & CO.
LACHINE, March 17, 1876. 238-um.



The Celebrated Trotting Stallion

Phil Sheridan,

Will serve a limited number of mares the com-
ing season, at the stables of his owner, in the
Village of Waddington, St. Lawrence Co., N.Y.
Mares left with Capt. Farlinger of Morrisburgh,
Ont., or with Samuel Hollinsworth, Prescott,
Ont., will receive the best of care.

PEDIGREE.—PHIL SHERIDAN is a dark brown
color, stands 16 hands high, and weighs 1,100
lbs.; he was sired by Young Columbus, he by
Old Columbus, his dam being the celebrated
Black Maria, granddam of Harris' Hambletonian.
Phil's dam, Black Fly, from a Tippecanoe; dam
from Black Jack. He trotted in the grand stall-
ion race at Mystic Park, Bolton, in 1874, open
to all stallions in the world, for the champion-
ship—there were 16 entries, the best in the
world. Phil won second money (\$3,000), and
Gold Medal; and Commonwealth, one of his
colts—formerly Dread—won fourth (\$1,000),
and Gold Medal, thus proving himself the best
living sire of his age. The race was won by
Smuggler, in 2:23, 2:23, 2:20. He is the sire of
Adelaide; record, 2:22½; Commonwealth, 2:24½;
H. W. Becher that is entered in the Centennial
Colt Stakes at Philadelphia, and a host of others
that can beat 2:30. Phil's record is 2:26.

TERMS.—\$100 for the season, payable in ad-
vance, and any mare not proving in foal from
the season's service can be returned next season
free. Season from March 15th until July 15th,
1876. Good pasturage or stabling furnished at
reasonable rates. All accidents or escapes at
the risk of owners.

ROBERT DALZELL,

Waddington, N.Y., March 10th, 1876. 238m

ing in foal can be returned next season free
charge. 239-um



Chestnut Hill,

By Rysdyk, out of the Miller mare, by Bully
King, son of Geo. M. Patchen, g d by Duroc.
will make the season of 1876 at the same stable.
The services of this high bred trotting sire will
be held at

\$75 TO INSURE,

\$20 to be paid at time of service.

Terms in other respects the same as those of
his sire, Rysdyk.
239-um



Wm. B. Smith,

By Thomas Jefferson, son of Toronto Chief, dam
imp. Heatherbloom, by Tally Ho, will make the
season of 1876 at the same stable.

\$50 TO INSURE,

\$15 to be paid at time of service.

For durability, stamina, and gameness, this
stallion has no superior. His famous sire,
Thomas Jefferson, the Black Whirlwind of the
East, is one of the fastest trotting stallions in
America, having secured for himself in public
trial a record of 2:22, winning the stallion purse
at the great Buffalo meeting of 1874.
239-um



North America,

By Bombardier, son of imp. Glencoe; dam the
Harrison mare, by Defiance, will make the sea-
son of 1876 at the same stable;

\$50 TO INSURE,

\$15 to be paid at time of service.

This well-bred horse affords an excellent op-
portunity to the breeders of this section for ob-
taining good stock.

THE

RYSDYK STOCK FARM

Is most easy of access, situated as it is on the
River St. Lawrence, and at the termini of six
railroads. Patrons from abroad can rely upon
their stock being met at the various depots by
careful and painstaking attendants, by notifying
the Superintendent of the time of arrival.

For circular containing tabulated pedigrees,
address

H. W. BROWN, J. P. WISER,

SUPERINTENDENT. PRESCOTT, ONT.

Prescott, March 15, 1876.

240-um
SIMON JAMES,
DELA STABLES,
Hamilton.



THE TROTting STALLION
FEARNOUGHT CHIEF,

Will make the season of 1876 at Woodstock and
vicinity.

FEARNOUGHT CHIEF is a bright golden chest-
nut, over 16 hands, with great bone and fine
trotting action, foaled 1872, sired by Fear-
nought, Jr., he by old Fearnought, he by Per-
kins' Young Morrill, he by old Morrill; (See
Wallace Am. Trotting Register, Vol. I, pp. 133,
241, Vol. II, p. 205), dam, a fast trotting mare
by Toronto Chief, he by old Toronto Chief, the
sire of Thomas Jefferson.

His book is limited. Address
JOHN FORBES,
239-um Woodstock, Ont.



Columbus and Hambletonian
STALLION

Warr Hulett.

He is a beautiful bay, black legs, mane and tail;
stands 15½ hands high; foaled in 1864; sired
by Woodruff's Columbus; 1st dam by Andrus'
Hambletonian (sire of Princess); 2nd dam by
Green Mountain Morgan.

HULETT is a natural trotter, and has a record
of 2:11, made at Middle Granville, N.Y., during
his season of 1874. He is no untried stallion,
and is a sure foal getter and the sire of some
very fast colts, including Belle of Pawlet, 2:31;
Robinson, 2:32; Lady Brown (3 yrs), 2:52;
Belle Belle (Jan 8, 1876), 3 yrs old, trotted ½
mile heats in 1:29, 1:27, 1:26; Daniel Drow (3
yrs), 2:15; Sally Brown "Norton Colt," Hi-
ram Drow, Louis Hulett, &c., &c.

HULETT has more Messenger blood in him
than any horse in Canada.

TERMS—\$50 the season, secured by note
due 1st November, 1876. Mares not proven in
foal to be returned free of charge until proven in
foal, while I own the horse.

Will stand at the Woolbine Driving Park,
Toronto, the season of 1876, from 1st May till
1st August—limited to 60 mares.

Send for circular giving extended pedigree and
full particulars. Address, James Addison, Hart-
man P.O., North York. Pasture furnished at
reasonable rates to mares bred to Hulett.

239-um J. ADDISON.

LAKIN'S PATENT

Overdraw Bar Check

REIN.



It prevents a horse from having a sore mouth,
will not wear off the mane, gives the horse per-
fect use of the head and neck, and is acknowl-
edged by all horsemen to be the only check to
be used as an overdraw in speeding.
(Patented in CANADA March 13, 1875, and in
the UNITED STATES March 10, 1874, and any in-
fringement on the above will be dealt with to
the extent of the law).

For sale by all dealers and jobbing houses in the
United States and Canada. Manufactured by
J. A. LAKIN & CO.,
192-ty Westfield, Mass.

M. J. GIANNELLI
CHARLES FRADEL.

Musical Conservatory
802 Broadway, N.Y.

These Pianos must take the lead of all known
instruments, and their peculiar construction
renders them by far the most durable, and the
least liable to get out of tune.

EUGENE J. MERRIAM.

Since the date of this concert the Mathushek
has been my favorite

J. JAY WATSON,

Watson's Conservatory of Music, N.Y.

No money would tempt me to banish it from
my home.

D. SCHUYLER, Buffalo

Mathushek superior to all others.

H. MOLLENHAUER, New York

Mathushek has in reality taken a step in ad-
vance of all makers of Pianos in the world.

J. G. SHAW,

Musical Critic, Saratoga

I have heard nothing to equal it in sweetness
or tone. Its notes are more like those of our
sweetest singing birds, or those of the finest
human voice, than any instrumental notes I
ever heard. We are delighted with our instru-
ments. May you be blessed with great and de-
served success.

Yours truly, SPENCER L. FINNEY,

Pastor Second Presb. Church, Princeton, N.J.

The Mathushek Orchestra Square Grand Pi-
ano is brilliant, of wonderful power, and melo-
dious in tone.

ALFRED H. PEASE, Rochester

I was fully convinced that the Mathushek was
the crown of all.

H. BELLACK.

My old tuner, who has taken care of my piano
for the past ten years says that the No. 10 Or-
chestral, just received from you, is the best
made and finest instrument in this city.

Yours, &c.,

D. M. SOMERVILLE, Cleveland, O.

Elm St. W. M. S. School, Toronto.

We have great pleasure in stating that as an
instrument to lead the singing in a S. School
nothing can equal it. The tone is soft and full.
The bass is grand, and when 600 voices are
singing together the Piano can be distinctly
heard. Every note rings out as clear as a bell!

S. J. HUNTER, Pastor.

WARRING KENNEDY, Superintendent
SAMUEL FRISBY, Musical Conductor

It has given my family the very highest satis-
faction.

REV. JOHN BREDIN, Barrie.

It has given entire satisfaction, and delighted
all who have seen it.

THOMAS BEST, Toronto.

It gives the most complete satisfaction. For
sweetness, smoothness, and richness of tone we
have never heard its equal.

J. O. EMMETT, M.D., Fonthill.

This is to certify that I purchased two of your
Mathushek Pianos and find them as represent-
ed, a first-class instrument. I consider them
second to none.

GEO. TAYLOR, Don Mills.

The Mathushek I purchased from you three
years ago has given the most perfect satisfaction.
Everything you said in regard to them has been
fully borne out. Quite a number are in use
here and all say they would not exchange their
piano for any other make they have ever heard.

DR. A. BURNS, St. Thomas.

PRICES:

FULL AGRAFFE, 7-OCTAVE, FROM

\$300.

PIANOS from other reliable makers at BOTTOM
PRICES.

Wholesale Agents for Canada for

Prince Organs.

Agents Wanted

In every City, Town and County in the
Dominion.

NORRIS & SOPER,
NO. 8 ADELAIDE STREET,
TORONTO

