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GENTLEMAN'S CANADIAN JOURNAL



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American Turf.

THE GREAT RACE.

PAROLE BEATS TEN BROECK.

THE EAST VICTORIOUS.

The largest crowd that ever assembled within the enclosures of the Pimlico Course, Baltimore, was there on Wednesday, 24th ult., to witness what was supposed to be the greatest race of modern times, a contest between the three most famous horses in the country—Ten Broeck, Tom Ochiltree and Parole—and, like some of the races of the past, it was considered a champion contest between the East and West. The race was run and the East won easily, but the performance of the champion of the West was so unlike anything that he has been doing in his own section of the country that it is the universal opinion of all unprejudiced people that he was very much out of condition, or he could not have been defeated in such ordinary time, the first mile of the race being beaten twice by the hand in their race which followed immediately after. From daylight in the morning until noon people in crowds were moving out to Pimlico to learn all they could, and see, if possible, the horses take their morning exercise. From eleven until one o'clock the roads leading through Druid Park to the race course were crowded with the private carriages of the wealthy citizens of Baltimore. Strangers and others not owning vehicles were compelled to take what they could get to convey them to the races, and there were queer contrivances put in requisition in which to get there and back, and all who started no doubt witnessed the races. There was no way of estimating the numbers that were within the enclosure, as long before the bell rang for the horses to be brought on the track the tickets were all sold and the crowd at the gates were admitted free, to the number of 2,000 or more. Two races preceded the great event of the day, but these only seemed to whet the appetite of the multitude for the other, and as soon as that was over the majority of the people left the course in their desire to get away from the crowd and reach their homes in safety. All except those who backed the Western horse seemed delighted with the result, and at the finish of the race, after the horses returned to the judges' stand, the people rushed around the winner, Parole, shouting wildly, and would have carried the horse in their arms, as they did Barrett, his jockey, if they could have got at him. The horse was frightened at their noise, while little Barrett seemed to like the fun of being carried around on the shoulders of the people. The Western delegation presented a very dejected appearance Wednesday night, and had little to say about their defeat. They did not seem able to account for it in any manner. They know that the horse commenced purging as soon as he began running and continued to do so during

\$1,300; Tom Ochiltree, \$400; Parole, \$335. Almost immediately after the second race Ten Broeck was sent on the track well blanketed, for a slow gallop of a couple of miles to warm him up. He was followed by Parole. In the meantime Barrett had weighed in for Parole, Barbee for Tom Ochiltree, and the colored boy, Walker, for Ten Broeck. Soon after the saddling bell rang, and Parole and Ochiltree appeared ready for the race. As they cantered round the lower turn to come up past the stand Walker was tossed upon Ten Broeck and he started the reverse way, so that the three horses were in front of the stand at the same time. They looked well and were cheered heartily. It was rumored that Ochiltree was coughing, but as he went by with head and tail up his admirers plunged deeper into their pockets, and as the Kentuckians followed suit it was not until the cry of "They're off!" that the auctioneer ceased selling pools or the mutual operator registering the tickets sold. When he did the machines showed a total of 3,935 tickets sold.

With the three as nearly even as they could well be, Ten Broeck on the inside, they were started from the half mile post. Walker having orders to take the lead, at once did so, and coming along, led a length when half way round the turn, with Ochiltree second, three lengths in front of Parole, who was running under a decided pull, while Barbee, having a pull on Ochiltree, quickly lost another length, so that coming into the stretch Ten Broeck led by two lengths, with Ochiltree four in front of Parole. There was no change in running to the stand, the three being saluted with loud cheers. (Half mile—:59) surprisingly slow to suit the calculations of the Kentuckians present). Running round the turn to the club house Barbee began to move up slowly, and at the quarter-pole Ten Broeck only led by a length, while three lengths behind Ochiltree came Parole, Barrett having moved up as Ochiltree went forward. The run down the back stretch was fairly fast, Ochiltree gaining at every stride until they went by the half-mile pole they were as near even as they could be, with Parole now five lengths away. Mile—1:55½ which was eight seconds slower than Ten Broeck was expected to run it in.) Ten Broeck and Ochiltree ran on even terms for nearly a hundred yards, when Ochiltree slowly showed in front, and as he passed the three-quarter pole he had a lead of half a length, with Parole four lengths behind, as they rounded into the straight, Barbee took the rails, and coming right along, he led two lengths at the stand (mile and a half, 2:47½), and as Big Tom was going with decided ease his admirers began congratulating themselves that he would never be reached. Ten Broeck was four lengths in front of Parole, who was bowling along quite easily under a good pull, but so little was the gelding thought of that he scarcely received a cheer. There was no change to the club-house, but as they passed the small group of the followers of Harper's stable, standing half way between the club-house and the quarter-pole, Walker evidently received orders to go ahead, for with a rush Ten Broeck increased his pace and at the quar-

reach the scales. Down the beam went plump at 105 pounds, and, dropping his saddle, the rider started to get away, but the crowd was not to be deprived of its chance of doing him honor. Half a dozen gentlemen seized the boy raised him upon their shoulders and carried him towards the pooling stand, where, plucked on the post, Barret was cheered until his blushes were as deep as the color of his cherry jacket. Never before in this country were such honors paid a jockey. The crowd was perfectly carried away. Not only were the men half crazy, but the ladies stood up in the stand and carriages, and if they did not make as much noise, they at least tried to.

Of course but little attention was paid to the beaten king. Many of the most ardent admirers were so completely taken aback that they could not, amid the noise, understand the situation. Of course there was a possibility that their horse could be beaten, but to be beaten badly was beyond their comprehension—and in such poor time! They had calculated to run the first two miles in 3:35 and the whole distance in 4:33; but the time was nearly eight seconds slower. Before the race there was no excuse offered for their horse, but careful watchers observed that at the end of the first half mile Ten Broeck showed he was out of condition, that his mouth was shut, and that he, from that instant, was at the mercy of the other two.

Pimlico, Baltimore, Md., October 24, 1877.—Grand sweepstake of \$500 each, 2½ miles, weight for age.
 P Lorillard's br g Parole, 4 years old, by imp. Lexington, out of Maiden, 105 lbs.
 Barrett 1
 F B Harper's b h Ten Broeck, 5 years old, by imp. Phaeton, out of Fanny Holton, 114 lbs Walker 2
 G L Lorillard's b h Tom Ochiltree, 5 years old by Lexington, out of Estona, 114 lbs. Barbee 3

TIME.		
First Mile.	Second Mile.	Total.
½ mile.. :30½	½ mile.. :24½	1½ miles.. 2:20½
½ mile.. :59½	½ mile.. :52½	1½ miles.. 2:47½
½ mile.. 1:28½	½ mile.. 1:19½	1½ miles.. 3:16
1st mile 1:55½	2d mile.. 1:46½	2 miles.. 3:42
Half-mile finish	½ mile.. :27½	2½ miles.. 4:09½
	½ mile.. :55½	2½ miles.. 4:37½

THE WINNER PAROLE.
 Parole is a brown gelding, standing 16 hands, without white marks, has a very neat and handsome head and neck, good, sloping shoulders, fine depth of girth, good but rather light middle piece, excellent hips and quarters, and unexceptionably good legs and feet. He is by imp. Lexington (son of Faugh-a-Ballagh and a daughter of Pantaloon), dam Maiden, winner of the Travers Stakes in 1865 by Lexington, 2nd dam Kitty Clark, by imp. Glencoe, 3rd dam Miss Obstinate, by Sampter, 4th dam Jenny Slamerkin, by Tiger, 5th dam Paragon, by imp. Buzzard; 6th dam Indiana, by Butler's Columbus; 7th dam Jane Hunt, by Hampton's Paragon, 8th dam Moll, by imp. Figure, 9th dam Slamerkin, by imp. Wildair, 10th dam imp. Cub mare, by Cub, 11th dam Amarantha's dam, by Second, &c., and soon through nine-

2½ miles, in 4:04½, beating Ochiltree and Vera Cruz, and following up that victory by winning the Sumner Handicap, 119 lbs., 1½ miles, in the very fast time of 3:08. At the same meeting he won a purse for 1½ miles, in 2:36½, which time is also very fast. At the Jerome Park Fall Meeting, the Maturity Stakes fell to his feetness, three miles, in 5:39. He was defeated in the Grand National Handicap by Ochiltree, 2½ miles, in 4:18½, and also in the All-Aged Stakes by Ochiltree, 1½ miles in 2:42. This closed his campaign until to day, when he easily defeated Ten Broeck and Ochiltree, 2½ miles, in 4:37½. He stands to-day champion of the American turf; the star of his sire Lexington, is in the ascendant.

RACING AT PIMLICO, BALTIMORE, MD.

Baltimore, Oct. 23—Purse \$250, for maidens of all ages, entrance, \$15, to second; three-quarters of a mile.
 C W Medinger's b c Wash Booth, 3 yrs, by Asteroid, dam Vandalia, 95 lbs. 1
 L Hart's b c Vermont, 3 yrs, by Virgil, dam Nannie Butler, 95 lbs 2
 T W Doswell's ch c Diamond 3 yrs, by Lexington, dam Black Slave, 95 lbs 3
 Joe Hunt, Glen Dudley, and Euterpe ran unplaced.

Time—1:21.
 Same Day—Eight renewal of Dixie Stakes for three-year-olds, at \$100 each, h f, with \$1,500 added, of which \$500 to second third to save stake, value of stake \$4,350; two miles.
 D McIntyre's b c King Faro, by Phaeton, dam by Knight of St George, 110 lbs 1
 D McDaniel's b c Major Barker, by Asteroid, dam Schottische, 110 lbs 2
 A Belmont's ch f Susquehanna, by Lexington, dam Susan Bean, 107 lbs 3
 Oriole, St. James, Mick Sasser, and Mincola ran unplaced.

Time—3:55.
 Same Day—Eighth renewal of Central Stakes, for two-year-olds, at \$50 each, p p, \$600 added, of which \$100 to second; value of stakes \$2,200, one mile.
 G L Lorillard's b c Duke of Magenta, by Lexington, dam Magenta, 100 lbs 1
 P Lorillard's b f Pique, by Lexington, dam Lady Emma, 97 lbs 2
 F Smythe's ch c Danicheff, by Glouelg, dam Salina, 100 lbs 3

Time—1:50½.
 Same Day—Purse \$700, for all ages, maiden allowances, \$600 to first, \$100 to second, two mile heats.
 T W Doswell's b c Algovine, 4 yrs, by Abd-el Kader, dam Nina, 108 lbs 1 3 1
 P Lorillard's ch c Barricade, 4 yrs, by Australian, dam Lavender, 108 lbs 2 1 2
 G L Lorillard's b c Ambush 4 2 2
 J G Bethune's b g Burgoe 2 4 0
 Time 4:02½, 3:50, 4:00
 Oct 24—Purse \$300, of which \$50 to second, for all ages, to carry 105 lbs.
 G L Lorillard's b f Idalia, 3 yrs, by Glouelg, dam Elm, 102 lbs 1

E Gillaspie's ch g Kliburn, 6 yrs, by Ringmaster dam Ontario, \$500, 101 lbs. 2
 J H Harbeck Jr.'s b c Bertram, 4 yrs, by Kentucky dam Bernico, \$1,000, 103 lbs 1
 Waco, Yorkshire Lass, Littlefellow, Dallgasian and Explosion also started.
 Time—2:40½.

Same Day—A sweepstake for gentlemen riders, welter weights, \$10 entrance, p p, the club to add \$100.
 O Howe's ch h Oro Knob, 6 yrs, by Dickous dam Slipper, 154 lbs 1
 F M Hall's ch f Zeppo, 3 yrs, by Vauxhall dam Fantine, 132 lbs. 2
 Time—1:09½.

Same Day—Purse \$—, for three-year olds, to carry 110 lbs.
 D McDaniel's ch c Glen Dudley, by Glouelg dam Madame Dudley 2 1 w
 O W Medinger's b c Wash Booth, by Asteroid dam Vandalia 4 2 r
 Geo Longstaff's b c W I Higgins, by Pat Malloy dam Yellow Bird 5 3 r
 Classmate, Kingsland, Dick Sasser, The Stranger, and Vermont also started.
 Time 1:45, 1:46½.

Same Day—Purse \$—, steepchase, over an irregular course, about two miles and a half.
 P Noiland's b g Duadroad, 5 yrs, by Julius, dam Leisure, 155 lbs
 A D Brown's b h Coronet, aged, by Jonesboro dam Garland, 158 lbs
 Dr. Lynch's g h Derby, 5 yrs, by Eugene dam Kate Sovereign, 155 lbs
 Frederickton and Problem also started.

Oct 26—Handicap purse of \$350, for all horses that have run during the meeting, \$300 to the first and 50 to the second. One mile and quarter.
 D McDaniel's b f Lady Salyera, 3 yrs, by Longfellow, dam Conora, 92 lbs
 T B & W R Davis ch c Kenney, 4 yrs, by Culler, dam by Red Eye, 95 lbs
 T W Doswell's b h King Bolt, 5 yrs, by Lexington, dam Eltham Lass, 97 lbs
 Waco, Madge, Idaho, Yorkshire Lass, Classmate, and Oro Knob also started.
 Time—2:12½.

Same Day—Brockenridge Stakes, for three-year-olds, \$300 subscription; \$100 forfeit, value of stakes, \$4,900.
 J T Williams' b g Vera Cruz, by Virgil, dam Regan, 107 lbs
 D McDaniel's ch c St James, by Lexington dam Banner, 110 lbs
 C W Medinger's b c Wash Booth, by Asteroid dam Vandalia, 110 lbs
 Oriole, Susquehanna, and Major Barker also started.
 Time—3:40½.

Same Day—Compensation Purse of \$150, for all ages. Mile heats.
 J G Bethune's b g Burgoe, 6 yrs, by Harlan, dam Emma Downing, 112 lbs 1 1
 Oden Howe's ch f Mary, 4 yrs, by Dickous, dam My Maryland, 102 lbs
 G Longstaff's b c W I Higgins, 3 yrs, by Pat Malloy, dam Yellow Bird, 92 lbs
 Lady Salyera, Madge, and other also started.

... of the past, it was considered a champion contest between the East and West. The race was run and the East won easily, but the performance of the champion of the West was so unlike anything that he has been doing in his section of the country that it is the universal opinion of all unprejudiced people that he was very much out of condition, or he could not have been defeated in such ordinary time, the last mile of the race being beaten twice by the jockeys in their race which followed immediately afterward. From daylight in the morning until noon people in crowds were moving out to Pimlico to learn all they could, and see, if possible, the horses take their morning exercise. From eleven until one o'clock the roads leading through Druid Park to the race course were crowded with the private carriages of the wealthy citizens of Baltimore. Strangers and others not owning vehicles were compelled to take what they could get to convey them to the races, and there were queer contrivances put in requisition in which to get there and back, and all who started no doubt witnessed the races. There was no way of estimating the numbers that were within the enclosure, as long before the bell rang for the horses to be brought on the track the tickets were all sold and the crowd at the gates was admitted free, to the number of 2,000 or more. Two races preceded the great event of the day, but these only seemed to whet the appetite of the multitude for the other, and as soon as that was over the majority of the people left the course in their desire to get away from the crowd and reach their homes in safety. All except those who backed the Western horse seemed delighted with the result, and at the finish of the race, after the horses returned to the judges' stand, the people rushed around the winner, Parole, shouting wildly, and would have carried the horse in their arms, as they did Barrett, his jockey, if they could have got at him. The horse was frightened at their noise, while little Barrett seemed to like the fun of being carried around on the shoulders of the people. The Western delegation presented a very dejected appearance Wednesday night, and had little to say about their defeat. They did not seem able to account for it in any manner. They know that the horse commenced purging as soon as he began running and continued to do so during the race, but what caused this illness cannot be told at present, and they do not offer a reasonable opinion. Old Mr. Harper is terribly depressed by the defeat of his pet, and seems very much mortified at the result, and it is very probable that he will leave for home as soon as he can arrange to get away. Mr. P. Lorillard backed his horse gamely, and is said to have won \$10,000. The following is the Turf, Field and Farm's account of the race:—

Since the Spring of 1876 efforts have been made by nearly all the Eastern and some of the Western associations to bring Ten Broeck and Ochiltree together; but all failed, owing to the objection of both Harper and Lorillard to level. When it became known that Harper was willing to send Ten Broeck to Baltimore for the Bowie Stakes, every effort was made to bring about a race between him and the Eastern jockeys, Tom Ochiltree and Parole. Mr. P. Lorillard at once agreed to run Parole against Ten Broeck a dash of two and a half miles, good day track. Subsequently other arrangements were made by which Mr. George Lorillard entered Ochiltree, and the race was fixed for the day of the meeting, without special provision for a good track. How the race went owing to bad track, and how Mr. P. Lorillard's \$500 is well known. In regard to the \$500, Lorillard deemed that he was paying the money to have the race go over until to-day, and Harper & Williams (the two being associated in running Ten Broeck) received the \$500, understanding that he was paying a sum forfeited by his not running Parole on the first day. Since the race has been a certainty it has been a good betting one, although the Kentuckians have never obtained the odds they wanted, especially because there were as many 'New Yorkers and others who believed that Ten Broeck would win. In fact, some of them outbid the sanguine Kentuckians in expressing their opinion that the race would be a clear case of Ten Broeck first and the rest nowhere, and it was high time that the odds were kept down. Ten Broeck party expected, and wanted, money; but as they could not get that, but on all they could get at the best selling the average as the horses came on the track being about as follows: Ten Broeck,

As the Kentuckians thought I will not give them the cry of "They're off!" that the auctioneer ceased selling pools or the mutual operator registering the tickets sold. When he did the machines showed a total of 3,935 tickets sold.

With the three as nearly even as they could well be, Ten Broeck on the inside, they were started from the half mile post. Walker having orders to take the lead, at once did so, and coming along, led a length when half way round the turn, with Ochiltree second, three lengths in front of Parole, who was running under a decided pull, while Barbee, having a pull on Ochiltree, quickly lost another length, so that coming into the stretch Ten Broeck led by two lengths, with Ochiltree four in front of Parole. There was no change in running to the stand, the three being saluted with loud cheers. (Half mile—59½ surprisingly slow to suit the calculations of the Kentuckians present). Running round the turn to the club house Barbee began to move up slowly, and at the quarter-pole Ten Broeck only led by a length, while three lengths behind Ochiltree came Parole, Barrett having moved up as Ochiltree went forward. The run down the back stretch was fairly fast, Ochiltree gaining at every stride until they went by the half-mile pole they were as near even as they could be, with Parole now five lengths away. Mile—1:55½ which was eight seconds slower than Ten Broeck was expected to run it in.) Ten Broeck and Ochiltree ran on even terms for nearly a hundred yards, when Ochiltree slowly showed in front, and as he passed the three-quarter pole he had a lead of half a length, with Parole four lengths behind, as they rounded into the straight, Barbee took the rails, and, coming right along, he led two lengths at the stand (mile and a half, 2:47½), and as Big Tom was going with decided ease his admirers began congratulating themselves that he would never be reached. Ten Broeck was four lengths in front of Parole, who was bowling along quite easily under a good pull, but so little was the gelding thought of that he scarcely received a cheer. There was no change to the club-house, but as they passed the small group of the followers of Harper's stable, standing half way between the club-house and the quarter-pole, Walker evidently received orders to go ahead, for with a rush Ten Broeck increased his pace and at the quarter he was within a length of Tom Ochiltree. The length was quickly reduced to a head, and both were driving when Ten Broeck took the lead, and, going away quite quickly, led a length and a half (two miles 3:42), while a length behind came Parole. With their favorite again in front the Kentuckians took courage and began yelling, but there was not much noise, for before they had got fairly to work Ochiltree had closed up. But as they came to the tree Parole was seen to make his run, and, as he came with a rush, half the turn had not been covered when he was on even terms with Ochiltree, the two running yoked to the three-quarter pole, when Ten Broeck led by nearly a length. Fifty yards beyond the track was straight from home, and, as they ran into the stretch, Parole parted with Ochiltree, getting on even terms with Ten Broeck. The two ran even to the seven-furlong stand, where still the race was in doubt, and both parties hoped for the success of their favorite, those who had backed Ochiltree having become partisans of Parole, so that it was now a case of East vs. West, New York vs. Kentucky. Almost the instant the horses passed the seven-furlong post Walker was seen to raise his whip, and then the yell went up, "Parole wins!" and although the whip came down sharply Ten Broeck could do no better. He spurred so badly that at every stride Parole's lead was increased until he passed the judges a winner by a good five lengths in 4:37½, just 10 seconds slower than the record, while a dozen lengths behind Ten Broeck came Ochiltree, Barbee having eased up the big horse when he found he no longer had a chance to win. The scene that followed was probably never before equalled in the United States, and it seemed as if ninety out of every hundred people present had gone crazy. New York and Maryland fairly hugged each other, the most demonstrative folk being those who before the race had sworn by Ochiltree. Just as Barrett brought Parole back to the stand a most exciting demonstration was made, and it took all the exertions of Mr. Pierre Lorillard and some half a dozen officers to prevent the crowd from dragging Barrett off the horse in their delight. Finally space sufficient was secured to enable him to unsaddle Parole, and, grabbing his saddle and lead-pad under his arms, he managed to

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F B Harper's b h Ten Broeck, 5 years old, by imp. Phaeton, out of Fanny Holton, 114 lbs..... Walker 2

G L Lorillard s b h Tom Ochiltree, 5 years old, by Lexington, out of Katona, 114 lbs. Barbee 3

TIME.		
First Mile.	Second Mile.	Total.
¼ mile...:30½	½ mile...:24½	¾ miles...:2:20½
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1st mile 1:55½	2d mile...:1:46½	2 miles...:3:42
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	½ mile...:55½	2½ miles...:4:37½

THE WINNER PAROLE.

Parole is a brown gelding, standing 16 hands, without white marks; has a very neat and handsome head and neck, good, sloping shoulders, fine depth of girth, good but rather light middle piece, excellent hips and quarters, and unexceptionably good legs and feet. He is by imp. Leamington (son of Faugh-a-Ballagh and a daughter of Pantaloon), dam Maiden, winner of the Travers Stakes in 1865 by Lexington, 2nd dam Kitty Clark, by imp. Glencoe; 3rd dam Miss Obsolete, by Sumpter, 4th dam Jenny Slamerkin, by Tiger, 5th dam Paragon, by imp. Buzzard; 6th dam Indiana, by Butler's Columbus; 7th dam Jane Hunt, by Hampton's Paragon; 8th dam Moll, by imp. Figure, 9th dam Slamerkin, by imp. Wildair, 10th dam imp. Cub mare, by Cub; 11th dam Amaranth's dam by Second, &c., and so on through nineteen crosses to Layton Bart mate. The family from which he is descended is one of the most noted in American Turf history. The Cub mare was imported by General Delaney, of New York, prior to the Revolution. From her have descended some of the very best race-horses and stallions in America, including such brilliant names as Childers, Sumpter, Flirtilla, Ivanhoe, Polly Hopkins, Ringgold, John Bascomb, Cassandra, Mary Morris, Wild Irishman, Frankford, Countess, Count D'Orsey &c., &c., Parole commenced his career as a two year old in 1875, at Saratoga, by winning the July stakes, three-quarters of a mile, in 1:17½, and the August stakes at same meeting, one mile in 1:54. He was beaten for the Flash Stakes, half a mile, in :49, won by Faithless, but turned the tables again by capturing the Kentucky Stakes, one mile, in 1:44½, beating Sultana and Brother to Bassett, and, lamenting his triumphs with the Saratoga Stakes, three-quarters of a mile in 1:18½, beating the same good horses. He could also have taken the Central Stakes, at Baltimore, same Fall, but allowed his stable companion Cyril to win one mile in 1:49½, he finished second. This was a very remarkable record for a two-year old. Parole started seven times in his three-year form, winning three and losing four; was beaten in the Kentucky Derby by Vagrant and Creedmoor; won the All Aged Stakes at Saratoga, 1½ miles, in 2:12½, beating Ochiltree; was beaten same meeting by Ochiltree for Saratoga Cup, 2½ miles, in 4:08½; immediately after which he won the Sequel Stakes, 1½ miles, in 3:10½. He captured the All-aged Stakes at Jerome Park, 1½ miles, in 2:38, beating St. Martin Warlock, Virginus, &c. Was beaten in both the Dixie and Breckenridge, at Baltimore, same Fall, each two miles, by Vigil, though he finished second in both. The Dixie was won in 3:41½ and the Breckenridge in 3:37½, Vigil carrying 5 lbs. penalty in the latter race. During the present year Parole has started eight times, winning five. He was beaten in the three-quarter dash at Jerome by Nettie Norton, in 1:17½, after getting a bad start. In return he won the Woodburn Stakes, two and a half miles, in 4:37½ at Saratoga, and was beaten in the All-Aged Stakes by Vera Cruz and Ochiltree, 1½ miles, in 2:12½. After which he won the Saratoga Cup,

Baltimore, Oct. 24. Purse \$500, for maidens of all ages, entrance, \$15, to second, three-quarters of a mile.

C W Medinger's b c Wash Booth, 3 yrs, by Asteroid, dam Vandalia, 95 lbs..... 1

L Hart's b c Vermont, 3 yrs, by Virgil, dam Nannie Butler 95 lbs..... 2

T W Doswell's ch c Diamond 3 yrs by Lexington, dam Black Slave, 95 lbs..... 3

Joe Hunt, Glen Dudley, and Euterpe ran unplaced.

Time—1:21

Same Day—Eight renewal of Dixie Stakes for three year olds, at \$100 each, h f, with, \$1,500 added, of which \$500 to second, third to save stake, value of stake \$1,350 two miles

D McIntyre's b c King Faro by Phaeton, dam by Knight of St George 110 lbs..... 1

D McDaniel's b c Major Barker, by Asteroid, dam Schottische, 110 lbs..... 2

A Belmont's ch f Susequahanna, by Leamington, dam Shaan Bean, 107 lbs..... 3

Oriole, St. James, Dick Sasser, and Mineola ran unplaced.

Time—3:55

Same Day—Eighth renewal of Central Stakes, for two year olds, at \$50 each, p p, \$600 added, of which \$100 to second; value of stakes \$2,200, one mile

G L Lorillard's b c Duke of Magenta, by Lexington, dam Magenta, 100 lbs..... 1

P Lorillard's b f Pique, by Leamington, dam Lady Emma, 97 lbs..... 2

F Smythe's ch c Danicheff, by Glenelg, dam Salina, 100 lbs..... 3

Time—1:50½

Same Day—Purse \$700, for all ages, maiden allowances; \$600 to first, \$100 to second; two mile heats.

T W Doswell's b c Algerine, 4 yrs, by Abd-el-Kader, dam Nina, 108 lbs..... 1 3 1

P Lorillard's ch c Barricade, 4 yrs, by Australian, dam Lavender, 108 lbs..... 2 1 2

G L Lorillard's b c Ambush..... 4 2ro

J G Bethune's b g Burgo..... 4 2ro

Oct 24—Purse \$300, of which \$50 to second; for all ages; to carry 105 lbs.

G L Lorillard's b f Idelia, 3 yrs, by Glenelg, dam Item, 102 lbs..... 1

C W Medinger's ch g First Chance, 6 yrs, 102 lbs..... 2

F Smythe's ch m Madge, 6 yrs, 102 lbs... 3

Kingbolt, and Bertram, ran unplaced.

Time—1:45½

Same Day—Free Handicap Stakes, for all ages \$25 each; club to add \$350 for the first horse, \$50 to second; one mile and three-quarters.

Carr & Co's b c Viceroi, —dam Sister to Rurio 109 lbs..... 1

Oden Bowie's ch f Mary, 4 yrs, by Dickens, dam My Maryland, 98 lbs..... 2

T B & W R Davis' ch c Kenney, 4 yrs, by Charles, dam by Red Eye, 101 lbs..... 3

D McDaniel's b f Lady Salyers..... 0

T W Doswell's bh King Bolt..... 0

Time—3:11

(The full account of the great race between Parole, Ten Broeck, and Tom Ochiltree will be found in another column.)

Same Day—Purse \$500, for all ages; welter weights; distance, 50 yards; \$300 to the first horse and \$50 to second; horses that had never won a hurdle race or steeplechase allowed 7 lbs. mile heats, over hurdles.

P Nolan's b g Deadhead, 6 yrs, by Julius, dam Leisure, 155 lbs..... 3 1 1

T A Lynch's gr h Derby, 5 yrs, by Eugene Kato Sovereign, 154 lbs..... 1 2 2

R Shea's ru h Rusk, 5 yrs, by Revolver—Siron, 154 lbs..... 4 3 ro

Problem, Daigasian, Redding, Dandy, Gallagher (into Donough) also started.

Time—1:53½, 1:53, 1:56

Oct, 25—Purse \$350, for two-year-olds, \$40 to second; one mile.

P Lorillard's b f Pique, by Leamington—Lady Emma, 97 lbs..... 1

F Smythe's ch c Danicheff, by Glenelg—Salina, 100 lbs..... 2

G L Lorillard's ch f Balance-All, by Bonnie Scotland—Lantana, 97 lbs..... 3

Fawn and Maggie May also started.

Time—1:45½

Same Day—Selling race; purse \$400, for all ages; \$50 to second, one and a half miles.

T W Doswell's ch c Rappahannock, 4 yrs, by King Lear, dam Fannie Washington, \$500, 96 lbs..... 1

Oct 24. Purse \$100, for maidens of all ages, entrance, \$15, to second, three-quarters of a mile.

Malloy dam Yellow Bird

Classmate, Kinsland, Dick Sasser, The Stranger, and Vermont also started.

Time—1:45, 1:46½

Satan Day—Purse \$—, steeplechase, one and two regular courses, about two miles and a half

F Noland's b g Deadhead, 5 yrs, by Julius, dam Leisure, 155 lbs..... 1

A D Brown's b h Co. not, aged, by Juncosoro, dam Garland, 155 lbs..... 2

Dr. Lynch's b c Derby, 5 yrs, by Eugene, dam Kato Sovereign, 150 lbs..... 3

Frederickton and Problem also started.

Oct 26. Handicap, purse of \$500, for all horses that have run during the meeting, \$300 to the first and \$50 to the second. One mile and a quarter.

D McDaniel's b f Lady Salyers, 3 yrs, by Long fellow, dam Glenora, 92 lbs..... 1

T B & W R Davis' ch c Kenney, 4 yrs, by Charles, dam by Red Eye, 95 lbs..... 2

T W Doswell's b h King Bolt, 3 yrs, by Lexington, dam Eltham Lass, 97 lbs..... 3

Waco, Madge, Idaho, Yorkshire Lass, Classmate, and Ore Knob also started.

Time—2:12½

Same Day—Breckenridge Stakes, for three year-olds, \$300 subscription; \$100 for club, two miles; value of stakes, \$4,000.

J T Williams b g Vera Cruz, by Virgil, dam Rogan, 107 lbs..... 1

D McDaniel's ch c St James, by Lexington, dam Banner, 110 lbs..... 2

C W Medinger's b c Wash Booth, by Asteroid, dam Vandalia, 110 lbs..... 3

Oriole, Susquehanna, and Major Barker also started.

Time—3:40½

Same Day—Compensation Purse of \$150, for all ages. Mile heats.

J G Bethune's b g Burgo, 6 yrs, by Harrah, dam Emma Downing, 113 lbs..... 4 1ro

Oden Bowie's ch f Mary, 4 yrs, by Dickens, dam My Maryland, 102 lbs..... 2 2 ro

G Longstaff's b c W I Higgins, 3 yrs, by Pat Malloy, dam Yellow Bird, 92 lbs..... 5 3 ro

Lady Salyers, Madge, Gallagher, and Bertram also started.

Time—1:45, 1:46½

Same Day—Bowie Stakes, for all ages, \$100 entrance, h f, the club to add \$2,000 for the first horse, \$200 to second, who is also to receive the stakes to the amount of \$300, four mile heats.

F B Harper's b h Ten Broeck, 3 yrs, by Phaeton, dam Fanny Holton, 114 lbs... 1 1

Pierre Lorillard's ch c Barricade, 4 yrs, by Australian, dam Lavender, 108 lbs..... 2 3

T W Doswell's b c Algerine, 4 yrs, by Abd-el-Kader, dam Nina, 108 lbs..... dis

George L Lorillard's br c Ambush..... dis

Time—7:41½, 7:40

Same Day—Match \$600 a side, Two-mile heats.

T W Doswell's ch c Rappahannock, 4 yrs, by King Lear, dam Fannie Washington, 94 lbs..... 1 1

E Gillespie's ch g Kilburn, aged, by Ringmaster, dam Ontario, 101 lbs..... 2 2

Time—3:39½, 3:42

Same Day—Match \$100 a side, mile heats, over hurdles, fifty yards distance.

George Ayres' b c Fredericktown, 4 yrs, by Pat Malloy, dam Kato Lounard, 148 lbs... 1 1

Richard Shea's r h Risk, 5 yrs, by Revolver, dam Syren, 154 lbs..... 2 3

Time—1:54, 1:56½

TROTTLING AT OWEGO, N. Y.

Owego, Oct 17—Purse \$. 238 class.

Owner's John McDougall..... 3 1 1 1

Owner's Maggie Mitchell..... 1 5 3 5

Owner's Croff..... 4 3 2 2

Owner's Juno..... 2 4 4 3

Owner's Topsoy..... 5 2 5 4

Owner's Black Harry..... dis

Owner's Lady Beethoven..... dis

No time.

Same Day—Purse \$—; 3:00 class.

Owner's Captain..... 4 3 1 1 1

Owner's Johnny Mack..... 1 1 2 2 2

Owner's Remorse..... 2 2 5 3

Owner's Ami..... 3 5 5 3 1

Owner's Lem..... 5 4 3 5

Owner's Volunteer Maid..... 6 6 1 7

Owner's Tom..... 8 7 6 6

Owner's Joe White..... 7 8 8 8

Time—3:00, 3:00, 3:00, 3:00, 3:00.

Kate Coventry

CHAPTER XIX.

(CONTINUED.)

'Lady Mabel married an earl, and had sons and daughters, and lived to a green old age. I have seen a picture of her at fifty, and she was still "fair and comely and buxom" as when she dazzled the old chaplain's eyes and broke Sir Montague's heart, yes, Kate, that is a sensible woman. She's the evergreen in the garden, and blooms, and buds, and sends forth fresh shoots, when the rose is lying withered and trampled into the earth; but for all that, she has never had the charm of the rose, and never can have.'

Such is a specimen of one of my many conversations with Lady Scapegrace, whom I liked more and more the longer I knew her. But I have been anticipating sadly during my drive of Sir Guy's coach up Sir Guy's avenue. When I reached the front door, with all my recklessness, I felt glad to see no head poking out of windows—above all, no female witness to my unwomanly conduct. I felt thoroughly ashamed of myself as I got down from the box; and I confess it was with feelings of intense relief that a polite groom of the chambers informed me, with many apologies, 'her ladyship and all the ladies had gone to dress,' and handed me over with a courtly bow, to a tidy elderly woman, in a cap that could only belong to a housekeeper. She conducted me to my room, and consigned me Gertrude, already hard at work unpacking upon her knees.

CHAPTER XX.

A very pretty little room it was, none of your enormous dreary state apartments, dull as a theatre in daytime, with a bed like a mourning coach, and corners of gloom and mystery, uncomfortable even at noon, and fatal to the nerves when seen by the light of a solitary wax-candle. On the contrary, it was quite the room for a young lady; pink hangings tinted one's complexion with that rosy bloom which the poet avers is as indispensable to woman as 'man's imperial front—whatever that means—is to the male biped. A dark carpet with a rich border relieved the light-colored paper, picked out sparingly with flowers, the toilet table was covered with a blushing transparency of pink under white, like sunset on snow—perhaps I should rather say like a muslin dress over a satin top, and there was a charming full-length glass, in which I could contemplate my whole person from top to toe, without sinning it an inch off the perpendicular. The look-out was into Lady Scapegrace's garden, a little beyond of a place that bore ample witness to the good taste of its mistress. Every shrub had been transplanted under her own eye, every border filled according to her personal directions. She tied her own carnations, and budded her own roses, like the most exemplary clergyman's wife in England. I do believe she would have been a good wife to anybody but Sir Guy.

However, it was too dark for me to see anything of her ladyship's garden. It was already getting dusk when we arrived, and although it wanted three mortal hours of dinner, all the ladies, including the hostess, had retired to their own rooms, to which away the time by writing letters, reading novels, and going to sleep. I was much too restless to embark in any of these occupations. It would have been a relief to write, certainly—to pour out all one's thoughts and feelings before some sympathetic correspondent, but I knew such, I could not have settled to read, no, not the most interesting novel that was ever printed, although I might have left it off the day before in an agony of uncertainty at the critical place which is always to be found near the conclusion of the second volume; and as for sleep—sleep, indeed! I felt as if I should never sleep again.

When I am unhappy, and particularly when I am angry with myself, I particularly like to be occupied. I had Gertrude and

so loud, that I ventured on a slight cough, merely to break it. 'Anon,' said I, still intent on the Comic Almanac. John turned slowly round, made a half rise, as if out of compliment to my presence, and returned to The Drawing-Room Scrap Book, which, however, he was now reading the right way. 'This would not do; I resolved to wait a little longer, just a quarter of an hour by the clock, and see whether he would have the common civility to speak to me. What a long quarter of an hour it was! the hand reached it at last—it passed it—I gave him another five minutes. It was getting painful. I spoke, and the sound of my own voice quite startled me, yet was my remark as harmless and commonplace as well could be.

'John,' said I, 'what time do we dine?'

'A quarter before eight, I believe,' answered John, quite good-humoredly, and as if nothing had happened to estrange us. 'Dear me, Kate, how early you're dressed!'

I could have cried with vexation; but I tried, if possible, to find a sore place somewhere, and give him 'one' before I had done with him; so I made a saucy face, and asked him, half laughing, whether he didn't think I had driven them well from the station?'

'Inimitable, Kate,' was his reply; 'I hadn't the least idea you were so accomplished a charioteer.'

I should have burst into tears, I verily believe, but just then Lady Scapegrace sailed in, and the usual forms of society had to be gone through; and she kissed me and shook hands with Mr. Jones, as if she really liked us; and we talked of the weather, and the shameful stoppage of the train we had come by, and the general inconveniences of railways; and presently more ladies came down, neat and crisp as it turned out of a handbox, followed by their lords in choking white neckcloths; and then Sir Guy appeared in a costume of unsurpassing splendor; but still, although in his evening dress, brilliant with starch and polish and buttons and jewellery, looking like a coachman in masquerade; and 'dinner' was announced, and we all paired off with the utmost ceremony, and I found myself seated between Frank Lovell and dear old Mr. Lumley, and opposite the elder Miss Molasses, who scowled at me with an asperity of which I should have believed her unmeaning face incapable, as if she hated me on this particular evening more than all the other days of the year. I soon discovered the cause. Frank was more attentive to me than I had ever known him, although there was a something in his manner that I did not altogether like: a sort of freedom that I had never remarked before, and which made me colder and more reserved than usual. It was evident he thought he might venture as far as he liked with a young lady who drove four horses, and smoked a cigar the while. I felt I was blushing under my skin; but I was determined to brave it, all out, and bide from every living soul my own vexation and self-contempt. Once I caught a telegraphic signal exchanged between my neighbor and Miss Molasses, after which she seemed more at ease, and went on with her dinner in comfort. I was so angry now that I turned my shoulder towards Master Frank, and took refuge with my dear old friend Mr. Lumley, who, utterly regardless of the noise and flirtation his better-half was carrying on at the other end of the table, discussed his entree quite contentedly, and pressed away to me in his usual kind, consolatory manner. I was one of his great favorites; in fact, he told me so, then and there. He always called me 'my dear,' and often vowed that if he had only the use of his legs he would walk to the end of the world to make me a thorough-going naturalist like himself. I was getting more at ease under his dear old wing. I had gone through so much excitement during the day, that this comparative inaction was a positive relief, and I was really beginning to enjoy a sort of repose, when the baronet's horrid voice from the bottom of the table aroused me once more to an agony of shame and despatch.

'Do me the honor to drink a glass of champagne; the champagne to Miss Coventry I should say you, you must require it after your exertion. Egad! my team won't get over it in a hurry—the roads were woolly and the time short—hey, Miss Kate? But a—'—the whipcord was scarce. I saw that at six o'clock in all weathers,

a topic was too engrossing not to swamp every other, and no more allusions were made to my unfortunate escapade till Lady Scapegrace had drawn on her gloves, bent her haughty head, and 'made the move,' at which we all sailed away to tea and coffee in the drawing-room.

Here I was more at ease. Lady Scapegrace and Mr. Lumley, hating each other, were, of course, inclined to be exquisitely kind to me—I formed a bond of union between the foes. We three, particularly with such a weapon as the tongue of Mrs. Lumley were more than a match for any number of our sex, and most of the other ladies gave in at once. Only Miss Molasses held out and eyed me once more with an expression of eager malice for which I could not easily account. I remarked to that she seemed restless and fidgety, glanced anxiously ever and anon at the door by which the gentlemen would join us, and seemed uncomfortable if any of us approached an empty chair which was next to her seat. I began to have my suspicions of Frank Lovell, notwithstanding all his asseverations. I determined to watch him narrowly; and if I found my suspicions were true—it I discovered he was false and treacherous, why, then, I would—after all, what could I do. It stung me to think how powerless I was.

Now, the establishment of Scamperley, although doubtless the bounds of domestic discipline were by no means over-tightly drawn, was one in which servants, from the stately curly-headed 'groom of the chambers,' down to the little boy in green that was always too late for the post, had more than enough upon their hands. In the first place, nobody ever seemed to think of going to bed much before daylight. This entailed a breakfast, protracted by one late sleeper after another till luncheon-time—that meal was of unusual magnificence and variety; besides which, a hot repast, dressed by the French cook, and accompanied by iced champagne, &c., required to be served in one of the woods for the refreshment of Sir Guy's shooting guest. Then in the afternoon there were constant fresh arrivals and rooms to be got ready, for when the host and hostess were at home, they kept the house full; and the day concluded with a large dinner-party, at which seldom less than sixteen sat down to discuss the inspirations of Monsieur Horsd'œuvre, and the priceless wines of Sir Guy. No wonder the servants grew tired and overworked, though I fancy the luxury and good living down stairs was quite equal to that which elicited ecstasies from *bon-vivants* and connoisseurs above. Nevertheless, it was but just that they too should have their share of relaxation and amusement; therefore did Sir Guy in his generosity give an annual servants' ball, which he attended and opened himself in a state of hilarity not calculated to inspire much respect amongst his retainers. He had, however, sufficient self command invariably to select as his partner the prettiest maid-servant in his establishment. But if the baronet failed in his dignity as head of the house, her ladyship had enough for both. She looked like a queen as she sailed in, amongst her own domestics, and all the retainers and waiters-on for miles round. On the evening in question, it amused me much to see the admiration, almost the adoration, she elicited from old and young. No wonder: that stately form, that queenly brow, had been bent over many a sick bed; those deep thrilling tones had spoken words of comfort to many a humble sufferer; that white hand was ever ready to aid, even open to relieve; good or bad, none ever applied to Lady Scapegrace in vain.

'The virtuous it is pleasant to relieve and make friends of,' she has often said to me, in her moments of confidence; 'the wicked it is a duty to assist and to pity. Who should feel for them, Kate, if I didn't? God knows I have been wicked enough myself.'

The men-servants never took their eyes off her, and I fear made but sorry partners to the buxom lassies of the household, till 'my lady' had left the room. I saw two stable-boys, evidently fresh arrivals, who seemed perfectly transfixed with admiration, at an apparition such as they had never pictured to themselves in their dreams; and one rough fellow, a sort of under-keeper in velvet, with the frame of a Hercules, and a fist that could have stunned an ox, having gazed at her open-mouthed for about ten

a complet conquest by the interest I took in his profession, and the thorough knowledge I displayed of its details. I had to make most of the conversation myself, certainly, for his replies, though couched in terms of the deepest respect, and accompanied by a chivalrous deference for my sex, to which I was totally unaccustomed from the partners of a London ball room, consisted for the most part of a little more than 'Yes, Miss,' and 'No, Miss,' with an additional nod of the smoothest, blindest head I ever beheld. When I had exhausted the merits of the hounds for the ensuing week, with a few general observations on the pursuit of hunting, and the merits of that noble animal, the horse, I began to get high and dry for further topics, and was not sorry when three fiddles and a flute struck up their inspiring tones, and away we all went, 'cross hands,' 'down the middle and up again,' to the lively and by this time tolerably familiar air of 'Sir Roger de Coverley.'

I am bound to confess that, as far as the servants were concerned, everything went on with the utmost propriety and respect. Sir Guy, indeed, pulled his partner about with an unnecessary degree of vigour, which at times almost degenerated into a romp, and squeezed my hands in 'the Pousettes' with an energy of affection which I could well have dispensed with; but every one else was a very pattern of politeness and decorum. In fact, the thing was almost getting stupid, when my little second horse rider and myself returning breathless from our rapid excursion down some two-and-thirty couple, were 'brought up,' started and dismayed by a piercing scream from at least that number of female voices, all raised at the same instant.

'Fire! fire!' exclaimed the tall housemaid at my elbow.

'Save me! save me!' shrieked the fat housekeeper, plumping into Frank Lovell's arms, and well-nigh bringing him to the ground, in which case she might have crushed him.

'Murder! murder!' shouted my idiot of a maid, Gertrude, rushing frantically for the doorway by Sir Guy, who was swearing, I am sorry to say, most fearfully.

'Stand still, fools!' I heard Lady Scapegrace exclaim in her deep tones, 'and let nobody open the door!'

By this time there was a rush of all the women towards the door; and as the centre of the room was cleared, I saw what had happened. The muslin transparency had caught fire—a large fragment of it was even now blazing on the floor, and the consequences amongst all those light floating dresses and terrified women might have been indeed awful. For an instant everybody seemed paralysed—everybody but Cousin John; during that instant he had flung off his coat, and kneeling upon it, extinguished the flames; they were still blazing over his head; with a desperate bound he fore down the ill-fated transparency; regardless of singed hair and blistered hands, he clasped and pressed it, and stamped upon it, and smothered it. Ere one could have counted fifty, the danger was over, and not a vestige of the fire remained. How handsome he looked with his brave face lighted up, and his eyes sparkling with excitement! Nobody could say John wanted expression of countenance now. The next moment he was quietly apologising in his usual tone to Lady Scapegrace for 'spoiling her beautiful transparency,' and parrying her thanks and encomiums on his courage and presence of mind, with an assurance that he 'only pulled it down because he happened to be directly under it; but he could not help turning to me and saying—

'Kate, I hope you were not much frightened.'

The words were not much, but they were uttered in the old kind voice; they rang in my ears all the evening, and I went to bed happier than I ever thought I could have been after such a day.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Sunday at Scamperley, I am sorry to say, was hardly observed with that degree of

ways on duty except when relieved by a cigar or a toothpick. How it could scarcely with propriety be called, inasmuch as it was more like a box at the opera than a seat in a place of worship. We sat red by a chandelier outside the church, with a private door of our own; passing through which, we found ourselves in a very comfortable chamber, with a good many chairs and sofas, a handsome boot-case and a blazing fire. This again led to a smaller apartment, into which Sir Guy would swagger with much unnecessary noise and bustle. Throwing up a large window, he looked over as it were from a balcony, and, behold! we were at church.

When the sermon was concluded, Sir Guy shut the window down again, and we took our departure much edified, and may easily be imagined, by the lessons of meekness and humility which he had received in so becoming a manner. From church we invariably proceeded to the kennel, where a stout, healthy-looking keeper paraded the Baronet's pointers and setters for the inspection of the ladies. Here Sir Guy took entire possession of me once more.

'Don't be alarmed, my dear,' he said, as a great bull-headed, black-and-white brute, surnamed Don, came blundering up, and tried to put his muddy paws on my dress. Sir Guy's affection of the 'natural,' and his odious ways of calling one 'my dear,' provoked me intensely; and I gave Don such a crack over his double nose with my parasol, as broke the ivory handle of that instrument, and completely quelled all further demonstrations of affection from the uninteresting brute. Sir Guy was charmed.

'Hit him hard,' said he 'he's got no friends. What a rizen it is! How she punished my dear leader the other day! I love that girl!'

The latter sentence, be it observed, was spoken *sotto voce*, and required, as indeed it received no reply.

'What interesting creatures!' exclaimed Miss Molasses, indicating an old pointer lady, who went swidding by with all the appearances of having lately brought up a large and thirsty family. 'Do tell me, can that dog really catch a hare?'

The keeper's face was a study—he was apparently a humorous individual; but Miss Molasses addressed her remarks to Frank Lovell; and Frank, as in duty bound, replied. That girl was evidently making up to him, and, thinking he was fond of field-sports, pretended to take an interest in everything connected with those pursuits for his sake.

'Come and see the tame pheasants, Miss Coventry,' said Sir Guy. I know what this meant: I knew it would entail a tete-a-tete walk with my aversion, and I cast an imploring look at Frank, as much as to say, 'Do save me.' He caught my meaning in an instant, and skillfully interposed. Of course, as he accompanied us, so did Miss Molasses; but Frank and I lingered a little behind the rest of the party, made a wrong turn in the shrubbery, and found ourselves, I never knew exactly how, taking a long walk all alone in the waning twilight. I don't know what Aunt Deborah would have said to such proceedings; and I am quite sure Lady Horingham would have been unspeakably shocked; but these Sunday walks were the custom of the country at Scamperley—and, after all, it was not my doing, and consequently not my fault.

I wonder why it is, that in the very convenient code of morality which the world has adopted for its private use, places and people should so completely alter facts. You may do things with impunity in London that would destroy the character of a Diana in the country; and again, certain rural practices, harmless—nay, even praiseworthy—when confined to a picturesque domain, if flourished before the eyes of the metropolis, would sink the performer to the lowest depths of social degradation. It is not what you do that matters one whit, but what the world thinks of your actions; and the gentlemen use a proverb which I have often heard in connection with certain racing enormities, that 'One man may steal a horse, while another must not even look at a halter; and if this be the case with that sex who arrogate to themselves the exclusive privilege of doing wrong, how much more does the adage hold good with us poor, weak, trampled-upon

...at the bottom of the page...
...a dark carpet with a rich...
...the light-colored paper, pick...
...with a blue-tinted transparency of...
...pink under white, like sunset on snow...
...rather say like a muslin dress...
...and there was a charming...
...in which I could contem...
...my whole person from top to toe, with...
...of the perpendicular...
...The look out was into Lady Scapegrace's...
...a little by a of a place that bore...
...witness to the good looks of its mistress...
...Every shrub had been transplanted under her...
...own eye, every border filled according to her...
...personal directions. She tied her own car...
...tations, and lugged her own roses, like the...
...most exemplary clergyman's wife in Eng...
...land. I do believe she would have been a...
...good wife to anybody but Sir Guy.

However, it was too dark for me to see any...
...thing of her ladyship's garden. It was al...
...ready getting dusk when we arrived, and al...
...though it wanted three mortal hours of dim...
...mer, all the ladies, including the hostess, had...
...retired to their own rooms, to while away the...
...time by writing letters, reading novels, and...
...going to sleep. I was much too restless to...
...embark in any of these occupations. It would...
...have been a relief to write, certainly—to pour...
...out all one's thoughts and feelings before...
...some sympathising correspondent, but I...
...knew none such; I could not have settled...
...to read, no, not the most interesting novel...
...that was ever penned, although I might have...
...left it off the day before in an agony of un...
...certainty at the critical place which is always...
...to be found near the conclusion of the second...
...volume; and as for sleep—sleep, indeed! I...
...felt as if I should never sleep again.

When I am unhappy, and particularly...
...when I am angry with myself, I must always...
...be doing something to matt what—but I...
...must be occupied, so I hurried Gertrude, and...
...bustled about, and got myself dressed, and...
...found my way to one of the drawing rooms...
...where I hoped to be at least secure from in...
...terruption, and to brood and worry myself...
...for an hour or two in unbroken solitude. I...
...ought to have been safe enough here. As I...
...had wandered through unknown passages and...
...passed uncertain doors, I had heard the click...
...of billiard-balls, the sound of many voices...
...and the harsh laugh of Sir Guy; I knew con...
...sequently that the gentlemen were all busy...
...at 'pool, or some equally intellectual pas...
...time, and had not yet gone to dress. I was...
...sufficiently conversant with the habits of my...
...own sex, to be aware that no lady would...
...willingly tarnish the freshness of her dinner...
...to sit by coming down before the very last...
...minute, and I anticipated therefore no fur...
...ther interruption than a housemaid coming...
...to put the fire to rights, or a groom of the...
...chambers to light fresh candles, functionaries...
...especially the former, who would be more...
...inconveniently by my presence than I should...
...be by theirs. Good gracious! there was a...
...gentleman down and dressed already; sitting...
...with his back to me, immersed in the thril...
...ling pages of *The Drawing-Room Scrap*...
...Book, which he was studying upside-down...
...I came in very softly, and he never heard...
...me, nor turned his head, but I knew the...
...back of that head pretty well. It was...
...Cousin John. I also took a book, and sat...
...down.

...perhaps, I thought, 'It's not going to...
...spare me at all. Well, what do...
...I care? I've a temper, too, if it comes to...
...that.'

...So I read my book assiduously, it was...
...the *Comic Annual*, but I don't know...
...that it made me feel very much inclin'd to...
...laugh. The clock tick'd loud and dis...
...agreeably. I determined not to speak till I...
...was spoken to, but after a time the silence...
...grew irksome, and the ticking of the clock

...in a moment all the other days of the year...
...son also over the case. I rank was more...
...attentive to me than I had ever known him...
...although there was something in his man...
...ner that I did not altogether like, a sort of...
...freedom that I had never remarked before...
...and which made me colder and more re...
...served than usual. It was evident he...
...thought he might venture as far as he liked...
...with a young lady who drove four horses, and...
...smoked a cigar to white. If it was blush...
...ing under my skin, but I was determined to...
...brave it all out, and hide in every living...
...sou my own vexation and self-contempt...
...Once I caught a telegraphic signal exchange...
...between my neighbor and Miss Molasses...
...after which she seemed more at ease, and...
...went on with her dinner in comfort. I was...
...so angry now that I turned my shoulder...
...towards Master Frank, and took refuge with...
...my dear old friend Mr. Lumley, who, utterly...
...regardless of the noise and flirtation his bet...
...ter half was carrying on at the other end of...
...the table, discussed his cutlet quite conten...
...tedly, and prosed away to me in his usual...
...kind, consolatory manner. I was one of his...
...great favorites; in fact, he told me so, then...
...and there. He always called me 'my dear,'...
...and often vowed that if he had only the use...
...of his legs he would walk to the end of the...
...world to make me a thorough-going natura...
...list like himself. I was getting more at ease...
...under his dear old wing. I had gone through...
...so much excitement during the day, that this...
...comparative inaction was a positive relief...
...and I was really beginning to enjoy a sort of...
...repose, when the baronet's horrid voice...
...from the bottom of the table aroused me...
...once more to an agony of shame and...
...despite.

'Do me the honor to drink a glass of...
...champagne; the champagne to Miss Cove...
...ntry!' shouted Sir Guy, 'you must require it...
...after your exertion. Egad! my team won't...
...get over it in a hurry—the roads were woolly...
...and the time short—hey, Miss Kate? But...
...a—n me n the whipcord was scarce. I...
...have done that seven miles in all weathers...
...and seven miles it is, out I never came any...
...thing like the pace we did to-day. Your...
...good health, Miss Kate, I'll have a fresh...
...team put together for you to-morrow, and a...
...better cigar to smoke than the one I gave...
...you to-day.'

I could willingly have sunk into the earth...
...—nay, crept under the table-cloth—anything...
...to hide my dishonored head. The ladies...
...looked at each other aguish, and then at me...
...The gentleman, even the stiffest of them...
...turned boldly round to survey such a phenom...
...enon as the tobacco-smoking, four-in-hand...
...Miss Coventry. Mrs. Lumley showered her...
...long ringles all over her face with one toss...
...of her pretty little head, that I might not see...
...how artfully she was laughing. Lady Scape...
...grace good-naturedly made an immense clat...
...ter with something that was handed to her...
...to distract attention from my unfortunate...
...self; but I believe I must have left the room...
...had not Cousin John come adroitly to the...
...rescue. He had not been studying the daily...
...paper for nothing, and his voice rose loud...
...and clear through the awful si...
...lence that succeeded Sir Guy's polished re...
...marks.

'Did you see that article in to-day's Times...
...about Ministers?' asked John, of the public...
...in general; 'there's another split in the...
...Cabinet—this time it's on the malt-tax. To...
...day, in the City, they were betting five to...
...two there's a general election within...
...a fortnight, and taking two to one Am...
...bidexter is Premier before the first of next...
...month.'

John! if you had saved my life I could not...
...have been more obliged to you. Many of...
...the present party were members of Parliam...
...ent—all were deep in politics. Most of...
...them had seen the film, but none, like...
...John, had the earliest intelligence from the...
...City. I have since had reason to believe he...
...invented every syllable of it. However, such

...lived down stairs was quite equal to that...
...which elicited ecouiums from *bon-vivants*...
...and connoisseurs above. Nevertheless...
...it was but just that they too...
...should have their share of relaxation...
...and amusement; therefore did Sir Guy in his...
...generosity give an annual servants ball...
...which he attended and opened himself in a...
...state of hilarity not calculated to inspire...
...much respect amongst his retainers. He...
...had, however, sufficient self command un...
...varrably to select as his partner the prettiest...
...maid-servant in his establishment. But if...
...the baronet failed in his dignity as head of...
...the house, her ladyship had enough for both...
...She looked like a queen as she sailed in...
...amongst her own domestics, and all the re...
...tainers and niggers-on for miles round. On...
...the evening in question, it amused me much...
...to see the admiration, almost the adoration...
...she elicited from old and young. No won...
...der: that stately form, that queenly brow...
...had been bent over many a sick bed; those...
...deep thrilling tones had spoken words of...
...comfort to many a humble sufferer; that...
...white hand was ever ready to aid, even open...
...to relieve; good or bad, none ever applied to...
...Lady Scapegrace in vain.

'The virtuous it is pleasant to believe and...
...make friends of,' she has often said to me, in...
...her moments of confidence; 'the wicked it...
...is a duty to assist and to pity. Who...
...should feel for them, Kate, if I didn't?...
...God knows I have been wicked enough my...
...self.'

The men-servants never took their eyes off...
...her, and I fear made but sorry partners to...
...the buxom lassies of the household, till 'my...
...lady' had left the room. I saw two stable...
...boys, evidently fresh arrivals, who seemed...
...perfectly transfixed with admiration, at at...
...an apparition such as they had never pic...
...tured to themselves in their dreams; and...
...one rough fellow, a sort of under keeper in...
...velveteen, with the frame of a Hercules, and...
...a fist that could have stunned an ox, having...
...gazed at her open-mouthed for about ten...
...minutes without winking an eye-lash, struck...
...his hand against his thigh, and exclaimed...
...aloud, to his own inexpressible re...
...lief, though utterly unconscious of any...
...thing but the presence which so overpowered...
...him—

'Noa, dashed if ever I did!'

This was soon after 'my lady' had sailed...
...into the servant's hall at the head of her...
...guests. It was the custom of the place for...
...all the 'fashionables' and smart people who...
...were actually in the house to attend the ser...
...vants' ball, most of us only staying long...
...enough to set the thing going with spirit...
...though I believe some of the young dandies...
...who found partners to their liking remained...
...to the end, and kept it up till daylight. Down...
...we all went, as soon as the gentlemen had...
...finished their wine and discussed their coffee...
...in the drawing-room—down we went...
...through stone passages and long under...
...ground galleries into a splendidly lighted...
...apartment, somewhat devoid of furniture...
...but decorated with evergreens, and further...
...adorned by a sort of muslin transparency...
...hanging from the roof. This was the ser...
...vants' hall, and although on a stone floor, a...
...capital room for dancing it was. We were...
...all soon provided with partners. Sir Guy...
...much to our triumph, selected my maid...
...Gertrude. Lady Scapegrace paired...
...off with the steward, a fat rosy...
...man, who quite shone with delight at...
...the honor. The French cook carried of Miss...
...Molasses, with whose native stupidity I...
...thought the vivacious torrent seemed a...
...little disappointed. Frank Lovell was taken...
...possession of by the fat house-keeper, to whom...
...we did 'the amiable,' as Frank and the knack...
...of doing to anything with a petticoat. Cousin...
...John handed off a stately dame, whom...
...I afterwards recognized as the upper house...
...maid, and I claimed by a dapper little second...
...horse-rider, of whom I flatter myself I made

...of all the women towards the door...
...and as the centre of the room was cleared...
...I saw what had happened. The...
...muslin transparency had caught fire—a...
...large fragment of it was even now blaz...
...ing on the floor, and the consequences...
...amongst all those light floating dresses and...
...terrified women might have been indeed...
...awful. For an instant everybody seem'd...
...paralysed—everybody but Cousin John;...
...during that instant he had flung off his coat...
...and kneeling upon it, extinguished the...
...flames; they were still blazing over his head...
...with a desperate bound he tore down the ill...
...fated transparency; regardless of singed...
...hair and blistered hands, he clasped and...
...pressed it, and stamped upon it, and smoth...
...ered it. Ere one could have counted fifty...
...the danger was over, and not a vestige of...
...the fire remained. How handsome he looked...
...with his brave face lighted up, and his eyes...
...sparkling with excitement! Nobody could...
...say John wanted expression of countenance...
...now. The next moment he was quietly...
...apologising in his usual tone to Lady Scape...
...grace for 'spoiling her beautiful trans...
...parency,' and parrying her thanks and en...
...comiums on his courage and presence of...
...mind, with an assurance that he 'only pulled...
...it down because he happened to be directly...
...under it,' but he could not help turning to...
...me and saying—

'Kate, I hope you were not much fright...
...ened.'

The words were not much, but they were...
...uttered in the old kind voice; they rang in...
...my ears all the evening, and I went to bed...
...happier than I ever thought I could have...
...been after such a day.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Sunday at Scamperley, I am sorry to...
...say, was hardly observed with that degree of...
...respect and strictness which is due to the...
...one sacred day of the week. Very few people...
...went to morning service, as indeed the late...
...hours over-night kept most of us in our rooms...
...till eleven or twelve o'clock, when we daw...
...dled down to a breakfast that seemed to...
...lengthen itself out till luncheon-time. To be...
...sure, when the latter meal had been dis...
...cussed, and we had marked our reverence...
...for the day by a conversation in which we...
...expressed our disapproval of the personal ap...
...pearance, faults and foibles, and general...
...character of our friends, some of us would...
...declare an intention of attending afternoon...
...church—on which subject much discussion...
...would arise, and the probability of the...
...weather holding up would be volubly com...
...mented on; the church being situated about...
...a quarter of a mile from the house, and the...
...way to it through the Park being so com...
...pletely sheltered by evergreens, that to have...
...got wet, save in a downright pour of rain...
...was next to impossible. At last we got under...
...way, the ladies mincing along with their...
...magnificently-covered prayer books, affect...
...ing an air of unwilling decorum; the dandies...
...carrying cloaks, sunbels, and umbrellas for...
...their respective goddesses, and fol...
...lowing them, so to speak, under protest...
...as if there was something to be...
...ashamed of in the whole proceeding...
...Lady Scapegrace always went early, and...
...quite by herself; she sat apart, too, from...
...her guests and relatives. Not so Sir Guy...
...It was his first delight to create as much noise...
...and confusion as possible, that on his en...
...trance the respectable women and humble...
...parsons might be dazzled with his glory...
...and whisper one to another, 'That be Sir...
...Guy,' as he marched to the front of his...
...family pow in a blaze of wondrous apparel...
...It was natural that he should create a sensa...
...tion with his red face and gaudy-colored...
...clothes, and huge eyed whiskers, and the...
...eternal flower in his mouth, which was al...

...making up to him, and, thinking he...
...was fond of field-sports, pretended to...
...take an interest in everything connected with...
...those pursuits for his sake.

'Come and see the tame pheasants, Miss...
...Coventry,' said Sir Guy. I knew what this...
...meant: I knew it would entail a tete-a-tete...
...walk with my aversion, and I cast an un...
...exploring look at Frank, as much as to say...
...Do save me.' He caught my meaning in...
...an instant, and skilfully interposed. Of...
...course, as he accompanied us, so did Miss...
...Molasses; but Frank and I lingered a little...
...behind the rest of the party, made a wrong...
...turn in the shrubbery, and found ourselves...
...I never knew exactly how, taking a long...
...walk all alone in the waning twilight. I...
...don't know what Aunt Deborah would have...
...said to such proceedings; and I am quite...
...sure Lady Horsingham would have been un...
...speakably shocked; but this Sunday was...
...the custom of the country at Scamper...
...ley—and, after all, it was not my doing, and...
...consequently not my fault.

I wonder why it is, that in the very con...
...venient code of morality which the world has...
...adopted for its private use, places and people...
...should so completely alter facts. You may...
...do things with impunity in London that...
...would destroy the character of a Diana in...
...the country; and again, certain rural prac...
...tices, harmless—nay, even praiseworthy—...
...when confined to a picturesque domain, if...
...flourished before the eyes of the metropolis...
...would sink the performer to the lowest...
...depths of social degradation. It is not what...
...you do that matters one whit, but what the...
...world thinks of your actions; and the gen...
...tlemen use a proverb which I have often heard...
...in connection with certain racing enormities...
...that 'One man may steal a horse, while an...
...other must not even look at a halter;' and if...
...this be the case with that sex who arrogate...
...to themselves the exclusive privilege of doing...
...wrong, how much more does the adage hold...
...good with us poor, weak, trampled-upon...
...women? Lady Straightlace may do what...
...she likes: she assumes a severe air in society...
...is strict with her children, and harsh with...
...her servants. In all ranks of her acquaint...
...ance (of course below that of a countess)...
...she visits the slightest dereliction from female...
...propriety with unrelenting bitterness. Woe...
...be to the trespasser, high or low! The wea...
...pon is always ready to probe and gash and...
...lacerate; the lash is constantly raised...
...swift to smite and never to spare. But who...
...would venture to speak a word against the...
...decorum of Lady Straightlace? If she goes...
...out in the dark, 'tis to visit a sick friend;...
...if she encourages young Auntings to be what...
...ladies call continually 'in her pocket, that...
...is only in order to give the lad good advice...
...and keep him out of mischief. Major Ram...
...rod is never out of the house; but what then?...
...The visits of fifty Major Ramrods would not...
...entitle the world to breathe a whisper against...
...a person of such strict propriety...
...as Lady Straightlace. But how that...
...same scorching world indemnifies...
...itself on poor Mrs. Peony. It is...
...never tired of shrugging its worldly...
...shoulders and raising its worldly hands and...
...eyebrows at the sayings and doings of unfor...
...tunate Mrs. Peony.

'Did you hear of her going to the tache...
...lors' ball with three gentlemen in a fly? (No...
...body thinks it worth while to specify that the...
...three Lotharios consisted of her grandfather...
...her husband, and her nephew). 'Did you...
...see her drop her bracelet, to make young...
...Stiffneck pick it up? Do you know that...
...she takes morning walks with Colonel Char...
...ticle-r, and evening strolls with Bob Bulbul?...
...She chatters, she laughs, she flirts, she makes...
...eyes; she's bad style, she's an odious woman...
...upon my word, I don't know whether mamma...
...will go on visiting her.'

And why should the world make this dead...
...set at poor Mrs. Peony?

(To be continued.)

THE LATEST RAREY.

AND THE CONFLICT HE HAD WITH A WORSE BRUTE THAN EVER "ORUISER" WAS.

Professor R. H. Tapp, the celebrated American horse-tamer, commenced a week ago to tame the Petamula man-eater, as described in last Sunday's Chronicle, and has every day since given public exhibitions of his process in a temporary amphitheater in the rear of the Record stables, on Market street, opposite Seventh. Yesterday, however the man-eater changed the programme, and attempted to tame Tapp in so effective a way that Tapp emerged sorely wounded, and only by a miracle with his life. The man-eater, whose other name is Cogniac, is a dark dapple gray Norman stallion, seven years old, weighing in fighting trim 1,800 pounds, foaled in Normandy, France, imported two years ago to Illinois, and subsequently bought by Joseph Wooden, the Norman horse-breeder of Petaulma, and brought to this state, and declared by horse-men to be the finest horse of the breed ever brought to America. Until brought to Illinois he had been an exceptionally gentle animal, but having indiscreetly, and probably playfully, bitten out a couple of pounds of an Illinois groom, he was so injudiciously and brutally beaten than, as Deacon Duncan would say, he experienced a change of heart, all his latent devilry was developed, and he has ever since been the terror of all whom necessity have thrown into his company. Mr. Wooden consigned him to Mr. Tapp to have him cured him of his sole little foible. Yesterday at 2 o'clock the exhibition commenced in the presence of about 200 spectators, and progressed until 8.30, during which time the horse had been handled by the professor, driven to buggy and appeared perfectly tractable. After being unlatched he was cross-hobbled by making a stout rope fast from the fetlock of his right fore leg to that of his off hind leg, an arrangement which permitted him to trot, but prevented his galloping, as also his kneeling down. The horse stood near the centre of the inclosed circle and the professor about midway between him and the inclosed high barricade, the horse perfectly subdued under the eye of the commander. Some person on a seat in the rear of Mr. Tapp asked him a question, and for one instant Mr. Tapp removed his eyes and half turned his head to answer. In that instant the crafty brute sprang upon him like a tiger. There was a yell of horror from the spectators as the horse caught the man up by the clothes at the small of the back, shook him as a tinner does a rat and flung him against the inclosing planking. Before Mr. Tapp could regain his feet the ferocious monster was again upon him, seizing him with his teeth by the left shoulder and endeavoring to kneel down upon him. This the cross-hobble prevented him from doing, and the cool professor, with his shoulder still in the grip of the monster's jaws, struggled to his feet and with his right hand so held the bit as to prevent as far as possible the successful working of the horse's jaws. The crowd was intensely excited. Mr. Wooden seized a long pole and poked it between the halter and the horse's lower jaw, and still further retarded the biting. The friends of Mr. Tapp called for a gun, but there was no gun, and what is remarkable in a collection of 200 Californians, no one had a revolver, or the murderous brute would have been shot instantly. The horse and Tapp continued fighting half way around the ring, Wooden on the seats outside still hampering the former's efforts with a pole. The spectators on the front seats also did all they could to distract the man-eater's attention, one lady seizing the crutch of a man sitting next her and beating the horse over the head with it. By the aid of these distractions Tapp was enabled by degrees to draw his arm through the horse's jaws, the horse chewing it as it slipped away from him, until finally it was entirely withdrawn. The crowd shouted to Tapp to jump for his life, but the plucky trainer called for his whip, and with his mangled left arm dandling by his side, so tickled the fetlocks of Cogniac that that enterprising animal was again in what Tapp fondly calls subjection.

made several fearful plunges. The elements were troubled and looked angry. Into the black abyss the Amazon darted wickedly. Here came a new experience for me. Dark as pitch all all around me, and noises sufficiently tumultuous to suit the occasion, it was fearfully, awfully grand. Like the mocking bird's gloe, improvising the notes of all other birds, so the diabolical noises that reaches me in this darkness seemed like a combination of all the noises that the ear is cognizant of—howling, rumbling, chattering, piping, squealing, bellowing—all mixed up in tumultuous discord. Pandemonium seemed to be let loose. In a few moments I emerged from the gloomy cloud cavern. Now came a charming scene. The earth was visible in spots and the lovely moon was playing "hide and bo-peep." Aladdin's lamp was realized in the view and my mind became so absorbed in the stupendous "Black Crook" scenery that it made me forget the care necessary to a night descent. I was now sailing rapidly toward the Mississippi. The glimmer of the waters was the only thing visible, and I found the Amazon was likely, to douse me in the river. When I got within a few hundred feet of the water I found my course to be on a line with the river, and I was right above it. I now threw overboard large quantities of ballast. That raised me up 2,000 feet, but the cold air of night caused the balloon to descend again, and, finding my course, to avoid the avoid the water I made a dart for the earth, only to plunge into the tall tree tops of some rough woodland. Now came the most trying of all my balloon experience. I could not see a thing on earth, and the Amazon made fearful plunges through the woods, crashing and cracking the limbs of the trees as it went along. All of a sudden I was lifted up several hundred feet above the tree tops, but only to plunge down more suddenly between the tall trees, where the balloon became hedged in, and I partly made up my mind to have a night's lodging in the tree top. In another moment I heard human voices, and I called out for help, to which came the pleasant response of "Where are you?" I cried aloud, "Up here in the tree top. Help me down, if you please." "How shall I help you?" answered Mr. Charles Sheva. I threw him a rope and he pulled as hard as he could, but could not get the balloon low enough for me to step down and out. My car was now partly bottom up, and I could plainly see Mr. Sheva below when he bade me slide down in his arms, at the same time saying, "I am big and strong." I slid down head foremost into Mr. Sheva's arms, and thus reached the earth unharmed. I left the Amazon in the woods all night, and staid till morning at Mr. Sheva's hospitable house. Next morning we went over to rescue the balloon. Mr. Sheva cut down one of the trees and thus rescued the air-ship, very slightly damaged. The landing was effected on Columbia Bottom, St. Louis county, sixteen miles from the place I started. Mr. Sheva brought me back with his team. I landed at twenty minutes past six o'clock. The highest point attained was 6,000 feet. Temperature at starting 60 deg.; at 6,000 ft, 59 deg."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Base Ball.

RECORD OF THE GUELPH MAPLE LEAF CLUB. (PROF.)

	WITH WHAT CLUB.	V.	D.
28 April	M L (am.) of Guelph	29	0
10 May	Alleghenies of Pittsburg	8	2
11 "	" " " "		5 0
17 "	Tecumsehs of London...		2 1
21 "	Athletics of Philadelphia	5	4
24 "	Stars of Syracuse.....	5	4
26 "	Silver Creeks.....	14	4
20 "	Rochesters of Rochester		7 2
30 "	" " " " " " " "		7 6
1 June	Syracuse of Syracuse...	5	0
2 "	Crickets of Binghampton		7 4
5 "	Mutuals of N'rth Adams	12	1
9 "	Man. of Manchester...		4 8
11 "	Lowell's of Lowell.....		9 1
18 "	" " " " " " " "		4 8
21 "	Tecumsehs of London...		5 2
25 "	Eries of Erie.....	8	5
27 "	Luckeyes of Columbus, O.	12	5
28 "	" " " " " " " "		8 2
29 "	(Am) Maple Leaf of Guelph	9	1
30 "	Rochester of Rochester	7	8
2 July	" " " " " " " "		8 8
4 "	" " " " " " " "		7 2
14 "	Grand lover of Galt.....	15	2
15 "	Hornells of Hornellsville		
	" " " " " " " "		11 Innings..... 8 7
16 "	Standards of Hamilton	15	1

shown beyond possibility of dispute. The demonstration was greeted with shouts of applause. Mitchell, who is left-handed, was next called out. The barriers were reversed to suit his position, and, he, too, succeeded in sending a curver that swung around the middle barrier, and was caught fully a foot to the east of the final barrier. The experiment proves that pitchers can pitch curved balls.

AN ENGLISH IDEA OF BASEBALL.

The Pictorial World, an illustrated weekly paper published in London, has recently made an utterly astonishing discovery regarding our national game. In its issue of Sept. 15, 1877, an illustration is given—a full-page picture—of an underground bowling-saloon in Philadelphia. The picture alone is somewhat remarkable, as it gives to the alleys an apparent length of about fifteen feet, but the accompanying description will certainly take the palm for pure, unadulterated thickheadedness and stupidity. The readers of that journal are gravely informed that, "as a rule, the public amusements in the United States are not very different from those in England, but lately a few new games, chiefly imported from Germany, have come into vogue. Whilst cricket clubs are few and far between, and are generally got up by the English residents, a kind of modified form of skittles, much more resembling the German than the British game, is universally played in the United States under the name of Base Ball. Every village has its bowling-alley and its clubs for base ball, and in some of the larger towns they are even kept up for ladies, who also compete with gentlemen in the game at the fashionable watering places. The Germans, who are great skittle-players, are frequent visitors at these base ball establishments. The sketch which we give this week is that of one of those subterranean bowling-saloons in the German quarter of Philadelphia. The alleys are very short, and are boarded over, in the centre of each is placed a raised ledge for the balls, of which there are ten. As an old rule forbids the use of only nine balls, the letter of the law is obeyed by having, but one is always put on one side. The size of the balls, to one who has been accustomed to play skittles in Europe, is quite ludicrous, but after a time practice renders one able to disregard their punny dimensions." The entire statement contains information which, from its novelty, should be of great value to base ball players, and the keepers of "base ball establishments," "subterranean" or otherwise. It is hardly credible that any American newspaper would be guilty of such utter imbecility in describing an English sport or pastime, however wholly unknown it might be in this country; and it is not so long since the Boston and Athletic clubs visited England—practically illustrating the beauties of our national game, and giving the British cricket players a few useful lessons in the art of fielding—that our English cousins should have become entirely oblivious to the fact that a slight difference exists between base ball and "skittles."—Clipper.

It is announced that Mr. C. H. Morgan, the catcher and captain of the Yale University base ball nine, has left college. We suspect he couldn't learn anything more about base ball there, and didn't think it worth while throwing his time and money away on other studies.—Norr. Herald

A FRESH GIANT.

A Chinese giant, greater than the once famous Chang, is expected in England from China. Yaou Shan, when last measured, was 8 feet 3 inches high and was still growing. Unlike Chang, whose limbs were well formed and firmly knit together, Yaou Shan is badly proportioned, his head being absurdly small and his joints loosely set. The funniest thing about him is his own way of accounting for his great strength. According to his story he was no taller when he was eighteen than other youths of that age; but it chanced that one day, when he was fishing in a stream near his father's house in Kwangse, he caught a strange-looking, smooth skinned fish, and, unfortunately for himself, incautiously cooked it and voraciously ate it. Almost immediately afterwards he became very ill; and when after some weeks he arose from his bed of sickness he found that an immense impetus had been given to his growth, which, however, did not

A NOBLE ACT.

Once upon a time a young man was convicted of a crime in this city, says the Detroit Free Press, and sentenced by Recorder Swift to the State prison for three years. He made an A No 1 record in prison, and was pardoned by Gov. Bagley a short time before the expiration of the term for which he had been sentenced. On his return to Detroit, he found employment at \$5 a week in one of the largest wholesale and retail houses in the city. He conducted himself in an exemplary manner, and he began to believe that his lines had really fallen in pleasant places, until one morning an ominous message came informing him that he was wanted in the proprietor's private office. Apprehensive that his history had been disclosed, he entered the office with a heavy heart, but resolved to meet the issue like a man. The proprietor stood by his desk holding in one hand a letter. His manner indicated nothing of what was passing in his mind, but with a deprecatory gesture he handed the letter to his clerk and told him to read it. The young man glanced hurriedly over the letter (a cowardly anonymous production), which was simply a recital of the dark episode in his career. "Is that true?" inquired the proprietor. "It is true" was the sad reply. The merchant's face lighted in an instant. He grasped the abashed and trembling clerk by the hand and said to him: "You are the man I want. You may draw \$13 a week from this time until further notice, and at the first opportunity I shall give you charge of a floor. I can trust a man who will face the truth in this fashion and under these circumstances, and you may count upon a permanent situation so long as I am in business." What that young man said in response to this unexpected declaration of confidence has not yet been told; but the merchant whose sense of justice and love of truth was so signally illustrated, may be assured that he has gained a loyal friend, and earned the deathless gratitude not only of that young man, but of all his family. It is an example worth more than whole decades of imprisonment.

A FINE DISTINCTION.

It has been generally supposed that the operation of finding a man in Kentucky who would object to a horse race, would be about as difficult as the traditional one of finding a needle in a haystack. But it seems that at the Lexington Fair such a party was found. The association has a fine mile track on its grounds, and one day the officers announced that to please the crowd Mr. F. B. Harper, owner of the celebrated race horse Ten Brock, had consented to show that animal's speed in a mile dash with his stable companion Nocy Hale. The horses were brought out and breezed up and down the home stretch for a while, but when everything was in readiness for the heat, the judges and timers left the stand and announced that the race was off. The Lexington Press says that it was understood that "some persons had religious scruples about permitting a race-horse to run a mile for amusement on a track consecrated to Flora, Pomona and Ceres."

But the most extraordinary part of the performance was to follow. Immediately after the above announcement a trotting race for two-year olds which was on the programme, took place, So So, one of the contestants making the best time on record for that age—2.38. From this it will be admitted by almost everybody that the action in regard to Ten Brock was little short of idiotic. He was simple to gallop a mile for the amusement of the crowd, there being no money at stake, while the trotters contended for a regular purse hung up by the association. In view of these facts, one paper very pertinently inquires whether the Kentucky people think it is easier to go to heaven in a sulky than up the back of a thoroughbred.

FEMININE ANGLERS ATTACKED BY A BIG DUCK.

Early in August last, a fishing excursion was arranged for three young ladies from Brooklyn, who were spending their vacation with some relatives near the Blooming Grove Park Association. On the morning of the excursion, the young ladies took an old boat and rowed out into the water and anchored. They fished for several hours, and rowed once or twice around the pond, and then started to row across to the point from which they started. Near the centre of the pond the head of a luck Love caught sight of the

small island out on the Pacific Ocean on which there was a volcano. And he said that there was an active demand out in that region for watermelons, so he went to the business of raising them. And he said one year his whole crop failed except one melon, and that kept on growing at such a fearful rate that it crowded him off the lowland and up the side of the volcano, which generated steam and caused an explosion which blew up the whole concern to atoms, and shot him four hundred miles out to sea, where he was picked up by a whaler. He used to tell me that the one great mistake of his life was that he didn't drive a plug in the crater of the volcano so as to make it water-tight, and then when open the water would come sailing home on the ball shell.

He would lie. He said that once he was cast away on an iceberg, with no baggage but a pair of skates and a fishing pole. But he swam around until he came across a lead whale, frozen into the ice. So he took off his suit and was night for six months that year up there. He tore it into strips for a week, ran the strips through the bamboo fishing rod, stuck the rod into the fat of the whale, and at the other end. He said it burned splendidly and the iceberg reflected the ice so strongly that it was bright as day for miles around, and one vessel ran into the berg thinking it was a light house. He said he had sold the ice rig to the captain for \$15,000, and the captain split it up and took it home, and made two hundred per cent. profit disposing of it to ice companies. "Lie" well, sir, no boat any man I ever came across. Told me once out in Nevada, a mountain lion attacked him, with his mouth wide open. He had presence of mind enough to grab it by the tongue and pull. The lion roared with pain, but he did his level best at pulling, and pretty soon the tongue began to give and the tail to shorten, and out they came, the tongue and the tail in one long continuous string. He said he had em at home and he showed em to me, but my belief is they were only three or four cowhides and a bull's tail dovetailed together.

He was astonishing as a truth crusher. Said he served on a gunboat during the war which was very small and light, while the mortar on the deck was very large and heavy, and he said the first time he tried to fire a fifteen inch shell the shell remained stationary, while the recoil was so great that it fired the gunboat four miles up the stream and landed it in a tree. He was a liar, and now he's dead I reckon he's in heaven.

There was no doubt about it. M. O. Leary was very successful as a constructor of curious works of fiction.

FAST!

We find the following paragraph through the country press of Pennsylvania: That portion of the State, probably, where the honest old burghers continue to vote for General Jackson as though he were a living reality. "Racing between running horses are but little indulged in in this country, although in England they comprise nearly the whole catalogue of horse speed. These animals can pass over the ground at the rate of from fifty-five to fifty-eight miles an hour, and a single mile has been accomplished in fifty-two seconds.

The fastest mile-running time is 1.53, made by the American horse Ten Brock at Louisville, Ky., with full weights on, last Spring. The next fastest is 1.41, by Kadi at Hartford, Ct., but the latter was made with weights off, and on a hard trotting track, besides, horses are never officially timed in England. Private timers can make the time there just what they please, precisely as private timers years ago in this country made running horses go a mile in a minute. In England mile-running horses are comparatively unknown. So far from any horse having ever run a mile in 52 seconds, it is not possible for him to travel over fifty feet at two miles a minute. Running horses may sometimes go nearly as fast as that in England, but it can only be on some such specially fast railroad-express as "The Flying Dutchman" Clipper.

A GALLOWAY EAGLE AND ITS YOUNG.

Some years ago I had an opportunity of visiting Kirkecubrightshire, which, with the neighboring county of Wigton, forms what is called Galloway. Under the guidance of a farmer's son, an intelligent and active young man, I explored some wild mountain scenery seldom visited by the ordinary tourist. In one of the most grandly wooded parts of the Galloway hills, I found where the eagle was said to build its nest. I was directed to look at a small rocky



The Gentleman's Journal

TORONTO, FRIDAY, NOV. 2, 1877.

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

All Communications intended for the "Sporting Times" should be addressed P. COLLINS & Co., Sporting Times Office—and not to any of our employees. This will avoid any delay.

Managers, Club Secretaries, etc., of Amusement, and Managers and Secretaries of Racing Associations, Shooting Clubs, Athletic, Base Ball and Cricket Clubs, etc., etc.

Be respectfully informed, that all Correspondents of the Sporting Times are supplied with a card of official order with the name of the city or town and correspondent, signed by the proprietors of this paper, with a punch stamp of a horse's head upon the right upper corner and dated October 1877, each card running for three months. No person is authorized to use any other credential on our behalf. Managers will save themselves from imposition by demanding an exhibition of said card and refusing to accept any excuse whatsoever 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 return it and mail it to this office.

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

DATES CLAIMED FOR 1877.

AMERICAN.

Providence, R.I. Oct 30 to Nov 2
Madison, Ind. Oct 30 to Nov 2

HUNTING MEETINGS.

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

DATES CLAIMED FOR 1878.

CANADIAN.

Oshawa May 24

AMERICAN.

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

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any person or persons who takes a paper regularly from a Post Office, whether directed in his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment made, and then collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The Courts have decided, that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the

A WONDERFUL CALCULATION.

It is said that figures will not lie, but there are, under certain times and circumstances, figures that will not stand. An evidence of this is to be found in our columns to day in an article from the New York Herald, with the suggestive heading "Can Hanlan row Courtney down?" To obtain a starting point upon which to found a basis for the superstructure, the writer calls upon his own fertile resources, and quotes Hanlan's trial time, and from this fictitious premises proceeds to demonstrate that it is impossible for Hanlan to row three miles in less than twenty-one minutes, and, coupling this conclusion with the record of Courtney, says that the latter need not concern himself much about a three mile contest with the Canadian champion. If the Herald writer had any idea of the subject he undertook to enlighten his readers upon, it would not have been necessary to start from such an illusory stand-point as the mythical time of the trial heats. Any person at all conversant with sculling would probably have accepted Hanlan's 21:09 at Philadelphia last year as a foundation for mathematical calculation. In that race it was the opinion of the best judges of both continents that Hanlan played with Brayley, and if his reserve power had been fully called on, his time would have astonished the world. In sporting matters, the "time test" is not the best authority, even when fully and fairly canvassed; but in the hands of the Herald writer, who is evidently a freshman amateur, it is suggestive of the scribe's imbecility.

The Herald man again calls on his fertile brain and out of whole cloth manufactures the statement that Hanlan's backers are prepared to match him in two races with Courtney, one of three and the other of five miles, for \$10,000. It is well there is such a fountain head for news as the Herald. It lacks however in this case the essential element of truth to make it either valuable or reliable. That Hanlan can be backed to row Courtney any race from one mile to ten miles is altogether probable, but that the former's friends are so unsophisticated in the ways of match-making as to name such an enormous stake as the brilliant mind of the Herald man has concocted is all a mistake. Of one thing all lovers of aquatic sport are satisfied—if Courtney can beat Hanlan he will think he has had a race of it at all events.

In reading the whole article through we must express our surprise at finding such rubbish in the columns of the first newspaper in America, and one, too, which professes a deep interest in the advancement of all classes of legitimate sport. If that journal has any desire to maintain its prestige as an authority, it will have to eliminate such trashy, prejudiced and untruthful effusions as some of the recent aquatic articles in its columns. A mistaken idea of kindness to Courtney may prompt such adulation, but its effect will be strongly inconsistent with its implied object.

PAROLE AND TEN BROECK.

In our columns to-day will be found a graphic account of the race at Baltimore, last week, between Parole, Ten Broeck, and Tom Ochiltree. There have been few turf events in America which have created so much excitement as this great contest of the eastern and western giants. These sectional

was accomplished in 24 1/2 sec., which was a clipping pace. Although the whole race was not remarkable in this respect, no doubt these rapid sports cooked the western horse. Parole and Ten Broeck will meet at Jerome Park, N. Y., to-morrow, under similar conditions to the Baltimore race, for a purse of \$2,000, and should Parole again come to the front, the question of superiority will be considered settled.

FAST RECORDS.

The last couple of weeks have been remarkable in America for fast records in the amateur classes of athletics. This will be seen upon reference to the compilation given below of a few events which have come under our notice.

At the the third annual fall games of the Scottish-American Athletic Club, held at Mott Haven, near New York, on Wednesday of last week, it is claimed that T. H. Armstrong of the Harlem Athletic Club, walked a mile in 6:44 1/2, the fastest amateur time on record. From the Clipper Almanac for 1877, we learn that previous to this performance T. Griffith, of Leeds, Eng., had the first position in the amateur walking line with a record of 6:48, while D. M. Stern, of New York, led in America with 7:00 as far back as three years ago. At the same meeting Mr. Armstrong walked seven miles and eight hundred and sixty yards in one hour; truly two wonderful performances in one day by one man, and that man an amateur. At the same games Edward Merritt landed himself a winner in the mile race in 4:43 1/2, which is said to be the lowest point by half a second ever reached by an amateur in America. These are three remarkable performances to take place at one meeting.

Again, at the Yale College Athletic Games at Hamilton Park, New Haven, Conn., on Wednesday of last week, some rapid sprinting was done. The New York Sportsman, in describing the meeting, says there was considerable wind, which blew directly in the faces of the pedestrians, serving to make the time slower than it otherwise would have been. In despite of this obstacle, T. W. Brown succeeded in running 100 yards in 10 1/2 sec. and 440 yards in 54 sec. This latter performance is said to be equal to the best in America. There can be no doubt of the distance, as it was measured by The Sportsman's representative. Outside parties made the time even faster than that given by the official time-keeper. In too many cases where fast records are claimed, it has been found that the tracks were short, or the timing done by incompetent hands and with inferior watches for that purpose, but there seems to be no reason to doubt the accuracy of Mr. Brown's record. The English amateur records, by the authority quoted in the preceding paragraph, are as follows: 100 yards, ten and one-fifth seconds, M. Shearman, Oxford, Eng., April 7, 1876; 440 yards, fifty and two-fifth seconds, by E. J. Colbeck, London, Eng., June 20, 1868, and J. Shearman, (L. A. C.), London, Eng., June 7, 1877.

While our cousins across the line have been thus busy, our boys at home have not been idle. At the games of the Toronto Lacrosse Club held on Saturday last, W. O. Ross, threw the lacrosse ball 122 yards, 6 in., said to be the best throw on record for this style. After winning a 100 yard dash, Telfor Arthurs ran a quarter of a mile in 55 sec., and again won the open race of 440 yds. in

having Frost to clear that obstacle by following the mare. The result of it was that Frost won, Galatea second. A protest was entered on behalf of the mare. The stewards took the question into consideration and on Monday gave the following decision:

"While strongly censuring the unsportsmanlike conduct of Mr. C. J. Alloway in riding the Maid of the Mill over the hurdle in front of the leading horses, still, in the absence of any rule exactly meeting the case, the stewards have no other course before them than to declare Jack Frost the winner of the Merchants' Plate, Galatea second."

OBITUARY.

MR. JEREMIAH McAULIFFE, LONDON.

We deeply regret to announce the death of Mr. Jeremiah McAuliffe of London, Ont. Deceased had been ailing for some time, but it was only on the morning of the 25th that anything serious was anticipated, and his demise rapidly followed, his spirit taking flight between 10 and 11 o'clock on the morning of the 26th. There were few men in the western part of the province better known to horsemen than the late Mr. McAuliffe. His genial, open, whole-souled nature made him many friends in all parts of the country, who will be deeply pained to read this announcement. Mr. McAuliffe was born in Askeaton, Co. Limerick, Ireland, in 1827, and emigrated to Canada in 1847, and in that year took up his residence in the Forest City, where he has ever since resided. At one time he was extensively engaged in the livery business, but of late years has confined his attention to the Opera House saloon on Dundas street, one of the most popular resorts in the city. He leaves a widow but no children. His funeral took place last Sunday to the R. C. cemetery, and his remains were followed to their last resting place by a large concourse of people, upwards of 180 carriages being in the cortege.

MR. HARRY A. STINSON, HAMILTON.

Mr. Harry A. Stinson, youngest son of the late Thomas Stinson, Esq., of Stinson's Bank, Hamilton, died at his residence, Queen street, in that city, on Sunday last, 28th ult., of congestion of the brain. The deceased was born in Hamilton, we believe, in 1848, consequently he was in his 29th year at the time of his death. Of late years he was manager of Stinson's Bank, Hamilton, and earned a brilliant reputation as a clever business man. Outside of this circle he was recognized as an enthusiastic lover of field and aquatic sports, and he devoted much of his time to his favorite amusements. He took a deep interest in yachting, and was quite successful in this class of sport. He was looked upon as a model young man, and great sympathy is expressed by all classes for his sorrowing mother and relatives in their deep affliction. To the poor he was especially a friend, and his memory will be green in the Ambitious City for years to come.

NEW IMPORTATIONS.

From the Kentucky Live Stock Record we learn that Gen. Wm. T. Withers, of Fairlawn Stock Farm, Lexington, Ky., sold to Mr. Robert Cheney, of this city, a bay yearling colt, by Almont, dam by Marion, a son of Mambrino Chief. The consideration reported is \$1,500. This is a royally bred youngster, and Mr. Cheney should be complimented on his enterprise in importing such a valuable colt. The cross of Almont and Mambrino Chief blood should be a

Sporting Gossip.

The American horse Brown Prince, now in England, is recovering from his attack of pneumonia, but it is thought he will be unfitted for further racing.

It's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways. When the telegraph companies pool their earnings, they gather them in, but when the nice young man goes to the billiard-room and pools his earnings, the other man generally gets the most of them.

A despatch from Port Republic, N. J., says the horse disease has arrived there in a very virulent form. Nearly fifty horses and mules have already died, and the epidemic is spreading. Singularly the swine appear to be affected with the same malady, and are dropping off rapidly.

Dr. Coleman, V. S., of Ottawa, has lately been ill, but we pleased to hear he is rapidly recovering, and is now about as good as new.

We are no advocates for the credit system in general, but there are times when credit should be given, for instance when our contemporaries copy articles from our columns on which we have spent much time and labor such as the biographies of Hanlan and Ross, which have been published from one end of Canada to the other, and, with one or two exceptions, without giving the SPORTING TIMES credit for the sketches.

Mr. M. H. Sanford, the American turfman in England, recently sold his horse Mate to Captain Machell for £355. Mate will be given a cross-country education this winter, and he will run in next year's steeplechases.

Mr. James O'Neil, of Woodstock, last week sold his team of trotter, Lapland and Oxford to a buyer for the English market. The price was \$800.

It is said negotiations are pending for a match, dash of one mile and a half, heavy weights, between Archie Fisher's Kelso and Jonathan Scott's Goldfinch, to be run at Woodbine this fall. Archie, it is reported, wants to make it for \$500 a side.

The New York Herald's report said "the green steeplechase at the last Woodbine Races was won by Judge Halligan." Sure, John, you'd be a long time in the old country before they'd call you Judge.

Mr. Matt Williams, of the Horton House, Cobourg, won a couple of races with his gelding Jack, by Jack the Barber, at Trenton lately.

A match has been made for \$100, between Galt Reporter and Gil de Roy, to be run at Exeter.

The promising thoroughbred filly African Maid, 4 years by Mogador, dam Simple Maiden, imported by Mr. T. C. Patteson, of Eastwood, and sold by him to Mr. Charles Reed, of New York, died suddenly on Wednesday morning of last week, while exercising at Pimlico Park, Baltimore.

A Mr. Porter was among the heaviest winners in a recent California horse race, and ever since then his friends invariably meet him with the remark: "Porter, how's stakes?"

Dunton's Spirit of the Turf says that the old trotter Hotspur is still pursuing his career as a ringer, being entered in his last race under the name of Honest Dick.

A Nashville man answered a Chicago advertisement, "How to win at poker," and received for his two dollars the following: "Hold four aces, or don't poke."

O. HAWK May 24

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 Prophetstown, Ill. June 3 to 7
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TO OUR FRIENDS.

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

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

Mr. T. C. Patterson, of Eastwood, has sold the greater part of his thoroughbred horses to Mr. Palmer of Blandford.

mountain head for news as the *Herald*. It lacks however in this case the essential element of truth to make it either valuable or reliable. That Hanlan can be backed to row Courtney any race from one mile to ten miles is altogether probable, but that the former's friends are so unsophisticated in the ways of match-making as to name such an enormous stake as the brilliant mind of the *Herald* man has concocted is all a mistake. Of one thing all lovers of aquatic sport are satisfied—if Courtney can beat Hanlan he will think he has had a race of it at all events.

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If the "time" test was absolute, it should have been no race for Ten Broeck to beat the Eastern stables. But keen horsemen claimed that the Kentucky representative would not be able to duplicate his western record on the eastern running tracks, and the result of the race showed they were not far astray in their calculations. And the competitive test was likewise at fault. Whisper beat Ochiltree at Saratoga, and going to Louisville is beaten with ridiculous ease by Ten Broeck; Ochiltree goes to Jerome Park and conquers Parole in two races; and now Ten Broeck, the victor over Whisper, who has beaten Ochiltree, is forced to lower his colors to Parole, whom Ochiltree has just defeated in two successive races.

The very full report of the race relieves us of the duty of analysing the cause of Ten Broeck's defeat. It would appear that Ochiltree set out the pace and carried on the struggle until the Kentuckian was about used up, when along came Parole and snatched an easy victory. The time looks slow, but that is no criterion. Upon examination some parts of the race will be found to have been fast. The first quarter of the second mile

Wednesday of last week, some rapid sprinting was done. The New York Sportsman, in describing the meeting, says there was considerable wind, which blew directly in the faces of the pedestrians, serving to make the time slower than it otherwise would have been. In despite of this obstacle, T. W. Brown succeeded in running 100 yards in 10½ sec., and 440 yards in 54 sec. This latter performance is said to be equal to the best in America. There can be no doubt of the distance, as it was measured by The Sportsman's representative. Outside parties made the time even faster than that given by the official time-keeper. In too many cases where fast records are claimed, it has been found that the tracks were short, or the timing done by incompetent hands and with inferior watches for that purpose, but there seems to be no reason to doubt the accuracy of Mr. Brown's record. The English amateur records, by the authority quoted in the preceding paragraph, are as follows: 100 yards, ten and one-fifth seconds, M. Shearman, Oxford, Eng., April 7, 1876; 440 yards, fifty and two-fifth seconds, by E. J. Colbeck, London, Eng., June 20, 1868, and J. Shearman, (L. A. C.), London, Eng., June 7, 1877.

While our cousins across the line have been thus busy, our boys at home have not been idle. At the games of the Toronto Lacrosse Club held on Saturday last, W. O. Ross, threw the lacrosse ball 122 yards, 6 in., said to be the best throw on record for this style. After winning a 100 yard dash, Telfor Arthurs ran a quarter of a mile in 55 sec., and again won the open race of 440 yds. in 54 seconds, a performance, if the distance and time were guaranteed, superior to that of Mr. Brown of Yale College, given above, as our sprinter ran a quarter in 55 sec., and repeated in 54 sec., being two separate races.

Most anybody would think this was enough for one week in the Dominion, but from the report of the annual athletic sports of the Montreal College, held in that city on the 23rd ult., published in the Star, we learn that H. J. Horan won the quarter-mile race in *fifty-three seconds*. Could this performance be properly authenticated it would take the precedence, and place our Dominion in the van in amateur pedestrianism, a place which, in all probability, is her proper position.

The last of these "big things" will be seen in our base-ball column this week, where it is stated that M. Armstrong, at an athletic gathering at Ailsa Craig, Ont., threw a base-ball 124 yds. 1 ft. 5 in. This is asserted to be the longest distance ever thrown in Canada, but is beaten by Johnny Hatfield's throw at Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 15, 1872,—133 yds. 1 ft. 7½ in.

A TURF DISPUTE.

At the steeplechase meeting over the Blue Bonnets Course, Montreal, last Saturday, a rather singular case came up for the decision of the stewards. In the race for the Merchants' Plate, Mr. C. J. Alloway had Jack Frost. In running home Frost had the lead, but to make assurance doubly sure, his owner, who was riding Maid of the Mill, suddenly darted out of the crowd of onlookers, and running ahead of the horses led the way over the hurdle, with the apparent object of

MR. HARRY A. STINSON, HAMILTON.

Mr. Harry A. Stinson, youngest son of the late Thomas Stinson, Esq., of Stinson's Bank, Hamilton, died at his residence, Queen street, in that city, on Sunday last, 28th ult., of congestion of the brain. The deceased was born in Hamilton, we believe, in 1848, consequently he was in his 29th year at the time of his death. Of late years he was manager of Stinson's Bank, Hamilton, and earned a brilliant reputation as a clever business man. Outside of this circle he was recognized as an enthusiastic lover of field and aquatic sports, and he devoted much of his time to his favorite amusements. He took a deep interest in yachting, and was quite successful in this class of sport. He was looked upon as a model young man, and great sympathy is expressed by all classes for his sorrowing mother and relatives in their deep affliction. To the poor he was especially a friend, and his memory will be green in the Ambitious City for years to come.

NEW IMPORTATIONS.

From the Kentucky Live Stock Record we learn that Gen. Wm. T. Withers, of Fairlawn Stock Farm, Lexington, Ky., sold to Mr. Robert Cheney, of this city, a bay yearling colt, by Almont, dam by Marion, a son of Mambrino Chief. The consideration reported is \$1,500. This is a royally bred youngster, and Mr. Cheney should be complimented on his enterprise in importing such a valuable colt. The cross of Almont and Mambrino Chief blood should be a happy one, and we hope there are many good things in store for the colt, and that Mr. C. will be amply repaid for his endeavors to improve the stock in this section of the country.

In the Maritime Provinces great efforts are being made to bring up the standard of equine stock. The Turf, Field and Farm of last week reports that "Mr. Murray has sold his four-year-old stallion colt All Right to Newton Lee, of Prince Edward Island, who purchased him for stock purposes; purchase price, \$3,000. All Right was sired by Taggar's Abdallah, dam by Rysdyk's Hambletonian. He is a colt of 16 hands high, and well-proportioned, with unusual promise of speed. He represents one of Mr. Murray's favorite crosses, and was greatly esteemed by him. We saw him in the early Summer and regarded him as one of the best results of the Morgan and Hambletonian cross we ever saw. The breeders of Prince Edward Island are to be congratulated in having secured such a promising and fine-blooded animal."

NEW WEIGHTS FOR THE WEST.

At a recent meeting of committees representing the Louisville Jockey Club, Kentucky Association of Lexington, Nashville Blood-Horse Association, and Louisiana Jockey Club, the following scale of weights was adopted:

Two-year-olds, in all stakes.....	Lbs. 100
Two-year-olds, in purse races.....	86
Three-year-olds, in all stakes.....	105
Three-year-olds, in purse races.....	95
Four-year-olds, in all races.....	110
Five-year-olds, in all races.....	115
Six-year-olds and upward, in all races	118
Three pounds allowance for mares and geldings, unless otherwise stipulated.	

It is said negotiations are pending for a match, dash of one mile and a half, heavy weights, between Archie Fisher's Kalso and Jonathan Scott's Goldfinch, to be run at Woodbine this fall. Archie, it is reported, wants to make it for \$500 a side.

The New York Herald's report said "the green steeplechase at the last Woodbine Races was won by Judge Halligan." Sure, John, you'd be a long time in the old country before they'd call you Judge.

Mr. Matt Williams, of the Horton House, Cobourg, won a couple of races with his gelding Jack, by Jack the Barber, at Trenton lately.

A match has been made for \$100, between Galt Reporter and Gil de Roy, to be run at Exeter.

The promising thoroughbred filly African Maid, 4 years by Mogador, dam Simple Maiden, imported by Mr. T. C. Patterson, of Eastwood, and sold by him to Mr. Charles Reed, of New York, died suddenly on Wednesday morning of last week, while exercising at Pimlico Park, Baltimore.

A Mr. Porter was among the heaviest winners in a recent California horse race, and ever since then his friends invariably meet him with the remark: "Porter, how's stakes?"

Dunton's Spirit of the Turf says that the old trotter Hotspur is still pursuing his career as a ringer, being entered in his last race under the name of Honest Dick.

A Nashville man answered a Chicago advertisement, "How to win at poker," and received for his two dollars the following: "Hold four aces, or don't poke."

Mr. Collier, of Beachville, has purchased from Mr. Irwin Lewis the handsome span of bay carriage horses which took most of the prizes in that section this fall. This price was \$500.

A Newport gentleman named his race-horse "Deadhead." The result was that all the other horses "passed" him.

Mr. George Lees left Guilph by Grand Trunk, on Tuesday of last week en route to England, with 28 horses, among which was his recent purchase, Denmark.

It will be seen by reference to our advertising columns that the finely bred blood stallion Calogram is offered for sale. The announcement gives his full pedigree, and it will be observed his lineage is truly royal, teeming with blue blood. His large size and elegant breeding should commend him to any one in want of a first-class horse of this kind. He is a half brother of Maudina and Alarm, and a full brother of Telegram.

Hall's anti-Contraction Horse Boot is a candidate for public favor. It possesses several advantages over any and all contraptions having the same object. It is no experiment, but has been submitted to the most crucial tests before being offered to the Canadian public. Read the advertisement, and sent for a circular.

Goldsmith Mail, has arrived at Fashion Stud Farm, and is finally withdrawn from the turf. Her owner declares her in perfect health.

Will Taylor, Mr. John Forbes' jock, thought to have a little fun on Tuesday last by joining in a run with the Toronto Hounds. Between him and the horse they had a good time, the horse rolling over and crushing Master Will who is laid up for repairs.

Canadian Turf.

RACING AT BLUE BONNETS, MONTREAL.

The races on Blue Bonnet course were a great success. The first race being the Steward's Cup, open to all horses hunted with any hunt club in the Dominion, and ridden by owners. For this race two starters faced the flags. C. J. Alloway's Jack Frost and E. Baumgarten's Allah. Allah refused the first jump leaving him so far behind by the time he was got over that he had no chance to win, although he took all the other jumps splendidly.

The second race was a purse of \$150—\$125 to first, 25 to second, for half-bred horses, gentlemen riders. For this race there were four starters:—M. Mullen's Galatea; A. Allan's Barama; A. Allan's Placid Joe; and Owner's Dilemma. The latter was a strong favorite in the pools. Galatea won after a splendid finish with Dilemma, Placid Joe third, Baronet a bad fourth.

The third race was the Merchant's Plate, about three miles, open to all; handicap, top weights, 168 lbs. This was looked on as the great event of the meeting. There were six starters: W. E. Owen, Grey Cloud, 168 lbs.; C. Alloway, Jack Frost, 155 lbs.; M. Mullen, Galatea, 150 lbs.; E. Baumgarten, Busy Bee, 158 lbs.; Owner's Marksman, 145 lbs.; F. Gilchen, Prodigal Son, 158 lbs. Grey Cloud was a strong favorite in the pools. The horses went over the first four jumps all together; at the fifth Grey Cloud came to grief, severely injuring Dedrick, his rider, and running off into the field, leaving Prodigal Son on the lead, but he made a mistake in the course and did not finish. The rest finally came in as follows: Jack Frost 1st, Galatea 2nd, Busy Bee 3rd, and Marksman 4th. There was a protest entered against Jack Frost in this race on account of an outside horse leading him over the water jump. The judges reserving their decision until Monday.

The fourth and last race of the meeting a dash of 1 1/2 miles, open to all, heavy welter weights, gentlemen riders. This proved to be the most interesting race of the meeting. Grey Cloud and Audubon making a dead heat with the favorite, Rival, close up. John Lawlor, Aerolite 4th, and Noll 5th. In running off the race to decide first and second moneys, Audubon had it all his own way, winning easily; purse \$150—\$125 to first, \$25 to second. The following are the summaries:

Blue Bonnets, Montreal, Oct 27.—Steward's Cup. Steeplechase. Open to all horses hunted with any Hunt Club in the Dominion. Owners to ride.	
C. J. Alloway's ch h Jack Frost.....	1
E. Baumgarten, b h Allah.....	2
Same Day—\$150. Steeplechase. For half-bred horses: Gentleman riders. \$125, 25.	
M. Mullen, b m Galatea.....	1
A. Allan, m g Delemma.....	2
F. S. Allan, b g Placid Joe.....	3
S. Penniston, b g Baronet.....	4
Same Day—Merchant's Plate. Steeplechase. Open to all, handicap. About three miles.	
C. J. Alloway, ch g Jack Frost, 155 lbs.....	1
M. Mullen, b m Galatea, 150 lbs.....	2
E. Baumgarten's Busy Bee, 158 lbs.....	3
D. Ryan, ch g Marksman, 145 lbs.....	4
F. Gilchen, ch g Prodigal Son, 158 lbs.....	5
W. E. Owen, g h Grey Cloud, 168 lbs.....	6
* Did not go the course.	
Same Day—\$150. Running. Dash of a mile and a half, open to all, heavy welter weights, gentlemen riders. \$125, 25.	
Mr. Lane, b g Audubon.....	+ 1
W. E. Owen, g h Grey Cloud.....	+ 2
D. Driscoll, b h Rival.....	3
John Lawlor, b h Aerolite.....	4
Owner's b g Noll.....	5
† Dead heat.	

RACING AND TROTTING AT GODERICH.

Goderich, Oct 23—\$120. Trotting; 3:00 class. \$50, 30, 20, 10.	
Owner's Ploughboy.....	0 0 1 1
Owner's Comet.....	1 1 dr
Owner's Happy Harry.....	dis
Owner's Lady Moscow.....	dis
Best time—2:50 1/4.	
Same Day—\$150. Trotting; 2:35 class. \$80, 40, 20, 10.	
Owner's Little Ethan.....	1 1 1

PROPOSED WINTER MEETING AT OTTAWA.

OTTAWA, Oct. 26, '77.

To the Editor of the Sporting Times:

I am pleased to be able to inform you that efforts are now being made to have at Ottawa, during the coming winter, the grandest trotting meeting ever held in Canada. A programme of races has been made and distributed among the trotting people here, and all agree in saying that it is by long odds the best ever offered in Canada. A meeting has been arranged for to take place in the beginning of November, when I hope to be able to inform you that something like \$2,500 is to be distributed among trotters at our next winter's meeting.

In our proposed programme we have two large purses for Canada horses only (8 min. and 2:45 classes), but as we also have in Canada many horses eligible for the other purses we intend offering, and as we want to give to these horses all the protection we possibly can, I would be much obliged to you for your opinion as to the desirability of a "condition" something like the following being adopted by Canadian Associations that intend having races during the coming winter: "Owners of 'horses which are unknown and which may be protested' will be required to give satisfactory proof to the judges that their horses are eligible to start, otherwise they may be ruled out and forfeit their entrance money."

I think a rule something like above is very much wanted to protect honest horse-owners from that detestable class called "Ringers," and if some such rule was in force, sharpers would think twice before entering horses where they did not rightly belong. Hoping to read your remarks as to what you think of this attempt to rid the Canadian turf of 'ringers,' in your next number, I am,

Faithfully yours,
OTTAWA.

[In our issue of Aug. 24, we published an article on "ringers," from which we clip the following:

"We think Associations have a right to protect their patrons, even if they have to go outside the strict legal lines to do so; the expediency of such an action can hardly be questioned, even if the principle is not entirely recognized. The honest entry should be protected, and the interests of this class of owners must be maintained even if one or two doubtful characters are the sufferers. When the owner can not, or will not, give a clear record of the doings of his horse, he is certainly liable to be treated with suspicion, and our own welfare and the chances of known horses should not be prejudiced for the benefit of such characters. It is hardly asking too much that men should voluntarily give such information as would satisfy the judges of the eligibility of their horses for the class in which they intend to compete, and unless this can be done it might, in the opinion of the managers, be the best policy not to allow the horse in question to start. Individual injury might ensue, but the larger interest would be conserved, and managers would know at all events that their money went where it properly belonged."

Correspondence.

INGERSOLL.—A sad affair which cast quite a gloom over the whole community occurred here last Thursday. A Miss Frances Robinson (Miss Nellie Seville) one of the actresses attached to Emerson's California minstrels committed suicide in the Daly House by shooting herself through the heart with a revolver. Death was instantaneous.

Aquatic.

CAN HANLAN ROW COURTNEY DOWN?

Hanlan's four best trial heats at Toronto, over the five mile course, were made respectively in 85m. 15s., 85m. 16s., 85m. 18s. and 85m. 30s. Thereupon, and influenced by the short work he made of Ross, "his backers are prepared to match him for \$10,000 for two races with Courtney, one of three miles and the other of five," Ross' own backer being eager to furnish half of this enormous stake. The Toronto course is said to be forty yards over five miles. The above figures, then, would show that he went at the rate of a mile in about 7m. 1s., or three miles in 21m. 3s. But while their very closeness renders them almost certainly a very accurate index over the longer distance, all oarsmen know that it is equally certain that had the distance been but three miles the pace must have been somewhat faster. How much it is of course impossible to fix, but his time to the stake in his race with Ross will aid in the calculation. That was 17m. 50s. for two and a half miles, which would, if maintained half a mile further, make him do the three miles in 21m. 24s. This does not include the turn, which would add materially, making the time not far from 22 minutes. While, after the first mile, Ross did not drive him, neither did he seem to waste much time on the outstretch, so that, putting his five and two and a half miles together, and making proper allowance for the turns, there would seem to be no reason to conclude that he can row three miles, including a turn, in less than 21 minutes.

But Courtney made the Saratoga three miles in 20m. 47s., and came home faster than he went out. Again at Owego last week he cut the time down to 20m. 14s., beating Riley easily, as usual, while Riley himself was only 10 seconds behind. While these figures (always supposing that each track was exactly as long as named) indicate that in a three mile race with Hanlan, Courtney need not give himself great concern, it cannot be denied that he has not yet shown himself also a fast five mile man. To be sure, he has till now had no occasion to; but encouraging as his three mile figures are they are not so safe a reliance as is the calm, self-assured, well nigh phlegmatic way in which he rows all his races, coming in never blown, never jaded—at least in appearance—looking for all the world as a cat does when playing with a mouse, and evidently having some reserve power. How much of it no doubt his coming race with Hanlan will tell, but to make sure beyond all peradventure that three is enough it behoves him to at once turn his attention to fast five mile work, and, with the uncommonly valuable index of his rival's capacity had in the above figures, to settle forthwith in his own mind whether the championship of America at the sculls is to continue to rest at Cayuga Lake or to depart to the larger Ontario, a hundred and fifty miles to the north.—N. Y. Herald.

A Michigan father writes to the faculty of Yale: "What are your terms for a year? And does it cost anything extra if my son wants to learn to read and write, as well as to row a boat?"

HANLAN TO MR. COLLINS.—As a memento of his race with Wallace Ross, which Mr. Collins was chiefly instrumental in bringing about, Hanlan has presented that gentleman with a splendid chronograph, bearing the inscription, "From Ed. Hanlan, to P. Collins, Toronto, October, 1877." It is a graceful gift on the champion's part.—Mail.

Athletic.

GAMES OF THE TORONTO LACROSSE CLUB.

The annual games of the Toronto Lacrosse Club were held on the grounds of the Club, on Saturday afternoon. Mr. W. O. Ross' throw of the lacrosse ball, 122 yds. 6 in., is

THE "NEW YORK TIMES" ON POOL SELLING.

From time immemorial horse-racing and betting thereon have been so associated that it is not an easy matter to separate them, and a horse-race without betting is something like the play of 'Hamlet' with Hamlet left out. You say that 'the system of book-making affords every facility for betting to be found in the pools—French or otherwise.' This is a great mistake, and it is just this that outsiders cannot understand. Book-making cannot and never will take the place of pool-selling, proper. The difficulties with it are, first, that all the bets are 'play or pay'; that is, your bet stands whether your horse runs or not; and it must be confessed that it is not the pleasantest thing in the world to lose your money without ever seeing the horse you place it on; yet such is often the case. Secondly, the odds given by the book-makers are in no sense fair, but generally about one-half what they should be, and no betting man will back a horse against short odds when he can get double the odds in the pools. This is what keeps the habits of Jerome at Hoboken and such places where they can get proper odds. The wretched apology for pools, as it now exists, will never supersede the old system, and can never become popular.

The decline of the interest in racing at Jerome Park can be directly traced to the bill passed last Winter abolishing pool-selling throughout the State. Had this bill cured the evil especially aimed at, had it extirpated, root and branch, the city pool-rooms, which have now migrated to New Jersey, it would have been a most excellent thing, but in the virtuous zeal of our legislators they swept the entire thing away, at race-courses as well as in the cities, with a result as I have stated.

It was argued that the selling of pools was iniquitous and demoralizing, and this was no doubt true of the then-existing pool-rooms in this city, of which there can be no better evidence than the fact that one very considerate firm advertised that 'in order to give working-men a chance, etc., they had reduced the price of their pool-tickets to \$1, and their removal has undoubtedly been a benefit to the city. But when you come to apply the same test to a race-course, it is a different matter. People who go to horse-races are in no danger of being demoralized. The backbone of the whole thing is the betting, the income of the course is in great measure derived from betting privileges. It remains to be seen if the American Jockey Club, which by its enterprise and perseverance has done so much to perfect blooded stock, and give the citizens of New York such opportunities to see the finest and choicest breeds of horses in the land brought together, will continue to give the princely stakes and purses they have heretofore given. However, the evil is done, if evil it is.

LADY GRANT.

Mr. Wm. Trask, of Otego, N. Y., the owner of the trotting mare Lady Grant, if he means business, will have an opportunity of proving his often-repeated assertions as to the mare's ability to beat Goldsmith's Maid time. In a recent letter to the City Item, Philadelphia, he says:—

"My idea is to trot Lady Grant against time. I will beat 2:14 very bad for a purse of \$1,000; afterwards will trot a mile in two minutes for a purse of \$2,000, providing you furnish me with a good mile track in both trials. Please let me know soon what you can do.

Yours, &c.,
WILLIAM TRASK.

This offer called forth the following reply from the editor of the City Item:

"We last week made a proposition to Mr. Trask which does not seem to have suited him. As he seems confident of the mare being able to trot a mile in two minutes, The Item hereby agrees to furnish him with a purse of two thousand dollars (\$2,000) to do so over the Point Breeze track, or a purse of one thousand dollars (\$1,000) to beat 2:14, guaranteeing nothing in case of failure, and providing that a week's notice of acceptance is given, and that Mr. Trask, before the race against time, shows a reasonable amount of speed for half a mile, in a trial, so that this paper can feel safe in inviting the public to witness her performances."

If Mr. Trask accepts the Item's proposition the public will feel satisfied that he is sincere in lauding the merits of his mare; if he refuses it will be proof positive that the whole thing is a sham.

DEATH IN THE DRAMATIC PROFESSION.

PEDESTRIANISM.

LONDON.—Geo. Wallis, of London, and Tisdale, of Simco, ran a 100-yard race on the Tecumseh Base Ball Grounds, London, on the 28rd ult., for \$100. Tisdale won by about a foot. No time was quoted.

WOODSTOCK.—Woodstock has a pedestrian in the person of the teller of the Consolidated Bank. He is to walk to London and back again, a distance of 62 miles, in twelve hours. Or if he prefer he can walk a distance of 60 miles on the Woodstock Riding and Driving Park in the same time. There is a money consideration at stake.

THE POOL EXPLOSION IN HOBOKEN.

The New Jersey authorities have at last moved upon the pool-sellers, in Hoboken, and, on Oct. 19, arrested every man they could catch that had been in any way connected with the several establishments in that city where, since June last, they have, day and night, engaged in dealing out pool tickets to whomsoever desired to invest on the different sporting events of the country. The only wonder is that this step was not taken long since. We are not prepared to say that the action taken by the Courts was wrong. To make a business of any species of gambling is certainly very demoralizing to society, and there is no reason for tolerating one species and prohibiting another, if it is made a business followed for a livelihood, and not exclusively as an adjunct and support of the legitimate sports of the country. It is a monstrous invasion upon the rights of society to set up stands in public places and tempt, by adroit advertisements, the disposition of boys and young men to hang about and invest their earnings in ventures of the most alluring and inviting character, but which are generally followed by disastrous losses. These losses rather stimulate than discourage their appetites for gain, and step by step, as in all other species of gambling, they plunge into the vortex of ruin, and often into disgrace and infamy. The only places where pools should be tolerated by the public is upon the different sporting grounds of the country, and the only when conducted under the immediate authority and control of the managers of the sport, and to sustain and advance it. When thus confined the influence is not of that character that brings ruin, for the meetings are only periodical, and in the intervals men quietly turn to regular pursuits, the details of which necessarily abrogate that love of venture that perpetual temptation invariably cultivates. Public opinion does not and never will protect gambling of any kind when followed as a business, but the same public sentiment does not, and never will, condemn wagers upon legitimate sporting events, if conducted within the proscribed limits of propriety, and these wagers are not made a business to amass private fortunes at the expense of public morals.—Spirit of the Times.

BREAKDOWN OF GARRY OWEN.—Jennings & Hunt's chestnut colt Garry Owen, three years old, by Baywood, dam Crownlet, broke down at Nashville last week.

Amusement.

CITY.

Miss Maud Granger, an actress of the emotional class, is the star this week at the Grand Opera House. She opened on Monday night in Camille, and gave a very natural impersonation of the character. Tuesday evening, Juliet, the loveliest of Shakespeare's female creations; Wednesday, Margaret Elmore in Love's Sacrifice; the balance of the week being filled up with Frou-Frou, &c. For the matinee to-morrow Camille is the bill. The support by the stock company has been very fair indeed, fully coming up to expectation. Next week Mr. J. T. Raymond as Col. Sellers. A reduction has been made in the prices at this house, which appears to be a move in the right direction.

The Queens keeps on the even tenor of its way, and nightly dishes up a variety programme for the delectation of its patrons.

at with the favorite, Rivin, close up. John Lawlor, Aerolite 4th, and Noll 5th. In running off the race to decide first and second prizes, AuJubon had it all his own way, running easily; purse \$150—\$125 to first, \$25 to second. The following are the summaries:

Blue Bonnets, Montreal, Oct. 27.—Steward's Steeplechase. Open to all horses hunted by any Hunt Club in the Dominion. Owners to ride.

Alloway's ch h Jack Frost.....	1
Baumgarten, b h Allah.....	2

Same Day—\$150. Steeplechase. For half-blooded horses. Gentleman riders. \$125, 25.

Mullin, b m Galatoo.....	1
Allan, r n g Delomma.....	2
Allan, b g Placid Joe.....	3
Penniston, b g Barouet.....	4

Same Day—Merchants' Plate. Steeplechase. Open to all, handicap. About three miles.

Alloway, ch g Jack Frost, 155 lbs.....	1
Mullin, b m Galatoo, 150 lbs.....	2
Baumgarten's Buay Beo, 158 lbs.....	3
Brace, ch g Marksman, 145 lbs.....	4
Gibben, ch g Prodigal Son, 158 lbs.....	5
Owen, g h Grey Cloud, 168 lbs.....	6

* Did not go the course.

Same Day—\$150. Running. Dash of a mile and a half, open to all, heavy welter weights, gentleman riders. \$125, 25.

Lane, b g A. Jobou.....	1
Owen, g h Grey Cloud.....	2
Driscoll, b h Rival.....	3
John Lawlor, b h Aerolite.....	4
Owen's b g Noll.....	5

† Dead heat. BEMN.

RACING AND TROTTING AT GODERICH.

Goderich, Oct. 23—\$120. Trotting; 3:00 class. \$50, 30, 20, 10.

Owen's Ploughboy.....	0	0	1	1	1
Owen's Comet.....	1	1	dr		
Owen's Happy Harry.....	dis				
Owen's Lady Moscow.....	dis				

Best time—2:50½.

Same Day—\$150. Trotting; 2:35 class. \$80, 40, 20, 10.

Lee's Little Ethan.....	1	1	1	1	1
John Forbes' Grey Eddie.....	2	2	2	2	2

Time—2:45, 2:45½, 2:40.

Oct. 24—\$120. Trotting. 2:45 class. \$60, 30, 20, 10.

Owen's Ploughboy.....	1	2	2	1	1
Owen's Amber.....	2	1	1	2	3
Owen's Comet.....	3	3	3	3	2

Time—2:51, 2:50½, 2:50, 2:51, 2:52.

Same Day—\$150. Trotting; free-for-all. \$50, 40, 20, 10.

Lee's Little Ethan.....	1	1	1	1	1
John Forbes' Grey Eddie.....	2	2	2	2	2

Time—2:40, 2:39, 2:40.

Same Day—\$75. Running. Half-mile heats. \$45, 20, 10.

Hutchinson's Galt Reporter.....	1	2
Owen's Gilroy.....	2	1
Owen's Little Bessie.....	3	3
Owen's Arabian Queen.....	4	4

Time—:55, :55.

STEEPLECHASE AT OTTAWA.

Ottawa, Mutchmor Park, Oct. 24—\$200; catch. Steeplechase.

Mayor's Count Kilrush.....	1
Sheriff Powell's Bay Jack.....	2

* Did not go the course.

Lacrosse.

MONTREAL vs. SHAMROCKS.

The match, Shamrocks vs. Montreal, took place on the Shamrock ground, Montreal, on Saturday last, in the presence of the largest crowd ever seen on the grounds. The Shamrocks were very confident, and bets were offered and taken that the Shamrocks would win three straight games. The Montrealers won the first game in 9 mins., and the Shamrocks the second in 47 mins., and the third in 50 mins. The fourth game was won by the Montreal men in thirteen minutes, but the umpires at the other end of the field pulled the flags, owing to the orders of the referee, the hour for stopping having arrived, the game does not count.

OTTAWA. [In our issue of Aug. 24, we published an article on "ringers," from which we clip the following:

"We think Associations have a right to protect their patrons, even if they have to go outside the strict legal lines to do so; the expediency of such an action can hardly be questioned, even if the principle is not entirely recognized. The honest entry should be protected, and the interests of this class of owners must be maintained even if one or two doubtful characters are the sufferers. When the owner can not, or will not, give a clear record of the doings of his horse, he is certainly liable to be treated with suspicion, and our own welfare and the chances of known horses should not be prejudiced for the benefit of such characters. It is hardly asking too much that men should voluntarily give such information as would satisfy the judges of the eligibility of their horses for the class in which they intend to compete, and unless this can be done it might, in the opinion of the managers, be the best policy not to allow the horse in question to start. Individual injury might ensue, but the larger interest would be conserved, and managers would know at all events that their money went where it properly belonged."

Correspondence.

INGERSOLL.—A sad affair which cast quite a gloom over the whole community occurred here last Thursday. A Miss Frances Robinson (Miss Nellie Seville) one of the actresses attached to Emerson's California minstrels committed suicide in the Daly House by shooting herself through the heart with a revolver. Death was instantaneous. An inquest was held and a verdict of death while under mental depression returned. Mr. Emerson, the manager and proprietor of the company, spared no expense in giving the unfortunate lady a proper funeral, which was largely attended by our sympathizing citizens.

The Ingersoll Rifle Matches will take place at the usual ranges on Thursday, Nov. 1st. They are only open to the counties of Oxford and Middlesex and the City of London.—TOE WEIGHT.

KINGSTON.—Last week Mr. Billy Wilson sold his trotting horse Tom Thumb to Mr. Fred Lucas, of Toronto; consideration \$800.

Mr. Elliott also sold Rabbit to a gentleman from the U. S.

Messrs. Carson & Conroy have about concluded a sale, thus leaving Kingston short of "speedy ones."

Mr. Horsey has Deserter under fit; he is a good green one, having shown a trial last week in 2:44½.

Mr. Fred Folger's horse is also coming on fast; he trotted last week in 2:42.

Dr. Fee has the game old horse Sheltonwood on the track again. The Doc. thinks the boys will have to look sharp after their laurels this winter. A match is likely to be made between him and Deserter soon.

The base ball match between the Young Earls and the St. Lawrence clubs for the champion (local) flag, was played on Saturday. The result was unsatisfactory. The St. Lawrence refusing to play the game out. The Earls claiming the game. Another match will likely be played in consequence. Broc.

are not so safe a reliance as is the claim, self-assured, well-nigh phlegmatic way in which he rows all his races, coming in never-blown, never-jaded—at least in appearance—looking for all the world as a cat does when playing with a mouse, and evidently having some reserve power. How much of it no doubt his coming races with Hanlan will tell, but to make sure beyond all peradventure 'hat three is enough it behoves him to at once turn his attention to fast five mile work, and, with the uncommonly valuable index of his rival's capacity had in the above figures, to settle forthwith in his own mind whether the champion up of America at the sculls is to continue to rest at Cayuga Lake or to depart to the larger Ontario, a hundred and fifty miles to the north.—N. Y. Herald.

A Michigan father writes to the faculty of Yale: "What are your terms for a year? And does it cost anything extra if my son wants to learn to read and write, as well as to row a boat?"

HANLAN TO MR. COLLINS.—As a memento of his race with Wallace Ross, which Mr. Collins was chiefly instrumental in bringing about, Hanlan has presented that gentleman with a splendid chronograph, bearing the inscription, "From Ed. Hanlan, to P. Collins, Toronto, October, 1877." It is a graceful gift on the champion's part.—Mail.

Athletic.

GAMES OF THE TORONTO LACROSSE CLUB.

The annual games of the Toronto Lacrosse Club were held on the grounds of the Club, on Saturday afternoon. Mr. W. O. Ross' throw of the lacrosse ball, 122 yds. 6 in., is said to be the longest on record. The quarter-mile is said to have been run by Mr. T. Arthurs in 54 sec. which, if correct, is a remarkable performance. The 120 yds. hurdle race resulted in a tie, the "run off" being won by Mr. J. Pearson, Mr. H. Suckling second. The attendance was not large. Mr. Telfor Arthurs won the John McDonald & Co. trophy for the highest number of marks, by winning five events. The winners follow:

Throwing lacrosse ball, distance—1st, W. O. Ross, 122 yds. 6 in.; 2nd, H. C. Ross, 117 yds. Bowling cricket ball—T. Mitchell, J. Alley. 100 yards dash—T. Arthurs; H. Suckling. Running long jump—T. Arthurs, 18 ft. 8 in.; J. Fraser.

One mile race, open to all—H. Pellatt, 5 min. 5 sec.; N. McEachron.

Quarter mile race—T. Arthurs, 55 sec.; H. E. Suckling, 57 sec.

Walking race—two miles—W. M. Fisher, 19 min. 34 sec.; E. Rogers, 19 min. 34½ sec.; won by four inches.

Throwing lacrosse ball, accuracy—T. Mitchell; W. O. Ross and J. Bruce, tie.

Hop, step and jump—T. Arthurs, 41 ft. 3 in.; J. Fraser, 40 ft. 10 in.

Quarter mile race, open to all—T. Arthurs 54 sec.; H. Suckling, 56 sec.

Running high jump—J. Pearson, 5 ft. 3 in.; J. Alley, 4 ft. 10 in.

One mile race—S. Hughes, 5 min. 23 sec.; T. Mitchell; J. Langley.

Hurdle race—120 yards—J. Pearson, 17 sec.; H. Suckling.

Tug of war—married v. single—Won by married men.

Consolation race—E. Robinson; R. H. Mitchell.

DRAGHTS—Friday evening a set-to was had at the American hotel, Guolph, between Robert Ferguson, of Listowel, draught champion of the county of Perth, and Murdoch McKenzie, champion of Wellington. Result: 7 games for McKenzie; 3 games for Ferguson, and 3 draws—total 13. Mr. McKenzie will go to Listowel shortly for a return match.

the land brought together, and continue to give the princely stakes and purses they have heretofore given. However, the era is done, if evil it is.

LADY GRANT.

Mr. Wm. Trask, of Otogo, N. Y., the owner of the trotting mare Lady Grant, if he means business, will have an opportunity of proving his often-repeated assertions as to the mare's ability to beat Goldsmith's Maid time. In a recent letter to the City Item, Philadelphia, he says:—

"My idea is to trot Lady Grant against time. I will beat 2:14 very bad for a purse of \$1,000; afterwards will trot a mile in two minutes for a purse of \$3,000, providing you furnish me with a good mile track in both trials. Please let me know soon what you can do.

Yours &c., WILLIAM TRASK.

This offer called forth the following reply from the editor of the City Item:

"We last week made a proposition to Mr. Trask which does not seem to have suited him. As he seems confident of the mare being able to trot a mile in two minutes, The Item hereby agrees to furnish him with a purse of two thousand dollars (\$2,000) to do so over the Point Breeze track, or a purse of one thousand dollars (\$1,000) to beat 2:14, guaranteeing nothing in case of failure, and providing that a week's notice of acceptance is given, and that Mr. Trask, before the race against time, shows a reasonable amount of speed for half a mile, in a trial, so that this paper can feel safe in inviting the public to witness her performance."

If Mr. Trask accepts the Item's proposition the public will feel satisfied that he is sincere in lauding the merits of his mare; if he refuses it will be proof positive that the whole thing is a sham.

DEATH IN THE DRAMATIC PROFESSION.

WILLIAM PASTOR.

William Pastor, better known among the theatrical profession as "Billy Pastor," died at a late hour on the 23rd ult., at the residence of his brother "Tony," No. 115 West Seventeenth street, New York. Mr. Pastor, in his younger days, was connected with the circus business; but of late years he was manager of his brother's variety theatre on Broadway. For some time past he has been suffering from a tumor in his left breast. An operation was performed on the 22nd, and death, it is supposed, resulted from exhaustion following the operation.

GEO. L. FOX.

Geo. L. Fox, the well-known comedian and pantomimist, died on the afternoon of the 24th ult., at the residence of his brother-in-law, George O. Howard, No. 826 Main St., Cambridge, Mass., aged 52 years 3 months and 21 days. His death was very peaceful, and he recognized his friends but a short time previous.

EDWIN ADAMS.

Edwin Adams, the distinguished actor, died at Philadelphia on Sunday morning last. He was born at Medford, Mass., in 1834, and was descended from one of the old families of the Bay State. When nineteen years of age he made his debut in Boston, and for several years thereafter played light comedy characters. Developing a taste and decided talent for tragedy, he gradually grew into that line, and made a decided hit in it. In '69-'70, he played with Edwin Booth in New York, dividing the honors of the season with him. As Hamlet, he had few equals, and there are very many good critics who grant him superiority to Booth in this role. His last appearance in Toronto was in December '75, when he played under the management of Mrs. Morrison, at the Grand Opera House, as Hamlet, Enoch Arden, the Rover, and other characters. As an actor he was great, as a man he was good, and as a friend there was none to equal him.

What has been the influence of that character that brings ruin, for the meetings are only periodical, and in the intervals men quietly turn to regular pursuits, the details of which necessarily abrogate that love of venture that perpetual temptation invariably cultivates. Public opinion does not and never will protect gambling of any kind when followed as a business, but the same public sentiment does not, and never will, condemn wagers upon legitimate sporting events, if conducted within the prescribed limits of propriety, and these wagers are not made a business to amass private fortunes at the expense of public morals.—Spirit of the Times.

BREAKDOWN OF GARRY OWEN.—Jennings & Hunt's chestnut colt Garry Owen, three years old, by Baywood, dam Crownlet, broke down at Nashville last week.

Amusements.

CITY

Miss Maud Granger, an actress of the emotional class, is the star this week at the Grand Opera House. She opened on Monday night in Camille, and gave a very natural impersonation of the character. Tuesday evening, Juliet, the loveliest of Shakespeare's female creations; Wednesday, Margaret Elmore in Love's Sacrifice; the balance of the week being filled up with Frou-Frou, &c. For the matinee to-morrow Camille is the bill. The support by the stock company has been very fair indeed, fully coming up to expectations. Next week Mr. J. T. Raymond as Col. Sellers. A reduction has been made in the prices at this house, which appears to be a move in the right direction.

The Queens keeps on the even tenor of its way, and nightly dishes up a variety programme for the delectation of its patrons.

GENERAL.

MONTREAL.—The Academy of Music Co. returned from Ottawa, and opened on Monday night in Kathleen Mavourneen; the same bill was repeated on Tuesday; Thursday, Friday and Saturday, The Big Bonanza.

HAMILTON.—Rollin Howard Opera Bouffe Co., at Mechanics' Hall, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week.—Miss Jennie Abbott is the reigning star at the Opera House in the dramas of Saved and Olive Vereo.

LONDON.—The Mendelssohn Quintette Club, New Mechanics' Hall, Oct. 29.

ST. THOMAS.—Sophie Miles and Royal Star Dramatic Co. commenced a short season on Oct. 26.

FOR SALE, THE CELEBRATED STALLION CALOGRAM!

CALOGRAM, chestnut horse, foaled 1868, 16 hands ¼ inch; weighs 1,150 lbs. PEDIGREE—Calogram by Censor, dam imported Mand, by Stockwell; 2nd dam, Countess of Al'ernanby, by Stockwell; 3rd dam, sister to Hornsea, by Velociped; 4th dam, by Cerberus; 5th dam, Miss Crofted, by Sir Peter Toms; 6th dam by Pegasus; 7th dam, by Parnoster; 8th dam Pomona, by Horod; 9th dam, Caroline, by Snap; 10th dam, by Regulus; 11th dam by Whip; 12th dam, Large Hartley; 13th dam, Hartley's Blind Horse; 14th dam, by Flying Whig, by Williams' Woodstock Arabian; 15th dam, by St. Victor Barb; 16th dam, by Weynot (a son of Fenwick Barb); 17th dam, a Royal mare (See Bruce's Am. Stud Book, Vol. 1, p. 107) Censor, foaled 1859, by Lexington, dam Fleur de Lis (by imported Sovereign, out of Maria West Wagner's dam.) LEXINGTON, by Boston, dam Alce Carnel. Full particulars on application to DAVID VAN CAMP, BOWMANVILLE, ONT. 323-11

Poetry.

IN THE MUSEUM.

Carniverous beasts from the tropical climes,
With birds resplendently feathered,
And wonderful relics of ancient times,
In the museum here are gathered.

Cotaceous fishes and slimy eels,
And monkeys amazingly easy—
No wonder the head of the gazer aches,
I No wonder his brain grows dizzy.

Inhaling the musty odor, I tread
Where all is enveloped in wonder;
The twelve Apostles hang over my head,
With an Indian tomahawk under.

The stuffed rhinoceros savagely glares
With his glass eye fixed and defiant,
While the hippopotamus skeleton scares
The famous Western giant.

The boneless wonder performs his acts
And bonds his body double,
While Charley Ross looks on in wax,
Forgetful of all his trouble.

The Albino by no means appears at ease,
So near to the alligator;
While the Polar Bear is inclined to freeze
To the Lightning Calculator.

The bearded lady, it seems to me,
Is a little too proud and airy;
Perhaps she fancies herself to be
An heiress as well as hairy.

While the fat woman smiles in a gracious way,
And sits in her corner shady—
If flesh be grass, what a lot of hay
Could be harvested from this lady.

The skeleton stands in stockingless feet,
No flesh is on his body is wasted;
If nearer the bone the sweeter the meat,
How sweet would he be if tasted!

The painter's art before me, I see,
Some Biblical scene discloses,
And in them Judas is shown to be
Considerably meeker than Moses.

And here—oh; straightest of nature's freaks—
Are the wild men from Molahoe;
I stand and listen while one of them speaks:
"Say, Mike, have you got some tobacco?"

Birds and beasts and fishes and snakes
In the museum all so busy—
What wonder the head of the gazer aches,
What wonder his brain grows dizzy!

Miscellaneous.

A fine seal 14 feet has been shot in the
St. Charles River at Beckell's Bridge, near
Quebec.

An English court has decided that three-
card monte is a game of skill, not of chance,
and, therefore, not illegal.

John Morrissey quitted the prize-ring,
years ago, on the high moral ground of
objecting to wearing the belts and bearing
the welts.

Land-locked salmon are running up the
Songo and Crooked rivers, in Maine, and are
so numerous in some places that they can
be taken out with the hand.

The Newark, N. J., Courts have found
Elly Mockridge and J. Coyne guilty of being
engaged in a dog fight. The jury were out
seven hours, and the sentence was two years
in State Prison, or a fine of \$1,000.

Mr Richard Kimball, of Hopkinton, N.H.,
who is 85 years old, has cradled half an acre
of rye, and put up considerable grass during
the present season.

Canadian bred horses attracted a great
deal of attention at a recent fair at Leeds,
England, and are very favorably spoken of,
both for speed and general adaptability for
work.

The practice of cock fighting so general in
Spain and in Cuba, is no modern idea. It
was in vogue among the Romans 100 years
before Christ. It is a favorite Spanish mode
of gambling.

EXCITING SCENE AT A POKER TABLE

The occurrence to which I allude happen-
ed during the latter part of the war of the re-
bellion, in New York, where I was stopping
at the time, the guest of a local politician of
some note. My host one evening asked me
if I would like to "take in some of the sights
of the metropolis;" and, although not a
country minister, still I had some of his
itching to "see the elephant," where it
could be done with impunity away from
home, and therefore signified my willing-
ness. We left my friend's house at about 10
p. m., and taking a car got off at one of the
up-town cross streets—Twenty-third, I think
—and ascended the steps of a fine marble-
front dwelling on that street. Upon ring-
ing the bell a colored man came to the door,
and, after exchanging certain cabaretic
signs and passwords with my friend, us-
ed us up stairs into a spacious, elegantly
furnished room.

Four gentlemen were at the table playing
the fascinating and illusive game of poker.
Three of them nodded to my friend, who re-
turned their salutations and explained to me,
sotto voce, that they were respectively a
Wall street operator, a cotton broker, and a
junior partner in a wholesale dry-goods
house, the fourth party being a stranger to
him. This latter was a young fellow of about
twenty-two, well dressed, handsome, and
evidently a comparative novice at the game.
The stakes were high; portentous stacks
of chips and bank-notes were piled before
each player, and the eyes of the gamb-
lers betokened that an unusually "stiff"
game was in progress.

Presently, as a hand was dealt, and before
the players had seen their hands, the young
stranger said, with a smile and a wave of the
hand, "excuse me, gentlemen, but allow
me to ask if we are playing with the sequence
flush; it is customary, is it not, to settle that
matter, and we have not done so." "Why,"
said the cotton broker, "you have not got
one there, have you, Harry?" "That re-
mains to be seen," said the boy. It was
agreed that the sequence flush should be
counted in, and the players took up their
hands. I saw a startled expression flash
across Harry's face as he looked intently at
his cards; he did not draw, and when his
opportunity came raised the Wall street
operator \$100. The dry-goods man dropped
out; the cotton broker raised Harry \$200;
the Wall street party, a large-boned, yellow-
skinned individual, with no more expression
in his sickly countenance than there is in a
brick wall, came in again and raised, and
the thing began to get interesting. The
betting became terrific. Finally the cotton
broker weakened and laid down, but Wall
street, who, I fancy, thought Harry was
bluffing, took, as the phrase goes, everything
that came along. There was over \$12,000
on the table when Harry pushed back his
chair and reaching down drew from under
his feet a small black bag, from which he
took a package of crisp greenbacks.

Carefully he counted out \$5,000 in the
green beauties, which were mostly bills of
large denomination, and pushed them for-
ward. The Wall street spuz saw Harry
and raised him an equal amount.

The boy, pale as a ghost, his lips and fin-
gers twitching with nervous excitement,
threw down the remainder of the package of
money and said, prefaceing the words with a
wild oath—
"Five more; I call you. What have you
got?"
"Four kings," said Wall street, without a
tremor, as he laid down his hand.

"A sequence flush, gentlemen, by all the
gods!" said the excited boy as he threw his
cards on the table and reached for the spoils.
A slight, almost imperceptible flush came up
on the cheeks of impassive Wall street, then
one eye twitched a little; then suddenly he
leaped forward, examined Harry's hand,
and said quickly: "Not so fast, not so fast,
my young friend; look at your cards."
One look was enough. Never in my life
have I heard a more horrible groan than
came from young Harry's lips, and then the
words, "Oh, God! what will mother say?"
seemed to burst out of his mouth, and then
he fell upon the floor in a fit.

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house in the City can offer. Being situated on
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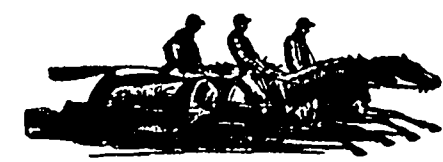
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Stand and listen while one of the boys says: "Say, Mike, have you got some tobacco?"

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The practice of cock fighting so general in Spain and in Cuba, is no modern idea. It was in vogue among the Romans 100 years before Christ. It is a favorite Spanish mode of gambling.

Colonel Ruckle, a printer of Indianapolis was elected sheriff as a workingman, and by saving and speculating he made a quarter of million dollars. Reverses came, and now he is foreman of the Journal job rooms.

On the third con. of Maryborough, Ont., is a Miss Jarrott, who was so overcome with sleep about five weeks that she is still sleeping! She only wakes for a few minutes now and then, and nothing can be done to awake her.

In the boxing matches of the Russians, each of the adversaries stands up and receives blows, the merit being ascertained by the number of bruises a man may receive without asking for quarter. No skill, but endurance.

A few days ago three gentlemen, out for a day's sport near the Howard and Oxford townline, Ont., came across a den of rattlesnakes. The reptiles showed fight, and four were destroyed. One of them measured over five feet in length.

DEADWOOD DEATH.

As I was resting in a camp on the outskirts of Deadwood, a jolly-faced man came along and asked for a job. He was told that every man was working for himself, and making mighty poor wages at that, when he replied:

"Gentlemen, I haven't had no good meal in three weeks, I haven't been able to get a day's work; I'm dead broke, and the curtain is going to ring down on this tragedy here and right now!"

He stepped around the fire, pulled a revolver from a miner's belt, and then retreating back a pace or two, he said:

"Gentlemen, I'm going to hell! I've scammed around the Black Hills for three months, and if there's any bigger hell than this I'm envious to see it! Excuse me for wasting ammunition, but here I go—crack!"

He put the muzzle of the revolver to his forehead and never heeded the report. No man rose up to restrain him. After a few minutes the owner of the revolver walked over and secured it, and, as he wiped a spot of blood off the barrel, he growled out:

"Blash his eyes! Why didn't he jump over some cliff, or go and let the Indians stickle him to death!"

his cards; he did not draw, and when his opportunity came raised the Wall street operator \$100. The dry-goods man dropped out; the cotton broker raised Harry \$200; the Wall street party, a large-boned, yellow-skinned individual, with no more expression in his sickly countenance than there is in a brick wall, came in again and raised, and the thing began to get interesting. The betting became terrific. Finally the cotton broker weakened and laid down, but Wall street, who, I fancy, thought Harry was bluffing, took, as the phrase goes, everything that came along. There was over \$12,000 on the table when Harry pushed back his chair and reaching down drew from under his feet a small black bag, from which he took a package of crisp greenbacks.

Carefully he counted out \$5,000 in the green beauties, which were mostly bills of large denomination, and pushed them forward. The Wall street spuz saw Harry and raised him an equal amount.

The boy, pale as a ghost, his lips and fingers twitching with nervous excitement, threw down the remainder of the package of money and said, prefaceing the words with a wild oath—

"Five more; I call you. What have you got?"

"Four kings," said Wall street, without a tremor, as he laid down his hand.

"A sequence flush, gentlemen, by all the gods!" said the excited boy as he threw his cards on the table and reached for the spoils. A slight, almost imperceptible flush came up on the cheeks of impassive Wall street, then one eye twitched a little; then suddenly he leaned forward, examined Harry's hand, and said quickly: "Not so fast, not so fast, my young friend; look at your cards."

One look was enough. Never in my life have I heard a more horrible groan than came from young Harry's lips, and then the words, "Oh, God! what will mother say?" seemed to burst out of his mouth, and then he fell upon the floor in a fit.

The poor youth had been betting on a sequence flush that was not a sequence flush. For by some temporary hallucination he had mistaken the seven of diamonds for an eight and although he had examined his cards time and time again, as I had observed, had not been undeceived as to his error. The Wall street man, as he gathered in the money, glanced at the writhing form upon the floor, and said, as he pouched the spoils, with a gambler's pity, "Poor devil!" and then took his hat and walked out, while we were endeavoring to revive the poor boy.

The rest of the party, after calling a physician, also left the house. I have since heard that Harry was the trusted confidential clerk of a large New-York contracting firm, and had intended starting for Washington on a late train that unlucky evening, to transact some important business.

The money he had lost was of course, not his own. He had dropped in at the gambling-house to make a little diversion while waiting for train time.

I have always had a prejudice against sequence flushes since that evening in New York.—Chicago Times.

A Syracuse, N. Y., man tells a story about a nondescript monster he saw in Onondago lake the other day. He says it was about 8 feet long, and covered with a shell, which sloped from the centre to the sides like the roof of a house. It had a tail like that of an eel, one-third the length of the body, a long neck, and head like a turtle's. It swam along the surface for several rods, and then sank out of sight.

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English Gurf.

THE AMERICAN HORSES WIN.

London, Oct. 24, 1877.

At the Newmarket Houghton meeting to-day the race for the second class Cesarowitch Stakes was won by Mr. M. H. Sanford's American horse Mate, beating Captain Machell's colt Rossini, his only rival.

SUMMARY.

The second class Cesarowitch stakes, handicap, of 10 sovs. each, half forfeit, with 200 sovs. added, if twenty subscribers, and 100 sovs. if a less number, and three to start or no race, except by consent of the stewards; the winner to be sold by auction for 500 sovs., the only forfeit, if declared by a time to be fixed when the weights appear; Cesarowitch stakes course 2 miles, 2 furlongs, 28 yards.

Mr M H Sanford's br h Mate, aged, by Austrahan, out of Mattie Gros..... 1
Captain Machell's b c Rossini, 3 years, by Rosicrucian, out of Semiramis..... 2

London, Oct 25, 1877.

The race for the Ancester Welter Handicap Plate brought out a field of nine horses, and resulting in a victory of Mr. M. H. Sanford's filly Start. The same owner's Bay Final won the Dullingham Handicap, for which eight horses contested.

SUMMARY.

The Ancester Welter Handicap Plate of 100 sovs., if three start, added to a sweepstake of 10 sovs each for starters; the lowest weight to be 98 lbs.; winners of a handicap after the weights are published to carry 7 lbs., of any other race 4 lbs. extra: entrance 3 sovs. One mile, 18 yards.

Mr M H Sanford's br f Start, 3 years, by imp. Glonolg, out of Stamps, by Lexington..... 1

The Dullingham Handicap of 15 sovs. each, 5 forfeit, with 200 added if four run, for three year-olds and upwards; winner of any handicap after the declaration of the weights to carry 5 lbs., if of 300 sovs. 7 lbs., of any two or of the Cambridge Stakes 12 lbs. extra: entrance 3 sovs., Cesarowitch Course; 2 miles, 2 furlongs, 28 yards; thirty subscribers.

Mr M H Sanford's bh Bay Final, 5 years by Lexington, out of Bay Leaf..... 1

THE AMERICAN WINNERS.

The victories of Bay Final and Start following the report that Mr. Sanford's stable was amiss will be welcome to the many friends of that gentleman. It will be remembered that Start won the First Welter Handicap at Newmarket second October meeting, and there is no doubt but what she is improving. The Dullingham Handicap is an old acquaintance of Bay Final, as he landed it for his owner last year, after running off a deal of it with Broadside

Base Ball.

RECORD OF THE HAMILTON STANDARDS (AMATEUR (?)

DATE.	CLUBS.	s.	o.
May 19	Grand Rivers, of Galt, at Hamilton.....	6	3
" 24	Atlantics, of London, at Hamilton.....	2	12
June 6	Atlantics, of London, at London.....	4	19
" 16	Maple Leafs, of Guelph, at Hamilton.....	11	8
" 23	Clippers, of Toronto, at Hamilton.....	22	9
" 27	Achilles, of Toronto, at Hamilton.....	17	2
" 30	Stars, of Cayuga, at Hamilton.....	35	4
July 2	Buckeyes, (prof.) Columbus, O., at Hamilton.....	4	8
" 7	Actives, of Woodstock, at Hamilton.....	15	0
" 14	Atlantics, of London, at Hamilton.....	5	8
" 20	Maple Leafs, (prof.) of Guelph, at Hamilton.....	2	12
" 28	Odd Sox, of Hamilton, at Hamilton.....	18	7
Aug. 3	Royal Oaks, of Bowmanville, at Oshawa.....	6	12
" 4	Royal Oaks, of Bowmanville, at Bowmanville.....	8	8
" 8	Grand Rivers, of Galt, at Galt.....	13	3
" 11	Maple Leafs, (prof.) of Guelph, at Hamilton.....	4	16
"	Royal Oaks, of Bowmanville, at Hamilton.....	9	0
" 15	Tenmechs, of Dunnville, at Hamilton.....	26	0
" 18	Maple Leafs, of Guelph, at		

Cricket.

COBOURG CRICKET CLUB.

The season is now over, and this club have played seven matches; having won five, lost one, and had one drawn. They have beaten the Belleville, Yorkville, Toronto Lacrosse, Whitby and Colborne clubs; were beaten by St. Mary's, and had a draw in the match East vs. West Riding of Northumberland. The number of matches this season has not been so large as last season, but it will be seen that the club have been very successful. They have just leased the new Agricultural Grounds, of eleven acres in extent, near Victoria College, and men are now at work in making a crease and levelling the out field. The ground next season will compare favorably with any in the province, as it has all the advantages necessary to make it such. Through the efforts of Mr. E. H. Osler, Captain of the club, an arrangement has been arrived at by which the English Gentleman's eleven that is to play in Canada next season, will meet twenty-two players of the Cobourg club on their grounds in a two day's match. The only other places at which the Englishmen will play will be at Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, and Hamilton.

TORONTO.—A meeting of the Toronto Cricket Club will be held at the Rossini House, on Tuesday evening next, at 8 o'clock, to consider matters of importance.

Football.

HAWARD vs. MCGILL.

The football match between the teams of Harvard and McGill universities, at Harvard, on the 26th ult., and in the first three-quarters of an hour Libbaneur, Sheldon and Swift, of Harvard, each got touch-downs. After a short rest, the second three-quarters was commenced, and, after a hard struggle, Holmes, of Harvard, got a touch-down. Shortly afterwards, Blanchard kicked a goal from field for Harvard, amid loud cheers, and just before time was called another touch-down was obtained for the Harvards, who scored a goal and five touch-downs to their opponents' nothing. At the close of the game the Harvards received the congratulations of their friends. The McGill students were entertained at a dinner by the Harvard men in the evening.

HAMILTON vs. TORONTO.

On Saturday afternoon the Hamilton Football Club and the Argonauts, of Toronto, played a match on the Hamilton Cricket Ground. There was a fair attendance of spectators considering the weather, and there was great interest taken in the match. Hamilton won the toss, and elected to take the southern, or Mountain goal, Hill kicking off for the Argonauts. From the commencement it was evident that the Hamilton were the stronger team. During the latter part of the game Hare made a brilliant run, but he missed an easy drop that should have made the victory of Hamilton more decisive than it was. When time was called victory remained with the home team by a goal and a touch down to nothing.

Fur, Fin and Feather.

A backwoodsman, on hearing a bishop preach a sermon in a frontier church without a manuscript, said: 'He is the first of them fine fellows that I have seen who could shoot without a rest.'

A duck was found floating dead in Chesapeake Bay the other day with a huge oyster firmly fastened upon its bill. The bird had evidently tried to capture the oyster, but had been himself captured, the weight of the bivalve being so great as to hold his head below water and shortly drown him.

GUELPH.—Eight members of the Harlingham gun club, of Guelph, met eight members of the Carlton gun club, of Toronto, at Toronto, on Friday, and defeated them by 8 to 4. Mr. Alex. Dixon, of the Bank of

horse, but rather to add fuel to his own excitement. The upshot was that the acquaintance succeeded in obtaining permission to drive the horse a few turns up and down the road, while the owner proceeded to irrigate. His very grasp upon the rein showed an unmistakable familiarity. The excited horse started off rapidly, struck a square, lively gait, and continued it for perhaps two hundred yards, then suddenly throwing his head up to the left, he broke wildly. There was no endeavor on the part of the driver to pull him suddenly in; evidently he was humoring the horse. Turning around, he came back, passing the hotel and going equally far in the opposite direction. Returning, he came along at a jog, went up the road and then sent the horse back at a clipping gait, steady as a clock, and showing no symptoms of unsteadiness. The unused whip remained in its socket. The astonished owner said, "If I kicked his hide off he wouldn't trot that way for me." We quite agree with him in that conclusion.—*Turf.*

NO TIME.

A correspondent from Minnesota complains that the printing of trotting summaries in The Spirit, with the words "No time" appended, is construed as giving our sanction to the suppression of time. This construction is not justified. It is necessary for us to print the news, and also to keep our records complete, and it must be borne in mind that a horse which competes in one of these races is not eligible for a purse for green horses thereafter. Hence the summary is valuable as a matter of record. But when we print such summaries, in place of sanctioning the suppression of time, we give the widest advertisement to the fact that a set of judges, and a certain number of men and horses, have rendered themselves liable, under Rule 41, which says: "In any public race, if there shall be any intentional suppression or misrepresentation in either the announcement or the record of the time of any heat in the race, procured through any connivance, or collusive arrangement or understanding between the proprietor or judges, or timers, and the owner of the winning horse, or his driver, or other authorized agent, it shall be deemed fraudulent. And any horse winning a heat, or making a dead heat wherein there was such a fraudulent suppression of time, together with the parties implicated in the fraud, shall, by operation of the rules, be henceforth expellod."—*Spirit.*

A PARALLEL.—Let a farmer sell his wheat out not more than one bushel to one person and then try to collect the money, and he will have the experience of an editor in collecting money for his paper.—*Port Hope Times.* Let him do that several years in succession, pay his hands all the time, buy his seed and land, and he will have a better idea of cash and credit.—*Lindsay Post.*

TROTTING AT DOVER, N.H.

Dover, N. H., Oct. 26—\$400. 2:30 class.
Ch g Dick Moore..... 1 1 2 1
B g Hiram Woodruff..... 3 2 1 2
Ch g Frank Munson..... 2 4 5 4
Ch g Edward..... 5 3 3 3
Ch g Waler..... 4 5 4 5
Time—2:22, 2:29, 2:27, 2:29.

TROTTING AT DELHI, N. Y.

Delhi, Oct 5—Purse \$125 : 3:30.
D Stebbin's b g Franklin..... 4 3 1 0 1 0 1
D Andrews' b g Sam Andrews.. 1 1 2 0 2 0 2
D Kiff's ch g Delaware Chief.. 2 2 4 3 3 ro
Owner's blk g Villy Geer..... 3 4 3 4 4 ro
No time.
Same Day—Purse \$125; 3:30 class.
S A Baird's ch g Fenimore..... 1 1 1
A Benedict's b m Carrie B..... 2 2 2
Time—2:41, 2:40, 2:40.

TROTTING AT SMITHTOWN, N. Y.

Smithtown, Oct 18—Purse \$100.
A Hulse's b g Roscoe..... 5 2 1 1 1 1
W Hovey's wh s Tom Suffolk.... 3 1 2 3 2
J Rowland's gr g Snowflake..... 1 4 5 5 8
D W Conklin's b s Harry Bassett.. 2 3 4 2 4
S S Jones' b m Lady Jones..... 4 5 3 7 dr
Time—2:43, 2:40, 2:39, 2:42, 2:39.
Same Day—Match \$40.
W N Spurge's br m Kitty Clyde..... 1 1 1
R Hand's b g Fred..... 2 2 2
Time—2:57, 2:55, 2:56.

J. L. RAWBONE

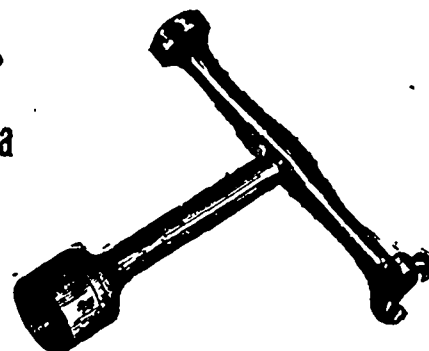
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American houses will be supplied as heretofore from our factory in Newark, N. J. Canadian sportsmen will please apply to their respective gunmakers.

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PREVENTS AND CURES CONTRACTION OF THE HOOF.
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" 30	Stars, of Cayuga, at Hamilton.....	35	4
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" 28	Old Sox, of Hamilton, at Hamilton.....	18	7
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"	Royal Oaks, of Bowmanville, at Hamilton.....	9	0
" 15	Tecumsehs, of Dunnville, at Hamilton.....	26	0
" 18	Maple Leafs, of Guelph, at Guelph.....	11	8
" 25	Stars, of St. Catharines, at Hamilton.....	31	6
" 31	Stars, of St. Catharines, at St. Catharines.....	1	4
Sept. 7	Stars, of St. Catharines, at St. Catharines.....	9	4
" 8	Tecumsehs, of Toronto, at Hamilton.....	23	6
" 12	Stars, of St. Catharines, at St. Catharines.....	19	4
" 14	Atlantics, of Hamilton, at Hamilton.....	16	8
"	Stars, of St. Catharines, at Hamilton.....	15	0
" 15	Royal Oaks, of Bowmanville, at Hamilton.....	6	1
" 22	Maple Leafs, of Guelph, at Hamilton.....	9	0

Total runs.....847 167
 Won 21 games; lost 7.
 Claimed by the Standards because Royal Oaks and Maple Leafs failed to put in an appearance according to agreement.

Mr. Matt. Armstrong, an old Brusselite, at the games recently held at Ailsa Craig, took the first prize for throwing a base ball, the distance thrown being 124 yards and 17 inches.

THE CLIPPER B. B. C.—The annual meeting of this city club was held on Saturday night. There was a large attendance of members, and the report stated the organization to be in a flourishing condition. The record for the season just closed showed that out of twelve matches played the club had won seven. The officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:—President, J. C. Maclean; Vice-President, Robert Parkes; Secretary, D. W. Smith; Treasurer, Wm. New; Manager, Thomas Ryves; Captain, Hugh Spence; Committee, Henry Montgomery, W. W. Joffers, Robert Irving, and Charles Wilson.

opponents nothing. At the close of the game the Harvards received the congratulations of their friends. The McGill students were entertained at a dinner by the Harvard men in the evening.

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GUELPH.—Eight members of the Hurlingham gun club, of Guelph, met eight members of the Carlton gun club, of Toronto, at Toronto, on Friday, and defeated them by 8 birds.—Mr. Alex. Dixon, of the Bank of Toronto, is in town on his return from a duck shooting trip to the Rondeau. The birds were very shy until Tuesday and Wednesday last, when he and Mr. Wm. Boomer, of St. Catharines, shot 180 and 185 respectively.

SHAD IN LAKE ONTARIO.—Syracuse papers of the 16th ult., are congratulating Mr. Seth Green upon accumulating evidence of his success in cultivating shad in Lake Ontario. Very recently a fine male shad, weighing 5½ pounds, was caught in a gill net six or seven miles out in Lake Ontario, off Port Ontario, at the mouth of Salmon River. The fish is the largest of its kind yet caught in the lake, and is one of those placed in its waters by Mr. Green in the year 1872. The attempt to introduce the fish in fresh water was an experiment. It is no longer in the list of experiments, but a matter of certainty. The fish have been caught at various points on the lake ever since the fry were put in, and appear to grow as rapidly and possess all the qualities of the shad that are caught in salt water.

BRAINS IN DRIVING.

Brute strength and wooden-headedness are no match for brains and sympathy. A few days since, we were out upon the road, it matters little to our general readers where we were, and the particular reader will probably keep forever shady. We were out upon the road, when a huge, hulking fellow rode by, lashing a horse which he did not know how to drive. Presently he returned and alighted at the steps of a hotel where we had meanwhile stopped and were then sitting upon its piazza, watching the fleet roadsters come and go, pass and repass. The hulking fellow alluded to met an acquaintance as he was about to step from his road wagon. From the conversation that ensued we gathered that he halted not to calm or rest his excited

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 Ch g Frank Munson..... 2 4 5 4
 Ch g Edward..... 5 3 3 3
 Ch g Water..... 4 5 4 5
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 Owner's blk g Villy Gear..... 3 4 3 4 1 0
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 Time—2:41, 2:40½, 2:40.

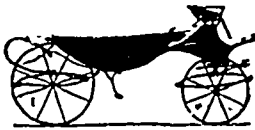
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 S S Jones' b m Lady Jones..... 4 5 3 7 dr
 Time—2:43½, 2:40½, 2:39½, 2:42, 2:39½.
 Same Day Match \$40.
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 R Hand's b g Fred..... 2 2 2
 Time—2:57½, 2:55½, 2:56½.

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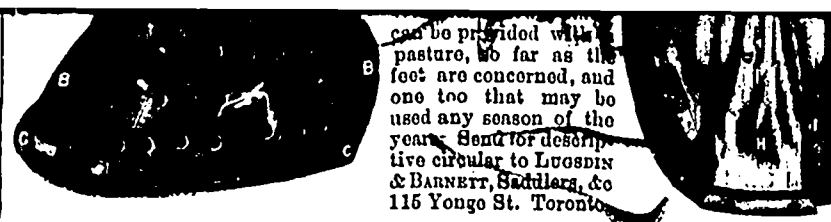
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