

THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH

JUNE 30, 1897.

DANDELION.

BY JOHN TREW HAY.

"Talking of good horses, Mr. Stokesley, observed a book maker named Sam Slateham, addressing one of the occupants of a first-class compartment in a return train from Epsom on the City and Suburban day, in which the general conversation on racing was taking place, "I believe that I once owned as good a handicap horse as ever ran on the turf—quite a cup horse in fact, as good as six furlongs as he was at two miles, and a real clincher at both distances."

"Indeed, Slateham," replied Stokesley, "when was that?"

"Some years back now, sir," said Slateham, "It was a horse I got hold of quite by chance—in fact, I bought him out of a selling race—"You don't mean old Index, do you, Slateham?" put in Major Bakewell, laughing. "That's about the best horse I ever remember you to have had, but from what I recollect he was hardly what you would call up to cup form."

"No, sir; I don't mean Index; but I do mean a horse called Dandelion, by King of the Forest cup of Wild Flowers, which beat Index at Windsor. I'm quite serious in what I say," continued he, as his listeners smiled incredulously; "I believe that Dandelion was one of the best, handicap horses that I ever saw. But I'll give you my reasons, and leave you to judge whether or not I am justified in thinking so."

"At the Windsor Summer Meeting I had entered old Index in a mile selling Welter Handicap. He had only run once before during that season, and then was unplaced. But he was just at the Windsor time very fresh and well, and I believe quite at his best, which was very good in his class. Crupper had galloped him satisfactorily with a horse in our stable belonging to Mr. Lambourne, which had run a good race the week before at Bath, and I was very fond of his chance. As luck would have it, there were two or three other stables who were going for the same race. There was a Middleham horse that had come south for Ascot, which the stable thought a good thing. The Chilton people had one in, that on form looked very much like winning, and there were two horses from Newmarket both fancied a bit."

"In addition to these there were three or four others—none of any great account—besides Dandelion. The latter, described on the card as the property of Mr. Arthur Paddington, was a good-looking, level-made three-year-old colt—a whole brown, almost a black—but as fat as a bull, and evidently in no condition to be fancied by the clever division to whom he belonged. I couldn't see anyone about—they were all at Newmarket, I believe—whom I could, ask about him; but I couldn't help thinking to myself that he was good-looking enough to stand a very fair chance of changing stables that day and I made up my mind to claim him if I got the chance."

"There was a good market on the race, and I was able to back Index to win me a couple of thousand at 5 to 1, besides keeping him to run for my book; so that when I saw him well placed and with well nigh all his field beaten at the distance, I was in clover. But the next minute all was changed, for Dandelion coming through with his head on his chest, and pulling the boy out of the saddle, smothered the lot in half a dozen strides, and won, hard held by three lengths, in a common canter."

"Index ran second, and at the subsequent auction I bought the winner for 470 guineas. As 420 guineas of this was surplus, he only cost me 260 guineas."

"I sent him back to Crupper's that evening with Index,—he reached home all right."

"I had some talk with Crupper next day, the second day of the Windsor meeting, and we decided to put the horse into good work and try him in about three weeks' time to find out what he really was; for from the style in which he had won—though it was only in selling plate company—we agreed that he might be good enough for anything."

Next day at Sandow I was in the ring some three-quarters of an hour before racing began, when a certain prominent jockey came up to me and said:

"I hear that you bought Arthur Paddington's horse at Windsor, Sam. You must let him have it back again, as he wants it badly. It was all a mistake in running in a selling race at all. It was entered in the next race as well, and it was in that that it intended to run. I suppose you will take a monkey; and send the horse back."

"No, Fred," I replied, "I can't do that I wouldn't take a couple of thousand for Dandelion from any man in England until I have tried him. Crupper is going to get him thoroughly fit, and we shall see what he is made of. After that if Paddington still wants him back, we can talk about the price."

"He was not best placed at my determination, but I would not budge an inch, and though he rose to offering me a monkey for a

half share, I refused to deal on any terms whatever."

"On the following Saturday I went down to Crupper's as we were going to try Index again, to see if he was in as good form as we had thought him to be before he ran at Windsor; with the result that he won again even easier than he had done the first time though we set him a much harder task on this occasion."

"Indeed, so well did he run that I put him into two handicaps, not selling races, one at Newmarket and the other at Kempton, and he won them both with ease, though he was penalized 7 lbs. in the second race."

"Of course this made us look forward with great interest to Dandelion's coming trial, as we summed up Index's recent form to be some 10lbs. better than he had ever shown before, a calculation that was to some extent borne out by the way in which he had settled all his field, except Dandelion, at Windsor."

"Dandelion had met Index at 5 lbs. in their race, so we set him to give Index 14 lbs., thus allowing 19 lbs. for the beating. We put lamplighter, the Bath winner, in at even weights with Dandelion—with old Stonemason, the horse which Crupper calls the stable clock, giving 5 lbs."

"Well, you never saw such an example in your life as the three-year-old made of them. They were to run a mile, but Dandelion had every one of them dead beat at five furlongs, and he simply romped in alone."

"Lamplighter ran during the next week in a good handicap, and won his race in a common canter, and we then felt pretty certain that we had got hold of a real smasher in Dandelion."

"At Goodwood the jockey I had mentioned before came up to me and reopened negotiations for getting Dandelion back, but I said, 'It's no use, Fred. Five thousand wouldn't buy him now. We've tried him, and I think he'll win races.'

"Win races!" he exclaimed, "It'll be your fault if he don't. He's the best three-year-old I've had my leg over this year. Well, Sam, as you won't part with him—and I don't blame you—you may at any rate let us know when your going to slip him. Shall you run him soon?"

"I think not, Fred," I said, "I am inclined to keep him for the Liverpool Autumn Cup."

"That'll just suit him," said Fred. "In fact that was the very race he had in view for him."

"I entered Dandelion in one or two handicaps just about Doncaster time, and found to my entire satisfaction that in almost every instance the handicapper treated him leniently, and the horse probably would not have appeared on a racecourse again until he figured at Aintree, but for a sudden jump upwards in the handicap scale that he, for some unexplained reason, took a few weeks afterwards, the cause of which I was never able to discover."

"I used to lay awake nights thinking of him, and of the coups I intended to bring off with him after he had won the Liverpool Cup."

"One point in his favor was that he was an especially hardy horse, never sick or sorry for a single day, and one who thrive and got big on hard work."

"All this time he had been going on extremely well, making, in Crupper's opinion—and he is the best judge I know—extraordinary improvement."

"We decided to give him a second trial, and this time to really take his measure, so that we might know whether or not he was the certainty which we believed him to be."

"We gave him something to do this time, and no mistake. We made him give Stonemason 14 lbs. and Lamplighter 21 lbs. over a distance of a mile and a half."

"It was the same old story, and we were still just as far off as ever from finding how good Dandelion was. He had them both settled, dead as a stone, at a mile, and again romped in alone."

"That was good enough for me, and I was all for letting him run for and win the Liverpool Cup at whatever weight the handicapper chose to put on him; for I knew that the horse could not possibly be weighed out of the race."

"But Crupper was very strong in urging me to leave nothing to chance, but to let the horse have just one little outing to keep the weight down: some little expedition to a country meeting where he would get off badly, or from some cause or other fail to show his proper form, so that he might be sure of finding Dandelion weighed at 7st, or at the most 7st. 7lb., when the weights for the Liverpool Cup appeared."

"I didn't think it at all necessary, but Crupper knows very well what he is about; and as of course it could do no harm, I let him do as he proposed, and the horse having an engagement in a small handicap at Hereford, he was sent there to run."

"I was at Newmarket first of October, and was in course of persistently laying to big money all the favorites, which came rolling up one after the other, time after time. Just after a particularly bad race, a telegram was put into my hands which I opened and read:

"Bad news. Dandelion bolted in a race

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and ran against post, breaking his leg. Have had to shoot him.—Crupper."

"I can tell you, Mr. Stokesley, that on reading that telegram I felt very much as if some one had shot me. Yes, sir, people may say what they like about thinking one's geese swans, but it will take a very great deal to convince me that Dandelion was not very nearly another Ormonde."

Weary wives, mothers and daughters—tired nurses, watchers, and help—tired women of all classes should take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the kind they need to give pure blood, firm nerves, buoyant spirits, and refreshing sleep. There is no tonic equal to Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Mr. Laurier in England

In one of the premier's first speeches since being in England, he made these remarks. "The Canadians of English and French origin have learned under the happy auspices of free institutions to respect and love one another. In my chief position of responsibility I have been instructed by the people of the Dominion to represent them at the Diamond Jubilee and to convey to the Queen an expression of their loyalty and devotion. Their resolution, for such it was, has changed the relations of Great Britain and the colonies. Especially is this so in respect of Canada, which sixty years ago was desolated by a civil war, but which now does not contain even a shadow of discontent. The authority of the Queen does not rest upon military force, but from the Pacific to the Atlantic rests upon the cheerful allegiance of five millions of people who feel themselves a nation. "The feeling dominating Canada is one of pride in her local autonomy and legislative liberty, connected with Imperial unity. Whatever errors there may have been in the past, the past is closed forever and a new era has dawned and allegiance is accepted in Canada by all. The general sentiment is for closer commercial union. The time may come when the present conditions of citizenship will be felt to be inadequate. A solution for this will be found in the old British principle of representation."

A Banker's Experience.

"I tried a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for a troublesome affection of the throat," writes Manager Thomas Dewson of the Standard Bank, now of 14 Melbourne Avenue, Toronto. "It proved effective. I regard the remedy as simple, cheap and exceedingly good. It has hitherto been my habit to consult a physician in troubles of this nature. Hereafter, however, I intend to be my own family doctor."

Free Corn.

In the House last week the item of free corn, which had been reserved for discussion, was taken up and resulted in a long discussion.

Mr. Charlton, Liberal, coming from a corn growing county in Western Ontario, opposed making corn free.

Mr. Clancey closed an elaborate discussion by moving an amendment setting forth that it is expedient and opposed to the best interests of this country to place corn on the free list. Mr. Hale seconded the amendment.

Hon. Mr. Foster spoke against the amendment, defending the proposition of the government.

Finally the amendment was defeated by a 33 to 76.

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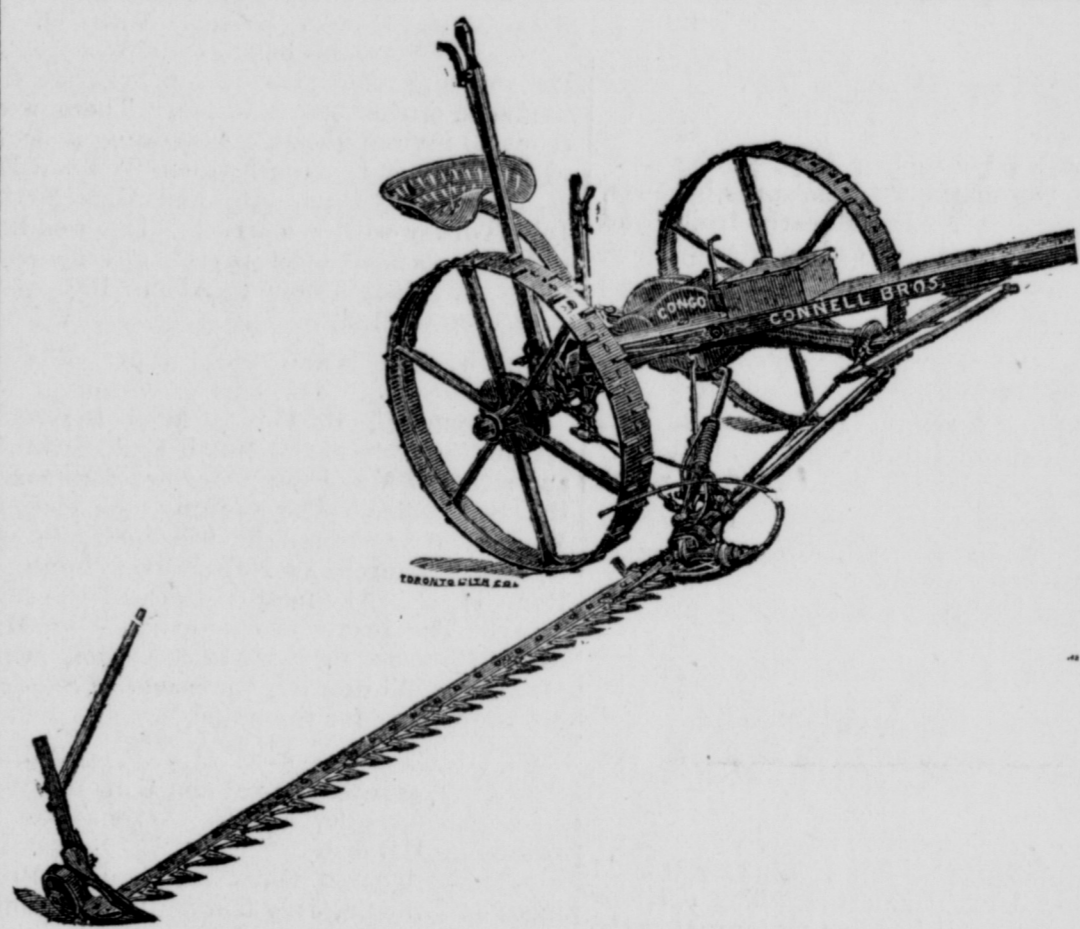
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