

SPORTS OF THE SEASON.

There is a great deal of curious matter in Mr. Thomas H. Taunton's *Portraits of Celebrated Race Horses*. For one thing he recalls the horse Childers in 1773, who ran 82½ feet in a second. On this the calculation was based that he ran a mile in 1.04. This statement has been made more easy in the form which has come down to us that Childers ran a mile in a minute. This was only a half-second less than the famous race between Firetail and Pumpkin, which occurred about the same time.

I like a good game of football. There is something in it that wakes a man up, and brings out all the pluck and vim in him. In this respect the English game is away ahead of the American national pastime.

Talk about the danger and the nerve requisite for a good base ball player; the old Rugby contest brings out all the bravery in a man, and skill, coolness and quickness are all necessary to pull a man through.

In my opinion, the Englishman's superiority upon the football ground relieves him of the taint that his games are "slow." Cricket may be called so, compared with the dashing and 'fascinating American game, but football never.

To go further, the Englishmen's love of the turf is ahead of any other people. England may be called the home of the racer; America is the domain of the trotter. There is as much difference between the two sports as between cricket and base ball. Each has its followers, but no true sport will say that a trotting match stirs his blood like a race between two fleet thoroughbred runners.

So if England is slower than America on the ball field, she makes it up on the turf.

Apropos of this: Are we not favoring trotting horses to running. Perhaps it is natural, but let me observe that the sports do not compare.

The fishing season is over, and the boys who braved the flies and weather, camped out from spring to fall to rob the streams of their finny habitants, think over their summer triumphs, magnify them, clothe them in appropriate words, and fire them at whoever is fool enough to listen.

I heard an American—a Boston Yankee—say, the other day, that he saw a trout caught upon the Tobique that tipped the scales at 14 pounds! And when some one suggested that the catch was a salmon, he got mad and persisted in his statement. My only wonder was that he did not do the catching.

I don't know who started that story about an ice rink within the C. and A. grounds, but it amuses me a good deal. The bare thought of trudging any farther than the old Victoria to have a spin makes me shiver. I want everybody to patronize the favorite of the people and bring our national world pastime to the front.

Why in the world can't skating be made as popular in winter as base ball in summer? My recollections tell me that the management postpone its attractions until too late in the season, and when people begin to take an interest in the events the ice begins to go and the fun is over.

The University boys are preparing to give St. John foot ballists all they can go—so I understand. Well, come and see us, put your best foot forward and get a goal if you can.

After all, I want better weather than greeted the game last Saturday. Saturday seems to be a rough day on sports, lately as the cyclists know.

While we in St. John were pitying the Fredericton people because of their incessant rain during the horse and cattle show there does not appear to have been as good reason for our feelings as there might have been.

Even financially the show was not a failure, and if the weather had been fine the directors would have accumulated so much wealth that future shows would not have been in their line.

Joking aside, considering the buildings in the light of assets, nothing was lost by the exhibition and of this I am glad. We can't afford any such dampers upon first efforts.

I have the following note from O'Reilly: In the last issue of your paper, in the sporting column, was a paragraph in regard to Mr. George Tracey's not having entered against me in the competition for the Brown half-mile medal. I was very sorry to note the tone in which the paragraph was written, for I feel sure, had your sporting editor known the facts of the case, and known the man, he never would have published such an article.

When Messrs. M. S. Brown & Co. offered for competition the handsome jubilee medal, they put in the conditions a clause to the effect that no runner who had won a half-mile race previous to 1885 could compete. This was done to debar Mr. Tracey, who had just returned from New York, where he had won the half-mile race and the title of amateur champion of America, as it would not be right to expect maritime provinces amateurs to compete with him with a certainty of being defeated. Messrs. Brown & Co. further stipulated that this race was to be run in Halifax annually, and it was only to lend

additional interest to the games that it was put in this year's programme of the M. P. A. A. sports.

In addition to the Brown half-mile race, there was also a half-mile championship race, open to the world. For this event Mr. Tracey entered, and it is needless to say he won it, just as I believe he would have done no matter by whom opposed.

I think, Mr. Editor, such reflections as those in your paper, against a runner who has not been afraid to go to the world's championship meetings, and who has twice carried off the highest honors in his particular line, are unequalled for and unwarranted. I am also certain had you seen the race in which I competed you would not have described it in the manner you did.

For my part, I have nothing but kind words for the generous treatment accorded me by the officers of the Maritime Province Amateur Athletic association and the Halifax public.

Much ado about nothing, Mr. O'Reilly. If the conditions of the race had been published, the mistake would not have been made. If you do not get to your point quicker with your feet than you do with your pen, Mr. O'Reilly, you would not push anybody in a race.

JACK AND JILL.

THE TIPSTER'S BRIDE.

A Rhythmic Racing Romance.

She was a trainer's daughter and her name was Alice Grey.

Her father was a cute one in his neat and shady way. Her brother was a jockey who was proudly wont to tell,

He never "sought the crooked while the straight road paid as well."

This maiden loved a tipster—on the strict Q. T. you know—

For papa hated tipsters; on his boot toe out they'd go.

And brother declared that after he had killed a tout,

He'd willingly permit his vital flame to flicker out.

But Alice loved her Freddie—loved him wisely, loved him well,

And many stable secrets in his eager ear she'd tell,

And picked his "straights" and "places" and his "combines" with such skill

That soon fame's brazen trumpets with the "blue-un's" praise did fill.

Fred's patrons soon unable were to count their daily gains.

Each night some hapless bookie scattered round about his brains.

And railroad trains from miles around brought thousands in to view

A tipster who could winners tip. I'd go and so would you!

One night papa told brother dear: "Tomorrow I'll away

To skim the markets richest odds against old Peep O'Day.

We've pulled him till the talent thinks a drum he can't beat,

We'll cut him loose now and reward for all our patience meet."

Into his daughter's shell-like ear these words of warning fall,

For keyholes, you must know, have ears as well as any wall.

To Fred she flew, he sped the word, his patrons hammered Peep,

And when dear papa saw the odds, dear pa swore loud and deep.

He tore his hair, then tore for home, the game was changed that night.

'Twas fixed for the Old Boy to win, with pa's nag out of sight.

Which hurt his daughter's family pride; 'twould hurt yours, would it not?

To find your dear papa a most disreputable lot?

And all the moral principles in brother dear quite dead?

It hurt her. Though I must confess she sometimes thought of Fred,

'Twas love for Fred that moved her, too, to mix with brother's meal

Something that made that dear young man all over-ish to feel.

So much so that when time came round to don the colors gay

Ridiculously rocky felt the youthful Mr. Grey.

He couldn't rock. Poor papa drooped. He'd trust no jockey he knew,

For fear they'd "ride it out" on him as they've been known to do;

And when poor Alice said she'd "ride, and finish, too, in front,"

No answer deigned papa except a disapproving grunt.

At it she goes—o'er it she flies, the people cheer and whoop,

Then roar as Red Eye and Old Sport drop softly in the ditch they came.

And still like Tam O'Shanter rode the doughty little dame.

Her arms like pistons working and her spurs at every bound

Into old Peep O' Day's tough sides a good half inch are ground.

At it she goes—o'er it she flies, the people cheer and whoop,

Then roar as Red Eye and Old Sport drop softly in the ditch they came.

On, on like mad, o'er posts and rails; o'er the stone wall once more.

On, on they fly, that bright red cap still bobbing in the fore.

On, on into the pig-pen, here two more "skates" cry: "Enough,

And only two are left to fight the hard fight for the "stuf!"

On, on like mad! Down sits the Old Boy's jockey now to ride!

The whip cracks like a pistol 'gainst Old Peep O' Day's raw side!

They're head and head about the stretch! So 'neath the judges fly!

But Peep O' Day is first to catch the keen, judicial eye.

The people all, with loud acclaim, hoist Freddie in the air.

A thousand shoulders eager are this king of touts to bear.

Dear brother's grin grows ghastly; dear papa properly wild.

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth is an ungrateful child!"

Just then a roar! Down Freddie flops! The maid had left her horse

Without judicial license, and 'the judges had, of course,

To give the race to the Old Boy. Pa clasped his darling girl,

And breast hugged poor Freddie in his brain's ecstatic whirl.

She'd won so that unsunrched might stand her love's professional fame.

She'd lost so that financial wreck might not overwhelm pa's name.

She'd saved them both, and for reward, a fortnight from that day,

She ceased to be, as heretofore, the spinster, Alice Grey.

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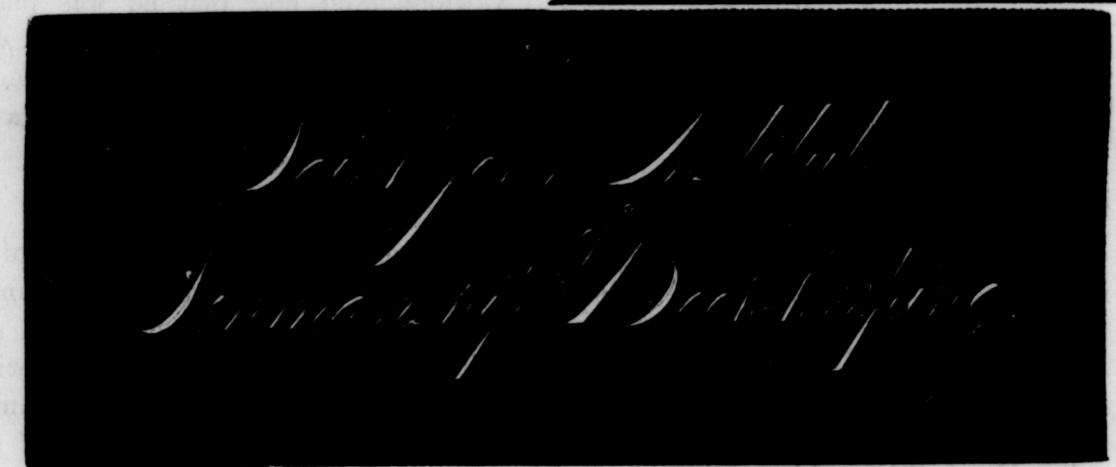
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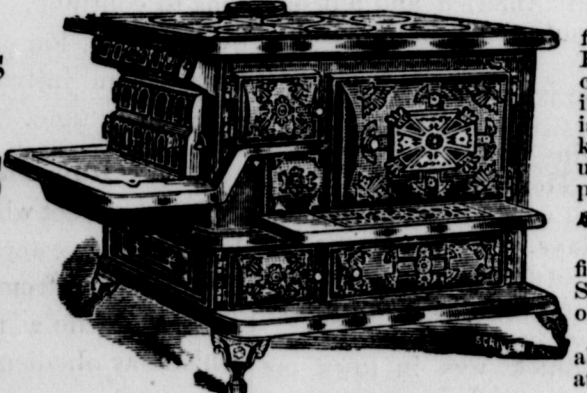
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