

CANINE FOUR HUNDRED

TO BE VIEWED BY McALLISTER'S AT THE COMING SHOW.

Dogs of the Bluest Blood will Compete for High Prizes in New York—Europe, America and Even Japan will be Represented in the Great Contest.

New York, Feb. 12.—One of Gotham's great society events is the Dog Show. This has invariably been held under the auspices of the Westminster Kennel club, and it has grown in importance year by year until now nearly all of New York's society leaders are seen there admiring the dogs and criticising each other.

The show will be held in the Madison Square Garden on the 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th of this month. The club has determined this year that the exhibition shall

last show, principally through the efforts of Mr. Louis Coutoit, the Irish Setter Club was reorganized. This lead to much talk, but the action is to come this present year. Mr. Coutoit and others will then bring forward their winners at the coming show and convince those who sneeringly talk of the work of the "gallant reds" in the field, that no pointers or setters of any other named color, or in fact any other dog whatever, can stand against their "Orishmen."

What will the Gordon setter men do then? They have suggested "Home Rule," "Parnell," "Kitty O'Shea" and other nice names as appropriate to the "gallant reds." But "Minstrel," "Eudora," "Shanmore," "Vida" and similar names have been given to the new aspirants, and under such will they be entered for the coming show. That the judges will give the blue ribbons to these, seems to be a certainty from their breeder's confident bearing when I visited his kennel not many miles from New York, and the pictures of

at the show is certain, just as the noble Hesper from the same kennel was always surrounded by an admiring group last season.

Another high-priced St. Bernard has come to these shores since the last New York show—the smooth coated dog Watch that cost \$1,700. He is a noble looking fellow, and will rival in the attention given to his more fashionable rough coated rivals.

The English bloodhounds will as usual attract attention, and the German dogs, or



SIR BEDIVERE.

Great Danes, will show up in force, despite the fact that the judge who gave much dissatisfaction last year will officiate on this occasion.

Newfoundlands have no encouragement, and they are treated badly by a club that should do something for this native breed, which has qualities entitling it to consideration. As a useful watch dog, an intelligent guard, an excellent water dog, and a grandly formed animal, none of his rivals can approach him. The club should take care. America for American dogs may be the signal for a departure in favor of the improvement of native stock, and a club which has made thousands of dollars out of the dog shows, should not be ready to dispense its favors upon the showy foreign animals.

The graceful and symmetrical Russian wolf hounds will gain fresh admirers. There have been many importations and a large class of these may be expected. They are very similar to the English greyhound and Scottish deerhound. Fox hounds, both English and American, come in for some attention, but it is when we come to the sporting class—the hunting dogs—that the awards become numerous and valuable.

Pointers for instance get \$25 and \$50 specials besides the \$20, \$10, \$5 and \$3 awards. English setters come in for similar chances besides silver medals in plenty. The red Irish setters, though, seem to be neglected in this regard, and the Gordons are very little better off.

When we come to the spaniels there is a change again, for the American Spaniel Club's cup worth \$100 is open for competition at this show. It will be remembered that a relative of Mrs. Grover Cleveland had a grand black dog called the Baron at the last New York show. He was a centre of attraction, and easily won the first prize, following it up with similar triumphs at Chicago, Rochester and Boston, winning this very cup at the two latter places. He has only to do this twice more and it belongs to his owner. Knowing this, a gentleman has sent to England for a dog to beat the Baron, and they meet at the coming show. Many who saw the Baron at the owner's residence at Lenox during the summer do not believe they have one in England to beat him.

The merry little cocker spaniels also



CHAMPION BEAUMONT.

have a cup, but the affair is less serious, for Americans do not fear English cracks in this variety. Collies will contest for cups, trophies, sweepstakes, futurity stakes and money in abundance. The renowned dog, "The Squire," will be at the show, besides many very superior American and Canadian bred specimens.

The French poodle will be there, but he is sadly neglected, and it is no wonder that the belles of New York decline to show their pets (and pay \$5 for the honor), to win the paltry \$10, \$5 and \$3 offered by the club.

British bull dogs will show up in full force. Many of the finest in England have come over since the last show. There is now a Bull Dog Club. Mr. E. S. Sheffield Porter judges again, and gives a Porter cup into the bargain. He is imitated by Mr. Matthews, Mr. Sawyer and Mr. Park. These bull dog men must be wealthy and enthusiastic, for there are cups and cups, besides the club's medals, and lots of



MR. I. H. ELLIS'S BULLDOG, PATHFINDER.

greater share of admiration if the prizes are fewer, for it is within the last few days that Sir Bedivere has been purchased from England at a price said to be \$6,500. When it was announced that Emmett, the actor, had given \$5,000 for the renowned Plinlimmon, the American public was surprised and inclined to be incredulous, but Sir Bedivere at \$6,500 is a bargain. It was



FIELD SPANIEL "THE BARRON."

American enterprise which secured him after \$8,000 had been offered and refused. This offer was made by a Scotchman, but this gentleman is bound for a foreign tour, and when the dog was for sale he was not a buyer, so Mr. E. B. Sears, of Melrose, Mass., dropped in and secured the prize. In England he won everything, and will undoubtedly renew his successful career in America. That he will form an attraction



Champion Engl Mastiff "Beaufort"



King Charles Spaniel "Royal Duke"



Scotch Collie "The Squire"



J. Van Selby "Minstrel"

surpass any previous event of the kind, and the encouragement offered to owners of valuable dogs includes so many unusual inducements that the honor and the special prizes are not the only inducements to be considered. Many of the dogs must come from distant States, and the money prizes rarely pay the expenses of transit, but the honor of a prize taken in New York is very attractive and there will be in Madison Square Garden this year greater and more notable assemblages of canine aristocracy than was ever seen before. Many of the finest dogs to be procured in England, Russia and Germany will be on exhibition side by side with the pride of American kennels, and may find themselves outranked in the contest, for the enterprise and skill of the American breeders have gone as far as it is possible, and at the New York show there will be specimens which cannot be surpassed.

There will not be many of the last field



ROSEMARY AND DUCHESS OF RIFLE.

trial winners at the coming show, not because a good many of the winners came from England, but from the fact that the dreaded distemper has carried off two or three of the most noted dogs, and others are only just recovering. There will be future winners on hand, though. Mr. Geo. Jarvis will have his brace of pointers, which he intends to run in the trials next



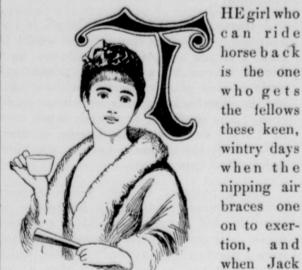
MRS. WELLESLEY AND THE SIBERIAN WOLFHOUND KRILITH.

year. "Lad" has already won first at New York, being successful in the puppy class last year. It is in the Irish setter ranks that more of "the coming" will be heard of. At the

GAY CARRIE CARELESS

A SUPPER GIVEN BY AN UP-TOWN RIDING CLASS.

The Simple, Unaffected Girl Who is to Marry John Jacob Astor—What the Sun God Would Have Seen if the Roofs of New York Houses Could Suddenly Have Been Lifted.



HE girl who can ride horse back is the one who gets the fellows these keen, wintry days when the nipping air braces one on to exertion, and when Jack Frost is so pretty in his glistening whiteness that he invites one to come out and be bitten. An up-town riding class gave a theatre party one night last week, with supper afterwards at a Fifth avenue restaurant.

Beautiful menu cards were furnished. On one side was the programme of the play, with the date and day of the week. Below in pretty script there was the legend "Supper at Tutti-Fruitti's." On the reverse of the card was the supper menu arranged within a horse shoe. The favors were riding whips of gold with a ruby set in the end.

Mr. Tutti-Fruitti did everything within the scope of his art to make the supper a riding one. There were saddle rocks, boot chops (lamb chops cut in the form of a boot) whipped cream, tongue sandwiches and beaver (so-called) steaks. The ices were in the form of top-boots, saddles, jockey hats and riding whips.

Among the most enthusiastic of New York riders is Miss Sally Hewitt, who goes in for one with all the dash and daring that one might expect of an athlete.

Equestrianism has almost fallen off in Washington where formerly riding parties thrived. But the many sad bereavements that have come to the heads of the administration have made festivities seem like hollow mockeries.

Miss Ava Willing who by her marriage with Mr. Jack Astor becomes the lady of the future head of the house of Astor is reported to be singularly unaffected in her manner and speech. She has the characteristic accent of the Quaker city and she has many of the pretty manners of the Quaker maidens. Despite the fact that she has made the most brilliant match of many seasons, she seems all unconscious of the greatness she has achieved and regards "Jack" as unaffectedly as if he were a portionless lawyer seeking his first brief, and she a humble little school teacher awaiting the fame, fortune and future of her hopes and desires.

Many of the Astor jewels are to be reset for the newest bride and all the favors of the house of Astor are laid at her feet. "On the other side" the engagement has created almost as much sensation as it did here, and the Queen, the leading society paper, devoted a whole paragraph to it, in the same column with royal announcements. Of course they are going to Europe after a brief sojourn at one of their country houses, and, of course, they will enjoy the royalty of being sumptuously entertained.

"God bless ladye and God bless groom." Is there anything quite as beautiful in all the world as lovely woman as we find her. What curves are hers! What delicacy of tint is upon her skin and what grace of outline is hers! Critics may sneer and



AT THE FRENCH BALL.

prudes hide their affronted faces, but where is the one who does not adore the simple sweetness of woman.

A lady should have beautifully white hands and no mistake. If the skin is naturally white, very little care is required to preserve it. A good soap, aided by a pinch or two of cracked oatmeal, may be used for a thorough cleansing twice a day; and, if needful to still further cleanse them, warm water—not hot—will do the necessary work. Once a week they should be rubbed front and back between the fingers and all, with a slice of lemon.

If these exquisitely white hands are inclined to chape, camphor ice may be applied at night and white gloves worn to increase the softening effect. The best camphor ice is a home-made preparation of pure white wax melted and stirred to the consistency of cream, with the addition of several drops of spirits of camphor. Holes should always be cut in the palms of the gloves to allow ventilation.

For distressingly red hands, equal parts of glycerine, lemon juice and rose water may be applied nightly under gloves. Daily applications of lemon juice are sure to produce a whitening effect. Tight sleeves and snugly fitting finger rings are a frequent source of red hands, and the only remedy for this is to remove the irritating cause. Smooth white hands may be difficult to acquire, but they are certainly within the reach of all who care for them

sufficiently to make the effort required to secure them.

This is the way she looks. The swagger winter girl who is now in our midst. She wears a heavy cloth Newmarket all aspect with big dots of overshoot work. On her head is one of those big sky scrapers which, the boys say, are an invention of the evil one, designed to keep a fellow half a rod from his best girl. From under its coquetish brim the lassie peeps cunningly and invitingly, yet demurely, at passers by. Around her neck is one of those great long feather boas that are the sport of the idle winds as the damsel promenades the favorite thoroughfares. Jaunty days, these! Are they not, when the girls wearing the girly little Carrie capes, and carrying parasols with Dresden handles dance past us, giving us stray glimpses of alluring ankles and bewitching boots.

Women are doing all things within the range of possibility to make themselves charming as to complexion. There is one extreme of treatment into which few women have been initiated. It is the daily sun bath. A Wall street man conceived the idea that his wife could be benefited in looks if she were exposed for two hours each day to the beneficent rays of the warm purifying sun. He accordingly had constructed on the south side of his mansion a room with many windows and a glass roof. Into this each day he persuaded his wife to go for a sunning, and history relates that the lady's skin grew fair, soft and lovely, and that it was acceptable in the eyes of her lord.

One vivacious evening my lord told the story to an interested crowd of listeners at the Union League club and fired their ambition to become the owners of woman so seductively sweet. For a time there was a perfect craze for building these sun bath rooms, and it is related that the price of glass went up until glaziers and carpenters were as scarce, as independent and as expensive as the most bowless of plumbers. When the glass rooms were completed and the ladies of the Four Hundred seated in them respectively, y gods and Little Fishes, what a sight would have been there if the roofs of the houses had suddenly been lifted off! New York would have been the



WHAT THE DICKEY BIRD SAYS.

fairest spot on all the earth. The sun would not have taken the time to blink his eye, nor would he ever have known to hide himself behind a cloud. It is said the finest glass room of all was built in the house of Mr. Henry Clews.

"We've both been there before Many a time, many a time."

sang the poet. Yet the poet knew, just as you and I know, that there are certain old stories that are ever new and which seem to become all the sweeter by much telling. If you've ever been in love you know all about it. You know the flushing and the rapture that were yours as lip to lip you told each other the self same story until the hours slipped by as seconds would, leaving a world yet unsaid. Next evening all must be told again in the same charming old way. Oh, its delightful to be in love and wide awake to all the pains and heart thrills, the bitters and the sweets of love life. The knowledge is fraught with pain, but it is well worth the sleepy, uninteresting innocence for which it is exchanged.

CARRIE CARELESS.

Something Worth Trying for! \$100.00 in Gold.

This is what "THE LADIES' BAZAR" will give to the person sending them the largest number of sentences constructed from words contained in the quotation: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do even so to them." Every week during the contest they will give a "Handsome Family Sewing Machine" valued at \$50.00, to the person sending them the largest number of sentences that week. If preferred they will give the winner a Solid Gold Watch instead of the Sewing Machine. Special prizes for Boys & Girls. They do not offer impossibilities. The above will be carried out to the letter. Everyone competing will have an equal chance. No dictionary required in this competition. Send 10c. for sample copy of "THE LADIES' BAZAR" and full instructions. "THE LADIES' BAZAR," 4 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.—A. apl8.

No Fault of His.

Mamma—"I'm afraid George's habits are not exactly what they should be." Gertie—"Why, how do you mean?" Mamma—"Well, he appears to be a trifle lax about his personal appearance, for one thing." Gertie—"Goodness! he appears personally three nights in a week; but I'll give him permission to come oftener, if you wish, mamma."—Puck.

Very Funny.

First Tramp—"Funny thing happened today." Second Tramp—"What was it?" First Tramp—"Lady gave me meat—told me to split wood—I told her I wouldn't do it—She called out a big bull dog." Second Tramp—"Call that funny?" First Tramp—"Yes, I thought I'd split."—Detroit Free Press.

Don't feel Well.

And yet you are not sick enough to consult a doctor, or you refrain from so doing for fear you will alarm yourself and friends—we will tell you just what you need. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will lift you out of that uncertain, uncomfortable, dangerous condition, into a state of good health, confidence and cheerfulness. You've no idea how potent this peculiar medicine is in cases like yours.—Adel.

BLIGHTED! A ROMANCE.

The Reason Why Sigismonda Charington Refused to Become a Bride.

"And why not?" "Tis evening. The flaming, tropical August sun has sunk below the distant purpling horizon, to the westward of the cotton-mill, and naught jars upon the solemn hush.

Standing 'neath a stately, ancestral apple-tree, near the gate post, is a young girl of seventeen years of age. Lithe and willowy, she stands there, tall and queenly, with her luxuriant ebony tresses flung loosely to the gleaming's breath, the bluish-red lips firmly joined, and a look of decision flashing from her erst dreamy eyes.

Some distance from this rare vision of sylphine beauty and baking powder purity is a stalwart and handsome youth whose blonde curls and flowing moustache are lightly tanned by the twilight breeze.

The distance, let us say, is three feet and a half.

Sigismonda Charington is the niece and only living relative of Sir Leslie Lashton, the wealthy old baronet (written "Bart"). Some fifteen years prior to the opening of our story, Sir Leslie had passed through the agonies of the regulation tilt, and had concluded—that marriage would indeed be a failure with the chances of a 10 per cent. compromise extremely fairly-like, and so had adopted Sigismonda, his infant niece, whose mother had died a few months before.

Lionel Denis was private secretary to the baronet, and also acted in the capacity of steward of Sir Leslie's estate. One day a Nova Scotia canvasser had invaded Lashton Grange in the absence of Sir Leslie and Lionel, and Sigismonda was helplessly at his mercy. The intruder was about to start in on volume IX. of the "Lives that Remind Us," in fifteen volumes, copyright edition, complete, with plates, when Lionel abruptly entered the mansion just as the heiress was on the point of swooning. It was a matter of but a few seconds to direct the canvasser to the nearest town, with the parting advice to put up at the Little Great Eastern Tavern.

Ever since the noble secretary had so gallantly rescued Sigismonda from the dark and eager maw of death by ordeal, they had been devoted lovers, and, now upon this beautiful evening in August, we find them standing 'neath the apple blossoms. Long had Lionel yearned to pour the story of his great, consuming love into her attentive ear, but as often had his heart failed him. It palpitated. In the village literary "circle" he could stand up, and in thunderous tones settle the Behring Sea embroglio, or talk for an hour or two concerning the mistakes and failings of Shakespeare's plays, but when with his sweetheart, and he thought that the important crisis had at last come, to stay, his tongue would suddenly swell up as large as an overtaxed clothes-bag, and refuse to work well, like a stylographic pen, the only reliable one in the market.

But upon this eventful evening Lionel had summoned up the necessary courage. Sigismonda heard him through, and then, with tears in her eyes, told him that, although she loved him, oh! so dearly, she could not go beyond a promise to be all his relatives to him.

"And why not?" As Lionel Denis asks this question a look of agony, intense and deep, sweeps over his countenance. The old-time merriment and cheeriness of the "rare old Used-to-be" have left him, and around his high collar there lingers no trace of laundry.

"Because," rejoins Sigismonda sadly, with a pathos impossible to express in the weak words of the English dictionary, "because I have heard," and here her voice becomes plaintively mournful in its sweetness, evidencing the terrible struggle of love vs. duty taking place within her virgin bosom, "I have heard—that you—you—have—taken—to—to—writing dialect poetry!" CASEY TAP.

The End.

The Detective Arrested Hundreds. "Is there any sign by which your missing wife may be identified?" asked the chief detective.

"I don't know, unless this: She always turns round when another woman with a new bonnet on passes her."—Ex.

From the Headboard of a Grave in Paraguay.

A tooth, and a grief, and a blessing, Disguised them and came this way, And one was a promise, and one was a doubt, And one was a rainy day.

And they met betimes with this maiden, And the promise it spake and died, And the doubt it gibbered and hugged itself, And the rainy day—she died. —James Whitcombe Riley.

MAIN KENNELS—WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB.