

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1891.

## WALES AT TATTERSALL'S.

HOW THE PRINCE IS RECEIVED IN THE FAMOUS HORSE MART.

Albert Edward is a Fine Judge of Horse Flesh—A Morning Scene at "Old Tat's" and a Visit to His Home Where he Talks About Himself and Family.

"Mornin', Tat."

"Good morning, Your Highness."

A fat, little, oily skinned man, with chubby face and bull neck, waddles into Albert Gate and puffs and pants like a steam engine. He is dressed in the height of fashion. From the tips of his varnished boots to the top of his shiny hat he is arrayed in the best that can be purchased. When he stepped languidly out of his carriage, puffing a Turkish cigarette, he did not strike me as a great man. He was alone and seemed too well pleased with himself to notice his fellowmen in the street. But when he spoke so familiarly to Mr. Edmund Tattersall, and that great



"MORNIN' TAT."

man lifted his hat, spoke in a meek and lowly voice, and assumed a stained glass attitude, it was evident, even to strangers, that the fat little man was of the salt of the earth—very salty.

It was no other than Albert Edward, Prince of Wales and heir to the throne. He had driven over early from Marlborough House, as he often does, to the most famous horse mart in the world, to inspect a fine lot of horses before the morning sale began. Edmund Tattersall, successor of the great Tat, had met him at the door, and he was escorted in and the doors were closed. Only a few other persons were present; the Duke of Portland, Master of the Horse; William Ashmead Bartlett Coutts, husband of the aged Baroness Burdette Coutts, the owner of a fine stud; the wealthy Duke of Westminster; Prince Albert Victor and a few others, whose privilege it is to bask in the occasional sunlight of royalty.

Grooms and stablemen are on the alert, for it is known that "The Prince" is present. Everything is spick and span. The horses have been rubbed until their coats shine like silk fresh from the loom. They hold their heads haughtily. They seem to know that this is a great day in their lives, for is not the prince to look at them, and perhaps a royal hand caressed in a soft gray kid glove, may do them the honor to stroke their manes, or pat their heads!

Old Tattersall is a proud man. He has grown an inch in height since the prince arrived, and now he heads the party about to see the horses. He carries a long whip in his hand, and as horse after horse is brought out by a groom he leads the prince forward, and they discuss the points of the animal. What a selection of horses! Dainty cobs, with dashing eyes, and silky mane; superb hackneys; fine saddlers with arched necks; heavy coupe horses, strong of limb and sure of foot; lithe limbed runners from the race tracks; splendidly matched trotters, cart horses, all pass before—a magnificent display of horse flesh. The prince talks freely. He may not know very much about the affairs of state, but even "Old Tat" can't tell him anything about a horse. He looks into their mouths



A TYPICAL GROUPE AT TAT'S.

with the air of a sage; feels their legs and examines their feet, as carefully as a veterinary surgeon. He praises or condemns. Whatever he says all present agree to. For no one would dare to contradict the prince.

An hour passes quickly. The royal visitor has seen all the horses. He turns languidly to leave. As he passes out the door, still puffing a cigarette, a score or more of loyal Britons lift their hats. He steps into his carriage and is driven to his club for luncheon.

Meantime, all the great doors of Tattersall's have been thrown open. A motley crowd quickly gathers. "Old Tat" is here, there and everywhere. And this is not easy. Men about town, grooms and touts surround him. He has bought and sold more horses than any man in the world.

To be on nodding terms with the old gentleman is to establish one's reputation as a man about town. To shake hands with him is an honor aspired to by many, but achieved only by a few; those who are not able to boast of the distinction, brag that they know somebody who can.

Tattersall's is one of the best known institutions in London. The doings at the famous horse dealing yard are chronicled as faithfully and as fully in the sporting papers

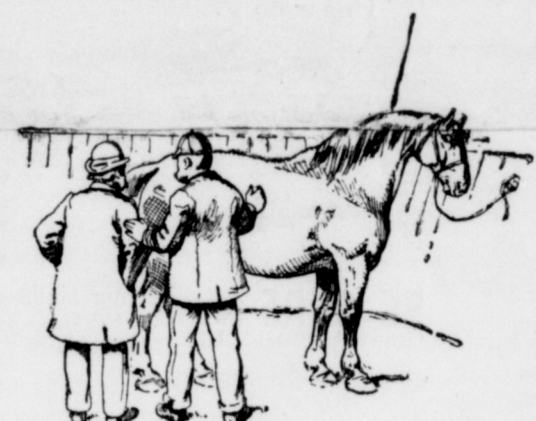
as the savings and utterances of Her Majesty's Faithful Commons are in the ordinary dailies. Mr. Tattersall's name is as well known in certain circles as that of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, and (among the lovers of horseflesh,) it is infinitely more respected.

Tattersall's is open to everybody who is decently dressed, and who doesn't look as if he had a habit of unbending other gentlemen of their watches. It is situated close to Hyde Park; right in the centre of the fashionable world in fact. During the day time there is generally a carriage stopping outside the gates.

There are three gates altogether—two little ones marked "Subscribers" and "Public" respectively, and a large one for horses and vehicles. Having threaded your way through a crowd of roughs that hang around the entrance from morning until night, you pass through the gate marked "Public." You find yourself in a small courtyard, on the right hand side of which are the "Offices." Anyone is allowed to stroll into the office, and appropriate a list of the horses to be disposed of that day. Having obtained your list, you merge into the courtyard again. In front of you is a large stone arch, telling you that Tattersall's was established in 1766, which leads into the main building—a large square hall, the floor of which is covered with tan bark. Round the walls run a gallery on which are stored carriages. Beneath this gallery are various doors leading to the stalls. In a corner is the auctioneer's rostrum. A bar running along about ten feet from the walls reserves a space wherein to show off each lot as he or she is brought forth.

The horses are tied loosely in their stalls. In the first stall entered a dashing swell was inspecting a handsome black mare. This is Bessy, Lot 31, warranted a good hunter and fencer. The swell, probably a Guardsman from Knightsbridge Barracks just over the way, is gorgeously attired. Emerging into the great hall, the visitor is nearly run over by an immense cart horse, with feet as large as dinner plates, which is being towed down the arena by a stable hand for the especial delectation of a couple of farmer-looking individuals. Horses are everywhere being put through their paces in the building. No sooner have you dodged the cart horse than you are nearly run over by a perspiring individual in a jockey cap, who is hanging on desperately to a halter, at the other end of which there is a bristly little pony, whom it is safe to put down in our mind as "Lot 34 Syren, a Bay Pony; good polo pony, fast and has played two seasons, quiet in harness."

There is quite a crowd in the place now. Swells and yokels, one or two parsons and one or two racing sharps, quick looking gentlemen, who are probably



THE CUSTOMER FROM THE COUNTRY.

country surgeons, and showily dressed individuals who may be anything from peers to pickpockets.

Leaving the main building and strolling into an alley at the back we come upon more stables. Horses are being exercised here too.

"Give him room," shouts an attendant at the other end of the alley, who is hanging in mid-air attached to the bridle of a fiery untamed Bucephalus, who looks decidedly wicked.

"Whoop!" Here they come, a vision of horse and man, the hoofs of the former and the boots of the latter being mixed up in a manner wonderful to behold. Stout old gentlemen retire into doorways with an agility and precipitance truly astonishing; young men run wildly into the great hall, and crawl frantically under the auctioneer's rostrum. Everybody has attained a harbor of refuge.

"Get out of the way," screams the attendant, with a profane addition, and in a moment horse and man have it all to themselves.

But now it is high noon. The sales are about to begin. "Old Tat" is in the rostrum. The crowd rushes tumultuously into the great hall, and a smart looking youth in a glossy silk hat, a large scarf with a pin in it and a small voice with a lisp in it, acts as auctioneer. Behind him is a clerk with a large red ledger. Out comes "Lot 1," a bay mare; quiet to ride and drive, good action and fast.

"Who bids thirty guineas?"

Profound silence.

"Twenty-five?"

Profound silence.

So on down the scale, until the silk hat, the large tie, and the gentleman contained in these articles, suddenly check altogether. "Ten guineas is bid. The attendant who is holding the horse cracks his whip, and Lot 1 gallops up and down the barred off space to the general admiration of visitors. Stimulated by the spectacle, the bids speedily mount up guinea by guinea, until the mare is knocked down for twenty of those coins.

And so the lots are sold off. There are 147 in all, not counting ten vehicles. "Old Tat" does not play at horse dealing. Business is rushed through in a hurry, and in a couple of hours the day's work is over. "Old Tat" jogs along to his home in a pretty phaeton. And the leading spirit of the most famous horse mart in the world has a famous and pretty home, too, and a good sound fortune, made out of horses, to keep it up.

It is Coleherne Court, an hour's journey from Albert Gate. It is a delightful place. Seen for the first time, the shops, the wooden pavement and the whirl of omnibus traffic savour only of the prosaic present; but the entrance to Coleherne Court on the opposite side of the way, takes you

back in the spirit to the quiet suburban retreat of which Pope sang "with pardonable enthusiasm."

There is a great deal to be seen at Coleherne, but it possesses no more charming feature than the trees under which you stroll, while you induce Mr. Tattersall to talk of himself and his ancestors. The Tattersalls of Hurstwood and Ridge were Lancashire squires as far back as the fourteenth century, and their ancient home is still to be seen. Richard Tattersall took refuge in Skipton Castle after the disaster on Mars Moor; and if his namesake and descendant a hundred years later did not actually join the Manchester regiment, he was sufficiently compromised to make it expedient for him to seek refuge in London. He had always preferred field sports to the drudgery of a counting house, and he eagerly accepted the post of Master of the horse to the Duke of Kingston. He soon made many powerful friends, and having secured the patronage of all the leading sportsmen of the day, he obtained from Lord Grosvenor a lease of the Five Fields for 99 years, and in 1766 commenced business as a seller of blood stock on fixed days at Hyde Park Corner. He married Miss Somerville, a granddaughter of the twelfth Lord Somerville and a relative of the author of The Chase. He built some rooms for the use of the Jockey club and gradually became the one great medium through whom the traffic in race horses and hounds was carried on in nearly every part of the world.

## SKOBELLEFF'S REVENGE.

How the Great Russian General Returned the Czar's Insult.

During the Russo-Turkish war, the day after the passage of the Danube had been made good, the emperor of Russia crossed the river to congratulate and thank his gallant soldiers. In front of the long, massive line formed on the slope below Sistova, awaiting the coming of the Great White Czar, stood Dragomiroff, Yelichine and Skobeleff—the three generals who had been the leaders of the successful attempt. Dragomiroff, the divisional commander, the emperor embraced and gave him the Cross of St. George; he shook hands warmly with Yelichine, the brigade commander, and gave him, too, a St. George to add to the decorations which this cheery little warrior had been gathering from boyhood in the Caucasus and Central Asia.

Then the emperor strode to where Skobeleff stood, and men watched the little scene with interest, for it was notorious that Skobeleff was in disfavor with his sovereign, and yet of him the camps were ringing with the story of his conduct on the previous morning. Would Alexander maintain his unbrave or would he make it manifest that it had been dispelled by Skobeleff's heroism? For at least a minute the Czar hesitated, as the two tall, proud soldierly men confronted each other, and could trace in their eyes the gleam of rivalry between disapproval and appreciation. It was soon over—and the wrong way for Skobeleff. The emperor frowned, turned short on his heel, and strode abruptly away, without a word or a gesture of greeting or recognition. A man of strong prejudices, he was not yet able to exercise from his mind the character of Skobeleff. That officer, for his part, flushed scarlet, then grew deadly pale, and seemed to conquer an impulse as he set his teeth hard and maintained his disciplined immobility.

It was a flagrant insult, in the very face of the army, and a gross injustice, but Skobeleff endured it in a proud silence that seemed to me very grand, nor did I ever hear him allude to the slur. The time soon came to that gallant and brilliant soldier when he could afford to be magnanimous. As the campaign progressed he distinguished himself again and again, so that his name became a synonym in the army for splendid daring as well as opportune skill. On the 3rd September, Skobeleff, after exploit on exploit, devised and led the storm on the Turkish position in Lotcha, and drove his adversaries out of that strong place. On the following night, at his own dinner table, in the Gorní Studen headquarters, the emperor stood up and bade his guests to honor with him the toast of "Skobeleff, the Hero of Lotcha!" It is not given to many men to earn a revenge so full and so grand as that.—Archibald Forbes, in the Nineteenth Century.

## A Rare Piece of Property.

Young Toddeley was a true-hearted and promising youth. He had graduated with honor at Yale, and was studying law with Mr. Lotter. It so happened that Toddeley became acquainted with a beautiful young lady, daughter of old Digby. He loved the fair maiden, and when he had reason to believe that his love was returned he asked Mr. Lotter to recommend him to the father, Lotter being on terms of close intimacy with the family. The lawyer agreed and performed his mission; but old Digby, who loved money, asked what property the young man had. Lotter said he did not know, but he would inquire. The next time he saw his young student he asked him if he had any property at all.

"Only health, strength and determination to work," replied the youth.

"Well," said the lawyer, who sincerely believed the student was in every way worthy, "let us see: What will you take for your right leg? I will give you twenty thousand dollars for it."

Of course Toddeley refused.

The next time the lawyer saw the young lady's father, he said:

"I have inquired about this young man's circumstances. He has no money in bank; but he owns a piece of property for which, to my certain knowledge, he has been offered, and has refused, twenty thousand dollars."

This led old Digby to consent to the marriage, which shortly afterward took place. In the end, he had reason to be proud of his son-in-law; though he was once heard to remark, touching that rare piece of property, upon the strength of which he had consented to the match:

"If it could not take wings, it was liable at any time to walk off!"

# THREE

# HUNDRED



# DOLLARS

# IN GOLD!

## ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN GOLD

Will be given to the first person in the Province of New Brunswick who hands in the names of one hundred New Yearly Subscribers.

## ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN GOLD

Will be given to the first person in the Province of Nova Scotia who hands in the names of one hundred New Yearly Subscribers.

## FIFTY DOLLARS IN GOLD

Will be given to the Newsdealer in New Brunswick who increases his regular order the most between now and March 1st, 1892.

## FIFTY DOLLARS IN GOLD

Will be given to the Newsdealer in Nova Scotia who increases his regular order the most between now and March 1st, 1892.

Further particulars and conditions of this great offer will be found on the fourth

EDWARD S. CARTER,

PUBLISHER.

## MEN WHO STEAL PATTERNS.

Some of the Means Employed in Appropriating New Ideas.

Strange stories are told in certain circles about the depths of meanness to which some business men descend, in order to plagiarise the designs of their rivals. In many trades it is considered as injudicious to put new patterns in a window as to send unprotected machinery and the like to an exhibition, because rivals copy them as boldly and unblushingly in the former case as foreign competitors and others notoriously do in the latter.

The theft of the new patterns is particularly common in the furniture trade, for which reason you rarely see anything novel in the windows of the shops concerned. It was found that unscrupulous men in the same line of business had sketches made of such designs and then reproduced the articles at a price lower, of course, than that of the original maker. Besides, designs are expensive, and wealthy customers will not look at an article when they know that some of their friends possess one of the same pattern.

These pilferers of other men's ideas, however, have now adopted fresh tactics. One of their dodges may be illustrated by a true story. A short time ago a lady and gentleman—apparently man and wife—walked into a house-furnishing shop and examined several patterns of different articles they said they required. Presently the lady asked to see something that was kept on the second story of the establishment. The shopman waiting on the couple conducted her upstairs, leaving the gentleman below. Soon, however, he popped down again to be quite certain about price or something of the sort, and caught the "husband" in the act of making a drawing of a chifonier. Quick curtain, as the dramatists say.

Just the same thing goes on in other trades, except that if the article is small and inexpensive, it is bought, instead of merely sketched. Should the rival not be able to undersell the original maker, he endeavors to "get at" one of the latter's workpeople, and so "cuts trade."

A case is known to the writer of a firm which had a monopoly in a certain article, and in vain did people in the same line of business attempt to compete with them, to say nothing of beating them. So one night a man who held a responsible position in the firm was "approached" by a plenipotentiary of a rival, and the upshot of the negotiations was that for \$500 the miserable wretch sold his employers, who in less than six months were practically out of the market.

From the Paris milliners all the world steals fashions. In August, a French newspaper tells us, the trying-on saloons of dressmaking establishments are filled with a polyglot crowd—Germans, English, Portuguese, Spaniards, Italians, and Americans—waiting to take back with them to their homes the latest novelties in

shape and design. Some of them stand with notebook and pencil in hand, sketching all the day. Others buy one of the models, take it to their own country, and then dishonestly label every dress they make from it with the name of the Paris firm.—From "Cassell's Saturday Journal."

## RAILWAY WHISTLES.

They All Mean Something Although One Might Not Think So.

The railway whistle, which to many seems only an indiscriminate maker of noise, a weapon which the engine-driver wields in sheer delight of torturing good folks' ears, is really a most carefully-arranged system of signals, by which the engine-driver and signalman are brought to an oral understanding when the train has come within a certain distance of the signal-box and signals are visible. Nothing is more specific than the directions in all working time-tables "that the whistle is not to be used unless when absolutely necessary." This is a common form of direction:

"The signalman at —, guided by the time-table, by indicators on engines, and verbally by the station officials, being in possession of information as to the trains for which points are to be put in position and signals cleared, drivers are not to sound the engine whistle more than is absolutely necessary—such as a short whistle before putting on steam when the starting signal is given, a whistle to warn anyone who may be on the line, or when instructed by any of the station officials to give any particular whistle as a signal to the signalman or otherwise; and it must be distinctly understood that no such thing as long and repeated whistling for signals to be taken off, or from any other motive, except in some extreme emergency, can be allowed."

When, therefore, we are inclined to fret at delay, as not infrequently happens, just when we have come within sight of the station at which we mean to leave the train, we may be sure there is good reason for it. The whistle is the great language between signalman and engine-driver; by it, more especially in the darkness, the driver can gently hint to the signalman the desirability of "moving on," etc., and though to the outsiders' ears railway whistles may sound very much the same, there could, indeed, be no greater error.

Railway whistles are varied, and each means something very different from the other. There are whistles and whistles. There are, for example, the long and the short whistles—carefully distinguished—and there is the cockcrow. Short whistles repeated twice are one signal; three times, another signal; and so of long whistles. By the combination of whistles, or the repetition of them, complete codes of signals have been elaborated for all the different stations.

Each station of any importance has its own code, its whistles apply even to the separate sidings and platforms.—Cassell's Magazine.

## WHEN THE LION HUNTS.

He Frowls in the Night But is Friendly in the Day Time.

The lion hunts entirely by night, at which time it is not safe for anyone in a lion neighborhood to stir out without firearms, for the lion, with the laziness which distinguishes him, will always prefer man-meat, caught at once, to antelope or zebra meat, for which he will have the trouble of looking. In the daytime he spends most of his time in sleeping off his bloody carouse, and until nightfall is always very unwilling to be disturbed, and, unless molested, hardly at all dangerous, except in the breeding season. This seems curious, as, from the ferocity of the animal when he is attacked, or when he is catering for himself by night, it savors of the marvellous to talk of such a savage being harmless under any circumstances.

But there can be no doubt about the fact he seems to object to expose his actions, not only to the light of day, but also to that of the moon.

For this we have the testimony of Livingston, whose loss Englishmen have not yet ceased to deplore: "By day there is not, as a rule, the smallest danger of lions which are not molested attacking man, nor even on a clear moonlight night, except they possess a breeding storge (natural affection). This makes them brave almost any danger. And, if a man happens to cross to the windward of them, both lion and lioness will rush at him, in the manner of a bitch with whelps."

"This does not often happen, as I only became aware of two or three instances of it. In one case a man, passing when the wind blew from him to the animals, was bitten before he could climb a tree. And occasionally a man on horseback has been caught by the leg under the same circumstances."

"So general, however, is the sense of security on moonlight nights, that we seldom tied up our oxen, but let them lie loose by the wagons, while on a dark, rainy night, if a lion is in the neighborhood, he is almost sure to venture to kill an ox."—Cassell's Natural History.

## How to Get Rid of Wrinkles.

Heroic treatment for wrinkles is threatened. It is said of a German surgeon in Japan that he found by pinching up a little plait of skin below the outer corner of the eyelid of his slant-eyed subjects the lids could be drawn down to the proper level and made to open more widely. Then he cut out this little patch and joined the edges by a couple of stitches and covered the slight wound with sticking plaster. It healed, leaving no scar. Everything desired of the operation had been attained. If by pinching up the skin about a wrinkle and cutting out a little patch fifty years can be made to look like forty, and sixty years can be rolled back to fifty, there will be plenty of heroines ready to undergo the ordeal.