#### DREAMERS OF THE TURF. RACING MEN AS A RULE ARE PRONE TO SUPERSTITION.

Stories of Dreamers Who Knew Their Business and Won Money-The Very Latest Dreamer Saw the American Sprinter Stonenell Win.

Turfmen and those who follow the turf are full of superstitions. It does not matter how intelligent the man may be on other subjects, he is in the main a dreamer and a believer in luck, so far as the great sport of racing is concerned, and it would be time thrown away to undertake to convince him or one of his kind that there is nothing but a disordered stomach behind a dream, and that luck is something for the urchin who plays pitch and toss to talk about-to curse when he loses and to smile when he wins, and that it should have no place in the heart of the man who lives by the cleverness with which he places his horses and

There are many reasons why turfmen are fraught with superstition. The very atmosphere of the race course is charged with it opporutnity and judgment frequently being confounded with luck in such a way that brains, the medium of success in this as in any other pursuit in life, are entirely of high quality and had been well manipuforgotten. The jockey who blunders in a race; is not as quick as his tellows to take advantages during the contest; becomes mentally betogged in the face of some great crisis, would have won but for his "bad luck." The trainer who thinks his horse is not quite up to the race and lets him run unbacked the first time out in the spring, and is chagrined when he wins at long odds, is also in "bad luck" in his own opinion. So is the bettor who is always looking for a job in every race, and who lets suspicion of a jockev's honest influence him from betting on the best horse; and so the owner, oftentimes rich and influential, who should be above the petty jobbery of the lowest scum of the race track, when he runs a horse several times in order to influence the betting, and who finds his horse a cripple or unable to win when the money is down. The turf is tull of such hard-luck stories. Common honesty, and hard luck are never bedfellows, either on or off the turf. But the woof of superstition is firmly interwoven with the warp of of the turt, and for the benefit of those who believe in dreams the following stories are

"I had a dream last night," said a wellknown horseman sitting in the smoking room of the Shoreham Hotel at Washington one evening last week. "That Stonenell had won the Kempton Park Jubilee Stakes in England; in fact he won it easily, and there was no horse near him at the finish. There's a tip for you, for as a dreamer I am a success. You all remember Castaway II.'s Brooklyn Handicap, don't you? Four or five nights before the Brooklyn Handicap was run I saw the race in my dreams and had firmly made up my mind to bet a large sum on the tour-year-old; but I had seen him run on a heavy track at Elizabeth only the week before, and he couldr't get out of his own way in the sticky footing. It rained the night before the big race at Gravesend, and when I saw the track I laughed at myse f and my dreams. Ah me, the money I could have won! The mud was thin and flew like so much water from beneath the horse's feet, and the hard bottom gave a toothold as secure as any horse could desire. Castaway II. simply smothered that field, and I've not got over it since. But if I don't have a \$15,000 scake, why, it will be because they won't change American dollars into British pounds."

This started a discussion of dreams in connection with horse races, and several good stories were told. A newspaper man told how the wite of a fellow writer had brought a twenty-dollar bill to his house long before he had risen, and confiding it to his wife left instructions to place the money on a colt called Harved for the Lawn-view Handicap at Gravesend. The newspaper man, over his breaktast, scoffed at the chan es of Harved beating such highclass horses as Richmond and Favor, and wanted to leave the money at home in trust for the wife of his friend. Yielding, however, to the earnest arguments advanced as to the condition of affairs there would be if this horse really won and there was a large sum of money to make good, the twenty-dollar bill was taken to Gravesend. When the time came for the Lawn-view Handicap, the fourth race on the card, to be decided, a visit was made to the betting ring. The plungers were on Richmond to a man, and with McLaughlan in the saddle it seemed to be sheer madness to bet on any of the others that sported silk in the same race, for the Dwyer Brothers' champion was at that time in the zenith or his powers. Harved was a three year-old for his own." owned by a Broadway merchant, and he had but shortly risen from obscurity, having run only one or two races in moderate company, and his chances were so poorly thought of that 60 to 1 was a common quotation in the betting ring. The newspaper man fingered the \$20 bill irresolutely, being confident that it was like throwing so much are tea drunkards, and that tea ranks money in the fire to place it on the threeyear-old. He was placing the money in his pocket again with the intention of returning it to its fair owner, and giving at nightmare, nausea, h llucination, depresthe same time, some good advice for gov- sion of spirits and sometimes suicidal imernment on other ventures in speculation, when Charles Reed, the veteran sportsman, came along. "Hello, youngster! What are you on?"

was his cheery salute. "Nothing." was the reply, and then came then came the story of the commis-

sion of \$20 on Harved. Grasping the newspaper man by the arm,

Mr. Reed said:

commission put the money down, if it's on

a red ox to beat a railway train. The money was placed at 60 to 1, and the ticket calling for \$1,220 was carefully tolded and placed in an inside pocket. At flag fall Harved, to the utter astonishment of the throng, shot to the front and opened up such a gap that McLaughlan had to go to the whip on Richmond a half mile from the finish. Young Ossler, at that time a white-haired midget, but a jockey of great promise for his years, had the mount on Harved, and so well did he stall off Richmond's rush in the bomestretch that the

three-year-old won by a head. No man who has not been there can imagine the teelings of the commissioner as he watched the race, and realized how nearly he had been to making a great mistake. The woman received her winnings, and as she tossed the heap of greenbacks about in her lap, smiled and said:

"I knew Harved would win. for I dreamed that he won, and that's why I bet on

It was known that the woman did not frequent the race track, and she was asked how she knew there was any snch horse. She did not know, and had only known there was such a thoroughbred by the shouts heard in dreamland of "Harved wins." She had consulted the morning paper and, seeing the name had rushed pell-mell to her triends to place the money. There are a few rings and some china in that house to-day that were bought with the money won on Harved. The horse was lated, but he died-was poisoned, some persons said, at Brighton Beach a month

"I can tell a tale quite as remarkable," said a young Westerner who had left the tarm for the race track. "When I came to New York in the eighties I knew comparatively little about your horses. I had saved up some money, and, being fond of horses, naturally wanted to see some sport where there would be an opportunity to see the best horses that the country could boast of, and I laid my plans to visit the best race tracks in the East. The first three or four days of my stay in New York I devoted to sightseeing. Then my thoughts turned to the races, and I made inquiries at the hotel and was told that Monmouth Park was the place to see what I was after That night I saw a race course that was entirely new to me; I saw the faces of strange persons, thousands of them, and I saw horses, with jockeys in bright jackets of silk and satin, gallop past the long low grand stand. I heard the applause and remembered with what breathless interest I watched them striving for the advantage at the start. Then the murmur of the throng as they noted the positions of the horses during the contest. At the head of the homestretch I saw two bay horses shoot away from the others and charge valiantly down the straight, running shoulder to shoulder and flank to flank. Each of the jockeys was doing his best work to win, and the crowd was shouting as though possessed.

" Rupert wins!" ". No. Daloolah wins!" "The finish w s terrific, and while the shouting was the londest I awoke. The next day I went to Monmouth Park-then the old track-a d recognized the scene of my dream. I looked at my programme. and in the tourth race found carded James Murphy's bay mare Diloolah, by Long-fellow, out of Sylph. and the Preakness Stable's bay gelding Rupert, by Falsetto, out of Marguerite, and I determined to bet on the race. Now, I awoke before the finish, and couldn't tell which one had really won, but as both were at a good price for the place, I played them for the place. The race was the counterpart of my dream, and I think it was a dead heat; but, at any rate, I won both my bets."

As the Westerner concluded Jack White opened his eyes languidly and sleepily said: "Say, where does this crowd smoke?"

### Well Tainted.

Catherine the Great was always on the look-out for a chance to make improvements. One day, in crossing a bridge at Tsarsko-Celo, she noticed that the halfbet on Stonenell for the Kempton Park dozen wooden images of baboons upon pedestals, which ornamented it, were weather-worn. "The baboons must be repainted," she said. The next day a painter was set at work upon the baboons. and every year afterward while the empress lived she gave orders to have them repainted. At her death, it has become an established annual custom. To-day the poor baboons, covered two inches thick with more than a hundred coats of cobalt or vermi ion paint, have no resemblance to anything but ungainly blocks of wood.

### Clearer Proof.

Sir John Burgoyne used to wear a shabby old hat, much to Lady Burgoyne's disgust One day a workman, who was doing some repairs in the house, took away Sir John's hat in mistake for his own; but on discovering his mistake a short time aftewards, he brought back the chapeau. Lady Burgoyne thought this was almost excellent opportunity of admonishing her husband as to his carelessness in the matter of dress' and began to deliver a lecture on the subject.

"My dear," she said, "you ought really to be more attentive to your dress. Just think what a shocking bad hat it must have been for a workman to take away in mistake

"Hold!" interrupted Sir John, " a much better proof of that is his bringing it back!"

### Tipsy!From|Tea.

A New York doctor declares that of the patients applying to the dispensary with which he is connected fully 10 per cent. as an intoxicant only second to alcohol. These patients suffer from vertigo, headach, insom ia, palpitation of the heart, pulses. He thinks that this evil may be g:eatly lessoned if only freshly steeped tea

#### be drunk. For Treaty Purposes Only.

In making treaties with China, each fcreign country has chosen its own name. England is Ying Kwo, the flourishing country; France is Fa Kwo, the law-abiding country; the United States, Mei Kwo, the "When you are as old as old Reed beautiful country; Germany, Je Kwo, the you'll know better. Come on, and we'll virtuous country; Italy, I Kwo, the country bet that twenty at the longest odds. When of justice; Japan is Ji Kwo, the land of yon get a commission-don't take 'em if the sun, but prefers to be called Ji Pen, you can get out of it -but when you get a the land of the rising sun.

#### THE BARBER'S STORY.

LONG HOURS AND CONSTANT STAND-ING BROUGHT ON KID-NEY TROUBLE.

Forced to Quit Work and Feared That He Have to Orop his Trade-How He at Last Found a Cure.

(From he Stratford Beacon.) Among the residents of Stratford there probably none better known or more highly respected than Mr. Jamas E. Smith, the Untario street tonsorial artist. Mr. Smith is also well known in Toronto. in which city he worked for several years in a Young street barber shop. To a reporter of the Beacon, who is a customer of his, the affable barber recently told of his recovery from a late very severe illness. He had, he said, for some years been afflicted with a weak back, so much so that at times if he stooped ne could not regain an upright position unassist d. and as for lifting anything, that was out of the question. "For years," to use Mr. Smith's own words, "I could not carry a scuttleful of coal." He had, so the physican whom he consulted told him, disease of the kidneys, but they failed to cure him. He grew weak at leng h and rapidly lost flesh. Quite frequently he would be obliged to give up work for a week and take to his ped. He lost his appetite, was pale and so unnerved that he could not possibly hope to continue longer at his trade. "Customers of the barber shop," he remarked, "do no care to be shaved by a man whose hand tremb'es." He had been in bed for some time undergoing treatment when one morning his wife said to him, "Jim, I've got a new medicine I want you to try." It was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she had. He objected to more medicine, as invalids will do, but at length, as sen ible men usually are, he was guided by his wife. "But mind you" he said, "I had no faith in the pills; I on'y took them to please my wife." It was fortunate he did so, for he was soon had been years. Within two months after beginning to take Pink Pills he felt like a new man and had gained over twenty pounds in weight. There is certainly no healthi r looking man in the city to-day than Mr. Smith. Since his restoration to health by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he has recommended the remedy to many of his friends and has yet to hear of a case where the remedy faithfully tried was founding want-In cases like that of Mr. Smith, Pink Pills furnish a speedy and effective cure, as indeed they do in all cases dependent upon a poor or watery condition of the blood or impaired nervous forces. Dr, Wil iams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

USEFUL TO EVERYBODY. A Few Simple Facts About Weights and

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at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by

addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.,

Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

Uuder no circumstances are the genuine

Pink Pills sold in bulk, but only in boxes.

the wrapper around which is printed in red

ink and bears the full trade mark, "Dr.

Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Pills

offered in any other form, no matter what

color, are worthless imitations.

Here is a practical arithmetic lesson, usetul to everybody, which should be taught

Convenient for sick and well and domestic purposes. It a dose of medicine for a man is sixty grains, then a one-year-old requires 5; 2 years, 8; 3 years, 10; 4 years, do the greatest amount of manual labor, but 15; 7 years, 20; 14 years, 30; 20 years, they are found ranking first as prize-

two ounces, a wine glass; four ounces, a teacup or gill, or quarter of a pint; sixteen

ounces, one pint. A French metre or measure of length is in round rumbers thirty-nine inches; the livre, the measure of capacity in cubic inches, 61. The gramme, the measure of weight, is 161/2 Troy grains. The kilogramme is two pounds.

broad, and two and a quarter inches deep, nolds one quart; if four by tour, and four Chase's Ointment. To my wonder and and one-eighth inches deep, it holds halt a surprise, I got relief from the second gallon; if 8 by 81/2 and eight inches deep, it application. I firmly believe one box is holds one bushel; if 24 by 16 and 22 inches deep, it holds one barrel. A convenient no matter of how long duration. I would half-bushel box is one foot square, and not be without it for ten times its cost. In seven and a half inches high. As 21501/2 vounteering this testimony and my concent. cubic mehes make a cubic foot, any three for the manufactures of Chase's Ointment dimensions of a box multiplied together to use as they wish, it is that like sufferers and making 2150% inches measures a cubic may know they can be cured." foot. A box a toot square and nearly fiteen inches deep (14 984-1000) holds one bushel. The solid contents of a bin, multiplied by four and divided by five, gives the number of bushels contained. A bushel lacks ten cubic inches, or one-third ot a gill, of being one and a half cubic feet.

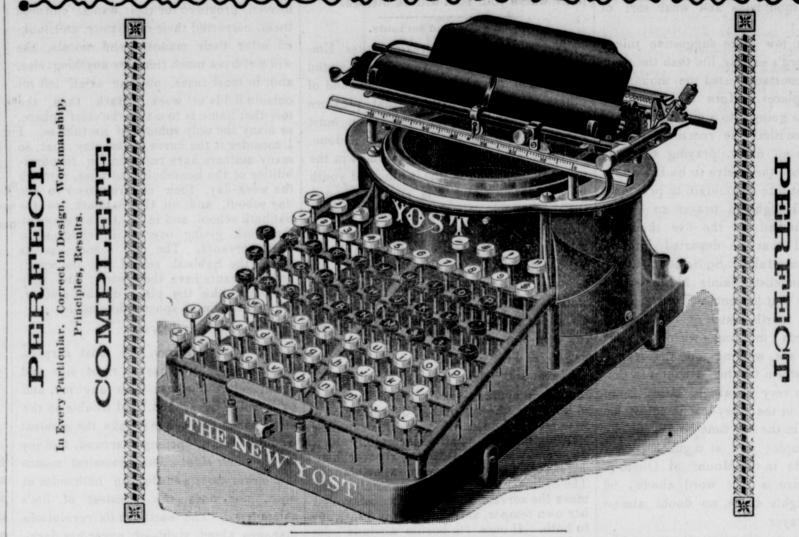
### The Origin of Champagne.

This was the origin of "Fizz." The pioneer maker of champagne was a monk, Dom Perigon cellerar at the Abbey of Hautvillers, near Epernay, who about the most trusted adviser? A.T.8 year 1670, bega to make experiments in bottling the wine of the district, while in | Hung Chang.

### THE

# NUMBER 4

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its second state of fermentation. He soon found that the corks made of greased hemp, which were then in general use. were ill suited to his purpose, and he substituted the bark of that species of oak now known as the cork tree in England and the chene liege in France. By tying his corks down he succeeded in imprisoning the carbonic acid gas which is the cause of effervescence, except when it was strong enough to burst the bottle. Subsequently M. Francois discovered a means to ascering the exact quanity of sugar to secure sufficient fermentation of the wine in bottle to render it sparkling, and not so much as to burst the bottle.

### **ORGANIZATION OF FARMERS** A FEATURE OF THE DAY. James Rogers Speaks Ea -

The development of Farmers' Institutes and other means of education on successful practical farming has proven beyond a doubt that the present day farmer requires to be a student of his work. The most successful ones are not as a rule those who winners for all agricul ural products. Sixty drops make one teaspoonful, or James Rogers, a resident of Tilsonburg, one dram; four teaspoonfuls make one Ox'ord Co., Ont., for 45 years, has taken tablespoon; two tablespoons, an ounce; numerous first prizes during the year. A successful, reliable man, his statement will

be of interest to many. "I have suffered for seven or eight years with Itching Piles; the torture and agony I cannot here find words to describe Night after night I was kept awake with the p inful itching. I tried all the physicians and every known remedy, all to no account, not even relief. In talking over my curious A box four inches long, four inches trouble with Mr. Charles Thomson, onr well known druggist, he recommended sufficient to cure any case of Itching Pi es,

### "Big Foot Land."

Patagonia was so named by Magellan from a Spanish word signifying "big foot." He formed his impression of the natives before seeing them by noticing the size imprints of their feet in the sand.

### A Modern Instance.

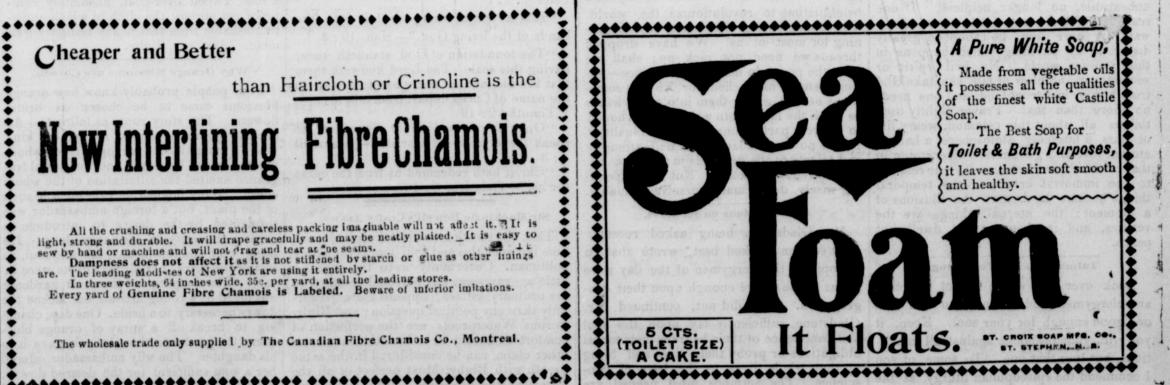
Sunday school superintendent-Now, who was it that was despoiled by his brethern of his raiment and afterward became the king's Johnny (who reads, the papers)-Li

### The. Black Feet...

### After all is Said and Done

there's no better Shoe made than the lack leather Shoe. It retains the oil better, it can be shined when it gets old, and will look repectable even in its antiquity. But some folks won't wear black shoes. They are botter in summer they say. Tan Shoes are fashionable-that's in their favor. Canadians make better Russia Tan, than black Calfskin-that means economy in the cost. All of the Slater \$3.00 Shoes are made of Black American Wax Calfskin and Russian Tan Canadian Calfskin. Every pair made on the most modern las s. Warranted to fit and wear as well as the best \$5.00 Shoe in the market. Ask your Shoe man for The Slater \$3.00 Shoe for men. If he hasn't got them, write us.

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Cheaper and Better

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All the crushing and creasing and careless packing imaginable will not affect it. It is light, strong and durable. It will drape gracefully and may be neatly plained. It is easy to sew by hand or machine and will not drag and tear at the seams.

Dampness does not affect it as it is not stiffened by starch or glue as other imings are. The leading Modistes of New York are using it entirely.

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