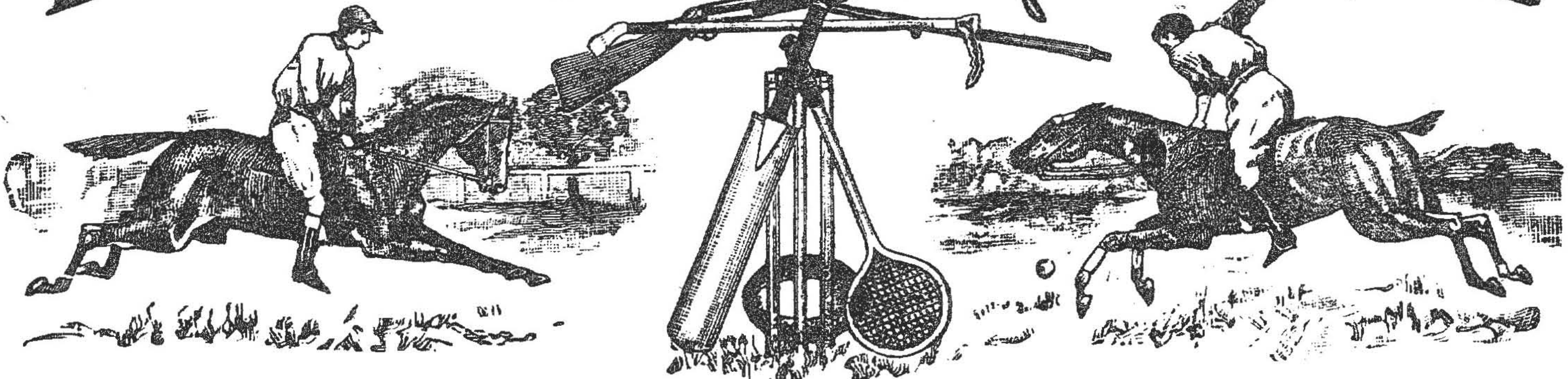


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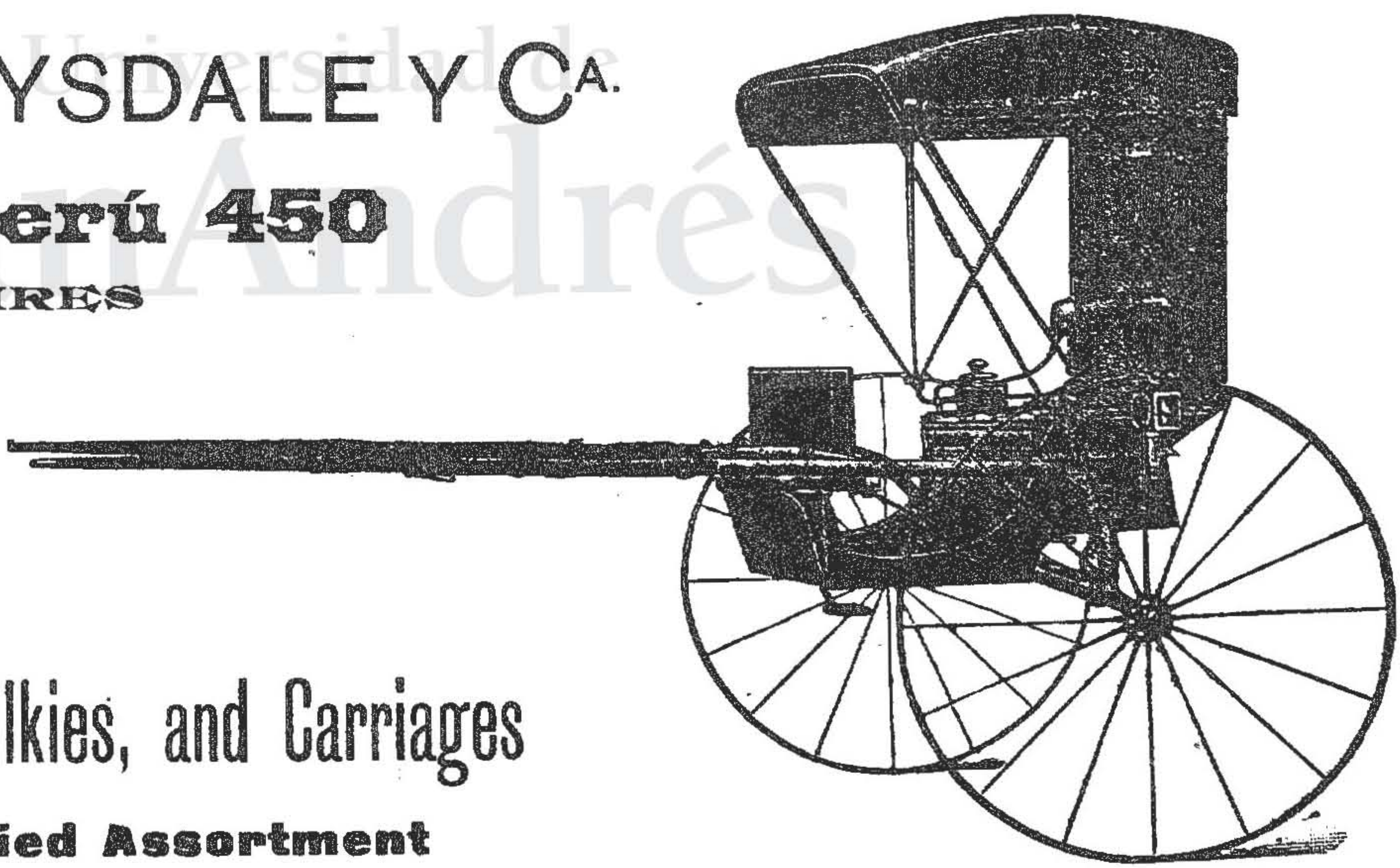
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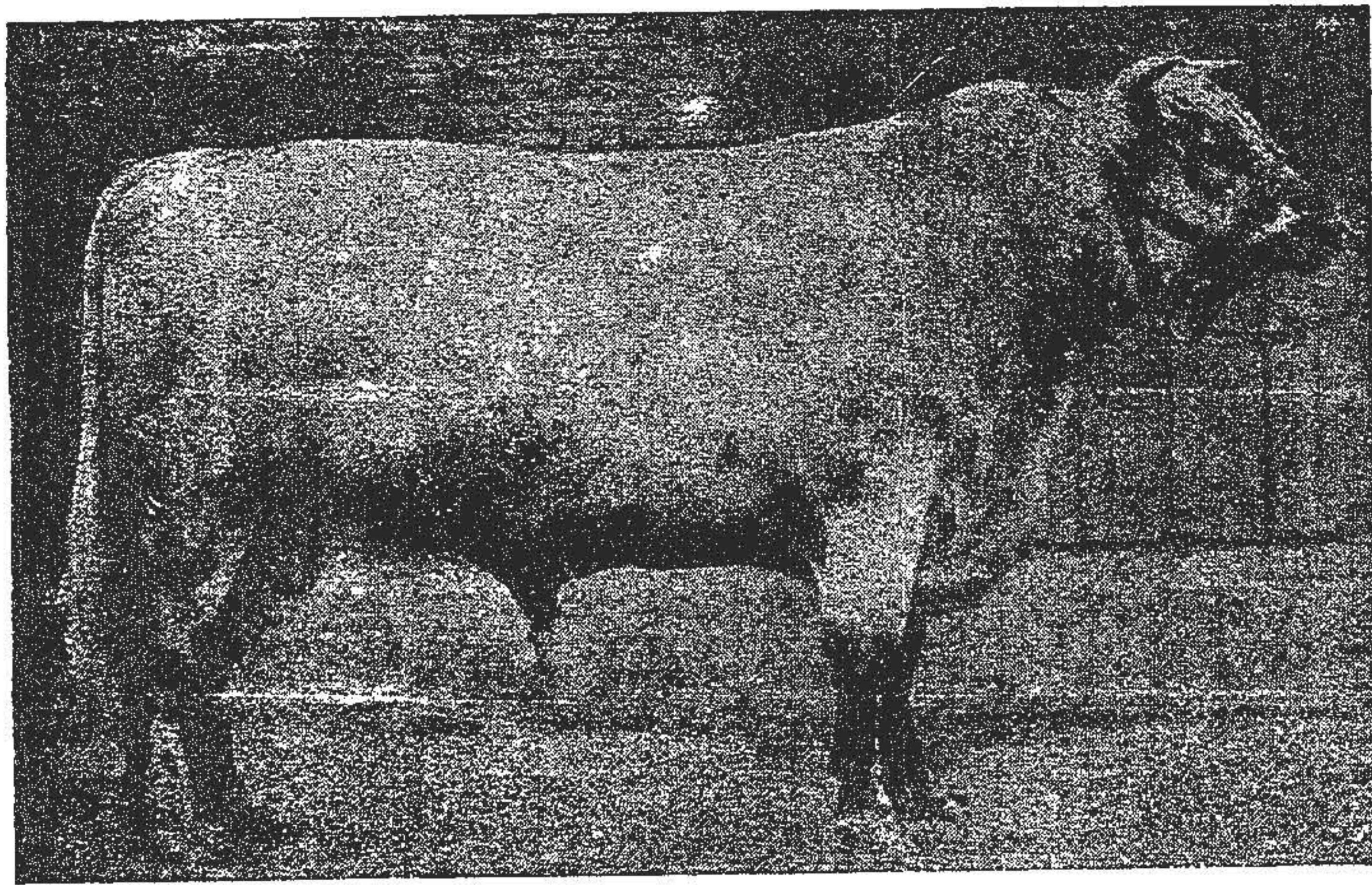
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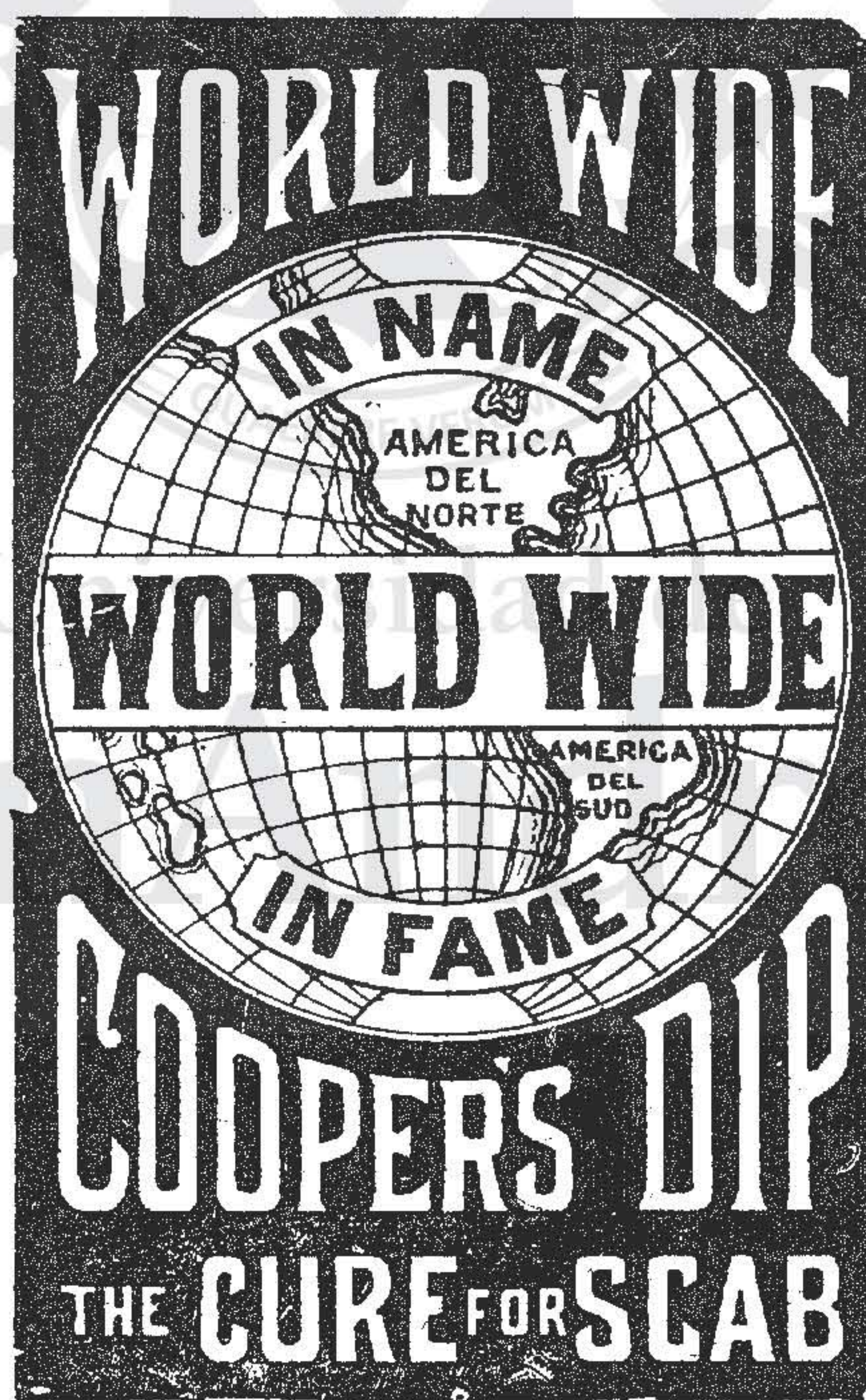
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# River Plate Sport and Pastime

BUENOS AIRES, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1900.

## GOLF.

### RIVADAVIA GOLF LINKS. RIGBY SHIELD.

The finals for the Rigby Shield were played last Thursday on the above links, W. Higgins proving an easy winner with four capital rounds. The following were the results:

	1st round	2nd round	3rd round	4th round	Gross score	Handicap	Nett total
W. Higgins..	45	50	48	46	189	-4	185
W. Miller ..	65	52	53	55	225	-8	217
W. Agar ..	49	54	60	63	226	scr	226

### NORTH v. SOUTH.

The above important match was played at Rivadavia on Sunday last. Unfortunately rain began to fall very early on Saturday morning and continued throughout the whole day, at times pouring, and only ceased late in the evening. As all the Northerners had come down, however, it was decided to play the match wet or dry, and accordingly the game came off. Whether it was the fault of the weather or of the one responsible for the getting up of the South team we cannot say, but certain it is that the South were but poorly represented, when one considers the team they *might*, with a little trouble, have placed in the field. This being so it is hardly surprising that the North won, and the victory was a well-deserved one. They were all keen on the match and realised the importance of it. The links were, of course, wet and very muddy, but the afternoon was nice and bright. The following are the scores:

North		SINGLES		South	
Holes		Holes		Holes	
G. W. Hamill..	6	W. Higgins ..	0	A. A. Adamson ..	0
T. G. Ferguson ..	2	V. G. G. Scroggie ..	2	T. G. Ferguson ..	2
J. A. H. Beaumont ..	0	W. Agar ..	0	J. A. H. Beaumont ..	0
T. Lees ..	0	H. Beckett ..	1	T. Lees ..	0
A. K. Green ..	0	J. Marjoribanks ..	1	A. K. Green ..	0
C. Eden ..	0	Dr. Petty ..	2	C. Eden ..	0
Gordon Brown ..	0	P. L. G. Bridger ..	2	Gordon Brown ..	0
M. C. Hotham ..	2	A. Macdonald ..	0	M. C. Hotham ..	2
H. Weston ..	0	A. Mohr Bell ..	0	H. Weston ..	0
R. E. Miles ..	0	W. Miller ..	6	R. E. Miles ..	0
G. Robb ..	0	M. G. Fortune ..	2	G. Robb ..	0
M. Graham ..	8	F. H. Benn ..	3	M. Graham ..	8
J. R. Garrod ..	5	F. Brookhouse ..	0	J. R. Garrod ..	5
		H. McMaster ..	0		
Total ..	23	Total ..	19	Total ..	23

North		FOURSOMES		South	
Holes		Holes		Holes	
Hamill and Adamson	5	Higgins and Scroggie	0	Hamill and Adamson	5
Ferguson and Beaumont	0	W. Agar and Beckett	2	Ferguson and Beaumont	0
Lees and Hotham ..	0	Marjoribanks and Mohr	6	Lees and Hotham ..	0
		Bell ..	6		
Green and Brown ..	0	Dr. Petty and Macdonald	3	Green and Brown ..	0
Robb and Weston ..	3	Benn and Miller ..	0	Robb and Weston ..	3
Graham and Garrod	1	Brookhouse & McMaster	0	Graham and Garrod	1
Miles and Eden ..	1	Fortune and Bridger	0	Miles and Eden ..	1
Total ..	10	Total ..	11	Total ..	10

Total result:  
 North .. 33 holes 9 matches,  
 South .. 30 " 11 "

Last year saw the beginning of a campaign in New York against golf playing on Sunday, but it fizzled out without making much impression on unregenerate golfers. This year the crusade has begun with what looks like an organised attack by the clergy, who have enlisted the aid of the "Woman's Sabbath Alliance." Pulpit denunciation notwithstanding the game goes on, and unless the more

vigorous among the sabbatarians realise their idea of putting down Sunday golf by legislation, they are likely to find themselves obliged to bear with the sins of their neighbours. They have well meaning people at home, whose zeal in such matters outruns their discretion, but during the last twenty years, in England and Ireland at all events, rigorous Sunday observation on puritan lines has greatly relaxed and much to the public advantage. A few of the more robust clergy afflicted with sound common sense and knowledge of their kind have encouraged Sunday afternoon cricket and other healthy games, thereby decreasing the ranks of loafers, who are otherwise prone to graduate as poachers, or get into other mischief. Sunday golf in England is a regular institution; we believe that that most go ahead of social clubs, the Ranelagh, opens its golf "course" (the artificiality of so many grounds justifies the use of the word in place of "links") on Sunday, and the number of players is large. Of all pastimes golf would appear to be the one least open to hostile criticism by "Sunday observance" people; but there are some minds so curiously constituted that the enjoyment of others on six days is reprehensible and on the seventh criminal.

## ATHLETICS.

### ROSARIO ATHLETIC CLUB. POSTPONEMENT OF ANNUAL SPORTS.

In consequence of the heavy rain which fell on Wednesday, 29th ult., the Rosario Athletic Club were obliged to postpone their annual sports, which should have been held on Thursday last. They will now take place on Saturday next the 8th inst.

### BAHIA BLANCA AND NORTH-WESTERN A.C.

The annual athletic sports of the above club were held at Bahia Blanca on Thursday last. The day proved fine but cold and windy, in spite of which there were about two thousand people present. The meeting was a great success, and the club is to be heartily congratulated, and especially the following officials:—

President—Mr W. B. Harding Green.  
 President of Sports Committee—Mr G. Moore.  
 Vice-Presidents—Messrs C. A. Treary and W. T. Lucy.  
 Starters—Messrs A. Woods and W. Barlow.  
 Judges—Messrs E. West, R. L. Carpenter, A. Brunel, and D. Pettigrew.  
 Time-keepers—Messrs W. B. Harding Green, D. Geddes, C. H. Ibbetson, and E. Graham.  
 Stewards—Messrs W. Barker, W. T. Lucy, G. Ellis, and M. Blanchfield.

Committee—Besides those already mentioned Messrs G. Ellis, C. Hoyle, W. Barker, A. Woods, N. Geddes, W. McCorquodale, J. Brunel, M. Aspel, R. Elliot, S. P. Williams, C. Joliffe, B. Tellarini, and J. Tait.  
 Hon. Treasurer—Mr W. Barlow.  
 Hon. Secretary—Mr Walter Murray.

The only representative from here was D. R. Gunn, and he carried off the High Jump with 5 ft 1 1/2 in, Throwing the Hammer, with a throw of 96 ft 9 in, this entitling him to a gold medal, and the Pole Jump, for which, by the way, there was no mattress. The Half Mile produced a close struggle, Hutton only just beating the scratch man by a little more than a yard.

The following are the results of the various events:—  
 100 Yards Flat Race—First heat—1. F. L. Pettigrew, 4 yds—2. G. E. L. Corbet, scr. Time, 11 sec.  
 Second heat—1. D. P. Niven, 4 yds—2. T. T. Clemesha, 4 yds. Time, 10 4/5 sec.  
 Third heat—1. H. G. Morris, 4 yds—2. A. R. Hulme, 4 yds. Time, 10 3/5 sec.  
 Final—1. F. L. Pettigrew—2. D. P. Niven—3. H. G. Morris. Time, 10 1/5 sec.

Putting the Shot (16 lb.)—1. A. R. Hulme (2 ft) 33 ft 8 1/2 in.—2. T. T. Clemesha (2 ft) 28 ft 3 1/2 in.—3. A. Buschizzo (6 in) 29 ft 7 in.

One Mile Race—1. W. McCorquodale, 50 yds—2. J. Carruthers, 80 yds—3. M. Reyes, 100 yds. Time, 5 min. 27 sec.

1000 Metres Bicycle Race—1. L. Lehner, scr—2. S. D. MacDougall, scr. Time, 1 min. 39 sec.

High Jump—1. D. R. Gunn (scr), 5 ft 1 1/2 in—2. G. E. L. Corbett (2 in), 4 ft 10 1/2 in.

220 Yards Flat Race, Members only—1. G. Corbett, scr—2. J. Hutton, 5 yds—3. A. Hutton, 2 yds. Time, 27 sec.

5000 Metres Bicycle Race—1. L. Lehner, scr—2. S. D. MacDougall, scr. Time, 10 min. 5 sec.

Throwing the Hammer (16 lb.)—1. D. R. Gunn (scr), 96 ft 9 in—2. A. Buschizzo (10 ft), 71 ft 4 in. Walk over for Gunn.

880 Yards Flat Race—1. J. Hutton, 40 yds—2. W. McCorquodale, scr—3. H. G. Morris, 40 yds. One and a half yards between first and second. Time, 2 min 22 4/5 sec.

Long Jump—1. A. Hutton (1 ft), 16 ft 9 1/2 in—2. G. L. Corbett (scr), 17 ft—3. J. Carruthers (1 ft 6 in), 15 ft.

150 Yards Flat Race, for boys under 15 years—1. T. Santibañes, 25 yds—2. C. L. M. Santibañes, 10 yds—2. K. Henderson, 10 yds—4. D. Moro, 10 yds—5. C. Geddes, 30 yds.

"Copa Municipal" Race, 100 Yards—1. F. L. Pettigrew—0. W. C. Ferguson—0. G. E. L. Corbett—0. L. Lehner—0. A. R. Hulme—0. U. Pisoni—0. F. McRae—0. A. Hutton—0. H. D. Pettigrew—0. D. P. Niven—0. M. Reyes. Time 10 4/5 sec.

The Tug-of-War was won by the B.B.N.O. team captained by Sr. C. Joliffe.

Pole Jump—1. D. R. Gunn (scr), 8 ft 2 1/2 in—2. A. R. Hulme (scr), 8 ft 1/2 in—3. C. Pettigrew (scr) 8 ft.

2500 Metres Bicycle Race, Members only—1. S. D. MacDougall, scr—2. W. McCorquodale, scr.

440 Yards Flat Race—1. D. P. Niven, 15 yds—2. H. G. Morris, 15 yds—3. W. McCorquodale, 5 yds. Time, 57 4/5 sec.

500 Metres Bicycle Race, for boys under 13 years—1. C. Geddes, 180 mts—2. M. Paschetta, 150 mts—3. A. Geddes, 210 mts.

Sack Race—1. J. Carruthers 2. R. I. Mars.

120 Yards Hurdle Race, 10 hurdles—First heat—1. F. L. Pettigrew, scr—2. G. Corbett, owes 5 yds.

Second heat—H. G. Morris, scr—2. T. T. Clemesha, scr. Final—1. F. Pettigrew—2. H. G. Morris—3. T. T. Clemesha. Time, 20 4/5 sec.

Obstacle Race—1. M. Carruthers—2. J. Carruthers.

Consolation Race, 220 yards—1. C. S. Pettigrew—2. F. McRae.

RACING.

PALERMO—AUGUST 30.

The promising programme with two classics deserved better than the nasty day we had, the cold disagreeable wind never ceasing the whole afternoon through. However, the racing world was not to be done out of its favourite sport, and the usual crowd put in an appearance, and if they anticipated an unusual sensation from the difficult card, they were certainly not doomed to disappointment.

The first classic was won by Dictador, as expected, but he had to do all he knew to stave off the challenge of Don Pepe, who is in great form.

In the second classic, no less than twenty of this year's second class came out to try conclusions in 1700 metres, and after several attempts were let off, if not in a line, at least in a group. Tres Arboles did the running to the paddock where he was joined by Garabato and Almaviva, and at the Jockey Club stand Garabato had the best of it and his name was in every mouth when Queen Victoria suddenly appeared and passed them all to win easily amid general stupefaction. Transvaal, in a late rush, snatched third place from Almaviva.

The opening 2000 metres was won in good style by Rataplan, Réve d'Or trying the runaway game again, but not being able to get far enough away.

Seventeen started for the maiden, which fell to Edil, from whom much is expected, the favourites being nowhere.

Eclat scored once again in the 1800 metres, and is doing wonderfully well this year.

The hunchback was just able to sustain Guirapirú against the formidable Ovacion, whose heavy impost prevented his coming up soon enough.

The mile handicap wound up a pleasant and exciting day with a win for Fortunio, who has not done too well this season and now was successful in a good field after a good finish with Aluminio and Senegal.

The following are the details:—

PREMIO ECURIE JUPITER, for horses of four and five years that have been a year in the country, and have not won more than \$8000. Weight, 55 kilos. 3 kilos extra to winners of \$4 to 6000. 5 kilos of more. \$1800 to first, 100 to second. 2000 metres.

Stud El Derby's Rataplan, by Neapolis—Rescue, 4 y, 58 k... P. Aguilera 1  
Ecurie Los Paraisos' Réve d'Or, 4 y, 60 k... F. Conde 2  
Stud Los Cardos' Cardal, 4 y, 58 k... S. Urrutia 3  
Also ran—Donovan, Lybia, Memento, Mago, Cecilia, and Modista.  
Dividends—Rataplan \$16.80 win and 3.65 place, Réve d'Or 3.25 place, Cardal 2.75 place.

PREMIO PETITE ECURIE, for three-year-olds that have not won. Weight 57 kilos. \$2000 to first, 200 to second. 1200 metres.

Ecurie Nautilus' Edil, by Hanover—Estrella, 57 k... J. Sarthou 1  
J. A. Fernandez' Caligula, 57 k... D. Torterola 2  
Ecurie Belgrano's Emirza, 55 k... G. Morales 3  
Also ran—Cachafaz, Roi Soleil, Roland, Minero, Limosnero, Joubert, Archer, Atomo, Milady, Trafalgar, Bretagne, Catalpa, Franchise, and Criollita.  
Dividends—Edil \$18.25 win and 6.65 place, Caligula 16.90 place, Emirza 8.10 place.

PREMIO ECURIE DOLLAR, handicap for all horses. \$2200 to first, 200 to second. 1800 metres.

Stud Don Gonzalo's Eclat, by Neapolis—Welcome, 5 y, 59 k... F. Perez 1  
Ecurie Prisionero's Patriota, 5 y, 50 k... J. Paez 2  
Stud La Alianza's Congo, 4 y, 53 k... I. Diaz 3  
Also ran—Veneno, Abrojo, Portugal, Muñeca, Araujo, Plátano, Sentinel, and Tormenta.  
Dividends—Eclat \$7.80 win and 3.15 place, Patriota 7.60 place, Congo 3.70 place.

PREMIO BELGRANO, for all horses. Weight for age. \$5000 to first, 500 to second. 2000 metres.

Ecurie Dollar's Dictador, by Neapolis—Dalriada, 4 y, 60 k... R. Grrrido 1  
Stud Oriel's Don Pepe, 6 y, 62 k... S. Urrutia 2  
Stud Oriel's Orizon, 5 y, 62 k... M. Coll 3  
Also ran—Orange, Le Sancy, and Caramelo.  
Dividends—Dictador \$5.10 win and 3.10 place, Don Pepe 3.60 place.

PREMIO RIO DE LA PLATA, for colts born since August 1st, 1897. Weight 57 and 55 kilos. Those that take part in this race cannot run in the Premio Jockey Club. \$5000 to first, 500 to second. 1700 metres.

Stud Ontario's Queen Victoria, by Progreso—Fornarina, 55 k... P. Aguirre 1  
Stud Los Cardos' Garabato, 57 k... S. Urrutia 2  
Gral. Lavalle's Transvaal, 57 k... C. Bustos 3  
Also ran—Quilda, Brenus, Polas, Santa Elvira, Adagio, Waspi, Tres Arboles, Kruger, Alfiler, Caburé, Almaviva, Santa Eugenia, Obús, D'Aragnan, Linterna, Ilimani, and Señuelo.  
Dividends—Queen Victoria \$286.20 win and 84.70 place, Garabato 4.95 place, Transvaal 18.60 place.

PREMIO STUD EL PLATA, handicap for all horses, limited between 62 and 48 kilos. \$2500 to first, 200 to second. 2500 metres.

Stud Gordon's Guirapirú, by Hervidero—Olivia, 4 y, 49 1/2 k... I. Diaz 1  
Ecurie Ben d'Or's Ovacion, 6 y, 62 k... F. Conde 2  
Ecurie Nautilus' Lord, 4 y, 48 k... F. Gomez 3  
Also ran—Clio, Chacabuco, and Regalada.  
Dividends—Girapirú \$18.05 win and 4.40 place, Ovacion 3.10 place.

PREMIO STUD YUQUERI, handicap for horses that have won more than \$6000. \$2000 to first, 200 to second. 1600 metres.

Stud La Alianza's Fortunio, by Exmoor—Twin, 5 y, 55 k... H. Esteves 1

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Ecurie Belgrano's Aluminio, 5 y, 52 k.....G. Morales 2  
 Stud El Rubio's Senegal, 5 y, 57 k.....S. Urrutia 3  
 Also ran—Ecarté, Emir, Ligera, Rivera, Athou, Araujo, and Caprice.  
 Dividends—Fortunio \$12.75 win and 3.85 place, Aluminio 7.30 place,  
 Senegal 5.15 place

PALERMO—SEPTEMBER 2.

The persistent rain on Saturday seemed to have done away with any prospect of racing to-day, but a change of wind to the west at night not only brought a rather pleasant day, but dried the course so much that the going was not too heavy. The card was a scanty one as regards entries in comparison with what we have been accustomed to lately, with the exception of the first race, a short one of 1100 metres this time for a change, which brought out twenty-one competitors, but was strictly a one horse race, as Casa Blanca was too good class for her field and won with great ease.

With even greater facility Tenebroso disposed of six rivals in the maiden, the way he left his field in the straight being a caution.

Only five turned out for the 1800 metres in which Araujo, who has been weak enough lately, clean ran down the speedy Ameliana and could not be caught by his other pursuers.

The classic, with six runners, resolved itself as expected into a match between Royal and Leon in the straight, the former getting a neck ahead at the stand, but the sturdy half-bred would not be denied and got the better of a ding dong finish by a head.

Picquet, who has come on wonderfully of late, gave many kilos and a beating to a round dozen of his own age in the "seller" of 1400 metres.

The long distance was a good race between Réve d'Or and Bobby, the latter failing to quite reach his tough opponent.

In the mile, Athou, who has been off colour for a long time, made some amends to his followers and paid the best quota of the day.

The following are the details:—

PREMIO REVE D'OR, for horses of four years and more that have been a year in the country and have not won more than \$6000. Weight, 55 kilos, 3 kilos extra to winners of \$2 to 4000, 5 kilos of more. Wins in the current year count double. \$1600 to first, 100 to second. 1100 metres.

Ecurie Orange's Casa Blanca, by Hervidero—Shooting Star, 4 y, 58 k.....F. Perez 1  
 Stud Maria Antonia's San Martin, 4 y, 60 k.....P. Aguirre 2  
 Stud Soriano's Soriano, 4 y, 55 k.....J. Gordillo 3  
 Also ran—Atico, Esparta, Oro, Pajaro, Soprano, Iowa, Baron, Olivero, Atahualpa, Bucarelli, Odeon, Gral. Maceo, Charlatana, Pito Ué, Tandilera, Ellen Terry, and Patria.  
 Dividends—Casa Blanca \$9.45 win and 4.15 place, San Martin 9.70 place, Soriano 19.50 place.

PREMIO MERCURIO, for three-year-olds that have not won. Weight 57 kilos \$2000 to first, 200 to second. 1600 metres.  
 Stud A. Lincoln's Tenebroso, by San Martin—Tenebrosa, 57 k.....A. Ruiz 1  
 Ecurie Argentina's La Nilson, 55 k.....J. Sarthou 2  
 Stud Poriañu's Pistola, 57 k.....P. Aguirre 3  
 Also ran—Pumh, Mimi, Franchise, and Sibila.  
 Dividends—Tenebroso \$12.15 win and 5.50 place, La Nilson 3.30 place.

PREMIO REPUBLICANO, handicap for horses that have not won more than \$20,000. \$2000 to first, 200 to second. 1800 metres.  
 Stud El Derby's Araujo, by Progreso—Mandarine, 5 y, 51 k.....C. Bustos 1  
 Stud Hipico's Gauchito, 6 y, 57 k.....F. Conde 2  
 Ecurie Guerrillero's Africano, 4 y, 53 k.....F. Perez 3  
 Also ran—Republicano and Ameliana.  
 Dividends—Araujo \$10.15 win and 4.50 place, Gauchito 4.05 place.

PREMIO RIO DE JANEIRO, for horses that have never ceased to belong to, and have always been run for account of the breeders. Weight for age. \$5000 to first, 500 to second. 1600 metres.  
 Stud Calchin's Leon, by Metejon—Lady Dora, 4 y, 60 k.....M. Peñalosa 1  
 Ecurie Royal's Royal, 5 y, 62 k.....S. Urrutia 2  
 J. Quaini's Guina, 5 y, 60 k.....P. Aguilera 3  
 Also ran—La Bourboule, Santa Eugenia, and Aviso.  
 Dividends—Leon \$6.35 win and 3.35 place, Royal 3.40 place.

PREMIO A RECLAMAR, for three-year-olds. Weight 57 kilos. The winner to be sold for \$3000. Those entered to be sold for less to be allowed 2 kilos for each \$500 reduction, 2 kilos extra for every win in a Premio a Reclamar. \$2200 to first, 200 to second. 1400 metres.  
 Stud Don Gonzalo's Piquet, by Camors—Langosta, 57 k.....F. Perez 1  
 Stud Sanducero's Daiman, 59 k.....J. Sarthou 2  
 Ecurie Belgrano's Emirza, 49 k.....F. Gomez 3  
 Also ran—Vizcacha, India Portefa, Escaramuza, Criollito, Catalpa, Ascochinga, Ultima, Americana, Obús, and Patagonia.  
 Dividends—Piquet \$6.25 win and 3.25 place, Daiman 7.45 place, Emirza 3.80 place

PREMIO GAUCHITO, handicap for all winners. \$2500 to first, 200 to second. 2300 metres.  
 Ecurie Los Paraisos' Réve d'Or, by Saint Gall—Rose d'Or, 4 y, 50 k.....C. Bustos 1  
 Stud Don Gonzalo's Bobby, 5 y, 53 k.....F. Perez 2  
 Stud Yuqueri's Dominó, 4 y, 58 k.....R. Garrido 3  
 Also ran—Abeto, Guirapira, and Modista.  
 Dividends—Réve d'Or \$15.80 win and 6 place, Bobby 3.50 place.

PREMIO ECLAT, handicap for horses that have won more than \$6000. \$2200 to first, 200 to second. 1600 metres.  
 Mr Inso's Athou, by Acheron—Rosy Cbeeks, 4 y, 55 k.....J. Rivero 1  
 Stud El Derby's Rataplan, 4 y, 55 k.....P. Aguilera 2  
 Ecurie Belgrano's Aluminio, 5 y, 57 k.....F. Perez 3  
 Also ran—Vesper, Rubina, Judío, and Epipcia.  
 Dividends—Athou \$18.90 win and 8.95 place, Rataplan 7.35 place.

PONY RACING.

HURLINGHAM—AUGUST 30.

The attendance and races were certainly the best seen this year, the bitter cold wind being the only thing to mar the enjoyment in any way. The course, owing to hard work by the ground staff, was wonderfully good, considering the weather we have had, in fact except in front of the pigeon house—where there were about a hundred yards very heavy going—no fault could be found.

For the first time in our recollection, an advance flag was used, but the improvement was not noticeable, though the starts were good, except in the Ladies' Bracelet. In this race Mr Anderson had a very fractious lot, and had we been in his place we would have ordered some of the horses back to the paddock, for there is no doubt some of the jockeys now riding at Hurlingham want a lesson. At present, it is generally those who are obeying instructions and walking up to the starter, who get worst away.

In the first race, the Premio Indio, both Pequeño and Theodore got rid of their respective jockeys at the post, but the former atoned by getting well away and never being headed. Maravilla ran well, but broke a blood-vessel.

As we thought, Pardo II. was much too quick for his opponents in the Premio Spook, and simply played with them.

Then came the Ladies' Bracelet, in which Sapo did a big performance to get his big weight home, although he had not much to spare from Facey Romford, who, ridden by his new owner, came a great "bat" at the finish.

Odeon was much too good for the others in the Premio Empréstito. Ayacucho, who was second, is a nice horse, but manifestly unfit.

The fastest run race we have ever seen at Hurlingham was the Directors' Cup, in which Chatterbox brought his field along such a pace that half of them were "chopped" for speed at the start and never had a look in, the finish being confined to Kenneth, Facey Romford, and Chatterbox, the former's wonderful stamina enabling him to beat Chatterbox by a length in the last fifty yards.

In the last race we were treated to a funny sight—a close race between a 13.1 inch pony and a 15.2 horse! Undoubtedly Mr Ravenscroft had a good deal in hand, but had Mr Lacey reserved his effort, until he was over the last hurdle, he might have caught the latter napping, as the big horse took sometime to set going.

The following are the details:—

PREMIO INDIO, of \$100, for ponies of 58 inches or less which have not won a race at Hurlingham. Weight for inches, ponies of 58 inches to carry 75 kilos. 500 metres.  
 Sr C. Coquet's Pequeño, 75 k.....Mr Vayo 1  
 Sr M. Orrego's Conejo, 75 k.....Mr J. Canevari 2  
 Mr Preston's Theodore, 72 k.....Mr A. Willes 3  
 Mr Lacey's Lady Roberts, 66 k.....Mr C. Lacey 0  
 Mr Campbell's Mascarilla, 75 k.....Mr F. Canevari 0  
 Sr Duarte's Vizcacha, 75 k.....Mr Sassó 0  
 Mr Beazley's Don Carlos, 75 k.....Mr Vasquez 0

Pequeño jumped off with the lead and although challenged by Mascarilla and Conejo at the distance stayed the longer and won by nearly a length, a length between second and third.

Dividends—Pequeño \$8.65 win and 5.20 place, Conejo 12.70 place.

PREMIO SPOOK, of \$100, for ponies which have played polo and have not won a race at Hurlingham. Weight for inches, ponies of 58 inches to carry 75 kilos. 500 metres.  
 Mr H. S. Robson's Pardo II, 72 k.....Mr F. Canevari 1  
 Mr E. D. Drabble's Durban, 75 k.....Mr McMorrán 2  
 Mr J. S. Sheehan's Blueskin, 75 k.....Mr Hodson 3  
 Pardo II. was quickest on his legs, and never being headed, won at his ease by half a length.  
 Dividend—Pardo II. \$2.75 win.

LADIES' BRACELET, a handicap for ponies of 58 inches or less. The lady nominating the winner to receive a piece of jewelry value \$100 7/8. 700 metres.  
 Sra. T. de Risso's Sapo, 78 k.....Mr Bias 1  
 Mrs Balfour's Facey Romford, 75 k.....Mr Balfour 2  
 Sra. B. Malaspina's Theodore, 67 k.....Mr Willes 3  
 Miss Nita Troutbeck's Cuervo, 78 k.....Mr McMorrán 0  
 Mrs Ravenscroft's Chatterbox, 73 k.....Mr Sanderson 0  
 Mrs B. Beazley's Don Carlos, 73 k.....Mr Vasquez 0  
 Mrs Leitch's Nancy, 70 k.....Mr Vayo 0  
 Mrs Robson's Mascarilla, 68 k.....Mr F. Canevari 0  
 Mrs Thompson's Pitú Sing, 55 k.....Mr C. Lacey 0

From a straggling start Theodore, Facey Romford, and Sapo were first away, and although Don Carlos and Mascarilla came up at the paddock, they could make no impression on Sapo, who stalling off a vigorous challenge from Facey Romford, got home by a neck.

Dividends—Sapo \$21.10 win and 4.95 place, Facey Romford 8.60 place, Theodore 14.25 place.

PREMIO EMPRÉSTITO, value \$100, for all horses, any weight over 70 kilos. 1000 metres

Sr A. L. Roffe's Odeon, 70 k.....	Mr Sasso	1
Baron Peers' Ayacucho, 70 k.....	Mr Balfour	2
Sr Justo Rojo's Caudillo, 70 k.....	Lt. Rojo	0
Sr J. L. Biais' Lancero, 77 k.....	Mr Biais	0
Mr C. Chayla's Don Nabuco, 70 k.....	Owner	0

Odeon made all the running and won easily by two lengths.

Dividend—Odeon \$2.85 win and 2.50 place, Ayacucho 2.65 place.

DIRECTORS' CUP, presented by the Directors of the B.A. and Pacific Railway Co. For ponies of 58 inches or less that have been hunted at least five times with the Hurlingham Draghounds. Weight for inches, ponies of 58 inches to carry 75 kilos. In addition to the Cup, which has to be won twice by the same owner to become his absolute property, there is a prize of \$50 to first and \$50 to second. A certificate from the master of the Draghounds is necessary to run in this race. 2000 metres over hurdles.

Mr J. N. Drysdale's Kenneth, 75 k....	Mr Schwind	1
Mr J. Ravenscroft's Chatterbox, 75 k....	Mr Sanderson	2
Mr F. J. Balfour's Facey Romford, 75 k.....	Owner	3
Mr Mackintosh's Nancy, 75 k.....	Mr Bennett	0
Mr H. Scott Robson's Dandy, 75 k....	Mr Marjoribanks	0
Mr C. R. Thursby's Lightning, 75 k.....	Mr Bedford	0
>    >    Try Over, 72 k.....	Mr Willes	0
>    >    Cavalry, 72 k.....	Owner	0
Mr J. S. Sheehan's Colinita, 72 k.....	Mr Hodson	0

Chatterbox took his field along at a tremendous pace, attended by Facey Romford and Kenneth. At the third hurdle from home, Nancy fell. Chatterbox was just over the last hurdle, which Facey Romford and Kenneth jumped together, but the latter caught the leader opposite the stand, and beat him by a length, three between second and third. Colinita was fourth.

Dividends—Kenneth \$3.20 win and 2.85 place, Chatterbox 5.90 place, Facey Romford 2.50 place.

PREMIO STARLIGHT, a handicap hurdle race, value \$100, for all horses that have been hunted not less than three times with the Draghounds, and have not run in the Ayrshire Cup. 2000 metres.

Mr Preston's Pioneer, 83 k.....	Mr Ravenscroft	1
Mr Thompson's Pitti Sing, 55 k.....	Mr C. Lacey	2
Mr Robson's Regina, 78 k.....	Mr Bedford	3
Mr Marjoribanks' Euroclydon, 70 k.....	Owner	0
Mr Thursby's Blue Gown, 76 k.....	Mr Bennett	0

Regina made the pace to the last hurdle but one, when she was joined by Pioneer. At the last hurdle Pitti Sing caught Pioneer, but the latter went away again and won by a length, four between second and third. Euroclydon fell.

Dividends—Pioneer \$1.85 win and 3.40 place, Pitti Sing 4.30 place.

#### HURLINGHAM—SEPTEMBER 8.

We publish below the entries and handicaps for the above race meeting to be held on Saturday next:

Premio Gorrion, 600 metres—  
Mr A. Mackintosh's Nancy, 75 k  
Mr W. D. Campbell's Mascarilla, 75 k  
Mr F. J. Balfour's Yorrocks, 75 k  
Sr S. Rodriguez's Zonzo, 75 k  
Sr M. Orrego's Conejo, 75 k  
Mr F. E. Kinchant's Picaflor, 72 k  
Mr W. Lacey's Lady Roberts, 66 k.

Premio Llama, 500 metres—  
Mr B. Bedford's Caballero, 75 k  
Mr R. S. Moncrieff's Brown, 75 k  
Mr E. D. Drabble's Douglas, 75 k  
Mr J. Ravenscroft's Rama Chica, 75 k  
Mr A. S. Willes' Jim Crow, 69 k

Premio Raton, 1000 metres—  
Mr J. N. Drysdale's Kenneth, 76 k  
Sr A. A. Sasso's Gorrion, 76 k  
Mr J. Ravenscroft's Chatterbox, 73 k  
Sr C. Coquet's Pequeño, 73 k  
Mr R. J. Beazley's Don Carlos, 70 k

Mr A. Mackintosh's Nancy, 68 k  
Mr T. E. Preston's Theodore, 65 k  
Mr W. D. Campbell's Mascarilla, 65 k  
Polo Association Cup, 1500 metres—  
Mr F. J. Balfour's Facey Romford, 78 k  
Mr C. R. Thursby's Try Over, 75 k

Argentine Grand National Steeplechase—

Mr W. Samson's Empréstito, 78 k  
Mr J. N. Drysdale's Vengador, 76 k  
Mr T. E. Preston's Pioneer, 73 k  
Mr J. N. Drysdale's Kenneth, 73 k  
Mr R. S. Moncrieff's Starlight, 68 k

Premio Colinita, 3000 metres—

Mr J. N. Drysdale's Kenneth, 80 k  
Mr J. Ravenscroft's Chatterbox, 72 k  
Mr C. R. Thursby's Lightning, 70 k  
Mr J. S. Sheehan's Colinita, 72 k  
Mr T. E. Preston's Theodore, 68 k  
Mr H. C. Thompson's Pitti Sing, 55 k

If the entries for Saturday are not quite as good as could be wished, what is lacking in quantity is made up in quality. For instance the Premio Gorrion, which is a 600 metre race for ponies that have never won, includes such flyers as Picaflor, Mascarilla, Nancy, Don Carlos, Theodore, etc. Of this lot we fancy most the two first mentioned, and think Mascarilla's great turn of speed ought to bring him home first.

In the Premio Raton of 1000 metres we like best Kenneth, Chatterbox and Don Carlos. Should we happen to catch Chatterbox on his best behaviour there would undoubtedly be only one of it; but Kenneth is such a fine stayer that we would advise our readers to save on him and certainly to back him for a place.

For the race for Polo Ponies—the Premio Llama—we recommend Douglas as being the one good thing of the day.

Kenneth ought to be a certainty for the Premio Colinita, as even at seven kilos Colinita—good little mare though she is—can't, we are sure, make any impression on him, and Chatterbox we are certain cannot stay more than a couple of thousand metres.

The Polo Association Cup is a match between Try Over and Facey Romford, which the latter will win comfortably.

The race of the day is of course the Grand National, for which we are informed there will be four runners, Empréstito, Vengador, Starlight and Pioneer. As yet we have not heard who is to ride the first named, but any way we think he will win, as Vengador has had a bad time and not done the preparation one likes to see a horse do for a 5000 metres steeplechase. However, he will have his usual fight, and as the horse and rider know one another well and the course better than most, Empréstito will have to go a bit faster than he did on August 15th to get away from them. Pioneer it is impossible to say how good he may be, but from his performance on August 30th we should say he is lacking in class and not quite as fit as he might be. Starlight is deficient in pace, though a fine jumper. Therefore our opinion is that Empréstito will win, Vengador be second, and Pioneer third.

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POLO.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT.

The above annual contest will commence at Hurlingham on Sunday next and will continue on Monday and Tuesday, the final to be played on the last-named day. If there is no more rain the ground should be in excellent condition. The following teams have entered:

Hurlingham.—H. S. Robson, R. S. Moncrieff, R. P. Sidebottom, F. J. Balfour.

Hurlingham A.—J. Ravenscroft, T. S. Robson, E. D. Drabble, C. H. Jefferies.

Hurlingham B.—A. M. Challinor, B. Bedford, A. S. Willes, H. S. Schwind.

La Colina.—R. W. Isherwood, Glynne Williams, H. L. Brown, E. W. Jacobs.

Media Luna.—F. H. Leared, R. Leared, J. R. Kirkham, E. Wood.

La Victoria.—Magnus Fea, F. E. Kinchant, L. Bury, W. Hinchliffe.

San Carlos.—Baron G. Peers, Roque Fredes, Juan Cariso, Agrapino Oviato.

Media Luna A.—G. S. Anderson, C. Mohr-Bell, A. H. Holland, P. Talbot.

The following is the result of the draw:

Sunday, September 9, 9 a.m.—Media Luna v. Hurlingham B.

11 a.m.—La Victoria v. Hurlingham A.

2 p.m.—San Carlos v. La Colina.

3.30 p.m.—Hurlingham v. Media Luna A.

Monday, Sept. 10—First match at 11 a.m.; second match at 2.30 p.m.

Tuesday, Sept. 11—Final at 2.30 p.m.

CAÑADA DE GOMEZ.

The Cañada de Gomez Tournament took place on the 24th, 25th and 26th ult. in most perfect weather. Great interest was taken in the games, and the attendance was very big, especially on the Sunday, when we should think there were fully eight hundred persons present, amongst whom we noticed the following ladies:—Mesdmes Chapman, J. Bradney, E. Bradney, Wish, H. Anderson, Fleming, Munro, Brooks, Weigall, Green, Collett-Mason; Misses Brooks (2), Glover, Weigall, Munro and Watt.

The tournament was played on the American system and everything went off very well without a hitch, La Victoria team winning the Cup for the second time.

Friday, Aug. 24.

At 1.15 the following teams faced each other for the fray on the Hospital ground:

- |                       |                      |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| La Victoria           | Venado Tuerto        |
| 1. A. P. Chapman      | 1. C. Hinchliffe     |
| 2. F. P. Chapman      | 2. J. L. Bury        |
| 3. Magnus Fea         | 3. F. S. Robinson    |
| F. E. Kinchant (back) | H. J. J. Bury (back) |

This was a very interesting game all through, the Venado Tuerto team showing all their old keenness and hard riding, but the good combination of the Victoria team, although badly mounted, told very much and consequently the Venado Tuerto were pressed the whole time and finally lost the match to La Victoria by 3 goals to 1. Frank Chapman hit a goal for La Victoria in the first five minutes after a very neat run. The other two goals were scored by Kinchant, the first one after a most dashing run from one end of the ground to the other.

At 3 o'clock that good sportsman Baron Peers led his native team to the centre to try conclusions with Hurlingham. The teams were as follows:

- |                       |                    |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| Hurlingham            | San Carlos         |
| 1. C. H. Jefferies    | 1. Agrapino Faries |
| 2. R. P. Sidebottom   | 2. Juan Cariso     |
| 3. F. J. Balfour      | 3. Roque Fredes    |
| J. Ravenscroft (back) | Baron Peers (back) |

This was a very fast game all through, the San Carlos team being wonderfully quick on the ball and showing great dash and eventually winning by 4 goals to 1. There were some beautiful ponies played in this match, especially the Baron's mounts and Balfour's overo and that picture of a polo pony Facey Romford.

Saturday, August 25.

The following teams met on the other ground: La Victoria and San Carlos (teams and places same as on the 24th).

This was a very fast and exciting game, goals being hit freely on both sides, the Victoria team winning by a goal hit in the last chucker. Frank Chapman, Magnus Fea and Roque and the Baron showed up for their respective teams and Kinchant's defence here was excellent.

At 3.30 the teams to play were: Venado Tuerto and Hurlingham (same teams and places).

This match was rather one-sided, the Venado Tuerto playing up very well and the Hurlingham team appearing rather slack with the exception of Balfour, who did good work for his side with very sure and neat hitting. Venado Tuerto won by 5 goals to 1, mostly hit by Hinchliffe and Robinson.

In the evening there was a very nice dance held at Peterson's Hall at which there were about fifty to sixty present. This went off extremely well, the only drawback being a very indifferent floor, which had not been got into condition owing to the very short notice. With this exception everything was a great success, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. Great thanks are due to Mrs Chapman for getting up so successful a little dance, and thanks are due to Mrs Wish, Mrs Blyth, and Mr Macleod for their able assistance in the decorating of the room, which was very pretty and bright with flags and greenery.

Sunday, August 26.

Beautiful day, and an early start was made at 10 a.m. to enable the Hurlingham team to catch the train south. The following were the teams: La Victoria and Hurlingham (teams and places same as on 24th).

This was undoubtedly the match of the tournament and one of the hardest and best games ever played in this country. Good play was so prevalent that it is hard to single out any individual for special mention. Certainly Ravenscroft never of late years has played a better all-round game than he did here in this match. The combination and straight hitting were specially noticeable on both sides. Kinchant defended most successfully and also made one of his dashing runs and scored in the fifth chucker. This game was most pleasant to watch, and owing to the beautiful play and sportsmanlike way it was played there was not one single appeal throughout the game and no foul riding.

The Victoria team are much to be praised for their wonderfully good play—they were very indifferently mounted, and had not played a game together this season, in fact I believe three of them had not hit a ball since last year—and they are to be congratulated in defeating such teams as San Carlos and Hurlingham, with their vastly superior ponies. It was indeed rough on Hurlingham not winning any of their games after coming so far up country, and after all their trouble in special trains, etc.

The success of the Tournament was contributed to immensely by the presence of such thorough sportsmen and good fellows as composed the Hurlingham team.

The last game of the Tournament was played at 1.30 on the Sunday afternoon before a great crowd, and as the San Carlos men were playing great interest was evinced by the onlookers, who passed many very funny remarks at witnessing any special play or hooking of sticks, and when one unfortunate got a smack on the head enough to tell any ordinary man yells and cheers of delight arose from the crowd.

The teams were Venado Tuerto and San Carlos (same teams and places).

This was a very fast game, Hinchliffe and J. L. Bury hitting straight and strong. The natives played a good game, and wherever the ball was hit to, they were always there—in fact one onlooker, a good judge of polo, remarked that there appeared to be fourteen in the San Carlos team instead of four. Baron Peers was well mounted and made a good back.

Thanks are due to Magnus Fea, the Secretary, for his able arrangements in carrying out the Tournament so successfully. Messrs. Edgar, Bradney and Bob Traill very obligingly umpired, and A. G. J. MacLeod kindly acted as timekeeper throughout the Tournament. Too much praise and thanks cannot be given to Mr. J. Douglas for his kindness in preparing the grounds, which were better this year than they have been for many years past.

## THE SHANGHAI-ING OF PETER BARLOW.

J. A. Barry.

When Peter awoke, his first thought was that he must have fallen asleep in the saddle, as he had done before now when camping out with cattle from the back of the run. But, on this occasion, his throat was hot and dry, and his head full of ringing bells. Raising himself, he bumped his nose sharply, and fell back to consider.

It was almost dark, and he could hear a noise of wind and of rushing waters. Also he felt a rocking motion which assuredly was not that of a feeding horse.

He had heard the same sounds and felt the same motion recently, but he could not recollect when. Presently a door slid open, and a flood of sunshine came in with a black face in the midst of it.

'Ahi,' said a voice, as Peter blinked at its owner. 'You wake now, eh? Copper hot, I'spect? Have drink?' and the speaker handed up a hook-pot full of water.

Peter drank copiously, and made shift to get out.

'Where the blazes am I?' he exclaimed, weak and trembling all over, as his feet touched the deck.

'Barque John F. Harkins, o' Boston, State o' Maine. I'm de doctor. Guess you've been shanghai'd. Best come out afore de greaser gets mad.'

This was Greek to poor Peter. But, stumbling over the door-sill, he gazed about him with a mildly-amazed look, which made the negro cook grin more wildly than ever.

All round was blue water, blue water from where it touched the sky-line to where, close to him, it rushed swiftly past, curling, white-tipped. Above his head acres of snowy canvas bellied in graceful curves aloft into a blue sky; everywhere a maze of ropes and gear, crossed and re-crossed like the threads of a spider's web.

Peter gasped. He was astonished and dismayed too deeply for words; and at the expression of his face the darkey laughed outright.

The ship giving a sudden lurch, he staggered, slipped over the leeward, and clutched a belaying pin. Then he heard a bell strike somewhere. The men came out of a hole in the deck near by, and one, staring hard, exclaimed,—

'Why, damn my rags, if this ain't the Jolly Bushman come to sea!'

'What!' shouted the mate, walking for'ard to meet his watch. 'Isn't he a sailor-man?'

'Nary sailor-man,' replied the other. 'He's a fellow from the country—a good sort o' chap—but as green's they make 'em as regards o' salt water.'

'Damn that Gallagher!' exclaimed the officer. 'He brought the coon aboard, an' got the bounty, swearin' he was a shellback all over—blood Stockholm tar, and every hair of his head a rope yarn! If ever we fetch Coalport again I'll skin that Irish thief!'

So also affirmed the captain of the John F. Harkins, who was out of pocket a month's advance, besides two pounds "head money," to the crimp who had netted poor Peter.

Luckily, very luckily for Peter, he had not fallen into the hands of a set of 'white-washed Americans,' half Irish, half anything, proficient in the art of sea-bullying, and in the use of revolvers and knuckledusters.

The officers and most of the men of the John F. were genuine Down-Easters, natives of Salem, Martha's Vineyard, and thereabout, shrewd and kindly people; and, though all naturally indignant at the trick played upon them, too just to visit their wrath on its unfortunate object.

Presently Peter was recognised by the steward, who had tasted of his hospitality ashore, and who now, seeing the poor fellow still suffering from the effects of the narcotic administered in that last 'for luck' drink of scamp Gallagher's, put him to bed and brought him restoratives. So, in due course, Peter became his own man again, and got fine-weather sea-legs upon him, and would have been comparatively happy but for thoughts of those far-away calves and foals, and the clumsy fingers of a certain assistant stockman. They taught him how to sweep decks, coil up ropes, and make sinnet. They also coaxed him aloft; but he never could get further up the rigging than the futtock-shrouds. There he stuck helplessly, and over them he never went. He was young and light and active; but, somehow, he couldn't bend his body outward into empty air and trust its weight to a little bit of rope no

thicker than a clothe-line. It didn't seem natural. One cannot make a sailor at twenty-five.

The John F. was bound for Colombo, thence to Hamburg, and, so far, everything had been fine sailing. But one day a dead-ahead gale arose and blew fiercely for three days.

Then it was that Peter began to realise earnestly what he had before but dimly suspected, viz., that on such an occasion one foot of dry land is worth ten thousand acres of foaming ocean. Easier by far would it have been for him to sit the roughest colt that ever bucked than to stand a minute erect on the barque's deck.

Of such jumping and rearing, plunging and swerving, Peter had possessed no conception before, except in the saddle. There, however, he would have been comparatively safe. Here he was tossed about apparently at the pleasure of the great creature beneath him—one minute on to the back of his head, the next in the lee-scuppers. When he arose, dripping and grasping blandly for support, the rushing past of big seas, the wild, stern hum in the strained rigging, the roar of the blast in the bellies of the tugging topsails, and the swirling of green water round his legs, so bewildered him that he was unable to distinguish one end of the ship from the other.

Under the circumstances, he did the wisest thing he could, and turned into his bunk. There he lay, and wondered with all his might why man should go to sea.

On the fourth day, the gale moderating, they made sail again. During this operation an unfortunate A.B. fell from the main-yard, and broke his leg. The captain did his best, but he was, like the rest, quite unskilled, and the poor fellow lay in agony. Two days after this, when nearly a calm, the mate roused the skipper out of a nap with,—

'Here's one of them big packet boats a-overhaulin' us, sir.'

'Well,' replied the skipper sleepily, 'what about it? Let her rip. I don't want her. Wish we had her wind, that's all.'

'Poor Bill's leg, sir,' answered the other.

'Why, of course; I forgot,' said the skipper. 'Stop the beggar, by all manner of means. She'll have a doctor, an' ice, an' all sorts o' fixin's on board. Run the gridiron half-mast, Mr Stokes. They packets don't care much about losin' time for sich a trifle as a broken leg, but thet oughter ease her down.'

And so it did. No sooner was the American flag seen flying half-way up the signal halliards than the steamer kept away, and came thundering down upon the barque.

'What's the matter?' shouted someone, as she slowed nearly alongside.

'A doctor!' roared the mate. 'Man very bad with a broken leg!'

'Send him on board, and look smart,' was the reply.

So a boat was lowered, and amongst its crew was Peter Barlow, who, from the first, had been told off to attend the injured man, and who assisted to carry him up the gangway-ladder of the R.M.S. Barcelona.

'Umph, umph,' said the surgeon; 'he'll have to stay here if he wants to save his leg.' Then to Peter, 'Off you go back, my lad, and get his kit and what money's coming to him. It'll be many a long day before he sails the sea again.'

But Peter, whose eyes had been roving over the surrounding crowd, suddenly, to the medico's astonishment, shouting,—'The boss, by G—d!' rushed through the people, and, regardless of appearances, seized a gentleman's hand and shook it frantically, exclaiming,—

'Oh, Mr Forrest, sir, don't you know me? I'm Peter, sir—Peter Barlow, from the ole station. I've been shanghai'd an' locussed away to sea, an' I wants to git back home again!'

Mr Forrest was more astonished than Peter at such a meeting. Matters, however, were soon arranged.

Peter went on to Colombo in the Barcelona, and, in a fortnight, joining another boat, duly arrived at Wicklow Downs, whence he has never since stirred.

And, if the reader chance one day to journey thither, he may hear at first hand this story, embellished with breezy Bush idioms and phrases that render it infinitely more graphic and stirring a version, but which, somehow, do not read well in type.

(Concluded).

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The writer's name and address are required with all letters, but not for publication, unless desired. Letters and inquiries from anonymous correspondents will not receive attention.

Advertisements, orders for papers, etc., should be addressed to PIEDAD 559, BUENOS AIRES, and should be kept distinct from communications intended for the Editorial Department.

## AGENTS.

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Proprietor and Editor .. .. J. O. ANDERSON.

## RIVER PLATE SPORT AND PASTIME

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1900.

## NOTES.

Unfortunately the annual athletic meeting of the Rosario A.C., which was to have been held on Thursday last, had to be postponed owing to the heavy rain which fell the day previous. The sports will now be held on Saturday, September 8th, and we trust that the weather clerk will be in a better humour.

The return League match between the Belgrano and Quilmes clubs, which was played last Thursday, aroused more interest than usual, at least among the players, as these teams had already met on three previous occasions, during which Belgrano had been victorious twice. This time, however, Quilmes equalised matters by winning the match under notice by three goals to one. The victory was thoroughly well deserved, the winners showing better combination and more dash than their opponents.

The strong man, Sampson, went safely through his self-imposed task, last Thursday afternoon, and succeeded in breaking the massive chains over the biceps of his left arm. The chains were first fixed on to a large open waggon, on which some thirty men stood. Some kind friend anxious to see the horses break the chains had, without being observed, chained up one of the wheels. In consequence the test chains had to undergo the strain of two or three heavy jerks instead of one steady pull. Three times the horses plunged forward and moved the waggon, but the chains withstood the strain and were removed and handed straight to the referee.

Still in full view of the public the chains were slipped on to the left arm until well over the biceps. Sampson himself was undoubtedly nervous, for since he broke his left shoulder he has hardly used his left arm at all, all his wonderful feats up to now having been done with his right arm, while we ourselves saw him fail to accomplish the feat three times in succession the previous morning. With the chains on he slowly lowered his arm, and then with his jaw firmly set he raised it gradually, and when about half way up the chains snapped amidst hearty applause. The links were broken in the middle and all present were allowed to examine them closely.

Afterwards he gave a portion of his usual performance inside the Pavilion, lifting weights and breaking in half a twenty cent piece, and also showing off his world-

renowned Roman Column. It is with this that he places his pupils through a perfect course of training and it is undoubtedly a splendid thing, developing as it does, at one and the same time, almost every muscle in the body. He finished by offering a large sum of money to anyone who could lift his big bar, with both hands, sufficiently to enable him to slip a piece of paper under. A few of our athletes tried but failed, then Sampson carried the bar off the stage.

For this purpose he had to use both arms, as his right is still very bad from the affects of his accident at the Victoria Theatre. As a rule, he takes this bar, which weighs over a hundred and fifty kilos, in his right hand and slowly raises it above his head. Sampson is not to be with us for long, we understand, but if any young athletes here wish to develop their muscles properly, we can conscientiously recommend a few hours of Sampson's tuition, the result is prompt and marvellous and the system sound.

The Association football match for the benefit of the Boys' Orphanage of Capilla, between the English High School (winners of the Cup) and a combined team of the rest of the League, which was to have been played last Sunday, had to be postponed on account of the bad weather and will now be played on Sunday next the 9th inst, at Caballito. Tickets (\$1 each) may be obtained at Messrs R. Grant and Co., Feeney and Co., and Pratt and Co.

The final of the Rigby Shield Competition, for members of the Buenos Aires Golf Club, resulted in Mr W. Higgins winning the trophy right out, so that the Shield now becomes his absolute property. He played by far the best golf and accomplished four good and steady rounds at an average of a fraction over forty-seven each round, which, with the links in their present condition, must be considered very good going.

The golf match between the North and South, which had been looked forward to with keen interest for some time past, was played last Sunday at Rivadavia, and resulted in a well-deserved win for the North by three holes. It was very doubtful indeed on Saturday if the match could be played, as it poured all day, but fortunately Sunday proved a fine day, and although the links were necessarily wet, they were able to proceed with the match.

From a Southerner's point of view the match must be regarded as a disappointment. We do not know in the least who was responsible for getting up the team to represent the South, but we do know that it was done in a somewhat strange way. As late as Friday and Saturday last we met some well-known golfers who seemed uncertain as to whether they would be wanted or not, while as late as Sunday morning the team which was published in the daily papers ended with the words "and three others."

We do not wish to detract in any way from the victory gained by the North, quite the contrary, but as this match is the most important one of the whole season we think that considerably more trouble might be taken over it, and we should like to see keen competition for places in the team. Another year this may be so but things will have to be managed very differently for this state of affairs to be brought about.

As to the actual play, Mr G. W. Hamill, who is practically responsible for this interesting match being got up at all, showed what excellent form he is in this year by

getting Mr W. Higgins six down. Mr Miller did well in doing likewise in his match with Mr Weston, while Messrs J.R. Garrod and M. Graham took full advantage of the Southern "tail" opposed to them by helping themselves to thirteen holes between them, thus giving the North a useful lead of four holes in the Singles.

The Foursomes were even more interesting. Mr Hamill, continuing his victorious career, in company with Mr Adamson, had Messrs Higgins and Scroggie five down. Messrs Marjoribanks and Mohr Bell did well in getting six up on Messrs Lees and Hotham, but all the other matches were fairly close, no pair being more than three up, while the last two matches were well fought out, there only being one hole difference in each of them.

The great attraction next Saturday will, of course, be the race meeting at Hurlingham, for which a most attractive programme has been arranged. The entries are distinctly good except for the Polo Association Cup, for which, we regret to say, only two ponies have been entered. The entries and handicaps and our prognostications may be found published in another column.

There has been such a settled and apparently well founded conviction that this year's fillies are unable to compete with the colts, that when one of them does score in mixed company, the surprise is measured out in three figure dividends. Thus Ultima was credited with \$206 and Rubina with \$125. The exploit of Queen Victoria, however, put both of these performances completely in the shade, and if the year were not so absolutely puzzling, one might lay odds that \$286 would be the record of the season, but there is no knowing what may happen in this unequal lot. Another reason why this filly was so ignored was that the second class colts were well represented in the race, several of them being apparently well able to concede her weight and sure to beat her at evens.

The first of the four great races of the year, the Premio Jockey Club, 2000 metres, and first prize \$20,000, is fixed for next Saturday. This year the field can only be a small one, as beside the four we mentioned last week, the only ones with even an outside chance, will be Primer Consul, Germinal, and Alcoran. Nearly all of the others that have made any figure took part in the Premio Rio de la Plata, and are thereby debarred from competing, but in any case, in our opinion, there are only four in the race. The sudden and much regretted death of the proprietor of the Stud Oriel makes it very doubtful if Triboulet will come out, and that will leave only three of our champions, and reduce the interest considerably. We hear rumours of the sale of this valuable colt and if the transaction is carried through, we believe the rules of the Jockey Club will allow of his fulfilling his engagements, which from a racing point of view would be very desirable, the first class this year being so reduced.

On Sunday last the new arrangements concerning the further stand came into force. The four dollar ticket has been abolished, so that those who wish to avoid the crush in the general stand will have to pay seven dollars for the privilege of looking over the gardens where the spring toilettes will be on view. The new pavilion for the sale of tickets in the races was also opened and is a convenience, but not less than five are sold at a time. The stalls for the horses engaged in each forthcoming race were not used, but are supposed to be on Saturday.

The most important polo event of the year, the annual championship tournament, will commence on Sun-

day next at Hurlingham and will continue on Monday and Tuesday. Eight teams have entered which we publish elsewhere together with the draw, times of matches and other details. If the weather only keep fine the ground will be in very good condition, and the 1900 Championship should be an enormous success.

We hear from Montevideo that, given a few days of dry weather, the links there are expected to be quite first class for the Championship Meeting. "Colonel Bogey" has been round the links in the following figures:—4, 3, 4, 5, 5, 5, 4, 6, 6, total 42, but as he scores for himself and registered the above score before the five new bunkers were put up, mere mortal Golfers should be warned against him! The "inner man" will be well looked after, as the luncheon arrangements are in the capable hands of the Pocitos Hotel.

The total length of the nine holes is 2875 yards, the shortest hole being 197 and the longest 461 yards. Agrippa and Silvertown golf balls can be obtained at the Club House. The Handicap Competition v. "Bogey" is open to members of all River Plate clubs and will be divided into two classes, should sufficient entries be received by 5 p.m. on Saturday. All competitors are expected to play off the twenty-seven holes on Sunday, if possible. The Committee of the Montevideo Golf Club hope that competitors in the Championship matches will be allowed "the courtesy of the green," i.e. they should not be interfered with or delayed by other players.

Interesting letters continue to be received from one or another of our small band at "the front." One, who has left Kitchener's Horse and is now with Remington's Guides, has written a very interesting letter, from which we have been kindly allowed to make some extracts. "Before leaving Bloemfontein," he writes, "I was attached to the First Mounted Infantry, with two others of Remington's Guides, to act as aide-de-camp or orderly despatch bearer to Col. Alderson, who is in command of the 1st M.I. and the 2nd Battalion of Canadians, being under General Hutton, who is one of French's best men, being the originator of the Mounted Infantry.

"I see just as much of the fighting as if I was one of the foreign Attachés. We certainly run a greater risk of being shot than the soldiers do, as we have to ride behind the Colonel (the Boers being 'dead nuts' on all officers) so we come in for our share of bullets, particularly as we are dressed just the same and ride from one commanding officer to another with fresh orders and take despatches to the General, etc., being always in front of the fighting line.

"One day after leaving Brantford we unexpectedly ran into the enemy. On command to retire I was left behind, my horse being knocked up, having previously done some severe work. Being left behind I received all the attention of the Boers, the bullets flying round me by the hundred, one striking the spur on my left foot and going into the boot at the back, running along between the sole and my foot, passing out on the inside of the instep where the strap of the spur goes over the boot, another striking my mess tin which was strapped on to the saddle.

"The day before yesterday we were attacking Botha, about twenty miles North of Pretoria, and as I was sitting behind a rock with the Colonel and other officers, a bullet hit my horse in the neck and passed clean through, only a little blood coming out of the wound and the horse did not seem to feel anything but simply shook his head.

We all had close shaves and could not make out where the bullets were coming from until one of the officers spotted a man sitting alone in a tree 'potting' away at us. He had crawled a long way from his own people to do a little sniping on his own account, but only one horse fell to his bag, besides mine being hit.

"We sent twenty Canadians to catch him, and when picked up he had six shots in him. We had about three days a week fighting with the Boers as we drove them back from Blomfontein to Pretoria. I am afraid we still have some very nasty work before us as they still mean to fight, and have retreated into the most hilly country that exists in the Transvaal. The weather is now very cold at night and in the morning, there being a frost every night, but we keep in splendid health. There is some heavy firing going on about nine miles off, and we suppose it is General Hamilton attacking Botha. We were expecting an attack this morning, but suppose Botha got wind of Hamilton being behind him."

The Annual General Meeting of the members of the Montevideo Cricket Club was held on Thursday evening last. The report presented by the outgoing committee was not a cheerful one, and the past year's work closed with a deficit of over a hundred dollars. The new Committee consists of:—President, Mr. W. Galwey; Vice-President, Mr. W. Baring; Cricket Captain, Mr. W. L. Poole; Lawn-Tennis Captain, Mr. J. M. Ellery; Football Captain, Mr. C. W. Dreever; Members: Messrs. J. Adams, C. Nuttall, E. M. Stanham, P. H. Vignoles, E. B. Cooper, D. O'Donoghue, and F. Cutler. We trust that the forthcoming year will prove a more successful one, and that everything possible will be done to keep the old club going.

In another part of to-day's issue may be found an account of a most amusing cricket match, which was played at St. Vincent, between the Orissa and a team of native boys. The inhospitable action of the "powers that be" there requires no comment, but it is delightful to hear of the keen way the native boys have taken to the game. It was very difficult for the ship's team to keep serious when the first bowler asked the captain if he wanted a trial, then insisted on giving him guard and then proceeded to bowl him first ball, knocking two stumps clean out of the ground!

We did not call attention last week to Mr G. L. Jessop's wonderful hitting for Gloucestershire against Yorkshire. Although the latter county won in the end by forty runs, the Gloucestershire skipper made a fine effort to stave off the defeat. On the last day the previous night's "not outs" were soon dismissed, and then Jessop arrived. The old Cantab first turned his attention to Rhodes, scoring eighteen in one over, which included two big drives for six over the football pavilion. He reached fifty in twenty-five minutes, and his century under the hour. He was especially severe on Rhodes, and his last over from that bowler was a notable one. The first ball he cut for four, the next was sent clean over the football pavilion, the third ball was an off-drive over the boundary rails, the fourth was also despatched for six; but from the last the batsman was caught at long-off.

Sampson, the strong man, is to make his last public appearances here on Saturday and Sunday next at the Pabellon Argentino, when in spite of the numerous counter attractions it is to be hoped he will receive plenty of support. His last appearance, financially, was anything but a success, so we wish him better luck this time. His

arm is gradually recovering from his unfortunate accident at the Victoria Theatre, and he intends going through practically all his feats of strength on Saturday and Sunday.

We have received Mr William S. Parfitt's nicely got up catalogue, and have perused it with interest. Mr Parfitt, for over thirty years past, has been working in this country and is able to build every class of boat imaginable. His prices seem moderate, and those who intend spending their holidays, during the coming summer, up the Tigre, could not do better than obtain one of these catalogues.

## FOOTBALL.

ASSOCIATION.

### BELGRANO A.C. v. QUILMES F.C.

The above League match was played at Belgrano on Thursday last, before a fair number of spectators and in a cold and strong wind, which sadly interfered with the play.

The visiting captain won the toss and elected to play with the wind behind him, especially as Quilmes were one short. Wibberley set the ball in motion and the four Quilmes forwards at once took possession and forced Barker to save, in doing which he conceded a corner. This went behind owing to the wind not being allowed for, and from the kick out the Belgrano front rank broke away, and Cunningham was soon busy at the other end. Keeping up the attack the visiting custodian was called upon several times, but on each occasion he dealt successfully with the shots until at length E. Dickinson opened the scoring with a hard low shot which gave the goalkeeper no chance of getting to.

This reverse apparently had a good effect on the Quilmeros, who set to work in a very businesslike manner to get on terms with their antagonists, but it was not until after several tries that at length a long shot of Clarke's beat Barker and the scores were brought level. Nothing further of note occurred before the interval, so that the teams crossed over with a goal each to their credit.

On restarting, Quilmes had the best of the opening stages and some nice combination was shown which eventually resulted in W. Leslie placing his side a goal to the good. Continuing to attack, the Belgrano back division were kept busy defending, but they were not as safe as usual and Quilmes should have broken through more than once. After a long series of attacks by the visitors the home team pulled themselves together and made a great effort to once again get the lead. Several shots were taken, one particularly fine one from the foot of Ratcliffe very nearly taking effect, but it struck the cross-bar. After this play was taken to the Belgrano end where a mis-kick by one of the backs let in Hooton, who immediately placed Quilmes still further ahead by putting the ball into the net. This was the last goal scored, so that the match resulted in a victory for Quilmes by three goals to one.

For the winners, Cunningham in goal was brilliant and brought off some very clever saves. Leslie and Morgan showed up well in the front rank, and behind Dunne and Williams were both good.

For the losers, the backs seemed off colour, Ratcliffe got through a lot of useful work, and E. Dickinson, although inclined to wander, worked hard.

Mr W. McEwen officiated as referee, and Messrs J. R. S. Fox and W. Williams looked after the lines.

The following were the teams:—

Quilmes F.C.—

Goal—E. Cunningham.

Backs—J. H. Williams, F. Parry.

Half-backs—W. Dunne, H. Torre, R. Clarke.

Forwards—C. P. C. Comber, Hooton, W. Leslie, D. Morgan, E. Morgan.

Belgrano A.C.—

Goal—R. D. Barker.

Backs—H. E. A. Craven, G. L. Macfarlane.

Half-backs—J. W. Baldock, H. T. Ratcliffe, E. L. Duggan.

Forwards—G. N. Dickinson, W. H. Coe, F. C. Wibberley, C. E. Dickinson, W. Malm.

A CRICKET MATCH AT ST. VINCENT.

St. Vincent is the first coaling station for the boats from Liverpool to the West Coast of South America, and as a delay of some hours is necessary, it is customary to arrange a cricket match against the Island.

On August 16th the R.M.S. Orissa, of the Pacific Line arrived in Lisbon, and a cable was forwarded to St. Vincent challenging them to play a match. The vessel arrived on August 21st, and after an early breakfast the team landed and got up to the field about 8.30 a.m., for although the agent who boarded the vessel brought the news that no cable had been received, it was still hoped that the match, for which the ship's team had constantly practised since leaving England, would nevertheless take place.

The St. Vincent team, however, found it impossible to spare the time for a match; they also found it impossible to lend their wickets, bats, etc., for a few hours' practice, although both the Purser of the ship and a member of their own team offered to be personally responsible. This inhospitality was very much felt by everyone, as it is usual in far off lands and out-of-the-way places for Englishmen to give Englishmen who chance to be thrown among them a very different welcome.

After all, however, it was not so very unfortunate, as it gave an opportunity of testing the native talent of the Island. A party of native boys were on the ground practising and they, with great delight, accepted our challenge. The news of the approaching match spread quickly, and soon about 200 boys were on the ground, as keen and excited as an crowd of English school boys when their own school is engaged in an important match. They soon selected their captain, a tall fellow of about 17 years of age, and he at once set about selecting his team. The scene which followed was comical in the extreme, as the team was chosen from a hundred or more boys of ages varying from 10 to 16, of all colours, dressed in all kinds of fashions, from a single shirt full of holes, to an almost complete outfit of a "Gentleman in Khaki," which one of them had by some means obtained, and one was ornamented with tartan breeches! During the whole game this weird, strangely dressed, dark-skinned crowd kept shouting their instructions to the players and umpires, and one continually heard such expressions as:—"Umpire, look out for no-balls," "Bum-mury" (boundary), "Twelve minutes to time," or "How's that Umpire." The captain of the boys sent down the first over. The start was disastrous. With the very first ball our captain was bowled and two wickets were down before a run had been scored, and, as will be seen by the appended score, the ship was easily defeated:—

The Ship		Natives
Captain Taylor	0	Three little nigger
Mitchell	0	boys 70 for three
Harrison	18	wickets.
Davis	15	
Gilderdale	2	
Boyd	0	
Dr. Wilcox	0	
Barber	3	
	38	

The match was interesting and enjoyable, the boys being very keen and showed they were good sportsmen by applauding every piece of good play, whether on their side or not, and when leaving the field, a beaten team, they gave us three hearty cheers quite spontaneously, reminding each of the battles fought at the old school, and affording a remarkable example of the manner in which cricket is introduced by the English wherever they go, and it, in its turn, even out of the seemingly most unlikely subjects, sometimes helps to produce one of the highest types of man—one who, while not in the least belittling his one side, own yet see the good in his opponents—in other words a true sportsman.

"ALBION,"

CRICKET IN ENGLAND.

When the history of cricket in 1900 comes to be written, Ranjitsinhji's innings of 202 against Middlesex at Brighton on a very difficult wicket will probably be described as the finest batting display of the year. He made his runs at a tremendous rate at a time when other pla-

yers on the side were perfectly helpless, and he gave no chance until he had made a hundred and forty-eight. The character of his hitting can best be judged when it stated that he and Bland added 78 runs in thirty minutes for the eighth wicket, of which number he claimed all but two. The performance would have been a noteworthy one even if it had been achieved on a good ground against a moderate team, but what words can adequately describe the innings when it was made against Trott, J. T. Hearne and Rawlin on a wicket altogether against large-scoring? It was a marvellous display, and when it was at length ended the applause from all parts of the ground was lusty, loud and long. Ranjitsinhji has played many fine innings in his time, but never such a one as he played last Saturday. His innings so overwhelmed everything else seen in the match that Mr. Fry's innings of 110 had been almost forgotten. By playing this innings immediately after his double century performance against Surrey he has caused his name to be added to the gradually-lengthening list of batsmen who have scored three separate hundreds in consecutive innings in great matches. The two Sussex batsmen are, indeed, in wonderful form this season, and their position at the head of the batting averages is thoroughly deserved.

This innings of 202 is the fourth of two hundred made by Ranjitsinhji this year, which is a record in itself. It is also the ninth innings of a hundred made by him. This record has been beaten by himself, Dr. Grace, and Hayward, each man having scored ten hundreds.

The following was Abel's complete record for the month of July:

2. Surrey v. Warwick (Birmingham)	112
5. Surrey v. Leicestershire (Oval)	94
9. Players v. Gentlemen (Oval)	153*
9. Players v. Gentlemen (Oval)	2
12. Surrey v. Essex (Leyton)	12
12. Surrey v. Essex (Leyton)	137
16. Players v. Gentlemen (Lord's)	30
16. Players v. Gentlemen (Lord's)	98
19. Surrey v. Sussex (Brighton)	110
23. Surrey v. Kent (Oval)	2
25. Surrey v. Kent (Oval)	120*
26. Surrey v. Yorkshire (Oval)	53
28. Surrey v. Yorkshire (Oval)	3
Total	926

\* Signifies not out.

Lord Sheffield was heartily reviled when he withdrew his patronage from Sussex cricket, after being the mainstay of the southern county for years; but although its position as a first-class county is now assured, it is safe to say that but for the owner of the lovely private ground at Fletching, where the Australians used to open their tours, Sussex cricket would not now be what it is. What part Lord Sheffield had in inducing Ranji and C. B. Fry to qualify for a county in which neither has an interest—family or otherwise—it would be interesting to know, for it seems a characteristic of this nobleman to do all that he possibly can for the benefit of those he considers "his people," and had it not been for the interferences of biassed outsiders there would be little doubt that first-class matches would still be played on his lovely ground, and support asked for never refused.

Last year, Trott, Mr. Townsend, Brockwell and Lockwood each took over a hundred wickets and made over a thousand runs. No one has yet accomplished this feat in 1900, but Lockwood, with 1079 runs and 93 wickets is within a little of it, while Trott, with 136 wickets and 742 runs, is in the running.

On July 28th Mr H. K. Foster's aggregate for the season was 889 runs. Thus he required 111 runs to complete the thousand. On July 30th, in the match between Worcestershire and Middlesex, he made, in two hours and twenty minutes, the precise number of runs required for this, and was then caught at the wicket.

Mr A. J. Webbe, the old Middlesex captain, says "Cricket," made his re-appearance in first-class cricket on July 30th for Middlesex against Worcestershire. He did not bat on the first day, but on the second scored 10 by pretty cricket in a low-scoring innings, while on the last day in partnership with Mr W. P. Robertson he played a memorable not-out innings when his side was in the most desperate straits. Another famous captain, Mr John

Shuter, who has so often led Surrey to victory, made his re-appearance in an important, but not first-class, match on July 30th. For Surrey against the West Indians he showed all his old skill as a leader, and although he could not save his side from a severe defeat, he saved it from an overwhelming collapse in the first innings by his nerve at a critical moment.

### ESTANCIA AND COLONY.

The Rural Society of Concordia is organising a large show for the last day of this month, at which all kinds of products are to be exhibited.

The s.s. Zeta, which left for Campana last Friday, whither she goes to finish loading, will take on board two thousand tons of sugar. Her destination is London.

The Mercedes Rural Society has deemed it expedient to postpone their show of live stock, etc., previously announced to take place early this month, to September 30th and following days.

The Cordoba Rural Society announces an agricultural show of exceptional dimensions for the 2nd of December next. All farmers from Cordoba, Santa Fé, and Buenos Aires will be invited to exhibit, but those animals from this province that have already won prizes will not be allowed to carry off any at this show.

Very seldom previously has the wheat market shown less signs of activity, at this season of the year, than the present. On the Continent, as in England and North America, quotations have varied but slightly during the last two months. From the 1st of January up to Saturday last this Republic has exported 1,790,000 tons of wheat, as against 1,300,000 tons in the same period of last year, and 663,171 in 1898. At the present moment there is a stock of 60,000 tons at our various ports.

The outlook for the wool market is every day becoming worse. We have over 10,000,000 kilos of the 1899-1900 clip in the Central Produce Market, 5,000,000 kilos in the various barracas, an equal quantity still in the Camp, some 9,000,000 kilos in the Banda Oriental, and to this large stock of say 30,000,000 kilos will shortly be added the clip of 1900-1901. The stocks in Tourcoing and Roubaix are very large, and late telegrams give a weakness in prices. It is reported that manufacturers of woollen goods are discharging employees and putting their works on short time. The Colonial wool sales which are to take place in London on October 4th will have a total of 400,000 bales.

Sr Antonio Devoto has sold, from his estancia Arroyo Dulce, 3,500 capones, to the Sansinena Frozen Meat Company at \$8 each. From the various establishments in the Partido of Rojas the same Company has bought 2,200 capones at \$7.50 each.

Sr Federico Roth sold last Saturday, for shipment to Montevideo, several rams at prices ranging from \$220 to \$400.

On August 31st the Paraguayan Congress definitely sanctioned a law declaring free of taxation all saladeros that may be established in that country. There are no import duties on building material, machinery, chemicals, or barrels or articles used in packing. To encourage the establishment of companies for exporting frozen meat, extract of beef and tinned meats in general, no tax will be imposed, except a general one of 10 cents gold per head on all animals killed.

The Las Palmas Produce Co. have bought from Sr J. Bernanieche 800 steers at \$77 per head, and from Sr Villanueva 250 at \$75 per head.

The late rains have been general throughout the Province of Buenos Aires, the greater parts of Santa Fé, Cordoba, Entre Rios, and South of Corrientes. In the Banda Oriental also, the rain was general. The rainfall in this city on Saturday last was 65 millimetres.

The shipment of live stock from the port of La Plata appears to be a thing of the past. For the first six months of this year there were shipped from that port 4662 steers, 15,998 sheep and 353 horses, while for the past month of August the shipments of all classes of stock were nil.

Those interested in the new process of sterilizing meat, the first shipment of which left in the s.s. Southern Cross, are eagerly awaiting the result of this, the trial shipment, and expect to have definite news either to-day or to-morrow.

Latest advices from the Province of Buenos Aires concerning the foot-and-mouth disease are very satisfactory. The disease has almost entirely disappeared from all the establishments where it existed previously, with the exception of a few in Salto and Mercedes.

### ROUND THE TOWN.

We have attended many dances in this city, but never a more enjoyable one than that held on Wednesday evening last, at the Prince George's Hall, under the auspices of the Buenos Aires Lawn Tennis Club. The music, in the experienced hands of Sr. Furlotti, was first class, the floor was perfect, the decorations pretty and original, tennis racquets and the club colours abounding, while part of the ball-room was carpeted off and made into a little fairy bower with comfortable lounge chairs for the chaperones, etc. All the arrangements for supper were extremely well carried out by Sr. Schaefer, and as there were just the right number of people present what on earth had one to wish for more? A Bal Poudre is always a pretty spectacle, and this one was no exception to the rule. A great many wigs were worn, but the majority had their hair powdered. Who was the Belle? Well, we dare not answer that, but a certain young lady who wore her own hair, got up to represent an old fashioned wig would take a lot of beating. Who was the gentleman, by the way, who asked a fellow dancer to help him to find his partner, and on being asked what she was like replied, "oh! she's got grey hair?" Altogether it was one of the prettiest and jolliest dances ever held in Buenos Aires.

Apparently few people know what a go-ahead suburb Lanús is, for we read that the bachelors there intend giving a dance. As a matter of fact, our colleague in Maipú street has announced Lanús instead of Lomas, the bachelors of which suburb intend holding a dance at the Hotel Las Delicias, Adrogué, on Friday, September 21st. The Hotel is particularly well suited for a dance, and those fortunate enough to be invited may look forward to a very pleasant evening with all confidence.

Li Hung Chang's wife, the Marchioness Li, is reckoned a great beauty, and she is also one of the cleverest women in her country. She must be considerably over 50 or 60 years of age; but she looks scarcely a day over 35, and her toilettes evoke the admiration of all who see them. Her garments are calculated to be no fewer in number than 3000 or 4000. Her fur robes are wonderfully beautiful, and comprise 500 made from the finest skins. Not the least extraordinary and varied part of her toilette is her hair-dressing which can be accomplished in at least fifty modes.

A French physician, who has a very extensive country practice, carries with him, according to a Lyons medical journal, several carrier pigeons. When he finds a patient in urgent need of medicine, he attaches the prescription under the wing and releases the bird. On the appearance of the latter, the chemist catches it and dispatches the remedy, thus frequently saving many hours delay.

The Dowager Empress of China was the recipient on the occasion of her 60th birthday of an interesting presentation from the ministers of England and America. This consisted of a copy of the New Testament, bound in silver covers, and inclosed in a chased silver casket, subscribed for by the Christian women of China. On one cover was a gold plate bearing the words, "Holy Classic of Salvation." The subscribers numbered about 10,000, and the cost of the presentation amounted to £250.

A man has just died in a New York hospital who had the distinction of being reputed the champion beer-drinker of New York City. For 21 years he drank on an average seven quarts of beer a day, and his weight increased from 180 lb. to 460 lb. During most of that time he never went to bed, for fear that death might ensue if he assumed a reclining position, and during the eight months he spent in the hospital his weight was reduced nearly 300 lb.

In his life-time he said he supposed he had consumed about 20,000 gallons.

We have received once again that bright and original publication entitled "Fashion," the organ of male attire, conducted and edited by Beau Brummel, Junr., the greatest living authority on dress in England. We notice that Messrs. W. Strong and Co., 87 Florida, are largely advertised in this journal, and announce that their novelties for spring and summer wear have now arrived from the West End of London. They are worth inspecting.

In spite of the truly miserable weather we have been experiencing the last few months, the winter has been a very gay one, but a livelier time than ever seems in store for our pleasure seekers. Rehearsals for a "Pantomime Rehearsal" are in full swing, and the play should be ready in three weeks. Then we have "The Private Secretary" in October, and last, but not least, "A Runaway Girl." We understand that the chorus rehearsals for the last-named are being well attended, and that everything points to a thoroughly successful performance.

The last of the Cinderella dances will be held on Friday evening next at Prince George's Hall. As the number of extra tickets has reached the limit fixed upon no more will be issued, but those subscribers who wish to change their tickets can do so by applying to the Hon. Secretary between 1 and 2 p.m. or after 5.30 to-morrow at 760 Cuyo, or on Friday at the Hall itself between 3 and 4 p.m.

The renowned Quilmes Minstrels have, after much persuasion, decided to pay Buenos Aires a visit, and will give a performance on Tuesday evening next, the 11th inst., at Prince George's Hall. The performance will be given in aid of the Quilmes Cricket Club, and should be well patronised.

It is rather a long cry from Buenos Aires to Roldan but some of our readers may be up Rosario way for the sports on the 8th and some may be acquainted with one or other member of the committee formed to hold a "Social Hop" in Roldan on the 7th, in which case they might procure an invitation to what we are told promises to be one of the best and brightest functions ever held in the little camp town long noted for its excellent and quite up-to-date entertainments. The affair seems to have taken a much more pretentious flight than was at first intended, and we now are assured good music, good floor, and a bevy of pretty matrons and maids. The committee, who have worked hard to ensure success, are Messrs Henry French, T. Wilson, P. Bureau, G. W. Pumfrett (treasurer), and C. W. Wilding (secretary).

We call the attention of our readers to the many posters on and about the different railway stations, announcing a grand Promenade in aid of the most worthy of institutions, the British and American Benevolent Society. Our ready-to-be-amused public must not run away with the notion that this entertainment is a mere common, or garden, concert. Common—No! Garden—Yes! Inasmuch as the Hall will be practically a garden for one night; and ought, and will, be filled with a crowd of thoroughly pleased and delighted people. The programme is most excellent, the dresses are beautiful, the dances have been especially arranged and well rehearsed; and we hear there is an immense and altogether novel arrangement with regard to tea, and a bar service. We should say that "Promenade" meant afternoon dress; and knowing the scramble for hats and coats that generally prevails at Prince George's Hall, we would recommend it. Of course, there is nothing to prevent the use of full evening dress for those who live in town, and happen to be so clothed.

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**FIXTURES.**

**ATHLETICS.**

Sept. 8—Annual Athletic Sports Rosario A.C.

**GOLF.**

**SEPTEMBER.**

Sat. 8, Sun. 9, Mon. 10—Championship of the River Plate at Montevideo.

**FOOTBALL—ASSOCIATION.**

**DIVISION I.**

Sept. 8—Quilmes v. Lomas, at Lomas.  
Sept. 8—English High School v. Belgrano, at Coghlan.  
Sept. 16—Quilmes v. Albion Club, at Montevideo.  
Sept. 17—Quilmes v. C.U.R.C., at Peñarol.

**DIVISION III.**

Sept. 8—Lomas Academy v. Escuela de Comercio, at Lomas

**POLO.**

Sept. 9, 10, 11, 12—Annual Polo Championship of the River Plate, at Hurlingham.  
Oct. 5, 6—Open Tournament, at Venado Tuerto.

**RACING.**

Sept. 6—Hipódromo Nacional, Belgrano.  
Sept. 8—Hipódromo Argentino, Palermo.  
Sept. 8—Race Meeting at Hurlingham.  
Sept. 9—Hipódromo Argentino, Palermo.  
Oct. 4—Spring Race Meeting, at Venado Tuerto.

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## A CHANCE MOUNT.

I was hard hit. There was no doubt of it, and yet it was not for want of warnings. Johnnie Blake never ceased to tell me to let the illegitimate game alone.

'Even if you win,' was his pet remark, 'prices are so confoundedly cramped in steeplechases, that you don't do any good.'

But it wasn't much use to warn me; the Ainslie money had been lost and won over 'chasers since the thirties, the days of Lottery and Moonraker; and I continued to entrust my share of it to all sorts of horses over all sorts of courses. This was about three years' ago and I was a first-class 'mug' in those days.

As often as I could screw some leave out of the Colonel, I went from one jump meeting to another. Mine happened to be rather a popular regiment, and I seldom failed to meet an acquaintance or two in the paddock. Guests at our mess were plentiful and various, but most of them good fellows, and *all* of them with a certainty for the punting 'sub.' When these well-meant schemes for my benefit collapsed—as they generally did—I had to listen to 'Oh, I'm awfully sorry, old chap, but I can assure you they told me it couldn't lose; they made out it represented Manifesto at about 10 st. 7 lb.!' Crumbs of comfort these, unsatisfying at the best of times; absolutely useless in view of the following Monday.

Various unhappy chances, various errors of judgment—sometimes other people's judgment, sometimes mine—brought me about the end of March, to a point where a big effort to pull things straight was urgent. I had tapped my father repeatedly with some success, and felt I was reaching the end of the dear old fellow's generosity. I did not wish to exchange my profession for a hansom cab or a sporting journal—both respectable methods of making a living, no doubt, and possibly more lucrative than the Army, but I preferred the Service.

Besides, I was 'hard hit' in two places, so to speak. I wanted to 'settle up' as soon as possible, and after that—well! to settle down. A lanky subaltern, hampered with racing debts, was scarcely a very brilliant suitor for Mary, only daughter of Sir George Twistleton, Bart., but luckily the latter did not dislike me. I daresay he had a fine contempt for my ideas about racing—he was himself a remarkably shrewd and cool old sportsman—but he permitted me an intimacy with his daughter Molly which I hope I never abused.

I had first met my lady-love while watching the sale of a wretched selling hurdle race winner at Langford Park. In the illegitimate season there is seldom more than one Mecca for the devotee of the turf, and on most of my racing pilgrimages I met Molly with her father. Our intimacy prospered among the yells of the book-makers and the whistle of the scudding silks. Molly was excellent company, gay and straightforward, a sports-woman and a lady. For a girl she was well up in racing matters, but she never showed off by swagger or slang. She was fond of horses, and not above enjoying the excitement of winning a little money.

'I promised Dad not to risk more than I ought, you know,' she said. 'He advises me generally, but sometimes I back my own fancy, just for the fun of the thing!'

For this reason, I suppose, she backed some of my 'certainties': as a rule they promptly went down, and I was very humble and apologetic. I dare say my remarks were no more consoling than those of *my* sporting comforters in a similar case; but she forgave me, and sat out several squares with me at a dance that night just to show there was no ill-feeling.

Molly was a bright particular star—very particular—and she governed several satellites; I was a newly discovered one—but many of them were condemned to circle round her at a distance and never get any closer. My orbit was a nearer one; I had revolved contentedly in it for some months, but now I was threatened with eclipse. Floundering among these starry metaphors, let me return to unaspiring prose.

His name was Vexton, he was a very clever fellow, and obviously admired Molly, though it was not obvious that his feelings went beyond admiration. A man, who makes money by racing learns the value of reticence with regard to many things.

Vexton owned a small string of 'chasers that had the knack of winning at good prices. His enemies might wink and whisper (and envy), putting the worst construction on these welcome victories, but I am certain that Vexton never went in for any hanky-panky of a base sort.

To be liked by Molly and by Molly's father was a very fair guarantee, indeed, of a man's honesty. Of course Molly enjoyed her double conquest, much, perhaps, as we enjoy bringing off a 'right and left.' I was in a condition to detect a rival in any man outside the Table of Kindred and Affinity; but I hoped Captain Vexton was merely a copious and trustworthy 'Racing Guide,' to Molly who, I winced in remembering, had lost the 'price of several new frocks,' as she said, over some of my wild fancies.

Molly must have guessed—woman's instinct, I suppose—that things were not going well with me; she too had suffered, poor girl, over some of the 'things.'

On the first day at Liverpool we were watching the opening race from the top of the Stand. Molly's eyes were very bright and her tan racing-coat became her to perfection. She had rather a mysterious little air about her which was explained when she presently began in a confidential undertone:

'Captain Vexton's going to ride Peg the Rake in the 3-30 race.'

'That's his own, isn't it?' I said.

'Yes. He says he's going to win. He told me about it coming up in the train.'

'Oh, he came up with you?' I said savagely.

'Yes,' said Molly, now busy with her race-glasses. 'Can you get something on for me, do you think, Mr Ainslie? I think I'll have a little plunge this time. Captain Vexton doesn't often ride his own gees, but his usual jockey's got influenza. He says it's a real good thing—the race, not the influenza. He *does* ride well,' she finished enthusiastically.

'I hope he will, as he's going to ride for *your* money,' I said. 'I'd try and win, I know, I'd like to have Vexton's chance.'

'Perhaps you'd tumble off,' said Molly seriously.

'Probably I should. I've only ridden in regimental point-to-point races, and in a "plodders' race" at Champion Hill—never over a course like this. But I shouldn't mind having a try. Would you come and watch me tumble into Becher's Brook?'

'I shouldn't like to see you come to grief.'

'I don't believe you'd care twopence,' I remarked.

'I should!' said Molly: 'do you think I should have no more than twopence on you?'

She put up her glasses as the horse came into the straight; I thought her cheeks were rather pink, but that may have been excitement at the prospect of a close finish. Sir George and some more friends joined us just then, and it was not till Molly was walking with me to lunch in our tent—the 116th were then quartered at Preston—that she again mentioned Captain Vexton's tip.

'He feels certain of winning,' she said. 'If you *can* afford a little extra, I *do* think it would be a safe thing. She was quite eager about it, and as I looked at her, blushed and began to hunt for her race card. I knew it was in her left-hand pocket, and believe *she* did, but she searched with energy in all the others first.

'And he told me,' she went on meanwhile, 'that Drogheda is the one to back for the National to-morrow. Very few people are "in the know," as he calls it, and you can get 25 to 1 about him now. (Molly's pronouns were a little mixed in the excitement of the moment.) He is an Irish racing friend, I think, who told him that—' and she gave me a good deal of Vexton's private and exclusive information. It seemed rather rash of Vexton to have told her, and I drew my own conclusions. But I was fairly sure that his tip would be a sound one, and later on I took my courage in both hands and £2,500 to £100 against Drogheda.

The 3-30 race—Vexton's race—was a steeplechase, distance about three miles. There were three runners—Landslip, who was immediately made a hot favourite, Scottish Pride and Peg the Rake, against whom they were offering 7 or 8 to 1. I did Molly's little commission and my own, and hurried off to join her. She and Sir George were posted by a fence on the railway side, Molly liking, as she said, to 'see the jumping close to.'

On leaving the paddock, the favourite bolted, jumped the rails, and lamed himself. So, by permission of the Stewards, his number was withdrawn. The race was now reduced to a match, and the bookies to a state of confusion and disgust. Molly and I, like brave Alum Bey, hugged ourselves in the comfortable conviction that 'we were all right.'

The flag fell. Peg and Scottish Pride came along close together for the first mile, and jumped the fence beside us nearly level.



'She's a very good mare, Vexton's,' said Sir George 'I should think—by Jove, she's down!'

Peg was leading slightly as she and Scottish Pride neared the next fence—the one with a six-foot ditch, and a thorn hedge on the far side of it. I thought they were over all right. Suddenly—it gave me a sickening sensation—Vexton's yellow sleeves disappeared from view.

We watched for a second or two in silence, hoping to see Peg remounted. Meanwhile Scottish Pride went striding on alone.

'He's not up,' said Sir George. 'Ainslie, you'd better go and see what's the matter.'

I found Vexton sitting on somebody's outspread coat, looking shaken and queer, surrounded by a group of more or less disinterested sympathisers. Some one was holding the mare, who appeared none the worse. I could see that Vexton was in a good deal of pain, though he was trying to make light of it.

'Whereabouts are you hurt, old man?' I asked.

'My left knee,' he said. 'I'm afraid I can't get up again. It's deuced bad luck. I'm awfully sorry about the race.'

'There won't be no race, Capting, if this goes on,' said a bystander who was looking through his glasses. I looked in the same direction and saw what he meant.

Scottish Pride's jockey, having the affair to himself after Vexton's cropper, had considerably eased his mount, who—perhaps for want of an encouraging lead—was now repeatedly refusing Becher's. It seemed as if this unlucky race were never to be ridden to a finish.

The crowd kept up a withering fire of comment.

'Take 'em a week!' said one.

'Finish next year!' said a second.

'Not they,' came a chorus.

'Bets'll all be orf,' said some one who had probably backed Peg, and some one else rejoined morosely.

'A good job too! They ought to put up proper jocks to ride for folks' money.'

I hurriedly explained the state of things to Vexton when we had got him on to a hurdle.

'It's an awful nuisance that I can't finish,' he said, dismally; 'the mare's not hurt, is she?'

'No, she's all right,' I said, blankly enough, and then a sudden and desperate inspiration seized me. I said something *sotto voce* to Vexton.

'Could you, do you think?' he said, doubtfully.

'I can draw the weight, I fancy, and I'm qualified, anyhow,' I answered. 'I'll try, if you'll give me leave. It looks as if it would only be a ride over.'

Vexton looked ahead where Scottish Pride was still obstinately swerving and wheeling, looked back at me, and seemed to consider.

'All right!' he said, laconically.

I gave my race-glasses to a bystander (by-the-way, I never saw them again), threw off my overcoat, crammed on my bowler, and was shot up into Peg's saddle by a couple of willing helpers. I had hardly time to realise what I was in for but I sent Peg at the next fence, and promptly discovered what strenuous demands were to be made on my equitation.

Peg the Rake was a beautiful jumper, and I accomplished the next two fences—which luckily were not Aintree's largest—with no further mishap than the loss of my hat. That, too, I never saw again.

I was now in the same field with Scottish Pride, who was still coquetting with Becher's. When my opponent, warned by the cries of the crowd near the jump, saw me coming on, he brought his mount back so as to get a lead from me. The horrid thought flashed through me that if Peg cleared the brook perhaps Scottish Pride would do so likewise, and thenceforward I should have let myself in for a racing tussle, whereas I had merely bargained for a ride-over on the dubious supposition that I could 'get the country.'

But before I had time to wonder how my (very elementary) finishing powers would serve me in that case, Peg rose at the fence and brook—I thought she was never coming down again—and landed without a mistake. I risked a look behind me to see Scottish Pride swinging away from the brook once again; and the jeers of the crowd were like music in my ears.

By good luck, and thanks to Peg's jumping powers, I accomplished the rest of the course, and passed the winning-post alone, to the accompaniment of a good deal of cheering from the ring.

I drew the weight correctly, with a good bit to spare, and had the satisfaction of hearing 'All right' called. I don't know if any one grumbled; I should think not for

No. 170 of the National Hunt Rules is too definite to dispute.

So Molly and I won our money. And—as the Racing Calendar will tell you—Drogheda rolled home in the National next day, to the great relief of my embarrassed finances. The sporting papers dwelt flatteringly on 'the young Lieutenant's pluck'; but the unpublished remarks of one amateur were worth more to me than even the printed praise of racing experts.

Mrs Ainslie is even prettier than Miss Twistleton used to be, I think, and just as keen on racing. Vexton's stable has had quite a little run of luck this season; and Molly and I, not long ago, watched him win a most exciting close finish at Sandown. I think he was rather hard hit, though Molly denies it. But if he was, be managed—as I did at Becher's Brook—to get over it somehow!

## THE PASTORALIST'S REVIEW

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### Programa de las Carreras

EN EL

### HIPÓDROMO DE HURLINGHAM

### EL SABADO 8 DE SETIEMBRE DE 1900

**Premio Gorrion.**—Entrada \$10; Premio \$100; para petizos de 58 pulgadas ó menos que no hayan ganado una carrera llana en Hurlingham; peso por pulgadas; petizos de 58 pulgadas llevarán 75 kilos. Distancia 600 metros.

**Premio Raton.**—Entrada \$10; Premio \$100; handicap para petizos de 58 pulgadas ó menos. Distancia 1000 metros.

**Premio Llama.**—Entrada \$10. Premio \$100; para petizos que hayan jugado al polo y no hayan ganado una carrera en Hurlingham; peso por pulgadas; petizos de 58 pulgadas llevarán 75 kilos. Distancia 500 metros.

**Premio Colinita (carrera de obstáculos).**—Entrada \$10; Premio \$100; handicap para petizos de 58 pulgadas ó menos. Distancia 3000 metros.

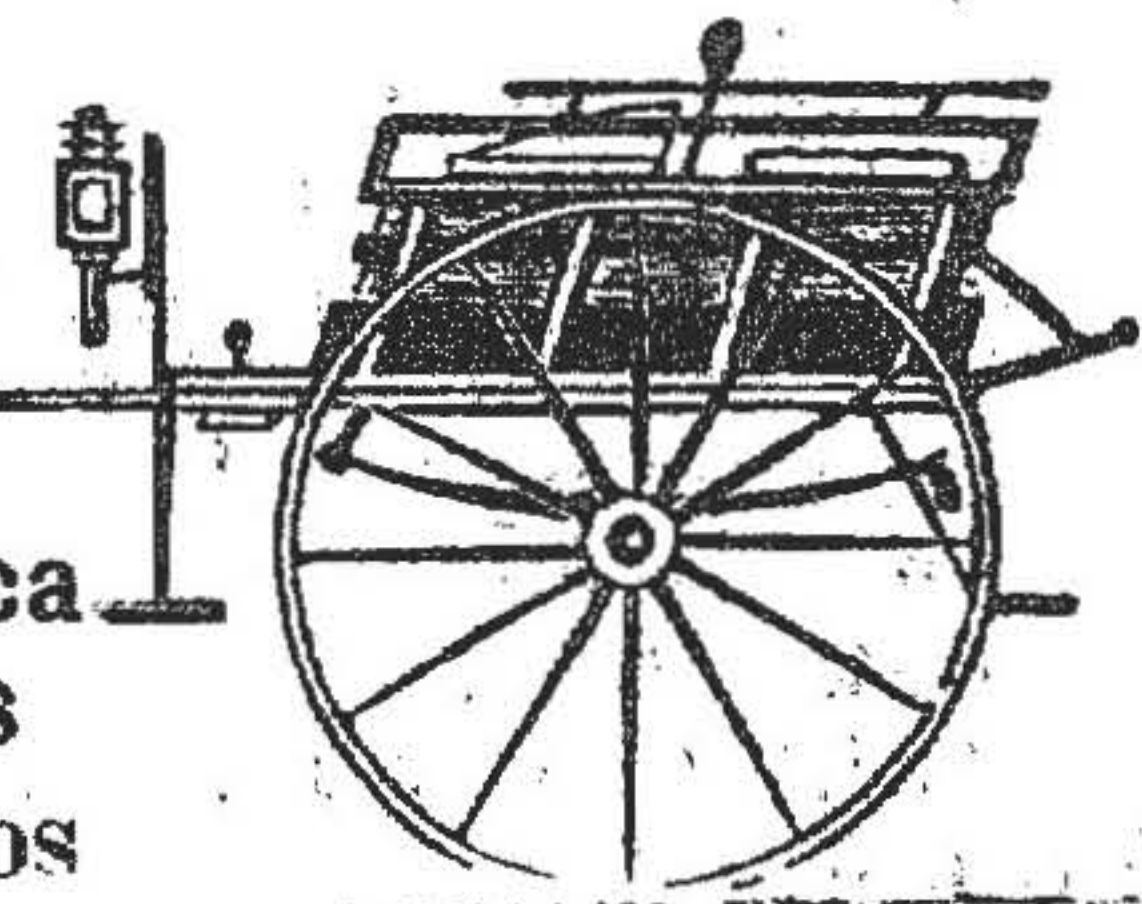
**Polo Association Cup,** y además las entradas de \$20 cada una; para petizos de polo de propiedad y montados por socios que jueguen con regularidad al polo y sean socios de algun club afiliado á la asociación. Peso por pulgadas; petizos de 58 pulgadas llevarán 78 kilos; petizos montados por sus dueños llevarán 2 kilos de ventaja. Distancia 1500 metros. La copa debe ser ganada tres veces seguidas por el mismo dueño y por el mismo petizo ó cuatro veces en todas por el mismo dueño. Para ser petizos calificados deberán llenar las condiciones de la definición de petizos de polo, como así lo espresan los reglamentos de la asociación del polo. Estos reglamentos serán facilitados por el secretario á aquellos que así lo deseen.

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## CYCLING IN ENGLAND

August 3rd, 1900.

Although there is not a great deal of excitement taken in racing now-a-days, and although the discussions of a few years back as to how to prevent loafing would, if revived, hardly attract anything more than passing comment amongst those of the inner circle, it is still of interest to note that in America they have adopted a somewhat drastic method of grappling with the loafing difficulty in cycle races, by building a track with such steep banks on the curves that unless they are taken at a good rate of speed the riders will topple over. It remains to be seen whether even this measure will bear the result intended, for now-a-days racing men are almost as good at trick riding as they are at speed, and in Paris in the most flagrant loafing matches it used to be quite a common sight to see the two competitors stand still in turns on their machines and momentarily hold on to the railing in order to force the other man to take the lead. Perhaps, however, American racing men have not risen (?) to such finesse.

There has been a very noticeable falling off in the number of cycles fitted with gear cases, and more noticeable has been the decrease within the last few seasons, doubtless owing to the fact that so many low priced cycles, which preclude the fixing of anything approaching a gear case, have been sold. If cyclists could only be made to realise the importance of gear cases, they would not begrudge even on the cheap priced machine, the few extra shillings which would purchase this very necessary adjunct. It stands to reason that the chain and cog wheels, being amongst the most important parts of the machine, should be as free from dust and all other foreign matter as possible. The only efficient method by which dust can be properly excluded is by the use of a gear case, which now-a-days can be obtained at a very small cost, and which if properly fitted by a competent man will cause no trouble at all. One need not go in for the perfectly oil-tight case but so long as the chain is properly enclosed so as to exclude all dust, grit and mud, the purpose is answered and the longevity of the machine wonderfully extended.

A very considerable extension of the present London tramways system is threatened, and if only a fair proportion of the schemes now under consideration should come into effect, the lot of the cyclists using many of the main roads out of London would threaten to be far from happy. Tramways however, sometimes bring with them a compensation in the way of better surfaces, for when the laying of the lines is started upon, it generally entails the laying of a better surface for the whole roadway. As an instance may be mentioned the main Bath road out of London. A short time back stretches of this road were of such exceedingly bad surface that cycling was rendered quite difficult, especially when the roads were covered with a greasy surface, but now that the tram lines have been laid, a beautiful wood surface has been put down for quite a long stretch, rendering the road which used to be so unpleasant, distinctly the opposite. Unfortunately, however, tram lines do not always carry such advantages with them, but we must hope for the best.

The steady increase of fatal accidents due to cycling without a brake, goes on unchecked. A short time back at Kidderminster a brakeless cyclist ran into a house and succumbed to the resulting injuries. The case was commented upon by the coroner in charge of the jury, who remarked upon the apparent courting of disaster by using a cycle which was not under proper control. Not only was the rider's safety concerned, but the safety of the public, and he took the opportunity of lodging a protest against anyone using brakeless machines. It was proposed by the jury to at first add a rider to the verdict of accidental death, but the idea was afterwards dropped. The fact that the rider, which would probably have par-taken of the usual form warning cyclists not to ride without brakes, was omitted, does not very much matter, for by this time everyone knows full well how strongly such negligence is deprecated. It is the continuance of these accidents and the repeated remarks of jurymen which will bring some drastic regulation into force, such as fining men who ride without brakes in the same way as cyclists are at present fined when detected riding

without bells. It is no use stating that a man must have a brake, unless some penalty is imposed to enforce his doing so.

The Railway Bill of the National Cyclists' Union which is at present before the House of Commons, looks like having more chance of success than any other preceding proposed measure, it having already secured the backing of such well known Parliamentary men as Sir Howard Vincent, Mr Herbert Gladstone, Mr H. Marks, and others, all of whom being enthusiastic cyclists themselves are naturally interested in such a measure. Of course the actual support of a few such members does not necessarily spell success, but when one remembers that years ago it would have been very difficult to obtain the really practical support of any member of the House of Commons to a measure on behalf of cyclists, it is gratifying to know that to-day things are very much altered. It is wonderful testimony to the strength and extent of the pastime, and the manner in which its participants are bound together. On more than one occasion Mr Herbert Gladstone, similarly with Mr A. J. Balfour, has expressed his admiration and enthusiasm for the wheel, and when such public men as these speak in such glowing terms, we can surely disregard the barkings of the malcontents and would-be cycle tax imposers.

English racing honours, amongst professionals at any rate, have recently rested almost solely with A. A. Chase. The following is his record of a week's riding against the watch, on the Crystal Palace path:—All British records from two miles to the hour (37 miles 196 yards) inclusive, World's record for one mile from a standing start—1 min. 38 3-5 secs, also British records for quarter, half, and one mile with flying start, the last named distance being ridden in 1 min. 27 4-5 secs. against the previous best of 1 min. 31 2-5 secs. This is the first time in England that the "flying mile" has been ridden inside of a minute and a half. Chase is evidently in fine form, and he has the advantage of being the owner of a motor pacing tandem manned by his brother and friend, T. E. Newman. Chase trains behind this machine and has its sole services in his record attempts. This continuous training together carries with it an obvious advantage and Chase is to be congratulated upon the thorough manner in which his speed work is accomplished.

The Secretaries of both the Stanley and the National cycle shows have expressed themselves in a confident manner anent the successful result of their respective exhibitions. There has been any amount of matter written about the claims and the necessity or otherwise of the two shows, but after all is said and done it is clear that at the end of the present season the same two shows as heretofore will be provided, and all we can do now is to wait and see the result. It has been pointed out that London has a centralised population of more than Scotland or Ireland, a fact which would go to show that there are enough cyclists among the population to make a financial success of two exhibitions of such short duration as the Stanley and the National shows. However, we can only wait and see, for now that the shows are settled to be held, there is no good purpose to be served by continuing to discuss whether this or that show is wanted. The public and the trade will have to decide for themselves.

32,496 miles is the total which E. Hale has just completed in a year. The old time racing man finished his self imposed task of riding one hundred miles per day for a year, Sundays excepted, on Monday evening last, the 30th July, and his chainless machine is now being exhibited in the shop window of its maker's depot on Holborn Viaduct, where it is attracting a good amount of attention. Hale is reported to be absolutely fit, and it speaks volumes for his physique and constitution to know that he has gone through such a trying ordeal without injury, and although he has had one day's rest in every seven, Hale's friends are tolerably confident that even if the programme had been 100 miles per day for a year without intermission, Hale would have accomplished it. At any rate the performance he has accomplished is excellent in every way, and should go a long way to convince the few out standing sceptics of what a cycle, as built to-day, is really capable.

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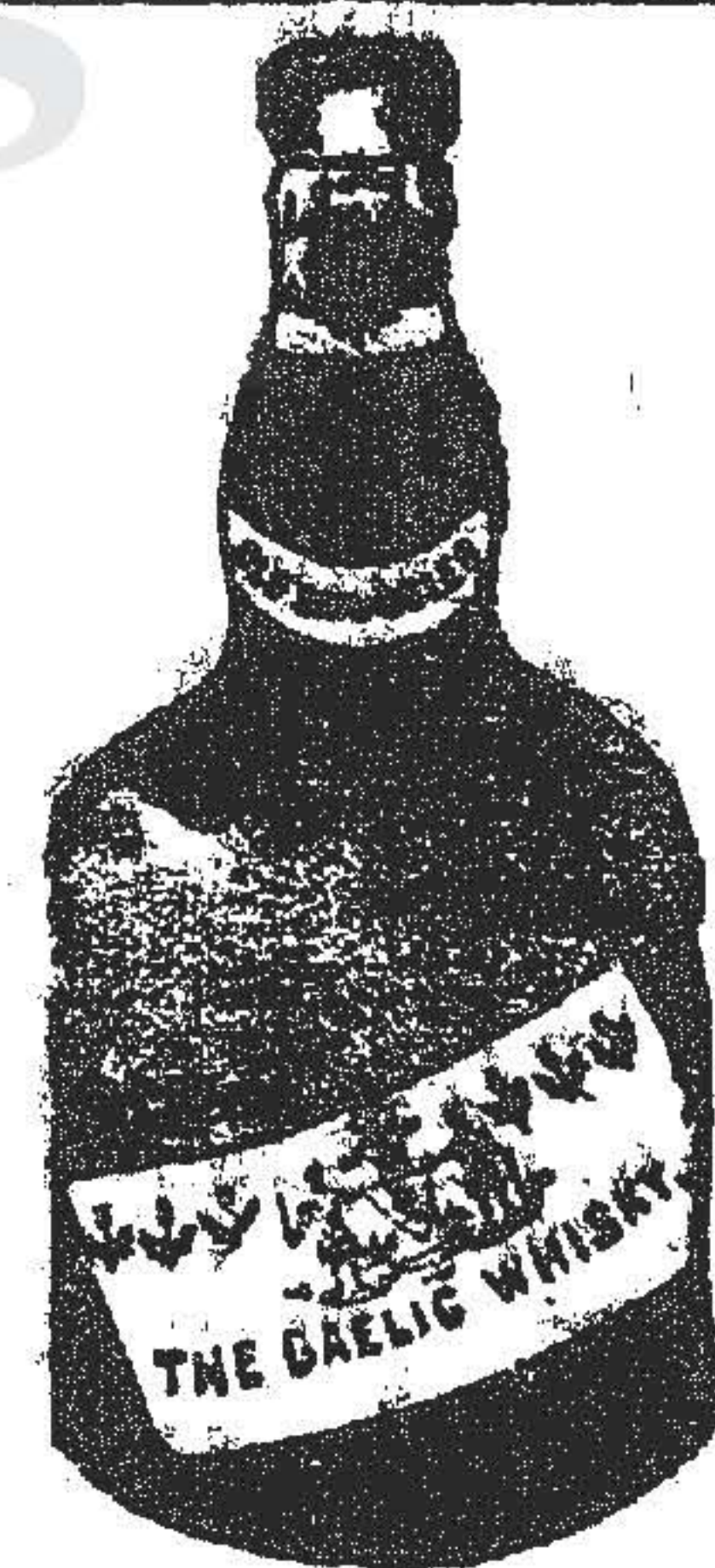
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