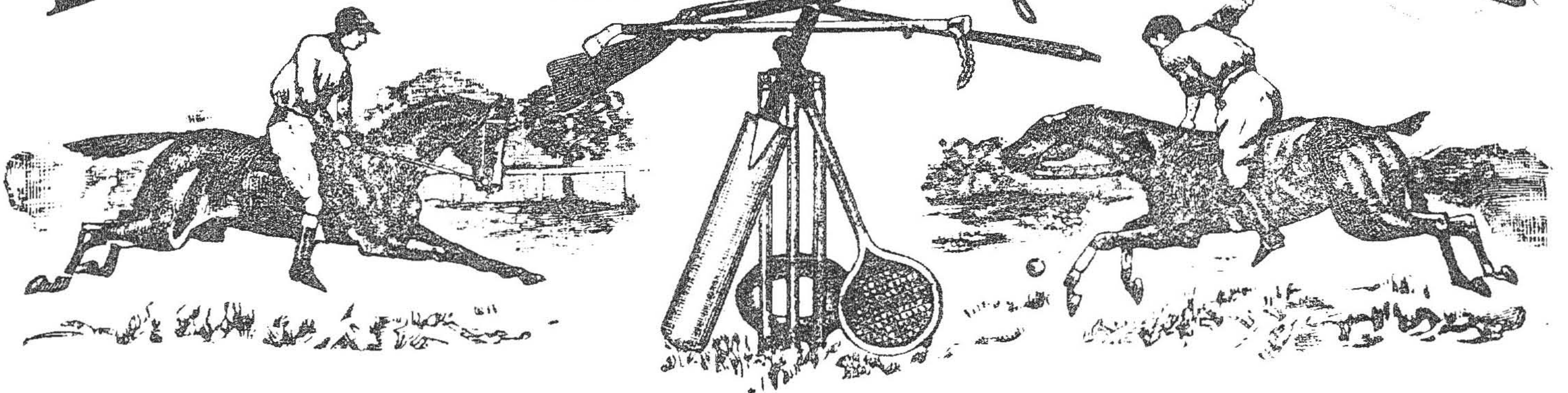


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SPORT & PASTIME

No. 483, Vol. XVII.

BUENOS AIRES, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1900

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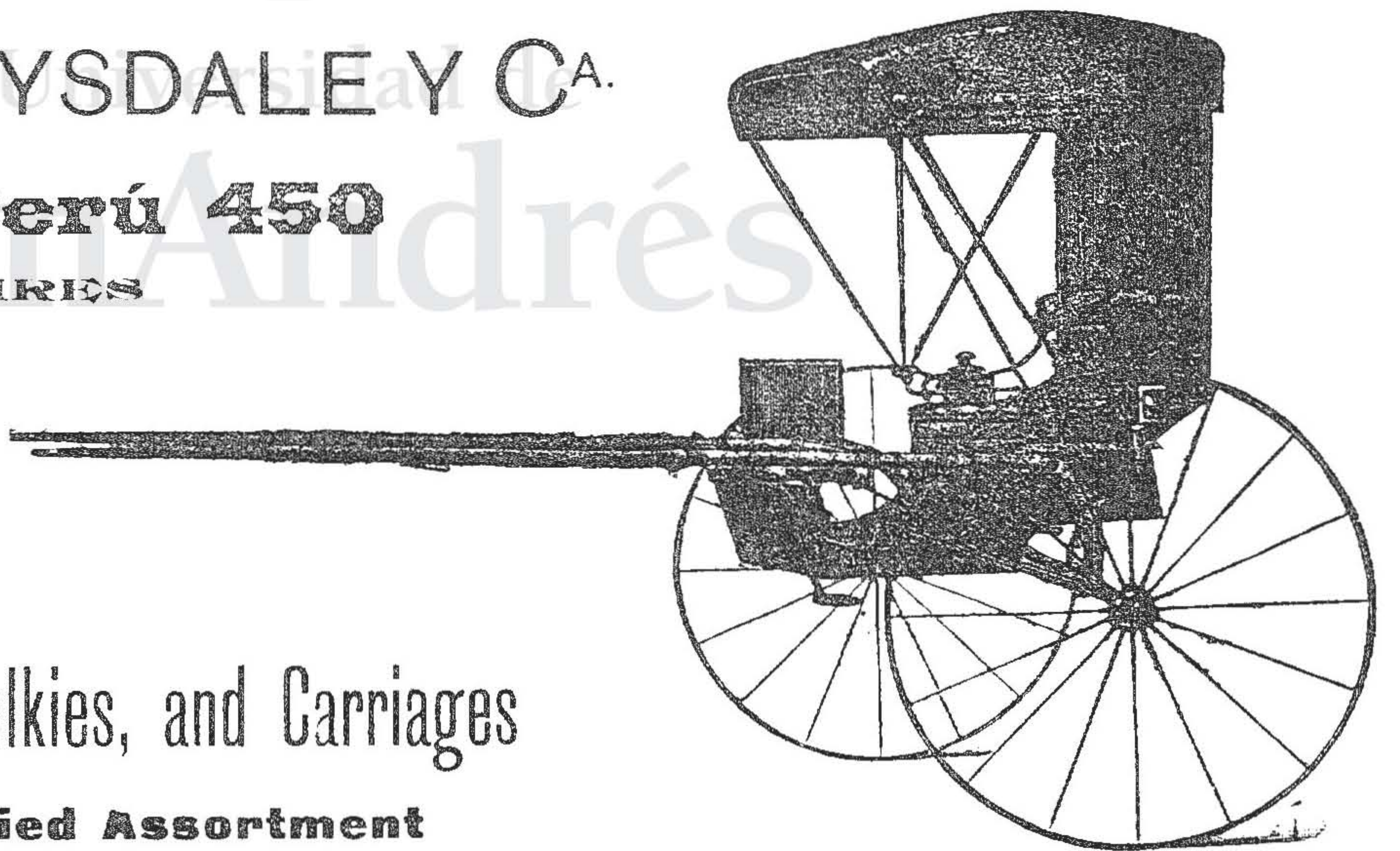
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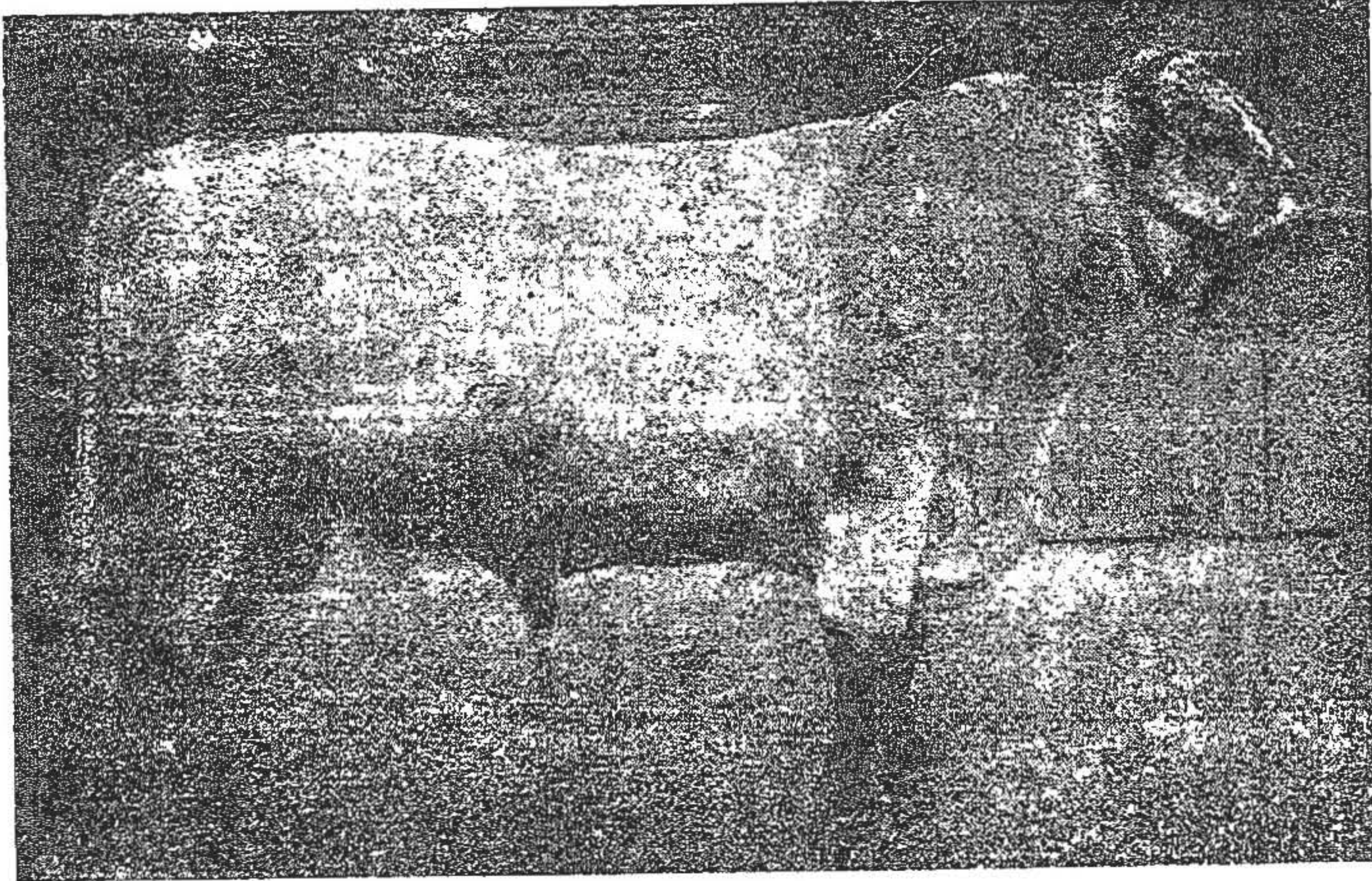
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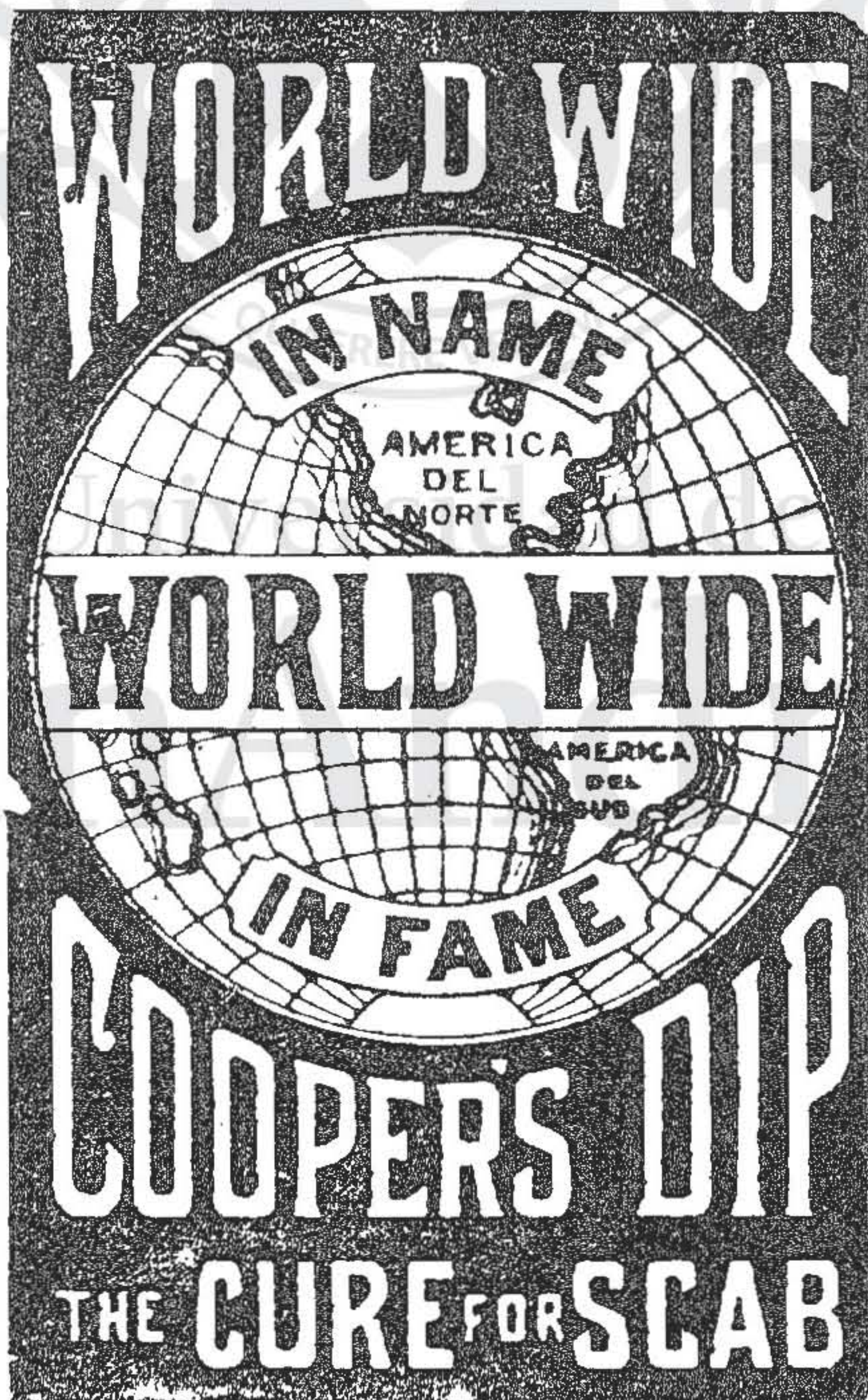
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River Plate Sport and Pastime

BUENOS AIRES, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1900.

RACING.

PALERMO—SEPTEMBER 25.

The fine day and good programme, and the interest taken in the Classic, brought quite a large crowd out to this deferred meeting, although brought off on a working day.

There could hardly be a mistake as to the three candidates for the \$10,000 of the Premio Coronel Miguel F. Martinez, and Triboulet, Penitente, and Fantasia accordingly occupied the three places, but the order was reversed from the Premio Jockey Club, and the strong but ugly son of Acheron was able to pay the first instalment of his heavy price, and will now share the public favour with Cordon Rouge for the Gran Premio Nacional. Pascasio and then Polas did the running with Triboulet always well placed and Penitente and Fantasia watching each other in the rear. In the straight the two made their effort but could never approach Triboulet, who won easily by a couple of lengths.

The opening 1400 metres was comfortably taken by El Alba, who has won three races in succession for his new owner, a lucky purchase.

The maiden went to another favourite in Waxy, who had nothing much to beat and won without difficulty.

The mile handicap brought the great upset of the day, Victoriousa at last scoring, after a hard finish with Africano.

Primer Consul was heavily backed in the 1400 metres for three-year-olds, but is evidently a rogue and not to be trusted, and the finish was left to three outsiders, the good looking Edil winning easily.

The topweights fought out the 1700 metres, Eclat getting the better of Omnium in a good finish.

Orizon was a great deal too good for an average lot in the long distance, and the winner of the Gran Premio de Honor should prove a good speculation for another new owner.

The following are the details:—

PREMIO CORONEL BRANDZEN, for four-year-olds that have been a year in the country and have won but not more than \$6000. Weight 55 kilos, 3 kilos extra to winners of \$2 to 4000, 5 kilos of more than \$4000, 3 kilos allowed to those that have run more than three times this year without winning. \$1600 to first, 100 to second. 1400 metres.

Stud Treinta y Tres' El Alba, by Orville—Glenfern, 60 k..... F. Conde 1
Stud La Noria's Morena, 56 k..... P. Aguilera 2
Stud Navarro's Chato, 55 k..... M. Buela 3
Also ran—Rebato, San Martin, Satellite, Terpsicore, Oro, Mago, Nene, Douglas, Pito Ué, Iowa, and Diana.
Dividends—El Alba \$6.75 win and 3.25 place, Morena 9.30 place, Chato 3.75 place.

PREMIO CORONEL DORREGO, for three-year-olds that have not won. Weight 57 kilos. \$2000 to first, 200 to second. 1600 metres.

Stud Don Gonzalo's Waxy, by Neapolis—Welcome, 57 k..... F. Perez 1
Stud Novela's Arequito, 57 k..... F. Conde 2
Stud Pobre's Aguila, 57 k..... I. Diaz 3
Also ran—Piltola, Ganimede, Daiman, Cinderella, Mimosa, India Portefa, and Emirza.
Dividends—Waxy \$3.60 win and 2.60 place, Arequito 3.45 place, Aguila 5.45 place.

PREMIO CORONEL SANDEZ, handicap for all horses of four years and more that have won more than \$12,000. \$2000 to first, 200 to second. 1600 metres.

Capt. Hobson's Victoriousa, by Guerrillero—Generala, 5 y, 49 k..... L. Cova 1
Ecurie Guerrillero's Africano, 4 y, 60 k..... F. Perez 2
Stud El Derby's Rataplan, 4 y, 56 k..... P. Aguilera 3
Also ran—Aurora, Nicolini, Vesper, Lord, Porthos, Caprice, Tormenta, Judio, Esparta, Soprano, and Ellen Terry.
Dividends—Victoriousa \$87.10 win and 16.15 place, Africano 7.10 place, Rataplan 5.15 place.

PREMIO CORONEL MIGUEL F. MARTINEZ, for thoroughbred colts and fillies born since the 1st of August, 1897. Weight 57 and 55 kilos, 5 kilos extra to winner of the Premio Jockey Club. \$10,000 to first, 1000 to second, and 500 to breeder. 2000 metres.

Stud Los Cardos' Triboulet, by Acheron—Houri 57 k..... S. Urrutia 1
J. A. Fernandez' Penitente, 57 k..... F. Conde 2
Ecurie Orange's Fantasia, 55 k..... J. Sarthou 3
Also ran—Batallon, Pringles, Polas, Alcoran, Pascasio, and Piquet.
Dividends—Triboulet \$7.85 win and 2.75 place, Penitente 2.40 place, Fantasia 2.55 place.

PREMIO CORONEL DIAZ, for three-year-olds that have won once but not a classic. Weight 57 kilos. \$2200 to first, 200 to second. 1400 metres.

Ecurie Nautilus' Edil, by Hanover—Estrella, 57 k..... J. Sarthou 1
Ecurie Hatteras' Limosnero, 57 k..... F. Conde 2
Stud Ituzaingo's Montiel, 57 k..... S. Urrutia 3
Also ran—Primer Consul, Tronera, Cicuta, Señuelo, La Bourboule, La Brava, and Yerba Dulce.
Dividends—Edil \$25.50 win and 5.50 place, Limosnero 6.45 place, Montiel 6.10 place.

PREMIO CORONEL ZELAYA, handicap for horses that have won more than \$12,000. \$2200 to first, 200 to second. 1700 metres.

Stud Don Gonzalo's Eclat, by Neapolis—Welcome, 5 y, 58 k..... F. Perez 1
Ecurie Belgrano's Omnium, 5 y, 59 k..... F. Conde 2
J. Quaini's Guña, 5 y, 49 k..... J. Olmos 3
Also ran—Tantalo, Guazunambi, Abrojo, Ligera, Seida, and Muñeca.
Dividends—Eclat \$5.65 win and 2.90 place, Omnium 3.55 place, Guña 4.85 place.

PREMIO CORONEL SUAREZ, handicap for all horses limited between 62 and 50 kilos. \$2500 to first, 200 to second. 2500 metres.

Stud Oriel's Orizon, by Orbit—Houri, 5 y, 62 k..... S. Urrutia 1
Ecurie Belgrano's Republicano, 4 y, 57 k..... F. Conde 2
Stud Ituzaingo's Offembach, 5 y, 56 k..... P. Aguirre 3
Also ran—Reyezuelo, Discreto, Fortunio, Calvino, Sentinel, and Bobby.
Dividends—Orizon \$5.55 win and 3.25 place, Republicano 4.65 place, Offembach 3.75 place.

BELGRANO—SEPTEMBER 27.

Although a fine day was at length vauchsafed to this unlucky course, the programme was too poor to present anything of engrossing interest. However, the usual crowd turned out to discuss the menu provided with what little appetite the cool breeze might bring.

For Belgrano it may be said to have been a favourite's meeting, only a slight sensation being provided by Sargenta in the maiden, she being, we believe, the first of the progeny of our old friend Sargento to score a winning bracket.

Belcebú, who won the young ones' mile, is a promising colt, and the first of the sons of Bolivar to shew noteworthy merit.

Rivera shewed her quality in the 1300 metres, and only just fails to get into the upper class.

The last race brought comfort to the souls of backers of outsiders, Picquart just getting home from two other outsiders, all the better backed horses being anywhere behind.

The following are the details:—

PREMIO DESTINO, for horses of four years and more that have been a year in the country and have not won more than \$3000. Weight 53 kilos, \$ kilos extra to winners of one race, and 5 kilos of more. \$1100 to first, 100 to second. 1600 metres.

J. B. Zubiaurre's Tres Arroyos, by Stiletto—Particule, 4 y, 56 k..... V. Libonati 1
Ecurie Lancero's Atahualpa, 4 y, 56 k..... J. Olmos 2
Stud Rio de Janeiro's Armenia, 4 y, 54 k..... F. Pérez 3
Also ran—Miraflores, Motin, Oro, Iowa, Cosa Cerá, Serafina, Fram, Masaniello, Wanda, and La Fiera.
Dividends—Tres Arroyos \$6.85 win and 3 place, Atahualpa 3.80 place, Armenia 4.70 place.

PREMIO PASCASIO, for three-year-olds that have not won. Weight 55 kilos. \$1500 to first, 100 to second. 1300 metres.

Stud Luis Chico's Sargenta, by Sargento—Philosophy, 53 k..... J. Olmos 1
Ecurie Sans Souci's Zingara, 53 k..... J. Sarthou 2
J. A. Fernandez' Huascar, 55 k..... A. Zalazar 3
Also ran—North, Joubert, As de Espada, Solferino, Milady, Emirza, Reliquia, and Idealista.
Dividends—Sargenta \$15.25 win and 7.55 place, Zingara 5.10 place, Huascar 7.65 place.

PREMIO TANTALO, handicap for horses of four years and more. \$1500 to first, 100 to second. 1600 metres.

Stud Paine's Hilarity, by Orville—Gaiety, 4 y, 50 k..... J. Olmos 1
Stud Calchin's Ameliana, 6 y, 55 k..... P. Aguirre 2
Ecurie Sans Souci's Querandie, 5 y, 57 k..... J. Sarthou 3
Also ran—Abrojo, Emir, Casuarina, Porthos, and Julia.
Dividends—Hilarity \$7.50 win and 2.60 place, Ameliana 2.90 place, Querandie 3 place.

PREMIO POLAS, for three-year olds. Weight 52 kilos, 5 kilos extra for every win in a Classic, 3 kilos extra to winners of one race, 5 kilos of two, and 7 kilos of more. \$1700 to first, 100 to second. 1600 metres.

Ecurie Ben d'Or's Belcebú, by Bolivar—Iva, 55 k..... F. Perez 1
Ecurie Belgrano's Roseola, 53 k..... J. Olmos 2
Stud Pobre's Aguila, 52 k..... I. Diaz 3
Also ran—Can Can, Criollita, Carlomagno, Ganimede, and Picarona.
Dividends—Belcebú \$6.80 win and 2.55 place, Roseola 3 place, Aguila 4 place.

PREMIO CHACABUCO, handicap for horses of four years and more that have won. \$1500 to first, 100 to second. 1300 metres.

J. B. Zubiaurre's Rivera, by Gay Hermit—Guadiana, 4 y, 57 k .. G. Palacios 1
Ecurie Massena's Terpsicore, 4 y, 45 k .. F. Liceri 2
Stud La Confianza's Leopardo, 4 y, 45 k .. J. Feliú 3
Also ran—Austerlitz, Casa Blanca, and Punilla.
Dividends—Rivera \$5.05 win and 3.75 place, Terpsicore \$8 place.

PREMIO LE SANCY, handicap for all winners. \$1800 to first, 100 to second. 2000 metres.

Stud Don Gonzalo's Picquart, by Asturian—Soledad, 4 y, 44 k F. Liceri 1
Stud Rio De Janeiro's Destino, 6 y, 55 k .. M. Figueroa 1
Stud La Alianza's Clío, 4 y, 52 k .. L. Cova 3
Also ran—Senegal, Lanza Seca, Guttemberg, Primero, Ascot, Cassio, Dalila, and Modista.
Dividends—Picquart \$49.90 win and 12.80 place, Destino 12.95 place, Clío 16.05 place.

PALERMO—SEPTEMBER 30.

Although cloudy and heavy, the morning seemed to augur a dull and quiet day, and so the races began under pleasant auspices, as there was no dust nor mud nor sun, and the rain in the early hours had been so heavy that it ran off the course and left it very soft but passable. Just after the Classic, however, the storm seemed suddenly to wake up, and came on us from three quarters at once, and the last three races were run under torrents of rain.

The Classic was left to four good horses, Dictador, Don Pepe, Royal, and Le Sancy, but the grey was evidently put out by the bad going, and Dictador had no difficulty in appropriating the comfortable prize of \$8960.

The state of the course undoubtedly caused a great deal of change in the way the horses ran, but the public shewed great discrimination in spotting the winners and the dividends were kept down to about the normal standard.

Desertions were not many, and in the last race all those coloured sported silk in spite of the storm.

The races were also well contested in general, there being little of the flyaway business so prevalent on wet days, but comment on form is not much good under these conditions.

The following are the details:—

PREMIO BLUCHER, handicap for horses of four years and more that have not won more than \$10,000. \$1800 to first, 100 to second. 1800 metres.

Stud Gordon's Lybia by Hervidero—Fornarina, 4 y, 54 k .. J. Sarthou 1
Stud Rio de Janeiro's Destino, 6 y, 60 k .. M. Figueroa 2
Stud Solitario's Pólvora, 5 y, 53 k .. R. Gomez 3
Also ran—Rataplan, Corsaria, Pájaro, Elastic, Libertador, Victoriosa, Modista, and Nydia.
Dividends—Lybia \$9.85 win and 3.75 place, Destino 5.25 place, Pólvora 13.45 place.

PREMIO BELCEB for three-year-olds that have not won. Weight 57 kilos. \$2000 to first, 200 to second. 1500 metres.

Stud Novela's Arequito, by Amianto—Novela, 57 k .. P. Garcia 1
Ecurie Etoile's Canrobert, 57 k .. S. Urrutia 2
Ecurie Indecis' Sileno, 57 k .. F. Conde 3
Also ran—D'Artagnan, Daiman, Naranjo, Tirano, Milady, Venturosa, Cinderella, and Patagonia.
Dividends—Arequito \$9.35 win and 3.50 place, Canrobert 3.55 place, Sileno 5.15 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 Selling Plate. \$1800 to first, 100 to second. 1300 metres.

Stud Criollito's Criollita, by Hervidero—Roseleyne, 51 k .. G. Morales 1
Petite Ecurie's La Bourboule, 50 1/2 k .. I. Diaz 2
Stud Los Cardos' Moscowa, 51 k .. J. Feliú 3
Also ran—Yerba Dulce, Don Pancho, North, Uganda, Magenta, Emperador, Clover, Escaramuza, Irlanda, Temporal, and Gatalina.
Dividends—Criollita \$12.20 win and 4.40 place, La Bourboule 4.15 place, Moscowa 5.50 place.

PREMIO PALERMO, for all horses. Weight for age. \$8960 to first, 990 to second, 300 to third. 1600 metres.

Ecurie Dollar's Dictador, by Neapolis—Dairiada, 4 y, 60 k .. R. Garrido 1
Hatteras' Don Pepe, 6 y, 62 k .. F. Conde 2
Ecurie Royal's Royal, 5 y, 62 k .. P. Aguirre 3
Also ran—Le Sancy.
Dividend—Dictador \$3.70 win.

PREMIO LE SANCY, handicap for all horses that have not won more than \$35,000. \$2200 to first 200 to second. 1600 metres.

Stud Yuqueri's Veneno, by Neapolis—Vendetta, 6 y, 55 k .. R. Garrido 1
Stud Laprida's Laprida, 5 y, 55 k .. A. Ruiz 2
Stud El Rubio's Senegal, 5 y, 62 k .. S. Urrutia 3
Also ran—Ecateré, Athou, Vesper, El Alba, Rubina, and Egipcia.
Dividends—Veneno \$9.55 win and 3.75 place, Laprida 4.75 place, Senegal 8.75 place.

PREMIO WASP, for three-year-olds. Weight 53 kilos, 3 kilos extra to winners of one race, 5 kilos of two, and 7 kilos of three or more, winners of classics to carry maximum weight. \$2400 to first, 200 to second. 2000 metres.

Stud El Derby's Oviedo, by Orbit—Adriana, 53 k .. P. Aguilera 1
Hatteras' Limosnero, 56 k .. F. Conde 2
A. Lincoln's Tenebroso, 56 k .. A. Ruiz 3
Also ran—Atrevido, Pringles, Belcebú, Alvarado, Senuelo, Camundá, and Ganimede.
Dividends—Oviedo \$10.15 win and 4.45 place, Limosnero 7.65 place, Tenebroso 4.80 place.

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

Petite Ecurie's Parva, by Stiletto—Parvula, 4 y, 56 k .. I. Diaz 1
Stud El Derby's Calvino, 5 y, 56 k .. P. Aguilera 2
Capt. Dreyfus' Chacabuco, 5 y, 55 k .. M. Peñalosa 3
Also ran—Offembach, Dominó, Discreto, Guttemberg, Primero, Guirapurí, and Sentinel.
Dividends—Parva \$10.95 win and 5.65 place, Calvino 6.75 place, Chacabuco 5.05 place.

HOME RACING.

YORK AUGUST MEETING—AUGUST 28.

PRINCE OF WALES' PLATE of 1000 sovs, for two-years-olds; 5 furlongs.
Lord Durham's ch f by Kendal—Alibech, 8 st 4 lb .. Rickaby 1
Major E. W. Baird's Martaban, 8 st 7 lb .. L. Reiff 2
Lord W. Beresford's Moorsprite, 8 st 4 lb .. J. Reiff 3
Mr. T. W. P. Rivis's Long Cecil, 8 st 7 lb .. G. McCall 0
Mr. E. C. Clayton's Patron Saint, 8 st 7 lb .. McIntyre 0
Lord Crew's Silver String, 8 st 4 lb .. M. Cannon 0
Lord Ellesmere's Sabrinetta, 9 st 2 lb .. T. Loates 0
Mr G. F. Fawcett's Tin Soldier, 8 st 9 lb .. Rigby 0
Sir R. W. Griffith's f by Ladas—Vitula, 9 st 5 lb .. Martin 0
Sir J. B. Maple's Champagne, 8 st 7 lb .. S. Loates 0
Mr. R. A. Oswald's Cyanella, 8 st 4 lb .. Wetherell 0
Mr. Russel's Servledora, 8 st 4 lb .. Madden 0
Mr. A. Stedall's Companion's Jewel, 8 st 4 lb .. K. Cannon 0

Betting.—2 to 1 agst Tin Soldier, 6 to 1 each agst Moorsprite and the Vitula filly, 7 to 1 each agst Patron Saint and the Alibech filly, 8 to 1 each agst Martaban and Cyanella, 10 to 1 agst Companion's Jewel, and 100 to 7 agst any other.

The Vitula filly was pacemaker from Moorsprite and Tin Soldier, with the Alibech filly and Cyanella in front of the others, and so they ran for half the journey, when the Alibech filly, on the rails drew into second place to the Vitula filly, Martaban and Moorsprite lying next in front of Tin Soldier. At the distance the Alibech filly drew out with the race in hand, and won easily by three parts of a length; a head between second and third; the Vitula filly was fourth, Tin Soldier fifth, Cyanella sixth, Companion's Jewel seventh, Sabrinetta eighth, and Patron Saint last.

YORKSHIRE OAKS of 15 sovs each, with 300 added; 1 1/2 miles.

Duke of Portland's b f La Roche, by St. Simon—Miss Mildred, 9 st 8 lb .. M. Cannon 1
Lord Ellesmere's Inquisitive, 8 st 3 lb .. J. Reiff 2
Sir R. W. Griffith's Vain Duchess, 9 st 3 lb .. Martin 2
Mr. D. Baird's Sainte Nitouche, 9 st 3 lb .. Rickaby 0

Betting.—4 to 1 on La Roche, 6 to 1 agst Inquisitive, 10 to 1 agst Vain Duchess, and 100 to 8 agst Sainte Nitouche.

Sainte Nitouche jumped off with the lead for the first furlong, but on settling down, Inquisitive, at a moderate pace, made play from Sainte Nitouche and La Roche, the latter running into second place after going a quarter of a mile, with Sainte Nitouche third. No change from that order occurred until entering the straight, where La Roche took close company with Inquisitive, whom she headed below the distance, and, coming away from that point, won somewhat easily by a length; same between second and third.

August 29.

GREAT EBOR HANDICAP PLATE of 1000 sovs; 1 3/4 miles.

Lord W. Beresford's b m Jiffy II., by Sailor Prince—Joy, 5 yrs, 8 st 4 lb .. J. Reiff 1
Lord Durham's Osbeck, 5 yrs, 9 st .. F. Rickaby 2
Mrs. McAuliffe's Glenart, 4 yrs, 7 st 2 lb .. W. Lane 3
Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's Greenan, 5 yrs, 7 st 7 1/2 lb .. T. Loates 0
Mr. H. C. White's Old Clo', aged, 7 st 7 lb (car. 7 st 8 lb) .. Rigby 0
Capt. J. C. Kirk's Thurling, 6 yrs, 7 st 7 lb .. O. Madden 0
Mr. P. C. Patton's Longy, 3 yrs, 7 st 2 lb .. Wetherell 0
Mr. Vyner's Veroscope, 4 yrs, 7 st 1 lb (inc. 5 lb extra) .. G. Sanderson 0
Mr. Strathern's Designer, 4 yrs, 6 st 13 lb .. G. McCall 0

Betting.—5 to 4 agst Osbeck, 4 to 1 agst Jiffy II., 6 to 1 agst Thurling, 100 to 12 agst Greenan, 9 to 1 agst Glenart, 100 to 8 each agst Old Clo' and Veroscope, 15 to 1 agst Designer, and 20 to 1 agst Longy.

The flag fell to an excellent start, in which Thurling got away in front of Osbeck, Old Clo', Designer, and Longy, with Jiffy II. next, and Glenart in front of Greenan, who was whipping in. After covering a quarter of a mile Old Clo' took up the running, followed by Longy, Jiffy II., Designer, and Glenart, and then came Thurling, with Osbeck and Veroscope next, and Greenan still last. At the mile post Old Clo' still held a clear lead from Longy, Designer, and Glenart, with Jiffy II. dividing them from the others, of whom Osbeck had now dropped into the rear. Into the straight Old Clo' still held command, followed by Glenart, Longy, and Designer, and then came Greenan and Veroscope, with Osbeck making his way through from the rear. Half way up the straight Glenart joined Old Clo', and Osbeck was drawing up into third place, in front of Greenan. Below the distance Old Clo'

was in difficulties, and Osbech was badly hampered for a moment or two, but at last, getting an opening, he took the lead from Glenart, Jiffy II. getting on terms on the outside. Glenart, of the trio, was first to give way inside the distance, where Osbech was challenged by Jiffy II, who outstayed the top weight in the run home and won a fine race by half a length; three parts of a length divided second and third; Thurling was fourth, Old Clo' fifth, Greenan sixth, Veroscope seventh, Designer eight, and Longy last.

August 30.

GREAT YORKSHIRE STAKES of 1000 sovs, for three-year-olds; 1 3/4 miles
Mr. R. W. B. Jardine's b f by Queen's Birthday—Sweetbriar 8 st 12 lb

Lord Harewood's Phalaris, 9 st 4 lb	Madden	1
Mr. D. Baird's Sospello, 8 st 7 lb	Martin	2
Mr. J. Joicey's Alvescot, 9 st 7 lb	Rickaby	3
Mr. E. C. Clayton's Victor Hugo, 9 st 4 lb	T. Loates	0
Mr. J. S. Curtis's Lammas, 8 st 9 lb	L. Reiff	0
Mr. Houldsworth's Springlight 8 st 7 lb	E. Jones	0
Mr. L. de Rothschild's Donur, 8 st 7 lb	M. Cannon	0
Mr. R. A. Oswald's Crossfire, 8 st 4 lb	K. Cannon	0
Mr. R. Walker's Hugh the Heron, 8 st 4 lb	F. Wood	0
	Broome	0

Betting.—5 to 4 agst Phalaris, 3 to 1 agst the Sweetbriar filly, 6 to 1 each agst Alvescot and Victor Hugo, 10 to 1 agst Springlight, and 100 to 8 agst any other.

The Sweetbriar filly at once made play from Lammas, Hugh the Heron, Phalaris, and Victor Hugo, with Alvescot and Springlight the last pair, for a quarter of a mile, when Hugh the Heron went on, followed by the Sweetbriar filly, Sospello, and Victor Hugo, Phalaris and Lammas next, and Donur last. After going half the journey Crossfire was tailed off, and at the mile post Sospello went into second place, taking up the running shortly afterwards, followed by Hugh the Heron, Phalaris, the Sweetbriar filly, and Victor Hugo. Sospello still was leading into the straight followed by Hugh the Heron and Phalaris, with the Sweetbriar filly next, on the rails. A quarter of a mile from home Phalaris, under the whip, drew to the front, but, before the distance, was passed by the Sweetbriar filly, who came away with the race in hand, and won by three lengths; a length between second and third; Alvescot was fourth, Springlight fifth, Victor Hugo sixth, Hugh the Heron seventh, Lammas eighth, and Donur last, except Crossfire, who was beaten off.

PONY RACING

VENADO TUERTO POLO AND ATHLETIC CLUB. SPRING RACE MEETING.

The following are the entries and handicaps for the above meeting, which will be held on the club's ground to-morrow.

Flat Race, 800 metres.

Mr G. F. Thompson's Portia, 78 k
Mr H. W. St. John's Orthodox, 78 k
Mr D. J. Runciman's Atom, 78 k
Mr C. F. Kennard's Pastor, 78 k
Mr H. C. Foster's Pluto, 78 k

"La Blanca Cup," 500 metres.

Mr J. J. Jeffray's Indio Blanco, 58 in, 75 k
Mr C. A. Hay's Backslider, 58 in, 75 k
Mr H. R. Miles' Marengo, 54 in, 63 k
Mr H. R. Miles' Jimmy, 54 in, 63 k
Mr P. C. Tweedie's The Major, 58 in, 75 k
Mr W. C. Davison's —, 58 in, 75 k

Polo Pony Race, 1200 metres.

Mr H. W. St. John's Galgo, 58 in, 80 k
Mr J. L. Bury's Carrots, 58 in, 75 k
Mr C. F. T. Hinchliff's Veteran, 56 in, 69 k

Pony Hurdle Race, 1500 metres.

Mr G. F. Thompson's Tollo, 56 in, 72 k
Mr C. Eden's Paulnero, 56 in, 69 k
Mr G. Isaac's The Owl, 56 in, 69 k
Mr C. F. T. Hinchliff's Rainbow, 56 in, 69 k

Bentworth Cup, 3000 metres.

Mr H. W. St. John's Orthodox, 75 k
Mr W. H. Sparrow's Thunderbolt, 75 k
Mr C. F. Kennard's Pastor, 75 k
Mr J. L. Bury's Yukon, 75 k
Mr P. C. Tweedie's The Major, 75 k

Pony Race, 1500 metres.

Mr J. J. Jeffray's Indio Blanco, 58 in, 70 k
Mr C. Eden's Battalion, 58 in, 70 k

Mr G. O'Connell's Liebre, 57 in, 67 k
Mr R. L. Runciman's Norte, 58 in, 70 k
Mr E. Weigall's John, 55 in, 64 k
Mr C. A. Hay's Ploughboy, 58 in, 70 k
Mr J. L. Bury's Ladybird, 58 in, 70 k
Mr H. R. Miles' Marengo, 54 in, 63 k
Mr W. C. Davison's —, 58 in, 70 k

Polo Pony Scurry, 500 metres.

Mr G. F. Thompson's Folie, 58 in, 82 k
Mr C. Eden's Paulnero, 56 in, 69 k
Mr A. Macdonald's Foxy, 54 in, 63 k
Mr F. B. Hinchliff's Bobs, 56 in, 69 k

Hurdle Race, 2700 metres.

Mr G. F. Thompson's Beelzebub, 80 k

(Entries received on ground).

Ladies' Nomination Race (Consolation Race), 1000 metres.

POLO

HURLINGHAM.

Wednesday, Sept. 26.

"The best game of polo I have had in this country," was a remark we heard at the end of the game from an enthusiastic visitor. It certainly was not a bad game and some "quarters" could not have been improved upon, but we rather fancy that in this case a game of polo, thanks to the weather, is such a blessing, anything seems pretty near perfection. Walking away from the ground another visitor asked us, "How is it that the members of your polo club cross so much and altogether ignore the rules in a practice game, whereas in the tournament just over I hardly ever noticed a foul," to which we replied we had often wondered ourselves what the reason was, and that we were afraid that we had become rather slack in games here, as we were seldom blessed with a strict umpire. However, on thinking it over, we came to the conclusion that the unmade pony had very much more to do with it, as a rule, than the man: but we may be wrong.

The sides were made up as follows:

H. S. Robson	R. S. Moncrieff
Major Kennedy	T. Robson
S. Dennis	W. Hawes
B. Bedford	C. Wilson
	C. R. Thursby

Mr Robson's side proved a little stronger than the other, although the latter more than held their own towards the end. In the last "quarter" but one—eight were played—owing to a heavyweight firmly planting himself over the ball and refusing to move there was the most animated scrimmage that has been seen for many a day, and the game reminded one forcibly of a rookery in April. The heavyweight, we must acknowledge, was not altogether to blame, as he was firmly held in his unenviable position by two opposing ponies.

Anyway we had lots of fun and all enjoyed ourselves, and are now praying for dry weather so that we may gird up our loins and be at it again.

G. M^cHARDY

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STAVED OFF.

It is currently reported that in buying a horse it is only wise to be exceedingly suspicious of everybody, even—or perhaps more especially—of one's own flesh and blood. Why it is that having much to do with one of the noblest animals God has created should have a deleterious effect upon men's minds and morals is not easy to understand; but so it often is. And, however strongly this may apply to horse dealing, much more so does it to horse racing; and what applies to horse racing would seem to extend its baneful influence, with doubled effect, to pony racing.

This sweeping condemnation does not include those who for their own amusement occasionally run a pony or two at local meetings, or indeed those possessed of means who play the game to a larger extent. It is the man who looks to making a necessary income at the game who is in imminent danger. Under such circumstances there are only two things which can prevent disaster of one sort or another. Either the individual who gives free rein to his taste for racing must be possessed of a very long purse, and keep within it, or he must be a superlative judge of horseflesh. If he be neither of these, he either comes a 'mucker,' sends in his papers, and disappears, or, as an alternative becomes remarkably sharp. Of the two, becoming remarkably sharp is often the more disastrous.

At the time my story opens, James Longford was courting both catastrophes. His means, to begin with, were limited. His knowledge and judgment of horseflesh were about on a par with any ordinary subaltern's. And, finally, he had been bitten with a more than ordinary taste for running his own ponies, and standing to win or lose on their performances more money than he could readily pay. Small wonder then that Jimmy Longford, as his intimate friends called him, was pretty well on his last legs.

He was conning over the *Pioneer*, and happening to notice the prospectus of the Shartpore Spring Meeting, he turned his attention thereto. One race seemed particularly to strike him—the 'Shartpore Pony Stakes,' for all Arab and countrybred ponies, 13-3 and under. And then followed the conditions. He thought about the matter for some time, strolled out to the stables to have a look at his country-bred pony, Falstaff, and thought again.

'It might be done,' he muttered, and walked off to talk matters over with Jones.

'I say, Jones,' said he, as he entered the latter's scantily furnished bungalow, 'I'm going for the gloves.'

Jones looked up from the racing novel he was reading, yawned, and said, 'Oh, it's come to that, has it? Thought it would soon.' Then he added, by way of an afterthought, 'What's it going to be in, and what's going to do it?'

'Falstaff, Shartpore Pony Stakes,' Longford replied laconically.

'Seen the second entries?'

'Yes. Kamal, Bluerock, and Farthingale are the hottest of the lot so far. If Falstaff gets in decently he's good enough for that crowd.'

'Hum! Yes? What do you propose doing?'

'Enter one of my crocks together with Falstaff; make it appear the latter has no chance; buy him, or get him bought for me, in every lottery on the race; get all I can from the bookies and mop up as much of the totalisator as they'll leave me. There! I've told you everything. Will you stand in and help me through thick and thin?'

'Right!' said Jones, and they parted.

Falstaff was a totally unknown pony in the racing world; his merits had only been discovered by two people, namely, Longford and Jones. It was owing to no great acumen on the part of either that Longford had got hold of the pony at a ridiculously small price, and chance, pure and simple, had shown that he could gallop. The two were taking a quiet ride one day, Jones mounted on a more than useful Arab pony, when, having a nice easy stretch of country in front of them, they had set off at a good smart pace. Jones had been surprised to find his companion's country-bred travelling quite as fast as his own mount, and wanted to know more about it. So after going half a mile he had called out, 'I'm going to leave you.' But he didn't, the country-bred had the legs of him. And seeing it was something really good, he had pulled up immediately. He was not the fellow to see young Longford bucket an unconditioned pony to pieces.

'You'd better keep that dark,' he had said. 'Put him

in you trap to drive down to polo; but if you want to make a good thing out of it, which I rather think you may, don't let it be known it can gallop—for gallop it can. The drive to the polo-ground is not enough to stiffen or cramp his action, and seeing him in your cart, people will never dream of his being any good. We'll do all the training of the little beggar on the quiet, and some day may spring a fine mine.'

This had been done most carefully. Every opportunity had been taken to exhibit Falstaff in the guise of a trapper, though he rarely had to do more than a mile or so at the outside, and was always sent home at once. Meanwhile, nobody had any idea of the morning gallops with which he was indulged, and his training had progressed apace; so much so, that the pony more than fulfilled the expectations Jones had formed of him. Longford's 'string,' by which high-sounding title he was used to designate his four worthless crocks, which had cost him one way and another a very pretty penny, did their sorry performances in full public gaze; but Falstaff never appeared amongst them. Longford being in the Commissariat and Jones in the P. W. D., they had ample leisure to do any amount of quiet training in the early morning away from all observance. It's a great thing to have no morning parades to go to.

Longford had the reputation of being an ass, which is most valuable, especially to a man who lives by his wits. The individual who can look a fool, and really be as sharp as a needle, has a very long pull over his fellow men; but the man who not only looks but is universally thought a fool, is points ahead of any body else in the great game of life. Under these circumstances, the appearance of the names of two of Longford's crocks amongst the final entries for the Shartpore Pony Stakes was hailed with much hilarity at the station club. When asked what Falstaff was, he replied:

'It's that pony I drive in my tum-tum,' a remark which was greeted with shouts of laughter all round.

'But what on earth makes you enter it at Shartpore?' inquired old Major Mango.

'Well, you know, I happened to gallop him against Fashion three days ago, and he left her behind.'

'Might easily do that, I should think, and not be fast enough for a London growler. Take my advice, and go and scratch it, and the other crock too.'

'No, I think I shall leave them in.'

'Now, what on earth,' said old Mango as soon as the boy had left, 'makes the young fool do that?'

'I suppose,' replied some one, 'for the sake of seeing his name in print in connection with a big race, and also to have the pleasure of leading his pony out of the paddock at Shartpore.'

'Expensive amusement that, I should think,' grumbled the Major as he went away.

Longford's tactics at this period were changed, and Falstaff was sent to do a portion of his work in public. But that portion was so arranged as to give a very false impression to outside observers. For instance, everybody thought they knew what weight Falstaff was carrying when he ran his trial with St. Estephe, but they didn't. They were exactly two stone out, and to cause this, Longford had lied about the matter freely.

Ten days' station leave gave Longford ample time to get to Shartpore a week before the race in which he was interested. Jones, in whose hands the pony was, followed him four days afterwards. The other entry, having gone lame, had been scratched.

There was no doubt about it; Jimmy Longford was in as perilous a position as he could be. If he did not manage to make a coup and reap, not a golden, but a heavy silver harvest of rupees, it would be all up with him, and probably he would be under the painful necessity of doing a bolt to get out of India in strict *incognito*. There is no need to follow his fortunes until he was ensconced in the room in which the lotteries were held the night before the race.

He plunged pretty heavily on the first two, but on the whole he was lucky. Then came the first lottery on the Pony Stakes. The hundred tickets were worth a thousand rupees, and he took ten of them. When his pony was put up to auction he made no bid, but finally claimed half on its being knocked down to some person for the small sum of thirty rupees. In the second lottery he only took one ticket, and bought his pony in for twenty-five rupees. In the third lottery they ran him up a bit more, and he finally had to pay fifty rupees for it. He felt he had done well. Falstaff was quite an unconsidered quantity, and he stood to win nearly five thousand rupees at an outlay

of very little over two hundred and fifty on the Pony Stakes alone. There seemed to be a strong disposition in one part of the room to go for an unknown pony named Danseuse, but he didn't take much account of it.

Next morning Jones appeared with a very long face indeed.

'Longford,' he said; 'I am afraid it is a failure.'

'What do you mean?' said Jimmy, turning as white as a sheet.

'We have not reckoned properly with that pony of Marchant's, Danseuse. It's a dead certainty for it.'

'How do you know? Be quick! For heaven's sake tell me?'

'Marchant's pony was tried a week ago, giving Lammermuir eight pounds and a beating. It is being kept pretty dark, and I only knew of it this morning. I believe Falstaff would have beaten all the others; but he can't be in it with Danseuse. You might as well take him home.'

Longford turned on his heel and went away. Sick at heart and trembling he sat in the quiet of his own room and tried to think out the situation. It was no good; everything was absolutely black before him. Falstaff, good as he was, had no more chance of making a race of it with Lammermuir than flying. Where then would he be with that—brute Danseuse? He would do *anything* to get that pony out of the race and leave the way clear for Falstaff. *Anything!* But then he would be found out, even if he should succeed.

On the other hand, he was hopelessly ruined if he didn't bring off his coup. No! There was nothing for it but to stick to his guns. What did it matter a few thousand rupees more when the crash came, as come it must? Accident *might* give him the race; doing nothing meant absolute ruin. Let accident or knavery but befriend him, and he would be able to tide over the evil times for a while at all events.

Jones saw no more of his friend till one o'clock.

'I'm going to see it out,' said Longford.

When the latter asked Jones to keep his eye on two of the bookmakers, and plank on all the money he could at the last moment, Jones said he was sorry, but he couldn't do it. In his opinion the pony was as good as dead for all the chance he had, and he was not going to chuck away his money for a man who would have no means of repaying him, even if he had the inclination.

'I thought you would not care about it; but here's a thousand rupee note. Get every stiver on that you can.' And Longford handed over a crisp Government currency note, keeping a couple of hundreds for himself. Then he added, 'I'm going to put up Abdul; he's ridden the pony in most of his gallops. I'm going to watch the other bookies, and get as much from them on the nod as I can, but I'm not going to open my mouth till they are at the post.'

Jones looked with admiration at his friend. Playing the game so deeply as this, and with such nerve, appealed very strongly to him. But he thought it all useless, and meant, for his own part, to put a little on Danseuse, though he felt that at the price she would start it would be like buying one's money.

'The Pony Stakes' was set down as the third race on the card. The first two were over, and quotations opened making Danseuse a very hot favourite at 2 to 1 on. Then followed Bluerock 3 to 1 against, and Farthingale and Tiptop at fours each. Other ponies were at prices down to 10 to 1. Falstaff and another pony, as the rank outsiders, commanded 15 to 1; and there Falstaff remained. Nobody, not even a native, had a dribble on him.

The figure on the merry totalisator rattled up as each successive speculator took his ten-rupee tickets on his fancy. Very soon Danseuse had two hundred and fifty to her name, the others varying from five up to eighty, but not once had anybody cared to invest a modest ten dubs on Longford's pony. Still the fun went on.

The ponies came out of the enclosure, the favourite ridden by Captain Jack Harkaway, who, any one might see, was *not wearing spurs*. Danseuse was a fidgety animal, excessively sensitive, and the prick of a spur drove her mad. Falstaff, ridden by a native riding boy, dressed in ill-fitting racing garb, and wearing a pair of woefully patched and dilapidated tops, was led out by his owner, who was in the closest confabulation with his jockey.

'Now mind,' said Longford, 'if it's only for a moment, you are to get alongside Danseuse,' and he put something into his hand.

'Bohut achha, sahib,' said the boy, and Longford re-

turned to the enclosure, taking his place by the totalisator, from which he could see the start.

'By Jove!' he exclaimed; then to himself—'Falstaff's drawn next place to Danseuse—what luck!'

Abdul bent down for one second as if to adjust his stirrup.

'One ticket Falstaff, please.' And Longford secured the only one taken that day on the pony. Then the bell rang, and the totalisator's business was closed. Jones at that moment rushed up.

'I've got your thousand on at twenty to one,' he gasped. 'Shot the booky like lightning when he began to chaff about no one backing the brute. Asked him what he'd do it up to. He said, "Anything you like—a thousand?" Done! said I.'

Meanwhile, Danseuse was tearing down the course like a mad thing. Harkaway seemed to be struggling to keep her collected, but all to no purpose. The other ponies followed in a cluster behind, Falstaff lying third. 'What on earth's the matter?' was the general exclamation. 'By Gad! She'll never get round the turn!'

And a horrible thing happened. Danseuse rushed right at the rails on the outside of the course at the first turn; never rose an inch, and was tumbled right over, falling with a sickening thud on her jockey; and both lay still.

On came the others Farthingale taking up the running, whilst Bluerock crept steadily up behind. Entering the straight the two were neck and neck, and then Bluerock came to the front. What the deuce is that? Three hundred yards from home, and Falstaff passed Farthingale. Two hundred, and he was up to the leader's girths. A hundred, and he'd caught her. Falstaff dashed in a winner by a head.

Longford ran out of the paddock to lead his pony back. Down the course he rushed, hatless and wild-looking. Then he caught the pony's head with his right hand, and made a grasp with his left at the toe of Abdul's boot. It was there, all right. A sharp-pointed steel pin came away, and was hidden at once in his trousers pocket. Had anybody seen it?

No. The race was awarded to Falstaff, right enough; Longford had staved off the disaster he dreaded. But he had been better had he lost his all, and earned an honest livelihood as a crossing-sweeper. Ask anybody who knows him what he is like now.—*Badminton Magazine*.

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ESTANCIA AND COLONY.

On Wednesday afternoon last, Messrs Adolfo Bullrich and Co. sold at auction ten Durham bulls, imported by Messrs H. and W. Nelson. The following was the result of the sale:—

Sultan	\$8,500
Sign of Wealth	6,000
Admiral Sampson	7,000
Golden Morning	6,600
Capton Sultan	5,600
Kruger	5,300
Rich Orphan	4,500
Prince Rufus	4,300
Lancer	3,700
British King	3,500
Total of sales	\$55,000
Average price	5,500

After the above sale had been concluded, the same auctioneers sold the fourth lot of Rambouillet rams, from La Olivera. The fifteen rams put up were sold for \$4,160, the prices ranging from \$250 to 330.

In most of the districts in Entre Rios the foot-and-mouth disease has almost disappeared, and before long it is expected that they will be quite free from it. The only ones left now where the disease is causing any serious losses are those of San José, Feliciano, and Federacion.

On Thursday last Messrs Adolfo Bullrich and Co. sold fourteen Durham bulls, imported by Sr. Alberto Serantes, the total amount realised was \$20,300, giving an average over the lot of \$1450.

The following were the prices obtained:—

Matador	\$1,600
Borodino	1,900
Abner	1,700
Duc de Napoli	1,800
Lavabo	1,750
Atila	1,350
Tony	1,300
Regent	1,400
Ulysses	1,350
Milton	1,350
Paria	1,200
Lac	1,200
Ilustre	1,200

The following small table of figures shows the various quantities of wheat, maize and linseed that has been exported from this country from January of this year to September 25th last, as compared with those exported during similar periods of 1898 and 1899:—

	Wheat	Maize	Linseed
1898....	667,062 tons	488,621 tons	153,147 tons
1899....	1,373,412 "	613,477 "	205,530 "
1900....	1,838,383 "	533,305 "	197,386 "

We have thus exported this year nearly 500,000 tons of wheat more than during the same period last year.

Although disclaiming the idea of suggesting that under existing circumstances horse-breeders should specially aim at the production of cavalry remounts, we are of the opinion says the *Live Stock Journal* that it would be to the advantage of all parties concerned if the Government supplied the public with some information as to what was required by the buyers of this class of animal. Several foreign Governments recognise the importance of this, but in England up to quite recently there appears to have been a prevailing impression that nothing but half-bred horses and misfit hunters would find favour with inspectors, though, as has been shown, the Hackney having at last been provided with a chance, has utilised it to the best advantage, with the result that not one but several riding masters of crack regiments have expressed themselves very favourably concerning him. Meanwhile, as it is notorious that there is a demand for remounts, it would surely be a matter of policy for the mi-

litary authorities to take the public into their confidence by letting it be generally known what sort and height of horse they will require for the future. This is a national matter, and there ought to be no ambiguity upon the point.

The students of the question of colour in horses will be interested to learn that roughly speaking, there was an average of about 33 per cent. of chesnuts all through the hunter classes at Dublin. Precise calculations are impossible, in consequence of the colours of some animals not being stated in the catalogue, but sufficient information was provided to base calculations upon. Thus, out of 772 entries in the hunter classes 244 were chesnuts, of the 473 five-year-olds and upwards 146 were of this colour, as were 82 of the 249 four-year-olds, 12 of the 40 three-year-olds, and 4 of the 10 two-year-olds. Of the quartette of thoroughbred stallions under ten years old two were chesnuts, and of the ten sires over that age 6; whilst of the 31 thoroughbred mares 10 were chesnuts; and of the hunter mares over six years old 4 out of 13 were of this colour, as were 2 of the 9 young hunter mares. Another rather peculiar feature of the hunter classes at Dublin was the large number of greys which appeared in the show ring, no fewer than 62 competitors of this colour competing, whilst there were also quite a comparatively large number of duns.

In numberless cases the best show stock are produced from sires and dams which could never have taken prizes in any ordinarily strong competition. As a rule, however, the parents of really good show animals have some characteristics which place them outside the common. Their blood also is almost invariably the best, and behind them they generally have lines of handsome-looking ancestors. When an ordinary-looking sire or dam produces a succession of high-class animals almost irrespective of the contributory mate, one may rest assured that the animal chiefly responsible for the goodness and regularity of results is not a "chance get" itself. Strong and concentrated back breeding is found almost without exception where the produce comes with uniformity in every line and curve, and with a something well out of the average in their very walk.

The preliminary agricultural returns of Great Britain for 1900 have been issued. They show a decrease of 155,939 acres, or 7.8 per cent., under wheat as compared with 1899; increases of 8,157 acres, or 0.4 per cent., under barley 66,333 acres, or 2.2 per cent., under oats; and 13,679 acres, or 2.5 per cent., under potatoes. There is a decrease of 48,793 acres, or 1.0 per cent., under clover and rotation grasses, and an increase of 98,288 acres, or 0.6 per cent., in permanent pasture. As regards live stock, the number of cattle is 6,805,170, against 6,795,720 in 1899, an increase of 9,450, or 0.1 per cent. Sheep number 26,592,226, against 27,238,754, a decrease of 646,528, or 2.4 per cent.

On Monday afternoon last Messrs A. Bullrich and Co. sold ten Rambouillet rams from La Rabona, the property of Sr. Manuel A. Ocampo. Prices varied from \$120 to \$310, the average being \$200.83. They also sold, by auction, even Rambouillet rams from the cabaña Rivadavia, the property of Sr. Adolfo Brunkhorst, at prices varying from \$120 to \$180, while four imported from Germany fetched an average price of \$612.50.

The second rural fair, under the auspices of the Concordia Rural Society, was opened on Monday last and was largely attended. Over fifteen hundred animals were on show, among them some exceptionally fine ones.

The British Army Remount Commission have finished their work for the time being in this country and sent off the last consignment of horses yesterday, by the Ripplingham Grange, which took nine hundred, bringing the total number of horses shipped from here for the army up to something between 25 and 26,000. Mr J. Ripley heads the list as having supplied most of these horses, and Mr F. J. Ballour comes next, these two having supplied far more than any of the others. It is certainly wonderful to think that we have been able to meet this great demand, for only a few years ago it would have been regarded as an utter impossibility to export such a number of one special stamp of animal.

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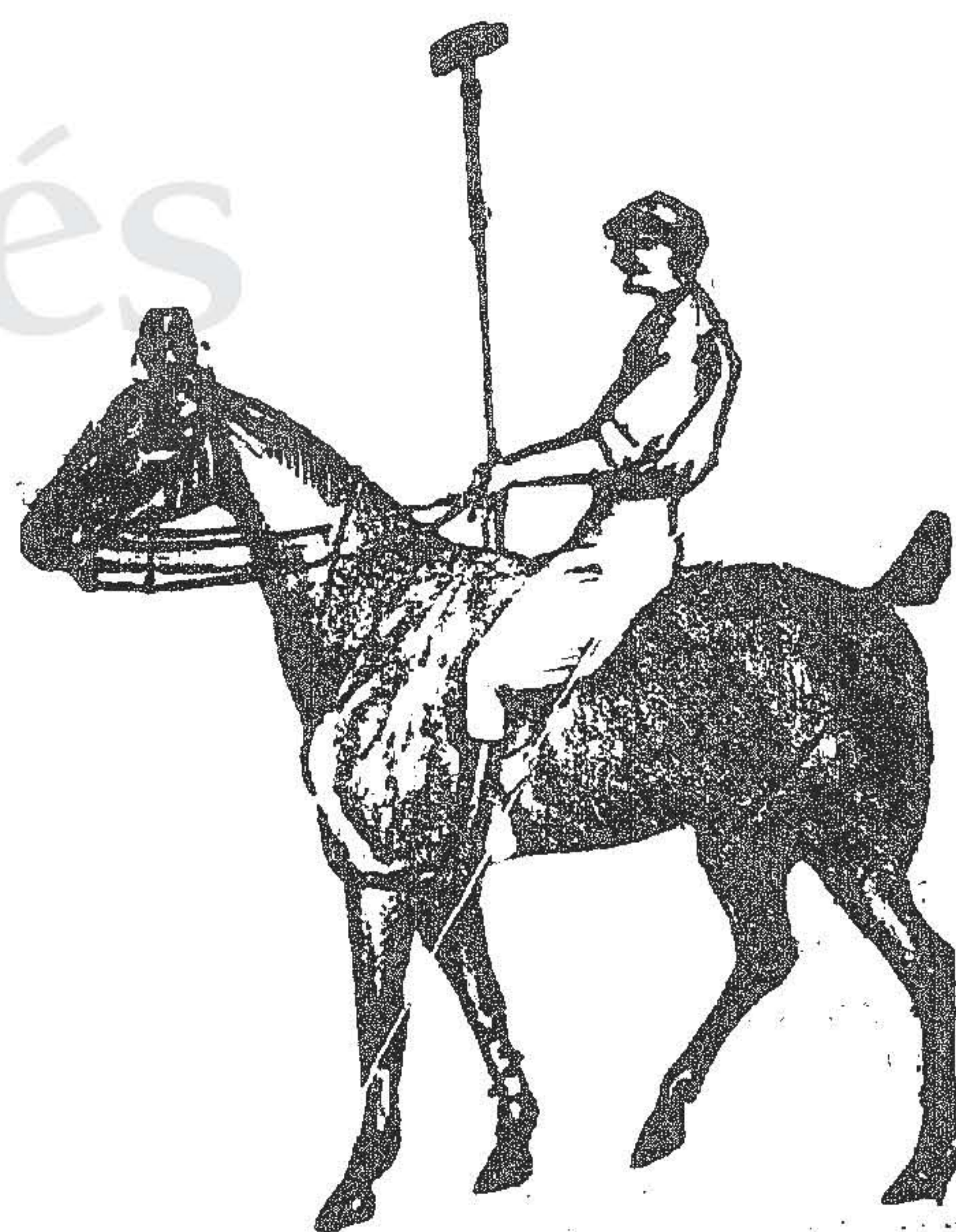
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The writer's name and address are required with all letters, but not for publication, unless desired. Letters and inquiries from anonymous correspondents will not receive attention.

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AGENTS.

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Proprietor and Editor J. O. ANDERSON.

RIVER PLATE SPORT AND PASTIME

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1900.

NOTES.

The meeting of cricket secretaries was held in these offices on Wednesday last, when it was found that seven clubs wished to enter this year's Championship, these being the B.A.C.C., Hurlingham, Lomas A.C., Flores A.C., Belgrano A.C., Quilmes C.C., and Banfield A.C. It was decided that a second eleven Championship could not be arranged for as the English High School, B.A.C.C., and Belgrano were the only clubs able to guarantee putting in legitimate second elevens, that is to say teams made up without having to call on the services of any first eleven players.

The Lanús Club sent a representative to the meeting to explain that they were quite unable this year to enter a team for the Championship, although they thoroughly approve of the competition. We are sorry to see this old club drop out, but quite understand that it is unavoidable. Many of their best players are now working outside, and as no "fresh blood" has appeared, they had no option, but to reluctantly retire from the competition. At the same time they hope to arrange some "friendly" fixtures later on, and we hope the other clubs will do their utmost to accommodate them in this respect.

We are unable this week to publish the full list of fixtures as all have not yet been arranged, and we consider it better to wait until the list is complete. By the way, we have been approached by one interested in forming a school competition, which we shall hope to see brought to a head. The idea of a school Championship is an excellent one, but rests entirely with the headmasters of our various schools, so that, pleased as the Championship Committee would be to see it formed, they can hardly take any steps in the matter.

With reference to our notes last week concerning the Southern Camps XI, we have been informed that one match has already been definitely arranged. The one in question is against Hurlingham on the Sunday and Monday preceding the North and South match. They hope to meet the Northern Camps XI on the following two days, and another match will have to be arranged for the Thursday and Friday. It would be wiser to leave the Saturday altogether free this season, as the strain on those chosen for the North and South match is too great.

One might well be excused for thinking that the wonderful Ranjitsinhji had no more records to break, but last month he added another to his list by playing the fifth innings of over two hundred this season. What makes this record the more praiseworthy and marvellous is the fact that nearly all these huge scores have been made when runs were badly needed, while one or two of them were made on very queer wickets, when the rest of his side were unable to do anything to help him. He is indeed a marvellous batsman.

Once again have our cricketers had to put up with a disappointment. After a week of fine weather a terrific thunderstorm, accompanied by pouring rain, broke over Buenos Aires on Saturday night, and continued until about ten o'clock on Sunday morning. The only sporting event, out of the many that were on the card for Sunday last, which took place, was the race-meeting at Palermo. The Point-to-Point races of the Hurlingham Hunt Club had to be postponed for a second time, and altogether the majority of our sportsmen had a very miserable holiday. Let us hope that these wet Sundays will soon cease, so as to allow of the sporting fixtures to be held in due course.

It has been decided to play last Sunday's postponed game at Palermo next Sunday, although another fixture had been arranged for the latter day. The match will, therefore, be between two elevens captained respectively by the Captain and Hon. Secretary of the Club. It is hoped that as many members as possible will turn up, as the regular inter-club matches will soon be commenced now. The weather, at the time of writing, is splendid, let us hope it will last.

In spite of the fact that the Point-to-Point races had to be postponed, the farmers' races were run, and a very successful afternoon's sport was enjoyed. At half-past twelve some fifty or sixty *chacareros* and their friends indulged in a *carne con cuero*, and about half past two the races began. They caused a large amount of interest and the entries were excellent, one race of 500 metres attracting no fewer than eighteen entries. The Master, Mr C. R. Thursby, worked very hard to make the meeting a success and the two beautiful *rebenques* given by the Hon. W. A. C. Barrington for the *chacareros'* race were much admired and greatly appreciated by the winners.

The Point-to-Point races will now be run early next Sunday, probably commencing about nine o'clock. At one o'clock the postponed cricket match between the Hurlingham Hunt and the Hurlingham Club will be started, and a close fight is anticipated. The cricket pitch is in excellent condition, and if the weather only remain fine, so as to give the groundmen a chance, there should be plenty of runs made in this the opening match of the Hurlingham cricket season.

On Thursday, the 27th of September, a match was run on the racecourse at Hurlingham, at 7 a.m., between two ponies owned by Mr C. H. Jefferies and two owned by Mr A. H. Howard. The distance was about 4000 metres—catch weights—and the ponies and jockeys were as follows:—Mr Howard's The Honourable and The Monk, the former ridden by his owner, and the latter by Mr Schwind; and Mr Jefferies' Chesnut and Billiard Table, ridden respectively by the owner and Mr Harnett. Mr Howard's pair made the running for the first round attended by Billiard Table, when the latter was beat, and Mr Jefferies,

who had been lying a long way behind, brought his mount along and 500 metres from home came to the front, but directly Mr Howard called on the Honourable he came right away and won at his ease; The Monk and Billiard Table beaten off.

The meeting on Sunday, though much interfered with by the rain, was productive of one item of great interest and that was the debut of Oviedo, own brother to Ontario, a colt of great promise belonging to the Stud El Derby, that unfortunately went lame in the beginning of the year and has only just been able to come out. The way in which he won his first race over two thousand metres was so impressive that he has at once become a serious candidate for the Gran Nacional on Sunday the 7th.

It had become so evident that there were only three colts with any chance for the highest place that the advent of another competitor against Cordon Rouge, Triboulet and Penitente is a matter of congratulation to all racegoers and will add greatly to the interest in the Argentine Derby. The sires of most of the cracks of late years will thus be represented, Gay Hermit, Acheron, Neapolis and Orbit, which will add another attraction and augment the enthusiasm with which the great race of the year is always regarded.

The Premio Hipódromo Nacional to be run at Belgrano to-morrow (4th) over 2200 metres will bring out a field such as has not been seen on this course for years. Among the probable starters are Pillito, Omnium, Don Pepe, with Republicano, Orizon, Leon, and Le Sancy. There should be a fine race, and Pillito can show if his fall was fortuitous or if he has really gone down for good, while Orizon can also demonstrate whether his win in the Gran Premio de Honor was true form or a piece of luck.

In another column may be found the programme of the annual Spring Race Meeting of the Venado Tuerto Polo and Athletic Club. The meeting will be held to-morrow, and on the following two days an open polo tournament will take place. We hear of several visitors, including many ladies, who intend being present at this meeting, and a very jolly time is being anticipated.

From the notice under "Lawn Tennis" it will be seen that the Buenos Aires Lawn Tennis Club will hold its annual Spring Tournament this month. The events are four in number, namely, Ladies' Singles, Gentlemen's Singles, Mixed Doubles, and Gentlemen's Doubles. The entrance fee for each event is two dollars and should be sent in to the acting Hon. Secretary, Mr A. J. MacMorran, on or before Wednesday next, the 10th inst. The club day, it may be as well to mention, is now changed from Thursday to Wednesday.

On Sunday next, the 7th inst., probably the last golf competition of the season will be held. It is for the members of the Buenos Aires Golf Club and will be played at Rivadavia. The competition will consist of two rounds (eighteen holes) under Medal play rules and will be a handicap one. The prize is a handsome silver flask presented by the President of the Club, the Hon. W. A. C. Barrington.

Although there were rumours that the annual competition to decide the Lomas Golf Championship was to be left over for this year, such is not the case, and one

more effort will be made to decide the question next Sunday. The Flores Golf Club have again very kindly lent their links for the purpose, and those wishing to compete who have not yet done so should send in their names to Mr C. Alexander on or before Friday next.

The Annual General Meeting of the Belgrano Athletic Club, which was called for Saturday evening next, will be held on Monday next instead, the Committee having very considerably postponed it on account of Mr Boutell's lecture. It is extremely gratifying to see such good feeling existing between our athletic clubs and we feel sure the members of the Lomas Athletic Club will greatly appreciate this kind act on the part of their Belgrano friends.

We have received a truly charming photograph of the Rugby Championship Cup, so charming that we feel most guilty for having dared to speak of it lightly in our short story this week. Standing in the Cup is the son and heir of the revered Vice-President of the B.A.F.C., smiling for all the world as though he knew his club had won it. It makes a sweetly pretty and original picture and we shall treasure it.

An extraordinary general meeting of the members of the St. John's Club, will be held at the St. John's Church Schoolroom on Tuesday evening, the 9th inst. As the business to be discussed is of the utmost importance, it is hoped that every member will endeavour to attend. The Club is not, we are afraid, meeting with the support that one reasonably expected it would receive, but the committee, we understand, have some changes in view which will add greatly to the popularity of the Club.

Mr Joseph Hatton, in his "Cigarette Papers" in the *People*, relates an amusing story of the impression formed by a Boston negro of a kangaroo, which he had seen for the first time. The negro was visiting Australia, and one day he disturbed a kangaroo. It vanished from his view in several bounds, each of which might have covered a province, or less. The coloured gentleman said nothing for an hour or two. Then he addressed his Colonial guide and said: "Pretty wide meadows you hab here?" "Not very," said the guide, "about the same as in other countries, I suppose." "De hay you hab to buy for your horses pretty long in the stalk?" "No," said the guide, "only a foot or two. Why?" The negro made no reply, but later, when he was asked why he had become so very thoughtful—was he thinking of the magnitude of a certain tract of country through which they had been riding in the shade of the evening? "Not zactly," said the negro from Boston. "I was thinking of de uncommon magnitude of dat dam great grass-hopper!"

An English gamekeeper calls attention to a new danger to foxes which is not generally known, but which will doubtless receive attention from sportsmen in hunting districts at home. He asserts that the modern mole-catcher frequently objects to carrying the cumbrous traps of his profession, and, consequently resorts to the plan of poisoning the moles. Poisoned moles mean poisoned foxes, for a mole is a fox's favourite food. The poisoning of moles consequently acts unfairly upon keepers, who may, and do occasionally, get blamed for the laziness of mole-catchers.

LAWN TENNIS

BUENOS AIRES LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

The Spring Tournament of the Buenos Aires Lawn Tennis Club, consisting of Ladies' Singles, Gentlemen's Singles, Mixed Doubles, and Gentlemen's Doubles will take place this month on the club grounds. Entrance fee \$2 for each event. All entries must be made on or before October 10th.

GOLF.

BUENOS AIRES GOLF CLUB.
RIVADAVIA LINKS.

On Sunday next, October 7th, there will be a competition for a very handsome silver pocket flask, presented by the Hon. President, the Hon. W. A. C. Barrington.

The competition will consist of two rounds of nine holes each, under Medal play rules, handicap.

LOMAS A.C.

The Golf Championship of the above Club, which had to be postponed from Sunday last on account of the bad weather, will be played off next Sunday at Flores, by kind permission of the Flores Golf Club. Those who have not already sent in their entries may do so up to Friday next to Mr. Chas. Alexander.

ROUND THE TOWN.

The Smoking Concert, which was held for the purpose of presenting the various Football Cups, which have been played for during the past season, and the medals of the Amateur Athletic Association, was a great success in every way, although we had expected to see Prince George's Hall better filled. All the items of the concert were excellent, and every one received an encore. The splendid Police Band was also in attendance, placed at the lower end of the gallery, from where they discoursed bright music from time to time, a well known piece from the "Runaway Girl" being much appreciated. The Minister of Agriculture and Lord Mayor Bullrich were present and entered into the spirit of the thing with great animation. They both received a hearty welcome. The Hon. W. A. C. Barrington was also present and made a capital speech when presenting the Rugby Championship Cup to the Captain of the B.A.F.C., of which club he is President.

As usual, Mr F. H. Chevallier Boutell was indefatigable in his labours to ensure the success of the whole entertainment. He organised it himself and worked hard to provide a very jolly evening for all those interested in our winter game. The presence at the concert of Sr. Garcia Merou and the Lord Mayor were, of course, owing to his efforts, and everyone was right glad to see them there. "Don Adolfo" was in great form and generously offered to present a Cup for the coming Championship Sports on December 8th. Both the distinguished guests are evidently anxious to see the youth of this country indulge in athletic exercises, and so long as we have men of this calibre at the head of affairs, we may be sure that athletics of all kinds will receive the encouragement they so well deserve.

A large number of friends and colleagues were present at Constitucion Station, on Friday afternoon last, to say farewell to the Hon. W. A. C. Barrington, who left by the R.M.S. Magdalena. Mr Barrington shows his interest in all our British clubs and societies in so practical a manner that he has left a gap behind him which cannot be filled. We beg to join the whole British community here in wishing him a very pleasant time and a safe and speedy return.

Invitations have been sent out for the wedding of Miss Jessie Mary Fraser and Mr Horace William Botting, which will take place on the 10th inst at St. Andrew's Scotch Church. Mr Botting is well-known in sporting circles as the hard-working and energetic Hon. Secretary of the Association Football League, of which

game he was no mean exponent himself. We beg to join his many friends in wishing him and his future bride every happiness.

We have received "Tales of the Pampas," by William Bulfin, published as one of the Over-seas library by Fisher Unwin. We have often wondered how it is that our exciting camp life in this country has not incited more authors to choose, as the scene of their works, the Argentine camp. We read and hear of the wonderful "Wild West," but we fancy these camps of ours might, at times, compete with the wildest of wild places. Besides Messrs A. M. Bourne and R. B. Cunninghame Graham, we know of no authors who have chosen our camps as the scenes of their tales. The book under notice is well worth reading, and Mr Bulfin will deserve the thanks of many whom he has helped to while away a pleasant hour. The book may be obtained at Messrs Monqaut and Vasquez for the small sum of \$1.50. We shall look forward to Mr Bulfin's next production with anticipatory pleasure.

The second performance of the Promenade Concert organised by Mr. F. M. Still was not so well attended as the first, in spite of the reduction in the price of the tickets. There were a good few present, however, and all the items were as good, if not better, than on the previous occasion. Great credit is due to Mr. Still for the successful result of his efforts, and we trust the deserving charities have benefited considerably.

From telegrams received on Monday last Lord Roberts has apparently been officially appointed Commander-in-Chief of the British Army in place of Lord Wolseley. The appointment will be received with great enthusiasm by the whole army, in which there is no more popular officer to-day than "Bobs."

The new Lord Mayor of London is Mr Alderman Frank Green, a large and well-known paper manufacturer in the city. As he is a widower, his wife having died last year, his daughter will do the honours at the Mansion House.

The elections at home, so far, have resulted all along the line in a "walk over" for the Conservatives, which, perhaps, was only to be expected. There seems to have been a good deal of friction in some parts, and from what we can gather by the numerous and varied telegrams received here some of the best known public speakers, on either side, have been very bitter in some of their remarks.

The Dramatic Club intends closing its season this month with the re-production of "The Private Secretary." It will be remembered that when this play was given here some four years ago it was extremely well received, and, as most of the original cast are again taking part, it is only reasonable to expect that the club will once again score a success. The following is the full cast:

Mr Marsland, M.F.H.	..	Mr H. M. Mills
Harry Marsland	..	Mr J. O. Anderson
Mr Cattermole	..	Mr M. S. Edye
Douglas Cattermole	..	Mr H. Scott
Rev. Robert Spalding	..	Mr H. S. Topping
Mr Sydney Gibson	..	Mr F. R. Hancock
John	..	Mr C. J. N. Carter
Knox	..	Mr Gayner
Edith Marsland	..	Miss Cooper
Eva Webster	..	Miss F. Foster
Mrs Stead	..	Mrs Leitch
Miss Ashford	..	Mrs J. Agar

On Saturday evening next, at 8.30 p.m., those who would like to learn a little more of the Transvaal War should be at Prince George's Hall, where Mr F. H. Chevallier-Boutell will deliver a lecture on the war, which will be illustrated by 150 photographic views thrown by limelight on a screen. The views are excellent and one is able to obtain a very realistic idea of various incidents which occurred during the war. The lecture is being given in aid of the funds of the Lomas A.C., and we shall hope to see the hall well filled. Our readers may obtain tickets, which are only a dollar each, at this office.

The Swiss Hall should be crowded on Friday evening next on the occasion of the English High School concert.

An excellent and most attractive programme has been arranged, and as the entertainment is in aid of the Athletic Club funds it should be largely patronised.

The rehearsals for "The Runaway Girl" are proceeding merrily and both the principals and the choruses have set to work in real earnest. From what we can judge at this early stage we are promised a great performance.

Amateur Athletic Association del Rio de la Plata

Campeonatos Juegos Atléticos

Sábado, Diciembre 8 de 1900

EN LA

PISTA del FLORES ATHLETIC CLUB, CABALLITO

		Premios
100 Yards	campeonato	2
1/4 Milla	"	2
120 Yards, con 10 vallas	"	2
1/4 Milla	campeonato y handicap	3
1 Milla	"	3
Salto alto	"	2
Salto largo	"	2
Salto alto corriendo ..	"	2
Tirar la Bala de 16 libras	"	2
Tirar el Martillo de 16 libras	"	2
120 Yards	handicap	3
300 Yards	"	3
100 Yards	campeonato de colegios	2
220 Yards	handicap para colegios	2
1 Milla, para bicicletas ..	handicap	3
3 Millas, para bicicletas ..	"	3
Consuelo	"	1

Los Reglamentos del A.A.A. regirán para todas las carreras.

Las Carreras están abiertas para todo aficionado.

Las inscripciones se recibirán en la Secretaría del A.A.A., Piedad 475, 2º piso, hasta el 15 de Noviembre.

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Para formas de inscripción y demás pormenores, dirigirse al Secretario del A.A.A., PIEDAD 475, 2º piso, Buenos Aires.

Hurlingham Club

GYMKHANA MEETING

November 1st, 1900

PROGRAMME

1. BENDING RACE.
2. VICTORIA CROSS RACE.
3. JUMPING COMPETITION, over hurdles.
4. TANDEM RACE, 2000 metres.
5. BAREBACK RACE, 500 metres.
6. POLO BALL RACE.
7. COSTUME RACE.
8. TENT PEGGING.
9. MENAGERIE RACE.
10. TUG-OF-WAR, on Horseback (Bareback).

A special prize will be given to the lady who makes the best dummy for the Victoria Cross Race.

All events are for Members of the Club and for Ponies 58 inches or under the bona-fide property of Members of the Club.

Entrance fee \$2 for each event, general entry fee including all the events \$10.

Entries to be sent to the Secretary of the Club, Piedad 513, on or before Wednesday, 24th of October.

A WHITE ELEPHANT.

Excitement had run very high in Buenos Aires football circles during the season of which I am writing, for old players and present-day players had come forward most generously with their sovereigns and a magnificent silver cup had been ordered from England, and a Rugby Championship had been formed.

Who were to be the first winners of this splendid trophy? That was the momentous question, and a very open one too, for all the teams were wonderfully even.

And so the season advanced, first one club and then another being forced to give up all hopes of holding the Cup its first year of existence and the Cup arrived. I, in common with many others, was naturally very anxious to see this masterpiece of the Silversmith's art, and went off to view it quite as ready to admire and praise as the most enthusiastic of us. The Cup was produced, but instead of the eugolistic expressions I was prepared for, a weird silence reigned for at least twenty seconds. Then, "Oh! isn't it a beauty," "By Jove, there has never been a finer Cup in this country," and innumerable remarks of a similar nature, and we were all working ourselves up into a perfect ecstasy when an old hand present laconically remarked, "It's a little large, you chaps, eh?" Here was a damper! The one point we had been trying to hide from each other, and for that matter from ourselves, was its terrible and awful size, and now to have the horrible truth blurted out in this manner. Well, it was no good trying to deny the fact, so we agreed that perhaps it was a little large. We could have hugged little Rolly Earns, our merry half-back, when he ejaculated, "So much the better, nobody can run off with *this* Cup." This raised our spirits somewhat, and we were beginning to flatter ourselves that its size, after all, was to be a blessing in disguise when the same old hand, previously referred to, must go and spoil everything again by asking, "Where are you going to put this Cup?" and then to add insult to injury roared with laughter, which I am glad to relate he was not joined in, beyond the fact that a sickly smile slowly broke across the faces of his hearers. "Where there's a will there's a way," however, and in good time the monster Cup was safely housed, and the final match of the Championship was close at hand.

Betting was even on the event and well it might have been, for, after a fine struggle the match was won and lost by a solitary penalty kick.

Next the presentation had to be made and the Cup once more placed in full view of the public. It was much admired and great stress was laid on the large amount of silver it contained, etc., etc.

And so it was presented and the season closed, which brings us to the strange part of our story.

Never before had I noticed Calle Piedad so deserted, and yet it was not exactly deserted, but instead of the usual bustling, busy crowd, people seemed to be standing about in knots of various sizes, excitedly discussing some important matter. Had some anarchist plot been discovered? Had anything happened to the President? Had Chile suddenly become war-like again? Were only a few of the thoughts that flashed through my brain. I noticed a group of Britishers at the corner of San Martin and anxious to know the cause of this phenomenon hastened up to it, but although distinctly Britishers I did not know one of them, and so had reluctantly to pass on with an uneasy feeling of some coming calamity. Ah! at last. There was Brown opposite the Royal Insurance building, I knew him very well, he could tell me. I signed to him and I saw him give me a hasty look and then dive into Lucio's, it was quite obvious, he was purposely avoiding me. "Low cad," I muttered, "as if I want to know him." I did not take the trouble to look into Lucio's but walked on to the "Bank's Corner," here were lots of pals. The same undercurrent of excitement was plainly visible everywhere. "Hullo, you chaps," I shouted as I came up to the first group, "what's up?" Instead of the hearty greeting I naturally expected, old Mally took me quietly but forcibly by the arm and said in my ear in anything but a pleasant tone, "Look here, we all know you've only done it for a joke, but don't carry it too far, my boy, take it back right away, if not, well—there'll be trouble.

"What the Dickens are you talking about," I at last managed to gasp out.

"Take my advice and don't play the fool any longer," was all the reply he vouchsafed to my query.

I turned hot and cold alternately and inwardly wondered if everyone in Buenos Aires had suddenly gone mad—and then—ugh! I shudder to think of it even now, the awful thought came to me that perhaps my own brain had gone. I pinched myself to make sure that I really was there in the flesh and shaking off the absurd, but none the less ghastly feeling that there was something the matter with me, I again approached my friends—

"I say, you chaps, for the Lord's sake, tell me what's up," I whined piteously.

Smith, whom I had known for years, looked me in the face and with a horrible cackle turned away remarking that "it was really a bit too thick."

Growing exasperated I called them names which I recall with sorrow and left them, crossing over to opposite the British Bank where I saw some men I knew.

Before I ever got up to them, I felt the same unaccountable creepy feeling stealing over me for the group quickly broke up, two going into the Bank itself, two others crossing to the Brazilian Bank, and the other was off down Reconquista when I seized his arm and begged him to explain what was the matter with everyone. He looked at me, to my frenzied mind, more in sorrow than in anger, and said, "I knew you were pretty hard up, but I never thought you were dishonest. I loosened my grip of his arm and mentally decided not to know that friend any more.

I stood there dazed—was I really mad? What had happened? I tried to think, but I couldn't. Where had I been?

I remembered the Smoking Concert, the presentation of the Rugby Championship Cup, and other details of the previous evening's entertainment, but try how I would, I could not remember getting up or leaving my house that morning. Suddenly I recollected that I had not even been to the office, so leaving Piedad and its strange crowd alone, I retraced my steps to the office. My head was in a whirl, and I felt completely puzzled and very much aggrieved, but this was nothing compared to my utter dismay and surprise when I discovered my office in possession of three "vigilantes!" My indignation and wrath availed me nothing, I was asked to go quietly, and in vain I entreated, ordered, swore, for to all my entreaties and threats they turned a deaf ear. We quickly took a coach and rattled down San Martin to the comisaria. Here was the only piece of good fortune I had met with, for I knew the comisario of this section and knew him moreover to be a good fellow. He smiled sadly when I arrived and shook his head when I asked him what I was there for, but then relenting on seeing I was really in earnest, he told me the extraordinary truth, imagine if you can what I was accused of, and deny if you can that it was excusable if I *did* call the Buenos Aires police madmen. I had been arrested, if you please, for stealing the Rugby Championship Cup!!!

Awkward predicament as I was in this was the last straw, and the absurdity of the whole thing was too much for my already over-strained nerves. I sank on to a bench and laughed loud and long until called to order by a rough shake from one of the vigilantes, who told me to "shut up." I gazed at him with the most contemptuous look I could muster, and then turned to the comisario who was addressing me. "I have to ask you a few questions," he was saying, "which I shall be obliged if you will answer, but must warn you to be careful, as whatever you say may be used against you."

Were you at the concert in Prince George's Hall last night? I was.

Were you present when the large Silver Cup was presented? I was.

Did you speak with a man called— and tell him how much silver you thought there was in the Cup? I daresay I did.

Did you say (remember you are on your oath) "what a lark it would be to melt it"? I may have said so, but I don't remember.

Did you see the Cup taken away? No.

Did you once at Messrs— and Co.'s store take the Cup out of its case, replace it, unlocking and locking the case? I daresay I did.

Where were you last night after the concert? At home I suppose, but I can't remember.

"Thank you," he said, "that will do," and I was led away to a dirty room.

Whether I slept or not I can't say, but the next thing I knew was a strange scratching noise, and a loud whisper. I strained my ears and distinctly heard, "Take this file

under the door and complete the work, I've nearly done on the lock." I set to work with a will and soon had the door open and stood face to face with a dark figure of a man who had his hat well over his eyes and his coat collar turned well up. He was above the medium height and spoke with a queer accent as he told me to follow him. This I did mechanically, and he bundled me into a coach. I asked him in Spanish where I was being taken to, but he took no notice of me. I repeated the question in English but with the same result. Although he had by some miraculous power got me away from my uncomfortable quarters at the comisaria, he did not seem very friendly disposed, and was certainly not communicative.

We had not driven five squares towards the Retiro when he politely but firmly intimated to me that I was to be blind-folded. I objected, but he only shrugged his shoulders and said I could be taken back to the comisaria if I wished. So I gave way and was completely blindfolded, first with some elastic kind of material and then again with a silk handkerchief. I tried to follow the course of the carriage as best I could, but the turnings became so frequent and so rapid that I had to give it up in despair.

At last we pulled up with a jerk and I was quickly led down a flight of steps. Down we went for I don't know how many steps and then along I should imagine a long passage. I felt as though I was in a vault, and by the queer rumbling sound overhead could have sworn we were under water.

Soon we stopped and with some metallic substance he knocked at an iron door three times in a peculiar manner. I was passed through and the atmosphere became drier and warmer. I was led, as far as I could judge, through several rooms and was then told to wait. My companion then left me warning me not to touch the bandages round my eyes. I waited for perhaps two minutes, it seemed like half an hour, and then a door, apparently right in front of me, opened, and I was taken by the hand, this time by a small soft hand like a female's.

Again I was left alone, and a sweetly toned voice bid me, in perfect English, to take off my bandages.

I replied that I had been warned under penalty of death not to touch them.

A rippling, mocking laugh followed my words and with a slight ring of impatience in it the beautiful voice bade me take the bandages off at once.

This time I did not hesitate, but complied with the request or rather obeyed the command at once. What a sight met my eyes. Pen and paper are utterly inadequate to describe the brilliancy of the scene which was unfolded to me, a brilliancy rendered ten times more so owing to my eyes having been so tightly bandaged for some time.

I found, when my eyes became more accustomed to the light, that I was in an ordinary sized room absolutely one mass of mirrors, while from every conceivable corner and crevice shone a brilliant electric light. The furniture was luxurious to a degree, but all this, startlingly brilliant as it was sank into insignificance as my eyes rested on the only other occupant of the room.

Seated on a divan some six or seven yards from me was the most gloriously beautiful woman I had ever seen or dreamt of. Her perfect head was crowned with a wealth of golden hair arranged by some cunning contrivance, in a most becoming way, which showed off its wonderful colouring to perfection. Her eyebrows and eyelashes (such eyelashes!) were much darker and her eyes were dark, dark blue, and the rest of her features were perfect.

An amused smile played about her pretty lips as she saw the admiration in my looks, which no amount of acting on my part could conceal.

Recollecting my manners I bowed low which she answered by waving me to a seat, and then, with a perfectly modulated voice, she said, "I have to ask your forgiveness for having put you to considerable inconvenience. I cannot tell you where you are, but I can and do tell you that I have been the cause of your arrest and all that has followed. Here, although far from the haunts of men, I have a complete knowledge of all that is going on in the outside world. I heard of this Cup and indeed saw it once. I required it for that beautiful bracket you see between those curiously framed mirrors, and there the Cup is, and there I'm afraid it has to remain." "As to yourself, however," she continued, "I do not wish to

injure you and some means must be taken to get you out of this trouble."

"Madam," I cried, "I am amply rewarded for any inconveniences I may have suffered, I would not have missed this interview for worlds."

"Hush, hush," she said, "do not talk nonsense, you men are all alike. Think of the disgrace you are in and what your friends and acquaintances are saying and thinking of you now."

"Never mind them," I impetuously broke in, "I am old enough to fight my own battles, but do, sweet lady, tell me who you are and where we are, and tell me I can call again."

"Will you do me a service," she asked.

"Anything you ask me," I replied, "and the more difficult it is the better."

"Well, come and sit here," she said, motioning me to sit beside her.

I got up dazed and taking one of her hands I raised it to my lips. She smiled so sweetly that, mad fool as I was, I was tempted sorely to ask for more. She evidently read my thoughts and without more ado and in the most innocent manner raised her lovely face. This was more than mortal man could withstand, but I had only taken one step forward when I received a crushing blow on the head from behind, which stretched me senseless.

I awoke with a start, as may be imagined, having fallen out of bed on to my head. I'm right "off" any more smoking concerts and I don't care which club wins that beastly Cup as long as mine doesn't. Unkind people say I've taken a strange fancy for walking daily along the River bank out Retiro way. I don't tell them anything, but I don't mind telling you I would like to find the entrance to that cave place—just to see those electric lights again, you know, they were so artistically arranged

SEMAJ.

Belgrano Athletic Club

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the above Club will be held in the PARISH ROOM, CALLE CRAMER, BELGRANO, on MONDAY, OCTOBER 8, at 8.30 p.m.

BUSINESS:

Presentation of Annual Report and Balance-Sheet, Election of new Governing Committee, Sub-Committees, and any other business.

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CRICKET IN ENGLAND.

The positions of the counties are as follows:—

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points
Yorkshire	28	16	0	12	16
Lancashire	28	15	2	11	13
Kent	22	8	4	10	4
Sussex	24	4	2	18	2
Notts	18	7	4	7	3
Warwickshire.. .. .	18	3	2	13	1
Middlesex	22	9	7	6	2
Gloucestershire	22	9	7	6	2
Surrey	28	9	7	12	2
Essex	22	4	6	12	-2
Somersetshire.. .. .	16	4	11	1	-7
Worcestershire	22	3	10	9	-7
Derbyshire	18	2	7	9	-5
Leicestershire.. .. .	22	3	11	8	-8
Hampshire	22	0	16	6	-16

According to the rule laid down by the M.C.C., "one point shall be reckoned for each win, one deducted for each loss. Unfinished games shall not be reckoned. The county which during the season shall have, in finished matches, obtained the greatest proportionate number of points shall be reckoned the champion county."

It is, of course, impossible for us to reproduce *all* the first class averages, but we can mention a few of them. Taking the Champion County, Yorkshire, first, their season has been a series of brilliant triumphs, and their record of sixteen wins out of twenty-six matches and no losses, has never before been accomplished in the County Championship Competition. Whitehead, with only seven innings, in four of which he was not out, heads the batting list with an average of 70, but Hirst, with an average of 43.69 for 42 innings is the virtual leader. Rhodes heads the bowling averages having taken 206 wickets for 2,532 runs, Haigh coming next with an average of 14.16.

Lancashire, with two losses only, comes next, and until late in August were even with the ultimate Champions. The presence of A. C. Maclaren as a regular member of the team, had a wonderful effect, and to this fact a considerable amount of Lancashire's success may be attributed. Ward is first among the batsmen with an average of 37.77 for 45 innings, just beating his captain, who obtained an average of 37.34, Hallam heads the bowling list, with Mold a very good second.

Kent, thanks mainly to the fine all-round play of their energetic captain, J. R. Mason, come next. This team has been greatly strengthened by the inclusion of the young professional Blythe, who tops the bowling list with an average of 18.47, having taken 114 wickets for 2106, a fine performance. J. R. Mason is easily first in the batting with the fine average of 53.61 for 33 innings, he also finished second in the bowling.

The Sussex season has been characterised by drawn matches and phenomenal batting, especially on the part of K. S. Ranjitsinhji and C. B. Fry. The former with the truly magnificent average of 85.43 for 34 innings is, of course, easily first, while Fry is a good second with the fine average of 63.10 for 30 innings, all but one of which were completed. Tate virtually heads the bowling list with an average of 21.71, and is the only bowler on the side who secured over a hundred wickets during the season.

Notts have benefitted by the appointment of a young, energetic and enthusiastic captain, A. O. Jones, and for the first time for several years their wins overbalance the losses. The veteran Shrewsbury once again holds the pride of place among the batsmen with an average of 32.03 for 28 innings, his old comrade, W. Gunn, coming second with 30.45. Wass is the virtual leader of the bowlers, having taken just a hundred wickets at an average of 18.99 per wicket.

Warwickshire had a disappointing season, especially as regards the weather, in which they were most unfortunate. W. G. Quaife ends up first in the batting with an average of 58.00 for 26 innings. Kinneir, a left-handed player of commanding style, who, it is said, should make a great name in the future, comes second with an average

of 50.25 for a similar number of innings. Santall is first of the bowlers with an average of 18.97, but illness kept him away for part of the season.

Middlesex, always a team of amateurs, found themselves forced to play a great number of players who lacked first-class experience and accordingly suffered several reverses at the commencement of the season. Later, when J. Douglas and C. M. Wells played, they were almost invincible. Not including Stoddart (who only played three times), P. F. Warner heads the batting list with an average of 44.50 for 30 innings, C. M. Wells, whose slow bowling proved most effective, being first of the bowlers with an average of 13.00.

Gloucestershire have gained a higher place in the list and have defeated Lancashire, Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent, and so the new captain, G. L. Jessop, may look back on his first season's captaincy with satisfaction. The above record is considerably due to his own exertions both with bat and ball. He obtained the best batting average, 44.43 for 41 innings, C. L. Townsend, who did not approach his 1899 brilliancy, being second with 36.17.

Surrey's position in the list is hardly a fair one. Out of 28 matches they can claim nine wins against seven defeats, but whereas the victories were of a decisive nature the defeats were in several cases decided by a mere turn of the scale. Abel, with his ten hundreds for the County, heads the batting with an average of 58.75 for 34 innings, Hayward being second with 50.00. To us in the Argentine the success of Lees is very satisfactory. He is ninth in the batting with an average of 24.80 for 39 innings, and third in the bowling, having taken 79 wickets for 1,634 runs.

Essex have hardly come up to the expectations formed of them, although their narrow but splendid victory over Surrey was a fine performance. Carpenter heads the batting with an average of 41.94 for 36 innings, and Mead comes out with the best bowling average, 15.45.

Somersetshire, although higher in the list and having twice defeated Surrey, have not shown much progress and are weak in bowling, while their fielding has been weak at times. L. C. H. Palaret heads the batting with an average of 35.07 for 27 innings, his captain, S. M. J. Woods, following with 32.17 for 28 innings. Cranfield, a left-hander, leads in the bowling with an average of 24.61 for 62 wickets.

Worcestershire should be satisfied with their second season's work in first-class cricket. The brothers R. E. and H. K. Foster lead in the batting with averages of 32.70 and 30.87 respectively. Bannister, a first-rate bowler, obtained the best bowling average (19.51) having taken 58 wickets for 1132 runs.

Derbyshire, without doing anything brilliant, have gained a place or two in the list. Storer, with an average of 34.00 for 30 innings, heads the batting, while O'Connor takes the same position among the bowlers with an average of 20.84.

Leicestershire are certainly down a place, but their prospects are much brighter. C. J. B. Wood has worked himself up into first place with an average of 39.32 for 40 innings, while Woodcock is the virtual leader of the bowlers with an average of 21.83 for 68 wickets.

Hampshire have, of course, lacked the services of the large military element which marks their team and have had one long uphill fight all the season. Of the regular players, A. J. L. Hill has the best average, having scored 701 runs in 22 innings. Soar leads in the bowling with an average of 23.12 for 24 wickets.

Summing up the past cricket season generally, we cannot do better than make a few extracts from the leader

headed "Batsmen and Bowlers" in the last *Field* to hand:—

"Among the principal triumphs of the season the exploit of the Yorkshire team in coming through the county championship contest unbeaten is highly noteworthy. That the two counties at the head of the list owe their supremacy to their bowlers, and that they both from their situation must have been exceptionally affected by the rainfall, while one of the third pair possesses grounds on which bowlers' wickets are often to be found, are facts which are, perhaps, significant. We have previously noticed the very large number of high scores made by single players during the hot weather of July, and while there still remain opportunities for some players to add to their aggregate bags, many records have already been superseded. Nothing, in fact, has been more wonderful than the feats of Abel and K. S. Ranjitsinhji in excelling the ten hundreds made in one year by Mr. W. G. Grace. The fame of this great batsman can never be dimmed by such rivalry, and his admirers can continue to point to the collection of fine performances accomplished by him even if each of them is separately eclipsed. But it is impossible to resist the opinion that better batting than that of Ranjitsinhji has never been exhibited in any single campaign. The testimony of figures is in this case supported by that of connoisseurs. Occasional bad wickets have afforded Ranjitsinhji the opportunity of showing that he is superior to difficulties which to others are insuperable. He has not only compiled hundreds and double hundreds *ad libitum* against the best bowling of the country, but has made his runs when they were most wanted in hopeless matches and in matches that would have been hopeless to anybody but himself. It is scarcely conceivable that Mr. Grace or any hero of a past generation could have done better.

"A retrospective glance at the bowling and fielding of the year does not give cause for contentment. As an illustration—we would press it no further—of the present condition of the game the University match may be taken; it was drawn through the inability of the attack on either side to dismiss the other. If an Australian eleven had been in England there is no reason to suppose that they would have met bowling as good as their own. While gentlemen do not practice this useful and fascinating part of the games sufficiently, it would seem that professionals are ruined by an excess of work. It is, indeed, very difficult for a young bowler to make his way into county cricket, because in his probationary days he runs a great risk of being either overworked at the beginning of his career or discouraged at the practice nets. There are of course, several bowlers, especially the most successful of the Yorkshire and Lancashire teams, together with Mead of Essex and Trott of Middlesex, who may look back on their performances with satisfaction. The showers and storms of the summer, too, have left their traces in the figures of the averages. But bowling, regarded generally, has not gone forward like batting. Even the prospect of progress has not begun to show itself. The increased strictness of umpires, aided by the new rule, while in itself a laudable thing, is calculated to limit the efforts of bowlers to impart spin to the ball, while the turf becomes harder and smoother as the arts of the ground man are perfected. While "break" is made less feasible, even the "curl" in the air, of which so much has been talked, seems to have disappointed expectation.

"With respect to fielding, the idea is prevalent that it has been exceptionally weak among first-class clubs, and it would be easy to point to a number of matches in which many catches have been missed with very serious consequences. It is told of Mr V. E. Walker and Mr A. N. Hornby, famous in their day as captains, that they regarded skill in this department as an indispensable qualification for the members of their elevens, and their example may be recommended for imitation. It is gratifying that in cricket which is not of the first class, the cricket of the local club, the country-house eleven, and the school, fielding is by no means contemned. If it were not for the interest taken in this as in other points of the game, cricket could hardly continue to flourish as it does in the face of the rivalry of golf and lawn tennis. But hitherto the decline of cricket has not even inspired a paragraph."

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CYCLING IN ENGLAND

London, August 31st. 1900.

In this country we have not seen a great deal of motor pacing upon the race track, but from all accounts the particular kind of pacing is extremely dangerous. Already in America there have been some bad accidents, the latest of which was of a most severe nature, one of the riders being very much injured about the head, whilst the other, a man named Starbuck, having a considerable reputation as a racing man, was so injured that one of his legs had to be amputated. One of our best English professionals at present racing in France, recently had a fall, which might have had bad results, entirely owing to his pacing tandem missing a "spark." Altogether, what with the increased speed and the less reliable nature of the pacing instruments, long distance paced racing is a sport which needs to-day a quicker eye and a cooler head than ever it did.

An enterprising Yorkshireman has started a motor service between Leeds and London, and will, it is said, run it during the remainder of the holiday season. The distance from Leeds to London is roughly two hundred miles. The journey occupies two days each way, and the fare is two guineas only for the double journey. The opportunity for thoroughly testing travelling long distances by motor is thus placed in the way of those who care to avail themselves of it. Altogether the trips should prove successful, because there are very few people indeed travelling for amusement, (to whom time is not an object) who would not rather travel by road from Leeds to London than by rail. There could be no question as to which is the more pleasant of the two methods.

A very clever exhibition of motor steering under very dangerous circumstances was recently seen when one of the most prominent automobilists of the country was driving a car whirling nearly 1 3/4 tons with a full complement of passengers, down a dangerous hill into Folkestone. The brake power failed and proved to be totally inadequate; and under the circumstances of the fast travelling car, the tyre brakes were also quite useless. The runaway car looked like ending in a terrible and disastrous smash, but with great quickness and decision the driver saw a narrow opening into the railway station yard at the foot of the hill. A sharp curve was made, and the car entered at a great speed. The approach to the station was on the up grade, but not sufficient to stop the vehicle. A right about turn had to be made, and the car, still running away and out of control, passed out again through the gate. The driver then turned up the same hill down which he had just run, and in about a hundred yards the whole thing was brought to a standstill. The occupants, amongst whom was a lady and some children, behaved splendidly. The cool and clever manner in which the driver acted under the very trying circumstances obviated what might doubtless have been a very serious accident indeed.

The free wheel bicycle is a complete success, and has established itself triumphantly as the one and only improvement to acquire popular—we might almost say universal—adoption since the pneumatic tyre revolutionized the art of cycling. It has been adopted by all classes except the most impecunious; and is used not only upon single bicycles but upon tandems, the riders of which do not seem to experience the anticipated difficulty of tacitly agreeing when to cease pedalling. Here-after, the trade will be very cautious in building quantities of fixed pedal bicycles; the demand will undoubtedly continue to increase for the free wheel. The only class of people who seem dissatisfied with the modern contrivance are those who have experienced the annoyance associated with free wheel clutches so crudely made as to evolve friction, or so imperfectly designed as to get out of adjustment or break down altogether. But with a ball bearing clutch, well designed and strongly made, the free wheel bicycle opens up new delights to the veteran rider.

The new spring frame machine is always with us, but somehow the spring frame cycle never seems to get beyond its newness. Inventor after inventor comes out with some adaption of the principle of interposing springs between the wheels and the frame of a bicycle, and every fresh departure seems to be heralded as a pronounced success by a few enthusiastic partisans. But somehow these revelations never seem to get beyond the stage of initial booming. Prior to the pneumatic tyre era we had spring frames galore, of which the Whippet was decidedly the best; then last year we had a resilient frame, the resilience of which was obtained by curving the tubes; and a spring front fork was said to give astonishingly good results. But neither appears to have caught on with the general public. Just now a new spring frame bicycle is being boomed, and is well spoken of by several leading pressmen who have tried it, and as one of them has actually ordered a machine for his own use—which is a thing that pressmen very seldom do, it may be that we shall hear more of this flexible framed bicycle in the near future.

Mention of peculiar bicycles reminds us that one of the most peculiar is still being pushed with a degree of energy that betokens at any rate a great amount of confidence on the part of its inventor and proprietor. We refer to Bricknell's patent appliance of a rocking handle-bar, by means of which the rider exerts driving pressure on the front wheel. Some really remarkable performances have been accomplished by riders using this contrivance, the latest being an unpaced ride from London to Liverpool, a matter of 202 miles of give and take road in exactly eleven hours,—a performance that not only establishes an unpaced record for this course, but actually beats the previous record made with the assistance of motor pacing throughout.

A very noticeable feature of the alteration in detail of cycle construction, i.e., the handle bar, is apparent to-day as compared with what was in vogue two years ago. It used to be quite the thing for handle bars to be exceedingly wide, but somehow or other the process of shortening has gradually gone on, until now-a-days a 17" or 19" handle bar is quite the ordinary width. Anyone taking up an illustration or a photograph of a machine three or four years old cannot fail to notice this. What points the wide handle bar had in its favour were discounted by those in the other direction. The wide handle bar was a survival from the so called ordinary, or tall bicycle; but the leverage needed to control a big wheel is not necessary on a safety bicycle steerer. With the narrower bar one's arms are straight, and on a hill one gets a direct and powerful pull, while the bar itself is quite as comfortable. Of course one can very easily go to extremes in this as in everything else, and have a bar so narrow as to be positively cramping. For ordinary purposes the average man cannot go wrong in having a 19" bar.

A very good tale is told of a man named Smith. The gentleman was touring during some very wet weather, and at one time sought the comparatively easy-going of the footpath. Nemesis followed in the form of a policeman who demanded his name and address. The transgressor having been brought up to a sense of honesty

gave his proper name and address. The policeman, however, refused to accept it, saying that there were too many Smiths about and that he was not going to be had in that way. The cyclist thereupon put on an air of the man who is discovered, and saying "Very well then, if you must have my right name and address. "William Shakespeare, Stratford-upon-Avon." It is recorded that the policeman, with satisfaction of having extracted the truthful particulars, solemnly entered the name and address in his book. It is not related whether the summons has been served.

FIXTURES.

POLO.

Oct. 5, 6—Open Tournament, at Venado Tuerto.

ROWING.

Nov. 1—Union de Regatas, at Tigre.
Nov. 11—Buenos Aires Rowing Club Regatta, at Tigre.

ATHLETICS.

Dec. 8—Championship Athletic Meeting, ground of Flores Athletic Club, Caballito.

RACING.

Oct. 4—Hipódromo Nacional, Belgrano.
Oct. 4—Spring Race Meeting, at Venado Tuerto.
Oct. 7—Hipódromo Argentino, Palermo.
Nov. 1—Gymkhana Meeting, at Hurlingham.

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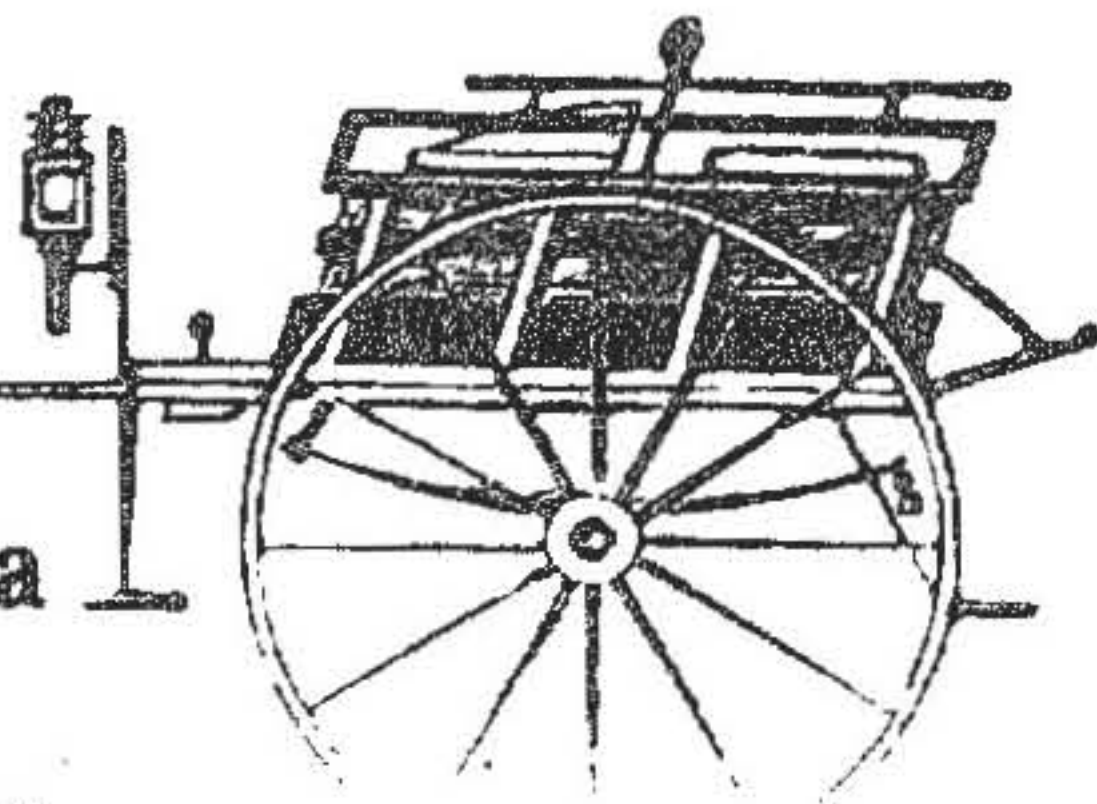
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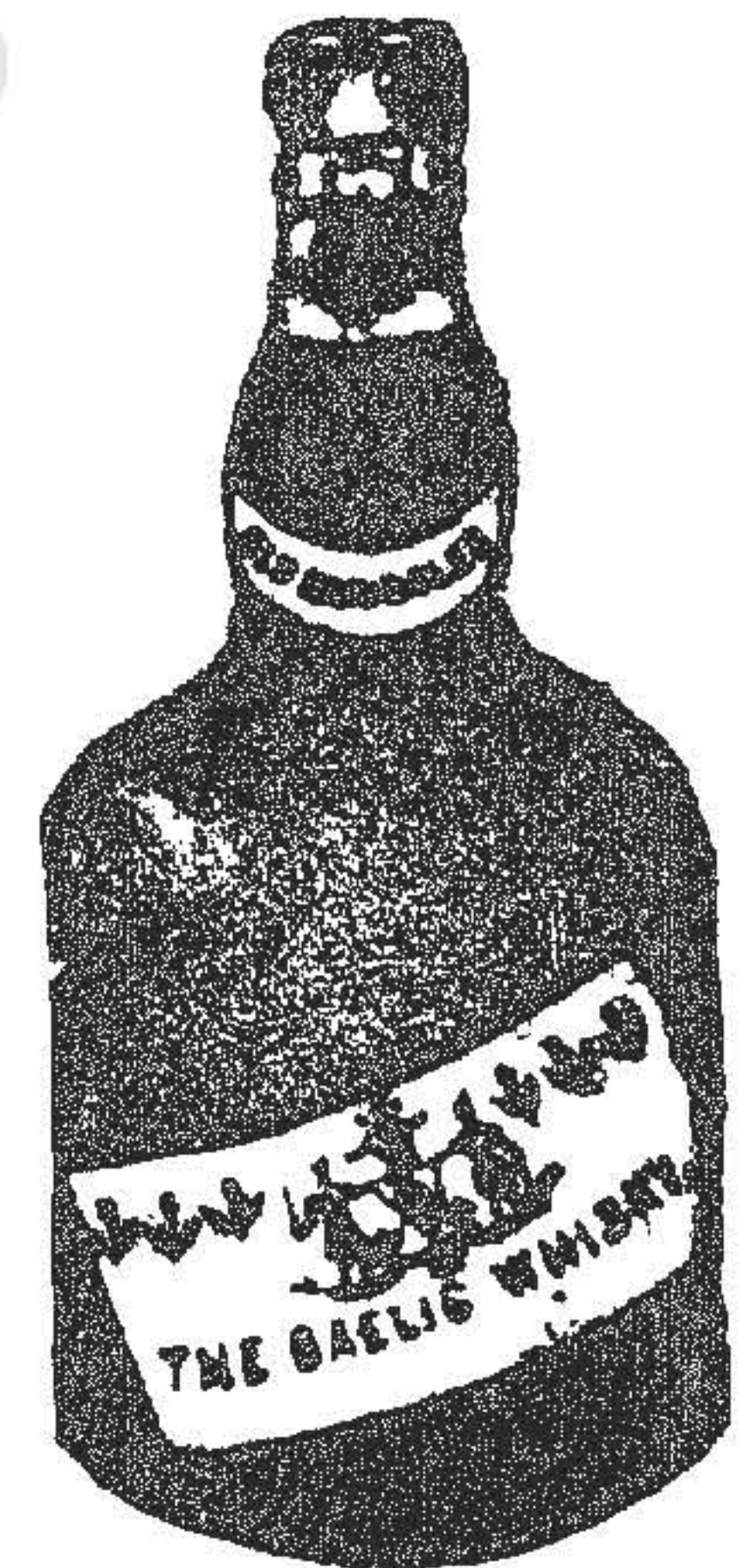
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