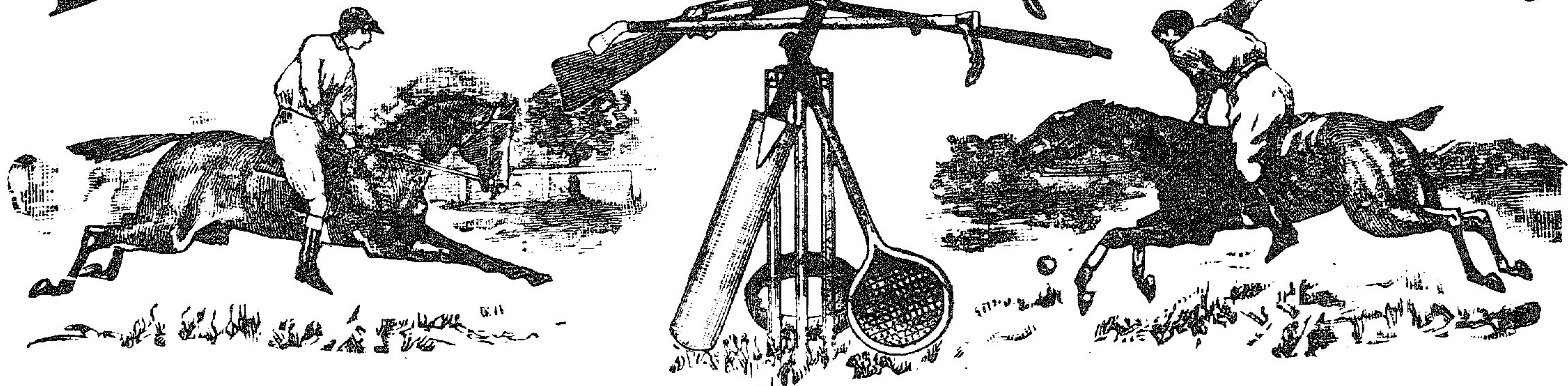


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No. 490, Vol. XVII.

BUENOS AIRES, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1900

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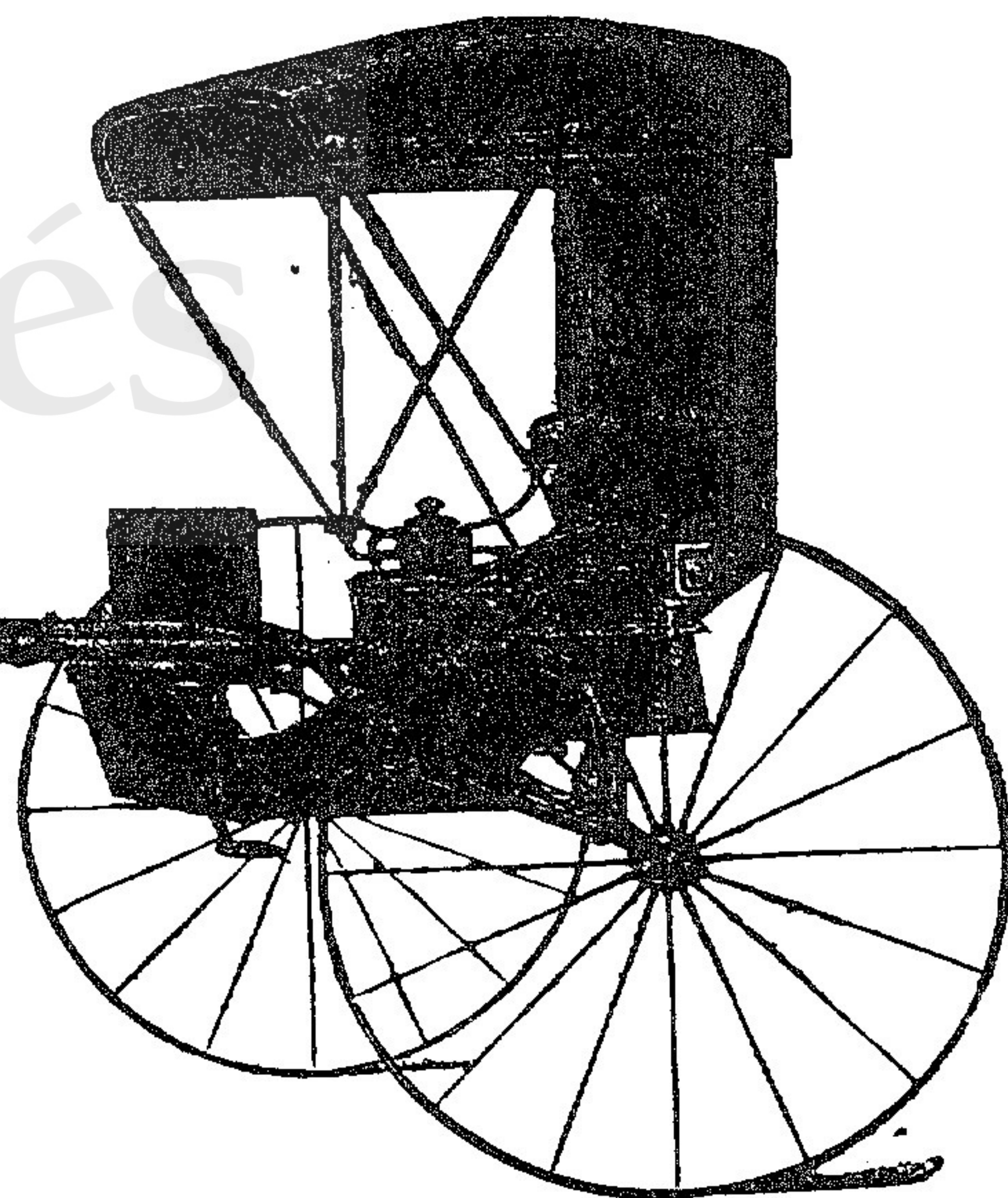
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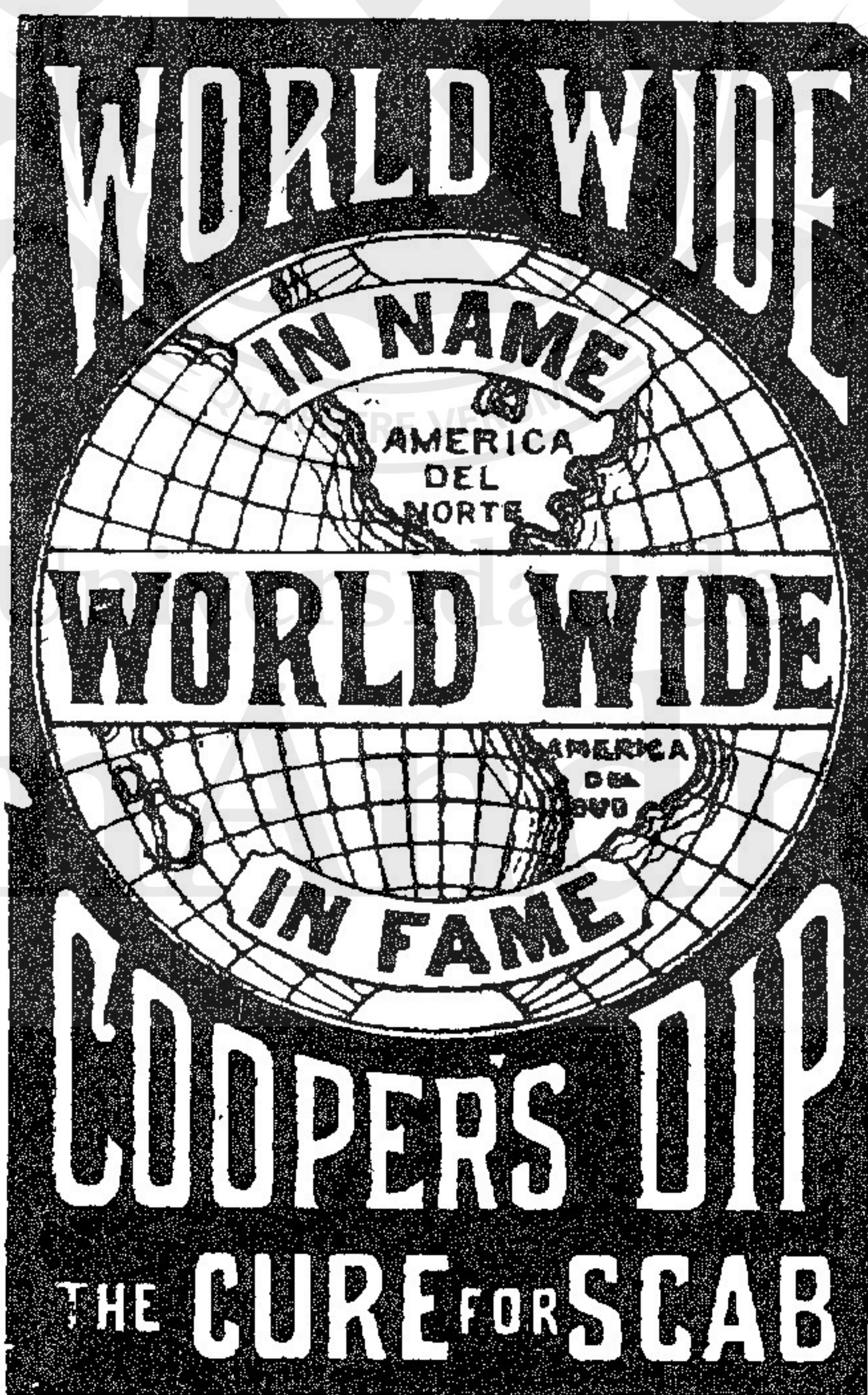
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River Plate Sport and Pastime

BUENOS AIRES, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1900.

SAILING.

Sailing men are reminded that the entries for the race, to be held by the Tigre Sailing Club, on Sunday next, the 25th inst., close on Friday next at 1 p.m. All entries, accompanied by the entrance fee, should be handed in to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. W. G. Mackern, Piedad 402, on or before the morning of that day.

YACHTING.

The Yacht race in connection with the Alberdi Regatta, which, as we announced in our last issue, was postponed on account of the weather, took place on Sunday, the 18th. The long-looked-for and welcome rain which fell on Saturday night, was followed by a S.E. breeze on the Sunday.

Of the boats entered only four competed, the Merry Maid getting into difficulties before leaving Rosario, and the Nona (apparently haunted by bad luck) meeting with an accident to her centre-board before the start.

The course was somewhat altered to that previously arranged, it being decided to make it a straight reach up river to the distillery—about five miles,—round the island opposite, and back to the starting point, the time allowance being the same as stated last week.

The Florence was the first to cross the line, followed closely by the Venus, the Capital (in spite of its crew of eight) being somewhat slow in getting under weigh. The scratch boat, however, soon overhauled the smaller craft, and on rounding the island was fully a mile ahead of the Florence, the Venus still lying third. Beating down, however, the Venus showed her sailing capabilities, making little of the heavy swell, and going about like a top, eventually finishing some two minutes ahead of the Capital. The Florence passed the winning buoy about four minutes after the Capital, and was thus entitled, by time allowance, to second prize.

It is thought by many that had the Capital carried less sail with the strong breeze that was blowing she would have done better. The race, however, was undoubtedly won by Mr. O'Dwyer's excellent judgment and masterly sailing of the Venus.

ATHLETICS.

CORDOBA A.C.

The Annual Athletic Sports of the Cordoba Athletic Club were held on the 1st inst. in the Club Grounds before some 3000 spectators. The weather was all that could be desired, and a sharp shower the previous evening had left the course in first-class condition.

Although the entries were not so numerous as were expected, owing to the absence of some of the usual Rosario competitors, a very good day's sport was witnessed, the most noteworthy event being Mr. Winthrop's high jump of 5 ft. 2 in., and Sr. Barrera's quarter-mile in 55-3/5 secs.

The field was gaily decorated with flags, and the band of the Province, kindly lent by the Governor, who was represented by the *Ministro de Hacienda*, added to the entertainment.

Half way through the programme an interval was called, and tea dispensed to the visitors by a committee of ladies, the tea table being presided over by Mesdames McKenzie, Hughes, and Wright, and Miss Richardson.

At the close of the programme the prizes were gracefully distributed by Mrs. McKenzie.

The following are the details of the various results:—

Putting the Shot.—1. E. Octaviani (scr) 30 ft. 10 in.—0. H. B. Knight, 1 ft.—0. M. H. Green, 1-1/2 ft.—0. J. A. Winter, 2 ft.—0. F. P. Symonds, 2 ft.—0. W. McCrindle, 3 ft.

100 Yards, Members.—1. F. P. Symonds 6 yds.—2. H. B. Knight, scr.—0. J. A. Winter, 4 yds.—0. H. Gillman, 4 yds.—0. A. F. C. Willcox, scr.—0. O. L. Gsell, 6 yds.—0. E. Hotham, 15 yds. Time 10-3/5 secs.

Long Jump.—1. W. McCrindle, 1 ft. 3 in.—0. H. B. Knight, scr.—0. L. Hughes, 6 in.—0. M. H. Green, 9 in.—0. J. A. Winter, 2 ft. Distance 17 ft. 1 in.

120 Yards, Open.—1. M. C. Barrera, 4 yds.—2. W. Sanchez, 5 yds.—0. W. McCrindle, 6 yds.—0. W. Colson, 3 yds.—0. H. B. Knight, 3 yds.—0. R. Colazo, 6 yds.—0. M. H. Green, scr.—0. A. F. C. Willcox, 3 yds.—0. J. A. Winter, 6 yds.—0. O. Escarbi, 7 yds.—0. A. Gibbons, 3 yds. Time 13-1/5 secs.

100 Yards, Boys under 14.—1. R. Funes, 4 yds.—2. B. Smith, scr. Fifteen competed. Time 14 secs.

Hurdle Race, Open.—1. W. Colson, owes 3 yds.—0. A. F. C. Willcox, scr.—0. H. B. Knight, scr.—0. J. A. Winter, owes 4 yds.—0. S. B. Jeans, owes 6 yds. Time 20-3/5 secs.

Bicycle Race, Open, 1000 metres.—1. H. Massaglia, 15 yds.—2. E. de Mousson, 35 yds. Ten competed. Time 1 min. 35 1/5 secs.

220 Yards, Boys under 16.—1. U. J. Barrera, 5 yds.—2. L. Galindez, scr.—0. B. Smith, scr.—0. R. Scott, scr.—0. H. Wortley, 5 yds.—0. D. McCulloch, 10 yds.—0. P. Peresez, 30 yds.—0. U. A. Alberti, 60 yds. Time 30 secs.

High Jump, Open.—1. T. Winthrop, 2 in.—0. H. B. Knight, scr.—0. W. Colson, 1 in.—0. L. Hughes, 3 in.—0. J. A. Winter, 7 in. Height 5 ft. 2 in.

Quarter-Mile, Open.—1. M. C. Barrera, 5 yds.—2. A. Gibbons, 15 yds.—3. W. McCrindle, 20 yds.—0. W. Colson, 10 yds.—0. W. Smith, 30 yds.—0. F. P. Symonds, 25 yds.—0. A. F. C. Willcox, 15 yds.—0. M. H. Green, scr.—0. W. Williams, 50 yds. Time 55-3/5 secs.

One Mile, Open.—1. U. J. Barrera, 120 yds.—2. L. Gsell, 40 yds.—3. W. Smith, 60 yds.—4. A. C. N. Willcox, 60 yds.—0. H. Shaw, scr.—0. A. F. C. Willcox, 20 yds.—0. M. C. Barrera, 30 yds.—0. W. McCrindle, 40 yds.—0. F. Baxter, 50 yds.—0. C. M. Symons, 60 yds.—0. E. Hotham, 110 yds.—0. H. Wortley, 120 yds.—0. D. McCulloch, 120 yds.—0. H. Williams, 120 yds.—0. R. Barnes, 140 yds.—0. W. Williams, 250 yds. Time 5 min. 25-1/5 secs.

220 Yards, Argentines Only.—1. O. Escarbi, 25 yds.—0. W. Colson, scr.—0. M. C. Barrera, 10 yds.—0. P. Migelini, 20 yds.—0. W. Sanchez, 20 yds.—0. Colazo, 20 yds. Time 24-1/2 secs.

Bicycle Race, for Members, 5000 metres.—1. A. C. N. Willcox, 50 yds.—2. F. Baxter, 150 yds.—0. H. B. Knight, scr.—0. B. Jeans, 200 yds. Time 9 min. 23 secs.

Obstacle Race.—1. L. Hughes.

Consolation Race.—1. M. H. Green.

Messrs. E. P. Griffin and E. R. Fowler acted as starters; Messrs. F. J. Coombs, M. C. Hotham, Rev. F. R. Hancock, T. G. Ferguson (Bicycle races); H. G. Braide and W. Leeson as judges; while Mr. H. Leech acted as referee.

The timekeepers were Señores A. Mantegani and Belindo Martinez.

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BUENOS AIRES.

LAWN TENNIS

BUENOS AIRES LAWN TENNIS CLUB.
ANNUAL SPRING TOURNAMENT.

The following are the results to date in the above tournament:

MIXED DOUBLES.

Preliminary round—

- Miss Henderson and T. V. M. Knox (scr) beat Mrs O'Connor and K. Henderson (+ 15.3), 6-3, 6-3.
Miss N. Brown and H. L. Kidd (+ 3/6 of 15) beat Miss Norton and A. J. McMorrnan (scr), 6-1, 6-3.
Mrs Boadle and T. S. Boadle (- 1/6 of 15) beat Mme. Vieugué and Dr. O'Connor (- 3/6 of 15), 6-2, 6-4.
Miss M. Boadle and E. S. Knight (- 15) beat Miss Brown and C. W. Thompson (+ 15), 6-5, 6-5.
Miss Arent and T. R. L. Abbott (+ 15.3) w.o. Mrs Woodgate and H. B. Burr (+ 1/6 of 15).

First round—

- Mrs Goldsmid and S. Goldsmid (+ 3/6 of 15) beat Mrs Anderson and R. W. Anderson (+ 15), 5-6, 6-5, 6-2.
Miss M. Boadle and E. S. Knight beat Miss Arent and T. Abbott, 6-1, 6-5.
Mrs Boadle and T. S. Boadle beat Miss Henderson and T. V. M. Knox, 3-6, 6-2, 6-3.
Miss N. Brown and H. L. Kidd beat Miss Grandage and R. H. Roberts (+ 3/6 15), 6-5, 6-2.

Semi-finals—

- Miss M. Boadle and E. S. Knight beat Mrs Goldsmid and S. Goldsmid, 6-5, 6-3.

GENTLEMEN'S DOUBLES.

Preliminary round—

- R. H. Roberts and T. Abbott (+ 15.2) beat F. M. Still and H. Schwind (scr), 6-5, 6-5.

First round—

- E. S. Knight and H. H. Woodgate (- 30) beat T. V. M. Knox and H. L. Kidd (- 15.4), 6-5, 6-5.
R. H. Roberts and T. Abbott beat T. S. Boadle and A. J. McMorrnan (- 15), 5-6, 6-2, 8-6.
C. H. Menzies and J. A. Page (+ 2/6 of 15) w.o. E. Burr and H. B. Burr (+ 5/6 of 15).
J. F. Macadam and W. D. Bailey (- 15) w.o. C. W. Thompson and A. Inglis (+ 15).

GENTLEMEN'S SINGLES.

Preliminary round—

- R. W. Anderson (+ 15.3) w.o. W. Higgins (+ 15).
L. H. Knight (+ 2/6 of 15) beat T. S. Boadle (+ 4/6 of 15), 6-5, 6-4.
H. L. Kidd (- 3/6 of 15) beat K. Henderson (+ 30), 6-1, 6-1.
R. H. Roberts (+ 15) beat C. W. Thompson (+ 15), 6-1, 6-2.
C. H. Menzies (+ 3/6 of 15) beat E. Burr (+ 15), 6-2, 6-2.
F. M. Still (scr) beat P. Vieugué (+ 15.2), 6-1, 6-1.
T. Abbott (+ 15.1) v. A. M. Barton (scr), 6-4, 2-6, 6-4.
W. D. Bailey (scr) beat H. Schwind (+ 4/6 of 15), 6-3, 4-6, 6-3.
S. Goldsmid (+ 15) w.o. E. S. Knight (- 30).
J. Macadam (scr) w.o. H. B. Burr (- 1/6 of 15).

First round—

- F. W. Brooker (+ 15) w.o. H. Morley (+ 15).
H. H. Woodgate (- 3/6 of 15) beat R. W. Anderson, 6-2, 6-1.
L. H. Knight beat H. L. Kidd, 6-5, 4-6, 6-4.
A. J. McMorrnan (- 15.3) beat C. W. Cumming (+ 15), 6-2, 6-2.
W. D. Bailey beat R. H. Roberts, 6-4, 6-4.
S. Goldsmid w.o. J. Macadam.
T. V. M. Knox (- 15) beat C. H. Menzies, 6-2, 4-6, 6-3.
F. M. Still beat T. R. L. Abbott, 6-4, 6-4.

Second round—

- H. H. Woodgate beat F. W. Brooker, 6-4, 6-3.
A. J. McMorrnan beat T. V. M. Knox, 6-5, 5-6, 6-2.
F. M. Still beat L. H. Knight, 6-5, 6-2.
W. D. Bailey beat S. Goldsmid, 6-2, 6-2.

LADIES' SINGLES.

Preliminary round—

- Mrs Goldsmid (- 15) beat Miss Grandage (+ 2/6 of 15), 6-5, 6-1.
Mrs Woodgate (+ 5/6 of 15) beat Miss Payton (+ 15.2), 6-1, 6-2.
Miss Henderson (+ 30) beat Mrs O'Connor (+ 15.3), 6-3, 6-1.

First round—

- Mrs R. W. Anderson (+ 3/6 of 15) beat Miss Arent (+ 30), 6-1, 6-1.
Miss Henderson beat Miss M. Boadle (+ 15.3), 6-5, 6-5.
Miss Chawner (- 30) beat Mrs Boadle (- 2/6 of 15), 6-1, 6-4.
Mrs Woodgate beat Mrs Goldsmid, 6-5, 6-1.

Semi-finals—

- Mrs R. W. Anderson beat Mrs Woodgate, 3-6, 6-4, 6-2.
Miss Chawner beat Miss Henderson, 6-5, 6-3.

Final—

- Miss Chawner beat Mrs R. W. Anderson, 6-5, 6-3.

RACING.

BELGRANO—NOVEMBER 15.

This meeting was carried out in the usual style. The wind, which seemed to come direct from the African desert, was not conducive to enjoyment, but did not prevent nearly all of the horses entered from putting in an appearance, there being only five desertions during the day. The running was pretty regular, the list of dividends looking very mild for this course.

In the first race the three kilos allowance enabled Samary to take first place in a lot of thirteen, who have been running for two years without success.

The maiden was between Milady and Emirza, who have been constantly before the public for a year, the former being in better luck.

Mlle. de Mezeray, who has been watching an opportunity for some time, found it in the 1200 metres, as did Dalila in the mile Selling Plate.

Veneno and Fertunio were the best names in the programme, but they were unable to give twelve and thirteen kilos to Picquart in 2000 metres.

Brenus was well let in in the final 1600 metres, which he appreciated.

The following are the details:—

PREMIO FRAM, for horses of four and five years that have run more than twice and have not won. Weight 57 kilos. 3 kilos allowed to those that have never been placed. \$1100 to first, 100 to second. 1800 metres.

Ecurie Etoile's Samary, by Monarque—Viola, 4 y, 52 k.....	F. Perez	1
A. Lincoln's Garua, 4 y, 55 k.....	A. Diaz	2
Stud Mensagero's Orchata, 4 y, 52 k.....	R. Gomez	3

Also ran—Triton, Soriano, Leutres, Roulette, Sanson, Gurupi, Baron, Tabaré, Gacela, and Frusleria.

Dividends—Samary \$7.55 win and 3.15 place, Garua 3.75 place, Orchata 3.65 place.

PREMIO MARIPOSA, for three-year-olds that have not won. Weight 55 kilos. \$1500 to first, 100 to second. 1600 metres.

Stud Modesta's Milady, by Amazon—Tathwell Flower, 53 k.....	J. Olmos	1
Ecurie Belgrano's Emirza, 53 k.....	F. Perez	2
Stud Cuaro's Pumh, 55 k.....	A. Diaz	3

Also ran—Amer, Daiman, Principe, Miss Tonga, India Portaña, Ayuma, and Norma.

Dividends—Milady \$13.55 win and 3.70 place, Emirza 2.50 place, Pumh 5.60 place.

PREMIO ECARTÉ, handicap for all winners. \$1500 to first, 100 to second. 1200 metres.

Ecurie Hirondelle's Mlle. de Mezeray, by Clamar—Cayenne, 4 y, 50 k.....	P. Garcia	1
A. Martinez' Bohemio, 4 y, 48 k.....	D. Torterola	2
Stud Floresta's Hortensia, 4 y, 54 k.....	C. Bustos	3

Also ran—Atrévido, Rebato, Bella Eloisa, Atahualpa, Westfalia, and Coracero.

Dividends—Mlle. de Mezeray \$9.55 win and 3.10 place, Bohemio 2.80 place, Hortensia 3.85 place.

PREMIO REMATE, for horses of four years and more that have been a year in the country. The winner to be sold for \$3000. Those entered to be sold for less to be allowed 3 kilos for each \$500 reduction. Weight for age, 3 kilos extra for every win in a Selling Plate. \$1400 to first, 100 to second. 1600 metres.

Stud Dalila's Dalila, by Amazon—Novela, 4 y, 49 k.....	C. Bustos	1
Ecurie Lancero's Amambay, 6 y, 55 k.....	J. Olmos	2
Ecurie Rio de Janeiro's Destino, 6 y, 55 k.....	F. Perez	3

Also ran—Comadreja, Leopardo, Aquilon, Le Pays, Siria, Perla, Satellite, and Fram.

Dividends—Dalila \$16.70 win and 4.45 place, Amambay 6.80 place, Destino 3.60 place.

PREMIO GAUCHITO, handicap for all horses. \$1800 to first, 100 to second. 2000 metres.

Stud Las Rosas' Picquart, by Austurian—Soledad, 4 y, 48 k.....	J. Olmos	1
Stud Yuqueri's Veneno, 6 y, 61 k.....	R. Garrido	2
Stud La Alianza's Fortunio, 5 y, 60 k.....	H. Esteves	3

Also ran—Pito Ué.

Dividend—Picquart \$10.50 win.

PREMIO NIHUIL, handicap for all horses. \$1600 to first 100 to second. 1600 metres.

Hatteras' Brenus, by Bolivar—Breda, 3 y, 54 k.....	J. Feliú	1
B. Ferraro's Escaramuza, 3 y, 47 k.....	J. Olmos	2
Ecurie Bismarck's Cassio, 4 y, 55 k.....	G. Morales	3

Also ran—Laprida, Emir, and Star.

Dividends—Brenus \$4.60 win and 3 place, Escaramuza 5.80 place.

PALERMO—NOVEMBER 18.

The heavy rain of the previous night seemed to have done more good than harm as the course was only slightly heavy at first and got into quite good condition after the first two races. The day turning out fine, a large crowd appeared to witness the longest race of the year. The field only consisted of six, but they were all good ones, Orizon being made favourite and Pillito next, in spite of his poor record this year. His supporters were rewarded by seeing him gallop in twelve lengths ahead, and thus the champion has furnished as complete a reversal of form as any of the youngsters in this puzzling year.

The opening 1100 metres was run in the straight, and when the horses appeared at the paddock the smart Coraza, who was by no means given her measure, came clear away and won easily.

The unlucky Adagio, who gave promise early in the season, at length at the end of the year found an opportunity of leaving the ranks of the losers.

The 2000 metres was an absolute certainty for Guazunambi.

In the 1600 metres handicap, for young ones, Alvarado and Ultimatum had it all to themselves, and the brother of Balcarce was too much for the brother of Imperio.

The hard worked Chacabuco is always running against some classic horse, and this time it was the grand Etolo who proved capable of conceding him nine kilos in 2300 metres.

An easy win by Juliano finished up a pleasant meeting.

The following are the details:—

PREMIO SAN JUAN, for horses of four years and more that have been a year in the country and have not won more than \$4000. Weight, 54 kilos, 2 kilos extra for every win. \$1600 to first, 100 to second, 1100 metres.
 Stud Floresta's Coraza, by Guerrillero—Maréchale, 4 y, 54 k. C. Bustos 1
 J. B. Zubiaurre's Clásico, 4 y, 54 k. G. Palacios 2
 Stud Monfi's Eva, 4 y, 54 k. F. Perez 3
 Also ran—San Martin, Chato, Cecilia, Fram, Diana, Morena, General Maceo, Olivero, Baron, Westfalia, Armenia, and Comadreja.
 Dividends—Coraza \$13.25 win and 4.80 place, Clásico 6.90 place, Eva 3.85 place.

PREMIO MENDOZA, for three-year-olds that have not won. Weight 57 kilos. \$2000 to first, 200 to second. 1400 metres.
 Ecurie Belgrano's Adagio, by Acheron—Satanella, 57 k. J. Rivero 1
 Ecurie Cerés' Charabon, 57 k. R. Garrido 2
 Stud Libertad's Iniciacion, 57 k. G. Morales 3
 Also ran—Ascochinga, Roi d'Atout, Pincheira, Manola, Mariposa, Mimosa, Volage, Pepita, and Ivette.
 Dividends—Adagio \$9.15 win and 3.60 place, Charabon 4.50 place, Iniciacion 17.50 place.

PREMIO SAN LUIS, for horses that have not won more than \$3000. Weight, three years 50 kilos, four years and more 54 kilos, 3 kilos extra to winners of \$5 to 10,000, 5 kilos of \$10 to 15,000, 7 kilos of \$15 to 20,000, and 9 kilos of more. Wins in previous years to count as half. \$2200 to first, 200 to second. 2000 metres.
 Ecurie Agraciada's Guazunambi, by Kimbolton—Farsita, 6 y, 61 k. G. Buela 1
 Ecurie Guerrillero's Africano, 4 y, 57 k. F. Perez 2
 Stud Treinta y Tres' El Alba, 4 y, 57 k. R. Garrido 3
 Dividend—Guazunambi \$3.80 win.

PREMIO SANTA FE, handicap for three-year-olds that have not won. \$2200 to first, 200 to second. 1600 metres.
 Ecurie Argentina's Alvarado, by Gay Hermit—Maria Louisa, 55 1/2 k. R. Garrido 1
 Stud La Alianza's Ultimatum, 55 k. F. Perez 2
 Ecurie Nuevo's Canton, 50 k. G. Morales 3
 Also ran—Catriel, Queen Victoria, Mercurio, Canrobert, Camundá, Señele, Tronera, La Nilson, and Cinderella.
 Dividends—Alvarado \$16.70 win and 5.50 place, Ultimatum 3.55 place, Canton 14.65 place.

PREMIO CARLOS PELLEGRINI, for all horses. Weight for age. \$10,000 to first, 1000 to second, 500 to third. 3800 metres.
 Stud El Derby's Pillito, by Neapolis—Picardia, 6 y, 62 k. P. Aguirre 1
 Mr Manton's Orizon, 5 y, 62 k. A. Diaz 2
 Hatteras' Don Pepe, 6 y, 62 k. F. Conde 3
 Also ran—Dominó, Gonin, and Leon.
 Dividends—Pillito \$10.05 win and 4.75 place, Orizon 2.80 place.

PREMIO CATAMARCA, handicap for all horses, limited between 62 and 48 kilos. \$2500 to first, 200 to second. 2300 metres.
 Ecurie Nautilus' Etolo, by El Amigo—Estrella, 4 y, 62 k. F. Conde 1
 Capt. Dreyfus' Chacabuco, 5 y, 53 k. J. Lagomarsino 2
 Ecurie Sans Souci's Nicolini, 4 y, 50 k. P. Garcia 3
 Also ran—Omnium, Calfiao, and Athou.
 Dividends—Etolo \$4.40 win and 3.35 place, Chacabuco 4.95 place.

PREMIO LA RIOJA, handicap for all horses. \$2000 to first, 100 to second. 1600 metres.
 Stud La Confianza's Juliano, by Stiletto—Julieta, 4 y, 53 k. P. Aguirre 1
 Ecurie Royal's Nihuil, 5 y, 56 k. A. Diaz 2
 Stud Treinta y Tres' El Alba, 4 y, 52 k. G. Morales 3
 Also ran—Cyranó, Guña, Seida, Casa Blanca, Cassio, Muñeca, Corsaria, and Veguero.
 Dividends—Juliano \$6.95 win and 3 place, Nihuil 2.95 place, El Alba 3.95 place.

ENGLISH TURF AND AMERICAN JOCKEYS.

So much has been said and written on the above subject recently that the following extracts from a speech made by Lord Durham, last month, at a meeting of the

stewards of the Jockey Club, will be read with great interest the world over.

Upon a discussion respecting a 5lb allowance to apprentice jockeys, the Earl made the following remarks:—

"He thought it far more important that Stewards of the Jockey Club should inquire into the running of horses in handicaps, and that handicappers should pay attention to the in-and-out running of horses, than quibble about 5lb. From his observation he did not think that the Turf had been in a worse state than it was now for many years past, and he attributed it to the prominence of American jockeys and their followers. He was sorry to say that they were finding their way to Newmarket in very large numbers, and he hoped that there would not be many more of them. He was old enough to remember the difference between Newmarket twenty-five years ago and now. It was quite painful. It was now a sort of cosmopolitan dumping ground, and unless they took very great care indeed they would have English trainers and owners and jockeys driven away from Newmarket. That really had nothing to do with his motion; but it gave him an opportunity of pointing out that in his opinion the Turf was getting into a very serious state now, and that it was chiefly owing to the prominence of American jockeys. A great many owners would put up only American jockeys, and it could be seen in race after race that some of them were not very scrupulous how they rode."

Commenting on this speech, which was made at a meeting really called to discuss what action they should take as regards the unauthorised holding of a two days' meeting at Paisley, an English exchange says:—

"In explicit terms, what does this mean? It conveys a whole world of suggestion. If any American jockeys or their followers have been guilty of malpractices which have reduced our horse-racing to this degraded level—and the degradation is asserted not by an enemy of the sport, but by one of its most ardent votaries and law-givers—what steps do the Jockey Club propose to take to punish the culprits and purify the institution, "responsibility" for which has been claimed by Mr. James Lowther, "in public, in Parliament, and elsewhere"? To descend with all the force and dignity of Newmarket upon a trumpery, unauthorised meeting at Paisley is easy enough, but what does the responsible body propose to do to remove the gross scandal alleged by a nobleman whose healthy and consistent interest in the welfare of our national sport no man will deny? It is significant that at this meeting of the Jockey Club no member is reported as having uttered a word in deprecation of Lord Durham's statements, nor was there the slightest suggestion that he had overstated his case. The question then arises—Will the Jockey Club placidly sit down under the declaration uttered by one of its foremost members, or will it, without fear, favour, or affection, set about to fulfil the responsibility it has assumed and discharge the primary duty of its existence—the ensuring that British horse-racing shall be a fair, square, and above-board pursuit? We believe in free trade in jockeyship, but there should be fair trade in jockeyship also. We would give American riders every liberty we give our own, but the laws that have been aforesaid brought to bear against English riders should have the same incidence upon the stranger.

HOME RACING.

SANDOWN PARK AUTUMN MEETING.—OCT. 18.

Sandown Foal Stakes of 2000 sovs. for three-year-olds; about 1 1/4 miles.
 Mr. W. M. G. Singer's b.c Admiral Dewey, by Kilwarlin—Field Azure 9st. Halsey 1
 Lord Rosebery's Cateran Lad, 8st 7lb. O. Madden 2
 Mr. Fairie's Mahdi, 10st. K. Cannon 3
 Mr. D. Cooper's Winifreda, 9st 11lb. S. Loates 0
 Sir T. Sykes's Strong Bow, 10st. M. Cannon 0
 Mr. F. B. Crave's Wavelet's Pride, 9st. Rigby 0
 Mr. A. Henderson's Guid Wife, 8st 11lb. L. Reiff 0

Betting: 15 to 8 agst Cateran Lad, 5 to 2 agst Guid Wife, 5 to 1 agst Winifreda, 100 to 12 agst Strong Bow, 100 to 8 agst Admiral Dewey, 100 to 7 agst Wavelet's Pride, and 25 to 1 agst Mahdi. Wavelet's Pride led for a couple of furlongs, followed by Cateran Lad, who then went to the front, and opening up a gap, was a long way ahead of everything else making the turn. He was followed into the straight by Mahdi, Admiral Dewey, and Guid Wife. A quarter of a mile from the finish he tried to run out, thus letting up Mahdi and Admiral Dewey. The three ran a punishing race home, which Admiral Dewey won by a head; the same distance separated second and third; Winifreda was fourth, and Guid Wife fifth.

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LADY WINIFRED'S WELSHER.

I.

A little sandy-haired man with a very tall yellow hat, turned up with scarlet, on his head, and wearing a suit of dittos of the very loudest pattern it is possible to conceive, with despair writ large on his pale countenance, is tearing along the racecourse at Gorham Park, only just vacated by the competitors for the principal race of the day, at the very top of his speed, with a mob of the usual riff-raff in hot pursuit and clamouring loudly for his blood.

He had got a good start, and with decent luck might, and most likely would, have eluded his pursuers had he not committed the fatal mistake of turning his head to see how the rest of the field, so to speak, were going. In looking *behind* him, he naturally could not see the foot of an observant and wily clodhopper stretched out for the express purpose of tripping him up, in *front* of him, with the natural consequence that over he went, head over heels, on the ground, much in the same manner that a rabbit, in the act of scuttling across a ride, at his best pace, does when caught fairly behind the shoulder by a charge of No. 6. The next instant and his enemies were upon him and using his unhappy carcass as a football in the usual merry style ad pted by King Mob on those occasions when he thinks it necessary to make an example of one of his subjects.

The welsher is such a universally detested species of social vermin, that when brought to bay on a racecourse, unless the police or some of his own "pals" come to his rescue, it is in the highest degree improbable that anyone else will.

Some, no doubt, disgusted at the scene of brutality, would like to interfere, if they dared—which they don't; but with the majority the verdict is sure to be "Solve him right."

This particular instance, however, turned out to be an exception to the general rule, and if only on humanitarian grounds, it is pleasant to have to record that our sandy-haired friend in the gamboge hat and chess-board looking suit, whatever his ultimate end might be, was not destined to close his earthly career on Gorham Park Racecourse, thanks to the timely help that came to him from a quarter too whence he certainly had the least right to expect it.

"You cowardly curs! oh, you cowardly, dastardly, curs!"

The little sandy-haired man, his clothes torn to ribbons, and his face battered almost out of recognition, lay bleeding and senseless on the ground, and beside him, keeping the yelling hooting crowd at bay with a scarlet sunshade, stood a tall, graceful girl, with an unmistakable high-bred air about her, which made her presence look strangely out of place in such a scene.

"You cowardly curs!" she repeated, such an expression of absolute scorn and loathing suffusing her lovely face as she spoke, as actually to cause several of her listeners to slink off for very shame.

"What has the man done to all of you, pray," she went on, "that you should treat him like this?"

"E's a reglar wrong 'un, lidy—a welsher, if you know wot that is," replied a great, burley, unwashed looking ruffian, who had been the principal leader in the attack.

"And he has welshed *you*, of course," she went on, "otherwise you wouldn't have kicked him as he lay on the ground, as I saw you doing just now?"

"Well, no, I can't say as 'e 'ave," was the candid reply, "but then you see, lidy, 'e would 'a done if I'd 'a give 'im the chance!"

This explanation seemed to afford much amusement to the lookers on, who by this time had recovered themselves, and there were sundry signs of a desire on their part to hustle the lady and recommence operations on the fallen man.

Luckily, however, at this juncture, a couple of liveried servants put in an appearance, and with sundry members of the county police looming large in the distance at the same moment, the crowd melted as quickly as it had collected, as it invariably does.

The girl now turned her attention to the fallen man. "Poor fellow!" she murmured, "he seems dreadfully hurt, what can be done for him?"

"Best let us take un to the cells at the back o' the stand, my lady, and let un bide there nice an' quiet till un comes to," suggested the burly sergeant of police, with a respectful touch of his helmet.

"You'll do nothing of the sort," was the reply, uttered in a tone of voice which brooked not contradiction, beckoning a servant to her side as she spoke.

"Charles."

"Yes, my lady."

"Help the police to take this poor fellow to the coach. Put him inside, and make him as comfortable as you can, give him some champagne if he is able to take it, and send someone in search of a doctor. There is sure to be one somewhere on the course.

"Very good, my lady."

A doctor was found in no time, who pronounced the unfortunate welsher as being very badly hurt, and ordered his instant removal in a closed fly to the County Hospital: and that little anxiety being off her mind, Lady Winifred Harlowe resumed her seat on her brother's drag, and proceeded to criticise the runners for the next race, as calmly as if nothing out of the way had happened.

Of course her ladyship's adventure with the welsher—Lady Winifred's welsher they called him at the hospital, and indeed everywhere—was talked about far and near, and lost nothing in repeating you may be sure.

Finally, that well-known society journal *The Tatler* got hold of it—it wouldn't have been *The Tatler* if it hadn't—with the result that in due course there appeared in its veracious columns the following edifying paragraph:—

"Practical proof was afforded the other day at the Gorham Park Races of the benefit to be derived from the physical training so much in vogue in the present day with many of the fairest daughters of our aristocracy.

"Lady Winifred Harlowe, the only daughter of the late Earl of Winslow, and sister to the present peer, having foolishly invested a fiver on the winner of the Great Gorham Handicap with a 'bookie' who was plying his trade in the vicinity of her ladyship's carriage, on sending a servant for her winnings found that the fellow had decamped.

"Her ladyship—an expert deerstalker—made no remark, but contented herself with sweeping the course with her race-glasses in search of her quarry. Suddenly she replaced the binocular (supplied to her ladyship by the well-known opticians, Messrs. Giglamp and Co., of Bond-street) in their case, whilst a look of exultation came o'er the fair young face.

"She had spotted her man!"

"In a second she had swung herself down from the

box-seat of her noble brother's coach; the next, her little jewelled hand was on the welsher's throat.

"A demand for her winnings on the part of her ladyship; a disavowal of the debt, with a running accompaniment of oaths, and down went Walker, London!

"We were about to add never to rise again, but on inquiry, we find that it was not quite so bad as that, and that this wretched victim to avarice was enabled, after a day's sojourn in the County Hospital, to return to the bosom of his family, not much the worse for his encounter with a lady of title. We are informed that Lady Winifred's instructor in the noble art is the renowned Ned Pummeller. His fair pupil does indeed do the professor credit."

II.

A year has elapsed since the scene described in the preceding chapter took place, and Lady Winifred is now the wife of Mr. Mildmay, the popular Secretary of State for the Home Department, a man whose ways and habits are so totally at variance with those of his wife, that the world at large have never yet been able to make up their minds what reason she could possibly have had for marrying him.

As she seems devoted to her husband, however, and as there is not a shadow of a doubt but that he worships the very ground her ladyship walks upon, it is only fair to presume, in spite of what the world thinks, that love had something to do with the engagement.

It is the end of July, and Lady Winifred is back again at Arden Court, their seat in Buttercupshire, taking a well-earned rest after the fatigues of an extra-busy London season—I say Lady Winifred, advisedly, as her husband unfortunately, owing to his Parliamentary duties, is unable to leave town just yet, except just flying visits from Saturday till Monday.

So it comes to pass that on this overpoweringly hot night Lady Winifred finds herself in bed all by herself, with the window wide open, and wishing that a bat of an inquiring turn of mind, who has been amusing himself with flying in and out during the last hour or so, could take the form of her absent husband.

"I wonder what George is doing now," she thought to herself. "Immersed in those horrid Blue Books he is so fond of, no doubt."

"I wish I was a Blue Book," murmured her ladyship with a sigh, as she dropped placidly off to sleep.

It is a pitch dark night and sundry ominous rumblings up above, accompanied by drops of rain larger than usual, denote that a thunderstorm is imminent.

"A fine thing for the country, and for us," whispers one of two men, both masked, who have just propped a ladder in noiseless, workmanlike style against the wall of Arden Court, and right under Lady Winifred's bedroom window.

The taller one of the two grins assent, as he points to the ladder and in his turn whispers hoarsely, "Up with yer, Bill."

Another second, and they are through the open casement and in the room. For a moment they pause, and then the short man, drawing a bull's-eye lantern from his pocket, approaches the bed on tip-toe, and flashes the light full upon the beautiful face of its occupant.

What is it causes him to start back with a smothered exclamation, the lantern nearly dropping from his trembling hand at the same time?

"Come away, Bill," he whispered hoarsely to his comrade. "Come away before it's too late; I'm not on this job, no! not for a million of money."

"Wot the d'yer mean?" whispered back his astonished companion.

"Never mind wot I mean," was the reply. "I say I'm not goin' on with this business. I'll tell yer the rest outside," he added, as he made for the window on tip-toe, looking back as he did so at the sleeping figure in the bed, as if learing to wake her.

"Blast you, but you shan't go back, now we've got so far, not without giving me a very good reason why," hissed back his now furious companion in iniquity, seizing him by the shoulders as he spoke. "Out with it quick, or I'll be damned if I don't do for you and the lady too, if she wakes, and finish the job on my own, afterwards."

"Well then, it's her, if you must know," replied the other, surlily.

"Who the blazes d'yer mean by her?" asked the other still in mystery.

"Why, the lady wot saved me from being kicked to death at Gorham Park Races just a year ago, bless her heart! D'ye think I'd hurt a hair of her head, or take anything of even the littlest value as belonged to her! No, by God! I wouldd't—not for you or anyone else—not if I was starving!"

And then the little man took to coaxing. "Come away, Bill, come away," he whispered "for her sake and our old friendship!"

Whether Bill would have given way for once is more than we can say, for at this critical moment a faint exclamation from the bed made them both turn round.

Lady Winifred was sitting up staring at them both in mute astonishment.

One glance was quite enough for the man called Bill. "We must go straight through with this now," he said decisively, and as he spoke he broke from his companion's grasp and approached the bed.

In a second the little man had thrown himself upon him, and the next instant the men were locked in deadly combat.

The struggle was an unequal one. Lady Winifred's welsher was no match for his burly antagonist, and in less time than it takes to write it, he was on his back on the floor and at the mercy of the other.

One heavy blow from the formidable jemmy the latter carried had fallen upon his head, and the man called Bill had raised his brawny arm to deliver another and a final one, when a loud report rang through the room, and the ruffian in the act of striking fell backwards on the floor, shot through the heart by the revolver of Lady Winifred Mildmay.

One of the most successful ready-money "bookies" at the present time is a little sandy-haired man, on whose bag is inscribed in gold letters, "William Walker etc., etc."

They say he is making a fortune, and no wonder, for not only is he immensely popular with the general public, but the "swells," as they are called, for some reason best known to themselves, go out of their way on all occasions to bet with him. The latter class speak of him amongst themselves as "Lady Winifred's welsher."

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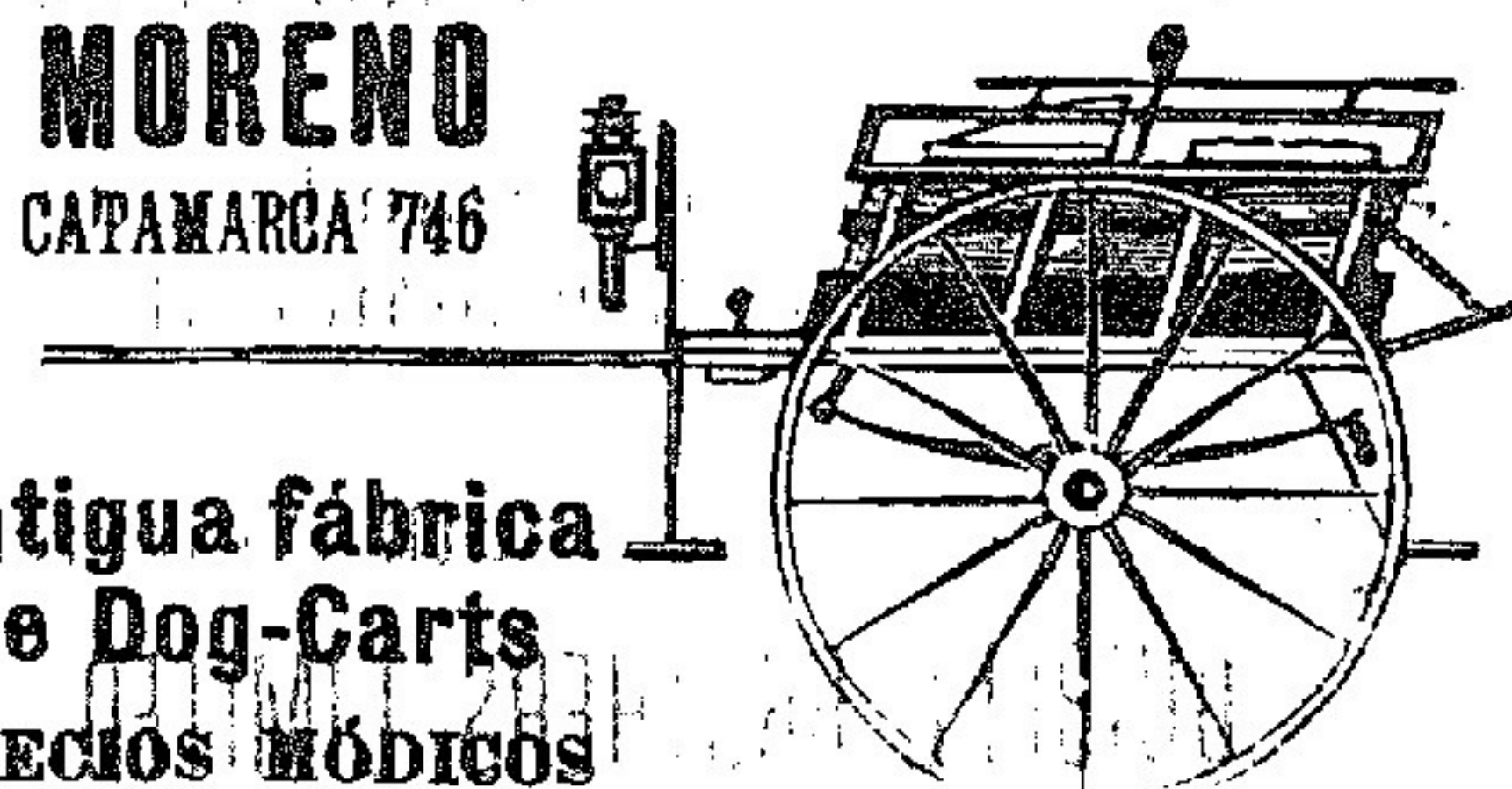
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FIXTURES.

SAILING.

Nov. 25—Tigre Sailing Club.

ATHLETICS.

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

RACING.

Nov. 22—Hipódromo Nacional, Belgrano.
Nov. 25—Hipódromo Argentino, Palermo.

Amateur Athletic Association del Rio de la Plata

Campeonatos Juegos Atléticos

Sábado, Diciembre 8 de 1900

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		Premios
100 Yards	campeonato	2
1/4 Milla	"	2
120 Yards, con 10 vallas	"	2
1/2 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

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When I was a bit of a youngster
I cared for nothing at all,
I neglected my meals a hundred times,
For an hour with the bat and ball.
Age didn't improve me either,
If anything, I grew worse,
Our parson, a straight-faced fellow,
Vow'd cricket would be my curse.
He dubb'd me most awful stupid,
I didn't care what he said,
When he gave me books as prizes,
I longed for wickets instead.
"Your love," said ne, "for Cricket,
Will prove your besetting sin."
But in trying to knock it out of me,
He hammer'd it further in.
Then he got in a fearful temper,
Created an awful shine,
When I told him to mind his own business,
And I would attend to mine.
Then methought the affair was ended,
Each went his separate way,
He went off to his preaching,
I hurried off to my play.
And I gave my whole mind to the business,
To prove 'twas no idle dream,
And bless you! I soon was acknowledg'd,
And plac'd in the County Team.
I never disgraced them either,
So long as I wielded the bat.
I was straight in all my dealings,
I always feel proud o' that.
My mother had taught me that lesson
And I learnt it, and learnt it well.
Bless her; in duty's pathway,
She yearn'd that I might excel.
Ah lads! it's a down-right pity,
Whenever we feel asham'd
Asham'd of our dear old parents,
Whenever we hear them named.
I remember a County Fixture,
A regular big affair,
Holiday folk in their thousands,
With the rank and file were there.
Our men had gone to the wicket,
Five batsmen had fallen away,
And our score was a modest thirty,
Not a man had made a stay.
I was seventh to handle the willow,
I wasn't a bit depress'd,
My band of supporters murmur'd—
"Take heart Tom, and do thy best."
Nerv'd with the vast assembly,
Cheering me all the while,
I ran up the Century grandly,
In fine and brilliant style.
They carried me to the Pavilion,
And feted me loyally there,
For we conquer'd our worthy rivals,
With Fifty-five runs to spare.
Then came an outburst of cheering,
From every point it came,
There was scarcely an onlooker present,
But declar'd that I'd won the game.
One gentleman stood beside me,
With locks of silvery hair,
Accompanied by his daughter,
A lady, young and fair.
"My friend!" he exclaim'd; "forgive me,
Since I was so harsh to you,
I have prov'd that a famous cricketer,
May be a true gentleman too."
'Twas the parson I knew in my boyhood,
He stood there as real as life,
Since then we're akin, through marriage,
His daughter is now—my wife.
One word of advice, and I've finished,
For I've taken a lengthy spell,
Guard your wicket, and watch the ball, boys,
But guard your actions as well.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications should be addressed to THE EDITOR, RIVER PLATE SPORT AND PASTIME, PIEDAD 559, BUENOS AIRES.

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

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

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Proprietor and Editor J. O. ANDERSON.

RIVER PLATE SPORT AND PASTIME

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1900.

NOTES.

The heavy rain storm which passed over Buenos Aires on Saturday night last caused another blank Sunday for many of our sportsmen. Two important championship cricket matches, which were down for decision, had to be abandoned, as the grounds were totally unfit for play, and it was surprising to find that it was quite possible to hold the races at Palermo. The day itself was perfect, which made it all the more aggravating.

The Premio Carlos Pellegrini, 3800 metres, and the longest race of the year, came off duly last Sunday, and was perhaps the most extraordinary race of a sensational year. In the Premio de Honor, 3500 metres, run on September 16, the horses were grouped together after passing the station, and Pillito went clear away from his field, but at the paddock was completely beaten, and from there the race was left to Ovacion and Orizon. The latter winning by a length. In the International, 3000 metres October 28, Pillito was never in the race, and Etolo won easily from Orizon, the two finishing half a square in front of the son of Neapolis.

These crushing defeats naturally produced a general idea that Pillito's day was over, and that he would never be himself again, more especially as for the International he seemed to be in the pink of condition and was reported to be going at his best in exercise. Now, on Sunday, the horses were again in a group at the same place as in the Premio de Honor, and Pillito again came out in the bend and spectators waited breathlessly to see him stop as before, but the champion acted very differently on this occasion, and although he came very wide into the straight increased his lead at every stride and came in pulling up a dozen lengths ahead of Orizon, whose turn it was to be done up this time, as well as the other four runners.

This complete upset of the late form is worthy of this year of ups and downs, and the open question is whether Pillito or Etolo is the better horse. If a meeting between these two should take place this year it would cause great interest, but seems unlikely to be brought about, in which case a decision on their merits will have to stand over till next season. The classic for the 25th is 3000 metres for the young ones, in which Cordon Rouge has incurred a five kilos penalty, which would seem to leave it very much at the mercy of Penitente.

The race, held under the auspices of the Argentine Yacht Club, which was sailed last Sunday, created plenty of interest, and produced a fine struggle. In the end the Hermes added another win to her already long string of victories, but the Bigua made a gallant fight of it, and in the end there was only six minutes between the two. We are very pleased to see the interest in this excellent sport largely increasing.

The Sailing Club is looking forward to a good meeting on Sunday next, when the first open race of the season will be sailed. The Yacht Club boat, Hortensio, has received a new suit of sails, and great things are expected of her. If all the boats which are in commission turn out a fleet of ten starters should cross the line.

It is with very sincere regret that we have to announce the death of one of our keenest young sportsmen, Mr George Minturn, which sad event occurred at the German Hospital on Sunday last, where he had recently undergone an operation for *appendicitis*. Mr Minturn was very well-known in our Association football circles as a brilliant and dashing "outside right," in which position he helped Lanús in their palmy days, and later the English High School. He always played the game in a thoroughly sportsmanlike manner, and but for an injured knee would have attained even higher honours than he did. He will be sincerely mourned for by all with whom he ever came in contact.

The football season is now in full swing at home, and we see by our latest mails to hand that most of the principal clubs have commenced their fixtures. The football at the Universities promises to be well up to the average this season, and the usual trial matches of the Seniors and Freshmen have already been played and some good talent unearthed.

At Oxford, the Rugby fifteen should be at least as good as that of last year, as there are plenty of good Seniors up, from the ranks of which the vacancies may be filled up. The Cambridge fifteen are hardly likely to be as good as last year's, the best side seen there for many years, but they will still be very dangerous for all that, and have started by defeating Guy's Hospital by fourteen points to five. Mr J. A. Campbell, whom many of our readers will remember played in our final match here, is again assisting the Light Blues.

A very large number of entries have been received for the annual bat-fives tournament of the Flores Athletic Club, and much interest is centered in the various events. Very few, if any, non-members of the club are taking part, so that both the open and members' events will be fought out by members of the club. The Championship has only attracted half a dozen entries, and the winner of this event will have to play the present champion, Mr G. F. Elliot, who has just returned from Europe.

We are requested to advise all those who have entered for this tournament that the drawings for all the events may be found posted on the notice-board in the club pavilion. As the entries are so numerous the committee have decided that the preliminary and first rounds must be played off on or before Sunday, December 2nd. We hope to publish the results of the various events later on.

A Yorkshire exchange says that it is not generally known that the Prince of Wales once played cricket. When fresh from Oxford he was staying at the Viceregal

Lodge at Dublin, and played in a match. H.R.H. began by missing two easy catches, and when he went in to bat had his middle stump removed by the first ball—a slow lob. That quite finished H.R.H. off as a cricketer.

In another column may be found an account of the annual athletic sports of the Córdoba Athletic Club, which were held this year on Thursday, the 1st inst. On looking through the various results the first thing that strikes one is the number of successes obtained by Argentine athletes, and right glad we are to see it. We hear that the natives in Córdoba are taking the greatest interest in sport of all kind, and we hope it will increase.

Over three thousand spectators were present, of which, of course, the majority were natives, while no fewer than twelve out of the twenty-seven prizes presented were carried off by Argentines. The Quarter-Mile especially is deserving of mention, as the track was not particularly conducive to fast times, and we fancy that Sr. Barrera would stretch many of our quarter-milers here could be find it convenient to compete. Altogether it was a very successful meeting and greatly enjoyed by all present.

Particulars are now to hand of M. W. Long's wonderful quarter in 47 4/5 sec. on September 29th. It was at Travers Island, at the New York A.C.'s final club invitation meeting. The path is always in splendid condition and perfectly level, but the corners are not too easy, and there is not a very long straight to finish in. It is also less than a quarter-mile lap. This makes Long's performance all the more remarkable. He was running from scratch in a handicap with ten other competitors. The club starts are never too long in the New York A.C. handicaps, and Long got in front seventy yards from the finish.

Two watches made him one-fifth of a second faster, but as two agreed as to the slower time, the latter was the official return. It was on the same track that Conneff ran his record mile and three-quarter mile in 1895, and C. Bradley and Godfrey Shaw were beaten in the 75 yards handicap, and 120 yards cinder hurdles, Chase in the latter event making the then world's record of 15 2/5 sec. At Travers Island, given a fine, still September American afternoon, record breaking may be expected when men like Long, Tewkesbury, and Kraenzlein are in evidence.

It is now reported that as a result of the Paris Exhibition World's Championship Athletic failure last July, the Americans are trying to arrange an International Amateur Athletic Association, to hold annual athletic meetings in different parts of the world, commencing next year in the United States. Surely the complete fiasco of last July, and a similar collapse of the Cycling International Union, should have taught wisdom to all promoters of International athletics. At any rate, the English A.A.A. are very unlikely to join the new venture, and outside England and the States the project can have no life or success.

The Oxford and Cambridge Athletic Club are arranging a return match with Harvard and Yale for next spring, to take place in America. Starting with Hammer, Weight, Long and High Jumps, almost certainties for the Americans, the Britishers' chances are none too rosy. Also what will Pennsylvania say to such a match when they hold the palm of American collegiate athletics?

The New York Yacht Club has formally accepted Sir Thomas Lipton's challenge for the America Cup for the year 1901, the races to be sailed on August 20, 22, and 24, and further races, if any, to take place on corresponding days the following week. At present the only particulars known are that the challenger will be named Shamrock II., and her length on L.W.L. will be 89.5 ft.

CRICKET.

MARRIED v. SINGLE.

This game was played at Bahia Blanca on Sunday, November 18, resulting in a win for Singles by seven runs. The weather was fine and the game proved a very successful one. Although the Married were defeated, they, nevertheless, showed excellent form, and had it not been for the excellent batting of Messrs MacRae and Ferguson who played for the Singles, the latter team would have had a poor chance. The fielding on both sides was excellent. Mr J. Osborne batted well for the Married and made a score of 15. For the Married, N. Geddes and A Hutton distinguished themselves at bowling, and for the Singles, Messrs C. Hoyle and D. Dawson.

Full score and analysis:—

SINGLE		MARRIED	
F. MacRae b Dolphin.....	25	A. Hutton c McCorquodale b Dawson.....	6
W. Ferguson c Moore b Hutton.....	17	E. Graham st Ferguson b Dawson.....	6
H. Pettigrew b Dolphin.....	2	N. Geddes b Hoyle.....	2
W. Barlow b Hutton.....	0	C. Joffie b Hoyle.....	1
C. Hoyle lbw b Hutton.....	0	J. Osborne run out.....	15
W. Murray b Geddes.....	0	H. Crawford b Dawson.....	1
G. Ellis b Geddes.....	7	H. B. Dolphin b Dawson.....	3
R. Dawson b Dolphin.....	2	A. O. Osborne c Hoyle b Barlow.....	2
W. T. Lucy run out.....	6	A. K. Jennens b Hoyle.....	8
W. McCorquodale b Dolphin.....	0	E. West b Hoyle.....	0
L. McDougall b Geddes.....	0	Jorge Moore not out.....	0
W. Fletcher not out.....	0	J. Cobbold b Hoyle.....	0
Extras.....	12	Extras.....	20
Total.....	71	Total.....	64

BOWLING ANALYSIS.										
Single	O	M	R	W	Married	O	M	R	W	
H. B. Dolphin.....	10	1	3	21	4	R. C. Dawson.....	9	2	16	4
A. O. Osborne.....	2	0	6	0	0	C. Hoyle.....	8	2	14	5
A. Hutton.....	7	1	20	3	0	W. D. Barlow.....	6	1	10	1
N. Geddes.....	7	2	12	3	0	F. MacRae.....	1	0	4	0

ROUND THE TOWN.

For the benefit of those of our readers who are unaware as to the existing law concerning taking parcels in a coach after twelve o'clock at night, it may be as well, if we recount the experiences of one of the performers in "A Runaway Girl" the other night. The performer in question was naturally anxious to take his belongings away from the Opera House, in fact it was essential he should do so, and accordingly hailing a coach he placed his two bags inside and thoroughly tired out and blissfully ignorant of what was in store for him, threw himself into the carriage and told the *cochero* to take him home quickly.

All went well until the centre had been left behind, and then an officious *vigilante* brought the coach to an abrupt stop. He then asked the occupant if he was aware that it was against the law to carry parcels after twelve o'clock at night, to which query he received a decided negative. Meanwhile, a *sargento* appeared with two more *vigilantes* and after much conversation it was decided that the whole bag of tricks should be taken to the *comisaria*. The occupant of the coach protested strongly, he handed his card to the *sargento*, pointed out to him that the initials on the bag corresponded to his card, even opened his bag to prove that he had only been taking part in a performance at the Opera. The *sargento* said he quite believed him and that he was perfectly satisfied that it was no case of robbery, but that he would have to go to the *comisaria*, for it was the law of the country.

Imagine our friend's dismay, therefore, as tired and weary he was taken in his coach at a walking pace from square to square being handed from one *vigilante's* charge to another. At last the *comisaria* was reached and everything was quickly made clear to a polite *comisario*, but it all took time, and when at last safely away

the *cochero*, with a bitter laugh, informed his fare that it was no good going on as they would be taken to every *comisaria* between there and their destination. A written permit was, therefore, necessary, and more time lost, until at length our worn out friend finally arrived home more dead than alive at 4.30 a.m. Moral: Don't take any bags or parcels with you in a coach in Buenos Aires after 12 a.m.

On Wednesday afternoon last, the marriage of Mr H. L. Waring-Smith with Miss U. M. Lyle-Smith, was solemnised at St. John's Church. The bride, who was dressed in a long trained white satin robe, trimmed very handsomely with old lace and pearls, was attended by her sister, Miss N. V. Lyle-Smith, as bridesmaid, while Mr N. G. Walls undertook the duties of best man. The Rev. Eccles Hodgkinson officiated, and after the ceremony, a reception was held at the Royal Hotel. We beg to join the numerous friends of Mr and Mrs Waring-Smith in wishing them every happiness for the future.

Dear old "Padre" Smith received a right royal welcome at the Hall of the Scotch Church, on Wednesday evening last, on the occasion of his return to this country. We are thankful to say his trip home has done him a great deal of good, and he seems quite recovered from his serious illness. We wish Dr. Smith a pleasant sojourn amongst us this summer, at the end of which he again purposes returning to his native country.

Quite one of the prettiest weddings we have attended for many a long day, was that of Mr Andrew Macdonald and Miss Ethel Smiles. The ceremony took place at Holy Trinity Church, Lomas, which had been most beautifully decorated for the occasion, the work, we believe, of the bride's aunt, Miss Mackern. The Rev. E. G. Cocks officiated, and the service was choral, the bride having given her services to the Church choir for years past. The bride, who looked extremely pretty as she walked up the aisle on the arm of her eldest brother, Mr L. Smiles, was attended by the Misses Smiles and Ruth Mackern as bridesmaids, while Mr E. H. Theobald undertook the duties of best man. The Church was crowded, a very large number of visitors having come out from town. After the ceremony a large reception was held at "The Elms," the residence of Mrs Smiles in Temperley, where the usual speeches, etc., were made.

The Vicar made a very feeling and at the same time witty speech in proposing the health of the bride and bridegroom, and the usual toasts and replies followed. The wedding presents, which were on view, were both numerous and pretty. The happy pair left during the afternoon for Córdoba, amidst the cheers and good wishes of their numerous friends, in which wishes we beg to heartily join. Many of the visitors and most of the bridal party finished up a very pleasant day with a most enjoyable dance at Cliden Park, the residence of Mr and Mrs Mohr Bell, which was kept up to a late hour.

Circulars have been sent round announcing that the advertising firm of Messrs Taylor and Anderson has now been taken over solely by Mr Arthur Anderson, whom we wish all good luck in his new enterprise. Mr J. W. Taylor, we understand, has accepted a position in the well known house of Messrs M. S. Bagley and Co.

We have received from Messrs Monquaut and Velasquez Millan the "Sports and Pastimes" calendar for 1901 and a very pretty and well got up one it is. It is published by the well-known publishers Raphael Tuck and Sons, Limited, of London, Paris, and New York, and makes a very charming wall ornament. The same firm are first in the field with the Xmas numbers, having forwarded us "Holly Leaves," the Xmas number of the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," for which favours many thanks.

The third and last performance of "A Runaway Girl" was given before another full house on Tuesday evening last after we had gone to press. Rather contrary to our expectations it was undoubtedly the best performance of the three, and, except for one slight stage-wait, the play ran smoothly all through. The audience was a most enthusiastic one, and throughout

there was continued laughter and applause. After the performance all the principals met together at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Morgan, where they were sumptuously entertained to a most excellent supper. A few speeches were made, in each of which a complimentary reference was made to the work accomplished by the host of the evening.

It is our sad duty this week to record the death of a well-known young sportsman, Mr George C. Minturn, than whom no better breathed. He had recently undergone an operation for acute appendicitis, at the German Hospital, which he never really recovered from and he passed away on Sunday last at the early age of twenty-three. His was one of those gentle lovable natures that attract all, and it may truly be said that nobody ever had a word to say against him. We beg to offer our heartfelt sympathy to his sorrowing relations and friends.

We are very pleased to be able to state that the operation, which it was found necessary to perform on Mr V. G. G. Scroggie, was quite successful, and that the invalid is progressing favourably. We hope to see Mr Scroggie about again and enjoying his usual robust health before long.

We have received and read with very great pleasure the "booklet of the week," "A Lost Document." It is a short romance of Argentine life, written by an old friend and contributor of ours, and should be read by all. The descriptions of Hurlingham, the Tigre, etc. are excellent, and the only pity is that the story has been so condensed. The author, "Alured Millet," shows a thorough knowledge of life in this country, both town and camp, and we shall hope to read more from his pen before long. The book may be obtained at Messrs John Grant and Son's bookstore or from any bookseller for the modest sum of one dollar and twenty cents.

Although not sufficiently fired with ambition as to hope to rival the famous "Dwarf of the Blood" our editor has pointed out to us that there are so many excellent restaurants in this city to-day that a few *menus* would not be out of place from time to time, so we shall probably soon start on a little tour round, and discuss a few of the luncheon and dinner *menus* that may be enjoyed in this city of "Good Airs." Meanwhile our old friend, Mr. Daniel Kingsland, has forwarded us by this mail a *menu* of a luncheon he recently attended, in aid of the St. John's Hospital, in Twickenham, which is not without humour.

Here is the *menu* exactly as we received it:—

To help St. John's Hospital.—Cricket Team Luncheon at the Prince Blucher Hotel, in patriotic Twickenham, Monday, September 17th, 1900.—James Bigwood, Esq., M.P., in the Chair.—Ye (more or less) veracious Menu:

(Dr.) Grace before Meat.

"Hark! the (Twickenham) Herald Angels sing!"

Salute by the Cliff Ordnance.

Hors (fall) d'œuvres. (There's Ayre(s)!).

(D.L.) Jess So(u)p.

Stewed Heal(ey)s. Oysters with Beards.

(Dr. C) Lark Pie. Big Wood Pigeons from the Grotto.

A Twickenham Duck. Jays from A Loft in the Groves

Strutting Rooster, Chip Sauce (don't Cavell, please).

Bailed Beef, Leg before (His)cockney Sauce.

Potato Balls. Jeph's Onions.

(Willi)ams all H.O.T. Braun(d) a la Mode

S(a)lade, Lu(c)ca(s) Oil. (One for his (Nob(e)s)

T(arts) V(ery) T(asty) (Watteau!)

The good old Twickenham Goat(ly)'s Milk Cheese (Grew yere. No Kid.

McGregor's Carlowitz (Jock full)

Sham(p)Haynes, Extra Dry.

Large Bass and Half of Better with the Lid off.

Iced Hock(ley) Cup.

Comet Claret (Surrey Vintage).

Ice (Lipton's Bro(c)ken well.

"Sportsman" Liqueurs. Port of fine Bo(san)quet.
The Muse(hic)

Songs—"Pour Pa(rt) Pald." "Richard(son) of Taunton
Dene." "A (Sporting) Life on the Ocean Wave."
"I know a (Wal)banck." "After the Ball."
"Looker Head and nothing dread."

Recitation—"The (Dr.) Ward(en) of the Cinque Ports."
Remarks—"In praise of Prosserdy," (Prosody) by the
Rev. P. D. Drabble.

Motto for Speakers—"The (Stanger) Lea(the)st said
soonest mended."

(W.G.) Grace, (Jun.) after Meat.
(Bow yer heads).

"The season's o'er, its hours have run,
And scorers take account of all
The many triumphs Grace hath won
With willow and the bounding ball."—(Page one).
Time, Gentlemen!

Note to the Uninitiated.—The names of the following gentlemen will be found in the above:—Mr. J. Bigwood, M.P., Dr. Grace, Messrs. W. G. Grace, Jun., Jessop, Jephson, Richardson, Bosanquet, Braund, Brockwell, Ayres, Slade Lucas, Groves, Williams, Goatly, Bass, Healey, H. O. Tucker, Looker, Hiscock, Haynes, Nobes, Walbank, Horsfall, Poupert, Hockley, Lidbetter, Clifford, Stanger-Leathes, Cavell, Jock McGregor, Islip, Page, Drs. Ward, Clark, and Rev. Prebendary Prosser. Also the Local and Sporting Papers.

We were delighted to meet that good sportsman Mr J. M. Mullaly up and about again during the past week. During his enforced lying-up at the British Hospital his genial presence has been much missed by his numerous friends, with whom we join in congratulating him on his improved health. We trust he may soon be fit enough to take part in the games of polo he loves so well.

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ESTANCIA AND COLONY.

On Tuesday last, by order of the Board of Agriculture, a Durham bull, imported from England and consigned to Messrs Runciman and Co., was slaughtered on account of it showing undoubted signs of advanced tuberculosis. Six other Durham bulls, which were brought out by the s.s. Normandy, have been reshipped on account of them having been declared tuberculous by the authorities.

Guano was first used by the people of Perú more than three centuries ago. It was held so valuable that the deposits on the Chincha Islands were jealously guarded, and sea birds which resorted to these rocks were carefully protected. It is said that death was the penalty inflicted on anyone who killed birds near the deposits during the breeding season. At the beginning of the export trade from the Chincha Islands, about 1840, the supply seemed inexhaustible. The deposits covered the three islands in some places to a depth of 90 or 100 ft., and according to an official survey made by the Peruvian Government in 1853, the quantity was then estimated at 12,376,100 tons! Such has been the demand for guano that this enormous quantity has now been practically exhausted.

The question of the English Army remounts has been occupying a very important position in the press of that country recently, and one can hardly take up an English paper of any kind without finding some remarks on the subject. In the last *Live Stock Journal* to hand, "Exporter" writes an article on Argentine remounts, which we here reproduce as it may be of interest to many of our camp readers:—

"Remounts from the Argentine have been the subject of much discussion in these columns and in the Press generally. All sorts of opinions are given, and as the authorities from which these opinions have been formed are of themselves equally trustworthy, there must be some very good reason for the way they differ. It seems to me that this apparent disagreement may be easily accounted for. Argentine has become the usual term now given to a large portion of South America—by calling a horse an "Argentine" it usually means that it comes from somewhere in that huge extent of country called South America, without denoting any special district. It stands to reason that there are all sorts of different types of horses and ponies in that country as in England or any other. As far as I am aware, there is no special breed which is known by the name of "Argentine." Of late years we have rather come to look upon it as a sort of heavy-weight Polo pony, with less quality and good looks than we look for here, and often with a very indifferent temper. They are credited with being able to stand a lot of work, but are slow and generally unenterprising. They have become rather the fashion for heavy men, as they come at a less price than our well-bred ponies can be purchased at. I saw several which were brought over as the pick of an estancia by their owner, who was settling in this country. They had no pretensions to what we should call good looks—had a heavy, dull appearance, and were far more what we should call harness or general purpose animals than smart riding ponies up to weight. Of course, we have had some beautiful ponies over from South America, but they have been specially selected by men who know what Polo men want; these I should say, however, are far more the exception than the rule. It would be most instructive, and in fact the country has a right to know what class of pony those were which the Remount Department consider to have been such typical animals for their purpose, and into what regiments they were drafted; so that, if possible, their future history could be traced. The testimony of many officers and men is adverse to their popularity during the war. Sir John Gilmour told his audience the other day at Edinburgh that he had heard they were fairly good in the ranks, but were not reliable for picket or patrol duty when acting independently. This is easy to understand from our personal knowledge of the beast in this country; their tempers are often of the vilest description, and not only do they buck and play the mischief generally, but they "rust" and sulk, absolutely declining to go any way but their own. I know that one good officer was lost to his regiment and invalided home through the bad temper of one of the sort. He told me himself that this Argentine brute had got rid of eye-

rybody that tried to ride it; but somewhere between Kimberley and Bloemfontein he saw it going decently one day, and he thought he could probably get it all right. I may say he is a fine horseman and a master of hounds. The result of it was that the pony got him off, and when I saw him he was still on crutches from a broken leg. I believe he was the first man to be taken to Bloemfontein Hospital. He gave me a very bad account of Argentines as a lot.

"From my own experience as an exporter of live stock, I know that every variety of horse known in this country has been sent out to the Argentine (South America)—Shires, Clydesdale, Suffolks, thoroughbreds, Welsh ponies and other ponies; I have also sent stallions of Belgian breeding, as used for funeral purposes in London and other places. It does not take a large mind to understand what a mixture there must be somewhere in the districts where these horses have been used, as they were chiefly bought to cross on native mares. Their produce would again add to the general hotchpot by the half-bred colts running with the herds on the estancias. Is there any wonder why some of the Argentines have big heads, which they usually use in falling upon, as one officer who had ridden them at the front described it.

"There are, of course, estancias where studs are kept of each pure breed—and others where the stallions are carefully controlled, and none but the best kept; but it is rather difficult to understand that the produce of purely-bred imported stock could be bought in their thousands at £8 apiece. At a time when the demand was so great and so little time to effect the purchases, they must have been bought in large lots wholesale, unless the remount staff was very considerably larger in that country than this. It seems probable that if this was the case a very mixed breeding is represented in the Argentine remounts, and that it was only the good bred ones, as we should call them—that is, those got by thoroughbred imported stallions, or with a great proportion of that blood in their veins—which have been reported on as being satisfactory under the pressure of the severest work in South Africa."

The Editor of *River Plate Sport and Pastime*.

Dear Sir,—Can you, through the medium of your paper, enlighten me on the following question of colour in Polled Aberdeen-Angus Cattle:—Is red a recognised colour among breeders of pure-bred stock of this class; and would an animal shown at a Royal Agricultural Show, England, be disqualified from competing as a pure-bred Aberdeen-Angus on account of his colour being red? Thanking you in anticipation,

11th Nov., 1900.

I am, yours truly,

WORRAPS.

Red is not a recognised colour in Polled Angus and could never gain a prize. The colour must be black, sometimes with a little white underneath, but better without. There is, however, a Red Poll breed, for which a herd book is kept, and their home is chiefly in Norfolk.

As time goes on the tobacco crop in Salta seems to improve both in quality and quantity. From January of this year to the end of last month no less than 38,000 parcels of tobacco have been exported from Salta, with a total weight of 2500 tons. The majority of this has been grown in the Lerma valley.

The rural show at 9 de Julio, recently held under the auspices of the Rural Society there, proved a great success and attracted much attention. The first and champion prizes for Lincoln rams "á galpon" were taken by Sr. Cecilio Lopez from his establishment Dos Marias, the same owner taking off the third prize, while the second fell to Sr. Gregorio Villafañe from the Cabaña San Gregorio. For the Lincolns "á campo," the first and second prizes were awarded to those from San Jorge, in Lezama, the property of Messrs Robert Walker and Son. In the Rambouillet breed the prizes were taken by Sr. Antonio Russi, from the Cabaña El Merino, and by Sr. Rafael Prieto, from San Rafael. Other prize winners were Sres. Ramon Baez, Máximo Fernandez, and Carlos Diehl.

Several estancieros round about Mercedes (Corrientes) held a meeting recently and decided to form a Rural Society of their own on similar lines to those to be found in various other parts of the Republic. As their first President they elected Señor Eulogio Cruz Cabral.

According to the figures returned by the various export houses the amount of wheat that has been exported from this country from January 1st to Saturday last, the 17th inst., is two million tons. Taking the average price for this period, the value of the wheat exported works out at the enormous sum of \$110,000,000 paper.

From English papers, dated October 26th, we learn that Australian mutton continues to arrive in much less quantity than in 1899 or in 1898. River Plate mutton does not show the increase that might have been looked for considering the generally good prices ruling and the open field provided by the diminished imports of Australian mutton; prices have risen from 3 1/8d. per lb. a month ago to 3 5/8d. per lb. in London. River Plate beef, on the other hand, is being landed in much increased volume, and what is seen at Smithfield is of uniformly good quality, in fresh, bright condition, giving satisfaction to buyers, and gradually increasing its hold on the market. Values of hind-quarters are 4d. to 3 3/8d. This trade in fresh beef from the Argentine has greatly expanded since British ports were closed to live animals from that country at the end of April last. For the 42 weeks ended October 19 we had received from the River Plate 179,881 quarters and pieces of frozen beef, as against 65,426 in the same period of 1899. This year's increase is thus 114,455, or nearly 180 per cent.

The President of the Rural Society in Rio IV. has forwarded to the Minister of Agriculture some details regarding the progress of the foot-and-mouth disease in that district. He says that the disease made its appearance first in June last, but that it was of a very mild nature, and that by September it had ceased to exist, and that at the present time it has completely disappeared, there not being one single case, and he adds that it is quite time the Brazilian and British ports were again opened for the reception of their live stock.

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148 MAIPU 148 BUENOS AIRES

The Argentine Rural Society has decided to hold its fourth horse show and exhibition of live stock in its grounds at Palermo, on April 22nd and following days. All entries must be sent in to the Secretary's office, 833 Cangallo, before April 5th.

The Argentine Consul in the Cape has forwarded to the Foreign Minister here several tubes of a new locust destroyer, which has been used with great effect in South Africa. Experiments will be immediately made with it here.

SILLY BILLY.

"D—n the place! I wish it was at the bottom of the sea." Having thus delivered himself, Mr. Sam Straker removed a short pipe from his mouth and moodily expectorated. As a matter of fact, it was not to a quarter abounding in cool, refreshing water that he consigned the distasteful locality then occupying his thoughts: indeed, it was very much the reverse. But Sam's language was at all times so protusely garnished with bloodcurdling adjectives that to reproduce it in full would give so serious a shock to the delicate nerves of my susceptible readers that I am compelled in common humanity to refrain.

Mr. Straker was sitting on a roadside fence on the crest of a hill commanding a wide view, and in the valley beneath him, about a mile away, was a snug, compact house with an extensive range of stabling attached. It was the training establishment known as Vale Lodge, at that time an object of much interest to sporting men generally, inasmuch as it sheltered Hannibal, a smashing four-year-old, who was considered by the best judges as little short of a certainty for the Century Handicap, to be shortly decided at Grove Park.

Sam Straker's interest in Hannibal was special and peculiar; perhaps not altogether of a benevolent nature. He would have given a considerable sum for the pleasure of a private and uninterrupted interview of, say, five minutes' duration with that equine celebrity, and it was a source of real grief to him that, up to the present, he had been unable, by hook or by crook, to compass it. Had Sam succeeded in attaining his object, there is little reason to doubt that the Century Handicap would soon have presented a far more open appearance than now, when it was dominated by Hannibal; for his present object in life was, plainly, to nobble the horse. Hannibal stood very much in the way of certain unscrupulous people, who had formed their own plans as to the ultimate destination of the Century Handicap. A very useful horse belonging to them had been carefully "readied" for this particular race, and the shrewd party connected with him felt confident of beating everything, with the single exception of the animal whose consistently fine form had entitled him to the place of honour as topweight. They were sure that Lurker, as the colt was called, would stretch Hannibal's neck—perhaps even beat him. But that was not good enough to gamble upon; with Hannibal out of the way it would, and these careful people rarely put their money down save when they believed they were on a dead snip. So the presence of Sam Straker in the neighbourhood of Vale Lodge can now be understood.

That estimable individual had attained deserved celebrity in the exclusive circles in which he moved as the most accomplished nobbler of his time. Many extraordinary fatalities to horseflesh, quite incomprehensible to the general public, were in reality the work of the redoubtable Sam. The stable must indeed have been well guarded into which he could not find an entry; and, either personally or by deputy he rarely failed to administer the fatal dose. Judge, then, of his disgust on finding himself perfectly helpless in the Vale Lodge business.

The stable was a small one, rarely containing more than a dozen thoroughbreds, and never before in its history had Vale Lodge sent forth such a champion as Hannibal. Naturally, therefore, his safety and well being were the one engrossing thought of everybody about the place, from the trainer, Sharpe, to the youngest stable-boy. And the worthy Straker soon found out that to bring his enterprise to a successful conclusion more than ordinary strategy would have to be employed.

By way of reconnoitring the ground Sam made his appearance in the village of Mosterton, the nearest to the stables, in the guise of one of those ubiquitous pests who everywhere and in all weathers, assail the householders—the sewing-machine agent. He was got up, as he would have said, "like a reg'lar toff," frock-coat, topper, massive watch-guard of the purest Abyssinian gold, and a diamond ring from the mines of Birmingham. He took up his quarters at the one small inn the village boasted, and soon let it be known that he was a very superior sort of agent indeed, with power to appoint a local representative of his firm. He was fully equipped with cards and circulars, and exhibited scores of testimonials extolling the merits of the "Flying Marvel," a machine which, it is scarcely necessary to say, had its existence solely in Mr. Straker's fertile imagination. But as accounting for his presence in an out-of-the-way place like Mosterton, and giving a pretext for calling at every house in the neighbourhood, no better device could have been adopted.

Vale Lodge was about a mile from the village, and naturally there was a good deal of coming and going on the part of the stable-lads. But Sam soon discovered that nothing was to be done with them. They turned a deaf ear to his proffers of drink, and when he began to put questions concerning stable affairs he was told bluntly to go to—well, a place which Sam in his own mind had already set down as his ultimate destination.

That a vigilant watch was kept over Hannibal he had assured himself. The innkeeper told him that the head-lad slept in the colt's box every night, and when under cover of darkness, Sam had crept unduly close, the deep barking of a big dog had caused him to beat a hasty retreat. Meanwhile, time was flying in its usual break-the-record fashion, the race would be run in little more than a week, and he had not made a single particle of progress. The big reward he had been promised was still in the dim distance. At last he resolved upon a bold stroke. He would call at Vale Lodge and see if Fate might not befriend him in some way.

Accordingly, one fine morning he marched into the stableyard in his easy, confident fashion and knocked at the kitchen door. A loud, angry bark as he passed accelerated his pace wonderfully, and it was a great relief to find that the dog was chained up.

A plump, rosy-cheeked girl opened the door.

"Is your mistress at home, my dear?" inquired Sam, with a killing glance.

"No, she is not" was the reply.

"Perhaps you can tell me if she has got a sewing-machine?"

"Oh! yes; and a very good one."

"Dear me, how unfortunate!" said Sam, with a look of disappointment. "I was in hopes of persuading her to try a new machine, for which I am the agent."

Sam had put on his loftiest tone, and, when he liked, he could use fairly good English.

He was casting about in his mind for some way of continuing the conversation, when he was startled by a gruff voice behind him demanding—

"What does this man want?"

Sam looked round and shook in his shoes; it was Sharpe, the trainer, whom he knew well, though he sincerely hoped that the knowledge was not mutual.

"Sewing-machine man, sir," said the girl.

Sharpe eyed him from head to foot. "We don't care for callers here," he said, with a suggestive motion of his head in the direction of the gate, and Sam sloped with the utmost celerity, rejoicing in his heart at getting off so easily.

"Sewing-machine man, is he?" said Sharpe, reflectively. "I doubt it. Seems to me I've seen that phiz on a racecourse before now. Pity the dog hadn't been loose."

Sam slackened his steps when he had placed a safe distance between himself and the keen-eyed trainer, and sitting down to rest upon a fence, he gloomily reviewed the situation, finally breaking out as above recorded. It looked uncommonly as if his expedition were doomed to failure. A whole week wasted and nothing done—not even the least little step in advance made; no wonder poor Sam felt inclined to swear at large.

And yet the very chance he had been looking for was at that moment drawing near. A small speck he had heedlessly noticed on the road to Vale Lodge increased visibly in size, and finally resolved itself into the figure of a short, thick-set lad of fifteen or so, with a broad, brown face and hair of a fiery red. The wayfarer panted audibly as he breasted the slope, and when he had completed the ascent he threw himself down, with a grunt of relief, on the grass by the roadside, close to where Straker was seated.

"Pretty hot," said the latter, affably. From the lad's

appearance he judged him to belong to the stables; perhaps he might prove more accessible than the others the "sewing-machine man" had encountered.

"It is that," agreed the youth, as he wiped his perspiring brow with a red cotton handkerchief.

"Pint of ale fresh from the tap would go down nicely, eh?" ventured Sam.

The red-headed one sighed as he moistened his parched lips with the tip of his tongue. "Eh!" he said, "I could just do wi' a quaart. But 'tain't often as ale comes our way."

"Oh! that's soon remedied," said Sam, jumping briskly to his feet. "Come along to the inn, and we'll have a friendly glass together."

The youth assented with as much alacrity as his slow-going nature would admit of, and they walked on together. Sam soon began to apply the pump, and to his huge delight found his new acquaintance perfectly communicative, and as guileless as a sucking dove. His name, he said, was William Stubbs—"them dashed lads at t'stable allus calls me 'Silly Billy,'" he added, with an aggrieved air—and he "cam' thro' Yorksheer." He had been three years at Vale Lodge "but," he said, dolefully, "ah'm feared ah'll nivir mak' a jockey. Iviry bit ah eat all goes to fat, and ah'm sure ah fair pine mysen."

Sam was full of sympathy, and hinted that for a smart chap like his friend William a better opening might present itself. In fact he knew of one—but there! they could talk about that later on. Billy displayed a power of suction astonishing in one of his years; he tossed off a pint with the ease of a finished toper, and held out the mug to be filled again. He talked quite freely about all stable affairs, and was particularly loquacious on the subject of Hannibal.

"Ever go into his box?" asked Sam.

"Oh! aye; whenever ah've a mind," was the reply.

And Sam could scarcely forbear from chuckling joyfully. Here was the very tool he so ardently desired thrown into his hands, as it were, in a manner that could only be described as Providential, and he resolved to make the best use of it. Billy came frequently to see his new-found friend, who treated him with lavish hospitality, and they were soon on the best of terms. Sam sounded him carefully as to how far he could rely upon his assistance in the great design, and everything promised favourably. Billy seemed very eager to acquire money, and not over particular as to the means to be adopted. He greedily accepted the sovereigns Sam pressed upon him; and when the wily one hinted at the possibility of a whole hundred pounds to be gained in a single haul, Billy's already tight skin could scarcely contain him. "There's nowt a'most ah wuddn't do for it," he said.

Very soon Sam spoke out plainly. "Now, Billy," he said one day, "you can earn that hundred quid as soon as you like."

"Reight fair?" said Billy, his small eyes glistening. "A hoondred guid—eh, my!"

"Yes," said Sam; "it's just about as good as in your pocket. I have a little bottle here," producing the article from his waistcoat pocket, "and if you can manage to drop the contents into Hannibal's drink, the money is yours."

Billy gasped. "Will it kill him?" he asked.

"Oh! no," said Sam, lightly; "merely put him out of sorts for a few days—till after the Century Handicap's run, in fact."

"Oh! that's the game, is it?" said Billy.

"Yes, my friend," replied Sam, "that's the game; and it's about time you were taking a hand in it."

Billy shook his head doubtfully. "And when it's done how am ah to know ye won't hev took yer 'look?"

Sam appeared really hurt at the suggestion.

"You have my word of honour," he said, loftily.

"That's right eniff," said Billy, "but ah'm bahn to hev halft' brass afore ah budge a peg."

"Very well, my lad, you shall," said Sam. And on that basis the business was settled. Next day Billy received his fifty pounds, and took charge of the little bottle.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning, and Mr. Straker had just finished a substantial meal of good country fare. Sam was on the best of terms with himself, for, with the aid of his trusted ally, Billy, he considered his business as good as done. Indeed, he expected to hear as much from the carrot youth at any moment.

The door was opened, and two men came in—Sharpe, the trainer, and a stout person in blue. At sight of the

uniform Sam's heart flopped right down to his boots—he had always had a wholesome terror of the law.

"That's the fellow," said Sharpe; "arrest him!"

"Here, what the blazes do you mean?" gasped Sam, with white face and trembling limbs. "I ain't done nothink."

"Oh! indeed," returned Sharpe. "Do you call it nothing to attempt poisoning a valuable horse—eh?"

Sam started in bewildered astonishment. "Do you mean to tell me that that red-headed lump of fat has rounded on me?"

"Rounded on you," repeated Sharpe, contemptuously; "why, you fool, he had you on a string all the while. I was fully aware of every time he met you and of all that passed between you; and I have the bottle of poison you gave him. They call him Silly Billy, but by Jingo! there's more sense in that square nut of his than in the whole boiling of 'em."

Sam uttered not a single word in reply. He walked over to the policeman with outstretched hands. "Here, copper," he said, "take me away—and bury me. When I can be done brown by an innercent-looking chawbacon like that it's time I was put out of the way."

THE RUBBER.

BY H. A. BRYDEN.

Jim Brandon and Roelof Vorster, two excellent representative specimens of the colonial-born Briton and the Transvaal Boer, met in the veldt as far back as the early eighties. There was then still a good deal of heavy game left in Matabeleland, Mashunaland, and the adjacent native territories, and the two men had camped, and even shot together during more than one season. Brandon was a trader as well as a hunter, a first-rate veldt-man, who had picked up his knowledge of wild life as a youngster on his father's farm in the Old Colony, a fine rifle shot and one of the keenest of all-round, natural-born sportsmen. Vorster had a good 10,000 acre farm in Lichtenburg, in the Western Transvaal, but, like his father before him, was in the habit of trekking during the winter season—from April to September—in quest of hides and ivory into the distant hunting veldt, a veldt receding farther and faster from the advancing tide of civilization with each succeeding year. Vorster, too, was as good a game shot as you would find north of the Vaal river.

From 1882 to 1886 the two men had hunted and trekked in much the same country, along the Buby and Nuanetsi rivers, the eastern angle of the Crocodile, the Sabi river, and in far Umzilalan l. During these seasons a good many elephants and rhinoceros fell to their rifles, besides other game, buffalo, lion, sable and roan antelope, koodoo, waterbuck, pallah, and the rest of them. Brandon traded ivory also, from Gungunhama and other chiefs, and Vorster, after the Boer fashion, shot every head of antelope and zebra he could come across, and packed them bale upon bale into his capacious waggons. Hides fetched from a few shillings to a couple of sovereigns apiece down country, and every Transvaal hunting Boer makes the gathering of pelts a matter of business. It is a frightfully wasteful system, which has tended more than any other to cause the extermination of antelopes in South Africa. Brandon only traded ivory and cattle, he drew the line at hides. Elephants, he contended, had to go, but with the indiscriminate slaughter of antelopes he totally disagreed. Many an argument, useless of course, he had with Vorster and other hunting Boers on this subject. He shot lesser game for food and for sport, but there he ended.

During these five seasons the two men bagged much the same number of elephants. Sometimes one man had the advantage, sometimes the other. At the end of 1885 their totals were exactly similar—90 elephants for the four seasons, and, most curiously, in the next year '86, when they were hunting within a hundred miles of one another, during most of the cold weather season, they wound up with exactly 17 apiece. These tusk-bearers were only secured after desperate exertions. A keen rivalry had gradually sprung up between the two men; but search as they would, trek far and wide in South Africa, they found the elephants becoming ever more and more scarce. The year '86, in fact, was their last season, the game was now not worth the candle; and as they camped together, before starting for the homeward trek, and compared notes, the two friends mutually and

sadly vowed they had done with ivory hunting, the business had for them come to an end, it was played out.

It was some few years before the two met again. Brandon took a big pastoral farm in British Bechuanaland, which he made the head-quarters of a thriving cattle ranching and cattle trading business. His occupation took him away on long expeditions in search of store cattle—across the desert to Damaraland, Ovampoland, and other remote places—and he had little time for looking up old acquaintances and friends. However, in '92, on his return from taking a big troop of cattle to Johannesburg, Jim Brandon looked up Vorster on his farm in Lichtenburg and stayed the better part of a week with him. The Boer and his vrouw were delighted to see him, and extended to him in the kindest way the rude hospitality of their quiet homestead. As they sat on the stoep that evening, drinking their coffee and smoking, and enjoying the refreshing coolness, the two friends had much to talk about. The Vorster's family were growing up. Two of the girls were married, as was the eldest son, who lived hard by in a new house of his own on the paternal acres. The times were fairly prosperous with them; markets at Johannesburg, Pretoria, and Kimberley were ample; they had had good seasons, and their flocks and herds had much increased. They, on their side, evinced the liveliest concern in Brandon's career; they listened with unflagging interest to his accounts of his Kalahari journeys in search of cattle, his trading negotiations with raw Kaffirs and German storekeepers, his pastoral wanderings back across the desert—sometimes with a thousand head of stock—and the various adventures that had befallen him.

"Ach!" ejaculated Roelof Vorster half discontentedly, "I gave up trekking too soon. Nowadays I never travel further than to Johannesburg, and after all there is nothing like the life of the veldt. Wife, I sometimes think I shall leave you to look after the farm for a year or two, and span in again and trek for the Lake Ngami country and beyond. Oom Jim's tales here makes me itch to be on the move again. Would you like to go yourself?"

"Don't talk rubbish, Roelof!" returned his vrouw, pouring him out another cup of coffee and bringing it to the stoep, "you have had enough of trekking. Sixteen seasons have I been with you in the lion veldt; two children have we buried in the wilderness. I want no more of that life. Be content, as the Heer God bids you; you have a first-rate farm, plenty of stock, good mealie lands by the spruit, and as much fruit and tobacco as you can grow in comfort. For shame, then, to talk of trekking! For my part I have had enough of hunting and fevers, and lions and elephants. I like a quiet life on a comfortable farm with my own family about me. You will never get me into the game veldt again, Roelof, so don't talk about it.

Vorster looked keenly at his capacious vrouw, standing there in the doorway, the light of the lamp inside shedding a glow upon her not uncomely features. She meant all she said, without any manner of doubt. And so Roelof dropped the subject and turned his deep voice into other channels of conversation.

Next morning the two friends sallied forth shooting. Vorster had some good troops of blesbok running upon his ten thousand acres of high veldt; there had been a good deal of chaff the night before, and the Dutchman had reminded his guest of their last elephant season in '86.

"We never shot off that tie of ours," he went on, a broad smile upon his face. "To-morrow, with the blesboks, I shall show you which is the better man!" And Brandon had as laughingly accepted the challenge.

They rode out in excellent spirits. It was one of those clear, bright, keen mornings of South African winter; the air marvellously brisk and as exhilarating as champagne. Each man by agreement carried a single-barrel sporting a rifle. Behind them at a respectful distance in a Cape cart drove one of Vorster's sons, who, with a native boy, was to mark and pick up the dead game. In the first instance, Vorster, who had won the toss for first shot made for a *klompje* of blesbok which were discernible in the grass veldt about a mile from the homestead. Dismounting at half-a mile, he now stalked in, carefully hiding himself always behind his well-trained shooting horse, until he had approached within 300 yards of the game. The blesbok were uneasy, they could see no man within range, but they distrusted the horse. Vorster now dropped in the grass and crept in another thirty or forty paces. Nearer he dared not advance. His old nag meanwhile stood like a rock. Presently there came a puff of

smoke, the loudish crack of a sporting Martini, and the nearest blesbok dropped to the shot, stricken through the heart at 260 yards. Almost instantly the antelope, one of the most tenacious of life of all African animals—and that is saying a good deal struggled to its feet again, ran a hundred and fifty yards, staggered, and fell dead.

The rest of the little patch of blesboks cantered swiftly away, and were soon lost to sight. Turning in another direction, Brandon's opportunity presently came. He, too, stalked in behind his shooting pony, and circling gently round a troop of eighty or ninety blesboks, presently crept in behind a tiny screen of vaal bush and got a fair chance at three hundred yards. The first bullet from his Westley-Richards hit the blesbok he aimed at fair in chest, traversed the entire length of its purplish-brown body, and stretched it upon the instant lifeless amid the pale yellow grass. The rest of the buck, startled by the shot, galloped away up wind. Some few of them crossed Brandon's left front at 150 yards and gave him a second chance. He made a good if somewhat lucky shot, and, striking a fat ewe a little forward, brought her down. The bullet hit her in the neck, smashed her spinal column, and she never stirred again. A ride of three-quarters of an hour and Roelof Vorster's chance came again. He made excellent use of his opportunity, and from his next stalk in his turn bagged two blesbok and placed his score one ahead. Before a halt for lunch, Brandon had slain another buck, and the match stood three all. So the duel went on till four o'clock, the hour at which by agreement the sport was to end. By that time each man had shot seven blesbok. More they could not achieve, the buck were now thoroughly disturbed, and it was impossible to get within eight or nine hundred yards of them.

Tired, but in excellent good spirits, the two friends helped to stow the last antelope into the Cape cart, and then lighting their pipes, climbed into their saddles and rode home.

"Maghte!" laughed the Boer, as they moved off, "but you shot extraordinarily well to-day, *ou' kerel* (old fellow). I don't know another man in the Transvaal who would have done as much. Next time we meet we must finish the rubber, and then Brandon, believe me, I shall beat you. To-day you were doing better than your best, and I—well, perhaps 'twas a little below mine."

Next time the two men met it was in '96, soon after the Jameson Raid. Brandon stopped for a night at Vorster's farm on his way home from Johannesburg, Vorster had been out on Commando with Piet Cronje, and was talking rather largely about driving the British out of South Africa if they didn't behave themselves. Brandon had to stop him, and, old friends though they were, just a suspicion of coolness arose between them. However, next morning, as the Englishman drove off, Roelof shook him by the hand and heartily renewed his invitation to come and stay again. "And don't forget, old fellow," he added, "that we have to shoot off that match of ours. Evens we were at elephants, evens at blesbok. Next time we must settle the matter. Good-bye, good-bye, and good luck to you."

Four years ran swiftly by, and, as fate would have it, Jim Brandon was one of those shut up in Mafeking with Baden Powell. During January the Boer snipers had become very troublesome, and Brandon, nothing loth, was among the picked British rifle shots who daily sallied out to snipe the snipers.

One blazing morning, Brandon, ensconced in a comfortable hole scooped out of the red sand, his front protected by a square piece of rock, found himself waging a singularly keen duel with a Dutchman, posted some 700 yards away. A pierced hat, a grazed shoulder, told the Englishman that someone out of the common among Boer sharpshooters was now going for him. For several hours did the two opponents try every conceivable sniping artifice upon one another. One used a Mauser, the other a Lee-Netford, and with smokeless powder, at 700 yards, it is hard to exactly locate your opponent, even when he fires. Presently Brandon made up his mind to lie low for a full hour or more to await developments. No cat ever watched for a mouse with greater patience, or greater self-control. An hour went by—an hour and a half. The Dutchman fidgeted behind his stone. Surely, surely, his adversary must be gone or dead? He fired a shot or two. No answer. Then at last he moved a mere trifle from behind his cover, trying to make out his adversary. That movement was his last. From behind the right hand corner of their sheltering rock Brandon's eye and Brandon's rifle had been awaiting just such a movement. A

firm forefinger pressed the trigger, a thin Lee-Metford bullet pierced that dull brown patch of moleskin coat that showed itself and traversed the broad chest of the Dutchman within. The missile missed his heart but severed a big artery. In three minutes, choking in his blood, stout Roelof Vorster lay there dead among the ve dt grass.

And although, happily for him, he never knew it, Jim Brandon had won the rubber.

CRICKET FIXTURES.

FIRST ELEVEN.

NOVEMBER.

Sun. 25—*B.A.C.C. v. Belgrano, at Palermo.
Sun. 25—*Lomas v. Flores, at Flores.
Sun. 25—*Hurlingham v. Banfield, at Hurlingham.

DECEMBER.

Sun. 2—*B.A.C.C. v. Hurlingham, at Hurlingham.
Sun. 2—*Flores v. Belgrano, at Flores.
Sat. 8—*Hurlingham v. Banfield, at Banfield.
Sun. 9—B.A.C.C. v. Rosario, at Palermo.
Sun. 9—*Belgrano v. Banfield, at Banfield.
Sun. 16—*Lomas v. Belgrano, at Lomas.
Sun. 16—*Flores v. Banfield, at Banfield.
Sun. 16—*Hurlingham v. Quilmes, at Hurlingham.
Sun. 23—*Hurlingham v. Flores, at Hurlingham.
Sun. 23—B.A.C.C. v. Lomas, at Palermo.
Sun. 30—*Lomas v. Quilmes, at Lomas.
Sun. 30—*Hurlingham v. Belgrano, at Hurlingham.

JANUARY.

Tues. 1—*B.A.C.C. v. Quilmes, at Quilmes.
Tues. 1—Hurlingham Club match, at Hurlingham.
Sun. 6—*Lomas v. Flores, at Lomas.
Sun. 6—*Belgrano v. Quilmes, at Belgrano.
Sun. 6—*B.A.C.C. v. Hurlingham, at Palermo.
Sun. 13—*B.A.C.C. v. Banfield, at Palermo.
Sun. 13—*Flores v. Quilmes, at Quilmes.
Sun. 20—B.A.C.C. v. Old Bedfordians, at Palermo.
Sun. 20—*Quilmes v. Banfield, at Banfield.
Sun. 27—*Lomas v. Banfield, at Banfield.
Sun. 27—*B.A.C.C. v. Belgrano, at Belgrano.

FEBRUARY.

Sat. 2—*B.A.C.C. v. Lomas, at Palermo.
Sat. 2—*Hurlingham v. Quilmes, at Quilmes.
Sun. 3—*B.A.C.C. v. Flores, at Palermo.
Sun. 10—*Lomas v. Belgrano, at Belgrano.
Sun. 10, Mon. 11—Hurlingham v. Southern Camps, at Hurlingham.
Tues. 12, Wed. 13—Northern v. Southern Camps at Hurlingham.
Thur. 14, Fri. 15—Hurlingham v. Northern Camps, at Hurlingham.
Sun. 17, Mon. 18, Tues. 19—North v. South, at Palermo.
Sun. 24—*Lomas v. Quilmes, at Quilmes.
Sun. 24—*Flores v. Hurlingham, at Flores.
Sun. 24—*Belgrano v. Banfield, at Belgrano.

MARCH

Sun. 3—*Lomas v. Hurlingham, at Hurlingham.
Sun. 3—*B.A.C.C. v. Quilmes, at Palermo.
Sun. 10—*Hurlingham v. Belgrano, at Belgrano.
Sun. 10—*Flores v. Quilmes, at Flores.
Sun. 10—Married v. Single, at Lomas.
Sun. 10—Actors v. Critics, at Palermo.
Sun. 17—*Flores v. Belgrano, at Belgrano.
Sun. 17—*B.A.C.C. v. Banfield, at Banfield.
Sun. 24—*Belgrano v. Quilmes, at Quilmes.
Sun. 31—*Quilmes v. Banfield, at Quilmes.
* Championship matches.

SECOND ELEVEN.

NOVEMBER.

Sun. 25—Belgrano v. Quilmes, at Belgrano.

DECEMBER.

Sun. 2—B.A.C.C. v. Bolsa Brokers, at Palermo.
Sun. 2—Quilmes v. English High School, at Quilmes.
Sat. 8—B.A.C.C. v. Belgrano, at Palermo.
Sun. 9—Hurlingham A v. Flores, at Flores.
Sun. 16—B.A.C.C. v. English High School, at Palermo.
Sun. 23—Lomas v. Flores A, at Lomas.
Sun. 23—B.A.C.C. v. Quilmes A, at Quilmes.

TWO FIGUREHEADS.

Der Zwartkopjes Uncle Sammy
Von day to Oom Paul did say,
"For soondry und first-glass reasons
I make you so broud dis day.
I shall build for you eines Shtandbild,
Un shtatue of marpled shtone,
Und it shall stand on a pedeshtal,
Eim Fussgeshtell met ein throne!

"Dot pedeshtal shall be massiv,
It shall shade de old Church door,
It shall spread right oop to de Raadzaai,
Und exshtend to the Courts of Law.
Und on top of dot blessed pedeshtal,
Mit von eye on der Open Door,
I shall shtick dot first-class shtatue
Of my Paulus Imperator!"

Den Paulus he smiled und shniggered,
A foony old chap vos Paul!
Und he said, "Vell, I be shiggered,
But dis joost peats it all!
You're a statesman, Oncle Sammy,
Und I—vell, you know your Paul;
Joost you build me dot bloomin' Shtandbild
Und I votch ofer Zwartkop Hall!"

Und den he shmoked und he shpitted.
Und laffed till his eyes vos red,
Den toorgot he vas half und half Deutscher,
Und said, "Sam, ik gaan nou naar bed."
So dey shook—him and tapferer Sammy—
Shook hands, vile deir sides shook demselves;
Den dey vinked—ach, mein Gott! dot vos vinking!—
Vile de glasses joost danced on der shelves,

Den Paulus vent in to Tant' Sannie,
All shaking und cofing mit glee;
Und vonted to dell her about tings,
But Tanta vos cross as could be.
She first told him, "Pull out your veldtschoens,
Und tumpel shtraight into the bed!"
Den libelled him grossly by shtating,
"Jy en Sammie was weer op de 'spree'!"

Den Paulus got mat as der Teufel,
Und said, "Vrouw, beleedig mij nie!
Ons sprak nie van Drank en Concessies,
En jy weet mos ik drink nooit Viskee!"
Und den he shnortit und shtampit,
Und kicked his old shoes out der door;
Den he closed de blessed discussion,
Und hastily shtarted to shnore.

But Tanta vas only a vooman,
Only dot und not a ting more;
So she managed to wake up her Paulus,
Und pooty soon got to der core
Of the joke between Paulus and Sammy;
Den she laffed till she nearly vos killed,
Till Paul said, "Go shleep—perhaps to-morrow
I shpeak about Marks und das Bild."

Und den de next day he unfolded
Der Geist of dot beautiful schgame;
Und dey mingled deir tears und deir coffee,
Und agreed—"Tvas a klorious tream!"
Pooty soon all de details vere settled,
Der Court sculptor left mit de train,
Und hastened to Bella Italia
Mit de shape of Paul's hat on his prain.

But, alas for de blans of dese shtatesmen!
Somehow Paul got mixed oop in a row;
Und das Shtandbild—dot shtatue of marple—
Vell, de pedeshtal waits for it now!
Vile de shtatue itself—ach, das Shtandbild—
Lies prostrate by Delgoa Bay.—
Paul shpends dere his summer vacation,
Getting more und more mixed efery day.

For he asks himself ofer und ofer.
In dot backyard so close to de Bay:
"Vich vone's more alife of dese Shtandbilds—
Dis shtone vone or S. J. P. K.?"
Folks say dat der "Hertog" will take dem.
To de Hollanders' home o'er de sea;
But I live und I move, und believ me,
I tink I'm de best of de three!

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