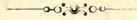




CHAPTER IV.



SIX GOOD DOGS—THE FOX TERRIER CLUB'S SCALE OF POINTS—A PRIZE DESCRIPTION—GENERAL IDEAS—WITH OTTER HOUNDS—MR. VICARY'S OPINION—CHARLEY LITTLEWORTH ON TERRIERS—WORKING AND TRAINING—COURSING RABBITS—COMPARISONS BY MR. DOYLE.



THOSE who desire to see the fox terrier as he is or ought to be, have had their wishes gratified by the portraits of Result and Vesuvienne, of Venio and of Lyons Sting, of D'Orsay and the young bitch Dame Fortune, on preceding pages. All have already been described, and my opinion as to their respective merits is pretty well known. Result is my favourite, and when he first appeared in public I pronounced him such an extraordinary dog that his like would not be seen for many years. His owners believed the same, and the correctness of the opinions then expressed has been amply borne out. It is only natural for the Devonshire men and Mr. R. Vicary to believe their bitch to be the better of the couple, and there are two or three exemplary judges who agree with them.

Venio is likewise a very good dog; he has attained

champion honours, and he "wears" well. Lyons Sting, though perhaps not so well known as the others, is undoubtedly a bitch of very high class, and, to my mind, one of the two best of her sex which have appeared on the show bench during 1893-4. D'Orsay, by his successes for so many years, claims a right to appear in these pages; so does his more juvenile kennel companion Dame Fortune, because she was the best bitch of 1894, and the only smooth-coated bitch puppy that has won the 50-guinea challenge cup. However, the portraits of all are good, and my readers can make their own selection, compare the old style with the new, and, when they have done so, perhaps interest may be found in bringing any or all of them alongside the description and points of the smooth fox terrier as drawn up and adopted by the Fox Terrier Club. These are as follows:

DESCRIPTION.

1. HEAD.—The *Skull* should be flat and moderately narrow, and gradually decreasing in width to the eyes. Not much "stop" should be apparent, but there should be more dip in the profile between the forehead and top jaw than is seen in the case of a greyhound.

The *Cheeks* must not be full.

The *Ears* should be V shaped and small, of moderate thickness, and dropping forward close to the cheek, not hanging by the side of the head like a foxhound's.

The *Jaw*, upper and under, should be strong and muscular. Should be of fair punishing strength, but not so in any way to resemble the greyhound or modern English terrier. There should not be much falling away below the eyes. This part of the head should, however,

be moderately chiselled out, so as not to go down in a straight line like a wedge:

The *Nose*, towards which the muzzle must gradually taper, should be black.

The *Eyes* should be dark in colour, small, and rather deep set, full of fire, life, and intelligence; as nearly as possible circular in shape.

The *Teeth* should be as nearly as possible level, *i.e.*, the upper teeth on the outside of the lower teeth.

2. NECK.—Should be clean and muscular, without throatiness, of fair length, and gradually widening to the shoulders.

3. SHOULDERS.—Should be long and sloping, well laid back, fine at the points, and clearly cut at the withers.

CHEST.—Deep and not broad.

4. BACK.—Should be short, straight, and strong, with no appearance of slackness.

LOIN.—Should be powerful and very slightly arched. The fore-ribs should be moderately arched, the back ribs deep; and the dog should be well ribbed up.

5. HIND QUARTERS.—Should be strong and muscular, quite free from droop or crouch; the thighs long and powerful; hocks near the ground, the dog standing well up on them like a foxhound, and not straight in the stifle.

6. STERN.—Should be set on rather high, and carried gaily, but not over the back or curled. It should be of good strength, anything approaching a "pipe-stopper" tail being especially objectionable.

7. LEGS.—Viewed in any direction must be straight, showing little or no appearance of an ankle in front. They should be strong in bone throughout, short and straight in

pastern. Both fore and hind legs should be carried straight forward in travelling, the stifles not turned outwards. The elbows should hang perpendicularly to the body, working free of the side.

FEET.—Should be round, compact, and not large. The soles hard and tough. The toes moderately arched, and turned neither in nor out.

8. COAT.—Should be straight, flat, smooth, hard, dense, and abundant. The belly and under side of the thighs should not be bare.

COLOUR.—White should predominate; brindle, red, or liver markings are objectionable. Otherwise this point is of little or no importance.

9. SYMMETRY, SIZE, AND CHARACTER.—The dog must present a generally gay, lively, and active appearance; bone and strength in a small compass are essentials; but this must not be taken to mean that a fox terrier should be cloggy, or in any way coarse—speed and endurance must be looked to as well as power, and the symmetry of the foxhound taken as a model. The terrier, like the hound, must on no account be leggy, nor must he be too short in the leg. He should stand like a cleverly-made hunter, covering a lot of ground, yet with a short back, as before stated. He will then attain the highest degree of propelling power, together with the greatest length of stride that is compatible with the length of his body. *Weight* is not a certain criterion of a terrier's fitness for his work—general shape, size, and contour are the main points; and if a dog can gallop and stay, and follow his fox up a drain, it matters little what his weight is to a pound or so. Though, roughly speaking, it may be said he should not scale over 20lb. in show condition.

DISQUALIFYING POINTS.

1. *Nose*, white, cherry, or spotted to a considerable extent with either of these colours.
2. *Ears*, prick, tulip, or rose.
3. *Mouth*, much undershot or overshot.

The above points and descriptions, though carefully drawn up by a consensus of authorities, are somewhat confusing, especially where it is stated the teeth should be as nearly level as possible and strong, for later on in the disqualifying points we are told that, only for being "much undershot or overshot" should disqualification take place. Ninety-nine judges out of a hundred will disqualify a dog however little undershot he may be, and quite right too; instances where they have not done so have only occurred where the judge has failed to notice the defect. Terriers a little overshot or "pig-jawed" are not so severely treated, though, of course, a perfectly level mouth is an advantage.

The Club has not issued a numerical scale of points specially for the smooth variety, and, although judging thereby I believe to be a fallacy, because there is likely to be as much difference of opinion as to the number of points to be allowed separately as collectively, the following apportionment is to my idea about correct, although it differs somewhat from those published by other writers.

Head, jaw, and ears	value 20
Neck	"	5
Shoulders and chest	"	10
Back and loin	"	10
Stern and hind-quarters	"	10
Legs and feet	"	15
Coat	"	10
Size, symmetry, and character	"	20
Grand Total		100

Since compiling the above list I had handed to me the numerical points as arranged by Mr. W. Allison in 1879, at a time when he was one of our chief authorities on the fox terrier, and repeatedly officiated in the capacity of judge. His arrangement was as follows :

Head	value	15
Neck	„	5
Shoulders and chest	„	15
Back and loin	„	10
Quarters	„	5
Stern, &c.	„	5
Legs and feet	„	20
Coat	„	10
Character	„	15
Grand Total ...	100	

At the risk of “over-describing” our popular friend, I venture to give a “prize description” of the fox terrier, written by Mr. E. Welburn, of Beverley, and which gained for him the £5 honorarium offered by the proprietors of the *Fox Terrier Chronicle*, the proprietors being the Fox Terrier Club :

“The fox terriers are in two varieties, viz., smooth-coated and wire-coated, and, with this exception, they are one and the same dog. The HEAD should be long with level narrow skull, the under jaw deep, flat, and of sufficient length so that the teeth are level in the mouth, the EYES well set and of deep hazel colour, with a keen determined expression, the face should be well filled in under the eyes, and carrying the strength fairly well to the muzzle end; EARS small, V shaped, and of fair strength, set well on the head and dropping down forward, with the points in a direct line to the eye; the NECK should be of fair length,

clean under throat, gradually strengthening and gracefully set into the SHOULDERS, which should be long and well laid back, finishing clean and fine on the top ; the CHEST narrow and brisket deep, with elbows placed well under ; the FORE LEGS should be absolutely straight, with good strong round bone carried right down to the FOOT, which should be short with well raised toes ; the BACK short with strong loin, the ribs should go well back, be deep and well sprung, the set on of stern should be rather high and gaily carried, the full strength of the tail to be carried out from the set on to the end, and not curl or come too much over the back ; the HINDQUARTERS strong and muscular, free from droop : thighs long and of fair breadth, with stifles not too straight and hocks near the ground ; the movement of the dog should be level and straight all round, and free from swing on the elbows or twirl of the hocks, the character of the dog greatly depending on his appearance, which must be smart and sprightly, full of determination, at the same time clean in finish, with a workmanlike and gentlemanly appearance combined ; the COAT of the smooth variety should be straight and flat, lying very close, dense and hard, whilst the wires should have one under coat and an overcoat of strong wiry hair, which should handle like bristles ; the WEIGHT of dogs should not exceed $18\frac{1}{2}$ lb. and bitches $16\frac{1}{2}$ lb. ; the COLOUR most desirable being black and tan marked head, with white body, this colour gives the dog a more hardy look than either tan or lemon markings."

Little additional is there now to be said as to the smooth fox terrier, and my general experience of him as a dog is, that properly trained and entered he cannot yet be beaten. Of course there are soft-hearted fox terriers as there are pointers and setters that may be gun-shy, but such are as

much the exception in one case as the other. That he is so little used in actual fox hunting is a matter to deplore. Some time ago when reading that volume of the Badminton library which deals with hunting, I was mightily surprised to see so little allusion to terriers. Yet the writer, the Duke of Beaufort, is a hunting man, one who loves to hear his hounds "singing" in their kennels at night, and is never so happy as when the favourite flowers of his pack are making it warm for bold reynard across the meadows of the Midlands. Terriers are only mentioned three times throughout the volume—in one place where they are recommended as assistants to harriers when trying along a hedgerow; again, as likely to be useful to the earthstopper; and on a third occasion as requisites for otter hunting. This neglect notwithstanding, a good fox terrier can still be useful in driving a fox from a drain, and our modern strains may do their duty as well as the best that ever ran between John o' Groats and Land's End. When once properly entered, a fox terrier never seems happy until he gets it—the fox—driven from his lurking place underground.

Most of the modern kennels scarcely contain a soft-hearted terrier, and many of these terriers are regularly trained, broken to ferrets and rabbiting, whilst some few are seen hanging at the skirts of hounds to follow their legitimate avocation. Mr. Vicary will tell us of some of their work in Devonshire; in Westmoreland I had terriers which were as good as his, though my experience gave me the impression that a really hard season with otter hounds was more than a smooth-coated modern fox terrier could stand. A little dog I had, Tom Firr by name, so-called after that well-known huntsman, and because the terrier's

dam was Spruce, was well tried; he ran with the Kendal otter hounds at least two seasons, and kennelled with them too. The cold streams of the north, running for the most part over and through limestone, were too much for him at times; and, though an extraordinarily, sturdily-made, great-boned little fellow, he had often to be carried at the end of a hard day. He was keen, too keen, for he would swim with the hounds like one of themselves, and was, perhaps, knocked up when his proper duties were only about being required. All terriers should be kept in a leash whilst hounds are running, and their strength reserved until the time comes for them to go to ground. They may have hard work to drive a fox, certainly such is before them if the otter has reached his stronghold. The otter, too, requires more than barking and baiting to drive him, and I have had smooth terriers that would stay with an otter till the roll-call, baying him all the time and showing his whereabouts, but never fighting him and driving their antagonist into the open. The terrier just alluded to was quite five hours at an otter under a harbour of roots, the only one out with hounds that day that would really go to ground. There he yelped and barked himself hoarse, and, do what the hunters would, the otter would not budge—even jumping on the ground overhead was not sufficient to stir him. Then a messenger was sent a distance of four miles or more for another terrier, which, arriving fresh on the scene, in due course, sniffed into the hole, waggled his tail, went out of sight, and in five minutes a great otter bolted, both terriers, amid loud tally-ho's, following their game into the pool, where, after a fine swim and hunt, he was in due course killed. I have seen fox terriers bark rats out of a tree root, and even out of a hole, and my old bitch

Riot was a curiosity in this way, for she would stuff her nose into a hole or opening of any kind, and there give tongue loudly enough almost to rouse the Seven Sleepers. Anyhow she usually alarmed the rats, which plumped into the water and were then soon killed. She was as quick as lightning at this game, and in the sport of boyhood's days she quite broke the heart of a favourite bull terrier of mine, also a keen rat hunter, by killing every one before he could get near them. This went on so long and to such an extent that the bull terrier ultimately refused to hunt at all when Riot was present, and so he was sent away. As a watch dog in a Lancashire warehouse I am told he did not prove a success.

Riot I had well-nigh lost, and when she was heavy in pup too. We had a few rats in the cellar at home, and the old bitch was fond of watching for them as they came out of a small hole in the wall. She had been missed for an hour or so, and going down into the aforesaid cellar there was the terrier with her head tightly jammed in a hole so small that one would wonder how even a rat could get through. There the poor thing was as fast as possible, and I had sent one of the servants for a neighbouring mason to bring his hammer and tools to free her, when just before his arrival I managed to get her released. She had, no doubt, rushed with such force and at so great a pace towards a rat disappearing in the hole that her head became jammed as we found it. Luckily Riot, excepting for some slight abrasions, was little the worse for her accident, and I need scarcely say that "hole in the wall" was carefully plastered up.

Of course there are some terriers that will take more naturally to work than others, but any of mine, when once

they got to go underground, could scarcely be kept above the surface. The son of old Brockenhurst Rally, who distinguished himself during a run with the Belvoir two seasons ago, must have been one of the precocious variety. He was only about seven months old when the above hounds ran a fox to ground in a drain near to where the puppy (belonging to the Messrs. Clarke), was being reared. Without any preparatory lesson, when asked to do so, the pup speedily followed reynard through all the sinuosities of a long drain, ultimately bolting him, and this much to the delight of the field. Mr. A. H. Clarke also tells me that some few years ago he had a tan marked bitch, "Gedling Tidy," who ran for seven seasons with the South Notts hounds, and was so staunch to fox that she would never look at ground game of any kind. By no means was it unusual for this bitch, when hounds were at fault, to work out a cold line, and actually lead the pack across the first field, when, scent becoming warmer, of course the hounds soon left their little friend in the rear.

No doubt Tidy was a bitch far beyond the ordinary standard, and when she died she bore the hall-marks of her excellence. Still, any one who has kept and worked terriers will be able to enlarge upon equally doughty deeds their favourites have accomplished. I was once offered a good looking bitch, whose excellences were pointing partridges and retrieving them when shot. Some of my own have often been found useful on a grouse moor late in the season, working within twenty yards, and preventing the sly old cocks running back and getting up with a "whirr" and a "beck-beck" behind you. Many a pheasant, too, has my little white dog Grip found; and to see his stumpy tail going from side to side was a

certain sign that game was about. This same terrier, though taking water freely, did not care about leaping from a bank. A cock pheasant, to a "neat right" of a friend of mine, had fallen into the river, at that time running in flood and at a great pace. Grip was there on the bank, and leaning down I let him drop some four feet into the stream. He knew where the "longtail" was floating away sea-wards, and, striking out, soon had him in his jaws. It was hard work with such a mouthful making his way against the current, but, swimming by the side, he came up to me, and, leaning over, I took the bird from him and then lifted the clever little dog on to *terra firma*. Shaking himself and being caressed for his excellent performance, he was not long before he was bustling the rabbits about in a thick and prickly piece of covert. A modern smooth-haired fox terrier will do duty of any kind equally as well as any other terrier, if properly trained and brought up so to do; but for work in the rain and water, labourers' rough duty in fact, he will not be found so hardy as the cross-bred animal of some of the best strains.

Time after time has it been stated that the "show dog" is a fraud when he has to earn his living in driving foxes and killing vermin. Possibly he may be so, for an owner with a terrier worth a couple of hundred pounds is scarcely likely to run any risk with him. In an earth he may be smothered by a fall of soil or crushed by some displacement of rock; and in killing the largest descriptions of vermin, foulmarts and the like, his ears may be split and his face torn. If scars on the latter do give an appearance of gameness, they do not enhance his beauty, and, after all, the latter goes a long way on the show bench. A commoner and less valuable dog will do the work equally

well, and if he be killed or maimed no great loss results to his owner, such as would arise on a champion's destruction. Still he will always kill his rat and hunt his rabbit, and what pleasanter occupation can he have? Nowadays the fox terrier has his chief value as a "show dog," and his breed is not sustained with so much care as formerly for the sole purpose of driving the otter from his hold and the fox from his earth. His money worth is great, he is a pleasing animal as a companion, and, let his detractors say all they can and do what they may, I for one cannot believe that the popularity of the fox terrier is likely to wane—and no dog is healthier and easier to rear, more certain to live to a good old age, and give satisfaction both as companion and guard to his owner and to his owner's goods. His sprightliness and handsomeness have made him a fashionable beauty, his agreeable disposition and good temper enable him to sustain his position and perform his *role* satisfactorily, and doing so he may well be left for the present.

Mr. Robert Vicary, who will be recognised as one of our foremost judges and the owner of Vesuvienne, Venio, and other noteworthy terriers, supplies the following interesting notes, and it is gratifying to find the opinions already expressed by me, so fully borne out by him.

"As you must first catch your hare before you can cook him, so it is necessary, in this case, to look round at those puppies you have at walk, which should be well out in the country, where the youngsters, able to prepare for a life of some hardship, are founding a constitution which will be necessary for the work with hounds. Select those the size required for the country they will work, for different districts require different sizes, and give preference to those which

have good legs and feet, good neck and shoulders, back and loins, and above all possess a thoroughly hard texture of coat and a thick skin. A stern too gaily carried is to be avoided ; I have rarely found dogs with sterns so carried of staunch courage ; and avoid a shallow-ribbed tucked-up youngster. Having selected suitable-looking puppies fully thirteen or fourteen months old, let them go into the fox-hound kennels, June or July is the best time, the dogs with the dog hounds, and the bitches with the lady pack. They will now have daily exercise out with the hounds, and get used to running with them in an orderly manner before cubbing commences. The huntsman, too, will have several opportunities of giving the terriers a turn in some earths or drains that can be run through without mischief. During the first season too much must not be expected in cases where terriers run ; it takes time to accustom them to the country, and to be well up when wanted. Still I have known many that have entered promptly, and bolted their fox on the first opportunity, and also some that have been of no practical service until their second season, when they have turned out the very best.

“As regards badger work, I prefer a two-year-old, and merely take out a couple of novices when working old hands. The former listen, and when the fun begins in earnest, one of the right sort soon shows that he is desirous of joining in the fray. If the earth be large enough then let him in with a good leader. Our method generally is when the terrier has got up to the badger, and you can hear he is keeping him well engaged, to commence digging and let down a shaft over the spot. I have often seen this done to a nicety, and on clearing carefully the last portion of the soil, found the heads of both badger and terrier in view jaw

to jaw. Then if you have confidence in your dog lean over, with one hand obtain a firm hold of the neck of the badger, pass the other hand on to the scut, and let your friend pull you badger and all on to the level. Then, disengaging the terrier, pop the "grey back" into a sack. If there be any doubt as to the terrier maintaining his hold, tongs had better be used to save your hands from 'teeth that bite and claws that scratch.'

"I have known a single terrier, Lancer, a winner of several prizes seventeen or eighteen years ago, a son of Old Dame's, said to be a daughter of Jock's, drive a badger out of a drain made for foxes, more than once. On one occasion we had no knowledge that a 'grey back' was at home, and merely put Lancer in to see if a fox was there, and were without any appliances. On hearing that a battle royal was being waged we sent for a sack and the 'tongs,' and these arrived in the nick of time, for the badger retreated, his face towards Lancer, his stern towards us. When he was within reach I embraced the opportunity, and the game was soon out in the open, but not until my strength was nearly exhausted at holding him ('well off you, at arm's length, mind!'), a struggling, twisting brute, did the sack arrive. He managed to give my groom a snip through the thumb during the operation of bagging.

"An old disused mine shaft is often a favourite haunt of badgers. I remember trying a very large shaft with Remus, another well-known terrier, Tyrant's son Sam, the above-named Lancer, Pearl, by Diver—Racket, also a winner, with another brace, both by Lancer, but unknown on the show bench. Here all our efforts were of no avail, it was impossible to dig, and we could only hope that the united efforts of the terriers might drive the badger out. How-

ever, there were several in the place, and after some hours of waiting, and despairing of ever seeing one of the terriers again, we fairly gave up all hope. At last faint moans could be heard, and the ubiquitous small boy was happily at hand, and induced by a liberal bribe to venture down the shaft a few yards, crawling on his hands and knees, a candle on the end of a long pole being pushed on in front to show him the way. Lancer, Remus, and Pearl were thus passed out more dead than alive, the two sons of the former were quite dead! Lancer, as soon as the water and fresh air had somewhat revived him, was just entering the shaft for another turn at his enemies, when I caught sight of him in time to haul him back by his stern. Never have I seen terriers so mauled. These three were cut to pieces almost, and for weeks had to be fed with a spoon, as their lips had to be sewn-up.

“On a subsequent occasion I was tempted to try this same earth again; Veni, Valetta, Vedette, Victor Chief, all ‘show dogs,’ being the terriers used. After a couple of hours’ work, in which we could hear ‘our dogs’ hard at their game, we discovered the battle was being waged near the outlet, and sure enough a badger’s scut was soon apparent and promptly seized, and the owner hauled out *nolens volens*. It proved to be a monster, the biggest, handsomest, fattest badger I ever handled—32lb. was his weight. To our intense astonishment, not a terrier was badly injured; all the evening this was the topic of a wondering confab; how was it? Well, subsequent inspection of this mighty badger showed that he was toothless, save for a much worn pair of ‘holders.’

“I had news of a badger in a fox earth one day, and arranged with some hunting friends to come and dislodge

the gentleman. Punctually at the time named I put in Victor Chief, there being room for but one terrier at a time to work. My friends on their arrival, twenty-five minutes late, were introduced to the 'grey gentleman in a sack,' much to their surprise.

"Victor Chief was the very best terrier at badger work under or above ground I ever saw or heard of. A good-looking dog, he was winner of several first prizes, and his pedigree goes back through Mr. Chaworth Musters' Old Victor, to Trumps, Tyrant, Moss, and Foiler on his sire's (Young Victor) side. Whilst on that of his dam Vice, the blood of Old Trap, Trumps again, Tartar, Fairy II., Belvoir Jock, Branson's Nettle, with old Jock and Grove Nettle, is to be found. No wonder, then, that with such an ancestry both the spirit and the flesh were willing and able to do or die whenever occasion offered. Lancer was almost fully as good, both game to the death, as were a score I could enumerate, but in no terrier have I found the pluck, intelligence, and enormous endurance combined as in Victor Chief. Vice, his dam, was the next best to these. Village Belle, Vedette, Velasquez, Spiteful, by Old Sam, mentioned already, Veni, Belgrave Dinah, Virginia, Boaster, own brother to Buffett, were all terriers that have won on the show bench and which I have seen at work and proved as 'good as gold.'

"As regards many of our show terriers of the present time, 'in-breeding' and lack of opportunity have done much to deteriorate their stamina and working qualities, but there is no doubt whatever, that anyone desirous of breeding a team of good-looking workers would find plenty of the right material amongst the fox terriers to be found so abundantly at any of our modern shows. As a rule, the show terriers

are most carefully nursed from their infancy, and no risks run of injury from any source. Soon after seven months old, sometimes even earlier, their public career commences, and if continual knocking about in a dog box and on the bench does not soften a dog, what will? I do not approve of showing young puppies, and prefer them reared by cottagers in the country, where they literally are allowed to run wild. Those so brought up will, when first chained, behave like a fox under similar conditions. They possess constitution, nerve, and more terrier character than the pampered nurseling who, before he has finished changing his teeth, has made the acquaintance of many show rings, and never tackled anything harder than a bone or an unsoaked dog-biscuit.

“The great point to be borne in mind by the present generation of fox terrier breeders, is not to out-Herod Herod in the race to obtain quality. Do not ‘quality’ your terriers until there is nothing else left. Unwise critics, who have no care for, or knowledge of what constitutes, a working terrier, are often saying such and such a dog ‘is a trifle coarse.’ When such a remark is heard or read, let my sporting friend give an eye to the dog so described. The chances are he is really a good one, with bone, coat, and substance, who perhaps looks a trifle manly when compared with the weak-headed, vacuous looking, effeminate weed alongside him. The great risks fanciers of any breed always run, are that exaggerated developments of certain points are preserved to the detriment of what I may term that breed’s original form and character. We do not want to improve a variety “off the face of the earth,” and I sincerely hope that, in fox terriers, a later race of owners may be able to say that wisdom has been shown in the present day by

breeders sticking to working characteristics as the leading essential in a fox terrier. I am fully assured that at the present moment there is plenty of good material, and that I could as readily get a strong team of workers together as at any time during my twenty years' experience."

The Littleworths have for generations been a family of huntsmen, and, although following their respective masters in keeping their hounds up to a high standard of excellence, have never forgotten their admiration for the fox terrier. Time after time the present representative of the house, Charles Littleworth, Wembworthy, North Devon, and huntsman, too, has found occasions when the little dog was a necessity, so he has always kept some few running about, many of them good enough to more than hold their own in public competition. Yes, Charlie Littleworth is one of the few modern huntsmen who know the fox terrier in his two aspects, as a show dog and as a worker. His opinion thereon I give in his own words, and the only preface they need is the statement that he has taken an interest in and kept fox terriers for a quarter of a century.

"The fox terrier at the present day has attained, by 'fine breeding' (in-breeding), too great a delicacy and too high an excellency in fineness of coat and bone for really hard work. In many instances the modern standard is only useful for show purposes; perhaps he can kill a rat, and he is elegant as a drawing-room companion. In training a fox terrier for his actually legitimate work a mistake is too often made in at first entering him to game above ground. When he can find it so without much trouble, the natural inclination to look for it in the earths is, in a degree, lost, and once a fox or badger is tackled above ground, in which, perhaps, a great deal of punishment is given and received

on both sides, an ordinary terrier does not relish going in to the same amount of hard knocks and bites in the dark. Let him as a beginning smell about the earth, and entice him by degrees to enter it. He will, if game and worth keeping, make out the scent, at the same time gradually working up his courage until in the end he will tackle whatever he meets. [I thoroughly agree with Littleworth here, and have known many terriers completely spoiled by being set to kill something before they had found their noses. Even the first rat should be hunted before the puppy is allowed to worry it. There seems something about the scent of all game and vermin which, as it were, raises the courage of the dog to its very highest.] Give me a terrier which will go to ground, find his fox, stick by him, and at the same time 'bay' well.

"My belief is that the best strain for work has descended from George Whitemore's (of the Grove) Willie and Foiler. A bitch I once had, named Mustard, was a really honest worker. She was about 18lb. weight, and after running all day with hounds would gamely go to ground, and show us and reynard what blood ran in her veins. This bitch was by Whitemore's Trick out of Eggesford Fury, who was by the Rev. J. Russell's Fuss, a most famous one as a worker. Mustard, too, had taken prizes at the West of England shows, under the well-known and popular sportsmen above-mentioned, including first prize at Plymouth in 1873.

"A granddaughter of Mustard's called Spot, on first being tried to go to earth, remained inside for over two hours, and when unearthed was seen facing two badgers, and keeping them well at bay. A curious incident about this splendid bitch was that she never relished tackling a fox above ground, but you would have to go a long day's journey to

find her equal in the earth. I have at present two great-granddaughters of Mustard which I value greatly. Boaster and Willie were both excellent dogs, the former especially being admirably adapted for work. The latter was by Sam out of Cottingham Nettle. Old Flora was another extra good bitch for work, and her daughter Fancy did not disgrace her, for I remember her on one occasion sticking to a fox for four hours underground, during which time she never for one moment attempted to quit the earth. She was finally dug out. Much to my regret she died when in whelp to Gulliver. Artful Joe, too, was a fine dog. He was a little too big, but a regular hard one for work. I am very pleased to say that his strain is still carefully preserved. All the Belgravians I have are excellent workers. Limbo, by Victor Chief out of Venus (a granddaughter of Flora), came to a very sad end. Whilst in the kennel he was severely bitten by the hounds, his leg being so terribly broken and smashed that I was obliged to have him immediately killed. I missed him greatly, as he was about as good a dog as ever I had for work."

So much for a huntsman's opinions, but in taking them to heart and inwardly digesting them, the reader must not forget that a good dog can be spoiled by a bad trainer, and in the opposite direction a good trainer can make a dog which may be faint-hearted in the beginning, fairly hard-hearted and game in the end.

With regard to the growing popularity of that undesirable modern addition to the ordinary duties of a fox terrier, viz., rabbit coursing, something must be said. Not content with him as a companion, either in town or country, some of his ill-advised admirers have endangered his good name by endeavouring to place him on a par with the "whippet," or

snap dog, and utilising him for the chasing of rabbits in an enclosure. Nature never intended the fox terrier for a rabbit courser. Had she done so his form would have been much more slim than it actually is, and his lines built upon those of a greyhound in miniature rather than upon those of a sturdy terrier. Still, this somewhat plebeian diversion at one time appeared to have taken considerable hold of a certain section of the community, the members of which, on Saturday afternoons especially, and upon other holidays, too, hied to some field or other, and enjoyed themselves by letting a rabbit out of a hamper, and, after allowing bunny a certain start, unslipped a couple of terriers, which ran after and in ninety-nine times out of a hundred killed it. Had the rabbits a fair chance of regaining their liberty, as is the case with the pigeon when liberated from a trap, or even with the hare when coursed at the new-fangled inclosed meetings (which by the way have never flourished and will never do so), this fox terrier coursing would be legitimate sport. As the rabbits have not an ordinary chance of escape, and, preparatory to their being set down in front of the terrier, have been confined, since their capture, in a hamper or some similar receptacle, I must look upon the thing with disfavour, and altogether fail to acknowledge it as in any way likely to improve the fox terrier as he is, and as all his admirers would wish him to remain.

Although, under these circumstances, the rabbits have little opportunity to regain their liberty, their chances of so doing are greater than that which was afforded by the individual who possessed a terrier and a wild rabbit, which he coursed in his cellar. The rabbit was given a start of once around the floor, and "Jack," failing to recognise that spirit of fair play his owner possessed, instead of himself

running once around the room, took a short cut across it, thus seizing poor bunny at the first rush. He got a good kick in the ribs for his pains, instead of the praise he might fairly conscientiously think was his due, whilst the proprietor of the terrier heaved a deep sigh, and meditated upon the unfairness of the world generally, and of dogs in particular.

This modern mode of coursing does give the rabbit a better chance of his life than "Jack" did, still, for many reasons it is not to be recommended; and it is gratifying to note that it is not recognised by the Fox Terrier Club or by any of the leading clubs either. In America, not long ago, a prosecution was instituted against a number of gentlemen who had been engaged in the so-called sport; but after a lengthened hearing which caused no inconsiderable interest throughout that country, no conviction was obtained, and similar prosecutions in this country have, so far, had a like result. Since the above remarks were penned, I am pleased to find "fox terrier" coursing on the decadence, and just now it appears to be a so-called pastime which is just lingering along until it comes to an end by death from inanition.

In sundry instances I have already noticed an inclination to produce fox terriers with longer legs, less compact bodies, and with an appearance of an ability to gallop more defined, than should be the case. This is, of course, done to enable them to prove successful at coursing meetings, and a continuance thereof would, in a few years, have entirely changed the character of the modern fox terrier. I have seen puppies shown whose owners, with an eye to the main chance, have trusted to the good nature of the judge to give them, at any rate, a card of commendation. This done, the natural inference would be that at a coursing meeting, such

recipients would be allowed to compete without objection or hindrance. Still, these puppies, excepting that they had drop ears—in one case a wire-haired coat—were as far removed from what a fox terrier should be as possible. “Ah!” said their owner, on being remonstrated with for showing such things, “they are but puppies, and will drop down, thicken, and furnish in due course.” Needless is it for me to say that in no case did they get the cards of honour which the exhibitor desired.

An ordinary fox terrier has not pace to compete successfully with a rabbit on its own ground, nor until the present time has any attempt been made to breed him for speed alone. Daniel, writing eighty years ago, said speed was not one of the peculiar properties of the terrier, although it possesses the power of keeping up the same pace for a considerable distance. He mentions a match which took place in 1794, when a very small terrier, for a very big wager, ran a mile in two minutes, and six miles in eighteen minutes. This is rather an extraordinary performance, and I do not know that there is a fox terrier to-day that can at all equal it. Anyhow, there are the little “snap-dogs” or “whippets” (and Daniel’s dog might have been one of them), which can course rabbits, and run races better than any fox terrier. For such purposes they are kept in many parts of the north of England and elsewhere. Those who wish for rabbit coursing I would recommend to keep two or three of them, for what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and I am pretty certain that even a moderate “snap dog” or “whippet” would give the best fox terrier ever slipped at a rabbit, twenty yards start out of forty, and beat him into the bargain.

Of late a great deal has been written and said as to the

merits and appearance of the fox terrier now as compared with what he was on his first introduction to popularity. No doubt he has changed in a degree; he is as a rule a less "rounded" and less sturdy dog now than he was then. Many good modern specimens are more or less inclined to be flat-sided, high on the legs, and stiff and "stilty," and I fancy breeders are losing that smart, dark, almond-shaped eye which gives such character and expression to a terrier. I detest a big, full, goggle eye in any terrier, excepting, maybe, in a Dandie Dinmont, and in our modern fox terrier I should like to see a little more of that fiery and smart appearance which went so far in the sixties towards making him what he is now in the nineties. Again, I believe that breeders have taken up such a line that to keep their dogs down in weight they must be produced unnaturally narrow in front, with flat ribs, else, unless two or three pounds less in weight than is usual, they would not be able to go to ground, where a sturdy, thick-set little dog of 16lb. weight could do so with ease.

That there are more good fox terriers now than then goes without saying, but, taking the number which are bred to-day into consideration, the percentage of actually tip-top animals is not so large as it should be; but I thoroughly agree with what Mr. Doyle writes further on, and especially am I at one with him about what at the time of correcting this is the "topic of conversation in fox terrier circles," the size of fox terriers. This cry of size seems to me to be something like the appearance of the sea serpent in the "silly, or slack season." Both crop up annually, and have done so for a longer period than one cares to recall. Why, many years ago, the cry as to the growing bigness of fox terriers was so rife that in 1877 the Birmingham executive arranged

their classes accordingly, having divisions for fox terrier dogs over 18lb. weight, for bitches over 16lb. in weight, and others for animals below these stipulations. I need scarcely say that this arrangement was not satisfactory, and though it was continued till 1885, the weight classification finally lapsed, and has not since been restored. It may be instructive to note that in 1876, the year before divisions by weight were arranged, there were 72 entries in the dog class, a number which has not been equalled since.

Some fox terriers look bigger than they actually are and weigh accordingly, and *vice versa* is likewise frequently the case. A fox terrier dog 19lb. in weight in show bench trim is really not over-sized, and often enough dogs heavier than this have become champions and no fault found with them. As a rule exhibitors are chary about sending their dogs to scale when they are about 19lb. weight or more.

However, I cannot do better than give prominence here to Mr. Doyle's valued opinion "on the progress made by fox terriers of late years, and some comparisons between the prize winners of an earlier generation and those of to-day." He says: "For twenty years I have bred somewhat extensively, judged not unfrequently, and observed pretty attentively and regularly. If, therefore, I cannot make something like an accurate estimate of the results which have been reached during that period, it is not for lack of opportunity.

"To begin with, I feel pretty sure that I shall have every competent critic of the breed with me as to the great general improvement of the breed as a whole. Whether our best dogs are better or worse than they were is a question to which I will come later on. It is only certain that passably good ones are far more numerous. Every large breeder is to-day

able to draft bitches which twenty years ago he would have looked on as valuable breeding material. It is not merely in general symmetry and smartness that this is seen, but I think even more distinctly in those points which make up what we are agreed to call terrier character. Jock, Hornet, and Fussy may have been even more terrier-like than the best prize winners of to-day; but the benches then were loaded with dogs that showed bull or English terrier at every point, and such have now vanished.

“I may also, I think, at once claim another point wherein the dogs of to-day score. They last far better. Some, I daresay, remember what that once beautiful dog, Mr. Bassett's Tip, became in his later days. Bitters did not fare a great deal better. In fact in my young days of showing, a dog was looked on as a veteran at four or five. Vesuvienne was as good as ever when she last graced the show ring. Such as Venio and Dominie can yet hold their own against most young dogs.

“I do not, however, in the least pretend that by what I have said so far I have disposed of the complaints which we occasionally hear of deterioration in our fox terriers. Those who make such complaints would say, I take it, that while there are more fairly good dogs, there are fewer really first class ones, and that the prize winners of the present day are unworthy to rank with their predecessors. I have more than once heard this put very strongly. I have been told that the type has changed, that the modern fox terrier is a new creation altogether. I have observed that this is generally said by those who have given no very special attention to fox terriers, but have picked up a hasty impression of what the dogs of a particular epoch were from a casual glance at the show benches. I have no hesitation in

saying that a good dog a quarter of a century ago would be, if he could be brought to life, a good dog to-day, and *vice versa*. Then we should have hailed with delight such dogs as Venio, Dominie, or D'Orsay. To-day, Jock, Buffet, Nimrod, Turk, or Rattler would, if they could reappear, hold their own in any company. I will even go further. I am certain that if Olive and that beautiful but rather forgotten bitch, Pattern, could be put on one side of a ring with Perseverance and Meifod Molly—I mention two terriers whom I have judged lately and who are fresh in my mind—on the other, and if one of those critics who assert that we have made a new type were asked, without previous knowledge, 'which are the old stamp and which the new?' he would unhesitatingly take the two veterans as specimens of modern deterioration.

"I quite admit that one or two soft-hearted judges and breeders have in my opinion been so carried away by a craze for what is called liberty ('oh, Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!') and racing character, that they have forgotten the importance of other points. I might even go further and say, have taught themselves to dislike substance, compactness, strength of back, and shortness of coupling. But even this heresy is not new; the judges of whom I speak had their prototypes in the days when some of us used to groan in spirit at the victories of Tart, Ribble, and Saracen, and the defeats of Gripper and Jester II.

"At the same time, though, I deny that the standard of perfection at which we are aiming has altered. I am quite willing to admit that the standard which we practically reach is somewhat modified. I would say, going back to my previous illustration, that Olive and Pattern

were rather deviations from the average stamp of their own day, just as Meifod Molly and Perseverance are not specially typical of the present day. If I may use a geometrical illustration we have not moved towards perfection, ever further away from it along a straight line. Rather we have travelled over part of the circumference of a circle of which the standard of perfection is the centre. We have gained some advantages and lost others. Neck, shoulders, and outline were points that we always aimed at; to-day we get them much oftener. We still try to get well sprung ribs and compact frames; we oftener miss them.

“For surely it is not needful to point out that change is not necessarily deterioration. We sometimes hear it said, ‘Look at that dog; how utterly unlike Jock or Tyrant,’ or some other past celebrity. Very well; he may be unlike, and yet a very good dog. He may have got what the other dog wanted, even though he misses some of his predecessors’ best points. We did not think the old heroes standards of perfection in their own day. Why should they be brought up in judgment against their successors? Just in the same way did the mentors of one’s childhood cast in one’s teeth some half mythical generation of faultless predecessors.

“‘Whene’er Miss Betty does a fault,
Lets drop a knife or spills the salt,
Thus by her mother she’ll be chid:
'Tis what Vanessa never did!’

“The critic of terriers who contrasts the iron present with a golden past only illustrates a common law of human thought.

“It seems to me that the sum total of the complaints

which we hear, when they are analysed, comes to this. There are certain points of merit about which modern judges and breeders are lax. That is, I fear, an almost inevitable result of the show system. Stress is laid on certain points, perhaps because before they have been unduly neglected. Other points gradually drop into the background. Public opinion is of necessity largely formed by those who have a personal interest in certain dogs or certain strains, and who often persuade themselves, no doubt in all good faith, that their favourites are perfection. The dog on whom breeders ought to be keeping a watchful eye is the dog who is strong in just those points where the generality of the prize winners of the day are weak. Unhappily that is just the dog which is apt to be thrust aside and forgotten. But this can easily be averted if there are a sufficient number of breeders who are content steadily to work their way towards their own standard of perfection, and not to be turned aside by the caprices which at times make their way into the judging ring, nor the effect of such caprices on the sale market.

“There is one other point on which perhaps I ought to say a word, and that is the size of modern terriers. For some twenty years I have been told that terriers are getting bigger, and if at that stage the complaint was well founded they should by this time weigh about 30lb. As a matter of fact I believe Buffet was well up to the size of most winners of to-day. Brockenhurst Joe, who won the Fox Terrier Club's challenge cup in 1881, was, I feel pretty sure, the biggest dog, except perhaps Venio, who ever won it. At the same time I do think that there is a certain tendency on the part of critics, and, I fear, even of some judges, to be indifferent to the question of size, and to

forget that every pound of weight over 16lb., in working condition, is a set-off against a dog's utility. A 20lb. dog, if well and strongly made, is not necessarily useless, but one three pounds less can do a great deal more. I have been gravely told, and by those who should know better, that a dog of 18lb. is undersized. I constantly, too, see dogs advertised as sires who are confessedly too big for show, *i.e.*, probably about 23lb. weight. It stands to reason that if we keep on using big sires, we shall gradually get a breed of big dogs."

Perhaps there are some admirers of the little dog, to which this volume is dedicated, who may urge that the writer has not introduced as many anecdotes of its sagacity as he might have done. Still, we all know what "dog stories" are—they may be either true or otherwise; at any rate, they can be concocted by the bushel. There are, however, so many fox terriers in the world, that it necessarily follows some of them at times must have exhibited an unusual share of intelligence. Occasionally we have had them performing on the stage; at other times, when sore wounded and injured, we have been told of a visit to the hospital of their own intelligence, and a very patient waiting at the gate until the turn for treatment came. Their "homing faculty," if there be such a thing, has been praised; indeed, there is scarcely a piece of intelligence any dog has displayed which has not been claimed for the fox terrier—with what truth is a matter of opinion. There is no doubt he is intelligent when brought up in the house, but he is not such an apt pupil for the circus or the stage as the curly-coated poodle.

A story comes to me from British Columbia, where a big fox terrier, 23lb. in weight, became quite a skilful

fisherman. He did not, however, follow on the lines of that other cute American dog (whose owner was a disciple of Izaak Walton), which would sit with a line in its mouth and wait until a tug or nub was felt, when it ran back and dragged the struggling fish which caused that tug to bank. This done, its master re-baited the hook, cast out the line, placed the latter in the dog's mouth, who again waited for the "glorious nibble." Our Columbian friend does not follow this system at all. It just goes into the river, seizes a salmon by the back fin, and drags it ashore, willy nilly—poaching rather than angling. Salmon are numerous there; they jostle each other, and are in shoals as thick as herrings.

One day in February, 1894 (I must give figures in a story of this kind, otherwise its truth might be doubted), this terrier saw a bigger fish than usual—one of 18lb. weight or more; but, nothing daunted, he leaped into the roaring torrent—the Columbia river is a roaring torrent at times—and seized the salmon by the back. But the fish was fresh from the sea, vigorous and strong, with "sea lice on him," and, although not able to make the dog loose its hold, this lusty salmon almost drowned him, and no doubt would have done so entirely had not human rescuers been at hand. Ultimately Columbia's game and piscatorially devoted fox terrier was lifted out of the stream in an exhausted condition, though his teeth were still fast in the tough skin of his capture. This was a dog salmon (*Salmo canis*), but it is so called, not because it is usually caught by dogs, but because it is useless as food.

So much for the fox terrier as a fisherman, but whether his take, as above related, would entitle him to membership of the Piscatorial Society is another matter. As a British

“working man” this variety of *Canis familiaris* has likewise proved a success ; but, inasmuch as he has not as yet interfered with the rights of the artisan, he has not been the cause of trouble between master and man. Here is the story : One of the electric lighting companies found difficulty in carrying certain of the copper strips or wires through the underground culverts. These strips, about one hundred yards or so in length, are supported at intervals of ten yards by transverse bars, and considerable expense and trouble were caused in getting the strips past their supports. One of the foremen was “a doggy man,” and it occurred to him that a fox terrier might be trained to carry through the passages a rope, to the end of which the strip could be attached. He had a puppy on which he at once began his tuition, which in due course was perfected.

It is easy enough to train a terrier to travel underground a hundred yards or more, but here it had to leap over the supports, which she soon learned to do. Now she performs her task cleverly, has assisted to lay many miles of wire in London and elsewhere, and each Saturday receives her wages like the men receive theirs, and is looked upon as one of the most valued *employés* of the Crompton Electric Lighting Company.

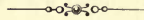
I think with these two stories of a dog's sport and of a dog's work any ordinary believer in anecdotes of canine intelligence ought to be satisfied ; still I am not much of a believer in such stories ; nor is it the proper work of a terrier to go a-fishing or to assist an electric lighting company in its underground operations. There are many uses for him in this world, even as a companion and as a watch dog, as the former he is much to be extolled, and his

excellence in this respect has not remained undiscovered by great men whose equally great friends believe ought to have a soul above dogs. Quite a popular hero in his way was the late terrier belonging to Mr. Justice Hawkins, which, if it did not actually sit with its master on the bench, was otherwise his lordship's almost constant companion. "Yah!" said a corner-man in one of our provincial towns, "I didn't know as auld Hawkins was blind!" alluding to the fact that the judge in walking to the assize court led his favourite little terrier by a cord.

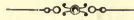




CHAPTER V.



THE WIRE-HAIRED FOX TERRIER—HIS GAMENESS—
YORKSHIRE AND DEVONSHIRE STRAINS—THE REV.
JOHN RUSSELL'S TERRIERS—THE SEALY HAM TERRIER
—MR. COWLEY'S TERRIERS—CROSSES—THE BEST
DOGS—A BEVERLEY KENNEL.



MOST of the remarks made on former pages apply to the wire-haired fox terrier equally with the smooth-coated variety. In colour, make, shape, character, legs and feet, they are as one, only in jacket or coat do the two differ. With the wire-haired terrier the latter should be hard and crisp, not too long, neither too short, but of a tough, coarse texture, finer underneath, all so close and dense that the skin cannot be seen or even felt, and, if possible, so weather and water resisting that the latter will stand on the sides like beads, and run off the whole body as it is said to do, and does, off a duck's back. There must not be the slightest sign of silkiness anywhere, not even on the head. A curly jacket, or one inclined to be so, is far better than a silky one. Indeed, some of the best coated dogs of this variety I have seen, had more than an inclination to be curly—the crispest hair on the human being

has usually a tendency to be so, and the straight hair is the softer and finer. There should be some amount of longish hair on the legs, too, right down to the toes, and when there is a deficiency in the coat in this respect, one may be pretty certain that some crossed strain is in the blood of the animal so handicapped. In attempting to produce straight coats, modern breeders have gone to extremes, and, according to their nature, produced fine ones, of a texture like silk almost; these are, again, likely to be thin, and quite inadequate to keep out the water and cold. Seldom do we see a wire-haired terrier with so close and hard a jacket as some of the otter hounds possess, or even owned by a few of the best hard-haired Scottish terriers. Straighter they may be, but harder never, and what, indeed, is the straightness but a useless beauty mark? An old bitch of Mr. A. Maxwell's (Durham), Tennis, had in her day one of the best of coats, but for modern ideas there was too much of it. Her chest and neck were well protected, still its very profuseness made it likely to carry too much water on a damp day.

In the kennels of the Kendal Otter Hounds there was once a black and tan hound called Ragman, who ran for nine seasons, and indeed he was so grey and worn with hard work and care as to bear scarcely any resemblance to what he was when first entered. He possessed the best water and weather resisting coat I ever saw on any dog. Without being long enough to assist him as a bench hound, it was simply perfect for the purpose for which it was required—protection from weather and water. Take down the ribs, along the back, under the belly, on the head, anywhere, it was all there, hard as bristles, close as wool, a little softer and closer underneath than near the surface;

and I have seen that good hound swim for two, or three, or four hours maybe, come out on to the bank, shake himself, so throw the water off, roll in the meadow, and in a minute he would be as dry as the proverbial board. His coat leaned towards curliness, and, this notwithstanding, his was the description of jacket that ought to be found on all wire-haired terriers. I know of not even one at the present day that possesses so good a one.

In judging this variety of terrier I should, without hesitation, throw out or disqualify every dog with a soft coat. In their group or classes they are called "wire-haired" terriers, and anyone giving an award of any kind to one that is not as described does a triple injustice, for he dishonours the description, introduces a bad type, and proves his own incompetence. I have dwelt thus long on coat because therein lies the whole difference between the two great modern types of fox terriers.

From the time Dame Juliana Berners wrote of "teroures" the varieties, rough and smooth, have grown up side by side, one man preferring the one, another the other. The smooth variety has always been the more numerous—latterly the more popular, because the smarter, the more thorough-bred looking animal, and besides, on wet days he does not take so much dirt into the house. As to gameness, Jack is as good as his master, but by reason of the denser covering to his skin, the wire-haired can stand the cold, inclement weather of our north country climate better than his cousin; still, after all, a cross-bred dog is best for the really arduous work required with fox-hounds hunting in a mountainous district, and with otter hounds.

Some old engravers and painters have given us portraits of wire-haired terriers black and tan, blue grizzle and tan,

pepper and salt, and of various shades in red and fawn and yellow, as well as of the present time orthodox white and marked with fawn, or black and tan. Modern fancy has developed the black and tan into a new variety, whilst the others, of whole colour, equally useful in every way, have gone to the wall. In various districts of North Durham and Yorkshire the wire-haired terriers appear to have been produced in greatest numbers, but Devonshire also had them in the form they were wont to be used by the Rev. John Russell, a name so familiar to every sportsman throughout the many countries where the English language is spoken. The late and much respected "Robin Hood," so long the *Field's* well-known coursing correspondent, told me that even in Nottingham, supposed to be the home of the smooth variety, the "wire-hairs" were common enough forty-five or more years ago. And how visions of his early sporting dogs rushed before him when he told me of a terrier he had owned with an extraordinarily long head, which came from the Quorn when Sir Richard Sutton was the master. This dog, he said, was in every sense a pattern of the best we see to-day, 18lb. weight, hard coated, strong-jawed, possessing at the same time the "ferocity of the tiger" when "cats" were about, and "the gentleness of the dove" in the presence of his genial owner. Mr. C. M. Browne ("Robin Hood") was inclined to believe that a majority of the Midland counties strains of wire-haired terriers sprang from this dog, which, if his recollection did not fail him, became the property of Mr. T. Wootton, who certainly had some very good ones about twenty years later, though that they were all as game as one would have wished may be doubted by the following story:

In the early days of competition, a dog show was held in a certain town in the North of England, at which some two or three of these terriers, said to be "good at badger, cat, fox, and fighting," were exhibited, and as usual they won all the prizes. At 11 o'clock one night, some of the members of the committee, after dining rather heartily, and supping not too wisely but too well, visited the show, and in company with the "nightmen" went round to see the terriers. Now unfortunately a semi-tame fox was one of the attractions of the exhibition, and mischief moved the midnight visitors to try some of the crack "wire-hairs" with that fox. Alack! alas! they knew sly reynard not, nor did they take the slightest notice of him as they were one by one slipped into his cage—the "earth dogs" bolted so far as their collars and chains allowed them. "Try Sir Douglas!" said a fellow, alluding to a well-known Dandie Dinmont benched not far away, and Sir Douglas was tried, with the result that he went to the poor fox and nearly killed it before he could be taken off. I do not mention this little episode, and a disgraceful one it was, with any intention of lauding the Dandie Dinmont at the expense of the wire-haired terrier, but to show what little scenes occasionally occurred at some shows of years ago. I fancy matters connected therewith are better nowadays.

Perhaps the following will act as a counter-irritant to some readers who may object to hear anything in disparagement of their favourites. In communication with one of our most celebrated and oldest admirers of the wire-haired terrier, he told me of a terrier I sent him, which in turn was despatched to a friend in New York. It had not been many hours in its new abode before it

showed courage and gameness in many ways. Then it was missing for many hours, and one day unusual sounds underneath the stable floor led to a suspicion that Jack was there. In due course the floor was taken up, and from a pipe drain underneath, the terrier was dragged, and a huge cat lay worried and dead by his side. This was a 13lb. terrier, but he was too hard bitten and ferocious for ordinary work.

No further proof of the gameness of the modern wire-haired terrier need be adduced than was described in the columns of the *Field* three years ago, in connection with the Kendal otter hounds, which were hunting the river Lune, near Hornby. An otter had been marked in a tile drain, an ordinary drain pipe indeed, and to drive him, one of the hunt's terriers went to ground. There was no side drain to allow him to get behind the otter, and of course to draw master Lutra, badger fashion, was impossible. However, in the end the otter was, if not actually drawn, fairly driven out of his stronghold, the plucky little terrier having actually fought his way underneath or over his enemy, and, when once behind him, made the drain so uncomfortable, that the rough-and-ready notice of ejection was acted upon. A fine otter dashed out of the drain's mouth, followed immediately by Turk, sadly bitten and bedraggled, but by no means seriously injured. This terrier, though the huntsman could give him no pedigree, was in appearance of fashionable blood—a good-looking little fellow, about 15lb. in weight, and handsome enough to win a prize on the show bench, which he has done. Bobby Troughton, who had hunted the Kendal Otter Hounds for a dozen years, said this dog Turk was the gamest and hardest terrier he ever possessed—surely a glowing testimonial for a modern show animal.

No gamer terrier could be imagined than one which for years was the property of Mr. W. H. B. Schrieber, of Watford. Powderham Jack originally came from Mr. Damarell's kennel in Devonshire, but he was supposed to be Midland county bred, and here is what he did. Jack, when six years old—of course he had made the acquaintance of the "grey gentleman" long before—was sent into a badger earth in Hertfordshire about noon, and, though unable to drive his game, remained there fighting for over six hours and a half. Then he was dug out terribly exhausted, and awfully bitten and torn—so much so in fact that for three weeks he had to be fed with a spoon held below the root of the tongue, as any liquid given in the usual way ran out through the holes the badger had made in the dog's under jaw and mouth. However, careful nursing brought him round, although Jack carried the tale-telling scars to his dying day.

On the second day after the affray Mr. Schrieber returned to the "earth" with another terrier, which in due course "marked," and by digging, the end of the burrow was reached. Here the party found a large female badger dead which Jack had killed the day before. She was 26lb. in weight, and, on being skinned, her chest and her ribs were found to be broken, although outwardly she showed few marks of the dog's teeth. This is the only authenticated case of which I have record where a 16lb. terrier killed a badger nearly double his own weight in fair fight underground. No wonder that Mr. Schrieber was proud in his possession of such a dog, and, though in the end blindness resulted from the injuries Jack received on that eventful day, he lived until quite recently to be respected and admired as one of the best terriers ever known. In

appearance Powderham Jack was quite up to "show form;" indeed, on several occasions before his great fight, he had appeared on the bench, where he met with considerable success. On his sire's side he was descended from Jack Terry's Wasp and champion Broome, but his dam's pedigree was never ascertained.

Some of the earlier wire-haired terriers were remarkably savage and ill-tempered, or perhaps it was the writer's misfortune to possess such. However, about seventeen years ago I had one sent me from Shropshire, which originally came from the huntsman of the Albrighton hounds. Anyhow, rare good-looking dog though he seemed, his excellence was sadly marred by his detestable disposition. He was never safe, and always as willing to growl at his owner as to take a piece out of the leg of a tramp or anyone else. Entered for Darlington Show at a few pounds, if he was not sold I had promised him as a present to a friend; as it happened he won the first prize and the special cup, and was at once claimed by a well-known admirer of the breed. Avenger (the dog's name) was a little high on the legs, 18lb. weight, straight in front and terrier-like in head, with a hard jacket, but not much of it. I need scarcely say he did not need trimming, or "faking," to make him look his best.

Owing to one cause or another, the wire-haired fox terrier has occupied longer in popularising himself than the smooth-coated one. For years he was without a class at any of the shows, and when he became so important as to be honoured by being so provided, he was relegated to the non-sporting division! Birmingham gave him his first class in 1873, nine years subsequent to the

time when the smooth variety had been prominently brought forward. Some of the stud books have the wire-haired fox terrier entered amongst non-sporting dogs, sandwiched between the Pomeranians and Bedlington terriers, and so he continued till 1875, whilst a little earlier the same reference volume mixes the wire-haired fox terriers with the Irish terriers. Here is reason for a delay in popularisation, which undoubtedly arose from the incompetence of some of the judges who were asked to give their opinions on the breed, and whose knowledge thereof was quite on a par with what it might be with regard to white elephants and crocodiles. My nerves never received so severe a shock at any show as they did at Curzon Hall in 1872, when the first prize for wire-haired terriers was withheld through "want of merit," though in the class was that reliable and undoubtedly very high-class specimen Venture, then shown by Mr. Gordon Sanderson, of Cottingham, near Hull. Mr. J. Nisbet, a reputed judge of Dandie Dinmonts, gave this foolish decision, which, however, did not lower the dog one iota in the eyes of those who knew his excellence. Mr. W. Carrick, of Carlisle, subsequently became his owner, and made him useful in the foundation of a kennel of terriers which for excellence has not yet been surpassed.

This Venture was as good a terrier of his variety as I ever saw, without the slightest particle of bulldog appearance, built on proper lines, with a coat above the average in hardness and denseness, and a head in length and quality of the best; it was, indeed, ill luck that the incompetence of the judge so dishonoured him by withholding the first prize and giving him but the second. Ah! but someone may say Venture was, perhaps, in bad condition

—this he was not, he was as bright and fresh then as at any time of his career, which later on proved eminently successful.

Between the years 1872 and 1880, comparatively few wire-haired terriers were shown at Curzon Hall ; in the former year there were but two entries, but later some dozen or so appeared about the average. Most of the best dogs during this period came from the neighbourhood of Malton, in Yorkshire. Venture, already alluded to, by Kendall's Old Tip, a well-known terrier with the Sinnington hounds, had a successful career on the show bench, and to my mind was certainly the best of his variety at that time. In 1874, however, the stud book only contained four other entries of wire-haired terriers, and with one exception they were owned by Mr. Wootton. The exception was Chaplin, a moderate dog that won third prize at Manchester the previous year. Wasp, first prize Manchester in 1873, has no sire or dam given, and Mr. Gordon Sanderson appears to be the only man at that day who kept the pedigrees of his terriers. The wonder was that he did so, for his favourites did not bring much money. For instance, Venture, already alluded to, had been shown in a variety or mixed class, one in which different descriptions of dogs compete against each other ; and, entered at thirty shillings, he was so good as to attract attention, and the man who gave seventy shillings for him was thought to have more money than sense. However, the purchaser, Mr. Holmes, of Beverley, was right, and such a dog as Venture to-day would command one hundred guineas at least.

A half-brother of the last-named dog was called Tip, a white terrier with blue badger-pied marks on his body

and head, not an unusual colour then, but seldom seen nowadays. At Liverpool Show in 1889 a dog named Carlisle Young Venture similarly marked was benched, and the late Mr. Donald Graham, who up to the time of his death, which occurred in 1891, was one of our oldest supporters and best judges of the variety, told me it was directly descended from Tip. The latter, a peculiarly heavily muscled dog, would weigh, I fancy, hard on to 20lb., he had such a strong back, and powerful bone. His head was a little too short, and his coat, though hard, was scarcely profuse enough. His small ears and determined dare-devil look out of his little dark eyes, gave an amount of character that is sadly deficient in the terrier of to-day, who possesses an advantage only on the score of neatness. After changing hands two or three times, Tip, who had been born in 1872, went into Mr. S. E. Shirley's kennels, from whence he visited the shows and did a great deal of winning, but he was always to Venture in the wire hairs what Tartar had been to Old Jock in the smooth variety—the bull terrier of the party.

From the strains of these two dogs have sprung most of the modern so-called wire-haired terriers, but, unfortunately, so many crosses have been made with their smooth cousins, that there is little chance of to-day finding the old blood pure and uncontaminated.

It is said that Mr. Maxwell's Jester and Mr. Ward's Pickering Nailer were, some four years or so ago, the only wire-haired terriers of note which could be said to be of really blue blood, and if this is so, and I believe the statement to be correct, I hope their progeny will continue to be allied to bitches containing no trace of the smooth strain for at the very least four or five generations.

There appears a semblance of strangeness that the wire-haired terriers from Devonshire have not been more used for show bench purposes, and by all accounts some of them were as good in looks as they had on many occasions proved in deeds. Those owned by the Rev. John Russell have acquired a world-wide reputation, yet we look in vain for many remnants of the strain in the stud books, and the county of broad acres has once again distanced the southern one in the race for money. But, although the generous clerical sportsman occasionally consented to judge terriers at some of the local shows in the West, he was not much of a believer in such exhibitions. So far as dogs, and horses too, were concerned, with him it was "handsome is that handsome does," and so long as it did its work properly, one short leg and three long ones was no eye-sore in any terrier owned by this popular west country parson. How he came to obtain a strain of them at all is admirably told in his Memoir by the author of "Dartmoor Days."

"Russell had been in residence some fourteen terms, and was now, with a view to his final examination, busily employed in preparing for the schools and furbishing up his old Tiverton armour, which he was not slow to discover had grown somewhat rusty by habitual disuse and the easy conditions of his college life. His degree being of paramount importance to him, the short period that now remained for getting up his books was naturally accompanied by the inevitable doubt and anxiety which even the ablest scholars are apt to feel at such a time.

"It was on a glorious afternoon towards the end of May, when strolling round Magdalen Meadow with Horace in hand, but Beckford in his head, he emerged from the

classic shade of Addison's Walk, crossed the Cherwell in a punt, and passed over in the direction of Marston, hoping to devote an hour or two to study in the quiet meads of that hamlet near the charming slopes of Elsfield, or in the deeper and more secluded haunts of Shotover Wood. But before he had reached Marston, a milkman met him with a terrier, such an animal as Russell had as yet only seen in his dreams; he halted as Actæon might have done when he caught sight of Diana disporting in her bath, but, unlike that ill-fated hunter, he never budged from the spot till he had won the prize and secured it for his own. She was called Trump, and became the progenitress of that famous race of terriers which from that day to the present have been associated with Russell's name at home and abroad, his able and keen coadjutors in the hunting field. An oil painting of Trump is still in existence, and is, I believe, possessed by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, but, as a copy executed by a fair and talented artist is now in my possession, and was acknowledged by Russell to be not only an admirable likeness of the original, but equally good as a type of the race in general, I will try, however imperfectly, to describe the portrait as it now lies before me.

“ In the first place, the colour is white, with just a patch of dark tan over each eye and ear, while a similar dot not larger than a penny piece marks the root of the tail. The coat, which is thick, close, and a trifle wiry, is calculated to protect the body from wet and cold, but has no affinity with the long rough jacket of a Scotch terrier. The legs are straight as arrows, the feet perfect, the loins and conformation of the whole frame indicative of hardihood and endurance, while the size and height of the animal may be

compared to that of a full-grown vixen fox. 'I seldom or ever see a real fox terrier nowadays,' said Russell recently to a friend who was inspecting a dog show containing a hundred and fifty entries under that denomination; 'they have so intermingled strange blood with the real article, that if he were not informed, it would puzzle Professor Bell himself to discover what race the so-called fox terrier belongs to.'

A most ridiculous description of how the modern fox terrier has been bred from the Italian greyhound, beagle, and smooth-coated terrier or bulldog cross follows, and of the blood of the latter Russell is said to have spoken in high terms of praise, and his opinion is at any rate worth having in this matter.

The author of the memoir continues: "The bulldog blood thus infused imparts courage, it is true, to the so-called terrier; he is matchless at killing any number of rats in a given time, will fight any dog of his weight in a Westminster pit, draw a badger heavier than himself out of his long box, and turn up a tom cat possessed even of ten lives before poor pussy can utter a wail. But the ferocity of that blood is in reality ill-suited, nay, is fatal, to foxhunting purposes, for a terrier that goes to ground and fastens on his fox, as one so bred will do, is far more likely to spoil sport than promote it; he goes in to kill, not to bolt the object of his attack.

"Besides, such animals, if more than one slip into a fox earth, are too apt to forget the game and fight each other, the death of one being occasionally the result of such encounters. Hence, Russell may well have been proud of the pure pedigree he had so long possessed, and so carefully watched over. Tartars they were,

and ever have been, beyond all doubt, going up to their fox in any earth, facing him alternately with hard words and harder nibs, until at length he is forced to quit his stronghold and trust to the open for better security.

“A fox thus bolted is rarely a pin the worse for the skirmish; he has had fair play given him, and instead of being half strangled is fit to flee for his life. The hounds, too, have their chance, and the field are not balked of their expected run.

“Russell’s country was technically known as a hollow one—that is, a country in which rocky fastnesses and earths excavated by badgers abound in every direction. Consequently, on every hunting day, a terrier or two invariably accompanied him to the field, and certainly no general ever depended with more trust on the services of an aide-de-camp than he on those of his terriers. If in chase they could not always live with the pack, still they stuck to the line, and were sure to be there or thereabouts when they were wanted if the hounds threw up even for a minute.

“‘I like them to throw their tongue freely when face to face with their enemy,’ said Russell, one day, as he stood listening to his famous dog Tip marking energetically in a long drain some six feet below the surface; ‘you know then where they are and what they’re about.’

“Entered early, and only at fox, Russell’s terriers were as steady from riot as the staunchest of his hounds, so that running together with them, and never passing over an earth without drawing it, they gave a fox, whether above ground or below it, but a poor chance of not being found by one or the other. A squeak from a terrier was the sure signal of a find, and there was not a hound in the

pack that would not fly to it as eagerly as to Russell's horn or his own wild and marvellous scream. This steadiness from riot was, of course, the result of early education on one object, the fox; nor did Russell consider it needful to train his terriers by progressive steps like others have done.

"A hundred anecdotes might be related of the wondrous sagacity displayed in chase by Russell's terriers, but as Tip's name has been already mentioned, one of his many feats will suffice to show, not merely the large amount of instinctive faculty, but the almost reasoning power with which that dog was endowed.

"Russell himself told me the story, as some thirty years ago, in going to cover, he drew my attention to a deep combe not far from Lidcote Hall, the seat of Sir Hugh, and the birthplace of poor Amy Robsart.

"'Do you see,' he said, 'that dark patch of hanging gorse hemmed in on the northern side by yonder knoll? Well, I've seen many a good run from that sheltered nook. On one occasion, however, I had found a fox, which, in spite of a trimming scent, contrived to beat us by reaching Gray's Holts, and going to ground before we could catch him. Now those earths are fathomless, and interminable as the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. They are so called Gray from the old Devonshire name signifying a badger, a number of those animals having long occupied that spot. Consequently, such a fortress once gained is not easily to be stormed even by Tip or the stoutest foe.

"'Again we found that fox a second time, and now while the hounds were in close pursuit and driving hard, to my infinite surprise I saw Tip going off at full speed in quite a different direction.

“ “ He’s off, sir, to Gray’s Holts. I know he is,” shouted Jack Yelland, the whip, as he called my attention to the line of country the dog was then taking. That proved to be the case. The fox had scarcely been ten minutes on foot when the dog, either by instinct, or, as I believe, by some power akin to reason, putting two and two together, came to the conclusion that the real object of the fox was to gain Gray’s Holts, although the hounds were by no means pointing in that direction. It was exactly as if the dog had said to himself: “No, no, you’re the same fox I know that gave us the slip once before, but you’re not going to play us that trick again.”

“ ‘Tip’s deduction was accurately correct, for the fox, after a turn or two in covert, put his nose directly for Gray’s Holts, hoping, beyond a doubt, to gain that city of refuge once more, and then to whisk his brush in the face of his foes. But in this manœuvre he was fairly out-generalled by the dog’s tactics. Tip had taken a short cut, the chord of the arc, and, as the hounds raced by at some distance off, there I saw him,’ continued Russell, ‘dancing about on Gray’s Holts, throwing his tongue frantically, and doing his utmost by noise and gesture to scare away the fox from approaching the earths. Perfect success crowned the manœuvre, the fox, not daring to face the lion in his path, gave the spot a wide berth, while the hounds, carrying a fine head, passed on to the heather, and after a clinking run killed him on the open moor.’

“Tip scarcely ever missed a day for several seasons, never appeared fatigued, though he occasionally went from fifteen to twenty miles to covert. He died at last from asthma in the Chorley earths, Russell having dug up to him and the fox in half-an-hour, but to his master’s great grief

the poor old dog was quite dead. Russell looked upon his terriers as his fireside friends, the penates of his home; nor was he ever happier than when to some congenial spirit he was recording the service they had done him in bygone days; and vast indeed was the store from which he drew so many interesting facts connected with their history. One peculiarity of Tip's, however, must not be omitted: on a hunting morning no man on earth could catch him after he had once seen Russell with his top boots on.

“Nettle, too, a prodigy of courage and sagacity, would follow no one but her master, and not even him except the hounds were at his heels, knowing full well that her services were only required in connection with the hunting field. Then there was the one-eyed Nelson, a genius in his way, and in point of valour a worthy namesake of England's immortal hero. Russell had run a fox to ground near Tetcott, the seat of Sir William Molesworth, but tiers of passages one under the other rendered the earth so perfect a honeycomb that the terriers were soon puzzled, nor did the diggers know what line to follow, there was scent everywhere. Nelson at length came out and at some distance off commenced digging at the greensward ‘Here's the fox,’ said Russell, ‘under Nelson's nose or I'll forfeit my head.’ The dog went in again, and, marking hard and sharp under that very spot, the men broke ground and speedily came upon the fox. Russell then, with his arm bared, drew him forth, and, setting him on his legs, treated his field to as merry a ten minutes over that wild country as man's heart could ever wish to enjoy.”

Terriers bearing credentials so bright and high ought

surely to have become more popular than is the case, and, although occasionally one has heard of some show dog with this Devonshire blood on his grandsire's or grandam's side, the stud books do not quite reliably prove such to be the case. A dog like either Tip or Trump, if as good looking as described, would surely have been fitted for the show bench, and if a bit ragged in jacket and a trifle heavy at the shoulders such defects would not have been quite fatal to success in the eyes of the right sort of judges.

That this blood is valued highly at the present day I have every reason to believe, as I hear that a few such terriers at this moment remain in the West of England. Mr. C. G. Archer, of Trelaske, Cornwall, still keeps a couple or two, and puppies from this strain now and then find their way to other parts of the country. A gentleman has communicated with me as the possessor of just such a dog as Trump, described on another page. Still, he does not find that strain as it were "nick" well with others, and he was consequently anxious to obtain some other of the Devonshire cross in order to maintain the breed in all its excellence. Mr. Archer tells me that he has had his terriers for over thirty years, first obtaining them from his friend the Rev. J. Russell, and from his uncle, Mr. Walter Radcliffe, of Warleigh Hall. The breed has been kept pure and distinct, the dogs weigh 18lb., the bitches from 15lb. to 16lb.; they are wire-haired, and in colour, white, with more or less black and tan markings, and without the slightest appearance of bulldog strain. Their owner gives them an excellent character when he says they are very hardy, inasmuch as they will go to ground anywhere, run all day with hounds, and for pluck and

endurance he has never seen their equal with either fox, otter, or badger.

Perhaps here it may be well to follow the Rev. John Russell's terriers by mentioning one or two of the similar special strains which have not been bred for show purposes, and which perhaps may be defective in some little matter of straightness of fore legs, and not so long and narrow in the head as the "show-bench man" desires. Such as have been always bred for work and reared in kennels are hardier than the usual show strain, and can do a long day's hard work and walk happily home on its conclusion. The Edwardes', near Haverfordwest, have the Sealy Ham terriers, called after the family's country seat there. This is a short-legged, long-bodied, wire-haired terrier, mostly white in colour, with black or brown or brown and black markings; sometimes, like the ordinary fox terrier, it is pure white, and from 16lb. to 18lb. in weight. It is described to be of unflinching courage and a hard biter; such a dog ought to be useful in improving the coat and general character of the modern "wire-hair," which certainly appears to require a fillip some way or other. The late Captain Edwardes, like all his family, was a devoted admirer of these little dogs, and was usually accompanied by a couple or so, even to the extent of taking them on to the platform with him at public meetings. He claimed for them great antiquity, as having been in their family a hundred years or more, and urged their ability to kill even a full-grown otter single-handed. The latter is what no terrier ever could do or will be able to do, although statements of such a thing having taken place repeatedly reach me, but proof is never forthcoming, and on inquiry I have invariably found that sticks and stones, iron-caulked boots, and

weapons of various kinds have done more to take the life of the poor otter than the bites of the animal for whom such a victory has been claimed. The Sealy Ham terrier is comparatively unknown out of that part of the Principality in which it is bred ; it seldom appears on the show bench, although about four years ago, in a class for "working terriers" Captain Edwardes exhibited one called Tip at Haverfordwest. Of this dog it was stated in the catalogue that its pedigree was known for a hundred years, and that it was warranted to go to ground to fox, badger, and otter.

An excellent strain of wire-haired terriers is carefully bred by Mr. J. H. B. Cowley, of Callipers, near King's Langley. Here, again, is a short-legged, long-bodied, hard-coated dog. I know of my own experience that there is no better strain for work, and Mr. Cowley is to be congratulated and thanked for having established a variety which, even more than the Sealy Ham terrier, is likely to be used for crossing the "show dog" with advantage to the latter. Mr. Cowley's dogs are bred for doing the work for which the terrier was originally brought into the world. It is a treat to see them either making their way to the badger or fox, or in the more plebeian yet equally enjoyable diversion of rat-hunting. Their owner follows the latter as one of the "fine arts." He has all sorts of appliances in the form of nets, rods, &c., with which to catch the rats when the terriers cannot reach them, and when they have been driven about by the ferrets. Mr. Cowley can set half a dozen of his dogs to watch half a dozen different holes, some within the buildings, some outside. A rat scuttles about, bolts, and is quickly snapped up by the terrier watching for him ; but another terrier

only a few feet away takes no heed of this, but watches his own hole and patiently awaits the appearance of his rodent. From the work I saw not long ago, I came to the conclusion that, in addition to being "game," these short-legged, smart little wire-hairs were exceedingly sagacious and easily kept under command—the latter about as valuable a commodity as the former.

Mr. Cowley, who usually keeps from four to six couples of fully-grown terriers in his kennels, says some of them are so game when underground that they receive a greater amount of punishment from a wild badger than would a less hard-fighting dog. Mr. Cowley obtained his first dog from Patrick, stud groom to the Old Surrey Foxhounds, a wire-haired bitch which showed a little of the bulldog about her face and eyes. She was bred to a son of the whilom smooth-coated notability Tyrant; both were very game. Then puppies from this cross were put to a cross-bred bitch called Sting, which came out of Cornwall; she was particularly useful in every way, and directly from her are descended most of the present inmates of the kennels at Callipers. From time to time fresh blood has, however, been introduced from the hardiest strains of the modern show dog, pains always being taken to select the short-legged, low-set terriers, which are considered by Mr. Cowley to be the best for his purpose, for work underground, where he believes long legs are actually in the way. At any rate, this is his opinion. I, however, consider that in a mountainous district where the earths are extensive and amongst the rocks, a rather long-legged dog is better than a short-legged one, as the former can scramble over the boulders better than the latter, and is generally more active. However, Mr. Cowley proceeds to say that

in selecting his puppies he prefers the shorter-legged ones, which, if they enter all right, are kept and crossed as occasion may require. No dog is, however, used unless his credentials as a worker are of the best, and his care in this has no doubt been the leading cause for the success of his strain.

“The points I try to breed for,” continues Mr. Cowley, “are especially a long, powerful head, small drop ears, and weather-resisting jackets; if a little long in the back, they are none the worse for work underground, where they can turn and twist about better than a very short-coupled dog. Nearly all animals that live much underground are made thus, long in the body compared to the length of the legs, such as moles, weasels, polecats, badgers, &c.

“I try to breed my terriers as straight in the legs as I can, but, like most short-legged members of the canine race—dachshunds, Basset hounds, Dandie Dinmonts, Scottish terriers, and some spaniels, to wit—it is difficult to get them perfectly straight. I would not draft an otherwise good dog because he turns his toes out. As for weight, I like 16lb. for dogs, and 14½lb. for bitches. At these weights they can possess bone enough and have their ribs sufficiently well sprung, and need not possess such exaggerated narrow fronts which a big dog must have if he is to get into an ordinary-sized earth—suffering, consequently, from insufficient room for play of lungs and heart. For all work that a terrier is called upon to do, I think a 16lb. dog is the best.”

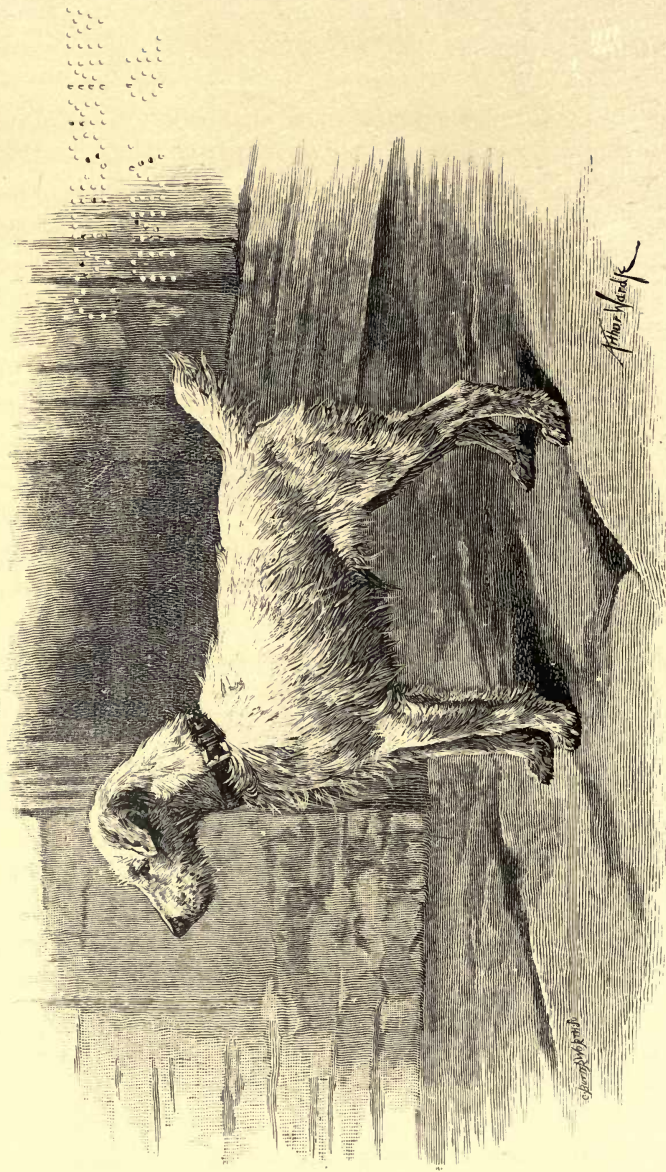
So say I, and it is because there was, and is, a tendency to get our fox terriers, both rough and smooth, too big, that recourse has been had to breeding them with narrow, unnatural fronts, giving a stiltiness and stiffness to their

possessors which are most objectionable features in a terrier. Moreover, the shoulders are thus made to appear too upright.

There are doubtless other strains of working terriers in addition to such as I have already named, but none of them, so far as I am aware, have sufficient identity and character of their own to merit special recognition, and, besides, most of these local varieties are, as a rule, brown, or black, or dark in colour, which is very much against them in the field of sport. Scottish terriers, Welsh terriers—indeed, any kind of terrier not white—used with a pack, is liable to be killed, hounds in their eagerness and excitement too often taking their willing little assistant for the fox or otter and acting accordingly. Many a good terrier has so met an untimely end, whilst had he been white no such fatality would have befallen him. And similar remarks apply to dark-coloured terriers when used with the gun in covert, for a careless shooter is only too apt to take Scottie, or Taffy, or Paddy for what he is not, and give the poor dog a charge of the shot which was intended for the hare or rabbit.

Remarks made earlier with regard to the character of the smooth apply equally to the wire-haired terriers; and where the latter are not able to bolt a fox or otter, the reason is because they have never been educated so to do. Here is Mr. W. Carrick's prize dog, Carlisle Tack; look at him, and does there appear to be any reason to doubt his gameness? A terrier every inch, built on racing lines almost, without any lumber about him, and with powerful jaws; the artist having flattered him in the latter respect as he has done in coat. His weight is 17lb., he is all white in colour, was born May 5th, 1884, and has won many

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CARLISLE TACK.

prizes (including the fifty guinea challenge cup offered by the Fox Terrier Club), at all the leading shows. Tack is generally considered to be almost the best of his variety ever exhibited. His chief defect lies in a scantiness of coat on his sides and ribs, and down his legs, but what there is, is of good, hard quality. Why the jacket is thin can easily be seen, for his sire Trick had for his dam Patch, a smooth-coated bitch by Buffet out of Milly, who was likewise a smooth-coated bitch descended from the Trimmer family. This Patch must not be confounded with other terriers of that name, as has been the case, for she was owned by Mr. A. Maxwell, and was not the bitch of Mr. Proctor's, that came from an adjoining district in Durham. Tack's mother was the wire-haired bitch Lill Foiler, whose dam was said to be a grand-daughter of the Rev. J. Russell's Fuss, but whether this was the case is doubtful. Lill Foiler, too, had "smooth blood" in her veins, and possibly to the late Jester, sire of Trick, a pure terrier of the old stamp, Tack owes his quality. Indeed, Jester has been of such service in promoting the excellence of at least one side of the present, that some description of him may be given. Tack, at the time of writing (at the close of 1894), is still in good health and form, evidently having taken a fresh lease of life after his retirement from the show bench half-a-dozen years or so ago, and a son or two of his were shown at Derby in November, 1894.

Jester, by Pincher out of Fan, born in September, 1877, was bred by Mr. S. Rawlinson, Newton Morrell, near Darlington. There were three in the litter, all dogs, two died in puppyhood, and his sire being sold, the alliance between him and Fan was not repeated. Jester's dam came from Mr. M. Dodds, Stockton-on-Tees, son of an

ex-member of Parliament for that borough, and not to be confounded with Jack Dodds, from whom the last owner of Jester, Mr. A. Maxwell, Croft, purchased his favourite. Jack Dodds is brother to George Dodds, for many years huntsman to the Hurworth, and who, in his now advancing years, has charge of Mr. T. Wilkinson's otter hounds at Neasham. It is very curious that with such a dog, and one that has produced such stock, the pedigree cannot be traced any further than given here. His sire Pincher was a prize winner on many occasions, and, between 1869-71, was, with Mr. Donald Graham's Venom, considered the best specimen of the day.

Jester, up to his twelfth year, was as strong on his feet as ever, and hardly possessed a broken or cankered tooth in his head. His constitution thus must have been thoroughly sound. He was not shown until five years old, when he won first prize at Knightsbridge, on the occasion of the Fox Terrier Club's Show being held there, and later he scored further successes, never being shown without some card of honour. Weighing 18lb., Jester had a coat like pin wire, plenty of it down his sides and legs, even to his feet, which are thickly padded and close; he excels, too, in the colour of his eyes, and the ears are small and well carried. He died when he was over fourteen years old, and has a memorial mound erected to his memory at Croft.

Prior to the introduction of the Jester blood, and so early as 1876, a strain was developing, which came from a terrier called Broom, shown by Mr. Henry Lacey, of Manchester, in 1875 and later, and although this was a dog I never liked, and looked a commoner (he had no pedigree whatever, and could not even boast of being

sprung from an eminent North Yorkshire strain like Jester could), his influence remains to this day, and many of his descendants have proved as good terriers as man could desire, *i.e.*, so far as looks are concerned.

A short *résumé* of the connecting links between the best wire-haired terriers from that time until the present, may be interesting, and from Broom to Mr. G. F. Richardson's Bramble, who took rank as one of the best of her variety, is not a great leap. Her size was her one fault, she being a well-made strongly-backed bitch, scaling well on to 20lb. weight. She was a granddaughter of Shirley's Tip, and following her may be mentioned Young Broom, who, though by no means a good one to look at, has likewise left his mark in another direction, by being the sire of Mr. Colmore's (Burton-on-Trent) Turk. Then there pops in Jack Terry's (Nottingham) Pincher, and this animal, though moderate in appearance, through Gyp became the grandsire of Burton Wild Briar. Mr. Lindsay Hogg's (Middlesex) Topper, a successful terrier on the bench, is a common enough name in modern pedigrees, as is that of his sire Sir W. Johnstone's Topper, the latter through Mr. Richardson's Splinter. The year after Mr. Hogg's dog had made his *début*, Birch and Thorn appeared, and some breeders consider that the fine terrier-like expression, lovely eyes, and general quality possessed by Brittle (a dog now in America, but when the property of Mr. Reginald F. Mayhew in this country most successful on the bench) are inherited from this Thorn (who may be better known as Spike), and which in turn Brittle has so often transferred to his progeny.

With the exception of Cleveland Laddie (one of the fine charactered Yorkshire strains). Badger and Brush, few

good terriers were produced for some time, until possibly 1880, when Balance, Oakleigh Topper, Teazole, Toiler, Victor, Bundle, Nellie II., and Nellie III. (important as regards Vora's pedigree), and Balance were all introduced to the show bench. Such an array of wire-haired terriers had not previously been seen; and Teazole was, perhaps, all round, as good a dog as has been produced since, but he was too big. From this period the wire-haired terrier became able to compete in quality, if not in quantity, with his more elegantly coated cousins, but not until some years later did the time arrive when, at York Terrier Show in 1888, the judges were able to place a team of the wire-haired variety over one of smooths for uniformity of type, excellence, and quality, and those who favoured the former were jubilant at the victory. Such competitions were not long continued, and now there is a rule of the Fox Terrier Club which discourages the wire-haired and smooth fox terriers being pitted against each other.

Amongst more modern celebrities must be mentioned that excellent dog Briggs, once owned by Mr. F. Waddington, Bishop Auckland, which, after becoming the champion of the day, was sold to the present Lord Lonsdale, and ultimately, on account of his disputed pedigree, proved the hero of one of the most celebrated canine law cases of our time. No one needed a better-looking dog than Briggs, for, handsome and workmanlike, he possessed the once orthodox richly coloured black and tan head and a white body; was game, had plenty of coat of the best texture, and his constitution was robust and good. His breeding and pedigree are unknown to me, nor do the Kennel Club Stud Books throw any light upon the subject.

Mr. F. H. Field's (later Lord Lonsdale's) Miss Miggs

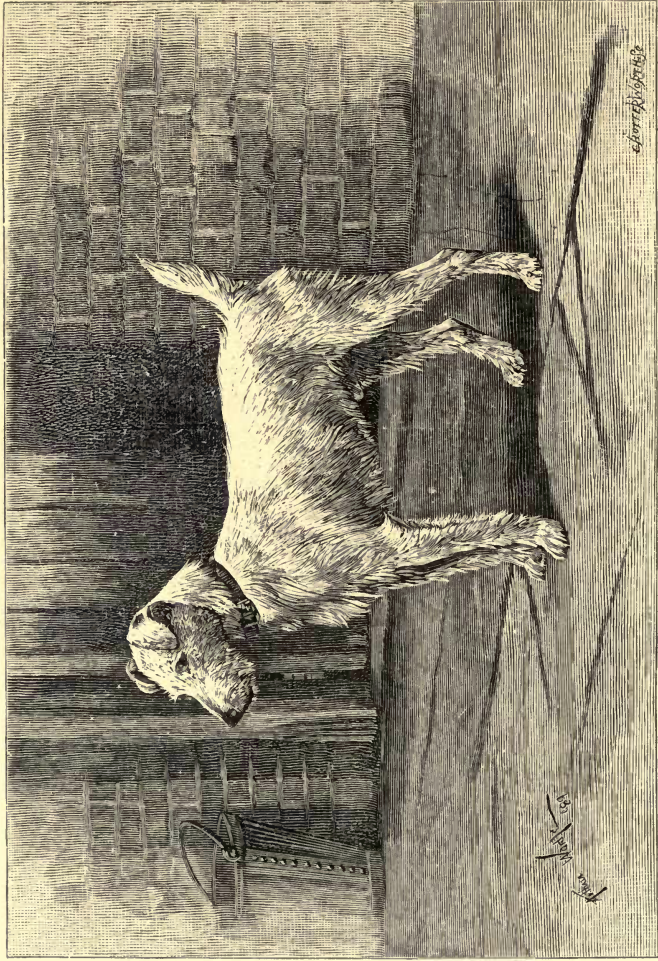
has been said to be, by some good judges, the best of all the wire-haired fox terriers of any time, and indeed there was little fault to find with her even if she were 19lb. weight, which her traducers said was the case. Possibly she could gallop faster than Briggs, for she was leggier and not so deep in the chest, and her less gaudy markings lent to her a gamer and hardier appearance than the "great assize trial" dog possessed. Miss Miggs had a sister, too, called Mischief, an earlier litter, almost as good as herself; and Mr. Carrick's Vora, with her well-shaped head and perfection in character, must not be forgotten. This was a bitch not quite so straight on her fore legs as she might be, but one of the workmanlike sort; so was that charming little dog Mr. J. W. Corner's Eskdale Tzar, a special favourite of mine, and, though not more than 15lb. weight, he looked able to do anything that could be required of him, and his beautifully dark eyes, bright, determined look out, hard coat and equality of build and form made him a difficult dog to beat anywhere.

About this period I, from time to time, judged several excellent classes of wire-haired terriers at Darlington and other shows in the north, and was much struck with the extraordinary character some of the, so-called, commoner bred dogs possessed. They might be a little wide in front, or wrong a little one way or another, still there was no getting over the fact that they were terriers. Occasionally it became somewhat difficult to award the prizes, for a wide chest or one crooked leg, a sprung toe, lightish bone, softish coat, biggish ears, might be possessed in turn by some of the best animals. Character with me always had its effect, and a dog that looks game and determined is pretty well sure to be so. Master Johnson, of Croft,

showed a terrier 20lb. weight or more, which, but for his large size, would have been the best of his day. A softish coated dog, Mr. M. Harrison's Ajax, which I gave some prizes to, I again met, this time away in Dorsetshire, at the Sherbourne Hound Show in 1885, where, exhibited under the name of Lynx by Moss, Lord Portman's huntsman, he took the first prize for terriers that had run with hounds. On inquiry I found he was good at his work, and in every way a credit to the north-country strain from which he sprang. He was always about the place when reynard required shifting from his stronghold, and could drive him with but little trouble.

North Star (afterwards Sam Weller), another good one, but a bad shower and requiring trimming, I should say, did as well in the south as in the north, being for a year or two often in the prize lists. This dog had an abundance of coat, but such celebrities as Timothy Foiler formed one of a galaxy not so well off in this respect. Trick, another of Mr. Carrick's, was a good sort of dog, though a little common in appearance, and showing, to one with even half an eye to character, that he was a little bit of the "creole" as crossed between the two varieties.

Although I have already mentioned a number of tip-top terriers from the border city, another dog equal to any was awaiting us at the Kennel Club's Show, which took place in February, 1889, at the Alexandra Palace. This was a white puppy called Carlisle Tyro, just about the right size for his age, 17lb. in weight, and allowed to be the best of his kind seen, at any rate of late years, by Tack (whose portrait is given elsewhere) from Vice. Tyro was pupped on February 29th, 1888, thus being well on to



CARLISLE TYRO.

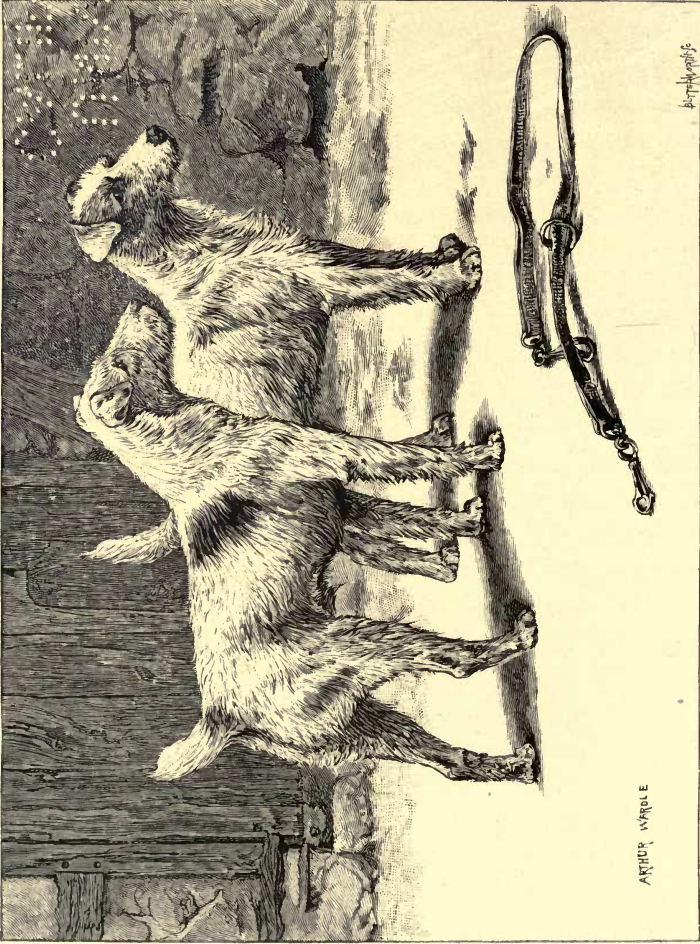
twelve months old when he first appeared on the show bench. This initial success was unprecedented, for, not only did he win first prize in the puppy class, with that right good judge Mr. Harding Cox officiating, but also secured leading honours in the open dog class, in the one for novices, and the produce stakes too, which brought in altogether 17*l.*, not a bad stroke of business by any means for a youngster. In addition to these money prizes Tyro also beat all other wire-haired for the Fifty Guinea Challenge Cup and the extra Twenty-five Pound Cup for the best of all the fox terriers, rough and smooth, in the aforesaid produce stakes. This young dog's winnings were considerably over 90*l.* Tyro takes after his sire in beauty and keenness of expression, but is a little stronger in jaw, possesses smaller ears, and excels him in quantity of coat; in the latter lies Tack's greatest fault. Tyro's shoulders and loins, too, are powerful, his stern is neatly set on, his stifles are well turned, and his fore legs and feet are very good, though he at times stands not quite straight on them; which fault, if it be one at all, prevents his having that wooden and stiff appearance nearly all the absolutely straight-legged terriers possess. I should like Tyro a little better were the pads of his feet thicker, and had he more hair down his legs. Still, the latter cannot be expected in a terrier bred as he is with smooth-coated strains in the parentage of both his sire and dam. The wonder is that his coat is as perfect as it is.

Tyro's successful show bench career (though he still survives as a good workman and pleasant companion) was brought to an untimely and unexpected termination in the summer of the same year that had introduced him to the public. Exhibited at the Kennel Club's Show held at Olympia in

July, he was awarded the Challenge Cup and other prizes by the judge, Mr. A. Maxwell—himself a well-known popular and highly-successful breeder of wire-haired terriers. On the day following the one on which the prizes had been announced, Mr. Maxwell made a further examination of Tyro, with the result that he formally protested against the dog, on the grounds that the ears had been tampered with for the purpose of making them hang or drop properly. The matter came before the committee of the Kennel Club in due course, the protest was sustained, the dog disqualified, and all his honours were taken from him. Nor did an appeal and a subsequent re-opening of the matter four months later result in any further light being thrown on the proceedings. There were marks on the dog's ears, but it was stated they arose from scratches made by pig iron, amongst which the puppy had been reared at Barrow-in-Furness. Mr. Carrick was so much aggrieved at the decision of the Kennel Club in the matter that he immediately announced his intention of never exhibiting his terriers again, a decision by which he still abides.

With the disqualification of Tyro, Mr. C. W. Wharton's Bushey Broom was awarded the Challenge Cup. This was a very good terrier indeed, and a much improved one since he first made his appearance on the show bench as Hermit. Then his nose had more than an inclination to be flesh-coloured, but it gradually darkened with increasing age, and at the time he took the Challenge Cup there was no fault to find with him in this particular, and little in any other. An all white dog, built very much on the lines of Carlisle Tack, weighing 17lb., he is only beaten by the Carlisle dogs in length of head. Bushey Broom's coat is hard, and fairly dense; his neck, shoulders, and front are

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JACK ST. LEGER AND CHARNWOOD MARION.

quite good, so are his feet and ears. Moreover, his expression is keen and terrier-like, and whenever Mr. Wharton's dog was in the class there was always a struggle as to whether he or an opponent secured the chief trophy. Bushey Broom was not quite two years old when he won this challenge cup. Mr. W. R. Mann had bred him, Mr. Wharton purchased him for 25*l.*; and he was very cheap at the money, for his pedigree is good, his sire being Oakleigh Hornet, by Foiler Broad—Cleveland Terra, a granddaughter of Topper's, whilst his dam Whinblossom was by Teazole—Nettle. Later, Bushey Broom was sold to Mr. H. L. Hopkins for £150, and continued his public career until by accident he lost one of his legs.

At the Crystal Palace Company's first show, held in October, 1889, Mr. Harry Jones introduced a wire-haired puppy, bearing the somewhat odd name of Jack St. Leger, by Knavesmire Jest—Jeannie Deans, by Raffle—Deacon Diamond: rather an odd pedigree for the hard-coated, game-looking puppy which Jack St. Leger is. A terrier of an old-fashioned stamp, short-legged and long-bodied, he excels in the length of his head and strength of his jaw. But all round he is an extra-special sort of terrier, strong in bone, powerful in loin, and looking all over a thorough worker. Still, I believe that his shorter legs and longer body than those possessed by the whilom crack Tack should always place him below that excellent representative. The high opinion expressed of Jack St. Leger was amply maintained when he won three first prizes and the cup at the National Exhibition at Birmingham in December, 1891, he having in the meantime become the property of Mr. A. E. Clear, of Maldon, Essex. Jack has continued his victorious career up to the time this is being written, and

proved himself once more the Birmingham champion by taking chief honours there in 1894.

Pickering Nailer, of considerable merit in many respects, like most of those bred in the district implied by his name, was considered too big—I did not think him 20lb. weight—to please fashionable and fastidious modern taste, but he possessed a great recommendation, to the like of which no other modern representative lays claim. He was said to contain not even the most remote cross of the smooth variety, which may or may not be correct. Those who know his breed do not doubt the truth of this, but for aught we know Old Jester can lay a similar claim, for we are not aware that he contained any of the smooth-coated strains. Nailer was sire of several more than fair animals, Mr. Maxwell's Miss Taylor being the best of them. Brittle (for long resident in the United States), already mentioned as one of our leading wire-hairs, born in the midlands, had one of the hardest of coats, and no dog of his day excelled him in head, ears, and correctness of size. A little wideness at the shoulders and fore legs and shortness in neck I may say are about his only defects. Cavendish, Jack Frost, Barton Marvel, Jack's Yarn, Liffey, Dr. Beatty's Foiler, Tees Nap, Tees Topper, Lord Edward, Dirleton Nettle, Master Broom, deserve special mention, but before all will come the acknowledged champion bitch of her day, Mr. Sutcliffe's Quantock Nettle. Since her *début* at the Kennel Club Show as a puppy in 1887, where she was exhibited by her breeder, Mr. H. A. W. Aylesbury, Bishop's Lydeard, up to her retirement three or four years later, she was scarcely ever beaten by one of her own sex, and, with the exception of the rather large size of her ears, little fault could be found with her. Built much on the lines of Briggs, though

on shorter limbs and longer in body, her chest was unusually deep, she stood on straight legs, and was unusually powerful for an animal of her size. She was a daughter of Trick's from Lady Hazel, by Filbert—Lady Relish, by Raby Pickle.

An oddly-named terrier was the above-named Filbert, previously known as Pulborough Jumbo, a black-headed, determined-looking, rather leggy dog, who, from being entered in a catalogue at something like 7*l.*, came to be sold for 100*l.* He did considerable winning in his day (about 1886-7), and a person, who told me he was his breeder, related some strange stories as to its career. Jumbo was a cross-bred dog, said the man, and should have been drowned as a puppy; somehow he escaped that fate as he did a second time when the cord was around his neck. Mr. Nutt got hold of him, showed him successfully, and then sold him as stated. Some dogs, like some human beings, have their ups and downs in this life, but Jumbo was a commoner in appearance, though a game-looking terrier, and I need scarcely say that his pedigree is not to be found in the stud book.

I am afraid that within the past four years the wire-haired fox terrier has not been improving, and certainly no dog or bitch of any unusual excellence, or, to my mind, so good as some of a few years previous, has appeared. This is doubtless due to the continued crossing of the old hard-coated strain with the more modern smooth terrier. Besides, there has, somehow or other, been brought about an undue development of coat, soft and fluffy, which required artificial treatment to make it at all presentable. Indeed it has been said to be almost one of the "fine arts" of dog showing to be able to place a modern wire-haired fox terrier in proper fashion before the

judge. Two or three very glaring cases of trimming, by plucking, singeing, or cutting, were pointed out to me at the autumn show of the Kennel Club in 1894. But what seems to be everybody's business turns out to be nobody's, and the result is that no protests are made against the awards of prizes to dogs so trimmed, and so things go from bad to worse. And not always the most faulty are made an example of, for at the Fox Terrier Club's Show at Derby five terriers belonging to a well-known exhibitor were disqualified at the instigation of the judge, Mr. J. J. Pim, for having their coats artificially "crispended" by the use of magnesia. This disqualification caused a considerable sensation at the time.

Perhaps this practice of trimming is the reason why so many of the older exhibitors have discontinued their connection with the variety—Mr. Percy Reid, Mr. Lindsay Hogg, Mr. S. E. Shirley, Mr. Harding Cox, Mr. W. Carrick, Mr. Colmore, and Mr. F. H. Field, to wit. Nor have their places yet been occupied, though Sir Humphrey de Trafford and Mr. A. E. Clear have large kennels of "wire-hairs" at the present time, and several good specimens. Mr. C. W. Wharton keeps showing some more than fair dogs, and so do Mr. S. Hill (Sheffield), Mr. C. Bartle (Wellingboro'), Messrs. Castle and Shannon, Mr. J. Izod, Mr. Thurnall, near Kettering, and Mr. A. Damarell, in Devonshire. From Beverley Mr. E. Welburn at times brings out dogs of unusual excellence—Prompter and Roper's Nutcrack, to wit. The former, judging from results, was certainly the dog of his year, for he won the Fox Terrier Club's challenge cup on more than one occasion, and until 1894, when he courted defeat by being shown in poor condition and coat, was always a hard nut to crack. He did, perhaps, best

in 1892, when he won at Birmingham, the Crystal Palace, and elsewhere.

The sensational wire-haired terrier of 1894 was undoubtedly the young dog Roper's Nutcrack, which Mr. E. Welburn introduced at Manchester, where, after winning all before him under Mr. J. A. Doyle, was claimed by Sir Humphrey de Trafford at the catalogued price of 150*l.* This dog was bred at Penrith, but his blood is not fashionable, for which the terrier is not a bit the worse. He is rather heavily-built, and, to my mind, does not possess the character shown by such dogs as Tack, Jack St. Leger, and others already alluded to. Something of the type of the latter is a young bitch Mr. Luke Turner showed at the Kennel Club's Show in October of the same year in which Nutcrack came into prominence. This was a tan-marked terrier called Charnwood Marion, who made a most successful *début*, and, although not in the best of form for the bench, pretty easily disposed of most of her formidable opponents. How good she is will be easily seen from her portrait on a preceding page.

But I am perhaps rather anticipating, for there are other "cracks" to note which made an earlier opening—Mr. Clear's Cribbage, who went to America, and his Jigger, to wit, both of the highest class. Then Cauldwell Nailor has done quite his full share of winning—a dog which was purchased for about 20*l.* by Mr. Thurnall, and afterwards went to Mr. Harding Cox for about six times that sum. He was but second class. Mr. A. Mutter, of Wandsworth, as soon as Lord Edward had retired, brought out another extra good terrier in the form of his pugilistically-named Tipton Slasher. This is one of the stamp of terriers after my own heart, and I do not think any the worse of him for

the brindled mark he has on his head or face. At the last Guildford Show it was hard lines that he was not awarded the special for the best sporting dog in the show, and for the best fox terrier, for he had won in a very good class, and is, in my humble opinion, a much better terrier than the smooth bitch of Mr. Gillett's which was placed over him.

Mr. F. Baguley, of Wyck Hill, Gloucester, sometimes brings to the shows wire-haired terriers of character and possessing the right type, his Daylesford Brush being particularly noteworthy. Mr. Izod's Valuer and Velocity have likewise made names for themselves, and so have Mr. S. A. Moore's Rustic Marvel, Mr. T. Watson's Pollok Tina, Mr. Mutter's Surrey Janet (now in Canada); more than useful is the puppy of Mr. Thurnall's called Cauldwell Scorcher; and worthy of note are Mr. Beacall's Sunfield Frost, Mr. Bartle's Scorcher, Sir H. De Trafford's Barton Witch, and Mr. Corner's Rydale Pattern, who went to America for about 20*l.*, the cheapest terrier which was ever imported, and a marked contrast to Surrey Janet, who realised more than five times that sum. Mr. T. Pearse's Wellingboro' Teaser, bred by Mr. Bartle, is also a good dog at the time I write, and so is his Briar Clinker.

One of the terriers which Mr. E. Welburn introduced was Prompter, which, after winning at most of the leading shows and changing hands several times, went into the kennels of Mrs. Butcher; but his race was soon run, and he was not in the prize list at all at the latest show of the Fox Terrier Club in 1894. Here there was such a collection of wire-haired terriers as had not been seen for many years; several excellent young dogs made their

début, and special attention was called to the representatives from the kennels of Mr. C. Bartle, of Wellingboro', and of Mr. S. Hill, of Sheffield. The first-named has for some years shown an excellent type of terrier, which, like others of their race, contain some cross with the smooth variety. Still, in appearance they do not indicate such a strain, having hard, close coats, and with a fair amount of wire hair on their legs. Some of Mr. Bartle's terriers have been rather light in bone, but this cannot be said of his puppy Wellingboro' Judy, who came out at the show in question. She won pretty well all before her, and made a keen struggle with Roper's Nutcrack for the 50-guinea challenge cup. It is possible that Judy is one of the half-dozen best wire-haired terrier bitches we have seen, and in proof of this it may be stated that after the show she was purchased by Mr. J. H. Kelly for 125*l.* Mr. S. Hill has, at present, perhaps as strong a kennel of "wire-hairs" as any man, and for the most part its inmates are of his own breeding, his Meersbrook Bristles, Lordship, Magpie, and Serenity being two couples of terriers which as bred by the exhibitor have, we fancy, not previously been excelled. Unfortunately, most of these terriers were disqualified under circumstances alluded to earlier on.

On previous pages I have given the particulars as to the formation of certain kennels of smooth-coated fox terriers, and perhaps some little information as to what has been done with the wire-haired variety may not be without interest. Mr. Enoch Welburn has already been mentioned as an admirer of the wire-haired fox terrier, and as the owner of some of our very best specimens in late years the following particulars of two or three of them will go to

prove that no little amount of skill and judgment are required to enable a man to make a good selection. Take the dog Prompter, for instance, bred by Mr. W. Beecroft, of Malton. Mr. Welburn noticed him at Pickering in 1890, where he did not get into the money, owing, doubtless, to bad condition. The dog was then called Little Joe. Mr. Welburn saw good in him, and three days later became his owner for 12*l.* At Knaresborough a month later Mr. Maxwell awarded him the honours as the best fox terrier in the show, and, after other successes, his owner had the extraordinary offer of "a carriage and pair of horses" for the dog, which was refused. A short time before, Mr. Welburn had purchased from Mr. C. W. Wharton his champion Bushey Broom for 150*l.* on behalf of Mr. H. L. Hopkins, who had also heard a favourable account of Prompter. Finally Mr. Hopkins gave Bushey Broom and 70*l.* for the "new dog," who thus in reality was sold for the equivalent of 220*l.*, which is doubtless the most money ever paid for a terrier of this variety.

Mr. Welburn next purchased two brothers called Propellor and Promoter, with which he won many prizes, the former at Gloucester, under Mr. Vicary, being placed over Mr. Toomer's Russley Toff, a dog which later as D'Orsay attained such celebrity, and about whom I have already written. The owner of the Beverley Fox Terrier Kennels did not find any more similar plums until the commencement of 1893, when at Derby he came across Roper's Nutcrack in such bad condition that Mr. Pim failed to give him any prize at all. However, Mr. Welburn purchased the dog for 20*l.* from Mr. Holmes, of Sunderland, got it into condition, and entered it successfully under Mr. James Taylor at St. Helens, then at Manchester under Mr. Doyle, both in 1894.

At the latter show Nutcrack attracted considerable attention, and several good offers were made for him, one especially by Mr. Rufus Mitchell. Then Sir Humphrey de Trafford stepped in and claimed Nutcrack at his catalogue price as already stated. Since that time the dog has done a great deal of winning, and attained his zenith by securing the 50*l.* challenge cup at the Derby Fox Terrier Show last year, though later at Birmingham he was defeated by Jack St. Leger.

Most of these terriers of Mr. Welburn's, all of them in fact, like pretty well all other leading wire-hairs of the present day, have a considerable dash of "smooth-coated blood" in them. Bred by Mr. Warwick, of Penrith, Roper's Nutcrack is by Ashton Trumpeter, by Ashton Trumps, by Pitcher; his dam is without pedigree, but she came from Newcastle-on-Tyne. Prompter's dam Moss was a good little bitch, very much after the stamp of the late Jack Frost, but even more cobbily built, and his sire Little Swell was by Halifax Swell, by Mr. Luke Turner's Spice.

So much for the wire-haired fox terrier as he is found in this country A.D. 1895, and the best of the bench winners have been or are still owned by Mr. W. Carrick (brother to the respected master of the Carlisle Otter Hounds), the late Mr. Donald Graham, Mr. Harding Cox, Lord Lonsdale, Mr. Lindsay Hogg, Mr. R. F. Mayhew (now in America), Mr. A. Maxwell, Mr. J. W. Corner, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Mr. A. Damarell, Mr. S. E. Shirley, Mr. Percy Reid, Mr. J. G. Pim, Mr. A. E. Clear, Mr. C. W. Wharton, Mr. Mark Wood, Mr. F. H. Field, Mr. F. W. Fellowes, Mr. Jack Terry, Mr. H. A. W. Aylesbury, Mr. M. Hazlerigg, Mr. F. H. Colmore, Mr. M. Rickaby, Mr. T. Wootton, Messrs. Pease, Mr. S. Castle, Mr. S. Hill, Mr.

W. Thurnall, Mr. A. Mutter, Mr. W. Beeby, Mr. C. Murray, Mr. G. Raper, and others.

I think this chapter contains abundant proof of the comparative modern manufacture of the wire-haired fox terrier as he is to be seen now. With the few exceptions named, even the purest bred specimens contain a large proportion of the smooth-coated strains, and as an example may be adduced Brittle, already named, who on the side of his dam Vamp is closely allied to the well-known smooth champion Result; for Racket II. (brother to Roysterer), the sire of Vamp, Brittle's dam, was by Brockenhurst Rally—Jess.

Whether the general cross between smooth and wire-haired fox terriers has had altogether the desired effect of improvement is a matter of opinion; for myself, I have a leaning to the old dogs, pure and unadulterated, whose coats were hard and crisp, required no pulling and singeing, and whose ears were small and well carried, without the interposition of artificial means.

The Fox Terrier Club has adopted a standard for this variety (as it has for the smooth-coated one), which is as follows:—

“This variety of the breed should resemble the smooth sort in every respect except the coat, which should be broken. The harder and more wiry the texture of the coat is, the better. On no account should the dog look or feel woolly, and there should be no silky hair about the poll or elsewhere.

“The coat should not be too long, so as to give the dog a shaggy appearance, but at the same time it should show a marked and distinct difference all over from the smooth species.

POINTS.					
Head and ears	15
Neck	5
Shoulders and chest	15
Back and loin	10
Hind quarters	5
Stern	5
Legs and feet	20
Coat	10
Symmetry and character	15
Total	100

DISQUALIFYING POINTS.

- 1.—Nose white, cherry, or spotted to a considerable extent with either of these colours.
- 2.—Ears prick, tulip, or rose.
- 3.—Mouth much undershot or much overshot."

The above description is by no means satisfactory, especially so far as allowance for coat is concerned. The points for an actually distinguishing characteristic are far too few, a correct coat is worth 20 points, and an absolutely soft one should be a disqualification. Personally, I would far rather own a white terrier with a "spotted" or "cherry-coloured" nose, and a hard close coat, than I would one with a black nose and a soft coat. When this list of points was first issued, no disqualification was suggested in case the dog was "overshot" or "pig-jawed," to which I drew attention at the time, and it is pleasant to find that this suggestion of mine was adopted. However, it is to be supposed that descriptions of dogs, like the animals themselves, can never be perfect to all alike, and one honest judge's opinion is pretty much as good as another honest judge's—if the public can only be brought to believe so.

It is no more than human nature that there is difference of opinion as to the merits or otherwise of a terrier. That which may be considered an almost fatal fault by one person, by another may be thought of little detriment. Some judges—men, too, who bear a deservedly high reputation as such—will put a terrier out of the prize list if it be even a trifle crooked on his fore legs or slightly heavy at the shoulders; whilst another dog, narrow behind and weak in loins—to my idea a far more serious failing—is considered pretty well all right so long as its fore legs are set on as straight as rulers. As a fact, there are judges who have recently gone to extremes in awarding honours to these so-called “narrow-fronted” terriers. Such have been produced at a sacrifice of power and strength. Most of these very narrow-chested dogs move stiffly, are too flat in the ribs, they are deficient in breathing and heart room, and can never be able to do a week’s hard work in the country, either with hounds or round about the badger earths or rabbit burrows.

A *sine quâ non* with some persons appears to be a long lean head, perhaps not quite so long and lean a one as that engraved near the end of this volume, still a head and jaw long enough, figuratively writing, to “reach to the bottom of a pint pot.” There is danger, too, in an exaggeration in this direction, for, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the longest and narrowest heads, greyhound-like in shape, are found on that stamp of terrier fittest for coursing matches.

I fancy, whatever has been said to the contrary, that three people could not be got who, acting thoroughly in independence of each other, would judge alike a class of a

score of dogs, especially if the quality were pretty even. It is even unlikely that the same two would select the same animal for leading honours. It is possible they might do this, but highly improbable. Fancy goes for a great deal, and we never yet had a couple of dogs, or other animals, brought together which were absolutely alike. They may resemble each other, have a family appearance possibly, but exact counterparts of each other never.

This difference of opinion is occasionally noted, but as many judges in the ring lean towards the decisions of each other just in the same way more mighty magnates do in the Law Courts and elsewhere, it seems less common than otherwise would be the case. One judge may prefer one type, another judge another. Take the last show of the Fox Terrier Club for instance; here there were, especially in the groups of the smooths, two or three classes of uniform excellence—that for open dogs and that for bitches, to wit. In the former all the animals were pretty well known. Connoisseurs knew what each had done, how each looked, and at the same time they were aware of the generally accepted opinion as to the respective merits of each. Still, it would have been hard to find another judge who would have placed them as Mr. Dale did on that occasion. Yet, no one could say that his decisions were at all wrong, and, as a matter of fact, he made his awards particularly well. Such being the case here, where all the exhibitors were well known, how would it have been could such a class have been placed before a judge, not one animal in which had won a prize or ever been shown? There would have been some funny comments on the result, and it is probable

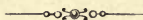
that which one man would have placed first, another equally competent and skilful would have placed the last, and both might have been in the right. The same way with the bitches at the same show, and one "good man" went so far as to say Mr. Dale put the very worst in the class at the top. Perhaps he did do so, but who shall discriminate where judges disagree?

One could go on with these "might have beens" interminably, and it is the duty of all admirers of the fox terrier to give and take a little from each other, for only by so doing can their favourites be produced to that perfection we are all desirous of seeing attained. A general uniformity of excellence must be the guide in the show ring, and that man is the just judge who makes his awards most nearly in accordance with this rule and is not led away by a long, narrow head beautifully coloured, or abnormally straight fore legs, and these remarks apply to the rough and smooth varieties alike.





CHAPTER VI.



GENERAL TREATMENT—REGISTRATION—STUD BOOKS—
FORMING A KENNEL—BREEDING AND REARING PUPPIES
—TRAINING AS COMPANIONS AND AS HOUSE DOGS—
CHILDREN AND DOGS—PREPARING FOR THE SHOW—
SIMPLE AILMENTS — REMEDIES — POISONS — “ TRIM-
MING ”—GENERAL REMARKS ON DOG SHOWS.



SOME little instruction as to the general treatment of the fox terrier may be of use, though it is not my intention to deal with the matter more than in a general manner. In the first place, he who is desirous of becoming an exhibitor of high-class specimens, or keeping such for other purposes, had best, as a commencement, rest contented with a very small team, and such as he cannot actually keep at home must be put out to walk with suitable householders. The reason for this has been already stated. The cost varies according to the locality, and is usually from one shilling to two shillings and sixpence per week for each dog. In order to obtain what he requires, if the would-be purchaser has no skilled friend from whom to ask advice as to selection, he must visit the shows, see what he likes, and act accordingly. Or he may place himself unre-

servedly in the hands of some respectable dealer (and there are such), who will supply his requirements. When the purchaser has secured his few terriers, he cannot do better than make companions of them as much as possible, and allow them to run about. Constant chaining up sours the temper, spoils the limbs, and injures the constitution.

If new names are to be given, such must be registered with the Kennel Club at 27, Burlington Street, London, W., the fee being one shilling per dog. The name selected, if not previously adopted, then becomes the sole property of the owner, so far as the shows held under Kennel Club rules are concerned. If the dogs are not intended for exhibition, or only at such shows as do not adopt the Kennel Club rules, then there is no occasion for this registration, excepting, perhaps, where pedigrees are likely to be of use in the future. The Fox Terrier Club supports a Stud Book confined entirely to fox terrier pedigrees, which is edited by Mr. Hugh Dalziel, who was its original founder, and is published by Mr. L. U. Gill, 170, Strand, W.C. I am afraid that in times to come the multiplicity of Stud Books will be found somewhat confusing, and we must not forget that we are catering for future generations as well as for ourselves. The fifth volume was issued in December, 1894.

Even a novice, with a good brood bitch, an equally good dog, and, by judicious selection of sires, after the first generation, may soon form a kennel from which prize-winners can be produced. But let him begin in a small way. As the bitch is more or less out of order when she has reared her pups, being thin in coat and condition, it is not well to show her until about two months after the pups have left her. Nor would I advise breeding

from the same bitch more than once in a year, though it may be easy to get two litters of pups from her in the twelve months.

When pupping let her be as quiet as possible, allow her to take exercise up to the very last, and if she refuses to eat her meals for two or three days prior to her labour being near, lose no time in seeking suitable advice. During labour allow her milk, water, and good broth; and feed well on the same things, with the addition of bread and meat, up to the time she ceases to suckle. A strong, healthy bitch can rear four or five puppies easily. The latter usually have their tails "docked" or shortened when about a week old, and, although it was once customary to do this by the kennel man, or someone else, biting off the portion, the amputation is now performed in a more civilised fashion by the aid of a pair of scissors or of a sharp knife. The hair being turned back, the flesh, &c., is quickly cut all round without going through the cartilage; then, with a quick twist and pull, you draw out what appears to be a longish white cord or sinew adhering to the piece of tail so taken off. Cutting right through in the ordinary way very often makes an unsightly flat surface at the end of the stern; but when the sinew is properly drawn, the tail rounds off, and the hair grows almost as it would have done had the docking not taken place. There is little pain to the creatures, not much blood flows, and the licking of the sore places by the dam soon heals the wounds, and the portion of the caudal appendage is not missed. Sometimes there are dew claws to be removed which may be done at the same time as the tails are amputated.

At a fortnight old the pups may be taught to lap milk,

and by so doing thus early, the strain on the constitution of the dam is much lessened, and the young ones, now growing strong, do not pull their mother about more than is actually necessary. When six weeks old they should be weaned, and, as this is done, a little opening and cooling medicine is of service to the dam. In sending the puppies to walk it is advisable, if possible, to have two at the same place. The one keeps the other out of mischief, they play and romp together, and are actually less trouble than if "walked" separately. Provide the person who is to rear them with some magnesia, and order a little to be given to the pups in milk every fortnight; also instil into the "walker" the necessity of regularity in the time of feeding, and, in the first instance, the meals should be given at least six times daily. Little and often must be the motto here, which, if carried out in all cases, would do away with many of the weedy, "big-bellied" little creatures usually so delicate from the time of their birth until their early death, and always a trouble and annoyance to their owners. Instructions must also be given as to sending for the owner when signs of illness of a serious kind are apparent. With the puppies it was my custom to hand over half a dozen of the alterative puppy pills now made by Hind, chemist, Kendal, with orders to give one whenever a pup appeared sickly or dull; and several years' experience convinced me of their efficacy in minimising the more virulent attacks of distemper. I consider that washing puppies is injurious to them, and by causing a chill may lead to fatal complications. Whenever they are troubled with fleas or other vermin, a good dusting with Keating's insect destroyer will be found safer than washing, no more disagreeable, and less troublesome.

As the young terriers grow older they require more food; three or four meals a day will now be sufficient, and from the very first a dry bone to gnaw at and to play with invariably does them good, and at five months old or even a little earlier are an absolute necessity in assisting to loosen the puppy teeth and so preparing the way for the ordinary canines. Scraps of all kinds are the best food for the pups when in their "adolescence"; before that time bread and milk and scraps from the house are to be recommended, but the milk must be new and well boiled. Many persons are in favour of giving an occasional basin of butter-milk, which in any case can do no harm, and certainly clears out the bowels. The puppy biscuits and specially prepared meal manufactured by Spratt's Patent are excellent in every way, and I have found them extremely useful, convenient, and strengthening for young dogs.

If there is a tendency in the ears of the puppies not to lay down or drop properly, nature may be assisted by continually taking the youngster on the knee, and with the fingers working the ears into a proper position. It is also customary to fix them down with strong adhesive plaster, and enterprising tradesmen advertise what they call "ear pads," which are said to suit their purpose admirably. It seems that this sort of thing is allowed, but a custom, by no means unusual now, and quite common during the earlier epoch of dog showing, of cutting or breaking the cartilage of the ear, is considered to be fraudulent. Surely here we have a distinction without much difference.

All puppies much undershot—that is, where the under teeth project in front of the upper ones—should be destroyed. If the malformation is not great, during the time

the full teeth are growing, continual pushing them back by the gums may be of avail in making them become level. I had a case of this kind in which the cottager at whose house the puppy was being reared, took so much pains that when fully grown the teeth were as level as possible ; yet, when commencing to push away the puppy teeth, the appearance of being undershot was very apparent. Puppies very much overshot, or "pig-jawed," should be treated in a similar fashion.

Cleanliness is not to be forgotten ; dry bedding and as much fresh air as possible. At three months old the juvenile terrier may have a collar occasionally put on him, and a little later get him accustomed to the sight and rattle of a chain. Many dogs never take kindly to a "lead" because they are spoiled in their training. Produce the chain or cord when you are taking him for a run out in the country. He likes this, and in a short time will have sense to associate the appearance of the "lead" with the long-wished-for ramble, and behave accordingly. If you try to initiate your young dog into chain and collar discipline by fastening him to a table leg or anything else handy, he will struggle and pull, make himself uneasy, do no end of mischief, and in the end shrink from the chain when it is produced again, with as much horror as he would from the whip or stick by which he has been corrected. I have myself won more than one prize in the show ring with a comparatively inferior puppy because he was smart on the chain, and did not dangle his little piece of tail between his legs.

If you wish to keep your terrier in the house and make him useful in that respect, care must be taken not to over-feed him ; and, at any rate until he gets fully grown and

knows "what is what," never neglect to allow him a run outside the last thing at night—this will instil into him the desirability of cleanliness. So far as chastisement is concerned, never thrash or rate a dog unless you are sure he knows what such punishment is for. As a fact, it does all the harm and not an iota of good to punish a dog half an hour after a fault has been discovered. The penalty must always expeditiously and promptly follow the crime. Never strike a dog with a stick, a birch rod is better, and a whip best of all. Neither is, however, necessary, and a strong word spoken at the proper time is in eight cases out of ten a better remedy than a thrashing would be. Any dog ought to be well kept under the command of his owner, otherwise it is a nuisance. Never bully or annoy your canine companion, or it will resent such useless interference; give him as much exercise as possible, bearing in mind the fact that any dog requires more exercise than he obtains by the exertion of wagging his tail.

Terriers and house dogs generally have far more sense than many people give them the credit of possessing. It is funny to see a dirty little street boy, or even one well dressed and who should know better, spy some unfortunate dog as he runs along some distance away from his master. The lad, probably fancying the dog has gone astray and is lost, picks up a stone and pretends to throw at the animal; or maybe he waves his stick at it, and, in the absence of either, he will content himself with grinning or "pulling a face" at the poor quadruped. Then the fun comes in; the dog snarls, growls, and goes for his natural enemy, the "small boy," who bolts, and perhaps runs home to his parents crying and bearing a sad tale as to some mad dog or other. There is no doubt that an ordinary terrier can

distinguish from a person's features, or from his general demeanour, his disposition to the canine race, and of course it is but natural for the quadruped to act accordingly—he has not yet learned the art of dissembling, though his master or mistress may be past masters therein.

Parents ought never to allow their children to strike the dog, nor to take a bone or anything else which he is eating out of his mouth. He may put up with such treatment once or twice, but in the end will be sure to prove his aggrievement by angry growls and the use of his teeth. Fox terriers, as a rule, are unusually fond of children, but they are only like other varieties of their race, and cannot put up with too much pulling about and ill-treatment. Some time ago I was out fishing, accompanied by a favourite terrier—one which delighted to romp with the youngsters, and was, as a fact, amiability itself. The inevitable "small boy," stick in hand, came along, and, as Jack stood back from the river, that boy made a switch at him. Jack growled, raised his bristles, and walked around that "small boy" in a manner which was simply delightful to me. The stick was dropped, arms fell limp by the side, Jack still growling and showing his teeth; so I called him up, chid him gently, and the "small boy" walked away, forgetting to pick up his plaything. He then began blubbering, so I wound up my line, and talked to the boy, instilling into him the advice that in future he would not attempt to molest little dogs which were not interfering with him. Jack no doubt gave a lesson that its recipient would never forget.

Do not omit to reward the man (or his wife or children) who has walked the puppies that turn out well, either as winners or otherwise.

If at six months old or so the puppy is very crooked

in his fore legs, possesses enormous ears, is likely to grow into a twenty-four pound dog, or has any other failing sufficiently exaggerated as to quite spoil his appearance, destroy him at once, as perhaps you have done others earlier on. Inferior dogs are not worth the cost of rearing, and the country already contains plenty of such without more being added to the number. By no means is it a bad plan to give your four or five months old puppies a slight dose of newly-ground areca nut, from 10 to 20 grains, according to their age, especially if you have found, or suspect, worms present. When you have decided to do this, be careful to have the stomach empty by keeping the patient without food of any kind for twelve or fourteen hours. Then, following the nut, in two hours administer a dessert-spoonful of castor oil and buckthorn. These are simple remedies, and in fully grown terriers the fasting must be enforced for twenty-four hours, 25 grains of the areca nut and 2 grains of santonine administered in milk, or made up into a bolus, followed by a tablespoonful of the castor oil mixture. A vermifuge may even be given when the puppies are on their dam, if worms are suspected. Half a grain of santonine in a teaspoonful of olive oil, administered two or three times at intervals of as many days, will be found free from danger to everything but the worms.

At from four to six months old, during dentition, or when younger, perhaps when older, distemper may appear, and this often fatal complaint is always to be dreaded. Many complications can ensue, but if the puppy has been reared according to the directions thus shortly given, in ninety cases out of a hundred the attack will be slight. If very severe, the veterinary surgeon should be called in to see the sick animal; but ordinary cases will be cured by the

remedies advertised by Spratt's Patent, which should be kept handy for cases of emergency. I may say that during some ten years or so, when I bred and kept fox and other terriers of "blue blood," I never lost a single animal from distemper, and the only one severely attacked was the well-known dog Nimrod after he had won second prize as a puppy at one of the London shows. I need scarcely say that the instructions I am now giving my readers were rigorously carried out.

Chorea, or "St. Vitus's dance," repeatedly follows distemper, and, excepting in peculiarly mild cases, is incurable. The usual medicines recommended are arsenic, sulphate of zinc, and nux vomica. I prefer Easton's Syrup, which is composed of strychnine, quinine, and iron. Give half a teaspoonful in the food twice daily, gradually increasing the quantity till it is quadrupled. Let the patient lie in a warm, dry place, free from draughts, and his food must be light and nourishing. Massage, sea baths, and galvanism have all been recommended. My experience is that any attempt to cure a dog of chorea is a waste of time and money.

Remedies for a cough are numerous, this, perhaps, as good as any—opium and ipecacuanha each 8 grains, gum ammoniacum, squill pill and licorice each 30 grains, powdered rhubarb 16 grains, make into thirty-six pills and give one night and morning. Linseed tea, made strong, into which the juice of a lemon has been squeezed, is an exceedingly good remedy, giving a tablespoonful three or four times a day.

Mange of one kind or another is likely to occur through negligence; and, as prevention is far better than cure, cleanliness, with regular exercise and dietary, minimise the chances of such an outbreak. A useful remedy for

eczema or red mange, one which can easily be compounded by the local chemist, is as follows:—Olive oil and oxide of zinc, each 1 ounce; tincture of arnica, 3 drachms; water 8 ounces; to be gently used on the sore places about three times daily. The ointment, green iodide of mercury one part, lard seven parts, is likewise good, and may be said to be almost infallible as a cure in certain cases of mange, though care must be taken that the patient licks none of it off. A little of this arsenical ointment ought to be well rubbed on the sore places on alternate days. A dose of Epsom salts, about as much as will lie on a shilling, each morning in addition to either will hasten recovery. Another simple and excellent remedy is composed of 6 ounces solution of sulphate of iron; water 1 pint; the affected parts to be fomented therewith twice daily. Fowler's solution of arsenic may be prescribed with great advantage in the case of skin disease, and so long as ordinary care be observed there is little or no danger in giving even comparatively large quantities. It must, however, always be taken with the meals, and the most successful results are gained by gradually increasing the dose. Thus commence with, say, three drops a day sprinkled on the food, adding one drop daily until ten drops are given. If there appear unusual signs of listlessness in the dog, and his eyes show a slight pink tinge, discontinue the drops altogether for a week, and then recommence with the minimum dose. This treatment carefully followed will cure even the most obstinate cases; but in no case should the solution be given for more than ten to twelve days consecutively. A mixed, wholesome diet, including only a fair proportion of meat, is best whilst the dog is under the influence

of the medicine. For more virulent mange, or what may simply be called true mange, the following will be found curative: Whale oil and sulphur, each 8 ounces, and oil of tar and mercurial ointment, each half an ounce. This must be applied at intervals of three days, and two or three applications ought to effect a cure. Clean bedding must not be forgotten in cases of skin disease.

Canker in the ear is a common ailment, often brought on by damp and neglect, always troublesome to cure if allowed to run too long without being attended to. The early symptoms are easily discernable by the animal shaking his head and rubbing his ears with his paws. Of course he may do this from the presence of some foreign substance having accidentally got into the ear, which, however, seldom happens. If canker is appearing, a slight redness or inflammation will be seen on examining the inside of the ear, whilst the outside will likewise be found unduly warm, even feverish. Wash the ear out carefully with lukewarm water, allowing it to freely enter the passages, which is easily done by holding the head on one side. In an hour after doing this, having let the ear dry without allowing the patient to shake his head, apply the following lotion (in the same manner as the water had been used) three times daily: Alum, 5 grains; vinegar, 1 drachm; water, 1 ounce. Follow these directions carefully and a cure will result. The latter will possibly be hastened by morning doses of Epsom salts, and light food, bread and scraps from the house being the best regimen. Another useful recipe is the following:—Olive oil, 8 ounces; glycerine, half an ounce; carbolic acid, quarter of an ounce; Goulard's extract, 2 ounces. Care must be taken that the various ingredients are thoroughly mixed and the

bottle well shaken before the preparation is applied, which must be done in the manner previously described. Where there are outward sores dress them daily with zinc ointment and ointment of yellow basilicon, using each on alternate days.

Jaundice or "yellows" (inflammation of the liver) is a common ailment, which, unfortunately, is particularly fatal in its character where dogs are concerned. The symptoms are easily recognised, the yellowness in most cases being first apparent in the eyes or under the fore legs. Calomel is the usual remedy, a pill containing 2 grains and 1 grain of opium being given every six hours. Mustard plaisters over the region of the liver are to be recommended. Food during treatment: broths, and bread and milk well boiled. I would, however, recommend, in cases of such a serious nature, counsel from a skilled veterinary surgeon, or perhaps what would be better, recourse to the remedies made up by Mr. T. W. L. Hind, chemist, Kendal, which I have found pretty well infallible where the disease is attacked in time. Spratt's Patent, too, have somewhat similar remedies, which I have heard highly recommended.

Sore eyes are sometimes troublesome, and a capital lotion used night and morning is cold tea, made fairly strong, of course without milk and sugar. Zinc lotion, as obtained from the neighbouring chemist, may be found useful. An excellent eyewash is as follows: Sulphate of zinc, 10 grains; laudanum, 30 drops; rose water, 3 ounces. Sometimes an ordinary running or watering of the eyes will be relieved by fomenting them night and morning with lukewarm milk and water. In more serious cases, when fears are entertained as to loss of sight from accident or other causes, special advice must be sought. In

no case of sore eyes attempt to relieve them without careful examination to see whether any little piece of grit or other foreign substance is present. This must, of course, be removed.

Sore feet are occasionally troublesome, usually taking the form of "gatherings," or eruptions, between the toes. If there are inflammatory symptoms, bread and bran poultices must be used. When the inflammation has subsided, the sores may be dressed with zinc, or any other healing, ointment. An excellent lotion, to be applied by means of a sponge or soft rag, is made as follows:—Extract of lead, 2 drachms; tincture of arnica, $1\frac{1}{2}$ drachms; water, 1 pint. Use repeatedly. Until the sores are quite healed, allow as little exercise as possible, do not feed too freely, and a cooling aperient will be found useful.

Some people appear to have difficulty in giving a dog medicine. As a fact, the ordinary quadruped likes it about as well as the average juvenile biped. Some powders may be given with the food; pills and most liquids must be forced down the dog's throat. The mouth has to be opened, and this is best done by the owner, who holds his dog between his knees, the hind legs on the ground. A second party puts the medicine down the throat of the dog, which being done the mouth is closed until the dose is swallowed. This may be assisted by rubbing his neck, pinching his ears, or even by giving a biscuit. All dogs have a peculiar power of vomiting anything they do not like—a faculty which they often bring into use where drugs are concerned. In such cases, immediately the medicine has been taken the patient can have his head tied up, by means of a chain and collar, in such a way that he cannot lower it.

So he must remain until a sufficient time for operation has elapsed.

Castor oil and other capsules are to be obtained which may be particularly useful, especially where small dogs such as terriers are concerned. It must, however, not be forgotten that the stomach of the dog is delicate, and care should be taken in the administration of medicine of any kind, and it should not be resorted to unless actually required. In most cases a "hot nose" and general "out of sorts" appearance can be dispelled by a dessertspoonful of castor oil. Some people wrongly dose their dogs monthly, no doubt acting on a principle similar to that which prompted old Squeers to give his unfortunate pupils at Dotheboys Hall their weekly allowance of brimstone and treacle.

One of the dangers to which dogs are liable is the careless use of poisons when laid with the intention of destroying rats and mice. The subject of emetics likely to be of use in all cases where poisons of various kinds have been taken, mineral and otherwise, is beyond the scope of this book. If you suspect your dog has obtained poison, and a chemist or surgeon (veterinary or otherwise) cannot be reached in a few minutes, seek to empty the stomach by administering that most useful emetic, lukewarm water, and follow this by giving milk and the white of eggs, or boiled flour and milk, or butter, lard, fat, or olive oil. Of course, if you have tartar emetic or sulphate of zinc handy, give a dose of either immediately. Castor oil later on will likewise be beneficial, and, if great exhaustion is apparent, brandy or wine or strong beef tea may be given. The poisons to which dogs are most liable are arsenic, phosphorus, and strychnine,

the effects of the latter being marked by frequent twitchings, contraction of the limbs, cramp, &c. Arsenic poisoning may, as a rule, be detected by swelling and apparent violent pains in the bowels, accompanied by purging, unusual feverishness, and an unnatural thirst. The symptoms of poison from phosphorus are a peculiar listlessness and giddiness, vomiting, and an aroma from the mouth not altogether unlike the smell of garlic or of lucifer matches.

As I have said so much about the simpler ailments from which fox terriers, like other dogs, are so often sufferers, my remarks may be made more complete by a slight reference to rabies, of which I was reminded by receiving, in my connection with *The Field*, the following note from "R. J." (King's Lynn):—"I was out shooting only last Wednesday with a small spaniel, an excellent one, and who appeared very well then. On Thursday morning I noticed a great weakness in her hind legs, and later on a most copious discharge of mucus, which hung in lengths of three or four inches on each side of the mouth, and which was so tenacious that I could hardly wipe it off. She had also a great difficulty in swallowing anything. On Friday I sent it to a man who has had great experience with dogs. It had not been at his place long before it was seized with a violent fit, and would doubtless have bit him had he been unprepared. It had several more fits, and yesterday it was destroyed. In the summer it had a habit of snapping at flies, and I noticed several times last week it would go into corners and snap in the same way, although no flies were about. On the Saturday and Sunday morning it took no notice of me, and did not seem to recognise me. I should much like to know your opinion of the case. Was it

general paralysis, do you think? The dog had had distemper." Here was a case of rabies in the most pronounced form, which an expert would recognise without any difficulty. Professor Brown says, "The history of the case proves beyond all doubt that an experienced sportsman may not only observe the symptoms, but realise their character so well as to be able to describe them with as much accuracy of detail as would be expected of a practised canine pathologist, without at any moment entertaining the least suspicion that he was dealing with a rabid dog. The mischief which the animal may have done would be in some measure compensated if every sportsman and owner of dogs in the kingdom could commit "R. J.'s" letter to memory, or, at least, hang a copy of it in some conspicuous place for the benefit of himself and his friends." Such being the opinion of one of our most eminent veterinary surgeons, I thought I could not do better than act on his suggestion and republish the note and his comments in the most conspicuous place over which I had control.

This volume is not intended to deal fully with the diseases and ailments of dogs, and readers who wish to know more about them may with advantage study "Stonehenge on the Dog in Health and Disease," and Professor Woodroffe Hill's "Diseases of the Dog." If lower-priced volumes than these be required, I can recommend the shilling work, "The Diseases of Dogs," published by L. U. Gill, 171, Strand, London. Then excellent remedies for the various disorders are nowadays made up in handy forms by several firms, and those of Spratt's Patent, already mentioned, I have found to be especially useful and successful. Their dog medicine chest, or portable surgery, is the handiest and cheapest thing of the kind which can

be imagined. This enterprising company likewise issue a useful handbook, "The Common Sense of Dog Doctoring," which may easily find a corner in any house where a dog is kept, and no domicile ought to be without at least one specimen of the canine race, who will earn his living as a watch dog and as an agreeable companion.

There is a possibility, though not a probability, that the fox terrier bitch when she has pupped may die, or be too ill to suckle her family. Then a foster mother must be procured, whose pups having been destroyed, she should be allowed to become a little extended with milk, and one of the fox terriers placed with her and put to suckle. In nine cases out of ten she will take kindly to her foster child, and may be left with it, the others being placed with her immediately afterwards; and, when she has been seen to lick and clean them all alike, the adoption may be considered complete. The same when a puppy or two are put to her amongst her own offspring, and which may be done when your well-bred bitch has a more numerous litter than she can suckle. Puppies can, of course, be reared with ordinary milk given through the instrumentality of a child's feeding bottle; but this is a troublesome method and one never practised excepting when the puppies, of unusual value, have been left orphans by the death of their mother, and when a foster parent cannot be obtained. Spratt's Patent, already alluded to, have provided what is considered to be a good substitute for milk, in the form of an "orphan puppy food," which is convenient when the supply of milk from the dam is not sufficient for her family.

With a possibility of the bitch, when in a certain condition, getting loose and contracting a cross-bred or mongrel

alliance, care may be taken when such puppies are born in selecting one or more to keep with the bitch. Cases of superfœtation are not uncommon in the dog, and there may be mongrels and pure terriers born in the same litter. I was told of a particularly good fox terrier which a friend of mine desired to purchase. She, however, being a great favourite in the house, could not be parted with, and her owner said, "She is, no doubt, very nice to look at, but unfortunately her dam is a spaniel, and all her brothers and sisters are spaniels, too!"

Still another instance. The bitch Venom, grand-dam of some of my best terriers, after being mated with a fox terrier dog, formed a morganatic alliance with a Skye terrier. All the pups, with one exception, were Skye terriers, or, at any rate, half-bred ones. The exception was a white bitch with a lemon-marked head. Her life was the one saved, but merely to keep with the dam as a matter of kindness. At four weeks old she was sold for half-a-crown, and ultimately developed into one of the best bitches of the day—Nellie by name—who, in due course, had at least one illustrious family, an individual of which sold for more than 100*l.*, and all in that same litter which produced this "century puppy" became prize winners and notabilities.

Such instances show the amount of luck there may be in breeding terriers as in anything else. The bitch Jess (8037), by Grip—Patch, from which most of Mr. A. H. Clarke's best terriers are descended (Result included), through her alliance with Brockenhurst Rally, was sent to me on approval just before Mr. Clarke bought her. She did not appear to me a likely model from which to produce champions, so, after keeping her a couple of days, she was

returned Had she better pleased me I would never have even dreamed of putting her to Rally. Thus, if Jess had come into my possession, the champion of his time, Result, would never have been born.

The fox terrier reared and brought up on the lines suggested, if he be good enough to make his *début* on the show bench, will require little or no further preparation; he goes well in the chain (which must be about a yard long, with a swivel and spring at each end, a swivel in the middle, and each link so wide that the springs can be fastened therein), is smart and lively, free from disease, and a good wash the day before he has to appear on exhibition should be all that he requires. A tub in which he can stand up to his belly, lukewarm water, some good soap, willing hands, and in ten minutes he is ready to be well dried, and when taken out of the tub let the terrier give himself a hearty shake. A little powder blue in the water produces a good blue-white, which is better than the yellower hue; and about an hour after drying the animal, hand-rub him well, and, if his coat is in good form, the end of each hair will sparkle and shine, and add quite an extra point to a chance of winning first prize. In commencing to wash the dog, do so, in the first instance, at his hind-quarters, and do not touch the head and face until the very last. The reason for this is obvious in the fact that no dog likes his head and eyes and ears being soused in water, be it hot or cold, or even intermediary between the two.

Apropos of "powder blue." Some years ago I had a white fox terrier entered for a local show, and, being engaged until late in the evening preceding the exhibition, was unable to get home to superintend the washing. How-

ever, when I did arrive, there was Gripper lying upon the arm-chair seemingly as white as snow, clean and sweet as willing hands could make him. My housekeeper, being fond of the dog, had "tubbed" him herself. Next morning, at seven o'clock, he had a run out, when, to my amazement, a blue shade appeared through the jacket, and, turning back the hairs, there was the skin of the little terrier as blue almost as though it had been painted! Of course, an overdose of the powder had been used, and I need scarcely say Gripper did not appear in the show ring that day.

A wire-haired fox terrier requires a little more attention than the smooth one, and it is the custom to trim and pluck the former to make him appear to the best advantage. Considerable skill and experience are required to do this properly, especially in the manner in which the hair is pulled off the face in front of the eyes. Then some strains require the jacket taking off the body in handfuls almost, by plucking, singeing, or burning; others have their jackets made crisper or harder by artificial means, magnesia and alum being generally utilised for such purposes. Such procedure is quite unfair, and I regret very much that the Kennel Club has proved its inability to put a stop to the practice. Indeed, this "faking" or trimming, by whatever name it is known, has come to such a pass that a disruption was very nearly caused between the members of the Fox Terrier Club—those who kept the smooth variety being, of course, opposed to the practice. Whether such trimming will continue with so little check, time alone will show; but so long as it is tacitly allowed, which is the case in almost all instances, I do not in justice see why the owners of black and tan terriers should be disqualified for pulling any brown or white hairs out of their dogs, as they

undoubtedly would be were they discovered to have done so. Surely in these cases what is sauce for the goose must be sauce for the gander.

The only method by which such malpractices are to be stopped is by drawing a hard-and-fast rule as to what constitutes this faking and over-trimming; and tacit consent having allowed a certain degree of latitude with some varieties, the difficulty of dealing with the abuse is considerably increased. Some competent person ought to be appointed whose duty it would be to make examinations and to lay objections, and not leave the latter, as is the case now, to the judge or to interested parties. An attempt to attain neatness and prettiness in the show dog is usually made by cutting the whiskers of bull terriers, black and tan terriers, and white English terriers, which is always allowed. By so doing, a perky and smart appearance is given to the dog, and so it became the fashion to do the same with fox terriers. Happily, so far as regards the breed of which I write, the custom has now almost lapsed, though occasionally one does come across a smooth fox terrier robbed of those useful appendages with which Nature had provided him.

But to return to the washing of wire-haired terriers. A continual course of tubbing softens the coat of both varieties, and to remedy this in the one, various means are resorted to, as also for making a naturally soft coat feel harder and crisper than it really is. Here again "faking" crops in, but how to "fake" is not a gospel I intend to preach, and I mention it as one of the weaknesses in the system of modern canine exhibitions.

That dog shows have done a great deal towards the popularisation of the fox terrier there is little doubt, and,

when in a meditative mood, one is inclined to wonder why English sportsmen were so long in discovering him. Indeed, since the first dog show which took place at Newcastle-upon-Tyne in June, 1859, exhibitions have advanced as quickly as the railways did, and now over a hundred and fifty of one kind or another are held during each year, some of which are confined entirely to that variety of dog to whose merits I have endeavoured to do justice. Canine exhibitions have naturally their defects, but, so long as honourably conducted, they must continue to possess an improving influence on "dogdom" generally.

There was a time when many of our best dogs were in the hands of those who kept them solely for the purposes of profit, and whether that profit was obtained by sale, rat-killing, or fighting, made little matter, so long as the money came to hand. The only shows were those held in public-house parlours; and to be known as the owner of half a dozen terriers was tantamount to being considered "fast," and as having a liking for low company. Thus, no doubt, was derived the expression "going to the dogs." All this is altered now.

Well-bred terriers and other varieties have become fashionable, and it is almost as difficult to find a house without a dog as guard and companion as it is to find one without a cat to kill the mice. Dog shows have provided pure-bred animals, and the fox terrier has proved himself the most popular of all. His colour is white, so easily can the careful housewife see when her pet requires tubbing, and his short coat carries less filth than that of the Skye terrier or any of his Scottish, Welsh, or Irish cousins. I do not know where we should have been with our dogs had not the shows been introduced when they were. Mongrels

would, no doubt, have continued in favour, and certainly there could have been little incentive for breeders to take the trouble they now do in the production of the most perfect specimens. Let grumblers rail as they will, I believe that dog shows have, like other institutions, their place and duty in this world, and their absence would be lamented. Individuals are about who decry them; some for one reason, some for another. A few self-called humanitarians allege that distinct cruelty is perpetrated upon that dog who, entered for an exhibition, is compelled to recline amid luxurious straw, and fastened by chain and collar for one, two, or three days, as the case may be, to be gazed upon by a curious portion of the British public. Others say that such shows have caused the dog's appearance to be improved at the expense of his utility. In some few cases the latter may have been the case, but this is not general. As to the former complaint, were those, who make it, better acquainted with their subject, they would know that before the era of shows thousands of dogs were kept in the cellars of our large towns, their duty being to kill rats at the instigation of their owners, or to fight with each other when sufficient money was forthcoming to provide a "stake" for the purpose. The canine race has attained a higher position than this, and the very dogs that the sporting Boniface once held for such purposes, he now treats as he would his kinsmen, keeps them in good health by fresh air and exercise, in order that their jackets remain clean and fresh, and so give their owners a chance of taking honours at the neighbouring shows. Canine exhibitions have undoubtedly increased the value of the dog, and accordingly he is now better treated than at any previous part of his history.

I have heard it stated that dog shows do not improve

the tempers and dispositions of our terriers. That may be the case or not (most likely not), for I have not yet come across a fox terrier with a kindly, pleasant disposition, whose finest traits had become mythical after competition in the show ring. As a rule, a dog takes very kindly to the "bench," where he is comfortably bedded up with clean straw, and is seldom (nowadays at any rate) rendered cantankerous by continual poking with the umbrella or walking-stick of some mischievous and semi-civilised visitor. No dog, however docile and well-behaved, will stand such treatment, and when it occurs the offending visitor should be removed from the proximity of the animal which he desires to torture. In cases where a terrier does actually sulk, and seems to have a disinclination to make himself comfortable and contented when on exhibition, it is best to withdraw him entirely from the public gaze, as, in the end, he may turn unpleasant, and require either a muzzle or special contrivance to prevent his teeth making an acquaintance with a tender portion of some too curious and closely approaching spectator.

Having dealt with the fox terrier, both as a worker and as a show dog, little more need be said about him. Whether you require him for the one purpose or the other, treat him as kindly as you would your best friend, and under ordinary circumstances he will reward you accordingly. Make him a companion, to live in the house or in the stable, and on no account relegate him to a wooden kennel in the corner of the back yard. The fox terrier was no more made to reside in such an abode than was my lord brought up to inhabit a common lodging-house. The more you see of your dog the more he loves you, and greater is the likeli-

hood of his turning out a sensible animal. There are imbecile dogs as there are human beings, and no amount of treatment will in either case make the unfortunate creature sensible. Such a dog is better put out of harm's way, for all he can do is to eat, and to drink, and to sleep—he even fails to learn how to open a semi-closed door; and killing a rat, driving a fox, or protecting the house from thieves—the ordinary duties of any fox terrier—are accomplishments he will never attain. An imbecile dog may win a prize on a show bench for the simple reason that the judge has no opportunity of ascertaining his mental capacity; but he can prove mischievous even here, and had better be destroyed.





CHAPTER VII.

—o—o—o—o—
THE FOX TERRIER CLUB—ITS OFFICERS AND RULES—
OTHER CLUBS.

—o—o—o—o—
ALLUSION has already been made to the Fox Terrier Club, which, established in 1876, only two years later than the Kennel Club, and the year following the earliest of all specialist clubs, those for bulldogs, Dandie Dinmonts, and Bedlington terriers, it has continued progressive, and done much to promote the objects for which it was first formed. At the present time it has a balance in the bank of about £400 to its credit. The number of members in December, 1894, was ninety-six, notwithstanding the entrance fee and rather high annual subscription; still, both are required to at any rate prevent undue strain upon the funds during its own annual exhibition. There is no doubt that the continued and well sustained high value of the fox terrier is due in a great degree to the Fox Terrier Club. The committee have time after time looked after its interests in every way, and the valuable prizes provided from the funds will, so long as they are continued, always make their favourite much sought after.

Earlier in the volume I alluded to the custom of one man being at the same time, not of necessity at the same show, both judge and exhibitor. He will judge at one show and exhibit at another. The Fox Terrier Club is an influential body, quite representative and *sans reproche*, cannot they arrange amongst themselves to have judges who, at any rate for the season, are not exhibitors? The public would like some such method, for, however much above suspicion a man may be, the unsuccessful exhibitors have grounds for grumbling when they find one day Mr. Smith judging Mr. Jones' dogs and giving them prizes, and another day Mr. Jones judging Mr. Smith's favourites and reciprocating the award of honours. This, I consider, is one of the most unsatisfactory arrangements in connection with the dog show epoch. The present office-bearers are as follows :

Honorary Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. J. C. Tinné, Bashley Lodge, Lymington, Hants; who is an *ex-officio* member of the Committee: the ordinary committee includes Messrs. A. Ashton (Cheshire), J. A. Doyle (Brecon, S. Wales), P. C. Reid (Essex), J. R. Whittle (Middlesex), A. E. Clear (Essex), V. B. Johnston (Staffordshire), F. Redmond (London), F. S. H. Dyer-Bennet (Stourbridge), F. L. Evelyn (Denbigh), C. W. Wharton (London), S. Castle, jun. (Blackheath), C. H. Clarke (Notts), J. A. Hosker (Bournemouth), T. Keene (London), and R. Vicary (Devonshire).

The rules of the club, altered and revised November, 1894, are as follows :

I.—The name of the Club shall be "THE FOX TERRIER CLUB," its object being to promote the breeding of pure fox terriers; to define precisely and publish a definition of the true type; and

to urge the adoption of such type on breeders, judges, dog show committees, &c., as the only recognised and unvarying standard by which fox terriers ought to be judged, which may in future be uniformly accepted as the sole standard of excellence, in breeding and in awarding prizes of merit to fox terriers; and (by giving prizes, supporting shows, and taking other steps) to do all in its power to protect and advance the interests of the breed.

2.—The Club shall consist of an unlimited number of Members, whose names and addresses shall be kept by the Honorary Secretary in a book, which book shall be open to the inspection of Members at reasonable times. Any respectable person favourable to the objects of the Club is eligible for admission as a Member. Each Candidate for admission must be proposed by one Member, and seconded by another Member. The election of Members shall be vested solely in the Committee, and shall be by ballot, four Members to form a quorum, and two black balls to exclude.

3.—The Annual Subscription for each Member shall be two guineas, payable on the 1st January in each year, and the Entrance Fee shall be two guineas. Any one failing to pay his subscription by 31st January shall have notice given him by the Honorary Secretary, and if his subscription be still unpaid by the time that the Annual Report of the past year is issued, his name shall be inserted in a list of Members who are in arrear with their subscription. If his arrears be still unpaid on the 31st March next following, his name shall be struck off the list of Members. No new Member shall be entitled to enjoy any of the privileges of Members until he has paid his Entrance Fee and Subscription. [This rule is to be revised.]

4.—Meetings of the Club shall be held, as occasions shall require, for the transaction of business. A Meeting may be specially convened by the Honorary Secretary on receipt of a written requisition signed by not less than six Members, stating the time, place, and object of such Meeting, to be lodged with the Honorary Secretary at least a fortnight previous to the date fixed for such Meeting to take place.

5.—A Meeting of the Club shall have full power to transact any business relating to the Club which it may think fit; to arbitrate in disputed matters; to expel any Member considered guilty of dishonourable conduct (after such expulsion the Member so expelled to have no claim against the Club, and not to be entitled to recover any portion of his Subscription); or to deal with any questions not provided for by these Rules.

6.—All the Concerns of the Club, and all arrangements for its management, shall be conducted by a Committee, consisting of fifteen elected Members, one-third of whom longest in office shall retire annually, but shall be re-eligible. The Committee shall hold meetings when necessary, three to form a quorum. The Honorary Secretary and Honorary Treasurer shall be *ex-officio* Members of Committee.

7.—An Annual General Meeting of the Club shall be held at the usual Club show in the autumn; or, in the event of a show not being held, at such time as the Committee may decide, for the purpose of revising the annual statement of accounts, duly audited and made up from the 1st of July to the 30th of June (such statement of accounts having been circulated amongst members not later than the 1st of October), and the election of Committee, Honorary Secretary, and Honorary Treasurer, as provided for in Rules 6 and 8; and for the transaction of any other business. The Committee shall have power to appoint Sub-Committees for any special object, and to fill up vacancies in the Committee during the year.

8.—The Honorary Secretary and Honorary Treasurer shall be elected at the annual general meeting.

9.—The Minutes of the last preceding Meeting shall be read at the commencement of, and be approved and confirmed by, the next subsequent similar Meeting. The Chairman shall have a casting vote in addition to his own. Notice of Meeting shall be sent to each Member at least seven days previous to the date fixed for such Meeting to take place, and with the notice shall be stated a list of the business to be transacted.

10.—The question of giving Prizes or Cups at Shows shall be decided by the Committee, who shall stipulate that the Show be

held under the Rules of The Kennel Club, and shall satisfy themselves as to the Classes and Prizes, as well as to the efficiency of the Judge. The Committee shall place in the hands of the Honorary Secretary, and shall from time to time revise, a list of such Judges as it approves.

11.—All expenses incurred by the Honorary Secretary and Honorary Treasurer, for or on behalf of the Club, shall be defrayed out of the funds of the Club. An Annual Report, together with the Rules, the names of Members of the Committee, and of the Honorary Secretary and Honorary Treasurer, and the Annual Statement of Accounts (duly audited), shall be printed and supplied to each Member not later than the 31st of December.

12.—The undermentioned Challenge Cups shall be offered for competition not less than twice nor oftener than four times each year. They shall be perpetual Challenge Cups.

I.—Grand Challenge Cup, value 50 guineas, for smooth-haired fox terriers.

II.—Grand Challenge Cup, value 50 guineas, for wire-haired fox terriers.

13.—The Club shall, at such time as the Committee may decide, give four special prizes, to be competed for by puppies born during the previous calendar year (thus the puppies competing in 1884 shall have been born in 1883), exhibited by their breeders, who must be members of the Club.

The special prizes shall be :

I.—10*l.* for the best smooth-haired dog puppy.

II.—10*l.* for the best smooth-haired bitch puppy.

III.—10*l.* for the best wire-haired dog puppy.

IV.—10*l.* for the best wire-haired bitch puppy.

14.—Although the Club will not necessarily withhold its support from Shows at which there is competition between smooth-haired and wire-haired fox terriers, the abolition of such competition is recommended whenever practicable.

15.—Any Member can withdraw from the Club on giving notice to the Secretary (such Member retiring to have no claim whatever on the Club), provided always that such Member shall

be liable for his Subscription for the current year in which he gives such notice.

Some time ago a committee of "scrutiny" or inspection was appointed, the duty of which was to examine and investigate any case where a charge of "trimming" a wire-haired terrier had been made. The resolution bearing on the question and adopted was as follows :

That a committee be appointed to act as scrutineers, and report any cases of tampering with the coats of wire-haired fox terriers. Tampering is defined—"singeing, clipping, plucking, cutting, shaving, and breaking hair which is not ripe to come out."

In addition to what may be called the "parent" club, as described above, there are, in various parts of the country, a number of other clubs similarly devoted to the advancement and improvement of this the most popular of all terriers. Some of these minor clubs either still hold or have already held shows of their own, and the particulars as to their names, as to membership, and to other matters are as follows :

FYLDE (established 1882).—Entry fee, two guineas; annual subscription, one guinea. Secretary, Mr. J. J. Stott, Barton House, Manchester.

IRISH (established 1880).—Entry fee, 10s. 6d.; annual subscription, 10s. 6d. Secretary, Mr. F. Kelly, Brunswick Chambers, Dublin.

LONDON (established 1887).—No entry fee, annual subscription, 10s. 6d. Secretary, Mr. J. H. W. Nathan, 131, St. Leonard's Road, London.

ISLE OF WIGHT AND NEW FOREST (established 1884).—Entry fee, 10s. 6d.; annual subscription, 10s. 6d. Secretary, Mr. V. B. Johnstone, The Wergs, Tettenhall, Staffordshire.

NORTH OF ENGLAND (established 1892).—Entry fee, one guinea, after first fifty subscribers; annual subscription, one guinea. Secretary, Mr. J. W. Taylor, 81, Union Street, Oldham.

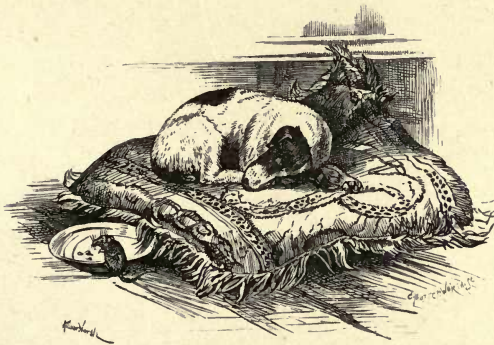
SCOTTISH (established 1886).—No entry fee, annual subscription, one guinea. Secretary, Mr. Norman McWatt, Lylestone House, Alloa.

SHEFFIELD AND HALLAMSHIRE (established 1885).—Entry fee, one guinea; annual subscription 10s. 6*d.* Secretary, Mr. G. Raper, Wincobank, Sheffield.

SHROPSHIRE (established 1885).—Entry fee, one guinea; annual subscription, one guinea. Secretary, Mr. F. H. Potts, Broseley Hall, Salop.

SOUTHDOWN (established 1878).—Entry fee, one guinea; annual subscription, one guinea. Secretary, Captain E. Pearson, 27, Oriental Place, Brighton.

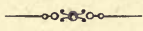
YORK (established 1890).—Entry fee, one guinea; annual subscription, one guinea. Secretary, Mr. F. Wright, 13, Lendal, York.







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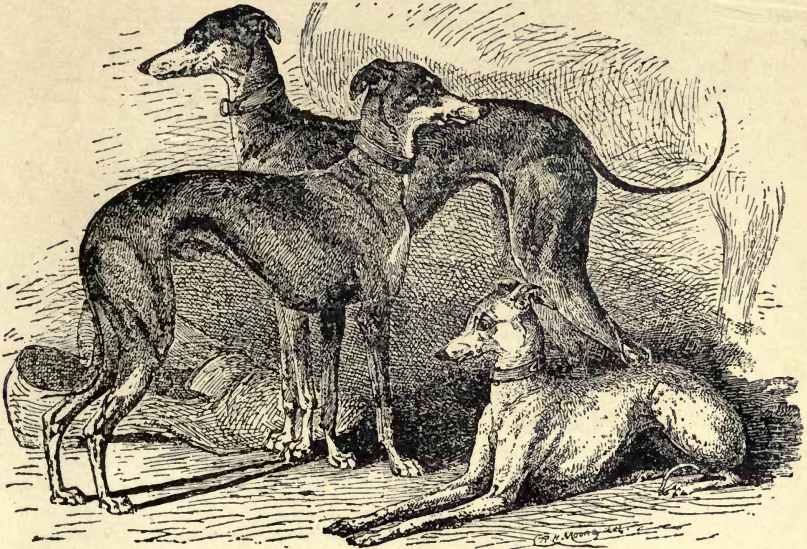
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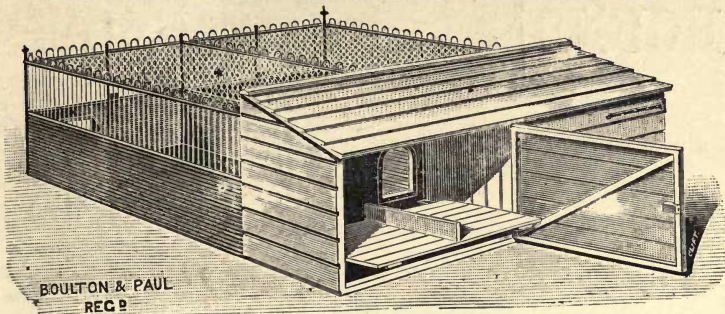
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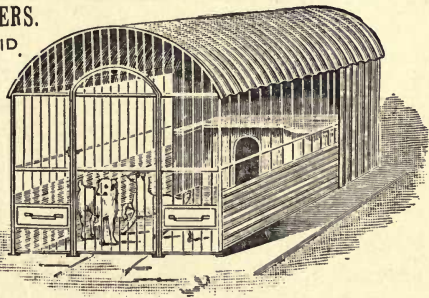
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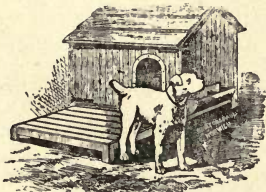
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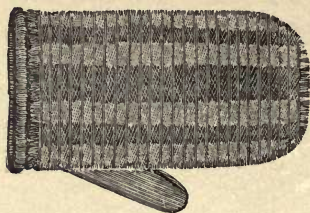
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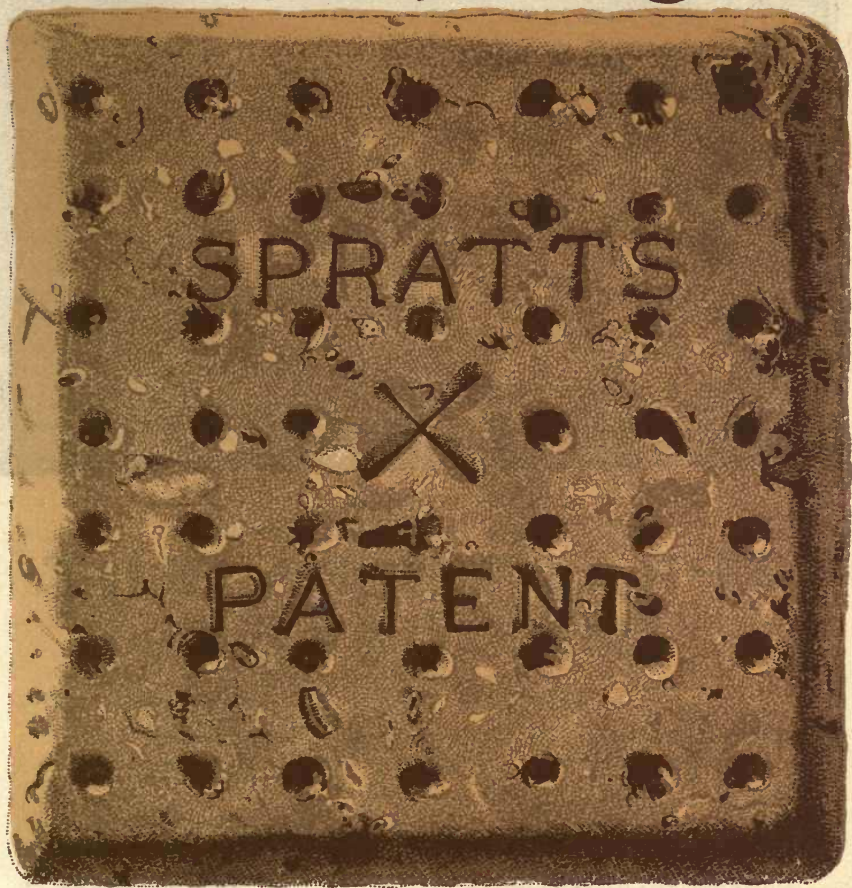
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