

Mr. Hyman's Picnic Broke All Records

Over Twenty Thousand Londoners Were Guests Of New Works Minister

Queen's Park the Scene of the Greatest Political Outing in the History of Ontario—Mr. Hyman the Man of the Hour—His Reception of the Old-Time Kind.

The spirit of '87 broke loose on Saturday. It spread over London from early in the morning, until, by 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the city proper was practically depopulated, and Queen's Park boasted of a crowd which put the record-breakers of the Western Fair's rainy days in the shade. The occasion was the Liberal picnic.

The spirit of '87 is the spirit which took hold of the Liberal party when first Mr. Hyman sought parliamentary honors in London and which finally resulted in his election as member for the city, with later the greater honor of a cabinet portfolio for London.

Consequently, when Hyman gave a picnic, and told his supporters that he wanted them to be on hand and enjoy themselves with him, the men who had fought with him for eighteen years would have risked a shower of pitchforks rather than have missed the big event.

And on Saturday they turned out with their wives, and children, and friends, to the number of somewhere between 20,000 and 25,000. The great grounds were, by 3 o'clock, almost covered with the thousands of picnicers. The huge stands in front of the ring were crowded to their limit on both the lower and upper floors, and the paddocks were occupied with thousands of sightseers. All the while the cars on Dundas street were arriving at the rate of one a minute, with the people riding on the footboards and clinging to the straps. Manager Carr had made every effort to carry the crowds, but no amount of good management could handle the thousands upon thousands who flocked to the park.

It was half-past 4 before the first sign of a let-up in the arrivals was noticed. And then again at 5 o'clock the crowds again began to pour into the grounds. These latter were the people who had found it impossible to get away from business in the afternoon, but who were determined to celebrate with Hyman sooner or later.

For three weeks the Liberals of London had prepared for the outing. "It's mine," Mr. Hyman told his followers. "The picnic is and must be mine. But I want you to run it for me. I will give you all the help I can. Give the people such a picnic as they never had before. Nothing is too good for the citizens of London."

The result of the preparations was manifest to all Saturday. The tremendous crowd, which threw into utter insignificance all previous picnics, was handled without a slip. Every detail had been attended to.

HYMAN LUNCH WAS SERVED UP TO TWELVE THOUSAND PEOPLE

Task of Feeding the Multitude Was a Herculean Undertaking—Two Thousand Admitted at a Time.

The feeding of fully 12,000 people in the Horticulture Hall was one of the record-breaking feats of the Liberals. Twenty-one thousand tickets had been given out, and the refreshment committee strained every nerve to keep up with the ever-increasing outpour of tickets. No chances were taken, but as may be imagined it is no child's play to feed so many thousands. The whole trouble, however, lay in securing people who were ready to deliver the goods. The proprietor of a Richmond street cafe alone furnished 20,000 sandwiches. Several confectioners furnished from 2,000 to 5,000 each. And the Liberals were constantly crying out for more. In short, the committee was afraid that some people were going to be overlooked.

But when Saturday morning came it was apparent to even the uninitiated that, to say the least, food for many thousands had been provided and that though all might not be looked after,

yet enough would be supplied to prove that all that was to be done in a city the size of London to meet the requirements of the people had been done.

In the hall long counters a foot wide and reaching from end to end on either side of the building, which is easily 300 feet long, were erected. In the center the large stands used for the display of fruit and flowers, served as tables, and these were all covered with clean white paper. Behind the counters were somewhere in the neighborhood of 12,000 lunches all ready on paper plates. At intervals of five feet were tubs of lemonade, golden wafers, and alongside of these stood the hundred or more ice cream freezers loaded to the muzzle. Altogether the scene was a most appetizing one. Each lunch consisted of three ham sandwiches, several pieces of dainty cake, a large banana, a dish of ice cream and a glass of lemonade. And when it was all over the people were all ready to agree that there was nothing paltry about the Liberal luncheon.

All day the committee and the volunteer waiters had been as busy as bees. It was no small job to unpack the thousands of sandwiches, and cakes and to place them on the plates ready for the hungry picnicers, but the Liberals who compose Mr. Hyman's inner guard in this city—the committee men, upon whom he has on previous occasions relied, and whom he has never yet found wanting—were equal to the occasion.

Volunteers Were On the Job.

To a man, those who had volunteered their services to the committee were on hand, and they carried out their work to the complete satisfaction of the thousands of persons who were served, and most certainly to the complete satisfaction of Chairman John Stevely and his hard working committee. The committee included Messrs. J. T. Nolin, Harry Rankin, Thomas Lovell, M. E. Holden, Alf. Talbot, J. M. Daly, Sam K. Stewart, Wm. Jeffery, Frank Butler, Charles P. Needham, John McKay, John Gray, Edgar Jeffery, Dr. Claude Brown and others.

As the willing workers arrived they were accorded positions by the committee, and soon the hall was in apple pie order. It was announced on the programme that the luncheon would be served at 4:30, but at 4:20 the order was given to open the doors. At this hour Chairman Stevely and Mr. Geo. M. Field, after a consultation with those in charge of the different sections, told the doorkeepers to let a portion of the crowd in.

The entrance was at the north end of the hall, and there were two doors. The doorkeepers were Mr. John MacArthur, Mr. William Loocher, George Fraser, Mr. Harry Rankin, and P. C. Thomas Noonan and Robert Black.

Outside the crowd had been collecting for nearly an hour, and it was not without some trepidation that the order was given to let down the bars. Glancing through the windows, the committee-men could see a crowd of not less than 5,000 people jostling good-

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Pride of Two Hundred Homes in the Baby Show

Greatest Collection of Youngsters Ever Seen in Canada at Liberal Picnic.

The feature of the afternoon programme at the great Liberal picnic, and the event in which the greatest general interest was manifested, was the baby show.

The equal of it has possibly never been seen in Canada, before—certainly not in London.

The pride of fully two hundred London homes was exhibited on the stand inside the ring, in full view of the thousands of spectators, and it made a collection of which any city might well be proud, and which would lead one to believe that race suicide, of which President Roosevelt talks so much, is not in favor in London.

When entries for the show were called for, proud mothers and fathers began to find their way across to the stand, there to have the little ones scrutinized by the judges, Messrs. Walter Scott, M. P. of Assiniboia; H. F. Gadsby, of Toronto, and A. Johnston, M. P. for Cape Breton. Very little time had elapsed before fifty parents with their babies were in a line on the front of the stand. And still the youngsters came, and still they came, until fully two hundred were in place, and the judges began to realize the enormity of the task cut out for them.

All Kinds of Kiddies.

And such a lot of fine babies there were. There were big babies and little babies; babies fat and babies slight of build; rugged babies and babies not so strong; babies dark and babies fair; babies that plainly showed that they spent much time in the open air, and babies whose very appearance indicated that they were confined to the house much of the time; pretty babies, and babies that might be classed as

"homely;" babies with curly locks and babies with straight hair; bright-eyed babies, and drowsy-looking nites—in fact, every kind of a baby the pride of their parents, and every baby well dressed.

When the judging commenced, the collection of babies extended from end to end of the stand, a distance of over 200 feet, while seats for many could not be secured in the front row, and places were allotted to them behind. The judging occupied over an hour. Those who undertook the duty of awarding the prizes went carefully over the entries, inquiring as to their age and weight, and later they selected the winners. In appointing the judges, the picnic committee guarded against two things—the selection of men who did not know good-looking babies when they saw them, and the selection of Londoners, for it was acknowledged that with so many entries a resident of London could not be found who would not be prejudiced in favor of one or other of the little tots.

Every baby got a prize. Not one was overlooked. To have satisfied every mother and father it would have been necessary to give a first prize to every baby. But this could not be done. For those who were fortunate enough to be classed in the first fifteen, gold lockets and chains, silver mugs and the like were presented, while the remainder received bottles of perfume.

The Prize-Winners.

Only two pairs of twins were entered—a pair of girls and a pair of boys. The former were Myrtle Irene and Genora May Haylock, one and a half-years old, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Haylock, of Brydges street, East London, and they were awarded the first prize, the second prize going to Thomas and Theodore Crittle, 2 years old, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Crittle, of 603 King street.

The honor of taking first prize for individual white babies fell to George McCullagh, a bright, plump, little fellow, the son of Mr. and Mrs. George McCullagh, of Duchess avenue.

The second prize went to Fred Carlisle Rowe, 9 months old.

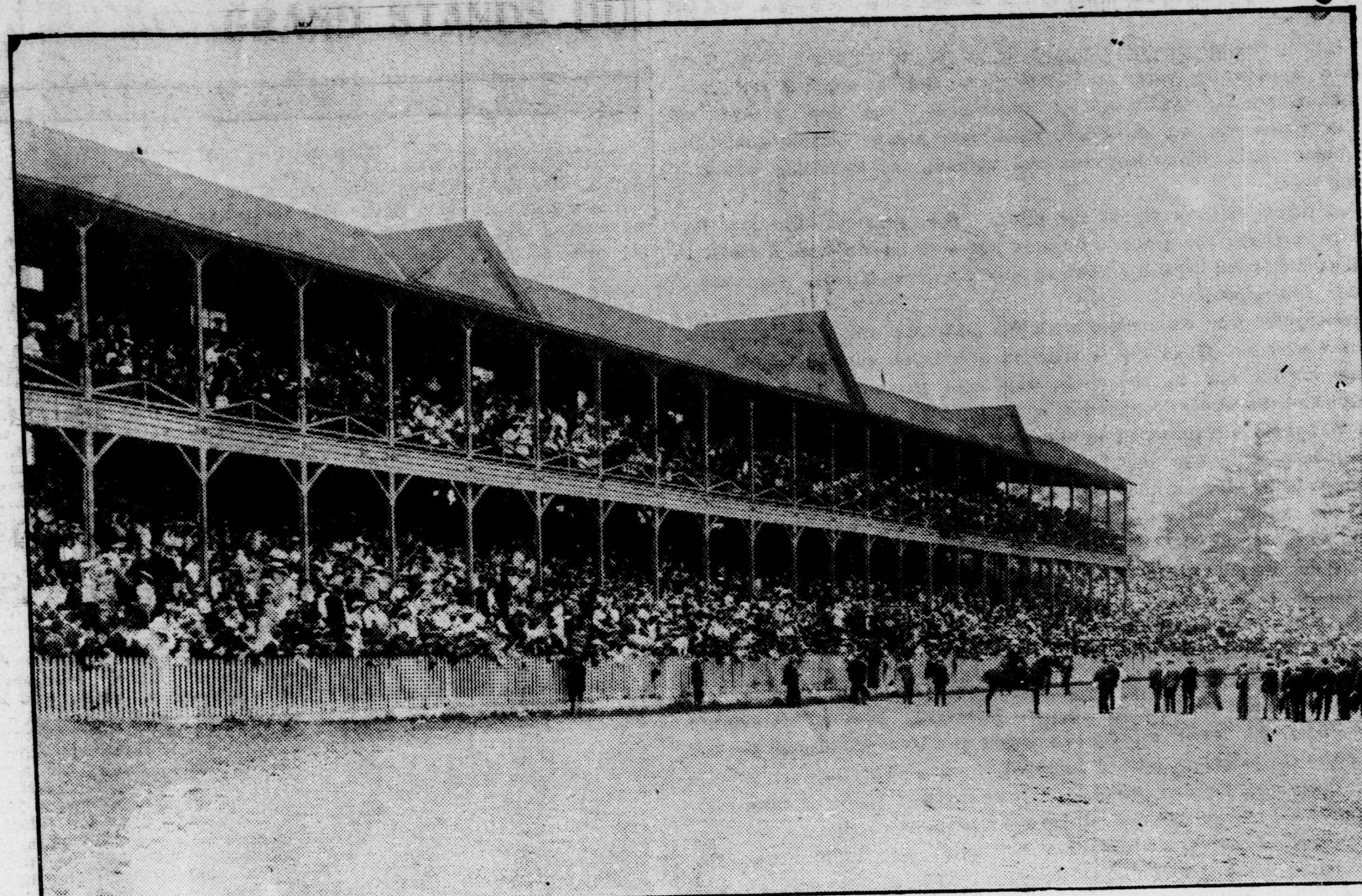
Third prize—Doris Kay, 7 months old, 1023 Mabel street.

Fourth prize—Marjorie Reeder, 250 Chesapeake street.

Fifth prize—Baby of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Dickmather.

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AT THE GREAT LIBERAL PICNIC—VIEW OF THE GRAND STANDS DURING THE AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE



WAS NO END OF VARIETY IN PROGRAMME OF SPORTS

Novelty Events That Furnished Fun for Both Spectators and Competitors.

Minister of Public Works in the Fat Men's Race—Wins Second Prize.

The afternoon programme of sports was announced to start at 2 o'clock, and sharp on the hour the various officials were in their places and the events were under way.

And such a crowd was in the stands. From end to end (both upstairs and down) of the double-decker was a mass of humanity such as is rarely seen even at the Western Fair, and then only on Farmers' Day, while in the large open stand to the north, and the smaller open stand to the south, there was not an available seat. Every inch of space was occupied. Men, women and children—old and young, big and little—were there in regular holiday attire, and they presented a sight such as would make the heart of any person glad. Even the stands were not large enough to seat the vast throng, and hundreds, yes, thousands, had to be content to stand in the paddock and view the races and other contests over the fence, or make their way into the ring. In the latter there were fully 1,500, with at least three times that number in the paddock.

The management of the sports was in splendid hands. Mr. Harry Buttery had the general oversight of the ring, and he had as assistants a number of young men who have had experience in such matters before, and knew how to keep the ball rolling. No sooner was one event off than the next one was announced through the megaphones, and in this way not a minute was wasted. There was "something doing" all the time. Twenty-four events were on the card, each scheduled to start at a given time, and to show the good management that prevailed it is only necessary to say that not one of the events was run late. Thus there was not the slightest cause for dissatisfaction. It was the general opinion that hats should be doled to Harry Buttery and his staff of assistants, the starters, timers, judges and the like.

Hyman in the Sports.

One of the most pleasing features of

THE WEATHER.

Forecast—Unsettled; Occasional Rain.

London, Monday, July 10. Sun rises, 4:45 a.m. Moon rises, 1:40 p.m. Sun sets, 8:30 p.m. Moon sets, 12:21 a.m. Toronto, July 9-8 p.m.

The weather today has been showery in Quebec and along the Ottawa Valley. Elsewhere in the Dominion it has been fine and very warm. Temperatures above 90 were recorded in Southern Alberta and also in Eastern New Brunswick.

Minimum and maximum temperatures: Victoria, 66-78; Kamloops, 66-86; Calgary, 45-80; Edmonton, 56-76; Prince Albert, 46-82; Winnipeg, 46-74; Port Arthur, 42-76; Parry Sound, 60-72; Toronto, 64-82; Ottawa, 6-80; Montreal, 68-82; Quebec, 66-84; Halifax, 64-88.

FORECASTS.

Monday, July 10-8 a.m.

Today and Tuesday—Moderate north to east winds; unsettled, with occasional rain.

TEMPERATURES.

Stations. 8 a.m. Min. Max. Fair.

Calgary..... 62 50 Fair

Winnipeg..... 62 50 Fair

Parry Sound..... 62 50 Fair

Toronto..... 64 54 Fair

Ottawa..... 64 54 Fair

Montreal..... 68 56 Fair

Quebec..... 68 56 Fair

Halifax..... 64 54 Fair

the afternoon was the spirit with which Mr. Hyman entered into the sports. The new Minister of Public Works was on the grounds sharp at 2 o'clock, and when he appeared on the track, and the vast crowds espied him, Continued on page 2.

HYMAN'S LUNCHEON AT QUEEN'S PARK

Ham Sandwiches.....	30,000
Lemon Cakes.....	500
Jelly Rolls.....	200
Angel Cakes.....	200
Tarts.....	2,400
Fruit Cakes.....	100
Lemons, boxes.....	20
Bananas.....	12,000
Ice Cream, gallons.....	250
Ginger Ale, dozens.....	20
Lemon Sour, dozens.....	20
Ginger Beer, dozens.....	20
Sarsaparilla, dozens.....	20
Soda Water, dozens.....	20
Bags of Candy.....	5,000
Cigars.....	5,000

FOUL MURDER NEAR CALEDONIA; AN INDIAN WOMAN THE VICTIM

Criminally Assaulted and Beaten to Death in Her Home —Suspect Takes to Woods and Is Surrounded.

Caledonia, Ont., July 9. — After being criminally assaulted, Betsy Jacobs, an Indian woman, was foully murdered in her cottage on the reserve, early this morning. Joe Bennett, an Indian, is suspected of the crime, and after a hot pursuit has been surrounded in the woods near the Indian reserve, where he is in hiding.

David, a mail-carrier, while on his route, found the body of the murdered woman lying on the floor of her bedroom. Her head had been beaten almost to a pulp, while finger-marks upon her throat gave evidence that she had also been strangled.

The news of the crime quickly spread over the countryside, and while en route to the scene of the murder, Bennett was met by a large number of people driving towards Caledonia. On suspicion that he was the perpetrator of the deed, a posse, headed by Constables Garlow, Atkins, Martin and Davis, started after the Indian. The pursuit was a hot one, and as the

GLORIOUS ENDING TO GLORIOUS DAY

Evening Programme at Liberal Picnic Entertaining From Start to Finish.

Saturday evening proved to be a glorious ending to a glorious day for the Liberals of London.

While it was expected that the attendance at the great picnic would not be as great as in the afternoon, the throng was nevertheless in the bumper class. The lower floor of the grandstand was packed from end to end. The monster open stand to the north was well filled also—and the ring, well, it contained a couple of thousand men and boys who wanted to be nearer to the platform where the performance was put on than they were supposed to be.

It was just as jolly and good-natured a crowd as was seen in the afternoon, and it was treated to a programme of an entirely different variety. Every person stayed until the last number was given. As in the afternoon, delays were unknown.

Hon. C. S. Hyman was on the

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PROGRAMME WESTERN FAIR SEPT. 8TH TO 16TH

ECHOES OF THE PICNIC

Lost Articles Now Awaiting the Owners—Relay Team Wants Race.

The winners of the extra races at the Liberal picnic were unable to secure their prize money at the grounds on Saturday, no provision having been made for them. They can receive their prizes by calling at John Marshall & Co.'s, 68 Dundas street, today or tomorrow. The parents are requested to see that the children call, as the committee is anxious that none should be overlooked.

One of the little girls competing in the races lost a silver bracelet. Aid. Saunders found it, and is awaiting the surveyor for the Ontario Government.

A New Township.

Windsor, July 10.—A. J. Hallford, civil engineer, left here today with 20 men for Lake Abitibi, Northern Ontario, where a new township will be surveyed for the Ontario Government.