



MRS. WILLIAM HENDRIE OF HAMILTON, ONE OF THE HOSTESSES AT THE ONTARIO JOCKEY CLUB.

Pictorial Side

ESTERDAY saw the auspicious opening of the spring meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club. Thousands of ears are ringing still with the patter of springing hoofs and the plaudits of thousands, the warning blast of the trumpet and the clang of the judges' bell. Fine engravings, such as the Sunday World offers, are not produced so quickly as to admit of their presentation in to-day's issue. They will come next Sunday. But there is a strong racing flavor in to-day's World with a few preliminary engravings of general interest, among them a scene at the stables of the esteemed president of the Jockey Club, and a snapshot group of equine portraits.

Mrs. William Hendrie of Hamilton, wife of President Hendrie of the Ontario Jockey Club, will be the principal figure among the women who will be prominent at the Woodbine clubhouse functions during the O. J. C. meeting. Mrs. Hendrie's friends in Toronto are legion, and in her hands and those of her associates vice-royal and other distinguished guests will be cared for to "the queen's taste."

Toronto Bay presents a lively scene these early summer days. Pleasure craft of every sort have been towed from winter quarters and overhauled preparatory to being put into commission; the tarsmen of three famous rowing clubs—the Argonauts, Toronto and Duke—are practicing daily in singles, doubles, fours and eights; the island ferries have increased their service; the steamers of the lake navigation companies to Niagara, Port Dalhousie and Hamilton, have begun their regular trips and their going and coming add to the life of the picturesque panorama. Those who find enjoyment in aquatic sports and pastimes are especially favored in Toronto. The bay and the broad bosom of Lake Ontario provide ideal conditions for rowing, canoeing and sailing.

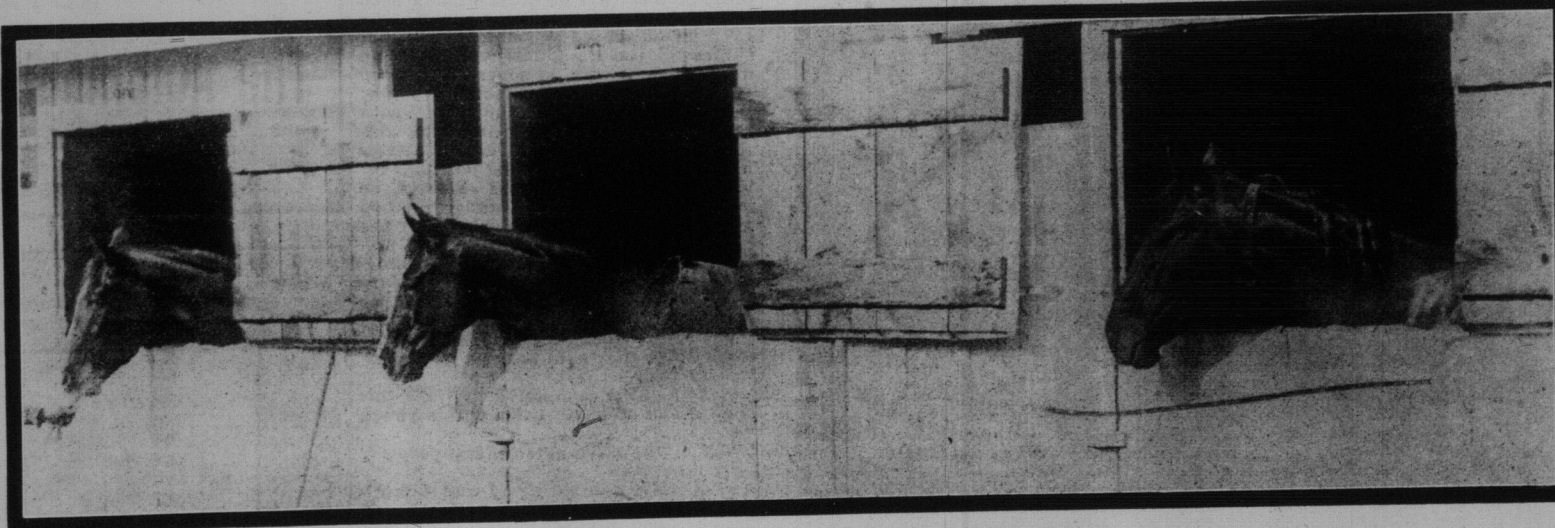
"June" comes with her arms full of roses. The picture on the first page of to-day's World tells its own pretty story. An artist only could have composed it, and yet many artists deride photography as merely mechanical. Go to.

Thru the kindness of Dr. Charles O'Reilly, The Sunday World is enabled to reproduce a clever artistic production by the late Dr. Norman Bethune of the three "eccentric pioneer surgeons" of Toronto, Dr. John King, Dr. Christopher Widmer and Dr. George Herrick. Dr. King was born in Ireland in 1806 and came to Toronto when he

was 24 years old. He was a member of the first General Hospital staff when that institution was on the corner of King and John-streets. Dr. King died in 1859. Dr. Widmer was the father of surgery in Upper Canada, and the very life and soul of the General Hos-

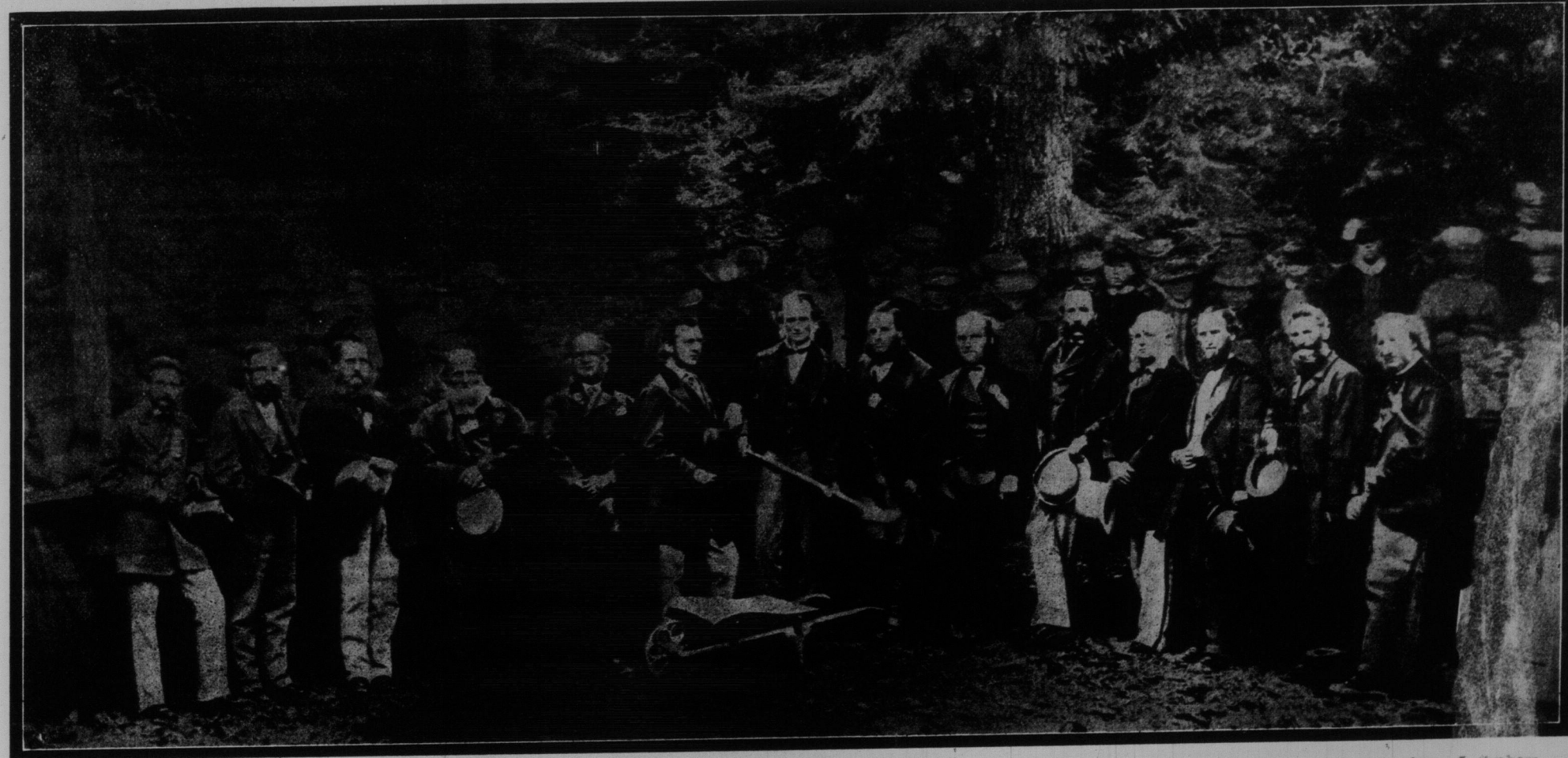
pital. Dr. O'Reilly's office for many years, and expressed a desire for a copy. Not only his excellency, but many Canadian medical men will be pleased to secure a souvenir of such genuine historical interest and value. Truly these are Shades of men who set a high standard

for those who came after them and for the science of surgery in Canada. If they were eccentric it was the pardonable eccentricity of genius. The engagement is announced of Miss Halle Erminie Rives, the southern



EQUINE PORTRAITURE: A SNAPSHOT AT THE WOODBINE.

pital. He came to Canada in 1812 and died in 1858 at the age of 78. Dr. Herrick, the third member of this illustrious group, was a native of Cork, Ireland, and first saw the light of day in 1788. He was the most eccentric of the trio. He came to Toronto in 1838, and lived and died a bachelor. He had neither gas nor carpets in his house, and was in other ways conspicuous for his eccentricities. Dr. Herrick gave two dinners a year—one at Christmas and the other on his father's birthday. His guests were always the younger men of his acquaintance. He regularly retired at 9 p.m., and had no hesitancy in asking his guests to move on when his bedtime approached. Dr. Herrick also, was a valuable member of the General Hospital staff for many years. One of his individual peculiarities was a nervous habit of putting out his own tongue at his patients whenever he desired to examine their tongues. The doctor was an ardent admirer of Dr. John King, whom he affectionately called "Hex, my boy." As will be observed by reference to the engraving, Dr. Herrick almost invariably carried his left arm behind his back and his right arm swinging as he walked along the street. The lithograph from which The World's engraving is made was presented to Dr. O'Reilly by the late George Lewis, whose signature it bears and who bequeathed \$10,000 to the General Hospital. During the recent visit of his excellency to the General Hospital, Earl Grey was much interested in this weird yet wonderfully correct cartoon of the fathers of medical surgery in Upper Canada, which has hung



E. Wragge, J. C. Fitch, G. Laidlaw, J. Gould, J. B. Robinson, R. W. Elliott, J. S. Macdonald, J. E. Smith, J. C. Leys, G. W. Allan, S. C. Harman, Capt. McMaster, J. Brethour, J. Graham. TURNING THE FIRST SOD FOR THE TORONTO & NIPISSING RAILWAY AT CANNINGTON IN OCTOBER, 1869.—See "Pictorial Side."

author, to Mr. Post Wheeler, American journalist and author, and their marriage will take place in Europe this month. The meager despatches do not state where Miss Rives is to be married, but it is probable that she will be the guest of her cousin, Amelie Rives, now the Princess Troubetzky. The prospective bride, of whom an excellent portrait is printed in this issue of The Sunday World, has gained fame and some wealth by her books. Most successful of these have been "A Furnace of Earth," "Smoking Flax" and "As a Heart Panthe." They have been described as prose poems of passion and the sales have been so great as to net the author in royalties considerably over \$100,000. Miss Rives is one of the F.F.V.s. Her father was a fine old Virginia planter and from him she inherited a fondness for horses and outdoor sports. She is a fearless and most accomplished horsewoman, a crack shot with rifle and revolver, and an enthusiastic disciple of Isak Walton and Grover Cleveland. Miss Rives was a tomboy in her younger years at home in Virginia, and her unrestrained activity led her idolizing parent—her mother died when Miss Rives was an infant—to bestow upon her the pet name of "Wildcat." She is not a beautiful woman. Her form is angular and her hair is lusterless red. She is a good business woman, however, and does an enormous amount of work apart from her production of one long novel each year. Mr. Post Wheeler, the man she is to wed, is a son of the Rev. Dr. Henry Wheeler, of Ocean Grove, N.J., and has been much associated with her in the preparation of her books for the publishers. He has his spurs yet to win, if he does not lose his identity altogether as the husband of Halle Erminie Rives-Wheeler.

but the same spirit of progression animates the Toronto business men of to-day and insures the continual expansion and prosperity of the city. Exceptional interest attaches to the forthcoming by-election in London. Charles S. Hyman, M.P., who has been acting minister of public works, was named by Premier Laurier to fill the cabinet vacancy caused by the death of the Hon. James Sutherland.

His nomination must be ratified by his constituents and an election has been ordered, altho, at this writing (Wednesday) the date has not been fixed. Mr. Hyman will be opposed again by William Gray, the popular president of the London Liberal-Conservative Association. At the last federal election Mr. Gray reduced Mr. Hyman's majority to eighteen and, in the existing circumstances, appearances indicate an exceedingly perilous "run" for the gov-

ernment candidate. Our portraits of the rival candidates on page 5 are from recent photographs.

The Young Women's Auxiliary of St. James' Cathedral has a pretty habit of giving a "daffodil luncheon" once a year, for the benefit of the missions in which the church is interested. The group picture on page 4 includes the young ladies who were responsible for the success of the one given recently.



MISS APPLE BLOSSOM.

Nan Benton's Divorce

A Pathetic Domestic Tragedy.

Of course, there was a woman in the case. All the tragedies in the world, from the apple episode to the present, have had their women. Tom Benton first met her when he was a bachelor.

Her name was Cora Lentley. Ordinarily close-mouthed, Benton she told much. She lived with her grandmother, she said. Grandma was a Russian, wealthy, peculiar, and had rented a cottage in an out-of-the-way street

at Plymouth. Grandma never went out, and Cora did all the housework. Only three men ever called at the house—the butcher, the baker and the milkman. One day she passed him with a tall, sinister-looking man in town. The man said, "It must be done quickly," and the girl answered, "I'll catch the steamer to-morrow." Benton gave the conversation only a passing thought then. Later he thought it over. That evening he read that Captain Kolski, a well-known Russian and who stood high in the Russian police, was making a short stay at one of the hotels. He intuitively connected Captain Kolski with the sinister man he had seen with Miss Lentley the morning. Both were Russians, he argued, and so had tastes in common.

For three days he saw nothing of the Lentley woman. Then his morning paper enlightened him. The article was headed "The Police Puzzled," and ran as follows: "Mrs. Ivan Palitski, a Russian, was found dead in her bed this morning at Smith-street. The deceased had lived in the house for the last three months her only companion being a domestic who, finding her mistress dead, fled, no doubt, for fear of being arrested. There were no marks of violence on the body and death was no doubt due to natural causes. Mrs. Palitski was arrested ten years ago in Moscow, charged with being a Nihilist, but owing to great political influence she was released and came to this country. No papers were found in the house when the police searched this morning, but her money and jewels were intact, showing that if foul play was meditated robbery was not the motive. The servant had evidently left the house last Monday, to Mrs. Palitski had been dead for several days."

When Benton had finished reading this piece of news he thought he had had a surfeit of Plymouth. And the afternoon train took him to London. Then the world jogged on much as it did before, and two years added their quota of wisdom to young Benton's already ample store. One day in June while walking in Hyde Park, almost

Continued on Page 5.