

Entertainment Extraordinary.

BY STERLING ELLIOTT, IN "BICYCLING WORLD."

At the suggestion of any extensive and elaborate amusement enterprise the average mind turns at once to P. T. Barnum. Barnum and the show business are synonymous. He was to the amusement world what Napoleon Bonaparte was to war, or what Bob Ingersoll is *not* to the orthodox church. Given some extremely odd and unusual freak and little Jimmy Jones, of Dead Horse, Dakota, says the same thing that little Ralph Waldo Browning, of Boston, would utter, viz.: "Why, Barnum ought to have that." *Why Barnum?* Because Barnum stands not simply as the name of a man, but as an idea; and that idea embodies all that is startling enough to warrant a charge for the privilege of seeing it. Barnum has "strut his brief hour upon the stage" and passed away. Who will be his successor? Of course we know who succeeded to his show business, but who is to be the "bright, particular star" that will outshine all the firmament of amusement managers? Who is to "take the cake," so to speak, that will be baked by our grandchildren? Will it be some man who began at the foot of the amusement ladder and patiently toiled his way along, who perhaps even now has reached a respectable mediocrity and will win by slow degrees? *I don't believe it.* It seems to me that he will come tumbling into the ring with a jolly "Hi, hi, here we are again," and not only begin where Barnum left off, but leave the genial old Godfather of Thomas Thumb several lengths to the rear on the first lap.

Now my natural modesty makes it hard for me to say it, but do you know I believe I am that man. I have got an initiatory scheme that would have made Barnum turn pale. Something which will make Jumbo and the sacred white elephant look like a couple of dwarf rats. Something as compared with which the "Last Days of Pompeii" and the "Fall of Babylon" would be absolutely noiseless. What do you think? *A railroad collision.* Not one of these tame affairs where both engineers are doing their best to stop, and where at most but a few human lives and a few thousand dollars' worth of engines and stuff are lost, but a real, genuine done-on-purpose collision, with full steam and everything right, and have them come together smack square in front of the grand stand; every man at his post, and no

half-way business about it. Haven't you travelled miles to see the wreck or even the location where such a thing happened, and haven't you carried away slivers and things and had them labelled and put on the "what-not" in the front room? Haven't you bragged for years that you went to the scene of the wreck and personally, "Yes, sir, personally," and with your own hands pulled off a piece of the smoke-stack, or whatever, and brought it away with you? What wouldn't you give to sit in a comfortable chair in the grand stand and see such a magnificent sight as two beautiful trains of modern vestibule cars coming at full speed around a specially constructed curve, each engineer blowing his whistle like the last trump, and the other pretending not to hear it. A flagman wildly waving the wrong color, an open switch, "the hot breath of the engine," the customary "Oh, my God, we are lost," the usual dull, sickening thud, and "all is over." Then the train is cut up into small bits and sold to you (probably 100,000 of you), and the affair passes into history as the greatest thing in the amusement line the world ever saw. *How do you like it?* I am negotiating with a prominent railroad to furnish the road-bed and rolling stock with every prospect of success. The hitch, if any, will be the selection of the passengers. There are some who say they would like to be on board, and yet others that we are waiting to hear from. If you want to be in the first premeditated smash-up that ever happened, please file your application at once. Details and prospectus later.

P.S.—The peanut, lemonade and undertaking privileges are to be sold to the highest bidder.

P.S. No. 2.—The same engineers will not be allowed to enter such tournaments often enough to become professionals.

BICYCLES!!

I have added to my stock of general sporting goods samples of the

HUMBER, PSYCHO, & ROVER

Bicycles, which I will be pleased to show and quote at close prices.

WM. McDOWALL

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