

# The Toronto World.

THE KING'S PLATE  
WOODBINE OPENING

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ILLUSTRATED  
SECTION.

PART I—PAGES 1 TO 8

## Events Pictorial

TORONTO'S thoughts turn often these days to the approaching spring meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club in the Dominion. In it all classes of society are vastly interested. It has the patronage of vice-royalty and is to Canada what the famous Derby is to England. The leading event of the meeting is the race for the King's Plate—formerly the Queen's Plate—which is the feature of the opening day. This race is the oldest fixture of its kind on this continent. It has been run continuously for 46 years, and in recent years it has increased in value to 40 guineas given by the Sovereign, with a piece of plate and 2500 added by the club; and the race is open only to horses of three years or upward, owned, trained, raised and bred in the Province of Ontario, that have never won a race, either on the flat or across country, have never left Canada, and have never been for a period of more than one month out of the province. The distance was a mile and a half until 1887, when it was reduced to a mile and a quarter. From 1860 until 1902 the race was run as the Queen's Plate, but after the death of Queen Victoria and the accession of Edward VII. it was changed to the King's Plate. Here is the list of winners up to date:

1860, Don Juan, owned by James White, Milton; 1861, Wild Irishman, owned by George Henderson, Port Hope; 1862, Palermo, owned by Messrs. Chambers, Hamilton; 1863, Touchstone, owned by James White, Milton; 1864, Brunette, owned by Dr. Morton, Bradford; 1865, Lady Norfolk, owned by Mr. Shepherd, Simcoe; 1866, Beacon, owned by Mr. McKellar, Chatham; 1867, Wild Rose, owned by James White, Milton; 1868, Nettie, owned by James White, Milton; 1869, Bay Jack, owned by Edward Bolton, London; 1870, John Bell, owned by Nelson Gates, Toronto; 1871, Floss, owned by Robert Davies, Toronto; 1872, Fearnought, owned by Alex Simpson, Toronto; 1873, Mignonette, owned by R. R. Pringle, Cobourg; 1874, Swallow, owned by Robert Thompson, Hamilton; 1875, Trumpeter, owned by Mr. Horton, St. Thomas; 1876, Mocha F., owned by Colonel Peters, London; 1877, Amelia, owned by John White, Milton; 1878, King George, owned by Colonel Peters, London; 1879, Moss Rose, owned by John White, Milton; 1880, Bonnie Bird, owned by John Forbes, Woodstock; 1881, Vic-Chance, owned by D. W. Campbell, Milton; 1882, Fanny Wiser, owned by "Mr. Abington" Toronto; 1883, Roddy Pringle, owned by Charles Boyle, Woodstock; 1884, Williams, owned by John Halligan, Toronto; 1885, Willie W., owned by S. Burgess, Woodstock; 1886, Wild Rose,



A SCENE FAMILIAR TO RACE-GOERS—THE MEMBERS' LAWN AT THE FAMOUS WOODBINE TRACK ON KING'S PLATE DAY. THIS EVENT TAKES PLACE NEXT SATURDAY.

ago. The Ontario Jockey Club was organized in 1881 and horse racing has flourished in this province—particularly in Toronto—ever since the affairs of the sport of kings were placed in the hands of men who sought to encourage racing, but to surround it with such regulations as would avoid scandal and stimulate an interest in the breeding of fine horses. The success of the club has been so great that its methods are the admiration of horsemen, throu-

bustly engaged in the preparation of its "glad" frocks and millinery for the event and everybody is looking forward to a delightful occasion. Dr. James W. Digby, for many years the leader of Brantford's most exclusive society, has consented to be one of a reception committee of three, having for his colleagues W. F. Cocksutt, M.P., not less prominent socially, and T. H. Preston, M.L.A. Lloyd Harris is president of the horse show; Harry Cook-

## Florence Delamont's Savage

By Paul Dunbar.

WHEN Florence declared that she would rather go to the woods with poles on her hunting and fishing trip than go abroad with Aunt Mary or to Saratoga, she knew that Florence was sensible and would find her own business and not get in the way. One of her good qualities—one which had appealed strongly to him since she was a very

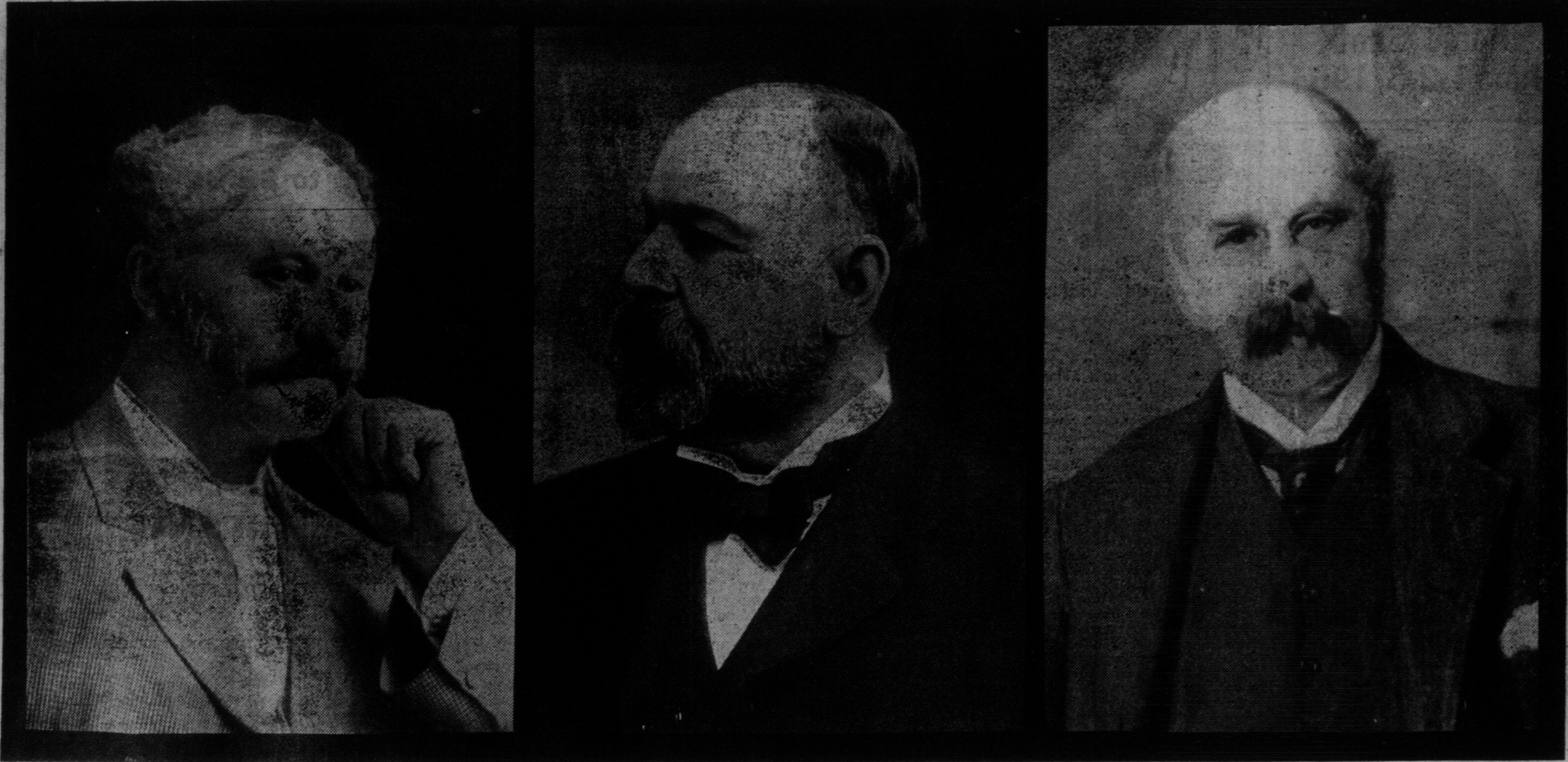
sire to take, recommending his reliability and valor in the strongest terms. She did not go about much at first, contenting herself with reading and dreaming in the sequestered quiet of the primeval forest. She took some long boat rides on the lake, admiring as much the iron muscles and skill of Jasper as he wielded his paddle as the magnificent scenery and the limpid water. She went on one or two hunting expeditions with her guide, and learned how little she really knew of the secrets of nature. She began to have an awe of this young savage, untrifled in the knowledge of men, but wise in everything pertaining to animals and growing things.

Jasper was an unusual man. The son of a political refugee who had fled from on a few expeditions and his reserve wore off, he began, naturally, to unfold the mysteries of nature to her, and she became deeply interested in exploring this great new world under his guidance. Nor was Jasper himself without interest to her. Never before had she seen a perfectly natural man, and as she came to know him better she realized that never before had she known so powerful a man mentally and spiritually as well as physically. The puppets of society, the dandies of the ballroom, the boulevard and the opera, became contemptible to her, and the hollow-ness of their lives loathsome.

As for Jasper Coonrad, Florence was the first lady from the outer world he had ever seen, and his wonder knew no bounds. All the women he had ever

seen were Indian squaws and the few wives of the lumbermen and settlers—all old and of a very different sort than this dainty bit of Dresden china which had floated his way. Her daintiness, her beauty, her culture, her learning, her marvelous clothes, all impressed him profoundly. As a whole, she was a mystery to him.

Now, what do you think happened? Of course, my romantic young women readers will shout in chorus: "He fell in love with her." And my romantic



William Hendrie, Hamilton. Joseph E. Seagram, M.P., Waterloo. E. B. Osler, M.P., Toronto. OFFICERS OF THE ONTARIO JOCKEY CLUB WHO WILL BE HOSTS AT THE SPRING MEETING OPENING ON SATURDAY NEXT AT WOODBINE.

owned by D. W. Campbell, Milton; 1887, Bonita, owned by Robert Bond, Toronto; 1888, Harry Cooper, owned by J. E. Seagram, Toronto; 1889, Colonel, owned by Messrs. Digby and Matheson, Toronto; 1890, Kite string, owned by D. T. Hodgson, London; 1891, Victoria, owned by O. Donohue, 1892, Martello, owned by Joe Miller, 1893, Bonneton, owned by Millbrook, 1897, Ferdinand, owned by Ben Ho, owned by Joseph E. Seagram, Waterloo; 1899, Buttercup, owned by William Hendrie, Hamilton; 1900, Dalgoor, owned by J. E. Seagram, Waterloo; 1901, John Rusk, owned by J. E. Seagram, Waterloo; 1902, M. Little, owned by William Hendrie, Hamilton; 1903, Thessalon, owned by N. Dymont, Barrie; 1904, Sapper, owned by N. Dymont, Barrie.

The year the King's Plate will be run on Saturday afternoon next, May 20, the opening day of the two-weeks meeting of the Governor-General and the Ontario City have promised to be present and the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, the premiers of the Dominion and the province, cabinet ministers and members of parliament, men of the highest professional and commercial standing, wealth, fashion, beauty—all will be gathered on the lawn and in the stands at the famous Woodbine. The picture on this page furnishes a very fair idea of the crowds which attend the Ontario Jockey Club races. The reproduction is from a photograph made on King's Plate day a year

ago. It is a simple secret. The acceptance of office in the O.J.C. by such men as William Hendrie, Joseph Seagram, M.P., E. B. Osler, M.P., ensures success. Men of the highest business and professional standing have filled the offices from year to year and it is in the hands of such as these that the most reputable racing organization on this continent continues to flourish as the proverbial "green bay tree." The King's Plate will be run next Saturday.

The group picture on Page 4 of W. G. Gooderham and his interesting family of boys is particularly attractive. Few mothers and fathers in Canada have such a proud boyhood of sons, some of whom have already given evidence of the inheritance of some of the business capacity that has been a conspicuous trait of three generations of Gooderhams, at least. The father of these boys was succeeded to the presidency of the Gooderham & Worts Distillery Company, made vacant by the untimely death of his father, the late George Gooderham. He is the third of his line.

If one were to form his impression from the gallery of portraits on page 5, as to Brantford's interest in its first horse show, he would not be far wrong in taking it for granted that the Telephone City is pretty generally excited over the prospect. It is to be a great event in Brantford. Society is very



MRS. ADAM BECK AND CHILD. Popular London horsewoman who was a conspicuous figure at the Toronto Horse Show and will be prominent among the hostesses at the approaching meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club.

shut it first vice-president; J. O. Willgrass is second vice-president; Mr. Wood is secretary and W. T. Henderson is treasurer. Charles H. Waterous, M.P., ensures success. Men of the highest business and professional standing whose portraits are printed are members of the large board of directors. The show will be held on May 24 and following day.

When little Viola Allen was attending school at Wickham Hall, Toronto, she little thought that one day she would become one of the richest and one of the most popular actresses on the American stage. Indeed, neither Miss Allen's parents nor herself had intended that she should ever become an actress, despite the fact that her father and mother had been connected with the stage all their lives. It is an odd fact not heretofore referred to that Miss Allen, during her career on the stage, never appeared in any play in which she did not assume the leading role. In this respect her career is a singularly interesting and surprising one. It is only by the merest chance and without any previous training that Miss Allen, while completing her education in New York, was called upon to assume the role of Esmeralda in the play of like name. Miss Allen's father, C. Leslie Allen, was a member of the company when the play was given at the Madison Square

with mamma, they all thought she was crazy. "What in the world one could do to pass the time for the life of me I can't see," remarked mamma. "No comforts, no luxuries, no balls, no tennis, no golf—nothing that I can see excepting mosquitoes and bugs and cheap hotels," added Irene, tossing her queenly head. "And no men," concluded Myra, shrugging her shapely shoulders. Florence laughed good-naturedly, and responded: "Well, it will be different at any rate. I'm tired of death of Pullman cars and palatial steamers saloons and stately hotel rooms and the eternal breakfasting and luncheoning and dining and supping. Yes, I'm tired of golf and tennis and automobile and balls. And the men in our set don't interest me—they're all alike. So I'm going to try it this season, anyway. You girls needn't complain. It will make one girl less to divide the men with."

And so to the woods went Florence with papa. He demurred a bit at first at the idea of dragging a girl about with him, but Florence always had been his favorite and they were famous comedians. He would have rebelled had it been any other woman in the world, little girl, was a certain resourcefulness which enabled her to be happy and contented with her own thoughts and occupations without depending on others. For the rest, he knew he would enjoy her companionship and her bright wit.

Nor was he disappointed. She took not luck such as the rough hotel offered without a murmur. He taught her to shoot and fish, but she declined to go with him on his fishing and hunting expeditions, realizing that she would spoil them. They had gone far into the northern woods, many miles from a railroad, to one of these rare spots which the enthusiastic sportsman smelt out, where all is yet wild and unbroken by the ravages of civilization save for a rough cabin or two and the crude log structure labeled "hotel." Delamont pater was an enthusiastic hunter and fisherman, and each year sought some spot and plunged into the hardy out-of-door life, with enthusiasm for some weeks, recuperating his tired nerves for the long months of fierce professional work.

So, day after day, he went out with a guide or some chance companion, and the girl was left to her own devices. At the start her father had brought to her a guide in the person of Jasper Coonrad, a young woodsman born on the shores of the lake, and told her he had arranged that this particular guide should be at her service for any excursions she might de-

Europe and buried himself in the depths of the forest, he doubtless had to him better blood than he knew. Left an orphan at an early age, he had grown up practically alone, and was full of that great reserve power which belongs to men who live much alone. He had learned to read and write and cipher a little, and this constituted his culture. But in every branch of woodcraft he was a master, and physically he was a perfect young giant.

After he had conducted Miss Florence seen were Indian squaws and the few wives of the lumbermen and settlers—all old and of a very different sort than this dainty bit of Dresden china which had floated his way. Her daintiness, her beauty, her culture, her learning, her marvelous clothes, all impressed him profoundly. As a whole, she was a mystery to him.

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