



ATHLETIC MATTERS.

A CHALLENGE.

To the Sporting Editor of GRIP.

DEAR SIR,—I observe in several papers the publication of a challenge by Chief Stewart of Hamilton to any amateur athlete in Canada, to compete with him in several feats as in that challenge set forth. It does not seem fair that the gallant chief should have the pick of all those feats to suit himself, and if he chooses, I will name a few more to be added to his list, and the winner of the majority of affairs is to be considered the victor. If Mr. Stewart agrees to this arrangement I will compete with him anywhere or at any time, the sooner the better, as if I hear that he is likely to prove the winner, I am liable to severe internal hemorrhage at any moment, so he had better accept the terms, which are as follows, or forever hold his peace.

FEAT 1.—EATING PEA SOUP.

In this contest the pea soup must be of the ordinary consistency, and must be conveyed from the plate to the competitors' mouths in spoons having bowls not less than five inches in diameter. The athlete who stows away, legitimately, the greater amount in two hours, to win this feat. I offer Mr. Stewart forty minutes' start in this contest; that is, he may commence eating forty minutes before the two hours of the duration of the contest, and the amount of soup disposed of in said forty minutes not to count.

FEAT 2.—THROWING HEAVY WEIGHTS.

The object to be thrown to be either one 100 pound weight, (fully attested, and no coal dealer's or hay merchant's article) or one hundred one pound weights, to be held in the left hand and discharged as rapidly as possible, the competitor dropping any one of such hundred, or letting one fly at his opponent's head, to be ruled out of this feat unless he kills said opponent. The athlete throwing the 100 pound weight a distance of over 75 yards to have his record entered as a champion performance. The 100 pound weight must be thrown in a bona fide manner, and not rolled over a precipice.

FEAT 3.—DIVING FOR DEAD DOGS AND CATS IN TORONTO BAY.

The contestant bringing the greater number of animals to the surface to be the winner, and to be entitled to headcheese free at any dealer's for the remainder of his natural existence.

FEAT 4.—(Open to all.) EATING PEAS AND MASHED POTATOES WITH A KNIFE.

The athlete who fatally gashes himself to be entitled to a vote of thanks. It is to be hoped that a large number of those who indulge in this practise of eating will enter for this feat, and that they will all inflict such wounds upon themselves as will leave no hope of their recovery. Corpses carted away free.

FEAT 5.—JUMPING FROM TOP OF ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL SPIRE.

As I am the challenger I will waive all ceremony and permit Mr. Stewart to jump first.

FEAT 6.—CLIMBING THE GREASY POLE, HEAD DOWNWARDS.

Mr. Stewart to commence at the ground, and I to continue where he leaves off; the athlete getting furthest up the pole in one trial to be the winner.

FEAT 7.—WRESTLING; CATCH AS CATCH CAN.

Mr. Stewart to stand in the centre of the Market square, Hamilton, whilst I take up my position in front of the office of GRIP, Toronto. Best two out of three.

FEAT 8.—PUTTING THE PLUMBER'S BILL.

[As it is doubtful whether either of us is able to lift an ordinary plumber's bill, one as small as possible must be selected.]

If Mr. Stewart accepts this challenge, I trust he will let me know through your sporting columns as soon as possible. One hundred dollars is to be placed by each competitor at once in the hands of the sporting editor of GRIP, such \$200 to be given to some deserving orphan (I am an orphan) by the winner of the greater number of feats, and another hundred is to be distributed amongst the detectives of this city, to remunerate them for keeping an eye on said sporting editor whilst the two hundred dollars shall remain in his possession.

Trusting that my challenge may be accepted,

I am,

Faithfully yours,

JOHN L. SWIZZLEHIG.

Phenomenal Amateur Athlete, Toronto.



Lovers of the divine art will scarcely need to be reminded that Dr. Damrosch's Orchestra concerts take place on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of next week. In addition to the great 55, the soloists are Mlle Martinez, soprano; Madam Sofia Sealchi, contralto, and Miss Theresa Carreno, the great pianist. Prices 50c. \$1. and \$1.50.

Mr. Stuart Cumberland's entertainments in Mind-Reading, on Wednesday and Thursday, proved as attractive as on his former visit. He was universally declared to be a marvel.



WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN.

Two young ladies of the rapid order meet. They stop.

1st Y. L. "How d'ye do, Amelia; gorgeous party last night, wasn't it? Wasn't them there fellows from Kingston bully?"

2nd Y. L.—"Well, I should smile; them chaps isn't to be beat; we didn't ought to—" (hears a moan behind her, and turns to behold a gentleman about to fall fainting to the ground). "Lor! look at this chap; he's took a fit." Fainting party writhes and groans with an inward agony. The young ladies rush to his assistance, and support him. Presently he opens his eyes, but is not sufficiently recovered to perceive his fair companions. He murmurs, faintly, "Ah! how awful was the conversation of those young females; and our Sophias are not so emphatic,—hem—Byron; 'Like bristles rose my stiffening hair,' ah—Dryden; Such converse is but ill adapted to my cultured ear; 'odi profanum vulgus'—er—Horace; but where am I? Ah!" (perceives his supporters). "What do I see? 'What are these so withered and so wild in their attire?'—Shakespeare. Nay, but they be comely damosels. How long have I thus laid—or lain—'As idly as a painted ship upon a painted ocean?'—er—ah—Coleridge."

1st Y. L.—"We was just a-talking, sir, when you swooned clean—he's off again, Amelia." (Limp party droops once more on hearing the fearful words).

Policeman now appears on the scene, as the fainting one partially comes to.



Policeman.—"What's up? What's all this?"

Both Y. L.s.—"Why, this gent" (groan from the sufferer) "fainted as we was a-talking and—"

Policeman.—"Why, this here's the Editor of the Mail, and can't never abide o' hearing of bad grammar, and you hadn't oughter done it. No wonder he foun—"

Editor gives a hollow groan and goes off once more.

CURTAIN.

Answer to charade in last week's GRIP.—Sand-ring-ham.