TURF TOPICS.

The Canadian Jockey Club Bill has been reprinted and is now to hand in its amended form. There are few alterations, except in form, made doubtless at the suggestion of the law clerk, and the letters patent previously incorporating the club are set forth as a schedule. The only additional clause indicates that the new club has no lack of arrogance in asking for extraordinary privileges. One would have thought that the powers sought were quite sufficient, but a new clause asks that the bylaws of the club which it may hereafter pass "shall have the same force and effect and be as binding upon all persons and corporations as if set forth in this act." As sound legal opinion believes that the act will not possess much operative force, the new clause does not in reality amount to a great deal, but it is interesting as showing that the applicants have no lack of assurance.

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Truly the daily press has not been very courageous in its treatment of this Canadian Jockey Club Bill, by virtue of which a few self-selected representatives of sport, most estimable gentlemen in their private capacity, propose to take absolute command of all racing between the two oceans, with all the power of a court of law, but without appeal from their decisions. The dangerous tendency of such a monopoly of power is illustrated by the absence of comment which its promoters have been able to secure at the hands of those whose duty we would think it to be to criticize so radical a departure from existing methods. At last, however, a small-voiced humble remonstrance has found its way into print, though before this the impartial and unbiassed comments made in this journal had directed attention to the proposed amendments, with the result that the bill was withdrawn for amendment, and has been reprinted, but, as has been stated, without any change in its essential features.

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It is quite clear that not half the objections to the bill have been enumerated. It is at best a very crude and ill-digested production. For instance, though it seems to limit, and very properly too, the number of consecutive days' racing, the cessation of all racing between Nov. 15 and May 15—an equally necessary enactment—is not dealt with. A suspicion, too, has grown up that, from this so-called National Turf Court, the local disputes which arose in regard to the direction of the Ontario Jockey Club at Toronto two years ago have been allowed to keep out valuable co-operation. To take only two prominent names, Messrs. Seagram and Patteson, it is said, were neither of them consulted, though the former is the largest owner in Canada, and the latter had by long and laborious efforts built up the whole racing edifice in Canada as it is to-day. Surely the attitude of these men towards the temporary committee of the O.J.C. should not have prevented them from having a say in the management of Canadian racing at large; for directors who know no better than to add $400 club money to a sweepstakes for horses owned by themselves, at the same time making the division of the added money such that no stake at all was up, might be thought too innocent for the conduct of public affairs on the extensive scale proposed by the Canadian Jockey Club Act. When the amended bill is introduced it is to be hoped that it will not become law till others than the incorporators have been examined by the Private Bills Committee. Meantime, he who runs may read. In the guise of a limited company a new court of law is being established in Canada. The influence and wealth of the applicants for extraordinary powers should not in justice prevail against the many serious objections that can be advanced to the attainment of their desires.

I was about to ask what had become of that Canadian Jockey Club bill when Dulcimer was good enough to hand me the foregoing. I had searched myself, had had scouts out, and had telegraphed several times to Ottawa, but up to Saturday morning had found no trace of it, although I had been given to understand that it was to have been read a second time a week ago last Wednesday, and that several important amendments were to be grafted on to it. I have given up making enquiries round headquarters in Leader Lane, having discovered that the cloud of mystery maintained there is impenetrable. Discussion seemingly is the last thing the promoters of the bill desire, and yet if there ever was a private bill of public import it is this Canadian Jockey Club affair. Not only does it affect hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property, but it affects the liberty and rights of people spread all over this wide Dominion. I have no hesitation in saying that if Parliament allows the bill to be "railroaded" through members will be called to strict account in several constituencies, and will stand a fair chance of losing support that in the present mixed state of things they can ill afford to lose. I have had it hinted to me that the opposition to the measure has developed such strength that the probabilities favor its abandonment for the present session. Col. Tisdale, M.P., however, entertains a different opinion, and he has the measure in charge. According to him the bill will be considered in committee next Friday. After saying that it will pass, he naively adds: "The only question in dispute is as to the extent of the powers sought." I am rather disposed to believe from this remark that the worthy Colonel does not rightly appreciate the weight of the task he has in hand.

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Supposing the Canadian Jockey Club Bill, which in any case good constitutional authority has declared will be ultra vires, were to be abandoned, what would be the effect on racing? Simply that everything would be in statu quo. Windsor, in that case, will have its nine weeks' racing, but apart from that single instance I do not think there will be abuse anywhere of the privilege conferred by the betting clause in the Criminal Code. For the situation at Windsor I hold the promoters of the Canadian Jockey Club are strictly responsible. If they had shown more alacrity last year the thing would have never come to a head and had they shown more wisdom and diplomacy this, it would have been irreparably squelched. Now it will probably go on unchecked, and good, pious, Puritanical Canada will be held up to scorn for harboring a merry-go-round after the fashion of Gloucester, Roby, St. Louis, Sportsman Park, etc., etc. And the result will, perhaps, be another Ministerial Association anti-betting crusade which, may be, will not prove as abortive as the last one did. The promoters of the Canadian Jockey Club undoubtedly have the interests of racing and breeding at heart, but I do not hesitate to say that by their blunder in not taking the public into their confidence and by not considering matters from a wider standpoint than their own immediate concerns, they are seriously jeopardizing the welfare of both.

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And the Canadian Jockey Club bill is not the only racing document about which I made enquiries without success during the past week. We were promised that the program for the May meeting would be given out, but although it was drafted and in the printer's hands ten days ago, it has not yet been made public, and up to date its contents are as much a secret as were the proposed amendments to the aforesaid Jockey Club bill up to this publication. All this mystery may be thought judicious, but the public dearly loves to know what is going forward and is not inapt to resent an over-dose of hole-and-corner business. I understand, however, that there is no doubt about a reduction in the purses and added money and also that some half dozen races are to be given that will not be outlined in the original program, but the conditions of which will be announced about the 1st of May.

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It will be good news to many to hear that there is no doubt about the Toronto Jockey Club reconstructing the old track at Newmarket. A great deal has to be done in the way of filling up and grading, to say nothing about the erection of stands and fences, but the plans have so far advanced that as soon as the snow gives a sign of disappearing work will commence and will be pushed with so much rapidity that all will be in readiness for racing by the first week in June, when owners will be given the privileges of the track preliminary to a meeting that will probably commence about Thursday, June 18, and extend over until Saturday, July 4th, a period of fifteen days. It is not proposed to hold continued meetings at the track or to abuse the law. On the contrary, it is intended to conduct everything on a first-class scale—on a scale approaching as nearly as possible to that prevailing at the best tracks in the United States, and on a scale worthy of the palmy days of Saratoga. Liberal stakes will be opened with a view to the promotion of the breeding interests of the country, and nothing will be left undone that is calculated to maintain the sport on a basis that will cause Toronto to be regarded as one of the greatest, most enterprising and best racing centres on the continent. Some little difficulty has been experienced in organizing the club, owing to the disinclination of gentlemen to be prominently associated with what might be regarded as a rival movement to the Ontario Jockey Club, but the announcement of the scale on which matters are to be conducted and the proposed scope of the new organization, showing that its interests will really be inextricably mixed up with the older institution, has gone a long way to remove all obstacles, and it is probable that in a week or two the list of directors and officers will be given to the public. When it is published, this much I am in a position to say, it will be one that will inspire confidence all round. At the head of it, it is not impossible that one of the most popular men in the House of Commons at Ottawa will be found.

* * *

Mr. W. H. Gocher, the newly-appointed secretary of the National Trotting Association, was in town for a few hours on Friday. He is making a tour of the clubs affiliated with the Association. Before coming here he visited Windsor, St. Thomas, London, New Hamburg and other places and returning took in Stratford and Sarnia. While in Toronto he interviewed Mr. Wm. Christie and Mr. H. J. Hill, his desire being that the Industrial Exhibition should join the association as well as the Woodbine Driving Club. Both gentlemen promised the matter consideration. Mr. Gocher was naturally sorry to hear of the low ebb to which trotting had sunk in this city. In other towns in Western Ontario he had visited he found the prospects most hopeful, and expressed the opinion that the association and circuit recently formed at London would prove a real power for good. By the way, I am given to understand that there is some talk of building a mile track in London, over which both running and trotting meetings will be held. Mr. Adam Beck, M.F.H., is largely interesting himself in the project. As regards the States, Mr. Gocher thought that trotting and pacing would prove to be on a sounder footing than ever before. Outside of New York State, more meetings would be held and more money given. He was also of opinion that the horse market was in a fairly satisfactory condition. Prices were proved by the Jewett sale, when an average of $500 per head was reached, to be up to the standard. The period of inflation had passed, but for a real tip-topper, a two-minute horse, for instance, he thought $100,000 would easily be forthcoming. Into the mazes and theories of breeding, into which Mr. Gocher entered somewhat deeply, I do not propose to follow, but I must say I am well with him when he says that more attention should be paid to character than to speed. Given a good, sound horse of the right make and speed is bound to come, but the first consideration is the make. In answer to a question as to how many clubs were affiliated with the National Trotting Association, Mr. Gocher said 580, of which last year only 36 were in Canada. This year he anticipated a large increase to the latter number. He spoke very nicely of the opponents to his appointment as secretary. In times past he hadn't spared them, and they were amply justified in not sparing him when they had a chance to hit back. He made no reference to "the spirit of 1776" which the editor of Turf, Field and Farm invoked against him, but spoke with pride of the prominent positions held by Canadians in the world of sport in the United States. In all branches they were to the fore.

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Mr. Gocher's opinion that prices for horses have touched rock bottom and are bound to improve is well borne out by the facts. Henry C. Jewett declared after his sale that his horses sold for more than he expected, excepting Patchen Wilkes. The Goldsmith stock, which was also recently disposed of, brought $1000 more than it had been valued at. History shows that 1895 was not the only year in which prices for horses ran ominously low. For several years after the panic of 1872 the market was so badly demoralized that horses now famous were almost given away at the public sales. At Col. Richard West's sale near Georgetown, Ky., in 1878, George Brasfield bought for $200 a little black colt by Dictator that proved to be a pretty good investment. Two years later Brasfield brought him out under the name of Director, and after winning some colt races in Kentucky sold him to Col. John W. Conley for a round price. Conley afterward sold the horse to Monroe Salisbury, and in 1883, with John Goldsmith behind him, Director made a clean sweep in his class in the grand circuit, winning the $10,000 Charter Oak stakes at Hartford, a $5000 stake at Providence and another at Boston, besides a lot of other substantial purses, and taking a record of 2.17. Retired to the stud after another great campaign in 1884, he got Directum, 2.05 1-4; Direct, 2.05 1-2, and other great campaigners, and when 15 years old he was sold to A. H. Moore of Philadelphia for $75,000. In the last five years his get have won upwards of $100,000 in purses and stakes, and horsemen look upon the family as second to none in point of extreme speed and campaigning capacity. On the same day at the same sale, Onward, sire of Beuzetta, 2.06 3-4, and of a hundred others in the list, sold for $500. Other cracks have sold equally low, so that if the bottom has been knocked out of the market the chances of somebody benefiting by it are not extremely remote.

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Advices from California say that Mr. Macdonough's 2-year-old colt Orestes, by Ormonde—Kissing Crust, is a real clinker. In that case his performances, as the first of the American-bred Ormondes, will be watched with a great deal of interest all over the English-speaking world. If he fulfils expectations it is thought possible Mr. Macdonough will take him to England. Santa Bella, a filly in the same stable, of whom much was expected, has turned out a fraud. She ran unplaced the other day at San Francisco in a mile race in which the competitors were a very moderate lot.

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A correspondent has kindly furnished me with the following list of horses that Mr. Charles Boyle has in training at the Firs, Woodstock, Ont.:

Lord Nelson, b. h., 5, Himyar—Queechy, by Waverley.

Havoc, b. h., 4, Himyar—Billetta, by Billet.

Spaghetti, ch. g., 4, Macaroon—Stately, by King Ernest.

Strathroy, br. g., 3, Strathmore.

Looram, ch. g., 3, Himyar—Soon Ban, by King Ban.

Ellesmere, b. g., 3, Kt. of Ellerslie—Lizzie Pickwick, by Mr. Pickwick.

McGuire, ch. g., 3, Favordale—Imp. Cyclone.

Miss Celestine, ch. f., 3, Sobranje—War Over, by War Dance.

Swipes, ch. f., 3, Onondaga—Flica, by Buckton.

Florence Colville, b. f., 3, Hanover—Vera, by King Alfonso.

Dissipation, bl. f., 3., Tristam—Squander, by Spendthrift.

All are reported doing well, the 3-year-olds having come round in capital style. Strathclyde, aged, by Strathmore—Imp. Bridal, half brother to Penniless, formerly owned by Mr. Boyle, but now with Mr. Seagram's big string at Waterloo, is again being cantered and may be given a trial over the jumps.

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Several important amendments to the trotting rules were passed at the seventeenth congress of the National Trotting Association recently held in New York. One of these amendments prohibits the laying up of heats, a practice that was nothing but a fraud. Now even the judges cannot give a competitor permission to lay up a heat. A horse must trot or pace a race to the end or suffer the penalties. If a rule had been passed authorizing the judges to withhold second money when it was not honestly competed for to the termination of the race, another valuable amendment would have been adopted. But an amendent carried providing that if bets are declared off the parties to the fraud must be punished is a most wholesome one. Judges are too prone to interfere with the betting at trotting meetings. The way they frequently act would lead one to believe that betting was the beginning and the end of the sport, trotting and pacing being merely the means for the decision of wagers. In times past it has been nothing uncommon for bets to be declared off and the parties who were involved in the fraud that caused such action to be allowed to go scot free. It is well that under the new rule such a thing is impossible. Instead of betting being regarded as an important feature of any race meeting, it should be regarded simply as a side issue to be governed entirely by the course pursued with the horses. If a heat should be declared off, of course bets must share the same fate, but if the horses are placed, bets should follow the placing. I should like to have seen the average instead of the poker system adopted for the summaries, and then there would be more chance of bona fide contests all through a race for second, third and fourth moneys. At present a horse with three thirds and a second to his credit fares worse than a horse with two seconds and an eighth and ninth, although the latter may be entirely done, while the former is constantly improving. The old longest-living system that used to prevail in Canada had much to recommend it.

THE AGED P.

Tourist Cycle Club at Home.

The Tourist Cycle Club gave an attractive dramatic performance and At Home in St. George's Hall last Tuesday night. The hall was beautifully decorated with choice flowers and colored bunting, and the crests of nearly every bicycle club in the city were hung in the centre of a wooden rim, surrounded by its club colors. Several wheels of '96 pattern were hung around the hall, and looked very pretty decorated with bunting and the Tourist's colors of seal brown and steel grey. The dramatic entertainment was under the stage management of Mr. Martin Cleworth, and consisted of C. J. Herbert's drama, "Our Bitterest Foe," an incident of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. The list of characters included Miss Britta Stott, who showed marked ability and self-possession; Mr. J. S. McCullough, whose portrayal of the character of the French peasant was ably taken, and Mr. Martin Cleworth. The performance closed with the production of a laughable farce, "Peace and Quiet," the different characters being well taken by Messrs. W. Wallace, A. R. Bickerstaff and W. Nicol; and Misses N. Stein, Booth and Mrs. W. E. Stouffer. The T. C. C. Mandolin and Guitar trio played several selections, and Miss Britta Stott gave a reading, entitled "The Quaker," which showed to advantage the ability of Miss Stott in this direction. Gilcana's Orchestra supplied music for dancing, which was kept up till an early hour. The Tourist Cycle Club deserve great credit for the enjoyable evening's entertainment. The club has hardly been in existence two years, but it has gained an enviable reputation among the wheelmen in this city.

In British Guiana.

The plain, hard fact is that these forty thousand British colonists in the myths. There is practically no British disputed territory are forty thousand immigration into British Guiana, nor has there been for many decades. The total population of British Guiana is approximately 300,000. Considerably more than 100,000 of these people are negroes, while a much greater number constituting almost the entire effective labor population, is made up of East Indian and Chinese coolies. The number of these coolies now approaches 150,000. The total number of people of European birth in the whole of British Guiana at the last census was 2533. We might guess that the 2500 are in British Guiana proper, and the thirty-three (instead of the forty thousand) are in the disputed area. The importation of coolie laborers has been an official policy and it has been managed at much expense through governmental agents sent to Calcutta, Canton and eleswhere in India, and China. These laborers are brought out under contract, and are held practically as slaves under five-year indenture terms. As for the "forty thousand British voters in the disputed district alone," until a comparatively recent date the entire number of voters in the whole of British Guiana was less than eight hundred. Owing to a considerable recent extension of the franchise, there were, according to last year's returns, 2388 voters in the whole country. It must not be supposed that these are all people of British descent; for in British Guiana, as in the British West Indies, the negroes and half-breeds are becoming voters and property holders; and, moreover, there are numerous Dutch descendants of the original colonists, Portuguese immigrants, Spanish-Americans, Canary Islanders and men of various other races, included in the 2388 people who are intelligent and responsible enough to be permitted to exercise the right of suffrage.—Review of Reviews.

What Fools We Mortals Be!

A few days ago, says The London Gentleman, a man walking on one of the most fashionable streets of Paris came across a lost dog. It was a small toy tarrier, and was clad in an elaborate coat trimmed with costly furs. In this coat was a tiny pocket containing a handkerchief bordered with exquisite lace, a worked monogram and a coronet. Around the dog's neck was a gold and jeweled bangle, and his coat was fastened by a broach blazing with rubies and diamonds. This reads like a very foolish fairy tale, doesn't it? And yet it is the truth, as those who know their Paris well will easily understand. It is quite the fashion among the pretty and smart women of Paris to get up their pet dogs in expensive and elaborate costumes, to cover them with jewels, to engrave cards with their names, and to drench their trembling little bodies with the newest and most pungent perfumes.

EVERYWHERE ECHOES.

People who have recently been indulging in deep potations are forewarned against reading the following snake story which has reached me from New South Wales via The Pink 'Un, for it is well calculated to stay in the head all day, and clog the dreamy wheels of imagination at night:

"The wife of a well-known selector in the Narrabri district had a startling experience the other day with snakes. At different times two large brown snakes had been seen about the home and garden, but they had always managed to effect a retreat before they could be killed. The fact that these unpleasant neighbors were so close caused the lady no small anxiety on behalf of her only son, a boy of four years. One day she left the boy asleep in his cot upon the verandah, and was busying herself about her household duties, when she was attracted to the back door by a curious buzzing noise, and to her horror she saw the brown snake there, standing almost straight up, waving to and fro, and giving forth the noise which had attracted her attention at first. The snake seized hold of the woman's dress, and she, being too terror-stricken to resist, was dragged forth from the house and across the yard. When they arrived at the underground tank, about 100 yards from the house, the woman saw the reason of this strange visit; for there was her little boy (he had strayed from his bed and fallen in the tank), the other snake holding him by the hair of his head, straining every muscle to keep the child from drowning, while his mate brought help."

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When Hanlan was at the height of his fame, Englishmen were greatly puzzled to know where he got all his speed. They could not understand how he could so easily defeat their best men. Up to their time they had held the rowing fort against all the world. Australia had tried to beat them; Americans had tried; but they had to return with their colors lowered. When Hanlan, therefore, rowed away, first from Hawdon, and then from Elliott, they were convinced that if he were not supernatural, he must have a storage battery or something of that kind, in his boat. All kinds of ingenious theories were propounded to account for his marvellous prowess, but there was nothing in any of them. There was simply a man in the boat. Not a giant, but a well put-up man, who filled the eyes more stripped to the buff than in walking costume. As the Englishmen were puzzled to explain away Hanlan's success, so the Australians have been put to it to account for Zimmerman's wonderful speed on a wheel. We are told that it is a matter of public knowledge that he rides in old shoes in competition, and that he sets such store by those old shoes that it is little wonder a few scribes attribute to them powers with which footwear had previously not been credited. A certain physician sets more store, however, by the fact (imaginary or real) that Zimmerman is "physically perfect," while yet another medicus credits his success to the interesting fact that he breathes through his ose. Interesting and curious as these theories may be they are beaten hollow by the more or less sapient observation of a writer in an Australian cycling paper. "It is strange," says this worthy, "that no mention is made of another not unimportant feature in Zim's success, viz., his large and fan-like ears. When Zim was racing in Adelaide the writer was particularly struck with this peculiarity, and calculates that the American is at least two seconds to the mile quicker, owing solely to the ingenious way he assists his machine by working his ears windmill fashion." When good, old Fred Plaisted was questioned as to his lack of success, he always answered laughingly that there was a better man in the other boat. I would far better become the Australian to conclude that Zimmerman was the best man awheel than to seek to lessen their own deficiencies by inventing theories that can only make them the laughing stock of the world.

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How the world does wag to be sure! Six years ago at the Criterion restaurant in London after theatre time there was assembled a little party of four at supper. These were Mons. Marius, who subsequently filled an engagement in America; Miss Alma Stanley, an actress of excellent repute, admirable physique, and great grace of presence; Miss Marie Linden, a cousin of the writer, at that time filling the title role in Atalanta, a piece of that name playing at the Strand theatre, in which Miss Stanley also had a part, and the writer himself. Of that select little coterie the only one now surviving is the signer of this article. He will never forget the occasion. Starting in fun he has succeeded in obtaining a perfectly unwarranted reputation as a teller of fortunes by the cards. His cousin spread his fame and several well-known actresses on being introduced besought him to explain the mysteries of the future. The past was easy. A plentiful dose of admirers, light, dark and brown, some of whom haunted the theatre just to get a glimpse of their divine forms, did that trick. But the future was a little more difficult. Still, visions of wealth, of successes yet to come, and of lovers were not over hard to conjure up, and they invariably answered the purpose, and made the ladies happy. Now and then a poser would be popped in by way of a question from a pretty actress, but diplomacy, with possibilities and surmises plentifully thrown in, usually carried me triumphantly over the bridge, and I finally came to the conclusion that fortune-telling was at once the easiest and most charming pastime possible. In Miss Stanley I was fortunate enough to find a thorough believer, for I told her that at a stated time, a gentleman of a certain complexion, who had previously been pointed out to me, was waiting for her, and that he was going to make her a present. The next day she told me my prediction came true, and my fame as a fortune-teller grew from that time so rapidly that my imagiative faculties gave out, and, instead of fortunes it was excuses I had to invent. And now three have been taken, and one left! Mons. Marius died recently in South Africa, Miss Stanley at Teneriffe, whither she had gone for her health, and Miss Linden in London. All have left gaps in the theatrical ranks that will be hard to fill.

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From all accounts there is some question as to whether Hamilton will be in a position to hold the Canadian Association regatta for the next three years. At the time when the association decided to hold the regatta there for five successive years, I was almost alone in raising my voice against the proposition. It was my idea then that such a course was unfair to Toronto, who presented the association with its three challenge cups, and gave it a healthy start in life. But then I was arguing without the entire book. Had I been able to foresee that the Toronto oarsmen, besides paying expenses for traveling to and fro would have been assessed each year to support the regatta, my argument would have been so strengthened that I feel certain the result would have been anything but unanimity among the members of the Association Executive in arriving at a decision. A suggestion has been made that the regatta this year should be held at Brockville. While not prepared to say from a former experience, as one of The World's contemporaries does, that the course of the St. Lawrence is the finest in the country, I am yet of the opinion that the change will be a good one, as it will give Montreal and Ottawa oarsmen a chance to compete that they have not enjoyed for some years.

"I know I'm losing ground, sir," tearfully murmured a pale-faced freshman recently; "but it's not my fault, sir. If I were to study on Sunday, as the others do, I could keep up with my class, sir; indeed I could, but I promised mother never to work on the Sabbath, and I can't, sir, nev—never—and, his emotions overpowering him, he pulled out his handkerchief with such vigor that he brought forth with it a small flask, three poker chips and a deck of cards. Somehow or other, veracious history goes on to relate, the Professor took no more stock in that freshman's feeling eloquence than if he had been a graven image.

* * *

I have a couple of Johannesburg papers before me. One is dated Dec. 30, which was before the fight, and one Jan. 4, which was the day after. Although the town was in a terribly unsettled state, a race meeting was held on Dec. 26, 27 and 28, at which $38,000 was given in purses and added money. The principal race, the Summer Handicap, won by an imported horse, Languid, 4 yrs., by Waterford—Lassitude, a winner in England, was worth $12,250 to first, $1250 to second and $750 to third. The totalizator was in great force during the meeting, no less than $290,360 passing through the machine in the three days. Two features strike me in the papers, namely, two whole columns, advertising money to lend, and the number of meetings announced by different nationalities. Seemingly, English, Scotch, Irish, Americans all flock by themselves. At least meetings of each are announced to consider the situation. Perhaps this apparent lack of unity in action was responsible for the disaster to Dr. Jameson's force, regarding which the paper of Jan. 4 says:

"A brilliant career has ended in glorious ignominy. The ignominy will be but a fleeting shadow; the lurid glory of Dr. Jameson's epic march and surrender will be held in passionate remembrance so long as the hearts of Englishmen—nay, so long as the hearts of all who are men—continue to beat true to their best traditions. Dr. Jameson was a hero before; he is ten times a hero to-day, and if it can be any consolation to him and his gallant officers and men in their bitter captivity they may receive the proud, though heartbroken, assurance of this city that their names are enshrined forever in the pages of history; the fault redeemed, obliterated, and forgotten; the motive transfigured with a radiance which will never die. It is an euthanasia for all the brave and desperate men who were engaged in it. The city has shed and is still shedding abundant tears over those who fell in action, and our hearts will bleed for them as they bled for Wilson for many a long time to come. Happily for the country, happily for the armistice which now endures, ay! happily for the Government itself, which has thus vindicated its authority, that no stern, revengeful order for the actual annihilation of the column was taken into the field. The forces of the Government kept well within the dictates of humanity, and what are recognized as the laws of war."

I never heard of "glorious ignominy" before, but, I suppose, to him who ventured much, much must be forgiven. There is one thing the Johannesburg paper makes clear, and that is that, reports to the contrary notwithstanding which reached here through an American source that discolors all things English, the Boers outnumbered the assailants by at least four to one. A corps of bicyclists one hundred strong was formed, who rendered great service in carrying despatches to and from Johannesburg. Dr. Jameson fought his way through a hostile country with great pluck until the rout came at Krugersdorp. The Imperial Government is severely blamed for its interference at so late a date, the interference being held responsible for the fact that the column was not better supported. "If interference was to come at all," says the paper, "it should have come at an earlier date. It is another illustration of the lamentable ill-fortune which seems so consistently to overtake the overt exercise of Imperial influence in South Africa. Fortune pursues it with a peculiar malignity. May we not express, the hope, however, that even in this very circumstance lies enwrapped the seed of reconciliation and future union between South Africans themselves? The lustre and prestige of the Imperial factor are again grievously dimmed; and there may be easily created this common ground on which Boer and Uitlander may yet stand in peace and understanding, that we view with distrust and dislike the intrusion of external influences into the settlement of South African domestic affairs."

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Talk about photographing your insides by Roentgen's rays, but the latest attraction at the Westminster Aquarium is a man with a transparent stomach. He passes an electric light down into his stomach, and, it is said, everything inside can be seen with marvellous distinctness. We have all heard of watches with illuminated insides, but I doubt if any of us ever dreamed we might have 'em ourselves.

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That eminently respectable paper, The Sheffield Daily Telegraph, of which Sir John Leys, a one-time visitor of ours, is proprietor, is responsible for this story: "The other day the two daughters—aged seven and eight respectively—of a gentleman living in Sheffield handed him a letter, which they asked him to post for them. The address startled him, so he looked inside the envelope. This was the address and the letter: '(Private.) To His Majesty Kaiser Wilhelm, Berlin, Germany, January 22, 1896. Dear Emperor William of Germany,—We write to tell you that we think you are remarkably silly to make war with England, which is a country very much stronger than yours, and my father says that he thinks Your Majesty's trousers should be removed, and that you should be soundly spanked. And now that we have told you what we wish to say we bid you farewell. From Gladys and Katharine.'"

* * *

The younger members of the New York Yacht Club are said to be very hot over Lord Dunraven's conduct in charging that Defender was lower in the water when she sailed than when officially measured for the race. They should restrain their ardor. Lord Dunraven was forced into the position he took by their own committee, who made reference to the matter after it had been understood that in the interests of good-fellowship it should be allowed to drop. After all, supposing his vision deceived him, what has Lord Dunraven done further than to describe certain peculiarities which appeared to indicate to him as an experienced yachtsman that an unwarranted liberty had been taken with the yacht? He made no definite charges against anyone, but only told what his senses led him to believe. I cannot see that there is anything to be particularly hot about. Perhaps some of the young men who are now raving will come to understand in time that funnier things have happened in the history of yacht racing than they in their present verdancy have any clear knowledge of. Lord Dunraven has accepted the findings of the committee in good faith, but he was not shown such exquisite courtesy and attention in connection with the races, nor was there such an abundant display of sportsmanlike qualities on Mr. Iselin's part in availing himself of the foul, and on the part of the Sailing Committee in emphatically deciding in his favor, as to warrant His Lordship in grovelling in the dust, even in this season of Lent. As to his membership in the New York Yacht Club, Lord Dunraven will doubtless be quite as willing to relinquish it as the rash young men are that he should do so. A Mr. Skone who has been staying in Boston, and who claims to be a friend of the Earl, says he must apologize or suffer social extinction. Mr. Skone is doubtless an elegant man of leisure, but I doubt if his ipse dixit will go in the exclusive sets of England. Lord Dunraven was recently a guest at Sandringham, but I have not heard that anybody was greatly scandalized by the fact.

* * *

Everybody who can possibly spare the time should take in the mid-day services during Lent at St. James' Cathedral. They only last half an hour, commencing at 12.30, and into that space of time is crowded more true religion than is often got at an ordinary church in the course of three hours. It would be improper, I suppose, to say the services are bright and interesting, but they are for all that, and instructing and edifying withal. The best people in the city are attending, including richly dressed fashionable ladies, busy lawyers, hurried doctors and bustling merchants. It is doubtful, indeed, if so thoroughly a representative congregation can be seen at any other time in any church in the city. The subjects chosen by Canon DuMoulin for his brief discourses are always pithy, practical and pointed. For instance, on Wednesday, he gave us Three Sinners; on Thursday, Three Penitents, and on Friday, Three Impenitents, Saturday, for reason, the reverend Canon always allows to be drawn blank. This week an excellent opportunity will be afforded dissolute men and worldly women to imbibe healthy precepts and to realize the error of their present ways. "Bad Habits" is the concise title given the discourses for the five days. First on Monday we are to have The Covetous Habit; then on Tuesday, The Alcoholic Habit; on Wednesday, The Narcotic Habit; on Thursday, The Gambling Habit, and finally on Friday, The Impure Habit. Some men and some women, alas! for human nature, have them all, but, of course, in that category does not come

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In the Kit-Cat Club

It happened at a dinner given at the hospitable home of an eminent lawyer in Toronto. A dessert spoon had fallen on the knees of a well-known citizen, who is consul for a powerful empire and to whose quickness in repartee just a tinge of accent adds a pleasantry. As the ears were rising, the spoon fell from the clothing of the consul. "Now, look here," said the host "when I asked you to dine, I never expected you to carry off the plate." The consul picked up the spoon and looked at it closely, "Ah, I thought it was silver."

T. S. C.

This little story is not of a new vintage, but it is true, and happened in this city some years ago. One member of a bachelor's household had been "sagging to leeward" in the direction of inebriety, and his companions persuaded him to swear off drinking anything before luncheon. One morning about half-past seven the dean of the household came into the dining-room, and found the weaker member helping himself out of the decanter.

"Why, Charlie," said he, "I thought you promised not to take a drink before luncheon."

"So I did, old chap, but this is before breakfast."

CUVEE.

"By the way," said the General Traveling Agent from Buffalo, "considerable fun can be had this cold weather by getting into an ordinary car with an unlighted cigar in your mouth. I tried it the other day with immense success. At first, when I entered, the travelers all scowled at me, and seemed disinclined to shift themselves, so as to make room for me; but, by sheer weight, I forced them to. Once seated, I puffed forth a huge volume of breath, which, in the fog hanging on the air, looked exactly like smoke. At first, I was afraid there was no one present with sufficient public spirit to champion the rights of the non-smokers; but at the second puff, a gentleman in the opposite corner, who wore black shiny leggings, and had a gold locket hanging from his chain, said, "This is not a smoking carriage, sir." "You are very right," I answered, at the same time emitting another puff of breath. "I said this was not a smoking carriage," he repeated. "Ah, I thought that was what you said," I replied. "You are no gentleman, sir," said a thin, sour-looking lady next to him—apparently his wife. "No more are you, madam," I retorted. Then a female on the other side began to cough. "Oh, dear; oh, dear—that horrid smoke—it always brings on my cough," she moaned. I continued to breathe heavily. Then a gentleman with spectacles, who looked as if he knew lots about finance, took up the cudgels. "Ve vill haf him turn out ze nex' station," he said. To which I replied that I did not understand German.

The next station was duly reached, and then the foreign gentleman and two others called for the guard. He came up. "What is it?" "This person insists on smoking." "'Mornin', guard," I said, "kindly examine that cigar, and tell me if it has been lighted." The guard looked at it, returned it with a "No, sir," and slammed the door, and someone muttered something about it being a silly monkey's trick.

G. G. A.

An example of the English bus driver's ability to keep abreast of the times: At the corner of Liverpool-street in London a fine old nigger and negress stood guarding a box which bore a steamboat label. The driver locked down, saw them, and, without hesitating for a moment, flicked the side of the bus with his whip, and said:

"Near side,—Bill, here ye are. King Prempeh and his old woman! Any more for Piccadilly?"

ASHANTI.

I read a story the other day with a fine old flavor that quite makes it worth the retelling.

In 1805, Pitt called a meeting of the British militia colonels to consider his Additional Force bill. Some objected to the clause which called them out under all circumstances, and argued that this should not be "except in case of actual invasion." "Then," said Pitt, "it would be too late." Presently they came to another clause, when the same objectors insisted on the militia not being liable to be sent out of the kingdom. "Except, I suppose," said Pitt, with cruel sarcasm, "in case of actual invasion."

PIRATE.

A well-known naval dignitary in the United States has a beautiful daughter. A young ensign, with no resources but his pay, fell in love with her, and asked the old gentleman for her hand. The father at once taxed him with the fact that he had only his salary—hardly enough to keep him in white gloves and to burnish his brass buttons. "Well, Mr. Admiral, what you say is true. But when you married you were only a midshipman, with even a smaller salary than mine. How did you get along?" asked the ensign, who believed he had made the most diplomatic of defenses. But not so. The crafty old sea-dog thundered forth: "I lived on my father-in-law for the first ten years, but I'll be d——d if you are going to do it!"

C. R. L.

Many yarns are told of the domestic infelicities of Thomas Carlyle and his wife, and the following is well in point:

A feminine friend of Mrs. Carlyle, calling one day in Cheyne Row, met Carlyle on his own doorstep, his head bent, and perplexity and annoyance wrinkling the philosophic brow. The sage only bowed, and went on his way down the street. The servant showed the visitor into a darkened room, where there were to be seen the debris of tea, and the prostrate form of Mrs. Carlyle on the sofa. "Did you meet Thomas?" demanded the wife, in a voice which showed unmistakable traces of a recent domestic storm. "Yes. He was going out. I met him on the door-step, looking very sad. What's the matter, my dear?" "The matter!" cried Mrs. Carlyle from the sofa, with sparkling eyes; "I've been two days on the sofa with a sick headache, and he's only this instant came in and asked me what ails me! And—well, I've just thrown my teacup at him!"

R. W. M.

Assistant Principal Scott was lecturing to the Normal School students this week. In referring to the costermongers and hucksters who peddle in the old country, he said their carts are drawn by donkeys and added: "I can see them before me now." It was some moments before he understood why a shout of merriment went forth from the 120 students.

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