

REPOSITORY



BURNS & SHEPPARD PROPRIETORS

ESTABLISHED 1856

FOR EVERY STABLE REQUISITE

Carriages, Harness, etc., every Tuesday and sales every day.

Next, May 30th at 11 o'clock

HORSES

GENERAL PURPOSE HORSES

DELIVERY HORSES

MIDDLE HORSES AND WORKERS

Bought by competent buyers direct from the market.

Business houses and others in need of his sale.

who has no further use for them:

"Huntsman" (thoroughbred), out of a trotting and an exceptionally good driver, also goes ridden by a lady.

"Huntsman" (thoroughbred), out of a half bred mare, saddle mare.

leaving the city:

thoroughly reliable and kind in harness, early new. The above outfit has only been in excellent condition.

thoroughly kind and reliable in harness, safe rubber-tired Mikado and harness. The above outfit, and will be found to be a most complete outfit in good condition.

ons to sell at the

LINE PADDOCK

Next, June 1st, at 1 o'clock

ill known bay gelding

"Eon" by "Eon."

Three steppelchases at Woodbine last fall, "Eon" and others. Was also a winner at the

for this special sale up to 10 a.m. Wednesday,

BURNS & SHEPPARD, Auctioneers and Proprietors.

London and another to Orillia. The prices were good all round, running as high as \$500, which was paid for a big brown horse, a rare good stepper.

At auction there is a little weakening both in supply and demand, but all the horses coming forward find purchasers at fair prices, which means something over the corresponding period of last year.

On Tuesday next the sale will take place at the Repository of 90 horses of the usual mixed character, with two or three extra well bred combination horses, two ponies and outfit, an Irish jumping car, carriages and other vehicles, as well as a quantity of harness.

On Thursday next at 1 p.m., in the Woodbine paddock, Mr. Burns will sell the steppelchaser Dick Hasse and other thoroughbreds. Entries for this sale should be made at once. Dick Hasse, it will be remembered, won three steppelchases in one week at the Woodbine las. fall, beating Conover, Woolgatherer and others and breaking all records for performances. His owner, Mr. Crooks, is retiring from the jumping game.

Manager Stock of the Canadian Horse Exchange also reports a number of private sales, including several to visitors to the races. The special sale on Thursday of the select driving horses, carriage horses, roadsters, etc., consigned by James McMillan of Seltou, Ont., was a distinct success, good prices being secured for each lot, bids running up to close on \$300, and the average being well over \$200. Hon. G. P. Graham, Brockville, took a handsome, finely actioned bay gelding for his own uses and another good-looking fellow was bought for use in Buffalo.

On Monday, starting at 11 a.m., a consignment of two-score useful animals of various types will be offered.

A good thing was successfully put thru at the Woodbine on Thursday, when The Clown won. The colt was backed down from 5 to 3 to 2, and had an easy victory from ten others. He was played quite a bit outside Toronto, the average odds forthcoming being 3 to 1.

Next Wednesday is Derby day in England and for the 126th time the most famous event known to the turf will be run over Epsom downs. Will the incident of 40 years ago be repeated, when the great Gladiateur, son of Monarque, won, or will the ex-premier of England place the third Derby to his credit? is the question that is agitating a far vaster number of people in this empire than are concerned in the educational clauses of the autonomy bill, or possibly on the instant, in Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal reform. It may appear sad to people of superior morals that multitudes scattered all over the earth's surface should be vitally interested in the mere outcome of a single race, but so it is and if next Wednesday Lord Rosebery's primrose and rose jacket and cap catch the judge's eye first after the mile and a half run there will be more than one loud hurra heard in various parts of the empire and more than one bottle cracked in honor of the victory. The Epsom Derby is the blue ribbon of the turf; it is more-it is one of those beautiful blue silken skeins that bind the peoples of many races and divergent climes together in the most glorious empire that is.

Moralists can moan and deplore such things, but the world will have its cakes and ales and will for the nonce forget more serious things.

The cable assures us that the impressive style in which Lord Rosbeury's colt recently won at Newmarket de-

lighted his legion of followers and confirmed him in favoritism for the great race. Writing on the 15th inst., a correspondent says: "Many of the visitors to Newmarket turn out to see Cicero to Newmarket gallops, and it must be added that no horse could either look better or go in more resolute or easier style than does the son of Cyllene and Gas, who no longer hangs or braces at his bridle, but has steadied down nicely by the increased severity of his preparation. It is understood that both his trainer, Percy Peck and his rider, D. Maher, are particularly hopeful of what was seen of him this week he has become a pronounced favorite. That anything trained in this country will be found capable of beating Cicero is a foolishly to ignore the chances of the French colts Val d'Or and Jardy, of whom the first named has supplemented his easy victory in the Poule d'Esai (French Two Thousand) a fortnight since by making hacks of his several opponents in the Prix la Rochette, this having been his sixth consecutive such success gained without an effort. Up to Cicero at Newmarket Cicero had his success this year, but that, too, proved his sixth successive success and the problem now is, will he make it a seventh? We all devoutly hope so."

The sale of Cyllene, by Bonavista-Arcadia, for 30,000 guineas to W. Bass has given rise to some speculative talk during the past few days, writes the correspondent quoted above. Some considered the price an extravagant one, but there are men who deem any horse dear, except those they themselves purchase. I am inclined to think that Cyllene is a cheap sire at the price, and should Cicero secure the Derby he ought to turn out a most excellent speculation from a pecuniary point of view. The true value of a stallion is a very difficult thing to estimate, for who in his wildest moments could have imagined that St. Simon would have brought to his owner a large fortune, one which would have placed any man in the category of the rich. Then there is Flying Fox, who looks like equaling, if not eclipsing, St. Simon's phenomenon. The most that can be lost by the purchase of Cyllene, even if he is uninsured, is 30,000 guineas. What can be gained? Almost anything. The horse can be insured, the insurance money being paid out of his fees, and giving him a full list at 200 guineas, a fee he has already succeeded in obtaining for forty mares, there is at once a return of 8000 guineas each season, less expenses. He is ten years old, and if he lives another five years he should at least have more than paid his purchase money, while, should he die, the insurance office pays the capital, and the fees for the seasons he has lived become profit. It is, of course, possible that his stock may fail, but looking at it from that point, this could not be satisfactorily proved to the extent of lessening his fee for two or three seasons to come. Therefore, assuming that he is to be a failure, the money lost on him would be nominal, while the possible gain is almost inestimable in the event of him turning out a success. Let Cicero reproduce, as a three-year-old, his two-year-old form, as is expected will be the case, and Cyllene should fill next year at any fee from 300 to 400 guineas. A couple of seasons of forty mares at this rate, and he has virtually paid for himself. Prospectively Mr. Bass has made a good purchase, and is to be congratulated, while English breeders should be pleased to know that Cyllene is now not likely to leave the country and that once more the venture will be tried of uniting the best mare of the day to the most successful stallion. Sceptre will be put to Cyllene. Both are owned by Mr. Bass, to whom together they represent an investment of 55,000 guineas, or \$75,000!

Bearing upon the foregoing subject of the value of fabulously-priced stallions, it is interesting to note that in the four years he has been at the stud, Flying Fox, for whom M. Blanc paid \$187,500, has served 90 mares outside his owner's and has netted in fees \$225,000. That sort of makes it look as if too large a price can hardly be paid for a really high-class stallion! If Flying Fox has served an equal number of mares for his owner during the time referred to, it is fair to assume that he has earned close upon \$450,000 or nearly twice and a half his purchase money! This may not equal the profits of M. Blanc's gaming tables at Monte Carlo, but a return of 150 per cent, in less than four years, seeing the present season has not much more than begun, is somewhat encouraging to say the least. While Flying Fox, to whom, by the way, a dozen mares in England have been foaled to date this year, is charging \$3000 in France for his majestic services, Orme Shore, another son of Orme, is charging but \$100, or one-thirtieth part, in Canada for his!

A welcome event at the Eaton Stud is the birth of another brother to Flying Fox. The Duke of Westminster now has three brothers to that celebrity, one being the very promising Kingsclere two-year-old Pipistrello, and the other is a yearling called Flying Leap, still, of course, in the Eaton stone-walled paddocks. Vampire, the mother of these youngsters, and of the \$17,500 stallion, goes again to Orme; indeed, she is the only horse this rather sour-tempered mare will tolerate now, and the experiment of sending her to Persimmon at the Sandringham Stud a few years ago nearly resulted in a disaster, for they could do nothing with her at Wolferton and she had to be sent back to Eaton. Another interesting foaling of recent date is a brown filly by St. Frusquin, out of Sir Tat-sylkes' mare Mimi (winner of the Oaks and dam of St. Maclou; said to be a wonderfully promising youngster). The mare is again to be mated with St. Frusquin. M. Edmond Blanc's wedding present to John Porter, a free nomination to Flying Fox, which in hard cash was equivalent to \$3000, has resulted satisfactorily for the popular

trainer. The mare, Miss Unicorn, who filled the nomination, foaled a filly by the crack sire on March 8.

As horse shows are coming more and more into vogue in Canada, the show at Brantford last week, having been, I am told, a splendid success, it is interesting to be told by an authority that as long as a show horse continues to do himself well he is not likely to feel the strain of constant exhibition. It is the shy feeder which is the despair of those who have him in charge. The latter is generally a bad-constituted horse to commence with, and so the racket and excitement of a show life increase his natural infirmities. He should be indulged by as much variety of food as possible, and tempted by every device conceivable, even if precious time, which can be ill-spaced at a show, is devoted to feeding him upon delicacies from the hand. It is highly probable that constant changes of water upset a good many horses, and therefore, if possible, care should be taken to provide them with water to drink of a similar character to that to which they are accustomed. There can be but very little doubt that many horses which compete at country shows entirely fail to do justice to their merits, owing to the fact that they have not been judiciously treated by their owners for a short time beforehand. However good a horse's action may be naturally, there is always a risk, amounting to almost a certainty, that it will be injured by over-working the animal. When a horse becomes tired his action suffers and unless he is rested, faults which were at first but temporary are liable to become confirmed, and so the good mover degenerates into quite an ordinary goer. The lives of most successful show horses are very easy ones, especially when the exhibition season is on, so far as hard work in leather is concerned, and many of them are entirely thrown up in the autumn in order that their action may be spared. On the other hand, the casual competitor for honors, as often as not, literally suffers off the road into the judging ring, and hence the misfortunes that attend him when he meets the cracks.

Two gentlemen met on the north side of King-street on Thursday morning. Said one to the other, "Who is going to win the Brooklyn to-day? Is Delhi going to do it?" "I think he is," replied the other, "and Ostrich will be second." And the double event came off. Then the pair of them went down to Woodbine, scoured the paddock, questioned everybody, watched the horses warm up, and lost their money on each and every race. Such are the fortunes of racing and such is the knowledge of the wise.

POP. THE SIMPLE LIFE.

I ask not wealth or high estate; The burden of too large a hoard, The constant strain of being great, Would only make me bored.

More houses than a man can use; Were almost worse than none at all; And quite the last that I should choose Would be a gilded hall.

Besides, I'd rather not have land, Enough to make me sit down In a small cot in Surrey, and A little flat in town.

A few nice rooms—just here a look, And there a picture—decent wine, Good carpets, and a skilful cook, And I should not repine.

My tiny coach house might contain For night a brougham, for day a cart; I should not mind their being plain As long as they were smart.

The hovel "on a rising plat," Besommed in trees, but not too dark— I like a braising air. The flat Should overlook the park.

Of horses, both to ride and drive, Three at the utmost ought to do; And, at a pinch, one might contrive To get along with two.

I would not have their mouths too tight; If I may use a "tan-yard" term, Altho my seat is far from tight, My hands are very firm.

I would not have my hut too far From my more central pied-a-terre For me to use my motor-car, And save the railway fare).

I have no love of vain excess; To one that wants to be a show The income I would fain possess Would sound absurdly low.

The theatre I find a source Of pleasure; music serves to fill The yawning soul; and then, of course, One has a tailor's bill.

(Not that I care for fine array; Five suits are just as good as ten To me; but one would like to pay The creature now and then).

A little sport at times—a change, Say, twice a year, to novel scenes, These I should like within the range Of my exigent means.

With cheap amusements such as these, My life would be a quiet song, It would not be a life of ease, But one should rub along.

I only ask what may suffice For simple fare and low degree; As long as I can have things nice, It's good enough for me.

—Punch.

A Cornet Player's Encores.

An entomologist once told a story of an experience of a friend of his. He was once put up at an hotel in the next room to a cornet player. In the morning the landlord asked him if he enjoyed the playing.

"Enjoy it?" said he: "I could not sleep. Why, I kept pounding on the wall to make him stop playing."

"That's funny," said the landlord, "for he said you kept applauding him by pounding on the wall, and he went over every piece he knew three times."

Frivolity.

Farmer: Don't be alarmed, ma'am. That cow wouldn't 'urt a fly—she is only playful.

Indignant Old Lady (who has just had a hot burst across the paddock):

The Bell Piano

If you could learn for yourself the names of some of the buyers of Bell Pianos in this country you would admit that these instruments are in the homes of our most refined and fastidious people; you would agree that they have been purchased by persons whose ownership is a certain proof that the instrument is musically of the highest class. Indeed, many of these same discriminating patrons of ours have pleased us with the thoroughness with which they have gone into the question of piano selection. In such instances the Bell has been decided upon only when it was finally demonstrated to be musically the superior of all other pianos that had been considered.

This is worth consideration by the prospective buyer. The truth is that the tone of this Bell piano is delightful. It has power and brilliancy and delicate sweetness, all in combination in such remarkable degree as to make the piano the preference of those whose musical education allows of the keenest appreciation of piano merit.

Not only is the instrument delightful in its musical attributes, but from the piano maker's standpoint we think it could not be better. The illimitable quick repeating action, the scale drawing, the regulating, the details of construction both outside and inside, the varnish work, and the architectural beauty of the cases themselves challenge comparison.

We offer this instrument to a discriminating musical public as the finest piano that ceaseless pains and skill and ample experience of the trade, with the addition of unlimited capital, can secure.

We rent Bell Pianos for the entire summer. Get our quotations.

Bell Pianos are made, guaranteed and built to last a lifetime by the largest makers of pianos in Canada. Send for catalogue and book of pictures of prominent musicians, mailed free.

If you would pay but a nominal sum for a piano, let us sell you a Square. We have many bargains in the Basement. As low as \$3 monthly. Used organs from \$6 up. Send for our list of used Uprights.



I never played with cows in my life, fellow, and I don't intend to begin now.

His Lesson in Arithmetic. Orville Wright, the flying-machine man, told a reporter this story: "A little boy bustled into a grocery one day with a memorandum in his hand.

"Hello, Mr. Smith," he said, "I want 13 pounds of coffee at 23 cents."

"Very good," said the grocer, and he noted down the sale, and set his clerk to packing the coffee. "Anything else, Charlie?"

"Yes, 27 pounds of sugar at 9 cents."

"The loaf, eh? And what else?"

"Seven and a half pounds of bacon at 20 cents."

"That's the Arrow brand. Go on!"

"Five pounds of tea at 90 cents, 11-12 quarts of molasses at 8 cents a pint, two eight-pound hams at 21-4 cents and five dozen jars of pickled walnuts at 24 cents a jar."

"The clerk bustled about and the grocer made out the bill.

"It's a big order," he said. "Did your mother tell you to pay for it, or is it to be charged?"

"My mother," said the boy, as he pocketed the neat and accurate bill, "has nothing to do with this business. It is my arithmetic lesson, and I had to get it done somehow."

SPLENDID BILL AT SHEA'S FOR THE CURRENT WEEK

J. C. Nugent to Appear in His Famous Sketch, "The Rounder," With Other Star Features.

Manager Shea proposes to give the patrons of his vaudeville house a splendid bill for the present week. The entire show will be up to the standard of the house. For a headliner Mr. Shea has secured J. C. Nugent and his company in their comedy sketch "The Rounder." The sketch has been seen in several of the large cities during the season and from everywhere come words of praise for both Mr. Nugent and his support. The sketch tells the story of the clubman coming home after an evening with the boys and getting into the wrong house. Mr. Nugent is a perfect clubman and portrays the part splendidly. There is plenty of comedy in the sketch and it is warranted to keep the audience in good humor from start to finish.

As a special extra attraction Mr. Shea has also booked the latest great European novelty, the Five Valdaires, who have a wonderfully sensational act which will add greatly to the splendid bill. A great Toronto favorite is also included in the bill for the week, Al Lawrence. Mr. Lawrence needs no introduction to Toronto Shea-goers, but as it has been some time since he has been seen in this city he is sure to be

SHEA'S THEATRE

WEEK OF MONDAY, MAY 29

J. C. NUGENT & CO.

In "The Rounder."

DIXON, BOWERS & DIXON

The Three Rubes.

AL. LAWRENCE

Direct from his European Triumphs.

THE ORPHEUS COMEDY FOUR

LILLIAN SHAW

Charming Comedienne.

SULLIVAN & PASQUELENA

THE KINETOGRAPH

All new pictures.

Special Extra Attraction

FIVE VALDARES

Sensational Bicycle Act.