

THE INTERNATIONAL CYCLE RACE BORDEAUX TO PARIS.

BY ONE OF THE PACE MAKERS.

Probably few amateur sporting events have caused more interest and excitement than the cycle race which started at 5.7 a.m. from Bordeaux, on Saturday, May 23rd, and was witnessed before its termination at Paris by 100,000 spectators. It is seldom that Englishmen have an opportunity of testing their powers with Continental athletes, owing to the fact that their respective methods of exhibiting those powers are usually so dissimilar; but the cycle has introduced a form of sport which is rapidly becoming universal.

Of the 36 entrants for the race five were Englishmen, and of these two had such splendid records that little doubt could be entertained that Messrs. Mills and Holbein would fill the two first places. Before the first of the 362 miles were traversed, but two of the foreigners remained with the English brigade, and ere the first half century had been completed the race from an international point of view was over. On reaching Angoulême, the hilly portion of the course commenced. Here Mr. Lewis Stroud was waiting to take Mills along. He found the latter covered in mud, bleeding and labouring along on a strange machine, having lost his own little gem of a Beeston Humber through being upset by one of the continental riders. Having quickly changed on to Mr. Stroud's racing Humber machine, a duplicate of his own, so fast did Mr. Mills travel against the wind and over the hills that he in company with Mr. Stroud reached the next town, Ruffec, a distance of 26 miles, no less than forty minutes before the other Englishmen. At this place, Mr. P. C. Wilson was waiting to force the pace and Mills arrived at the battle-field of Poitiers with half-an-hour's lead of Holbein, Edge, and Bates who were being drawn along by F. Thorland, the two first Frenchmen being over two hours behind the leader. Still driving against the wind the British division continued to gain, paced by Mr. Brundrett, Mills maintaining his lead through Châtellerault to Port du Piles, where Stroud waited to take up the running. No sooner had Mills rejoined him than a nail punctured his (Mills) front tyre and caused him to change his mount for one weighing 10lbs. heavier than the one he was riding, though of the same make. This was most unfortunate, as the wind had dropped and a portion of the road was being reached that can only be compared with a racing path. Nothing daunted, the hardy Mills continued on Stroud's back wheel through Sainte Maure to Tours, at such a pace that he had a clear lead of 68 minutes. In the market place of Tours fully 8,000 people awaited the riders, and quite a struggle was experienced to push through the pressing though good-natured crowd. Amidst anxious enquiries for the French riders, Mills pressed on through the rapidly approaching darkness, to Vendôme, paced by P. C. Wilson. Here Edge and Bates led Holbein by a few minutes, though the latter passed them during the night. At Vendôme, Mills was joined by C. Torront, by far the best rider France has produced, and was accompanied by him to the finish, though F. Greville and Renouf shared the pacing with him. Before Versailles was reached torrents of rain were pouring on the riders, but nevertheless a whole host of Frenchmen rode out with Wilson and Stroud to bring the leader in. In fact, it took those gentlemen all their time to prevent the French cyclists crowding too close on Mills, so anxious were they to be at the finish. At length the winning post was sighted, and the last quarter of a mile of the long journey saw Mills riding like a giant, sprinting with Stroud right away from the crowd of cyclists, through a crowd of equally eager spectators. Mills finished at 7.35 a. m., fresh and strong, as also did Holbein an hour and 16 minutes afterwards, to be followed by Edge and Bates at an interval of 2½ hours. Two more hours after, Jiel Laval, the first French rider, made his appearance, followed at intervals, extending over two days, by the rest of his countrymen. The winner's longest stoppage en route was three minutes, and during the ride he consumed some 30 pints of beef tea, and at the end appeared little the worse for his arduous ride over the severest course yet completed on.

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THE MYTHOLOGICAL STYLE.

In the Elysian heights that dwell
Somewhere above the sky,
Jove sat triumphant, fat and well,
Among his minstrelsy;
He watched them dancing in the grove,
The nymphs of high degree,
He loved them with a lordly love,
And they were fair to see.
When, suddenly, a damsel fair,
Who rivalled Beauty's queen,
And caused the nymphs to tear their hair,
Burst forth upon the scene.
Her smiles, like dazzling sunlight, shone
On the astonished Jove,
Her breath, like Water of Cologne,
Perfumed each hill and grove.
She smiled again—the sun, ashamed,
Hid the white clouds beneath.
“By Jupiter!” that god exclaimed,
“What breath! what lips! what teeth!”
“Dear maid, what philtre did you choose?”
She answered, quite serene,
“I need no charm—but only use
The fragrant *Pearliline*!”
The jealous Juno now uprose,
And tossed her haughty head,
She tweaked her husband by the nose
And sent him off to bed.
Then eyed the trembling maiden o'er
And bade her swift begone,
To live in mortal chemist's store,
Which she, since then, has done.
And would you rival Beauty's queen,
And smile like silver sheen,
Your molars every morning clean
With fragrant *Pearliline*

HARRY FURNISS'S STORY.

Mr. Furniss told me a capital story the other day. He had told it me once before, but it is so good it bears repeating. We had been talking upon portraiture, and he was rather “down” on some of the humbug in connection with it.
“A man,” said he, “once went to a portrait painter and said: ‘I want you to paint my father's portrait.’
“‘But, my dear sir, I never saw your father.’
“‘Well,’ replied the man, ‘you have a picture here of Moses, who lived three thousand years ago. Surely you can manage one of my poor old father.’
“The artist promised, did his best, with this result: the man came, saw, wiped his tearful eyes, and murmured:
“‘So that's my father; how he is changed!’”

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