

The West will be well off for bench shows this fall. After the Toronto exhibition will come London, which will be followed by Hamilton on September 9, 10 and 11. This is the Ambitious City's maiden effort in this line, and as the arrangements being made are very complete, and a guarantee fund being raised, there is scarcely a doubt of a most successful issue. One of the features will be the abolition of the puppy classes, which have not been marked successes at other shows, and they never will be missed at Hamilton. Miss Whitney, of Lancaster, Ont., will judge St. Bernards, mastiffs, Newfoundlands, great Danes and pugs; the spaniels will fall to the lot of Mr. Kirk, of Toronto, and Mr. Lacey of New York, will handle the rest of the classes. The dates are fixed so that there will be no clashing.

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There was joy in the ranks of the suspended wheelmen when the result of the deliberations in the Cincinnati convention were made known. The amalgamation between the League of American Wheelmen and the Amateur Athletic Union was made complete and the seventeen suspended racing men had their sentence revoked and they were once more eligible to enter the ranks as full-fledged amateurs. The only opposition to the scheme came from those who argued that such an amalgamation would practically take the overseeing of races out of the hands of the L.A.W., but the text of the agreement, if anything, is in favour of the latter body rather than the A.A.U. The re-instatement of the racing men will also be a good thing for the N.Y.A.C., of which club many of the suspended bikes were members.

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The homing pigeon will occupy a prominent position at the coming Industrial Exhibition in Toronto, and a series of races have been arranged for, to take place during August and September. The prizes for the quickest flights are challenge cups, which are being provided for competition by Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec with Kingston. Montreal and Toronto will be the termini. Intending competitors are required to give at least seven days' notice to the Secretary of the Dominion Pigeon Association, Toronto, or to Major-General Cameron, Kingston.

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The military men are not to be outdone in the matter of outdoor sport in Montreal this season, and they have started in with a flourish of trumpets that is decidedly warlike. The Montreal Brigade Cricket and Athletic Club, which had been talked of for a couple of months, made its formal bow to the athletic world last week, when it was organized. It is a distinctively military institution, and nobody is eligible for membership who has not served or is not at the present time serving Her Majesty. With the material that such an organization has to draw from, one of the strongest elevens in the country should be put in the field. Speaking to Lieut.-Colonel Mattice, the writer was shown a list made up on the spur of the moment of about twenty old country cricketers who could hold their own in any company likely to be met with in Canada. "Wait," said he, "until the 1st of June, when our grounds on the Island will be in first-class trim, and you can bring anything along from Halifax to Vancouver and they will get a surprisingly warm reception. We will get to practice about the 18th of this month, and we will be in first rate form about the same time as the grounds." Major-General Herbert has taken considerable interest in the M.B.C.A.C., and was naturally elected patron. Not only that, but he has promised to wield the willow on behalf of the new club whenever called upon. All the commanding officers of the city battalions were elected vice-presidents—a wise scheme, which is calculated to make the interest general among our citizen soldiers. The other officials are: Hon. president, Lieut.-Col. Houghton; president, Lieut.-Col. Mattice; joint secretary-treasurers, Messrs. Holliday and Price. The Montreal Cricket Club will likely be the first to receive the attention of the new club, so that a challenge may be looked for in the near future.

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Ever since the formation of the Lake St. Louis Canoe Club one of the leading attractions to the paddlers has been the annual Queen's Birthday cruise, and the club's absorption into another organization makes no difference to the canoeing men of the L.B.C.C., who will go up to Huntingdon on the 23rd and paddle down the Chateauguay and across the lake to Lachine. Of course there will be the usual number of injured canoes coming down those rapids and a ducking or two, but that will only add to the fun of the run.

R. O. X.

GOTHAM GRAPHICS.

[From an occasional contributor.]

FATHER PUGNACIOUS, THE LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPION—
HE DEFIES HEBER NEWTON TO MORTAL COMBAT—
DR. PHOENIX TALMAGE—PICKWICK INGERSOLL,
D.D., PREACHES ON SHAKESPEARE—GOLDWIN
SMITH AS A MAN OF WEIGHT—
GLADSTONE, THE ATHLETE—GOSCHEN,
THE CASHIER OF ENGLAND—THEIR PHYSIQUE
AND ORATORY.

Father Ignatius is among us again, busy buzzing and stinging our poor parsons like a monkyfied hornet. It was my luck—alas, how the years vanish!—to be one of the very first audiences Brother Ignatius (as he then dubbed himself) gathered round him in England. That must be a quarter of a century ago. Then he was truly enough a brotherly sort of fellow, touched with a harmless fad of mediæval fanaticism, very prettily finished off with a full-blown craze for the artistic. Holman Hunt had set the pre-Raphaelite fashion in painting by his "Light of the World." The young monk dashed into his unique line of business with much the same sort of enthusiasm as the more worldly variety of it which started our old friend Oscar Wilde in his fantastic mission. The one was æsthetic and fat, the other was and is ascetic and lean. Both profess the orthodox creed, though their platform performances might lead the unsophisticated to mistake them for Unitarians, the unit being their precious selves. I venture to suggest that the holy man now waging war on Dr. Heber Newton should make a second change in his name and title. Let him call himself Father Pugnacious, and an admiring people will cheerfully admire the fitness.

The Father comes of a good English family, Lynes. The name is sometimes spelt this way by Hebrews bearing the surname Lyons. It would go far to explain his singular prophetic and poetic fire if Jewish blood runs in his veins. He keeps a shrewd eye on the main chance. All these years his happy hunting ground has been among the rich in the West End of London and at the fashionable watering places. A dollar and a half is not dear for a semi-sacred performance that hits the golden mean between the Ober-Ammergau mediævalism and the modern theatre. Ignatius is hysterical of temperament; "magnetic" would be the correct slang-word of the day were he a mere secular politician. His oratory used to be of the inspired, seraphic order. Now it is an uncanny blend of Jeremiah, Paul and Daniel Dougherty. In pitching into Heber Newton and the other alleged heretics in surplises, Father Pugnacious is decidedly guilty of bad taste and blundering judgment.

"He's but a stranger here,
Wales is his home;
Where his monks and nuns so dear
Have just left for Rome."

His gloomy Llanthony Abbey is once more deserted by his unhappy family. But this is not a new experience for Ignatius. He can always find a temporary following.

Ingersoll and Ignatius would make a good working team in platform harness. Look upon this picture, and then upon this. Three hundred pounds versus one hundred and ten; "a round, fat, oily man of law," and a flat, slim, oily man of jaw; the one bald by nature, the other by art; Ingersoll robustuous, jovial, rhetorical; Ignatius sleek, plausible, overflowing with ladylike volubility. Ingersoll as an orator draws the crowd. He has been lecturing on, or rather off, Shakespeare, according to Dr. Rolfe's list of his blunders in scholarship. I hugely enjoy the reverend Colonel, whether as theologian, lawyer or converser. See him letting off those rhetorical fireworks. How vigorously he bobs his head, and ducks and springs up and grasps his "waist" in loving embrace with both arms. You see the living Pickwick in all his delightful exuberance, only Pickwickeder as a churchman. No wonder the people throng to the great Opera House to feast their eyes and ears, and roar their applause and laughter. But, though Ingersoll is irresistible when he pops on his spectacles, it is a thousand pities he has to read his speeches from type-written sheets. It ruins impromptu epigrams when they are seen to have been gotten up in cold blood.

Goldwin Smith of Toronto, was in town the other day, and it is not long since I heard him play the orator under the same Opera House roof. Now here we are sliding back to the Ignatius fold of lean kine. Goldwin Smith is undoubtedly a great man; at least, he might have been if he had tried; but he would have been the smallest girth great

man of his century. If he would deign to don the graceful costume worn by the equally great artiste in her way, Sara Bernhardt, as Cleopatra, the professional waist need run no peril of tight-lacing. Somebody may start guessing whether greatness is possible without abundance of human nature, and whether human nature can thrive to the full in a meagre tabernacle of clay. Between Falstaff and Cassius there is a wide field for the growth of the mellowing humanities. Your makers of mirth, and helpful counsellors, and writers of books that enrich our lives, have been men of great weight, as a rule, in the literal as well as the metaphorical sense. Goldwin Smith has just published his book on Canada and the Canadians. An epoch-making book, perhaps, within its limits; but, like his other writings and speeches, and like himself, it strikes one as all brain, sheer intellect, and little or no human nature. It used to be the refined amusement of country bumpkins to scoop out a big turnip, cut holes in it to rudely resemble a face, stick a lighted candle in it and fix it on the end of a pole with a sheet around it to frighten greenhorns on dark nights. Brilliance of brain is not everything. To hear Goldwin Smith read an address is much like trying to banquet on fish bones. The phosphorescent brightness fascinates you, but the animal man within craves more and more for fleshments that fill and stimulate. If the learned professor will leave a book on the fine art of developing so splendid an intellect in so frail a frame, he will lay a luxury-loving people under an eternal obligation.

Two eminent Englishmen come properly into this paragraph—Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Goschen, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who introduced his budget the other day in the House of Commons. Both these notabilities belong to the Goldwin Smith type of intellect dominating the body. Mr. Gladstone has always been the very model of manly beauty. He is heavier than he looks, so perfectly formed and highly trained in his physique. In his old age he walks with a springy grace, erect, lithe, muscular, rarely seen in the average young man. He has all the elegance in deportment of a dancing master without a trace of his dandyism and effeminacy. Gladstone has always been a bit of a crank, as the shallow-pates dub most extra-thoughtful observers, about his diet and exercise. He explained a few years ago how he never swallows his food until each mouthful is thoroughly masticated, and he counted that thirty-two bites was his average. His tree-falling exploits are famous, but they are not comparable in practical importance with his well-observed habits of ordinary exercise. Daily walks, exercising of the muscles, and a hundred such apparently trifling points have been worth more to Gladstone than all his hatchet-throwing. We owe more to our bread and butter, and beef and potatoes, for good health than to the three or four grand dishes we gorge on at holidays.

Mr. Goschen is remarkably poor of physique, and correspondingly brilliant, if not strong, in intellect. He comes of Hebrew stock, and looks it. Pale skin, slender build, tall, stoopy, short-sighted to a painful degree. He can only read a letter when it touches the end of his large, aquiline nose. His bushy grey hair seems to spring from a low and narrow forehead, but his views are broad and his insight is keen and profound. Orator he is not, and yet there are not a score of living orators of the first rank whose speeches are so charming and profitable to read. As he speaks he seems so feeble that you half expect him to snap off in the middle into two pieces. Goldwin Smith and George Joachim Goschen are about the slimmest John Bulls Dame Britannia has produced of the top-heavy type.

Dr. Phoenix Talmage rises from the ashes of his second tabernacle fire, ascends from the tawdry stage of the Fourteenth Street Academy of Music into the miscalled pulpit of his new big Brooklyn church. He will henceforth harangue a congregation five-sixths the size of Spurgeon's. The versatile divine looks bloomingly well. He seems to be going in for still greater efforts, for he has discarded his whisker, the weight of which never appeared to really hamper his nimble nether jaw. The new church will have a powerful organ—of speech—in consequence. The dedication services were remarkable in many respects. Everybody wishes the genial Doctor a continuance of the good luck that follows him all the days of his pilgrimage. Could one of the deacons have popped the scrap of paper into the plate on which were these lines?

Brer Talmage, why play such a barber-ous freak!
Your coy blushes no whiskers could hide,
But now they'll o'erflow the expanse of your cheek,
And your smiles spread more freely each side.
(OLIVER AMBLE.)