TOPICS OF THE TURF.

Up-to-Date Comment on Matters Relating to That Noble Animal the Horse.

The race gathering yesterday, being the fifteenth annual affair of the Ontario Jockey Club, had hardly that national appearance which has been noticeable in years past. The May Parliament is not in session as usual, the members are busy in their constituencies, and we missed the M.P.'s gathered from all parts of the Dominion. Then the usual Montreal contingent was not on hand, including Montagu Allan, always well groomed; the stalwart Jim [illegible], the ever-radiant [illegible]er, the genial McIntyre, the effervescent Peter Mitchell. From Ottawa there were only a few representatives, like McLeod Stewart, who is endeavoring to found a hunt club at the Ancient Capital. Hamilton, however, was excellently well represented. In addition to the Vice-President's coterie, there were the affable President of the H.J.C., James Lottridge; the sunflower features of Reggie Kennedy beaming like a benediction; the two Harries, Jack and Bob, as usual plunking hard for the chocolate and yellow 2-year-olds; Dr. Osborne, who is sorry he isn't in the Red Coat race, but will have a mount next year, and many others. Still, the meeting opened auspiciously in the beautiful bright weather. Possibly on Monday candidates and their henchmen will take a rest from their bamboozling of the electors and make the day what it should be—a gathering of all the clans. The racing is so fully dealt with elsewhere in this paper that for the once I shall have to leave it for comment on next Saturday. And now I come to think of it, you cannot very well upon an event that has not transpired. The sport was an undoubted success and gave a most excellent foretaste of the yet better things to come.

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Wednesday week, June 3, is Derby day. Of recent years the day has fallen unusually often in June. A correspondent asks the question: "How is Derby Day fixed?" I have heard some elaborate rules given, one authority saying tat it was Wednesday next but one following the full moon happening nearest to some day which he specified. Others say that Derby Day is governed by Whitsuntide; Easter has been said to rule it, while some have made it depend upon the Queen's birthday, forgetting, possibly, that the sovereigns who have reigned since 1780, when the race was instituted, have not been born upon the same day, though, with the exception of the first Derby, which was run on Thursday, May 4th, and a few others which were decided somewhat early in the month, the race has been run on days appointed for it in recent years. Some people, again, fancy that the date of Derby Day is governed by the almanac and Racing Calendar. Generally speaking there are fourteen days intervening between the Craven and First Spring Meetings, and a month between the First Spring and Epsom meetings; but, in 1859, no more than twenty-one days separated the First Spring at Newmarket from the Epsom Summer meeting; so here again rules are at fault. The only thing that appears to be a certainty is that the Derby is never less than thirty-one days after Easter, nor more than sixty-six; it is very frequently forty-five days after Easter, but I think the Derby has never been run forty-five days after Easter for more than two years in succession. How, then, is the Derby Day fixed? Simply by the Jockey Club at one of their meetings, and the fixing is subject to no rule whatever; it no more depends on the moon, Easter, or the Queen's birthday than it does upon

Mr. J. E. Seagram's b.h. Saragossa, 6, by Duke of Montrose—Elsino

the date of Henley Regatta or the horse show at Islington; the list of fixtures is drawn up just in the same manner as any other fixtures are arranged.

* * *

M. F. Dwyer is bound to win if the expenditure of money can do it. His methods are not sportsmanlike, nor is cornering the market in the matter of fast 3-year-olds likely to benefit the sport of racing, but a man who has a long purse and is bound to win at all hazards, usually succeeds in accomplishing his object. Up to last year "Dwyer" luck was proverbial, but the year 1895 was an unfortunate one for Mr. Michael Francis Dwyer. His expedition to England proved disastrous from every point of view, and even after his return it seemed impossible for him to once more control fortune. This year, however, he has started off brilliantly. He won the opening race at Louisville with Harry Reed, and the fact that he closed at 6 to 1 indicates very plainly that Mr. Dwyer executed one of his famous plunges. Next he won the Kentucky Derby with Ben Brush, and in addition to the rich stakes, he won a large sum of money in bets, both in the future books and on the day of the race. At Louisville 5 to 2 on was the closing price, while at Aqueduct one could obtain 4 to 5 easily to quite some money. A day or so ago Mr. Dwyer purchased the running qualities of the 2-year-old filly Cleophus, by imported Wagner, out of Linnie, for $4,500. The filly had never started before, but Mr. Dwyer was so impressed with her work that he thought it a good investment to secure her. She made her debut in the Debutante Stakes at Louisville and spread-eagled her field. As she closed at 5 to 2 on, Mr. Dwyer probably won out more than her purchase price. He next arranged a race with the unbeaten filly Suisun, winner of nine successive races. Cleophus won by a nose on the post, thanks to the masterly riding of Sims—who, some one has said, is the best horse Mr. Dwyer has got in his stable—after a driving finish. A little before this event Mr. Dwyer purchased Ben Eder, who ran Ben Brush to a head for the Kentucky Derby. He paid $10,000 for the speedy son of Fonso and Workmate and won him out the same afternoon by landing the rich Clark Stakes. Dwyer's insatiable appetite for winners was not appeased yet. His next move was to buy Lady Inez, who ran a dead heat with Ben Brush for the Schulte Stakes and was beaten in the run off. He had invested upwards of $30,000 in three animals that a few years ago would have cost him that much apiece and had more than won them all out before the end of the meeting. But he received a body blow by Ben Brush being beaten on Thursday last by Prince Lief for the Oakley Derby. Dwyer, all told, is doing a great deal better than his quondam partner, Richard Croker, is doing in England. It is said that he now wants to buy Prince Lief, and has offered $20,000 for him. Mr. Dwyer appears determined to have a cinch on all the rich 3-year-old stakes in the west. It will soon be a case over there of Dwyer first, the rest nowhere, the same as it has been here of "Seagram first, and the rest hardly in sight."

* * *

Since the inception of the Ontario Jockey Club the winners of the Queen's Plate have been:

1881—D. W. Campbell's (Milton) b.g. Vice-Chancellor, by Terror, 115 lbs. (Brown), nine starters; 2.51.
1882—Mr. Abingdon's (Toronto) b. m. Fanny Wiser, 5, by Terror, 117 lbs. (Gates), fifteen starters; 2.51.
1883—T. Boyle's (Woodstock) br. g. Roddy Pringle, 3, by Helmbold, 97 lbs. (Smith), nine starters; 2.52½.
1884—John Halligan's (Toronto) b. g. Williams, 3, by Terror, 121 lbs. (A. Martin), fifteen starters; 2.50¾.
1885—E. Burgess' (Woodstock) b. g. Willie W., 4, by Princeton, 115 lbs. (Jamieson), fourteen starters; 2.58.
1886—D. W. Campbell's (Milton) ch. f. Wild Rose, 4, by Princeton, 113 lbs. (Butler), ten starters; 2.48¾.
1887—Robt. Bond's (Toronto) ch. g. Bonnie Duke, 5, by Judge Curtis, 119 lbs. (Wise), thirteen starters; 2.19.
1888—J. D. Matheson's (Toronto) b. c.

Mr. J. E. Seagram's ch. c. Connoisseur, 4 years, by imp. Sir Modred—Dixianne.

Harry Cooper, 4, by Long Taw, 113 lbs. (C. O'Leary), ten starters; 2.18¾.
1889—Duggan & Matheson's (Toronto) br. g. Colonist, 3, by Caligula, 106 lbs. (R. O'Leary), ten starters; 2.16.
1890—T. D. Hodgen's (London) blk. f. Kitestring, 3, by imp. Strachino, 105½ lbs. (Coleman), seven starters; 2.22.
1891—J. E. Seagram's (Waterloo) br. g. Victorious, 3, by Terror—Bonnie Vic, 106 lbs. (Gorman), twelve starters; 2.14¼.
1892—J. E. Seagram's blk. c. O'Donohue, 3, by Cromaboo—Milly, 106 lbs. (Horton), sixteen starters; 2.22.
1893—J. E. Seagram's b. g. Martello, 4, by Cromaboo—Counterscarp, 119 lbs. (Blaylock), nine starters; 2.14.
1894—J. E. Seagram's br. g. Joe Miller, 3, by Springfield—Milly, 101 lbs. (Regan), eleven starters; 2.28¾.
1895—J. E. Seagram's br. g. Bonnifield, 3, by Springfield—Bonnie Ino, 104½ lbs. (Brooker), ten starters; 2.17½.

* * *

Give the devil his due, and it must be acknowledged that the Windsor Racing Association acted in a very sportsmanlike way in determining to shut down during the Ontario Jockey Club meeting. The result has been to greatly increase the interest in the races and to materially add to the profits of the club. I understand it is the intention of the club to resume on Monday, June 1, running during the Hamilton Jockey Club meeting, a course which is to be regretted and is as unsportsmanlike as the resolve first spoken of is the other way. The association will continue for three weeks then adjourn to give the trotting people a chance. They will commence operations over the Bel Air track at Montreal on Tuesday, June 30, and race there for twelve days, returning to Windsor again the last week in July and racing probably right along to the middle of September.

* * *

How seriously adverse legislation has affected the interests of the turf in the United States will be appreciated by perusing the following list of stakes that have been declared off in consequence:

MONMOUTH PARK.
(Discontinued after 1893.)

Junior Champion Stakes for 2-year-olds; value over $20,000.
Produce Stakes, for 2-year-olds; value over $20,000.
Cartaret Handicap, for 2-year-olds; value over $8,000.
Lorillard Stakes, for 3-year-olds; value about $20,000.
Omnibus Stakes, for 3-year-olds; value about $20,000.
Monmouth Oaks, for 3-year-olds; value about $5000.
Champion Stakes and a number of other events, ranging from $2000 to $5000.

MORRIS PARK.
(Discontinued after 1894.)

Matron Stakes, for 2-year-olds; value about $30,000.
Great Eclipse Stakes, for 2-year-olds; value about $20,000.
Dunmore Stakes, for 2-year-olds; value about $7000.
Metropolitan Handicap; value about $10,000.
Toboggan Slide Stakes, for 2-year-olds; value about $5000.
At Gravesend the "Brooklyn Handicap," and at Sheepshead Bay the "Suburban" dropped from over $17,000 to a little over $5000.

WASHINGTON PARK, CHICAGO.
(Discontinued after 1894.)

Hyde Park Stakes, for 2-year-olds; value over $12,000.
World's Fair Stakes, for 2-year-olds; value about $10,000.
American Derby, for 3-year-olds; value about $20,000.
Sheridan Stakes, for 3-year-olds; value about $10,000.
Drexel Stakes, for 3-year-olds; value about $3000.

Surely there is an object lesson in this; but there are none so blind as

Mr. Charles Boyle's b.h. Lord Nelson, 5 years, by Himyar—Queechy.

those that won't see, and unfortunately there are a number of people in Canada just now who refuse to open their eyes. If something is not done, and that right speedily, to check the course of events, there will be no racing in Canada at all a few years hence. However, Parliament will again be sitting in seven or eight weeks, and there is the best reason for believeing, which ever party is in power, that one of the first moves made will be towards the immediate limitation of racing. We must, therefore, regretfully maintain ourselves in silence for the present.

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"A City Man" is informed that he is right in saying that the condition of the National Hunt Flat Race at Brookline, Mass., that the race shall be "for horses that have been placed first, second or third in a steeplechase or hurdle race," is special. It is the only race of the kind at the meeting.

* * *

How to make a horse race through mud is a problem that has vexed many American trainers. But this is an age of invention, and the problem seems to have been solved. At the recent Baltimore meeting, a 2-year-old won a race there in such fashion as to make the trainers open their eyes. The track is largely clay, and the rain had made it so stiff and holding that few would start, yet the 2-year-old romped through it. When he pulled up it was noticed that his feet were plastered with some white stuff, and there was a commotion. It seems that his owner had filled his feet with lamb's tallow. The grease threw the wet earth off like water off a duck's back, while the other horses "cupped" the mud and were held. It was a new wrinkle in the preparation of a race horse for racing in mud, and will no doubt have many imitators, as it worked to a charm.

* * *

Coming up on the train from Nashville, Tenn., recently, according to The Cincinnati Enquirer, a horseman friend of Billy Barrick, who is now here with Maurice and Sunup, told a little story about him that was amusing and illustrates just how tough a proposition the racing game is. On Tuesday, the last day of the meeting, Barrick had Sunup in a race in which it did not look as if he could lose, barring accident. The division of the purse was $225 to first, $50 to second and $25 to third horse. Just before the horses went to the post Barrick met his friend who told the story, and, in his peculiar drawling fashion, said to him: "Well, I have it figured out now how I can get out of town. I think my horse will win sure, but something might happen. So I have had a bookmaker friend take $50 off him for me against $80. Now, if he wins, I will get $145—and that's d—d sweet; if he runs second I will get $100, and that is pretty nice, too, these hard times, if he runs third I will receive $75; enough to get away on, and if he doesn't run one-two-three I will get $50 anyhow." Just think of the man who owned the great Dr. Hasbrouck when he was at his best, and who in better days had bet as much as $4000 or $5000 on a race, being obliged to do close figuring to get from one town to another. Is it any wonder that the outsider finds the game a hard one to beat?

* * *

I have heard it said that a syndicate has been formed in Montreal to start a racing stable on an extensive and thorough scale. The story goes that Charles Littlefield, jr., was authorized to make extensive purchases at the recent sale of J. B. Haggin's yearlings in New York. Whether the story is true or not, and I have had no chance to verify it, Littlefield certainly made one high-priced purchase, when he paid $2000 for a bay colt by imp. Sir Madrid out of Nonage. Still I have my doubts.

At the same Haggin sale refered to, a good deal of comment was caused by the extensive purchases of J. S. Robinson, a newcomer and a gentleman very widely known to the American turf as an owner. It now appears that Mr. Robinson did not purchase for himself, but for the well-known millionaire English sporting and racing man, Mr. H. McCalmont, owner of Isinglass. A few years ago Mr. McCalmont bought a ranch in California for his brother-in-law and sent over some English thoroughbred stock to form the nucleus of a breeding establishment on the Pacific coast. Islington, by Isonomy—Deadlock, a full brother to Isinglass, was included in the lot. Mr. Haggin secured his service to some of the choice Rancho del Paso matrons, and this is the produce that was disposed of at the recent sale. It is probable that Mr. McCalmont was induced to buy the yearlings as a matter of business, as well as from sentimental motives, for Isinglass has the distinction of being the largest individual winner in the history of the turf, having a total of over $275,000 to his credit. He was moreover, a very popular horse, and is royally bred, so that the get of his full brother will undoubtedly have a commercial value on the other side, independent of their racing qualities. The yearlings will be shipped within a day or two. Their breeding and the prices paid for them, follows:

Chestnut filly, by Islington—Louise, by Luke Blackburn—Arizonia, by Lexington; third dam, Zone, by The Cure; fourth dam, Starlight, by Kremlin, $1400.

Bay filly, by Islington—Ezza, by Joe Hooker—Kitten, by imp. Eclipse; third dam, imp. Pussy, by Dioaphantus; fourth dam, Agapemone, by Bay Middleton, $300.

Chestnut colt, by Islington—Rosa G., by Leinster—Ada A., by Asteroid; third dam, Lorette, by Sovereign; fourth dam, Mary Ogden, by Thornhill, $500.

At the same sale Jimmy McLaughlin paid $1300 for a yearing colt, a full brother to Connoisseur, being by imp. Sir Modred out of Dixianne.

POP.

EVERYWHERE ECHOES.

One of those cases occurred in the city the other day that, although it is only individual, goes a long way to bring a vast body of people into disrepute. A scorching bicyclist knocked a little girl down and, without stopping to see whether she was hurt, raced away, leaving the child unconscious on the ground. In the light of such an event a fine of a dollar and costs for immoderate riding is preposterous. It should be five dollars and costs every time and then there would be a cessation of such incidents. Whipping even is too good for a man who could treat a child as the aforesaid scorcher did. I feel strongly about the matter because I have young children of my own, and I have also bicyclists of my own, but if I thought the latter could act as cowardly and as currishly as the man who knocked that child down and raced away, I would take an axe and there would be no more wheels in my house.

* * *

But the wheel, like the first-born, is a great tyrant. It is at once a blessing and a nuisance. It is a nuisance if you have to cross the road at a point where it abounds; but it is a blessing to the rider who uses it aright. There never was a time when people lived more out of doors. All the world and his wife now revel in pure fresh air instead of dwelling with the cobwebs. Their thoughts flow fresher and freer for the exercise; their minds are liberalized and broadened, and, while it is yet possible it may check the multiplication of the world, in leading people abroad, in sharpening their wits, in increasing their appetites, the wheel cannot but be regarded as a blessing of inestimable value. At the same time, when riders wish to scorch they should seek the Rosedale or the Ferry Company's track, or Dufferin Park. There are times and places even for enjoying to the full what Dr. Johnson called the poetry of motion.

* * *

Medical science has something unusual to deal with in the case of a boy at Newark, N.J., who has lost sight, hearing, sense of feeling and speech. Charles Dickens on his first visit to America, found a case somewhat similar in the little girl, Laura Bridgman, an inmate of a Boston asylum, in whose strange affliction he was much interested and to him he devotes several pages in his "American Notes." Miss Bridgman had also lost the sense of smell, and nothing was left her but the sense of touch, which had become educated to such a wonderful degree that it took the place of the other faculties of which she was deprived. Unlike the Newark boy she was in perfect health, with a disposition of peculiar sweetness, always as happy as her little feathered friends at her window who she never saw and whose notes she never heard. If the doctors could restore the New Jersey boy's health, which is thought unlikely, his case might become as interesting as that which Dickens described with so much tenderness and sympathy.

* * *

What I think is a capital and feasible idea has struck me regarding bicycling, and one that would rather revenge wheelmen on the railways for their hoggish action in charging for wheels as excess of baggage. On the rivers of England when a fellow feels like taking a prolonged excursion in easy stages, he can hire a row boat at one stopping place and leave it at another. This is an excellent plan, the advantages of which must be obvious, enabling the hirer to end his voyage when and where he will, while at the same time relieving him of the responsibility of returning the boat. Why could not a similar arrangement with bicycles be put into practice at different towns? A system of exchanges would do the trick. Many persons who might gain great benefit from cycling are now prevented from doing so simply because they dislike to have a machine on their hands; dislike to convey it by train, dislike to ride a minute after they are fatigued. Such a relay and relief plan as that suggested would be welcomed by them. Pedestrians wishing to get a gait on in order to reach a certain place before nightfall would find it a great convenience, as they would be able to hire a wheel and leave it at their stopping place without further concern or trouble. It would be a source of profit to hotel-keepers, who might bind together and see what they could do towards putting the scheme into operation. By their position on the road they would be the most natural men to have machines for hire. They now frequently have horses and carriages for hire; why not bicycles? Any danger of losing the machines by theft could to a large extent be obviated by some distinctive mark, by merely, in fact, engraving the name of the owner at some part where it couldn't very well be defaced or erased. I must confess I am tickled to death with the idea, which it appears to me opens up limitless possibilites.

* * *

Competition shares with necessity the honor of being parent to invention. In England certain tradesmen—jewelers, dealers in toys, and so on—keep birthday books, and on every recurring anniversary the mother of the child receives a type-written note running something like this:

"Madame,—As your little daughter's birthday is approaching, and thinking that probably you may require some present for her in commemoration of the event, we take the liberty of enclosing an abbreviated list of our toys, which we think would be suitable . . . Hoping to be favored with your orders, which will receive our prompt and best attention, and wishing her many happy returns of the day, we are Madame," etc., etc.

It is not necessary for me to point out that the same plan could be adopted as regards the anniversary of marriages; but then there are cases where people do not care to be reminded of their having irretrievably committed themselves to what they have come to regard as an egregious act of folly.

* * *

The Abyssinian Emperor appears to be an astute letter writer. He is still bent upon the impression of improving himself and his people entertained by Europeans. A translation of one of his letters indicates that he has an effective sense of sarcasm. It is thus addressed: "The Victorious Lion of the Tribe of Judah, Menelik II., chosen of the Lord, King of the Kings of Ethiopia, to Mr. X——." He mentions a message from the "gherazmatch" Joseph, and then proceeds as follows:

"You will therefore be convinced that although both of us have been killed by the Italians, we are still in very good health. * * * You have asked me to prohibit any harm being done to the Italian prisoners and wounded. You know, indeed, that in our country we do no harm to prisoners of war, neither to Christian nor to pagans.

"I have given orders to my chiefs to treat the prisoners with consideration. I have acted thus, not that I may be thanked for it, but because my duty as a Christian commands me to do it."

* * *

Apropos of recent complaints of putting bad whisky into good bottles, it is surely interesting to learn that two St. John, N.B., men, one of whom is now resident in New York, have invented what they maintain is the ne plus ultra in the way of an improved bottle—one that after being emptied of its contents cannot be refilled. Several patents have already been issued for vessels of this character, but so far it is said that none of them have come up to the full requirements. The inventors have had their articles patented in this country, and the application is now on file in the office of the commissioner of patents, Washington. The device is simple, consisting of a valve, stopper and bouyant lock, the latten being two pieces of cork so adjusted that any attempt to fill the bottle floats the corks and effectually prevents the loosening of the valve by shaking. After the bottle is filled in the first instance, the valve, stopper and locks are placed in position and cannot afterward be removed without destroying the bottle. The bottle can be freely emptied through apertures in the stopper, which are so arranged that a wire, no matter how fine, cannot be passed through them in an effort to displace the lock. An invention is of vast importance to those who put up goods in this way, especially manufacturing druggists, as it prevents the imposition upon the public of an inferior article under the name of the legitimate manufacturers, for once the contents are removed the bottle is of no use, and it will be impossible to palm off any substitute upon the buyer.

* * *

A law making it a crime for barber shops to keep open for business on Sunday has been declared unconstitutional by the Illinois Supreme Court. It is held that the right to work on Sunday is the barber's property, and to take that property away from him is not justifiable. In a general sense, also, the law is held to be class legislation, as it singles out one business or trade for its application, and therefore violates the spirit, if not the letter, of the constitution in this respect. This decision follows the precedents set by California and Missouri, in which States the same question came up, and was settled in the same way, though I believe decisions to the contrary have been given in some of the eastern States, including New York, as well as in Canada.

* * *

A correspondent writes asking me to quote Lord Wolseley's recent remarks in favor of boxing. I take pleasure in complying. It was at the boxing competition for novices of the Guard's Brigade that in presenting the prize cup to the winner of the competition Lord Wolseley said: "I have been requested by Col. Fox to give this belt to the winner of the middle-weight event. It gives me very great pleasure in carrying out Col. Fox's wish. I have enjoyed myself very much indeed this evening, and I only hope this thoroughly British sport will continue to flourish in the British army. I don't think there is a better or more healthy pastime, and I take this opportunity to say that I trust it will long continue to be practised by the soldiers. Every soldier should consider it his duty to learn to box. There is no game so manly, nothing that requires more pluck, and nothing so likely to bring out the fine qualities of an athlete. I hope the brigade will long continue to have such pleasant and sociable gatherings as this, and that sport as good will follow."

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I warned everybody last week that judgment should be withheld as regards the Toronto baseball team. The warning has been amply justified by the facts. The Toronto up to Saturday had won eight straight games from the strongest teams in the Eastern League. If they maintain their present pace the baseball grounds will hardly be able to hold the crowds that will throng there.

THE CAPTIOUS ONE.

A Song of the Weather.

You can see he broad fields twinkilin' with the bright and blindin' heat,
An' feel the grass a-crinkilin' 'neath your burnin,' blisterin' feet;
An' see the cattle pokin' to the ponds and branches warm,
While a million frogs are croakin' for a shower or a storm!

For it's hot on high,
An' it's hot below;
An' the devil's in the weather
When the wind won't blow!

Red hot, an' still a-heatin', but there's water in the well,
As cool as all creation an' you're happy in the South,
When you strike the old plantation an' the melon strikes your mouth!

For it's hot on high,
An' it's hot below;
An' the devil's in the weather
When the wind won't blow!

—Atlanta Constitution.

A REASON FOR EVERYTHING.

Old Country Sportsman: "'Ere, yoong mahn, yew be kcerful wen yew coom to thaat 'ere big joomp, 'cos Oi've got 'arf a dollar on yer."

Wheeling Men and Wheeling Women.

When the racing craze was at its height the opinion was freely expressed that the day of club runs was on the wane, and that this most enjoyable feature of life awheel was to give way to track riding. All who believe in wheeling and seek to advance its interests must be pleased to observe that club runs, in Toronto at any rate, are as well attended and popular as ever. Even the scorching fever, which was epidemic for a season or two, but is now happily dying out, could not kill club runs, though it was certainly most discouraging to the road officers of a club to have their men, who were supposed to be following a decent pace, spread out over several miles of road. This season, however, the offenders are fewer, and the beginning of a saner era seems to have arived. Let us hope that it will be long ere the club run, with all its pleasures, becomes a thing of the past.

* * *

What odd things we occasionally see carried on bicycles by utilitarian wheelmen. Stepladders, snowshoes, fishingpoles, paint pots, broken wheels, hockey and lacrosse sticks, baskets of groceries, and twenty foot lengths of gas pipe are only a few of the many articles seen on the bike. It seems likely that a bicycle with special provision for the carrying of bulky objects would meet with the favor of many cyclists.

It may not be generally know that Mr. George Orr, the well-known wheelman, is an authority on superstition and kindred subjects. As the result of his researches, Mr. Orr has promulgated the following list of bicycle superstitions, which may be regarded as authentic:

1. The wheelman who allows a hearse to pass him will die before the year is out.
2. To be chased by a yellow dog with one blue eye and one black eye indicates a bad fall.
3. To see a small boy with a slingshot beside the road is a prophecy of a puncture.
4. If you pass a white horse driven by a red-haired lady, your rim will split unless you say "cajandrum," and hold up two fingers.
5. The rider who expectorates tobacco juice on the track will lose a spoke.
6. If you take your machine to the repair shop it is a sign that you will not buy that new suit of clothes.
7. Icicling the man who asks the make of your wheel is a sign of high honors and riches within a year.
8. Lending the wheel is a sign of the double donkey.
9. To attempt to hold up a 275-pound woman learning to ride is the sign of a soft spot.

* * *

A number of cyclists whose sense of humor was perhaps stronger than their desire to adhere to the laws of meum and tuum, had a busy quarter of an hour at the Humber the other day. One of the visitors deposited a ten enough to bathe, and then all that is needed is a quick sponge off with tepid water and soap. Hot baths are very weakening, and should never be indulged in unless the leg muscles are getting hard and knotted.

"There are no two men alike constitutionally. The amount of work necessary to get one man into racing condition would be liable to have the opposite effect upon another. You can soon tell whether you are giving your man too much or too little work, but it is always the safest plan to keep him rather undertrained, as three or four starts in races will put him fairly on edge, while the overtrained one will be stale and have to take a lay off for a while, and the racing season is liable to be far advanced before he can get himself into condition again.

"A man who has had one or two years' experience at racing should be able to get into fine condition in from six to eight weeks, as a rule, but a youngster whom you have to develop needs a much longer time, as he requires a larger amount of long, slow work to get the necessary muscles developed so that he can stand the strain that will be put on them later. In conclusion my advice is to use good judgment in the amount of work you do while training. Be careful of your diet, keep regular hours, leave all other kinds of exercising and games alone, but do all your work awheel."

The Seven Cee es of Cycledom.

All the world's a wheel,
And all the men and women merely cyclists:
They have their fascies and their passing "cranks,"
And one man in his time rides many mounts,
His geegees being seven. At first, the infant,
Lightly poised and lissom on wee "midget" wheels;
And then the schoolboy on some "junior" make,
With clanging bell, rung wantonly at dames
And fowls alike. And then the lover, hot,
On tandem perch'd behind his girl, both wrapt
In road lore, not in love. And next a clerk
On "racer" of high gear, all huddled up
And crouched on handles far below his knees
"Scorching" along with fixt cyclometer;
And so he wheels his miles. The father next,
In fair round belly, the poor heavy-weight,
Upon a "bantam" sits, and tries to think
"Sans chaine, sans gene" is true as advertised.
But cannot play the part. And so he shifts
Into the dull but roomy tricycle
With spectacles on nose and pipe in mouth;
His antique wheels, well-saved, a world too frail
For his round form, can still recall the "runs"
And "coasts" of old, and his big, manly heart
Living again in pleasures of his boys
Now revels in their bikes. Last scene of all
That ends this strange, mad craze of cycledom
Is the new-fangled automotor car—
No whip, no noise, no smoke, no anything.

—C. O. B.

The Inventor of the Safety Wheel.

The stupendous growth of bicycling since the "safety" and the pneumatic tyre were invented is illustrated by a statement which comes from London, where an international exhibition of horseless carriages, motors and motor industries is to be held, beginning and continuing during May, June, July and August. The Queen and the Prince of Wales are the patrons of the exhibition, and the chairman is H. J. Lawson, who twenty years ago originated the bicycle, which is now in almost universal use, and known as the "safety." Last year a banquet was given to Mr. Lawson by the Mayor of Coventry and by the chief firms of cycle manufacturers of the country, at which he was presented with a testimonial congratulating him upon being the original inventor of the chain-driven safety, and a magnificent gold watch was left with him as a souvenir. The Bicycling News says that, thanks to Mr. Lawson's invention, over 500,000 machines are turned out annually by British manufacturers, and an equal number or more in the United States, France and Germany, and it can be justly claimed that Mr. Lawson has placed something like $50,000,000 in the pockets of cycle manufacturers, steel merchants, iron founders, wire drawers, rubber works and the leather trades. Mr. Lawson was asked how he came to patent the safety, and he laughingly pointed to himself, and said: "I am a very little man, and I wanted to ride a bicycle as well as the rest, and so I had one cut down to suit me. I may say that my short legs have made my fortune."

IXION.

English women, with their characteristic love of propriety and form, have been slow to adopt the rational dress. In England one sees many stunning costumes both on the drives and in the country, but among the upper classes the skirt is almost universal. But then the Englishwoman rides differently from the American woman. She is more sedate and cares nothing for fast driving. She abhors long and fatiguing trips, and is in short so restricted by a sense of propriety that she is incapable of understanding the enthusiasm and perfect freedom exhibited by her American cousin.

And yet if we are to believe all we hear the Englishwoman is advancing to an astonishing degree of skill. A well-known writer, who is at present in London, writes of an incident in which a woman cyclist, seeing a man coming rapidly from an opposite direction, who evinced no intention of turning out for her, swung her machine quickly "by a deft movement" in such a way that the scorcher was thrown to the ground, and his wheel broken to the great satisfaction of the onlookers, while the fair wheelwoman rode on her way, not even dismounting. This is certainly a degree of skill which has never been reached by Toronto women.

* * *

The Duke of Norfolk, Postmaster-General of England, is now, so it is said, seriously concerned over the desirability of expediting the delivery of telegrams. This he believes may be accomplished by the extensive use of cycles. Of course, the use of cycles would not be practicable in certain districts, but they would in most of the chief industrial centres. Moreover, they could be utilized to reduce the cost of porterage, now a very serious matter where the distance exceeds three miles. Hence it is, so it is said, that the Postmaster-General intends attaching cyclists to a number of carefully selected offices. Of course, this will be in the nature of an experiment, but if it answers, the experiment will, it is averred, be immediately extended. Some of the permanent officials are said to be opposed to the departure, but their opposition notwithstanding, the experiment will be made.

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We heard a sensible woman speak the other day of the bicycle as a "fad"—dismissing the light, delicate and most substantial fabric as if it were an airy pageant of a fleeting fashion. Why, it is a new form of motion, outstripping the horse, swift-footed; costing less than either horse or buggy, and much less than both together; requiring neither groom nor corn, nor box-stall; within the means of thousands and thousands who never kept a rig; adapted to childhood, youth and age. Why, it is the next thing to flying. Would you, oh! Madame, call wings a fad, if it should so be that science should presently discover method of movement like unto that which the birds have? Oh, no! the bicycle is no fad. It has been a long time coming—but it has come to stay. As long as young men and women delight in exercise; as long as they feel the exhilaration of motion, they will ride the wheel. So did you, Madame, we doubt not, in the days of your less fortunate youth, dance and ride horseback—and may still, for all we know. Or, it may be, you loll back against the cushions of your tidy brougham as it rolls through the park. But not even if a footman sits on the box by the side of the thick-calved driver, and you hold a skyterrier, blue-ribboned and dainty, in your voluminous lap, can you know the freedom, the keen individuality, the sense of possession that comes to him on the wheel that rolls silently, swiftly by you, neither taking your dust, nor giving you his, coming up behind, phantom like, and gone before you can see the red glow on cheeks, or catch the sparkle of health in the eye. The race loves motion, and the bicycle will stay till the world has balloons or wings.

* * *

It may be news to cyclists, but a French physician declares it to be a fact. He says that unknown to themselves, bicyclists develop a general vibratory condition of the body. In other words, they become human tuning forks. It was Dr. Petit who gave the French Academy of Medicine the "tip" on this, and since then French and English bicyclists have been surprised, when they have complained to their medical advisers that they felt unusually restless and could not account for the reason, to learn that they had unconsciously acquired the "vibratory hab it." The medical journals are taking the matter up, and soon our doctors will doubtless also begin to prescribe for the cure of this strange new disease.

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How to Train for Racing.

Fred Vokes, an old sprinter and present bicycle trainer, says:

"The grand principle of training for any kind of athletic competition is to do the proper amount of work, the right kind of work, and follow regularity in performing it. One should also pay special attention to his eating and drinking and abstain from the use of tobacco in every form. When starting in to train I generally give my man a mild purgative, so as to get his stomach in good working order, and in from seven to ten days I give him a special one. I let him do slow, easy work twice a day for the first two weeks, after which I let him gradually increase his pace, but never allow him to get tired or distressed. After he gets through with his work I give him a good brisk rubbing with a coarse towel, after which he gets a thorough rubbing with a cooling liniment, keeping the muscles soft and pliable.

"As to diet, I believe in good, plain, wholesome food, such as fruit, oatmeal, beef, mutton, soups, fowls, fish, eggs, bread, rice, tapioca, jelly and vegetables in moderation. I prefer tea to any other drink. It should be pretty weak and used with sugar and milk. I consider such food as pork, veal, hot bread, pastry, nuts, iced drinks and milk as liable at any time to upset a man's stomach, and would advise the athlete to leave them alone.

"Plenty of sleep is very essential to his success. I like to have my men retire about 10 o'clock, rise at 7, and also take an hour's nap after their midday meal, especially for the first few weeks of their training, as it freshens them up wonderfully for the second half of the day's work. Twice a week is often enough to bathe, and then all that is needed is a quick sponge off with tepid water and soap. Hot baths are very weakening, and should never be indulged in unless the leg muscles are getting hard and knotted.

"There are no two men alike constitutionally. The amount of work necessary to get one man into racing condition would be liable to have the opposite effect upon another. You can soon tell whether you are giving your man too much or too little work, but it is always the safest plan to keep him rather undertrained, as three or four starts in races will put him fairly on edge, while the overtrained one will be stale and have to take a lay off for a while, and the racing season is liable to be far advanced before he can get himself into condition again.

"A man who has had one or two years' experience at racing should be able to get into fine condition in from six to eight weeks, as a rule, but a youngster whom you have to develop needs a much longer time, as he requires a larger amount of long, slow work to get the necessary muscles developed so that he can stand the strain that will be put on them later. In conclusion my advice is to use good judgment in the amount of work you do while training. Be careful of your diet, keep regular hours, leave all other kinds of exercising and games alone, but do all your work awheel."