TOPICS OF THE TURF.

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

Mr. Colin Cockburn, nephew of Mrs. Keele, widow of Mr. W. C. Keele, who formerly owned the Carleton race course and the adjoining property, has favored me with a copy of the petition for the Queen's Plate which was forwarded to the Home Government in 1859. Being only a fac simile of the body of the petition, the signatures unfortunately are lacking, but the petition itself is interesting as showing that the plate was granted to Toronto, and that Quebec had a plate before this Province. Just think of it! The crystal palace referred to in the petition, a copy of which follows, does duty now as the main building on the Exhibition grounds, after 38 years' existence. The document runs:

To Her Most Gracious Majesty Victoria, by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, etc., etc.

The petition of the undersigned members of the Toronto Turf Club, in connection with the new Carleton race course, in the vicinity of Toronto, and other residents of Upper Canada,

Humbly and respectfully sheweth:

That in addition to the Crystal Palace recently erected in the City of Toronto for the exhibition of agricultural produce, mechanical and other scientific works of art, calculated to promote agricultural improvements in this section of the Province of Canada, the Carleton Race Course, possessing superior recommendations, has been constructed with the view to promote the introduction of the best breed of horses, as well as to keep up one of the national sports, so highly esteemed in the Mother Country.

That for many years past Your Majesty has been graciously pleased to order a Queen's Plate to be given and run for in Lower Canada by horses raised in that section of the province, Upper Canada horses being virtually excluded by the terms of the grant; and now that Upper Canada may fairly challenge her sister province in the fair and open field of just and honorable competition, your petitioners humbly hope that Your Majesty will deign to extend the Royal Favor and Bounty to Upper Canada also, by the presentation of a Queen's Plate to be annually run for on the Carleton race course, above mentioned, by maiden horses, raised in Upper Canada.

Your petitioners therefore most humbly pray that Your Majesty will be graciously pleased to honor the Carleton race course with a Queen's Plate, to be competed for annually, as above.

And your petitioners, as in duty bound will ever pray.

Accompanying the petition is an old ticket used in those days. It shows the horses approaching an old-time winning post with underneath:

CARLETON RACE COURSE.
1859.
SECOND STAND.

That's all. No unique designs in the shape of badges such as Mr. Ogden busies himself in getting out now.

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There is little likelihood of any racing on the old Newmarket track this year. Mr. Keachie, who had the enterprise in hand, had the place staked off and all the plans prepared, but his health is proving so poor that he has not had an opportunity to put them into execution. Mr. Keachie has not abandoned the enterprise, which he still feels the utmost confidence in, but he has postponed further proceedings until he has had a chance to recuperate, a process that a legion of friends trust will not be long in coming about.

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Mr. Francis Martin, prime mover in the Windsor Racing Association, was in town during the past week. In course of a conversation he told me that his association would begin to race on Saturday next, May 9th, that $4,500 had been spent on improvements to the track and belongings, that 150 horses were already stabled there, that as many more were coming, that at first a program providing for only twelve days' racing would be put out, and that the future would depend upon the situation. Mr. Martin still fails to see any harm in protracted racing. He, however, has no desire to come into collision with the law, and would have been more pleased than not if the limitation clause had been passed, as his association would then be able to realize where it stood.

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There is consternation on the minor tracks over the way in which winners of selling races are being bid up. It is thought that the managers of the tracks in some instances start the bidding, but anyway, selling races are at last coming to be treated as such, and it is getting dangerous for owners to enter horses much below their value.

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A revival of racing is looked for in New York State under the Austin racing law, which permits the charging of extra fees for certain inclosures. In this way a ring similar to Tattersall's at English race meetings will be possible, thus affording the association a chance to protect its patrons, and to facilitate their operations.

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Some years ago an English commissioner was sent to Canada to purchase cavalry horses. He got very few. Whether Canada is as badly off now as it was then for the right kind of animals I cannot say, but in the States good cavalry horses at the Government price cannot possibly be got. John D. Hale, a prominent stock man of Dakota, received an order for remounts for the Eighth U. S. cavalry. Notwithstanding that he visited practically every prominent horse ranch in Western South Dakota, Eastern Wyoming and Southeastern Montana in the effort to secure horses that would pass the rigid inspection, every horse he turned in for inspection was rejected. The horses, according to Hale, were the best that could be secured. Some of them could not be purchased on the range or in the markets of Chicago and New York for $250 each. This gives some indication of the demand that is likely to prevail in the future for good, sound, weight-carrying halfbreds of action. In fact, I read only the other day that the British Government were likely to issue a big horse-buying commission for the army shortly. At present there are only 27,000 horses in the British army, or just one-third of the number needed. Last year 1648 horses were bought at an average of £43 5s., about $216. The kind of animal required in the service can, perhaps, be estimated when it is stated that he must be 16 hands high and up to carrying 280 pounds or over, a fully equipped cavalryman frequently reaching the even 300 pounds. How many of the animals on exhibition at the recent horse show, I wonder, would be equal to the task of carrying such a weight over a rough country for any length of time. By the way, how would a class go for the best horse for a cavalry remount?

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At Lexington the other day 33 horses were entered for the opening three-quarter dash; at St. Louis it is expected there will shortly be 1000 horses; at San Francisco there are 600; at Washington there are 500; at Forsyth 400; at Lexington 800; at Nashville 900. Here we have a total of 3900 running horses already, figuratively speaking, in harness. That there must be another 4000 not employed at present is certain, when it is considered that between Windsor and Toronto there are 400. With 8000 horses to earn oats it can easily be understood there must be a good deal of racing during the coming year. Owners looking for soft spots bid fair to have a hard time finding what they are looking for; and some local men affect to think they have a better chance abroad than at home.

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All the O. J.C. events that were set to close on May 1st have filled well to date, but as there are owners outside of Toronto yet to hear from, the lists will not be published until Tuesday. Followers of the sport will be pleased to hear that the prospects are there will be more foreigners than ever represented. Our old friend Mr. Michael Daly will be on hand with his lot, Mr. Hayes will be here with his jumpers, and Mr. Colt, who, like Messrs. Hayes and Wadsworth, hails from Livingstone County, New York State, will have an entry in the Red Coat race. This is particularly gratifying because the croakers prophesied that the meeting at Brookline, which extends beyond the O.J.C. dates, would attract all the cross-country fellows to the disadvantage of Woodbine. A telegram, by the way, from New York says: W. C. Hayes has turned up with Adelbert, Trillon, King Joseph, Warlock, Venus, Sayonara, Marvel, The Rat, Swallow, Naughty Girl, Shellelagh and The Pink 'Un. The jumpers all look ready to try a trip over the steeplechase course. Adelbert is reported to be a fine jumper, but needs a race to sharpen him up.

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Down the road everything is now in splendid shape. There are more horses putting in their preliminary work there than at any time in the history of the track, three weeks ahead. The trouble of the allotment of stalls is in a fair way of settlement. The club have hired several structures in close proximity to the park, and are having them specially fixed up for the occasion. The well-known red-brick stable to the west of Mr. Small's house, facing the northwest corner of the track, is being made ready for the reception of Mr. Robert Davies' horses—twelve in number. The big barn a little to the west is also being adapted, so that the probabilities are there will be plenty of stable room and local owners will not be called upon to put any such great strain on their charges in order to reach the track as Mr. Seagram's are daily subject to in their journeys from Newmarket to Woodbine and back. My own theory is that it would be better for the legs of the majority of race horses and for their wind if they had more walking and more change of scene than they have. But the trainers themselves know best, I suppose, and if they imagine the same old weary round, the same old dreary routine, day after day, fills the bill, it must be so. But I do know that in the old, old days when horses were rarely conveyed, but were almost entirely roaded, both their legs and their feet were sounder than they are now, while their stamina was greater. Horses enjoy change of scene and are as much benefitted by taking the free breeze into their systems as any other living creatures. Again, when they are in the States horses are often called upon to walk a mile or two to reach the track, while here some local owners appear to think it a hardship if they have to walk a couple of furlongs to get to the course.

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Mr. W. J. Smith has shipped his four horses to Churchill Downs, Louisville, where they will be started during the next two or three weeks. The quartette are: ch h Pennilless, 5 years, by Spendthrift—Imp. Bridal; br c Monce Morgan, 3 years, by imp. Esher—Imp. Bridal; ch c Vice Regal, 3, by Prince Royal—Indemnity; b f by Spendthrift—Van A Clar, by Barnes. Mr. Smith, who will join the stable in a day or two, says that they are all in good shape, that Monce Morgan, a big strapping maiden, 16 hands high, and weighing over a thousand pounds, named after his trainer, gives promise of being a race horse, that Vice Regal is recovering splendidly from his wrench and that old Penniless is rounding to so nicely he may be heard from in the fall. The Spendthrift—Van A Clar filly is a bit backward, but there is every indication that, with maturity, she will prove a bread winner.

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The Seagram string in their pleasant quarters at the old Newmarket track, show great improvement over their condition when they first arrived a few weeks ago. There were fears then that Trainer Walker had some of his charges too low in flesh, notably Connoisseur, but their regular training seems to have furnished them a little and they are now about the right weight for three weeks before race day, and show that needful ability to stand stiff work and letting down. Of course the usual uncertainty prevails over the stable's choice for the Plate, although there seems no doubt that Millbrook is the horse which Mr. Seagram would like to see come first past the post. He is looking in splendid fettle, and is a long rangy horse, remarkable in his four-year-old form, for his length of leg. Dandelion does not look quite so fine, but shows more meat in his conformation. Of the other two, Springal and Moorland, there are some knowing ones around the stable, who say that Springal can gallop fastest of the whole quartette, but he doesn't look so. Saragossa, the bulwark of the string last year, is in excellent shape, and Connoisseur shows wonderful improvement. Old Stonemason looks as if his ninth year would be one of his most useful and successful. Of the others for the May meeting, Halfling, Mussulman, Farthing, Silk Gown, are all ready, but there are so many that Mr. Seagram can keep some in reserve for the campaign across the border, and one of these is Golden Badge, who has not been hurried.

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After remarking "'the flowing tide is with us,' is what Mr. Leo de Rothschild might well have said, as in race after race at Newmarket, the famous blue and yellow dashed past the winning post at the head of the field," John Corlett says of St. Frusquin, the Two Thousand Guinea winner: "Beautiful as was the performance of the slashing Galeazzo, it was altogether eclipsed when that well graced actor, St. Frusquin, appeared on the boards for the Column Produce Stakes. We said some time ago that we would rather see a horse like Regret walk over for the Union Jack stakes at Liverpool than we would the whole of the race for the Grand National, with its thirty or more runners. We felt this still more strongly when we saw St. Frusquin come racing over the Rowley Mile with not one of his opponents having a 100 to 1 chance from the moment the flag fell, much as Prince Soltykoff was said to fancy South Australian, who was in receipt of 13 pounds. It was a sight for a Prince, and as he strode up the hill we were made to feel what Sir Francis Doyle meant when he spoke of the stride of a Derby winner. It conveys the idea of something that is in its way irresistible. A horse that could beat Grig at even weights as a two-year-old must, indeed, be a wonder, and most certainly we are in for a great year. The reach of St. Frusquin is tremendous, and with such grand shoulders as he has it must be all bosh about his want of ability to descend a hill. The only doubt we have about him is as to whether there is enough timber in his forelegs to support his great frame. Possibly, too, hard ground might beat him, but this we do not think he is likely to experience, if the weather prophets are at all to be trusted. Even now, and with this dazzling performance before our eyes and the full knowledge of the marvellous home form, we believe Regret to be the hardier candidate of the two." Of Persimmon, who like Regret, was absent from the Two Thousand Guinea race, Mr. Corlett says: "On Thursday morning, in dismal weather, Persimmon was given a good gallop in the presence of the Prince and some friends. One would have thought that at five furlongs at any rate Persimmon would have shown to advantage, but he did not, hence his retrogression in the betting for the Two Thousand and Derby. The gallop may have been an eye-opener in more senses than one, and we do not accept it by any means as final. He is by no means, however, the horse St. Frusquin is. The latter, according to Mat Dawson, is the living image now of what St. Simon was on the day he won the Ascot Cup."

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My English correspondent writes under date of April 16: "Since the arrival of Carbine over here we in this country are beginning to be afraid of 'The Waler.' When Ringmaster was running here we looked on Australian horses with something like contempt. Paris III. woke us up the other day, and we shall some day realize the fact that the Australian 'waler' will be the horse of the future. Wallace, Carbine's 3-year-old-son, ran a desperate race a short time back for the Champion Stakes. It was a three miles' race, and after a tremendous duel he and Quiver, a 4-year-old-daughter of Trenton, made a dead heat of it, at weight for age, in 5 minutes 23 1-4 seconds, the fastest time on record. The intermediate times are so remarkable that they are worth quoting. First mile and a half, 2 minutes 45 1-2 seconds; last mile and a half, 2 minutes 37 3-4 second; last mile, 1 minute 42 3-4 seconds; last half mile, 52 1-4 seconds. That last mile and a half beats beats by several seconds all our Derby and Oaks times. If that is not an illustration of stamina, I should like to know what is.

"St. Frusquin came, saw and conquered in his public Derby trial in the Column Produce Stakes on Newmarket Heath yesterday. True it is that he was not asked to accomplish a great feat, although he was giving 13 pounds to South Australian, a nice, racing-like looking animal; 15 pounds apiece to Chillast and Napoleon the Great, and 18 pounds each to Brechin and Vizard. Still it was not so much what St. Frusquin did, but the splendid way he did it. With a view to making the weight tell, M. Cannon sent South Australian along from flag fall and kept him at high pressure throughout, but to no purpose, for St. Frusquin, hard held, was winning his race all the way. All doubts as to his ability to come down a hill must be dissipated in the minds of those who doubted, after seeing the magnificent, unfaltering stride of the colt as he swept down into the Abingdon bottom, and rose from the dip like a lion. South Australian was the only one of his opponents that showed anything like a fight with the crack, but the efforts of this blood-like bay, who is a son of Sheen and Beltana, were in vain when St. Frusquin strode up to him. The rest of the field were made so many hacks of."

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High people are numbered in England among what we call in this country "rail birds." Says London Sketch: "Amateur touts are busily engaged at Newmarket this week trying to discover the winners of the Two Thousand and the Derby. The Prince of Wales often patronizes the Heath before breakfast when at Newmarket; but the most persistent follower of the morning work is the Lord Chief Justice, who, by-the-by, knows a good horse when he sees him, although he once just missed buying Bendigo for something under £200. Sir Henry Hawkins is often seen out at Newmarket before breakfast, always on foot. Sir Arthur Sullivan, too, enjoys a canter on the Heath before breakfast. Of the well-known owners, Lord Durham, Prince Soltykoff, and the Earl of Rosebery are fond of witnessing the early work of the thoroughbreds."

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Canadian owners and trainers want everything done for them by race track managers, short of supplying the feed. They think it is the greatest hardship in the world if at the first sign of a break in the winter the track is not in apple-pie order; but what would they say if, as in England, they had to pay for the privilege of galloping over the track? At Newmarket the Jockey Club charges £7 for every horse trained there, while at Epsom the charge is £4 per horse. Where a man has twenty horses or more, like Mr. Seagram, the tax becomes a pretty severe one. It is indeed, as an English writer says, little matter for wonder that running race horses in Britain is a luxury that can only be indulged in by millionaires.

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The wonder is not that an occasional pocket is picked or an assault committed with robbery as its object around race tracks, but that more do not occur. Sporting men and some tavern keepers are notorious for the loose way in which they carry their cash, a big wad having an attraction for the average man of their class above all value of a bulky bank book, which cannot be lugged forth and exposed at every turn. On the very day that poor Martin was struck down, Thomas Meade, a well-known bookmaker at Lexington, Ky., was relieved of $6000, that stuck out of his pocket. The same man dropped $3500 not long ago, and on its being returned failed to say even "thank you." Consequently but little sympathy is felt for the fellow now.

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I have received from my friend, Mr. W. H. Gocher, secretary of the National Trotting Association, a copy of the by-laws, rules and regulations of that association, elegantly bound in morocco and inscribed in gilt letters with my very own name. Mr. Gocher has my thanks for his remembrance, and also my commendation to every lover of the light harness horse to send him 25 or 50 cents for a copy. A well-written preface by Mr. Gocher himself gives a history of the association and the amendments to the by-laws and rules made since 1892. The rules of betting are also given. Altogether it is a publication that will well repay the outlay.

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The postal authorities, both here and in the United States, take many things upon themselves that in countries where a real appreciation of the liberty of the individual exists would not be tolerated. A case in point arose in the Imperial House of Commons the other night. Mr. Bemrose, one of the members for Derby, asked the Secretary to the Treasury, as representing the Postmaster-General, if his attention had been called to the fact that betting agents were in the habit of advertising in the newspapers for clients to address their letters, remittances and telegrams to them at the postoffices of various towns during the week of their race meetings, and whether the Postmaster-General would consider if steps could be taken to prevent a continuance of it. Mr. Hanbury, Secretary to the Treasury, replied: "Letters addressed 'poste restante' to initials or to names obviously fictitious are at once sent to the returned letter office, but letters duly addressed are delivered to the owners on application, and the department could not distinguish between betting agents and other persons who may temporarily visit a town and require the accommodation of the poste restante, nor could its officers be left with the discretion of distinguishing between betting and other telegrams."

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What, ho! you race horse man, you riding man, you driving man, you trotting man, you pacing man, do you love a good description of a race, a road race, a gentleman's race, a sporting race, between leaders of the swell-world? If you do, don't omit to get the next number of The Toronto Sunday World, and read the instalment of Conan Doyle's great sporting story—Rodney Stone. The next instalment is a story within a story, that in vividness of description will make your hair curl.

THE AGED P.

EVERYWHERE ECHOES.

Mr. Menier, the chocolate man who has purchased Anticosti, may be able to stand on his island and, like Defoe's hero, or the late Alexander Selkirk, boast that he is

* * * Monarch of all I survey;
My right there is none to dispute;

but he will be little better off than the only inhabitant of the township of Skiddaw in Cumberland. This gentleman lives by himself in the solitary house that the place contains, assesses himself to the rates, and presumably pays them to himself. He is, moreover, the only voter on the list. Almost a precisely similar state of things exists at Retsoe, in Buckinghamshire. In this township there is only one male inhabitant, who, a little while ago, was appointed overseer. The revising barrister once offered him a certificate for certain expenses he had been put to, but he refused to accept it, for the very intelligible reason that he was the only ratepayer, and would have had to look to himself for payment. Neither Skiddaw nor Retsoe contains a church, and public houses are conspicuously absent.

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Miss Louise Beaudet is only 26 years old! We have her own word for it. After literally knocking about all over the world, after playing, as she herself says, Ophelia in French, German and English, after being, as she also herself says, a nautch girl in India, after playing not only Ophelia, but Juliet, Jessica, Pauline, Desdemona and even Lady Macbeth, to say nothing of Lady Isabel in "East Lynne," Julia in "The Hunchback," Portia, Parthenia, Gilberte in "Frou-Frou," Lady Teazle and the Lord knows what other characters, big or little, heavy or light, she has turned up at the Palace Music Hall in London, where, so good a paper as London Sketch says, "she sings three songs nightly in a way we began to despair that songs could be sung since Miss Lottie Collins deserted the hall. Think of it, Miss Beaudet, the eminent tragedienne, the comic opera prima donna that we recently heard here at the Grand, the successor of lively, sprightly Lottie Collins, who at 27, it is no secret, has been forced to abandon the stage for the cares of maternity! And Miss Beaudet is only 26! Unfortunately for her declaration of age, there is a milestone in her career that, like Banquo's ghost, will not down. On November 29, 1879, the Grand Opera House, Toronto, was destroyed by fire. Herr Bandmann was filling an engagement in a round of tragic characters, and his leading lady, his Ophelia, Desdemona and what not, was—whom do you think? Why, the ever-perennial, cheerful Miss Beaudet, who, although she was the reputed wife of mein Herr, was, we have her own word for it, but 10 years of age. True, she looked to be fully 30, but looks are deceiving and we have her career categorically mapped out by herself in Sketch, wherein she definitely states that but half a score of years had passed over her heard in 1879. She boasts of traveling 70,000 miles, but strangely omits to mention that the companion of her travels was the same Herr Bandmann, with whom she subsequently settled down on a ranch in Montana, and with whom half a dozen years ago she quarrelled and, breaking partnership, entered upon a lawsuit for a division of property which at last accounts was still pending. Bandmann's real wife, Millie Palmer, a bewitching actress whom I saw 30 years ago play Juliet at the Lyceum to the German's Romeo, just after their marriage, died last year, having never recovered, it is stated, from the cruel treatment and cruel desertion of her husband. Than Millie Palmer's representation of the potion scene I doubt if anything more touching or more thrilling ever was given. Perhaps she even then felt the coming tragedy in her own life.

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What with wars, rumors of wars, murders and murderous assaults, assassinations of Kings, conspiracies and revelations, general elections and the organization of new Cabinets at home and abroad, I think everybody will admit we live in stirring times. One day last week, looking over that sterling paper, the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, I counted no less than twenty-three different stories of murder or suicide. One was the slaughter of five people by a lunatic at large, two were of triple murders, three of double murders, five of murder and suicide, three of single murder, six of suicide and three of attempted murder. If that was not a sufficient crop of horrors for one day, there can be no gratifying the morbid-minded. In addition there were trials of participators in various tragedies set forth as well as details galore of robberies and burglaries and of the clash of arms. Even in our own town we have had our share of cruel crime. And that leads me to ask whether it is true as I hear that no regular watchmen or patrolmen are employed at Woodbine Park. If there are not, then there should be, not only to prevent crime, but in justice to the owners of the more or less valuable horses that are stabled there. An electric light should also be introduced into the quadrangle formed by the stables. I know of no place that lends itself to crimes of violence so well as the southwest corner of Woodbine Park, towards the water. A patrolman and an electric light—your modern illuminator is a wonderfully good check upon crime—would possibly have prevented the onslaught on poor "French Joe" Martin. Think of the horror of grappling with murderous villains in an Egyptian darkness.

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If the realization equals expectation we shall have a great lacrosse season. In spite of the check they received when the big league in session at Montreal declined to receive them into communion the Tecumsehs are bound to go ahead. They are "signing"—I use the word designedly—men of undoubted reputation as lacrosse players to represent them in the senior campaign of the Canadian Lacrosse Association and to do battle for them in exhibition matches against the clubs of the league that would not take them into the fold. That all these preparations will tend for the good of the game I verily believe if the rowdy tendencies of the semi-professional can be suppressed and men of firmness and pluck in decision can be got to act as referees. The public in reality care but little how this man or that man comes to be on a team, providing he puts up a good article of lacrosse and the match is a hard and honestly fought one. But they do care for the almost interminable delays and aggravating stoppages that frequently occur. And to the remedy of that evil the big league could well apply itself. When the Shamrocks and Capitals played their exhibition match over at the Island last year to a nineteen hundred and twenty dollar gate—the biggest gate on record in Ontario—they gave a brilliant exposition of the game, the enjoyment of which was sadly marred by repeated intervals, the duration of which could easily have been curtailed by a referee who realized that the people who pay the piper, and the players, are entitled to as much consideration as the performers.

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The question is where are we going to get such a referee as is desired? Good men must be prepared to stand abuse, but they will not stand abuse for nothing. When men are paid to play men must be paid to judge. When it is a case of for love all round, then one is prepared to sacrifice something for sentiment; but when a lot of men have to be handled to whom sentiment is the most utter stranger, then courage and a cool head must be brought into play, and that kind of thing, like all other good things, costs money. Pay your referee well and you are likely to get good work, because good men will then make a study of the rules and the requirements of the situation. The truth of this statement has been found in horse racing, both running and trotting, in baseball in America and in football in England. In fact, with paid players, paid referees become a necessity.

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The question of referees is as old almost as the world itself. Did not Enone—the Merganthaler knows no o e or a e diphthong—crouching low amid the lotus blossoms in a wooded dell of "many-fountained Ida," watch Paris, as referee, balance the golden apple in the palm of his hand, in breathless suspense? Did she not see the "crocus brake like fire" beneath his feet, as he turned to gaze, now at Aphrodite's shapely limbs, now into the refulgent orbs of the owl-eyed Athene, while something told her, poor soul, that whatever way her lover tendered his award, he was a doomed man? She was no philosopher, no rugged, manly player of games, but only a poor, weak, loving women, yet she recognized that his decision must inevitably gain him two enemies and but one friend. Even Priam's son was not the first, as he was certainly not the last, to find the office of referee an arduous and a thankless one. He could not break the golden fruit in three, and offer each a portion; he could not reserve his decision sine die, and tell the fair disputants to come for judgment when called upon; but he accepted the biggest bribe and entered judgment accordingly, with what result the world knows. Solomon, that first and greatest of referees, could have done no better with all his wisdom. So it is with the referee of to-day. Wooed by both sides, he has to determine in favor of one, and if he does so promptly, firmly and with a clear appreciation of the circumstances, he is well worth his hire.

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I have sadly wandered from my subject, which was the probably approaching return to popularity of lacrosse. That the spirit is not lacking was proven by the splendid attendance the other evening on extremely short notice at the annual meeting of the Toronto City League. Forty or fifty youths of as fine physique and as open, intelligent countenances as can be found the world over, were on hand, their enthusiasm and thorough harmony proving their earnestness. There were no ornamental gentlemen of prominence in social, professional or mercantile life present to give them encouragement, but the lads were there to arrange for the playing of the game of their choice without patronage or pap, and in the face of great difficulties regarding the getting of grounds. A good set of officers was chosen and I am satisfied in the time to come some excellent material will be found in the clubs of the Toronto City League for the bigger organizations to draw from. Meanwhile, I call upon the seniors to give the juniors all the encouragement in their power.

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While not approving the one-sided comments and the puff of that prince of unscrupulousness, the only Labby, contained in the dispatches sent forth by the United Press, it seems to me impossible to overestimate the importance of the revelations made in the telegrams given out by the Government of the Transvaal Republic. With such damning evidence of guilt and conspiracy it is very much to be doubted if any other Government in existence would have acted with the leniency displayed by President Kruger. In Canada men have been hanged within the present century for far less cause than furnished by the raid of Dr. Jamieson. The only wonder is that men of the calibre concerned could have been got in these days to enter upon such a hair-brained adventure. Even success would not have excused an undertaking that had practically no better aim than the usurpation of power and the acquisition of property by a gigantic monopoly, at the head of which is no less a personage than the Duke of Fife, son-in-law to the heir of the English throne, and the husband of a lady in the line of accession. Serious as the conspiracy appears, it is not only in the act that the raid gains its importance, but in the prominence of the people involved. And the Boers are said to be simpletons! It is perhaps well for the Salisburys and Chamberlains of politics that there are not more simpletons of a like character around.

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I hear that the movement to get the international yacht race for Toronto has failed. The Exhibition people, with a shortsightedness approaching the marvellous have refused to vote an appropriation of $1000 as a basis of a fund to secure an attraction that would have brought prestige and profit to themselves, to the city and to the country. They spend $19,000 a year on fireworks, music, stale acrobatic feats and general idiocy, such as that water display last year, but for a feature that would have advertised them all the world over more than anything else that could be devised, that would have attracted thousands of well-to-do people to the city, that would have put money into their coffers, that would have benefitted hundreds of our tradesmen directly and all of them indirectly, they could not or would not give a nineteenth part. The Exhibition is a grand public enterprise, dependent upon popular approval, but that approval will not be intensified by running in a groove and by a too strict devotion to vaudeville artists such as are served up year after year in front of the grand stand. They may amuse the unthinking, but the Exhibition is supposed to have loftier aims than that.

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Frederick Schmidt, a German, has been fined $10 at Chicago for twisting a lion's tail in a menagerie. The poor, ignorant fellow had heard so much about tail twisting that he thought he would improve upon the regular run of demagogues in the United States by putting their precept into practice.

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Following is a verse of a patter song that is being sung nightly in a music hall at the Cape of Good Hope:

"Strange German faces, passing to and fro,
What have you come for, we should like to know;
Looking mysterious, as you join the train,
Say, now, you Uhlans, shall we meet again?"

* * *

The death is announced in England, at the age of 47, of Mr. J. H. D. Goldie of Cambridge, who is credited with being one of the finest strokes ever seen in the university boat race. Mr. Goldie was stroke in the boat races of 1869, 1870, 1871 and 1872. In the first of these Cambridge lost, but in 1870 the crew succeeded in breaking the long record of Oxford victories. Afterwards he continued to take a keen interest in rowing, and always at Henley shared the duties of umpire with Mr. F. Willan. For many years Mr. Goldie had been the manager of Messrs. Watney's Brewery, where he was remarkably popular with everyone connected with the establishment.

* * *

Like lacrosse in Canada, so England's national game of cricket is getting to be full of "boodle." In a London paper just to hand appears this advertisement: "Cricket scholarships offered to gentleman's son, under 14, promising cricketer, clever worker also preferred, every advantage of first-rate preparatory school, nearly free." It is to be presumed that the umpire-examiners in this scholarship will issue their list somewhat in the following form:

Sandford, st. Horace, b Ovid	0
Barlow mi. lbw., Euclid	58
Merton, not out	100

And here is another cricket advertisement, which comes appropriately at the time of the revived Olympic Games: "A gentleman, good cricketer, is required (May to August) to devote twelve hours weekly to instructing the boys of small elementary school in elementary Greek and cricket." It is possible that this gentleman, whose batting, I suppose, is, like that of Richard Daft and Shrewsbury, in the classical style, is wanted to coach boys for the scholarship mentioned above. Anyway, it appears hardly consistent for our kin across the sea to complain of American methods of getting athletes when advertisements such as the first of these two are openly published in their own land.

* * *

So Brockville is to have the Canadian Association regatta this year. The holding of the regatta in the eastern part of the Province will probably infuse a little life into rowing at Ottawa and Montreal, but with a full knowledge of the course on the St. Lawrence at Brockville, I have no hesitation in saying a better one is to be had on Toronto or on Ashbridge's Bay. There is small chance of the long-looked-for improvement in times striking this burg while the people remain asleep and allow other places to snap up all the attractions that could and would draw visitors to town.

* * *

A gentleman in town told me of a strange thing in connection with the late Baron Hirsch. Everything he touched himself turned to gold, but he was a veritable blight upon his friends. It is hardly possible to believe the story that the Rothschilds forbade him their house, owing to the evil influence he had upon those he came into contact with, but it is a fact that people refused to shake hands with him. The gentleman who mentioned the matter to me met the Baron at the house of a friend who, before introducing him, warned him not to shake hands, as if he did some evil result was bound to follow.

* * *

It will probably interest my readers to hear that while the Toronto Opera House has a series of excellent attractions yet booked for the season, the Grand Opera House will not be open again until May 21, 22 and 23, when Stuart Robson will appear.

THE CAPTIOUS ONE.

CANADA'S DEFENDER.

A Description of the Boat Now Being Framed in Scotland For the Toronto Syndicate.

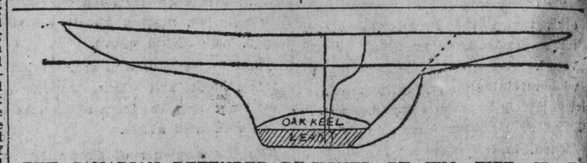
Gourock, April 18.—Since the information came out that young Mr. Fife was working on a design that would carry the flavor of international honor or dishonor to the American side, the ancient yachting centre has been pretty well besieged with pressmen in quest of information.

The writer took a run to the yard yesterday and had a talk with the elder Fife on this and other interesting topics. Nothing having yet leaked out in our papers about his boat, which will race this summer at a place yet to be chosen, for an international challenge cup, regarding the design, the writer asked the elder Fife if it was the case that such a boat was on the way. "Oh, yes, it is quite right," he replied, "the boat is on the way, and the American papers had all the particulars some time ago, but they don't know who is to design her; that's what astonishes me. The men are working at the boat's frames here, and these, with the keel, stem, sternpost, and other structural parts, will all shortly be boxed and shipped to Toronto. I don't know much about the boat's detail fractionally, but she will not be very distantly related to the 20-rater for Mr. Jamieson. I do not know exactly what the Canadian rule is, but I do know we have already sent two boats of this size and type across the ocean, and I think they are the best boats there. The Yama and Zelma were their names. They were boats of something of the Minerva type and size, so far as I remember.

The writer had a run over the yard and soon stumbled across a keel and stemhead being temporarily scarfed and under cover of the woodcutting shed discovered two of the workmen working at the frames. All seemed to be interested in their work, and apparently knew they were on an important bit of work, and did not care to give anything away. A 42-footer they admitted the vessel was, and the moulds to which they were working certainly showed that the boat would work out in excess of 12 feet in beam, while in the matter of draught one would infer she would float in about given it out that Lord Lonsdale will sail in the new Meteor as representing the Fatherland. Now, however, many nobles, irresponsibles, hangers-on and 10 feet 6 inches of water. Further, it was apparent, although there would be a general resemblance in the boat to the Jameson 20-rater, there were one or two important factors concerned in her design which are essentially different from the 20-rater's detail of upper and under body. She will be flatter in the floor and not so deep drawing in her under body as the 20, and, proportionately to her length, has much more beam. Her keel is not over broad, and the planking on edge from it to where she somewhat suddenly spreads o the start of the bilge and the water line, taken together, is a very narrow neck of wood, which 6 to 8 inches should cover. Her lead denly spreads to the start of the bilge in its shape. Particulars as to her sail spread are still under cover, but these will, no doubt, leak out in course of time.

Secrecy continues to characterize the construction of the German Emperor's prospective world wonder, and perhaps the only commendable feature in connection with her creation is the rapidity of her growth. The vessel is shooting up in quite a marvelous way, her hull being simply littered with workmen day and night. The primary object in this is to have her launched by the end of the month, with the view of having her tried on the Clyde and ready to make her debut in the Thames matches about the third week of May. I have already hinted that the boat will not be in tune for such an early start, and I incline to that belief still. That this is the object in hurrying the construction, however, I have on the very best authority, viz: Mr. George More of Dragon, who is Mr. Richard G. Allan's confidant in most yachting matters.

In this connection I may here mention that several British papers have



THE CANADIAN DEFENDER DESIGNED BY WM. FIFE, JR., TO RACE AGAINST THE VENCEDOR.

toddies may from time to time sail in the boat. On unimpeachable authority readers may take it that Mr. Richard G. Allan has not only been offered the full racing charge of the boat but has also formally accepted the responsibility.

HUGH R. HUSTON.

(The cut given above is not a good one of the lines of the defender; in fact, I am assured by a gentleman who knows that it is a long way out. The dimensions of the vessel, we might remark, will be: Over all, about 60 feet; load water line, 39 feet; draft, 9 feet 6 inches; beam, 13 feet; sail area, 1800 feet; lead ballast, 8 ton.—Ed.)

OOM PAUL

Prayed But Didn't Rely Entirely on Providence.

Here is a little anecdote, told, not by a malicious Uitlander, but by a Boer. In the early days, before the Transvaal was a republic, there was a famine in the land, and a party was organized to hunt the hartebeeste. For days the party scoured the veldt in vain, there was no sign of game of any description. Then one of the Boers declared his intention of retiring into the bush to pray for succor, as did the patriarchs of old. He accordingly left the party in company with a native, and disappeared into the bush.

Some hours afterward the Boer returned and informed the party solemnly that he had prayed, and in three days' time a very large troop of hartebeeste would pass that way. The party remained at the camp, and, sure enough, two days after the promised game appeared in sight, and the Dutchmen, with thankful hearts, made a great haul.

From that moment "the man of prayer" became the popular hero until he was elected president of the South African Republic. That man was Paul Kruger.

And now listen to the edifying sequel: It was some time afterward that the native who had accompanied Kruger into the bush gave his version of the affair. The native stated that when Kruger entered the bush he did not pray, but struck out for a neighboring Kaffir kraal. Calling the headmen, the Boer informed them that the white people were starving and could find no game. There was a large number of armed Boers on the other side of the bush, who had sent him to tell them that unless they (the natives) discovered game in less than three days they would all be shot. Knowing Boer methods only too well, the frightened natives set out forthwith, discovered the game and drove it toward the Boer camp.

The Nicking of Horses.

London Daily News: "Nicking" horses was described by the witness in a case heard before the Wakefield magistrates as "a matter of fashion," but it appears to be something more than that, at least to the horses. Nicking is a process supplemental to what is known as "docking," and is intended to cause horses' tails, or rather the stumps thereof which remain after docking, to "stand out, smart, erect and perky enough to make them look fashionable."

In the case in question four animals were stated to have been cast on straw while one of the defendants made four large wounds or incisions in the muscles under the tail of each. The animals were then placed in stalls padded on each side with bags or sacks of straw to prevent them from lying down, while their tails were plaited with straw, and a rope attached to this was carried up to the ceiling and passed over a pulley. A three or four-pound weight was then suspended from the other end of the rope, with the object of holding the tails of the horses erect or perpendicular.

Further it appeared that the horses were to be kept in this position for three weeks, but fortunately for them the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals heard of the business. One witness declared that the legs of horses that have been nicked have been known to swell in one week almost to the size of their bodies. On the question of cruelty, experts were as usual called upon both sides, but the Wakefield magistrates found the defendants guilty and inflicted in each case a fine of £6, with £7 1s 6d in the shape of costs.

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