TOPICS OF THE TURF.

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

Parliament has prorogued and the ten-day limit law has not been passed. The law, in fact, stands as it did before Canon Du Moulin started his agitation. And racing is in greater danger than ever, that is if the Canadian Jockey Club people do not bestir themselves—if they cannot and do not prevent the Windsor Racing Association from carrying out its program which Messrs. W. O. Parmer, Frank Weithoff and Frank Martin, the promoters thereof, say will now be done. That racing will commence on May 9th, as originally intended, appears certain, and I understand the program is well under way providing for a ninety days' siege with an intermission between May 24 and June 9 if the Canadian Jockey Club do not threaten to interfere. If they do, the Windsor people say they will race right along. About this moment it appears pertinent to ask what the Canadian Jockey Club has done to bring itself in touch with The Jockey Club and the American Turf Congress? Have overtures been made and agreed upon for reciprocity in ruling? If they have, then the route is clear. A verdict of outlawry must be passed on all taking part in any capacity whatsoever in the races of the Windsor Racing Association. Failing that application should be made to the Ontario Government for a suspension of the charter of the track. At all hazards racing must be saved from falling into further disrepute, from incurring the deadly enmity of any important section of the people's representatives. Outlawry may not suppress the meeting altogether, for there are more than sufficient outlaws in existence to carry on a good-sized gathering, but it would materially interfere with the prospects of success by keeping our own people away.

* * *

There are close upon 200 horses in training in Canada alone for the forthcoming meeting at the Woodbine. This is a big number to compete in 36 races, giving, as it does, a field of nearly half a dozen to each. Of course 50 or so will never see the starter, but to partly make up for that deficiency some 20 or 30 are expected from the United States, and as the majority of the horses will be entered in several events, it will be seen that the prospects for big fields at the meeting are of the brightest kind. Although within four weeks of the commencement, it is too early, with the spring really only just set in, to talk about the condition and the training performances of the horses. One or two are reported to have already had lung openers, but they cannot be regarded as anything more important or portentous than preliminary gallops. It is sufficient for the present to know that although backward, the horses have generally wintered well, and that the Seagram, Boyle and other outside strings have filed an appearance earlier than usual at the Woodbine, which already presents a bustling scene each morning. Even the Hendrie horses will be down during the present week, instead of waiting until a few days before the races to make the journey. This early movement is due to the fact that the Hamilton Jockey Club track has been found too hard for the runners. Last week I said the Woodbine course was in good condition. I was assured that it was on good authority—that in fact it was never better so early in the year. The statement was a bit premature then, but now there is no doubt, no earthly shadow of doubt, that it is true. Vice-President Robert Davies and Chairman of Executive Andrew Smith have performed their duties well, and trainers, owners and jockeys are all well satisfied. All that they have to do now outside getting their charges ready is to remember that entries for the following events close on Friday next, May 1st, with Secretary Lyndhurst Ogden at the club's offices, Imperial Bank Buildings:

Queen's Plate (additional entries).
Juvenile Scurry.
Red Coat Race, No. 1.
Street Railway Steeplechase Handicap.
Waterloo Handicap.
Dominion Handicap.
Woodstock Plate.
Ontario Plate.

* * *

By the way, Bob Nye, who, in common with the majority of people, I have hitherto held in but slight respect, must be a really wonderful horse, for two of the three evening papers agree that early in the week he stepped into a hole in the track and turned "three complete somersaults." Those of you who have seen tumblers in the circus turn double somersaults off a lively springboard, and in extremely rare cases a triple somersault, can conjure to yourselves what the latter feat means in a horse! Picture to yourselves an animal standing 16 hands high and weighing nearly 1000 pounds turning in the air off the ground three times and landing right side up with care! We are told it was providential both horse and boy were not killed! Providential, indeed! If as Dibdin tells us:

. . . There's a Providence sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

there must be several cherubs deputed to have special regard for poor horses. Boy Nye has missed his avocation. He should apply to the successors of Barnum and Forepaugh for an engagement forthwith. Sam Young's trick horse Bonner is not in it with Bob.

* * *

It is a singular thing, isn't it—and a thing that I would like to direct the attention of the goody-goodies to—that the two most liberal men on earth in public gifts should have been prominent sportsmen? I refer to the late Senator Stanford, owner of Palo Alto, and to the later Baron Hirsch, both of whom gave away millions without any vestige of twine hanging thereto. How different are the ways of men! A contemporary points out that between Senator Stanford and Baron Hirsch there were many points of semblance. Each made an enormous fortune in railroad building, and each owed a part, at least, of his success to a talent for politics as well as to a talent for finance. The hope of each was centered in a single son, and the sons dying at about the age of 20, both fathers turned their attention to projects of imperial philanthropy, winning fame therein far higher and more enduring than that of the mere money-seekers. Baron Hirsch's philanthropy was projected in so novel and striking a way that it attracted far more attention from the world at large than was given to the Californian's educational scheme, yet in respect of the total amount of donations involved, the Stanford University was designed upon a scale in some respects as grand as the colonization plans of the European financier. It will probably be always impossible to make any real comparison of the benefits to mankind flowing from these two enormous enterprises; and in any event no such comparison would be possible without an experience of a score of years of the workings of each. Both Hirsch and Stanford were turned to philanthropic designs by the deaths of their only sons, which were in a way the deaths of their own hopes; yet neither waited until wealth had become useless to him before devoting it to the help of his fellows. Each planned and largely executed his charitable work in his own life. Would to God a Hirsch or a Stanford would arise in Toronto! Then, perhaps, our boys would not be driven to the highways and by-ways for the chance of flinging a ball, only to be continually hunted from thence by a person whom the lads irreverently term "a jigger."

* * *

It is calculated that 500,000 people spent the afternoon of Easter Monday (a bank holiday in England, you know) on the gate money race courses over there. Never in the history of the turf, says my English correspondent, has the love of the sport been so strong or so widespread as it is now. At Birmingham, after 19,000 people had passed the turnstile on to the shilling enclosure, the crowd became unmanageable and burst through the barriers. The police collected £59 in shillings before order was restored. A pauper at the workhouse also in Mr. Chamberlain's constituency bid 7 to 1 in pennies with several inmates against a winner, and then, because he couldn't pay the 17s 6d called for by the thirty lucky speculators who played the horse, absconded. He was caught and returned to the house and returned the pence, having determined, he said, to work might and main to be in a position to meet his liabilities. He was only a pauper, you see.

* * *

"Newmarket," writes my correspondent, with St. Frusquin and Persimmon to depend on, may be proud of her apparent supremacy this season for the classic events, but John of Kingsclere holds a very strong hand. The rumors detrimental to Regret which were floating about a week or so since have resulted in the discomfiture of those who take notice of such idle canards. No horse in the world could possibly have progressed more satisfactorily than the son of Sheen and Farewell, who has recently been in very strong demand in the market. The Duke of Westminster has been paying more attention to Regret than he has done to any horse since Ormonde was in training, and Regret has made every possible improvement which increasing age from a two to a three-year-old could by any means bring about. He is described as a colt of remarkably perfect action and, to use the expression of a good judge who saw his galloping recently, he 'can go fast and stay for ever.' Talking about Kingsclere, there are also some spanking 2-year-olds there, one of the best being Orello, a great, upstanding chestnut, brother to Ormonde, and by far the most promising that old Lily Agnes has bred since she produced the champion of all time. I was at Eaton a few hours after Orello was foaled, and a tremendous youngster he was, having been carried nearly a month beyond his time, as also happened in the case of Ormonde. I never saw a stronger foal, and his mane was grown like that of one a month old. He is going to make as big a horse as his distinguished brother, and he is as racinglike to look at, while for bone and good legs and feet he cannot well be improved. Nothing, of course, is known of him as yet except that he moves well, but I fully expect him to prove a really good one. Another promising good one is Guernsey by Bend Or out of the Jersey Lily, by Beauclerc. Already the wags are getting their work in about this colt, one of them averring he is the only good thing Mrs. Langtry ever produced. One other that caught my eye is Simoon—an old name with you, I fancy, a charming bay 2-year-old by St. Simon out of Shotover, one of the few fillies that have ever won the Derby. I bank my reputation on Simoon as a stake winner."

A sample of the inconsistencies of equine nomenclature is found in the fact that Quarrel and Silk Gown, both imported into Canada from England, are of the feminine gender, while Lord Rosebery's Quarrel, that won at Epsom on Friday, and Silk Gown, an Irish horse, are of the master sex. The last-named is the sire of several good steeplechaser, including Sunrise II., a horse that once sold at auction for seventy shillings and that Mr. W. C. Eustis, the American, now in Ireland, steered to victory the other day over the Fairy House track, near Dublin, in a race for a two-hundred pound plate.

* * *

DEDICATED TO THE MASTER.

When spring comes with warm,
Clear days,
Then blows the gay hunter
His horn:
Then tingles the blood, all alive
For the chase
In the cool, clear air of the
Morn.
To the hunt, then, over the field
Away!
At the break of rosy dawn;
Oh, merry the chase, and
Joyous the day,
When the hunter blows
His horn.

Considering that lie-abed Canucks hunt in the afternoon, the "rosy dawn" is a bit out, but it is more poetical than any reference can be to the prosiest part of the day.

* * *

John Corlett is responsible for the following rather interesting story:

"There are few men not in themselves worthy of special admiration for whose memory we have, as a racing man, (sic) greater respect than the Dutch Yankee, Mr. R. Ten Broeck. He came over here with no recommendations, and yet fought his way into the highest society, and may be said to have 'ruffled it' with the best. He was an honoured guest wherever he went, even to the greatest houses, and he played the 'great game' as the game should be played, or rather as it was played at that time. A better loser never was seen, and when at length he 'went under,' it was with no man's word against him. He had curiously enough one fault, and that was just the fault that might have been expected. We know more particularly nowadays how the British peer, marrying an American heiress, born of vulgar parents, has to undergo torture for which the wealth barely compensates as he is paraded down Bond-street, where Americans most do congregate, and every hundred yards or so has to be introduced by his father-in-law, in full nasal twang, to some other American, with 'Allow me to introduce you, sir, to my son-in-law, the Right Honorable the Marquis of Doomsday, a member of the British House of Lords.' Hotspur of The Daily Telegraph, and Augur, of The Sporting Life, were then one and the same, and when Feist, who was the writer, had to mention the Yankee, he often omitted the prefix 'Mr.,' as indeed he did with many other people. To the Yankee, who had to assert his position, this was an offence, and he wrote to Mr., now Sir Edward Lawson, to complain of it. Sir Edward Lawson was always a courteous gentleman, and he brought the matter to Feist's notice. He was furious at a complaint having officially been made against him, and ever afterwards he never mentioned Ten Broeck, other than as 'Richard Ten Broeck, Esquire,' and finally when the last card was played, and the horses were sold, he dismissed him, but not in The Daily Telegraph, as 'Wretched Ded Broke, Esquire.' Feist was one of the most kindly men that ever put pen to paper, but he was very sensitive, and the mistake that Mr. Ten Broeck made was not in writing to him, as no offence was ever intended, and he spoke of the man by his surname precisely as he would have spoken of any other man. If any one were to say, 'Corlett thinks so and so,' we should certainly not complain of the omission of the 'Mr.' Courtesy titles in America, however, are scarce, so in that country they make the most of what they have. 'Colonel, will you have a drink?' said a gentleman at an American bar, and half the company got up and said, 'Yes, sir.' 'Judge, will you have a drink?' he then asked, and the other half stood up, and said, 'Yes, sir.' We must understand this in order to realize why Mr. Ten Broeck wrote to The Daily Telegraph."

* * *

I have not seen it mentioned anywhere, but it is a fact nevertheless that the Hamilton Jockey Club have abandoned the idea of giving a horseless carriage contest over their track. The horseless carriage people demanded the modest sum of $3000, as first prize for one race! Carriageless horses can beat that.

* * *

My good friend of The Canadian Sportsman chronicles the death of Mr. D. W. Campbell, of Milton, a thorough turfman and proprietor of the Milton Champion. He was also treasurer of Halton. Mr. Campbell will be remembered as a gentleman who owned D.W.C. and other horses and as the successor of his father-in-law, Mr. John White, when that gentleman retired from the turf some years ago. Mr. Campbell, who has left a wife and six children, was quiet in his manner and habits, but was highly esteemed by every one who made his acquaintance.

* * *

The Canadian Sportsman suggests that if Mr. Seagram wins the Queen's plate this year he should hold a sale of province-breds and announce his intention not to compete for the plate in 1897. The sale of province-breds is all right, but I do not think the withdrawing of his colors from the race at the O.J.C. meeting would be a popular move at all. One or two owners would give their eye-teeth to beat Mr. Seagram in the race for Her Majesty's guineas. That a beaten horse happened to have been bred by him would cut no figure in the pride that would be felt over such a victory, but if the colors were up, a sense of triumph would be experienced by the owners to whom I refer, that would more than compensate them for all previous disappointments. There is no reason that I know of why Mr. Seagram should play the game until he is beaten, or that after half a dozen years of success he should be expected to continue to enter the lists, whether he desires to do so or not, but retirement while he has a horse eligible to run would be liable to misrepresentation. For my part, while I think a change in the succession would be a good thing for the survival of the interest in the race for the Plate, I trust that it will be many, many a long year before the enterprising gentleman from Waterloo will not be represented in that particular struggle for the dollars. Another thing that I trust is that the good people of his county will show their appreciation of his pluck, venturesomeness and liberality by sending him flying to Parliament on June 23rd, with a majority such as no man, Grit or Tory, ever had in good old Waterloo. Would I could be there to buckle on the harness for him!

* * *

The great horse of last week's show was the magnificent hackney stallion Royal Standard. This dark bay, now six years old, was imported by Graham Bros. of Claremont, last autumn, and made his first appearance in a show ring on this side of the Atlantic. In the class for older stallions over 15.2, he was an easy winner. His imperative action and grand style are remarkable. Mr. R. P. Stericker, who is probably the best judge of hackneys on this side of the Atlantic, and who knows them all, thinks Royal Standard will sweep the ring at New York next autumn. He says there is not a hackney in America to approach him in action and would place him above Matchless of Londesboro, Cadet Berserker, Dr. Parke and all the swells. Royal Standard is a very dark bay, by Excelsior, out of Royal Lady, and was bred in Ireland. The Messrs. Graham's fine judgment and enterprise are to be commended.

* * *

There has been some grumbling about the stall accommodation down at the Woodbine. It is a pretty hard thing to get 150 horses into a hundred stalls, but Secretary Ogden, by hiring outside accommodation is doing his very best to provide room for all. Several local owners were given stalls at the track, on the express understanding that they would go out when larger owners came to town from a distance. They accepted the conditions, but are now grumbling because they have been notified that they may be required to move a little way up the road. Time was, and not so many years ago, either, when every owner had to find his own stabling room and every old stable and shed in the district were eagerly snapped up. Now the rent at least is paid, and still local owners are not satisfied. "First come, first served," they cry. In theory the cry is all right, but in practice it is all wrong, especially when we have some always with us, while others cannot get here more than a week or ten days in advance, and yet make entries that amount in the aggregate to several hundred dollars. THE AGED P.

EVERYWHERE ECHOES.

I see my old friend Peter McIntyre, city boomer and steamboat agent, is not dead, but seemingly has simply like his majesty the bear, been in retirement for the winter. Just now he appears to have two objects in view, one to advertise the city in the Review of Reviews, and the other to convert an out-of-town ladies' college during July and August into a summer hotel. The latter project has been rather knocked on the head by the destruction of the college building by fire, but the former liveth, as proven by the fact that Peter and another gentleman attended before a committee of the corporation the other day to urge that an advertisement be put in Modern Babylon Stead's publication. True to my caste I must confess to little faith in advertising in magazines. A good paper like London Field is infinitely preferable, but better than all would be a series of letters in some influential paper, illustrated by views. If we had something definite to offer visitors it would be another thing. Then ordinary advertising methods might answer; but as it is only a matter of general advertising, my opinion of Peter McIntyre's idea is that the adoption of it would prove unwise because unprofitable.

* * *

As I have said frequently before, the only way to really benefit our city, to push its prosperity, and to profitably advertise it, is to make it attractive. Conventions and so on are all right, but the trouble with conventions is that the Christian and scientific sort are usually composed of a class of persons whose main object is to get through this world as cheaply as possible. On the other hand the people we want to attract are those with money, those with liberal ideas, who having spent several dollars to get here will not hesitate to leave a few more behind. One large sporting event is worth from a business point of view, half a dozen conventions. The institution most interested in pushing our city is the Board of Trade. Our municipal bodies have too much respect for petty, carping, thoughtless, catch-penny criticism. The members of the Board of Trade are free and independent, if they choose to be, of the smallness of certain evening papers and of organizations which, resenting any dictation themselves, assume to dictate to everybody else. The board is composed of business men, of men of enterprise, of men of liberal views, of men who know that to make money, money must be turned over, to men who, before all things, recognize the eternal truth of the venerable saying, nothing venture, nothing win. If they actively and energetically take hold of anything, they can by sheer weight of numbers, by united effort, push it to success. To them in periods of stagnation the eyes of the people must naturally be directed for relief. Just now there are several projects to which they might turn their attention with profit, both to themselves as merchants and as professional men, and to the city. One of these is the erection of a palatial hotel; another is the opening of playgrounds for the people, after the fashion of the London County Council, which Lady permits the free use of 277 cricket pitches every day in every summer season; a third is the erection of a large building after the fashion of Madison Square Garden in New York, or the Agricultural Hall in London, that could be used for a hundred different purposes; a fourth is the direct encouragement of aquatic, athletic and equine sports on such a scale as will attract the attention of the whole world, and a fifth, the construction of a spacious main building on the Exhibition grounds. These are a few of the objects to which the Board of Trade could advantageously turn its attention and by so doing earn the blessings of the business community and the average ratepayer, if not of those men whose vision is limited to the tips of their own noses and who decline to recognize anything as of benefit to the city that is not immediately and directly profitable to their individual selves.

* * *

I have spoken of aquatic and athletic sports—the equine appears pretty well able to make provision for itself—and there is one item in connection with those branches to which I wish to make emphatic reference. That is the proposed international yacht race. As readers of this column know, I was opposed originally to the making of the match, but, having been made, it is not difficult to estimate its importance. In the first place nearly a dozen different yachting centres are already fighting for it, namely, Chicago, Buffalo, Rochester, Cleveland, Erie, Pa., Toledo, Mackinac, Port Dover and Put-in-Bay, with doubtless others to hear from. Each of these realize that it will be the greatest, most exciting, most absorbing, best advertising sporting event that has happened on inland waters in a score of years—if not, indeed, since the Creation, for it is doubtful if any single occurrence on the great lakes has ever inspired so much interest as this race is doing and is still likely to do. The only matter of modern times that can be compared to it is Hanlan's career, and that extended at its height over nearly a dozen years, while this contest will last but five days. Approach has, I believe, already been made in the interest of the race to a body to whom it means more than all others put together, but the amount offered for it is so small, according to common report, that if the sum be not materially increased there is little chance of its being sailed off To-ronto. Time was when as much as is offered for this contest was given for a series of balloon ascents that never could and never did attract within a twentieth of the attention that this affair will do. As I have previously shown, not only has every yachting centre manifested a desire to get the race, offering anything from a thousand to twenty-five hundred dollars in cold cash for it, but being of an international nature—a struggle between Canada and the United States—it cannot fail to prove of paramount interest for weeks, not only to our own people, but to all the English-speaking world, and esnecially to Britishers, who will eagerly look to this country to in a measure atone for the frequent defeats they have sustained in the contest for the America's cup. If Lord Dunraven could be induced to visit here and to open the exhibition the triumph of the attraction would be complete. In that case its worth would have to be estimated to the city and to the exhibition, not by units of thousands, but by tens of thousands. Even were it possible that the race could only attract two or three thousand strangers to our town and put a score of foreign craft to our waters, it would yet be of more direct value as an advertising medium than contracts with a thousand magazines at a probable cost of a hundred pounds apiece. If only five thousand people were attracted to Toronto by the race or rather races—for the contest is to be the best three out of five, sailed on consecutive days—and I believe there would be nearer fifty from at home and abroad, and only half went to the exhibition twice it would mean an expenditure for admission alone of $1250, to say nothing of the fact that they would form a class of people who had come to town with well-lined pockets bent upon seeing everything and upon having a good time. But, there, as I have said, there are some people who cannot see beyond the tips of their noses, and with such argument is thrown away, but of such is not the main body of the Board of Trade, and to them must we look for support in a venture such as this. There is one thing I would like to say, before taking leave of this subject, and that is that it is not reasonable to suppose that five thousand of the better class of sportsmen coming to this city from the States at an average cost to themselves of eight or ten dollars, would go away without leaving a few thousand among our tradesmen.

* * *

As showing that the London County Council, whose example I have previously referred to, is a body that has a heart capable of entertaining a loftier idea than the digging of ditches, the following extract from an English sporting paper is worth quoting: "A corner in cricket pitches will not, as heretofore, be possible in London during the coming season. Last year the County Council were not so experienced in the ways of the London public as they are now, and many of the applications received were from persons who belonged to no club, neither had they any cricket paraphernalia. By assiduous application they obtained the pitches, and then went to legitimate clubs and made a nice haul by trafficking in them. This year the County Council have determined only to let the grounds to clubs of legitimate standing. The Parks Committee have received 11,651 applications for the use of the 277 pitches which are situated in the various parks under their jurisdiction. These applications come from 1392 clubs, representing 30,999 members. The Parks Committee have also decided to erect three sheds in the parks for the storage of cycles for hire. The firm which will enjoy the privilege of lending cycles will have to pay at the rate of £5 to £7 10s per annum for each machine." The reason that Britishers and people of that descent have overrun nearly half the world, and that the Mother Country, after expending nearly a hundred million pounds in government, has something yet left to put by for a rainy day, is that the culture of mind and body has kept pace with care for the pocket.

* * *

You may argue all you please,
You may go upon your knees,
Pray, revile, condemn, beseech in essay
Or in sonnet;
But take my word for this,
Frown, or growl, or kiss,
The women at the play will wear
The most tremendous bonnet.

And upon my word I believe the ladies are more persistent than ever in wearing big bonnets, because I suppose they know more people than ever are looking at their monstrous headgear; but if they could hear some of the remarks regarding their taste and their selfishness their complacency would be considerably disturbed. The curse of it is the worst offenders have taken to the seats as near the front as possible, in order probably to make sure they are seen. I counted seven picture hats on Friday night in the two front rows of the Grand on one side of the aisle, and they were continually nodding and waving as if their wearers wished to emphasize their presence as much as possible. There are two things Manager Sheppard could do, I think, and they are to make it a sine qua non with the deadheads that the species of the female persuasion shall remove their hats or wear a mere crownpiece, and that both of the sexes shall be in their seats by, at latest, 8.15. At present the numerous fraternity of free men and women are among the worst offenders in both respects.

* * *

The Chieftain, as presented by Francis Wilson, is not the wonderful performance it was cracked up to be. Light, pleasing and fanciful, it undoubtedly is, but it is a mere flash of color and rhythmical action. Played without encores and a plaguy long interval between the acts with the curtain raised at 8.30, it ought easily to be through by 10 o'clock. With extras thrown in it only plays half an hour longer. Thus, at $1.50 for a seat, the charge comes down to that of the hackmen of a dollar an hour. Francis Wilson is a daintily clever comedian who takes care that when he is on the stage, everybody else shall be off it, figuratively speaking. Yet he has surrounded himself with a bright and clever company, the ladies, both in singing and dancing, being exceedingly pleasing. Miss Lulu Glaser never looked sweeter and fresher, but she seemed oppressed by the responsibility of making something sparkling and attractive out of a mere triviality. No such idea bothered Mr. Wilson, whose knowledge of himself is painfully evident. The labor of making the trifle go is palpable in the way in which, at the end of every number, either song or dance, the performers pose, after the fashion of acrobats appealing for applause. And they have got to know the piece so well that when applause is not likely the action continues without a break, but at every point where an encore is expected an attitude is struck. "Attitude is everything," frequently exclaimed an actress in one of F. C. Burnand's old burlesques, played in the Strand Theatre at the time Ada Isaacs Menken was doing Mazeppa at Astley's Theatre on the Surrey side, an attitude would still seem to be everything with Mr. Burnand, if he is at all responsible for the stage business of the Wilson Company in his production—The Chieftain.

* * *

A great controversy is going on in New York as to whom the credit is due for the arrest of the thieves in the Burden jewellery case. For three weeks the New York police endeavored to unravel the mystery. The thieves were going about their business as usual in the mansion, but no effort was made either to arrest them or even to place them under surveillance. At last, when they felt the stir created by the discovery of the robbery had somewhat subsided, the butler and footman, who were the culprits, resigned their positions, and, with a coolness worthy the highest development of the old-time gentleman's gentleman, booked their passages for England, and departed with their plunder encased in—what do you think? A sugar-cured ham. Now the New York police, who previously declared the job one of the slickest ever perpetrated by expert cracksmen, assert they suspected that ham. Perhaps they did, that it was an uncommonly fine one, which, indeed, it was, but they didn't suspect the men. The sharp London detectives, who keep a close watch on strangers coming and going, did that and within two weeks of their leaving New York, had both men and jewels in safe keeping. How Jack-the-Ripper will smile, if that fiend incarnate be still alive, at the dullness of the officers who were always swaggeringly asserting that if they were in London his personality would have been revealed at a very early period in his damnable career. And that causes me to remark what an opportunity H. H. Holmes lost to exaggerate his criminal importance when he omitted to claim in his alleged confession that he was the only and veritable Jack-the-Ripper!

* * *

Viennese cyclists are concerning themselves about a patron saint for their sport. One who views the pastime with a favorable eye suggests that St. Gertrude, the patron of travelers, should be chosen; another reminds bicyclists that Elijah went to heaven on wheels; a third, whose business it is to attend to heraldry, thinks that one of the saints with wheels in their coat of arms instead of in their heads should be given the preference. In the meantime, the Ameer of Afghanistan has decided to supply the women of his harem with what the cablegram, announcing the fact, calls: "English riding machines," and the original pneumatic tyre company—the Dunlop, I believe—after making a little bit of profit last year of $1,540,000, has been capitalized in Dublin at the paltry sum of $25,000,000, the syndicate taking hold paying $15,000,000 for the business.

* * *

Trolley parties, I hear, are to be more popular than ever this year. The Street Railway Company propose to put on some new cars, especially to accommodate these parties, some of whom are already trying to book dates. Alas and alack! and is electricity to supply even the place of the moon upon the waters? It is apparent that in the trolley, moonlight excursions on the lake have a serious rival. While electricity does sometimes play out, it is hardly as uncertain as the inconstant moon.

* * *

Have you been in Hamilton lately? If not, go there. You will find more sport and more freedom in a day than you will find in Toronto in a week. I never visit the city under a hill without discovering something new. On my most recent trip I came across some members of the newly-established Wentworth Rod and Gun Club. They undertook to surprise me. First of all they conducted me to a handsome refreshment place kept by a gentleman of the name of Crooks, who proudly exhibited one of the handsomest cups in the shape of a trophy that I have ever seen. It was to be shot for shortly he told me on the handicap system at blue rocks. Then I was escorted to the club's headquarters, a fine old mansion formerly occupied by a commander of Her Majesty's forces in Canada, at the corner of Merrick and Park-streets. Here I was introduced to Mr. A. F. Post, the president, who is, I believe, no relation to our friend the racing judge, although, with the exception of the F., the names are identical, and to Mr. George S. Canfield, the secretary-treasurer. These gentlemen did the honors by showing me over the place, which I found was snugly fitted up. In fact, the old mansion, with its atmosphere of solid comfort, makes a model clubhouse. At present there are but fifty or sixty members, but before snow flies again, it is expected that, with the advantages offered, the roll will have twice that number of names upon it. One thing I can say, and that is that the members of the Wentworth Rod and Gun Club are among the most hospitable and enterprising souls I have ever come across.

* * *

I see that, under the title of The New Virtue, another nasty sex novel has made its appearance in the bookstores. My friend Mr. Archabold does not know what he is missing in confining his attention to the lewd in posters and in art, terms which, by the way, are regarded just now as synonymous. If he would but dip between the covers of The New Virtue, Two Bad Brown Eyes, The Woman Who Did and A Little Game of Destiny, he might learn some things that would either shrivel his soul with horror or make him exult that he had unearthed a new way in which to exercise his powers of inquisition. Seriously speaking, infinitely more harm is done by the insidious reading to be found in these books than by miles of hoardings covered with hideous pictures of coarse, flabby, stuffy-legged women.

* * *

Regarding as I do the venerable Dean of Rochester, England, Dr. Hole, as nearly a perfect type of a man, I always seize upon his sayings and writings with avidity. His most recent appearance in a public way outside the pulpit was at the annual dinner of the famous Notts County Cricket Club, when he recounted many reminiscences of cricket and cricketers. As a manipulation of strength under the control of science; as a triple alliance of eye, hand, and brain; as interesting spectators with a variety of incidents, he must, he said, give cricket priority over all other games. He greatly admired football, which was a brave and manly exercise, but they could never obtain from the feet that marvelous, precise, subtle power which was given to the hand and wrist. Let there be no jealousy. Let cricket be in summer, and football in winter, supreme. Both kept men in health and condition. Cricket had not been degraded by bribes and bets, and it had never been so popular as now. The presence of the Bishop of Southwell proved that he believed the recreation to be an auxiliary to the noblest and the most sacred purposes of life, to morality, and to religion, helpful to temperance, manliness, self-command, obedience, endurance and unity. Good for good old cricket.

* * *

All is vanity and vexation. Listen: A lady traveling in Egypt watched with her own eyes a terra-cotta cat being excavated from the ruins of Karnac. It was in beautiful preservation, and she paid readily what was asked, and took it home to England, and set in a place of honor; and as her friends gazed on it they thought of Pasht, and Isis, and Osiris, and Cleopatra, and the dead and mystic past. And then one day the terra-cotta cat fell down and was broken, and its head was found to be stuffed with copies of The Birmingham Post. But there is nothing strange in this. Egypt had its Joseph; why not its Birmingham Post?

* * *

"Dearest Augusta, another glorious victory, 10,000 Frenchmen slain, thanks be to God," so telegraphed William I. to his Empress during the Franco-Prussian war. His grandson has inherited the family predilection for the telegraph. He recently set all Britain aflame, and caused the expenditure of millions of money by an ill-advised despatch to President Kruger, and now he has attempted an offset by sending the following message of congratulation to Oxford University over the victory won in the annual boat race with Cambridge: "Palermo—Returning from an expedition that led me to the most beautiful of all cathedrals and to the places where the great Hohenstaufen acted, I found the papers that brought me the news of the boatrace between the two academic crews, and of the now truly magnificent success of Oxford. My warmest congratulations and good wishes in old and true admiration of the splendid feat of the Oxonians after a hot struggle.—Wilhelm, R. & I.."

* * *

The lacrosse situation has been improved by the Senior League meeting in Montreal on Friday. One cannot help admiring the Tecumseths for the pluck with which they stick to the game, even though they have the support of the wealthy, powerful, all-predominating ferry company; but their proposition that they and the Torontos should play a series of games to see which should figure in the league schedule, was of so extraordinary a nature that it can only be compared to a suggestion that you and I, my dear reader, should surrender our lucrative positions and go a-begging for bread. The Torontos have sacrificed more for the league than any other club, and just now they are doing their best to strengthen their resources. They may not have a wealthy corporation founded, strange to say, on sandbanks, at their back, but they have their own grit and persistence, and I, for one, trust that the coming season may see them once more, if not right on top, at any rate very near it. The Torontos deserve well of Toronto. Chased off ground after ground, owing to excessive taxation, they have stood manfully to the game, and cast their all upon a hill-top with the disadvantage of a lack of satisfactory means to reach it. If the city had dealt half as leniently with them as they have with far less worthy bodies, they would not have been driven outside the limits and would not have been exposed to great inconvenience and loss. Now that they have sacrificed so much in the interest of manliness, in the interest of physical improvement, in the interest of our national game, in the interest of good-fellowship and in the interest to a large extent of this part of the country, the least that the citizens can do is to give them their heartiest and most generous support. Five dollars is not much for a membership ticket with the privileges of the grounds for self and two ladies, and every man who can afford it should hasten to send in his name and cheque. Another way in which business and professional men can help the club is by encouraging the game among their employes. There was a grand turnout of old friends at the club's annual meeting. If everyone then present would bind himself to secure two new members, the days of adversity would be over and the club would start on the season of 1896 with renewed hope and with an almost certainty of success. Employers should remember that physical development is as nearly as possible a guarantee of good health, an article that is of vital importance in the successful carrying on of business.

* * *

While saying as much as I have for the oldest and most prominent lacrosse club in the city I would not be thought to disparage the Tecumsehs. They have no reason to feel discouraged because Montreal, Cornwall and Toronto, if not the Capitals and the Shamrocks, have no desire just now for their immediate company. They are as much entitled to public patronage as any other club, but they would undoubtedly be held in greater popular esteem if they won their spurs before endeavoring to wear them. In other words, having thrown in their lot with the senior clubs of the Canadian Lacrosse Association, they could best prove their title to have their claims considered by the big league by winning the championship of that strong and earnest body. Competition, I have always held, to be the best thing possible for the success of lacrosse, and I firmly believe that if the Tecumsehs get down to work and succeed in proving themselves equal to the Torontos it will be the best thing that could possibly happen for both clubs and for the game itself, as it will revive public interest and inspire both organizations to strain harder and harder for victory. I am sorry that the spirit of pure amateurism has gone out of the thing, but lacrosse is too good a game to be allowed to expire altogether for the sake of the purity of an abstract principle. As a policy of promateurism has been decided upon, I am of opinion that it is desirable to go a step further by adopting the system that prevails in cricket, that is while preserving the strict definition of amateur and professional, to regard the latter not as a member of the club, but as an attache. All that is required is the C.L.A. to pass a rule permitting clubs to play professionals on certain well defined conditions, and on furnishing the names of such players to the secretary of the association. Promateurism is dishonest and, therefore, demoralizing. Any other method than called for by a straight definition is dishonest. Lacrosse should not and need not take up the old garment that the bicyclists have thrown off. If they do the three A's of C. will have to step in. But having gone in for professionalism, let the clubs see to it that they secure no base metal, but a first-class and honorable article.

THE CAPTIOUS ONE.

An M. P. Poet.

Hon. David Mills is a poet as well as a philosopher, and in The Globe of yesterday is a seven stanza poem on "Evening," of which the following is a sample:

A solitary swan pursues his flight
Into the silver depths of sunless heav'n,
Rising still higher to prolong the light,
And so obtain another hour of even;
His plaintive call from that far height we hear,
Like last words spoken by a faithful friend:—
Words to the memory that are ever dear,
And in the heart their music ne'er shall end.

"The Yellow Fellow"
Is the title bestowed on the Stearns by the admirers of its orange rims. In constructing the '96 Stearns we have striven to make the best bicycle producible, and if best materials, superior workmanship, unsurpassed facilities and honest effort count for anything, we have surely succeeded.
Our handsome new catalogue, which we will mail on request, is not more artistic than the wheel itself.
AMERICAN RATTAN CO.
TORONTO, ONT.
CANADIAN SELLING AGENTS.

Downtown Salesroom
177 YONGE-ST.
STORE OPEN EVENINGS.

PASSENGER TRAFFIC.
WHITE STAR LINE.
NEW YORK TO LIVERPOOL—CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN.
SS. Britannic.....April 29
SS. Majestic.....May 6
SS. Germanic.....May 13 } Noon.
SS. Teutonic.....May 20
SS. Britannic.....May 27
For rates and other information apply to
CHAS. A. PIPON,
General Agent for Ontario,
8 King-st east, Toronto.
ed & 7

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
Weekly Tourist Sleeping Car
—TO—
CALIFORNIA
WILL LEAVE TORONTO AT
10.20 P.M. EVERY FRIDAY
Berths reserved in advance.
Tourist and Round Trip Tickets to Florida, Texas, Mexico and all Pacific Coast Points now on sale.
FULL PARTICULARS AT
CITY TICKET OFFICE,
No. 1 King-street West.

BOARD.
PINE VILLA
16 Spadina-road, Toronto.
Board and Residence.
A few nice rooms will be vacant on 1st May in this beautiful summer residence. Superior table and appointments.
MRS. MASON, 16 Spadina-road.

FOR SALE.
FOR SALE—STYLISH BAY MARE, 15.1 perfectly sound; also traps and harness. Apply Mrs. Skinner, 96 St. Joseph.