TOPICS OF THE TURF.

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

And so one more Horse Show is over, and lo! and behold! the second was greater than the first. On the opening day the indications were not as favorable as they might have been, for the afternoon attendance was slim. Whether that fact was due to the prejudice that undoubtedly exists in some quarters against the Aberdeens I cannot say, but I do know, although the weather was hot and gloriously fine, there was a chilliness in the atmosphere of the Armouries that did not augur great things. But the great things came nevertheless, for not only was the attendance larger than at last year's show, but the interest as indicated by the applause was louder, the attendance was larger, the financial success was greater and the show of horses, except in a few classes, was of a better quality, although the New York contingent was less in evidence and the Brothers Grand did not have an entry, Mr. Walter Grand not visiting the show at all and Mr. Douglas Grand only being present one day.

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Of the merits of the show as a whole opinions differ. I have heard some people say it was slow and I have heard others say they would as soon sit at an open window on Yonge-street and watch the horses go by. These people are sacrilegious, for how on earth they could witness the cavorting and the manoeuvring of such saddle horses and hunters, such carriage horses and such riding and driving as were exhibited unmoved passes my comprehension. I know I was thrilled to the quick, for in several instances I saw exhibits that I am sure could not be excelled anywhere, and that in spite of the fact that during the past few years Ontario has been pretty well depleted of good horses by the demand on the other side of the boundary, where, thanks to the efforts of such gentlemen as Messrs. Walter and Douglas Grand, Mr. Trueman Lowes and Dr. Grensides, our horses for riding and driving purposes have gained a character that every state in the Union envies.

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That the judging did not give complete satisfaction goes without saying. When does it? But I heard a great deal less murmuring than in previous years, and my own eyes in the majority of instances convinced me the verdict was as nearly right as possible. Mr. S. S. Howland of the Genesee Valley had a magnificent string of entries, a string of entries the bringing along of which I am sure the Horse Show authorities duly appreciate, for they undoubtedly added materially to the excellence of the displays. When Mr. Howland carried off first and second on the opening day in the first class exhibited, some disposition was manifested by ever-ready grumblers to begrudge him the honors, but when his Boston champion, Royalty, failed to get a ribbon in the large high-stepping class later on, any little chafing that might have been felt was entirely forgotten, and every success of Dr. Grensides' charges from the Genesee Valley was henceforth greeted with cheers that were not excelled at the triumph of home-bred and home-owned exhibits. And why should it not be so? Mr. Howland is a wealthy gentleman, who was the first to recognize the excellence of our horses and who is a most liberal purchaser. In the space at my disposal it is impossible to go over all the various classes or even a fair percentage thereof, even if it were desirable after the satiation of four days. But there is one thing I must say, namely, that the Horse Show has in two short years thoroughly proved itself worthy to rank with our other great festivals—the O.J.C. races and the Exhibition. The chief desideratum to make the show complete is a suitable building of its own, or at least one outside the Armouries, that in common with other bodies it could rent and thus be independent of any favors. It is very kind and considerate of the military to give the public the use of the shed that the public built, but it would be better by far if Toronto had a building about half as large again laid out, for instance, on the Upper Canada College grounds, where good stabling could be built and comfortable smoking rooms for the gentlemen and retiring rooms for the ladies provided. Another desideratum is a promenade right round the ring made wide enough for ladies to move to and fro and to be seen in all the gorgeousness of their raiment, the beauty of their faces and the grace of their figures. The scenes presented now are attractive, but they are nothing to what they might be with convenient promenades, commodious galleries and places where carriages, harness and all thing appertaining to the horse could be displayed. Such a building need not cost much, and built on a proper scale without too much elevation, I am sure it could be made to pay, for there is such a variety of uses to which it could be put, not overlooking riding, driving and bicycling schools. But, to return to the horses.

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I was not able to be present on the second day, and ,therefore, can say nothing from direct knowledge of the exhibits then. But than on the third day I never enjoyed a more delightful time at any public function. I did not agree with the judges in awarding first prize to Wiley Buckles as the best stallion to get hunters, he striking me as more adapted to get good coach-horses, the Graham Bros.' chestnut stallion Godard, by imp. King Ban out of Ella Breckenridge, the dam of that good steeplechaser and fine big horse Scalper, seeming to me far more taking to the eye. Stereoscope, last year's winner, never did have good hocks, but this year they showed up so badly that his owner would have been well advised not to have put in an appearance, but being by that sterling good horse, weight-carrier and stayer, Hagioscope he is worthy of every attention from breeders. Mr. Hendrie's Semper Rex, by Lelaps, dam La Sylphide, must have secured third award on breeding and looks, for he is deficient in size and in the necessary bone to get really first-class cross-country fellows. But then the class was neither a large nor a good one. I know there is a prejudice against syndicating horses, but I really think the thoroughbred people would be wise to take a leaf out of the book of their trotting-horse friends and go in for that style of things with a view of securing one or two really first-class, high-priced stallions, instead of continuing to breed to the lot of somewhat weedy, cheap animals which abound in the country now. And, talking of thoroughbred stallions, puts me in mind to remark that the value of the very excellent catalog published by Messrs. Bryan and Bedingfield, would be greatly enhanced were the sires of half-breds always given. It would then be possible to form some idea of the best stallions to breed to for saddle horses and hunters. With all respect to the awards of judges, the proof of a horse's worth lies in his ability. Shape is desirable, but ability is more so.

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Time and space will only permit me to refer to a few more classes. I thought the judges were somewhat at fault in their awards in Class 33, mare or gelding, 15.3 and over, shown to gig, dogcart or phaeton. In my opinion Cid, a beautiful four-year-old, dark brown gelding by old Jubilee Chief, and the very image of his sire, was far and away the best. A perfect gentleman in appearance, he is the exact cut of a dogcart horse, but two of the judges thought his action was hardly as good as that of two of the others, although the third, and by far the best authority at the show, was, I should judge by his actions in the ring, of an entirely different opinion. Cid is not so open-gaited behind as the first and second, but he undoubtedly has the best legs and feet, while there was really extremely little, if any room at all for fault-finding in his hock action. With maturity, however, Cid will distance all rivals and don't let my readers forget that I said so. Q.C., the winner of the red ribbon, owned by the Toronto Horse Exchange, than which corporation no firm or company ever sent a better lot of horses on the whole up to be judged, is undoubtedly of the highest rank, and possessed of superior action behind to Cid, but he has hardly the appearance, good-looking as he undoubtedly is; while the big chestnut gelding sent over by Mr. Howland, that was awarded second prize, was to my mind too carty-looking and too round in the rump to be considered any such type of a horse as the son of Jubilee Chief. Another rattler in this class, whose claims, I think, were entitled to consideration, was a well put-up, high-actioned chestnut gelding, admirably driven and handled by Mr. George H. Gooderham, whose recognition would have been most popular, as popular almost as was that of Mr. Trueman Lowes' four-in-hand in the evening, when Mr. Robert Bond, our own carriage man, fairly rivalled the famous Mr. Aurel Batonyi in his manipulation of the ribbons, and the way he steered his horses round the curves. A great many people evidently thought the prize was awarded for driving, but it was not—the competition was merely for road teams to be shown before coach, drag or brake. Whether Mr. Bond would excel or equal Mr. Batonyi in cutting figure eights and driving with short turns between barrels and posts is exceedingly doubtful, but the fact remains that on Friday night he held his charges quite as well in hand and, instead of jamming his leaders together and nearly throwing them down in turning, he had them in perfect control, guiding them round with the same steadiness and mastery that he used in driving straight. And how the welkin did ring with applause when Mr. Bond, who was all flushed with pleasure, received the red ribbon of supreme victory! But Mr. Batonyi is a favorite in Toronto for his gentlemanly, unassuming demeanor, and in the distribution of applause was by no means forgotten. Another popular and unmistakably deserved victory was that of Mr. S. B. Fuller's (Woodstock) chestnut gelding Blazer, in the saddle class, mare or gelding, over 14.2. A horse of better style and rarer conformation is seldom seen in the ring, while a more taking fellow could hardly be. In the jumping classes, some capital performers were entered, but none up to the high standard in make-up, cleverness and reliability set by Mr. James Carruthers' grey gelding Grey Friar, who obtained an easy and unmistakably popular victory among the qualified heavy-weight hunters at the close of the proceedings on Friday afternoon. Prince Charlie gave a marvellous exhibition of quick, clear jumping, but in conformation he was held to be beaten by both the Prince and Cockatoo, another admirable type of a gentleman's hunter, owned, as good things deserve to be, by the Master. There was one class judged on Friday evening that must have caused every onlooker to regret that there were not two red ribbons to be awarded. Than Miss Lee, no trimmer, neater, handsomer figure on horse back can be imagined, and she is the very embodiment of grace in her methods of riding, and so, too, is Mrs. James Carruthers, who was awarded the blue ribbon. Where the difference in ability between the two came in was a fine point, that I am sure only the judges could see, for I cannot believe mortal men ever had a more difficult task than was the rendering of a verdict in this case. Talk about the three Graces, but the noble Trojan had a picnic in deciding between Venus, Minerva and Juno, compared with what Messrs. Cary and Campbell had in Class 70 on Friday evening.

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I see that The Jockey Club—that is the organization in New York—has taken steps to abate what has become a great and almost unbearable nuisance,namely,the over-issue of badges to owners and trainers. A note has been sent round to the various secretaries requesting them in the common interest to restrict the giving of badges to owners and trainers as much as possible. Only the secretaries themselves can tell to what length this dead-heading business has reached. It is true it is not singular to race meetings, but when half a dozen men will conspire to enter and claim an interest in one poor plug in order to get badges it is time something was done to give those men to understand that the true road to success in life is to pay your way. A couple of years ago a detective told me of a then prominent jockey at the Woodbine who handed badges to crooks from New York. That the detective spoke by the book was proven by the fact that he produced the bits of card that had been taken from the crooks, one of which bore the name of the jockey in question. I have said the abuse of the dead-heading business is not confined to race meetings. In Toronto and all other cities, towns and villages men and women who are well able to pay will resort to all kinds of means to secure free admission to theatres and other places of public entertainment. I have frequently known them to spend more than the price of tickets to secure them, so great was the desire to appear to be a dead-header. Only the other day I heard of a leading member of a learned profession who will wait for hours in the office of a certain house of entertainment in order to induce the proprietor thereof to use his influence to obtain passes to the principal theatre of the city for himself and wife. Not once alone has the gentleman, who is as robust in person as he is in gall and meanness, done this, but he has done it so often that the proprietor referred to threatens the next time to express his opinion in good, plain, Anglo-Saxon. And it will hardly be believed that when his services are sought, as they often are, the learned gentleman charges on the most liberal scale. But this is only one case of hundreds, nay, thousands. If secretaries and theatrical managers would but ope their mouths, they could tales unfold of tricks resorted to to beat them by people of some note that would prove exceedingly startling. The theatre hat is a blessing beside the free-ticket abomination.

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Promises are prolific that the fields at the forthcoming meeting at the Woodbine will be greater than ever before. Already more stalls have been engaged than in any previous year, and vigorous efforts are being made to secure further accommodation. In the middle of last week only seven stalls at the course remain unallotted, and between four and five weeks have yet to run before racing commences. It goes without saying that, the season having opened late, the horses are backward, but as Woodbine has dried out nicely, and as Second Vice-President Robert Davies and Chairman of Executive Andrew Smith are ably fulfilling the duties allotted to them of looking after the track, the going is daily improving, and from this on trainers will have little to complain of. Among the occupants of the stalls, or rather boxes, at the course, will be six of Denny Higgins' own, and three animals under his care, the property of Mr. G. F. Miller. The nine are now all at Bennings' track, and will not be on for ten days or a fortnight yet. The other day a local paper announced that Mr. A. S. Post had consented to act as judge once more. I believe he has been invited to act, but has not yet sent in his acceptance.

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Rumor has it that one or two Canadian stables are contemplating strengthening up a bit, but I have only heard of one purchase, and that is by First Vice-President of the O.J.C. William Hendrie, who recently bought of W. T. Hawkins, Spring Station, Ky., a full sister to Coquette and a half-sister to that capital race horse Demuth. Although only a yearling the price for Belle of Stockwood, by imp. Rossington out of Belle of Nantura, by Longfellow, is reported to be "up in the thousands," whatever that may mean. Of course we all trust that she may turn out better than Coquette, although when in the humor that mare could race a bit. And why not? Her breeding is about as right as it can be.

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And so the limit-to-racing clause in the Criminal Code has been reached after all, and the gentlemen of Windsor will find their pretty little scheme for further debasing people and sport knocked on the head. This is comforting news and news well calculated to fill the hearts of sportsmen with joy. Had Minister of Justice Dickie allowed the opportunity to go, the gamblers of Windsor would have lost no time in getting to work on the program for a seventy or eighty day meet. Like hawks they were only waiting for a chance to pounce upon their prey. I sounded an influential gentleman—a very influential gentleman,a gentleman so near the top that his wishes have but to be expressed to be fulfilled, on his views regarding the limitation. He was heartily in accord with Mr. Dickie's idea of racing being limited to twenty days—that is, two meetings of not more than ten days each—on any one track. I asked him how about trotting meetings. Could they be held in addition to twenty days of running? No, he said—the limitation includes everything, excepting where no betting is allowed. Without betting racing can go on as before ad. lib. In that case I cannot see what is to prevent a continuous meeting being held in Windsor with the bookmaking operations conducted in Detroit, from which city nine-tenths of the spectators at the track hailed last year. Trials of speed at exhibitions, where opportunity is not taken of the provision of the Code allowing betting on chartered tracks, will not be interfered with, so that in the event of Toronto, Montreal or any other exhibition extending its time racing—beg pardon, trials of speed—can take place on many days. Mr. Dickie was asked to make a distinction between running and trotting, but that, he said, could not be done. If people could not get enough racing in two meetings of ten days apiece, with a forty-day interval, they would have to travel in pursuit of their hobby. And this they will probably do, for already I hear plans are under consideration for a circuit to include Toronto, Hamilton, London and Windsor. As regards the Woodbine, but half the twenty days allowed are likely to be consumed in racing this year. There will be, as announced, six days in the spring given by the O.J.C. and two in the fall. Then if the Country and Hunt Club desire they will be at liberty to give two days. If the trotting people wish to give a meeting they will have ample opportunity.

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Speculation on the Queen's Plate, I am told by Messrs. Davis & Haskins, of Hamilton is somewhat slow this year. Although several stables affect to believe they have a likely winner, so far the odds, which, on the whole, are liberal, have been little more than nibbled at. The principal play has been for a place, old Lochinvar being among the division that has been backed for one, two and three. Even the Seagram stable is being left alone, and there is a reason for this, for with three or four possible starters, it is impossible to say which the stable will ultimately decide to win with. This was the case last year, when many people went down on Vicar of Wakefield, so that really there is just as much of the element of doubt around the Seagram entries as around the race itself. Mr. Seagram may resolve as he did last year to let the whole fleet go and to let the best of 'em win. Then again he may only start two and declare to win with one ,as he has a fair and legitimate right to do, and then the dear public may find they have been barking up the wrong tree. There appears to be an opinion existent in well-informed circles, however, that the race will be more open this than for two or three years past. Mr. Davies believes he has a likely candidate in Garter King; Mr. Duggan thinks he can win, while the Hamilton folks affrm that Plover can make rings round Lochinvar, tnd the Glenoak Stable's 5-year-old chestnut mare Marcella, entered by Tubman—Vic, is regarded with some suspicion. Again, Owen Sound people are reported to have lost no faith in Dictator with all his top weight and the Carleton Stable are said to have the race up their sleeves with Dan Gordon or possibly Boston, both by Jaubert, winner of the thoroughbred stallion prize at the Boston horse show and locally known as the Dude, owing to his lordly appearance. Thus it will be seen that whereas some people think Mr. Seagram will again run one, two, others believe that the race is by no means all over but the shouting. It might be that the wish in the latter case is more than father to the thought. Doubt, anyway, sometimes is a good thing, and it is the very life of sport when directed against an issue.

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It is stated that the Earl of Harewood is to succeed the Earl of Ellesmere as a steward of the English Jockey Club, the latter's term of office having expired. There are three stewards of the English Jockey Club, one of whom retires annually in rotation. If the succession takes place as expected the members will be Lord Rendlesham, Viscount Downe and the Earl of Harewood, and the singular spectacle will be presented of three men at the head of the racing world who own only one horse between them, Lord Rendlesham being responsible for that one. The English Jockey Club is beyond doubt the most unique body on the face of the earth, for while enjoying no privileges conferred by Act of Parliament, it exercises control over every public race meeting of importance in the United Kingdom, and from its judgment there is no appeal. The decision of a steward may affect a flow of money to a greater extent than any case heard before the Lord Chief Justice of England. What, for instance, would the disqualification of a Derby winner mean? How many hundreds of thousands of pounds would it transfer from one set of pockets to another? And yet such a thing as a murmur is never publicly heard in England. As decreed on the 26th May, 126 years ago, three stewards only are appointed, who severally commence their duties on the 4th of June in the year of appointment. In the same way as decreed then, the retiring steward nominates his successor, who has to be confirmed by the club. There is probably no body in the world that has changed so little since 1770 as the English Jockey Club, and it is worthy of remark that it has fewer members now than it had then. In the days of George III. upwards of one hundred gentlemen, members of the club, assembled annually at the Star and Garter Tavern, Pall Mall, to drink the King's health. The report of races run during the year occupied 163 pages of the Racing Calendar in well-displayed type. On the accession of Her Most Gracious Majesty to the throne the number of members of the Jockey Club had fallen to sixty-six, but, on the other hand, "Races Past" occupied 257 pages. Last year the number of pages was increased to 726, and there was a still further decline in the number of members of the Jockey Club, only partly made up for by appointing Sir Hercules Robinson and a few ornamental men of that stamp honorary members. Formerly no one in any way "tainted by trade" had a chance of being elected a member of the club, and it was not until that merchant prince and first-class sportsman, Sir Robert Jardine, after being many years on the turf, was at length recognized, that the barrier may be said to have been broken down. One of the greatest racing men we ever knew, and wealthy withal, was the late Mr. James Merry, but there was no place in the Jockey Club for him. And yet, notwithstanding the new and rich vein that has been tapped, the number of active members of the Jockey Club is fewer than was the case fifty years ago, when there were nearly eighty, as against sixty-three now.

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A conflict has arisen between Col. S. D. Bruce, editor of The American Stud Book and The Jockey Club. Col. Bruce, who offers to sell his copyright of his work to the Jockey Club, holds that he is entitled to the registration fees for the labor that he performs, and considering that the book has never proved remunerative. The Jockey Club think differently. While the American Turf Congress recognizes the book and allows Col. Bruce to keep all he can get hold of, the American Jockey Club for its support claims 50 per cent. of the $2 sent in for registration of brood mares and of the $5 charged for the registration of foals and imported horses. Col. Bruce, although he agreed to the terms, declines to recognize the Jockey Club as absolute controllers of his book and partners therein with a right of vetoing any policy he may desire to follow. As a consequence there is open war with nothing at present favoring any concession on either side.

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Judging from the ill-success up to date of the American horses in England the present campaign was not as well planned as was that of 1879, 1880 and 1881, when old Parole, then a 6-year-old, by imp. Leamington, out of Maiden, started in by capturing the Newmarket Handicap on April 16th of the first-named year, and followed it with other victories, the invasion being brought to a conclusion in the last year mentioned with Derby, St. Leger, Grand Prix de Paris, Casarewitch and Cambridgeshire all dangling to the belt of Messrs. Lorillard and Keene, owing to the exertions of Iroquois and Foxhall, the former being responsible for the first two events and the latter for the last three. Of course improvement is possible in Mr. Lorillard's youngsters, but unless Ramapo and others of Messrs. Duke & Wishard's string or Sir Excess and Americus run true to form there appears little probability of any members of the division distinguishing themselves very decisively. Montauk's defeat in the Drakelow Stakes at Derby on Friday with only 85 pounds on his back over a straight mile disposes of his chances for the Derby, and with his chances the chances of America to repeat in 1896 the success of 1881. Helen Nichols, a 5-year-old by Iroquois out of Orphan Girl, by Muggins, did well to get second to Forceburn for the Visitors' Plate in the Newmarket Craven meeting, although the class of competitors was not high, Forceburn, the winner, being in fact a gelding of exceedingly light calibre. It has frequently happened that losing at first has resulted in winning at last, and if it should prove so in the present case I am sure no Englishman will begrudge the plucky Americans their victories. But, stay, even as it is, they are not without consolation, for on April 9th Mr. W. C. Eustis, an American millionaire, landed three races at the Fairy House Steeplechase meeting near Dublin.

THE AGED P.

EVERYWHERE ECHOES.

Here are three instances of cockney humor in court.

At Bow-street a conjuror was charged with causing an obstruction in a public thoroughfare. "I am a performer," he remarked proudly, "and I am well-known to the police. I perform with guinea-pigs and cards and coins." Suiting the action to the word, the prisoner suddenly produced a guinea pig, from an empty hat, and speedily transformed it into a cabbage, to the amazement of the bench and the delight of a crowded court. A fine of five shillings was imposed, the magistrate evidently thinking that so clever a man could easily turn a cabbage into a crown.

To Lambeth Police Court a gentleman wearing an elaborate fur coat was summoned for selling medicines from a wagonette in the public street. "I can cure anyone here suffering from rheumatism in two minutes," remarked the defendant, seemingly hoping that the magistrate might be a sufferer from that complaint. When told that he would be summoned, defendant had promptly turned the information to account, and asked the bystanders to buy his tonics and thus help him to pay the prospective fine. He was let off with a fine of two shillings, in lieu of which he offered the magistrate a bottle of quinine and iron.

An incident at the Whitechapel County Court is thus told:

Judge Bacon—"Why is not your husband here?"

Mrs. Blumberg—"He is ill, but I am here. I will do as well."

Judge—"Why does he not pay?"

Witness—"He can't. He is ill."

Judge—"He will have to pay—"

Witness—"Oh, no, he won't."

Judge—"Or go to Holloway."

Witness—"Oh, no he won't. I'll take care of that." And the devoted spouse retired in triumph.

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Going through some my papers the other day I came across this strange remark: "The English are making a great country out of the Cape of Good Hope." I straight way fell to wondering how many of the people of to-day remembered South Africa as merely the Cape of Good Hope and South America as Cape Horn. I have before me a Gazetteer published by Longmans and dated as late as 1876, and this is all it says of the section of country that is just now engaging the attention of the civilized world:

"Cape of Good Hope (or Cape Colony), a territory in the southern part of Africa, colonized by the Dutch, and now belonging to the British. It derives its name from a celebrated promontory near the southern extremity of the African continent. Latitude 34.23 S., longitude, 18.32 E. The country consists of three successive plateaus, increasing in elevation according to their distance from the sea, and separated from each other by as many chains of mountains. The most magnificent plants that adorn our greenhouses and gardens are brought from this part of the world, and among the animals are prodigious numbers of Cape buffaloes,antelopes and sheep, with vultures, eagles, ostriches, etc. Sheep and cattle farming, with the culture of the soil are the chief industrial pursuits of the Cape colonists. The population amounts to 682,000, fewer than half of whom are whites—many of them the descendants of the earlier Dutch settlers. The colored population embraces Hottentots and Caffres, with various mixed races."

From the same Gazetteer I learn that the Hottentots, supposed by many people to belong to India, are the native people of South Africa, forming the aboriginal population of Cape Colony. I also read that other tribes are the Bosjesmans and the Koranas the latter, like the Japanese, being reported as greatly addicted to the bath. What has become of them? We hear nothing of them in the present controversy.

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The ways of the wicked are various. The fact that ladies have taken largely to the cycle, and are in the habit of going about unattended, has given rise to a new form of fraud on the part of those who cultivate the field of human credulity. A lady at Surbiton, Eng., was out riding, when "a stranger of gentlemanly appearance" called attention to the state of her pneumatic tires. The lady thanked him, and, thus emboldened, the gentlemanly stranger proceeded to inflate the tires, and then mounted the machine to try them. Of course, neither rider onr machine was again seen. Others have been similarly victimized. I might say I refer to the matter as a warning, for in this naturally perfect country of ours all crime is imported.

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Here is another echo from England. It shows how jealously and preciously Englishmen regard any inroad on individual liberty. It is The London Globe that says: "If the Raines bill is not speedily rejected the inhabitants of New York will be unable to claim the possession of even the least vestige of liberty. A measure which not only forbids a man to obtain a drink in his own club from midnight on Saturday til 5 a.m. on Monday morning, but actually empowers a policeman to enter any private house during the prohibited hours if he thinks that anybody besides the members of the family are drinking wine at dinner, is an instrument of atrocious tyranny. It is certain to be made an engine for blackmail, and nothing but the most unreasoning fanaticism would have put such a weapon into the hands of a police force which is notoriously corrupt. The passing of this preposterous law is, however, a useful warning to us in England of the length to which the temperance fanatic will go if he is allowed his head."

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The German's bulletproof coat has been knocked out of time, at least for practical purposes, but a new protective candidate for public approval has made its appearance. This is a suit of armor making a knock-out impossible. I hear that the invention was given a test after the matinee performance of A Naval Cadet, at the Chicago Opera House on Wednesday last, James J. Corbett, having a fight with an amateur lightweight. Corbett went after his man red-eyed and the little fellow came back the best he could, the latter proving himself an unheard-of glutton for punishment. Appetizing dishes of knockouts and liver-and-kidney punches were tucked away by the amateur, and always with a smile for more. The smaller man was encased in a padded jacket and hood, with an electric registering device to keep tally of the blows landed on him. In about five minutes' hot work Corbett, threw in fifty-odd knockout smashes on the man of armor, as the electric indicator of the device showed, and still the diminutive boxer in the stuffed suit was hopping about, and saying, "He never touched me." The boxer, who kindly got in the armor and offered himself up as a test case against the mauleys of such a fighter as Jim Corbett, is Mr. Boyd Frazer of Chicago, who also offers to go against Joe Walcott and to allow that individual fifteen pounds the advantage in weight, if allowed to use his fighting suit. The boxing armor is protected by patents, owned by a Chicago party, and it is his intention, providing the Chicago authorities are chary of letting boxers use them freely, to send a man over the Niagara Falls in the armor as soon as arrangements can be made.

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Here are two decidedly interesting national history ancestors. The first comes from the Straits Settlement. A man had two pet pythons. One day they had a disagreement, and one of them swallowed the other. The swallowed python, however, made himself very unpleasant inside, and finally ate his way clean through, and so defeated his enemy. All that was left of the original swallower was his skin. The name of the gentleman who owned these snakes was Mr. John Smith of Borneo, to whom reference may be made for any further details.

The other story is told in The London Daily Telegraph. A lady pig had the misfortune in early life to lose her tail. When she became, in due course, a mother of ten, and perceived that her piggies had tails, she waxed so jealous that one day "she got the piggies in a row and bit off their tails one by one, notwithstanding their protestations and squeals."

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I shall have to change my nom de plume, if not my title, if I don't go in a little more for originality; nevertheless, I cannot refrain from referring to an article on Jean Baptiste and His Language, in the current number of The Contemporary Review, from the pen of Mr. Howard Angus Kennedy. Mr. Kennedy takes a different view to Mr. Goldwin Smith and to what The Mail used to do—what it thinks now it is impossible to say. He declares that instead of the French spreading among us, their language is becoming Anglicized, a process that, in time, necessarily means absorption. The French-Canadian is, as Mr. Kennedy says, "more Catholic than the Pope, more French than President Faure," but is rapidly learning to speak English, though often in French words. Witness: "When Jean Baptiste goes on his travels he takes a ticket, with a check for his baggage, and enters a train. (He used to go to the station in a gig, according to M. de Gaspe, but I never heard him use the word, though I know he patronises the cab-stand rather than the 'place de fiacres.') 'All aboard!' shouts the French guard. 'All right,' says the French passenger. I remember one day, going down from Montreal to Quebec., hearing the guard ask a swarthy habitant for his 'billet.' 'Eh?' said he, puzzled. 'Votre tiquette,' explained the guard. 'Oh! Je comprends. Le voici.' I have even encountered a sentence like this, 'Nous leur donnerons des free-ticket.' Jean Baptiste will also tell you, if you desire such information, that the train consists of 'douze chars et un engin,' instead of 'douze wagons et en locomotive'; but he still finds time to call the railway itself a 'ch'min d'fer,' having cut down the syllables from four to two."

Father Chiniquy, our venerable French ecclesiastic, turned Protestant, holds that the reason for the decay of French is that the people find it easier to express themselves in English. He says:

"'When I write a book, and I have written many, I write it in English and then translate it into French. I find it more easy to do it in that way. Your expression is more direct, your syntax is more simple, and the sounds of your language more forcible. Listen!' And, springing to his feet, the old man shouted, 'Fire!' 'There is some sound,' he added. 'What can we say in French?' 'Feu.' It is lost. You can say 'Ready!'—again in a most sonorous shout. With us it is 'Pret': there is no sound. 'All aboard!'—with us it is 'embarquez,' but you cannot near it at ten feet. Yes, sir, English is bound to become the universal language.'"

* * *

The death of Colonel Cockerill, once editor of The St. Louis Post-Dispatch, recalls a visit paid to the office of that paper. I was introduced to the editor, Col. Cockerill, and was struck by the realization of the story I had frequently heard, but as frequently disbelieved, that in some parts of the United States a man had to work with the ploughshare or pen in one hand and a revolver in the other, for there, with the highly-polished handle protruding from under the flap of the Colonel's desk, was a good-calibred repeater. While I was talking to the editor a bright, smart young man came in looking for a chance to get on the journal. The Colonel was not encouraging, for in reply he said: "So you want to get on a paper in St. Louis, do you? Well, young man, your chances are one in a million." Three days after the smart young man was a regular member of the staff of The Missouri Republican, a Democratic paper, and on having to go to New Orleans a couple of months later received the most flattering testimony to his ability from editor and city editor. Colonel Cockerill's judgment was at fault there, and I thing it was also sadly at fault when he shot and killed Colonel Slayback. I had hardly been out of the office five minutes, when I heard of the murder, for such it was, there being ample testimony to prove that Col. Slayback was unarmed and good reason to believe that McGuckin, the mail clerk of The Post-Dispatch, who was the principal witness for the defence and chief supporter of the theory of self-defence, deliberately made the marks on his thumb which he exhibited to prove that he wrested a pistol out of the hands of the victim.

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Queen's Plate Quotations.

Messrs. Davis & Haskins of Hamilton, Ont., report the following as the latest odds against the Queen's Plate candidates:

	Weight.	To win.	To 1, 2, 3.
Dictator, 5	126	full	full
Lochinvar, 5	123	20	full
Brother Bob, 5	122	200	25
Quinte, a	121	200	25
Millbrook, 4	122	2	1-2
Marcella, 5	121	15	3
Dan Gordon, 4	119	30	6
Alice Barnes, 4	117	30	6
Dandelion, 3	106	3	3-5
Gladiator, 3	106	30	6
Springal, 3	103	10	2
Moorland, 3	103	10	2
Donald Dinnie, 3	103	6	6-5
Garter King, 3	103	6	6-5
Boston, 3	103	30	6
Bradlaugh, 3	103	15	3
Broomleigh, 3	103	30	6
Clipmont, 3	103	60	full
Armada, 3	101	10	2
Java, 3	101	20	4
Minorca, 3	101	20	4
Maylight, 3	101	20	4
Plover, 3	101	15	3
Urania, 3	101	100	20

James McNeill is in custody at Uxbridge, charged with stealing a pair of shoes. He is believed to have taken them from a delivery wagon, from which they were missed. The parcel boy had made a mistake and put in a No. 7 and a No. 8, both for the same foot. McNeill went to the store to have one of the shoes changed, and was nabbed.

You may say what you please abou Schopenhauer and Descartes and Ana xagoras and all those fogies wh strive to convince us by illusory logi that whatever is, is and always ha been, since the world began. I hav no faith in them—I am not one of those who discredit the evidence of their op tics—I believe there is food for th hungry controversialist, whereve he turns his head. Does not Pro vidence ordain this and that in a mar vellous manner? Is not everythin regulated in our daily life with con summate discretion? Do you mean t say this is a crystallized policy tha dates its birth at the beginning of al things? That every little occurrenc to-day was drawn up in black an white when earth was evolved out o chaos?—Pooh! The point is not worth arguing—As the days roll by an eter nal adjustment is continually takin place—that's my belief—Look at Goo Friday. Doesn't it nearly always rain And isn't Easter Sunday nearly alway fine?—Look at that tipsy laborer—does he ever get in the way of a trolley No, my friend—it is you and I wh are cold, sober, who get sparring with the headlight—and to come down to an up-to-date instance of the awfu fitness of things—did you ever in your life see a finer day than Wednesday last? It was the opening day of the Horse Show. There is no apparent connection between the two facts—not to an unthinking mind. The Horse Show is all right—I hope I shall be the first to offer to pay for the buttons that flew from the secretary's waistcoat, as he puffed out his chest with pardonable pride on Wednesday afternoon, when the fanfare echoed from the trumpets' brazen throats and His Excellency declared the Horse Show open—I overheard a remark made by one of our American visitors to another: "This beats the opening day at Madison-square." No callow hypocrisy about that. I declare I felt as elated as though I were personally responsible for every earthly detail of Canada's great Panhippic festival. And as I leant on the rails of the promenade and watched the horses enter—their shining coats, their aristocratic bearing, the trim traps and the smart grooms—and then turned round and gazed in an admiring ecstasy at the soaring splendor of that grand stand, with its countless beauties of face, form and apparel, a grim smile of satisfaction curvetted over my features. I thought of "Muddy York," "Hogtown," "Overgrown Village," and other epithets applied by envious underlings to good old Toronto, and upon my word the smile that I was describing a while ago very nearly expanded into a mighty roar of laughter. That would have been a shock to the solemn "Bobby," who was standing in marble meditation at my elbow.

To my mind a great charm about the whole function has been the excellent taste displayed by the men in town in dressing properly for the fair. I heard it said, now and then, "It's not worth while"—"What's the use?" If a gentleman expects to meet ladies there—if he means to strole about the promenade, or sit in a box with them he should at least pay them the compliment of being as well turned out as lies in his power. Of course if he means to knock about with the hoi polloi on the north side, he can dress as he pleases. Fashion is a tyrant, but we secretly adore her. We abuse her vigorously and clinch our fists and vow we will shake loose from bondage, but when she unfurls her standard to the breeze we flock to it just the same and sky our hats in the air and caper about like schoolboys at 4 o'clock.

And, after all, the Horse Show, to a large number of the spectators, is but a pretext for donning their best attire and then criticizing one another. Very few of those stately beauties that adorn the boxes know or care which end of the horse goes into the shafts. Appointments, not the horse, count the most. I heard of one well known belle, who said when she was asked which horse she liked best, the single harness competition: "Ah, couldn't tell you that, but I know I like that man best!" and she pointed to the worthy representative of the Howland