TOPICS OF THE TURF.

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

"Curiosity" writes: "I have made two bets which you can decide for me. One is that there is no race meeting in England that extends over more than four consecutive days. The other is that under the proposed new law, or amendment to the Criminal Code, it would be impossible to race sixty days in a year on one track." "Curiosity" says I can decide the bets "for me." I think "me" has it in both instances. There used to be a meeting at Newmarket that lasted five days, but the fifth day has been lopped off and now there is no race meeting in Great Britain longer in duration than four consecutive days. As to racing sixty days on one track; as a matter of fact, with 40 days' interval between meetings, it would, in the absence of any limitation of the months during which races could be held, be possible to race seventy days, Sundays being omitted from the calculation. It would be possible to commence the year with ten days' racing and end it with ten, giving 240 days for intervals and seventy days for sport. With thirty days' interval eighty days could be devoted to racing in the year. I must, therefore, hold that "Curiosity" wins both bets.

* * *

Talking about the days it will be possible to race under the amendment, I have heard it said that sundry people have propounded a scheme whereby racing could go on in Canada without a break from May 1st until September 30th, or even to October 31st if thought desirable. The scheme is this: May 1 to 11 at Windsor; May 12 to 23 at London; May 24 to June 3 at Hamilton; June 3 to 13 at Toronto. After Toronto the round would commence again. Then there would be continuous racing within easy distances and the law be strictly observed. It will be noticed that the figuring for the sake of convenience is done without exclusion of Sundays, and on a basis of thirty days' interval. With 40 days' interval it would only be necessary to drop three days between and the fun would practically be continuous just the same. With thirty days' interval it is possible between May 1 and September 30 to give forty days' racing on any one track, and that should be enough for the biggest glutton. While on this topic I might say that the desirability of making a distinction in the amendment between running and trotting is emphasized by the fact that under the 30 days' rule if no distinction were made, it would be impossible to give matinees on consecutive Saturdays.

* * *

Progress is being made, I understand, in the arrangements for establishing the new track, or rather for rejuvenating the old one, at Newmarket. Mr. Fellowes, the engineer, was out during the week making an inspection for the purpose of maturing plans on which the work can be carried out. The racing will last five days a week for two weeks at a time, and spring and fall meetings will be held, with, so report says, the possibilities of a "middle" meeting in future years if thought advisable. Purses of $400 and $500 will be given, with an $800 or $1000 stake each day, and a $2500 stake on Dominion Day. The program is already under consideration, and will probably be announced in a couple of weeks. Mr. Clive Pringle is acting as secretary and the handicapping will probably be entrusted to a prominent local journalist who has given this part of the art of racing a good deal of attention. As a member of the profession it is needless for me to say I am glad the appointment has been made, and I shall be excused for expressing the hope that it will be a permanent one. In the United States all the leading officials are or have been journalists, including W. S. Vosburg, Francis Trevelyan, H. C. Crickmore, Victor Sass, Chris Fitzgerald, etc. It is only reasonable to suppose that journalists who have made a life-time study of sport should be better posted than any other class of the community on the requirements of certain situations. Meantime, it might be stated that although a good deal of the stock of the club has been taken, some of it is still to be had.

* * *

Messrs. Goodwin Bros., 241 Broadway, New York, report Henry of Navarre favorite at 4 to 1 against, both for the Brooklyn and Suburban. Clifford is second choice, still at 5 in each event. Dorian has gone from 20 to 15 to 1 in both events. Sir Walter has gone from 15 to 10 in each. Nanki Pooh has gone from 12 to 10 in the Brooklyn and remains at 12 in the Suburban, St. Maxim from 30 to 20 in the Brooklyn. Senator Grady from 30 to 20 in the same event, and Saragossa from 25 to 20 in the Brooklyn. Those that have receded are: Brooklyn—Lazzarone, from 8 to 15; Halma, 10 to 15; Hornpipe, 15 to 20; The Commoner, 20 to 30; Vinctor, 20 to 30; Lakeshore, 30 to 40; Handspring, 10 to 15; Emma C. and Primrose, 40 to 50; Elroy, Flora Thornton and Paladin, 50 to 100. Suburban—Lazzarone, from 10 to 15; Halma, 10 to 15; The Commoner, 20 to 30; Dutch Skater and Vinctor, 25 to 40; Handspring, 10 to 15; Lakeshore and King Arthur, 30 to 40; Emma C., 40 to 50; Flora Thornton, 50 to 100.

* * *

Sir Bevys, said to have been the worst horse that ever won the Epsom Derby and the only horse on which George Fordham won that classic race, is dead. He was foaled in 1876 and was got by Favonius out of Lady Langden, by Kettledrum. After the Derby Sir Bevys became a roarer and won no more renown on the race course, nor was he a pronounced success in the stud, the best of his get probably being Primrose Day, who won the Cesarewitch in 1889. In the St. Leger Sir Bevys ran unplaced to Rayon d'Or.

* * *

Truly, as the poet says, do some have greatness thrust upon them. A short time ago Joseph Scherrer of Cincinnati was not known as a jockey of any merit. One day David Gideon denounced him as a thief and a rogue and now all the papers down South are singing his praises as one of the foremost riders of the day. If he only succeeds in getting a fraction of the $10,000 he claims from Gideon for slander, Scherrer will be able henceforth to wear purple, for of a certainty everybody will be chary of harsh comment upon his proceedings.

* * *

It will probably be remembered that some years ago an ingenious individual proposed that a patrol judge in an air ship should follow the horses in a race. The same idea has now been adapted to a starting machine, a drawing of which shows an air ship from which are suspended a number of slings. These will be slipped around the bodies of the horses carded to start in the race. When the bugle summons the thoroughbreds to the post the air ship will sail to the paddock gate, receive them and float to the starting post. The ingenious inventor, in order to prevent running away or fractiousness at the post, keeps the horses suspended eighteen inches from the ground. The manipulator of the air ship, who is acting in the double capacity of starter and patrol judge, occupies a seat in an advantageous position on the main deck of the ship, and nothing can escape his watchful eye. When everything is read and he sees fit to touch the starting button, the slings release their hold, the horses drop to the ground, and off they are. The airship will follow the field to the finish, for the patrol judge must see that each horse gets a proper ride. It is an easy matter for the air ship to keep up with the horses, as the speed can be increased or decreased, the device being propelled by stored electricity. In case of a storm, it is equipped with an automatic, centrifugal and ball bearing rudder that will withstand even a Kansas cyclone. If the inventors go on at this rate the next we shall hear of them will be a suggestion that horses shall be stabled in a balloon and dropped to earth as they are wanted to race. One would think, judging from the fact that 90 patents for starting machines have been applied for at Washington, that the affairs were likely to be as popular in demand as are bicycles. One man suggests that the horses shall be shot out of a big catapult, another proposes to have a whip worked by electricity fall upon their flanks, and a third propounds the gigantic idea that the horses shall each wear a halter attached to a common line, from which they shall be released upon a button being touched. The button plays an important part in the electrical world, but horses can hardly yet be set in motion by the same system as the machinery at the Industrial Exhibition.

* * *

John Corlett takes a very optimistic view of the racing prospects in England this year. He writes:

Never within our memory, and never, we believe, in the history of the turf, did a racing season promise so much as that which will be commenced at Lincoln on Monday. In whatever direction we look we can see nothing but bright promise. There is not a cloud even of the size of a man's hand on the horizon. Should all go well, the year 1896 will rank with that of 1864 as having produced horses that were phenomenally good. If anything, we place 1864 above 1886, because Blair Athol, General Peel, Scottish Chief, Cambuscan, The Miner, Fille de l'Air, and Ely were as a lot in our opinion superior to Ormonde, The Bard, Saraband, Minting, St. Mirin, Bread Knife and Miss Jummy. It is not necessary in advancing this argument to enter at all into the controversy as to which was the better horse on the day he won the Derby, Blair Athol or Ormonde. We merely take the best 3-year-olds of 1864 as a lot and compare them with those of 1886, and we unhesitatingly state that the balance lies with those of 1864. What influences us very much in forming that opinion is that 1886 did not, with the exception of The Bard, give us a single first-class long distance runner, whereas those of 1864 carried off two Ascot Cups, the Doncaster Cup, the Alexandra Plate, the Brighton Cup, the Claret Stakes, the Beaufort Cup (Bath), the York Cup and many other races. Per contra, The Bard won the Doncaster Cup and walked over for the Goodwood Cup. As far as looks are concerned, the 3-year-olds of the forthcoming season will compare favorably with those of either year, as St. Frusquin, Persimmon, Regret, Knight of the Thistle, Shaddock, Omladina, Bucephalus and Galeazzo are as good-looking as could be wished, and we have yet to see such slashing dark horses as the Winter King. To this list we would add the name of that brilliant performer the Hall Mark colt, now known as Zebac, were it not that unfortunately he has become thick in the wind, which will explain why he has been struck out of the Derby and other of the more valuable races. Furthermore, in the promise that the season gives us is the interesting fact that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is for the first time in his life the proud owner of a Derby favorite, and for a time we looked forward with extreme confidence to seeing him win the Derby. It has been the lot of few men to own a finer looking horse than Persimmon, and there is the gratifying fact that he comes of a breed that makes more than ordinary improvement with age. For that reason it may be hoped that the inferiority of the autumn may be wiped out. There is all the more encouragement to hope this from the fact that he has not any great amount of leeway to make up.

* * *

My English correspondent, writing about the Hamilton Stakes, the new long-distance race that is to be established by the stewards of the Jockey Club at Newmarket, writes: "There are so few races arranged for stayers in our days that it is no wonder that our owners and trainers fight shy of what long distance races there are. Still, the Cesarewitch invariably finds a big field collected, and whatever classic quality we still possess in our horses is generally represented in the Ascot Gold Cup; Isinglass gave us a magnificent example of this last year, and so, too, did La Fleche in 1894. The conditions of the Hamilton Stakes should be very thoughtfully dealt with. It will no doubt be raced for over the Cesarewitch course, and if that be so it is stated 3-year-olds will be excluded and the race confined to 4-year-olds and upwards. There are so many plums in the racing cake now to be picked out by the youngsters that it is quite time that some encouragement was given to the older horses, instead of driving them to the stud at an early period. The program for 2-year-olds is a rich one in our days. So rich that old-timers must open their eyes when comparing it with the days before the Middle Park Plate was started. If a poor man owned a horse of the calibre of Isinglass, that horse could make him rich beyond the dreams of avarice in his 2 and 3-year-old days. He must make hay while the sun shines, and not wait until hard ground and incessant work renders his crack unable to take part in the big 4-year-old engagements of his season. Horses at present retire too early to the stud, and it is some years now since we have had such a really magnificent example as Isinglass. A horse should not commence paddock life until he is 5 years old at the very least, for that is where the undermining of the stamina of the British race horse comes in. 'It is the pace that kills,' as the late George Fordham remarked, and I am not aware that he is the originator of that statement, and while we breed for pace we neglect stamina, and the British thoroughbred loses his chance of maintaining his prestige, not only in the United Kingdom, but throughout the world. A little more judiciousness in considering the strains of blood that the stud book offers would enable us to breed more stayers without importing animals who are the progeny of sires and dams who should never have been allowed to leave this country. A few more richly endowed long distance races would help to set matters right."

Imp. Meddler, by St. Gatien (son of Rotherhill or The Rover and Saint Editha), a Derby dead-heater, out of Busybody (One Thousand and Oaks, 1884, and one of the greatest race mares that ever faced a starter), by Petrarch (Derby, 1876), out of Spinaway (One Thousand and Oaks, 1875), by Maccaroni (Two Thousand and Derby, 1863), is, as imp. Bonnie Scotland and other great thoroughbreds have been, to be given a chance to see what he can do in the way of benefitting the pacer and trotter. Imp. Meddler, it will be remembered, shared with Isinglass the honor of being the winter favorite for the Derby of 1893. As a 2-year-old he was unbeaten, but the death of Squire Abington knocked out his pretensions to classical rank as a 3-year-old. This, I have always thought one of the greatest misfortunes that ever befel the English turf, as he not only would possibly have proved to Isinglass what Robert the Devil did to Bend Or, thus showing us the true class of Mr. McCalmont's great horse, but the blood that runs in his veins is not all too plentiful in the old land. A singular feature of his sale is that while Mr. W. H. Forbes of Boston, Mass., only paid £15,000 for him, Matchbox, who succeeded him as winner of the Dewhurst Plate, but had not nearly as good a record, commanded £18,000. It was hoped at one time that Mr. Forbes would give Meddler a chance to show what he could do on the turf against the best in America, but he has chosen instead to give him an opportunity of proving what he can do as a tonic to the trotter. He is to be given no ignominious partners, it is pleasing to know. Mr. Forbes bred Starlight, 2.15 3-4, a daughter of Electioneer, to him with a view of getting a filly to cross with Arion, 2.07 3-4, but the produce was nil. Mr. Forbes, however, is not discouraged, but has bred Starlight back to Meddler. Whatever the success, I cannot help thinking that Meddler would accomplish greater and worthier things were he given some first-class thoroughbred mares. What a grand Queen's Plate getter he might prove! I wonder if any wealthy Canadian will ever be tempted to give a few thousand pounds for a really high-class stallion, instead of being content to peddle along with a lot of cheap animals of light calibre!

THE AGED P.

EVERYWHERE ECHOES.

Commenting upon the remarkable scoring which characterized a recent cricket match in Australia between Melbourne University and Carlton, a Melbourne paper says:

"Many of the present generation or cricketers may be grey with old age before they see such another day's sensational cricket as that of Saturday last (February 8). Indeed, when one considers what must happen before these records are broken, it is not rash to say that no cricketer now playing will live to see it repeated. For in order to eclipse it three separate teams will have to complete an innings on the day aggregating 2843 runs, an average of 82 runs per wicket. Carlton's score of 924, which is the world's record to-day, will have to be beaten, as well as Worrall's 415 not out, the highest score yet made in Australia, and the fourth highest in the world. Worrall in his innings gave few chances, and none of them very easy. When he had got 343, he might have been taken in the slips, and he gave a difficult chance in the same quarter to Fred Blackham, fielding as substitute, at 411. The cheering when he topped Clem Hill's score (300 in 1892) was great—greater still when he topped 400. When the last wicket fell the ground was rushed, and though Worrall tried his old dodging abilities as a footballer in order to get to the pavilion, he was seized by a score of eager arms, some of them footballers just as clever in their days as himself, and carried to the pavilion, where from the prevalence of 'He's a jolly good fellow,' anyone might realise for a considerable time afterwards that a celebration was in progress. The only drop of bitterness in Worrall's cup was that under the anxiety of the day he had let off several balls that ordinarily were as certain fours as anything can be in cricket, but for which he would probably have beaten MacLaren's 424, made in England last season. In making his runs he hit four fives and 61 fours.

* * *

Questioned recently in the land of the Golden Fleece about the relative merits of English and Australian cricketers, that capable exponent of the game, R. McLeod, thus summed up the situation: "There is no denying that All England is too good for All Australia. I thought they were not, but when I got to England and saw them coming out to bat—Grace, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Stoddart, W. W. Read, Jackson. Heaven and earth! their sixth was better than our first." Speaking of the ninth Australian team now bound for England, George Giffen says: "I have not the slightest doubt we shall do well. We are strong everywhere, the men can be rested, and, moreover, they are mostly young and enthusiastic, and all are very eager to do credit to Australia. I feel certain that there will be no dissension, and so long as there are not, such a fine lot of players should do well.

* * *

As might have been expected, the London music halls are working the "Dr. Jim" episode for all it is worth. The other day a cavalcade of horsemen, fifty in number, rode through the principal streets of the great city attired in the costume of the Chartered Company. A cry was naturally raised of "Dr. Jim's men," and cheer after cheer burst on the startled air from the tops of busses, from cabs, and other vehicles, and from the crowds which rapidly gathered. The troopers received this display of admiration with singular stolidity, and far from appearing either touched or gratified pursued the even tenor of their way apparently unmoved and indifferent to the cheering and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs. The admired fifty were merely got up for the occasion in order to advertise one of the halls. Had the truth leaked out at the time it is probable that the excited crowd would have moderated their transports very rapidly, and the poor, disguised supes might have come in for a demonstration of a very different character. It was perhaps the consciousness of this appalling possibility that prevented them deriving any joy from the manifestation, and accounted for the funereal gloom of their countenances.

* * *

I wonder if the postal authorities are aware that the circulars of a German lottery are being scattered broadcast throughout the country by their aid. If they are they should hasten to suppress the proceeding. It can hardly be that the Government considers itself bound under Postal Union terms to carry the circulars; for the United States declined to carry the Carslake sweepstake advertisements when mailed in the Dominion.

* * *

In the views of some people the chronicling of sporting events is the chronicling of small beer. If they are right the Toronto morning papers of Saturday, April 4, are little else than chroniclers of small beer, for pages are taken up with reports of the Good Friday conventions. A surfeit of attention is, in my opinion, given to the Wheelman's Association by both The Globe and The Mail. I cannot think that bicyclists, numerous as they are, are so shortsighted as to desire a monopoly of newspaper space. Once more in its treatment of these conventions The World had an opportunity to prove itself a real live newspaper, and it seized the opportunity. Instead of giving up a page and a half, as its larger contemporaries do to one thing, it gives the salient points of every convention held, whether in Toronto, St. Catharines, Hamilton, Berlin or elsewhere, and thereby gives its readers exactly what they want. Pandering to advertisers to the exclusion of good news matter can be overdone. But of the conventions themselves. The most important were the C.W.A. in Toronto and the C.L.A. in St. Catharines and each adopted amendments to their regulations of some moment. The C.W.A. decided to abolish class B. In other words, it decided in favor of an honest membership. Henceforth, like every other athlete, the bicyclist will have to be either amateur or professional. If he is hired by a firm who seek to beat the newspapers by his hiring he will know that his place is with the professional athletes, and that the association of amateurs in play is forbidden. This is as it should be. A man is either honest or dishonest and in like manner a man in sport is either professional or amateur. In resolving to abolish the proxy system of voting the Canadian Lacrosse Association has taken a wise step, for not only is the system open to great abuse, but it has been greatly abused. Still there are arguments in its favor. One club that pays its fees has as much right to representation as another, and if it chooses to make an outsider an honorary member for the time being and to use him as a delegate it is hard to deny it the right to do so. It is not always convenient to send local men hundreds of miles to a meeting and if a good man on the spot can be got to serve why should his services not be utilized? The main objection is not to the proxy system itself, but to the indifference and carelessness that characterized its employment. As proxies will not be available interest in the conventions may lapse to some extent, but such interest as was fostered by the system can perhaps be well spared, although it cannot be denied that the C.L.A. has attained a position of considerable importance under it. And Harry O'Loughlin is president! And Toronto for the first time is without a leading officer in the association! Well, Toronto has no ground of complaint, for of the forty clubs represented at the convention, only three were from this city.

* * *

If that Ottawa despatch in The Daily World be true, lacrossists have about made up their mind that strict amateurism does not pay. Otawa, Toronto and Montreal are all going to strengthen up, we are told, by offering inducements in the shape of situations to players. I believe the state of affairs is exaggerated, but, as I have said before, there is no reason why a man should not be a good lacrosse player and a desirable employe at the same time. In common with every other lover of the national game, I should like to see it conducted purely and simply as a gentleman's pastime, but a little sacrifice of principle is sometimes preferable to ruin, and lacrosse in Toronto of late years has reached such a low ebb that it is palpable if the game is to be preserved as a first-class article at all something radical must be done. Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa have made a long and brave fight against promateurism, and if they in a measure surrender now, it is because the pressure of weighty interests demands it. They have incurred great responsibilities which have to be met. If the Capitals and Shamrocks had remained true to the definition in its strict interpretation the others would have doubtless done so, too; and now the fat is in the fire and the long fight for purity is seemingly lost. I am sorry, but apparently it cannot be helped. One thing Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa can depend upon, and that is if they are going in for promateurism at all they had better go in for it thoroughly, or else their last state will be worse than their first; a public that will not stand a poor lot of amateurs will assuredly pay neither heed nor respect to an aggregation of indifferent "pros." In the meantime, what do the cyclists who have just decided by the abolition of Class B, to re-enter the straight path, think of their brethren of the crosse?

* * *

London Field gives a shadow photograph of the bones of the hand of the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton. The photograph has been taken by Mr. A. Campbell Swinton, who regards it as interesting to cricketers to see how little a good wicket-keeper's bones are damaged even by the fastest bowling. The symmetry of the hand is perfect, and the fact that it has received no injury must be regarded as being due in a great measure to the neat and expert wicket-keeping of the owner, who is known also as a good batsman, a formidable antagonist at golf and rackets, and as having held the position of the best amateur tennis player for the last decade. I wonder how Mr. Lyttelton's hand would look if he had added to his many accomplishments that of baseball catcher!

* * *

During the past week we have had what might fairly be termed an abundance in things theatrical. Although the Grand Opera House was dark the first three nights, the last three made ample amends. Still to me "The Artist's Model," was disappointing and unsatisfying. Whether it was because Miss Marie Studholme, of whom the New York and Boston papers had led us to expect a great deal, was under the weather and unable to do herself justice, I cannot say; but the entertainment lagged, notwithstanding that the audience, by bountifully applauding on every possible occasion, showed they were unusually well affected toward both the piece and the performers. Built on the pattern of "The Gaiety Girl," with several of the same performers, "The Artist's Model," is not nearly so light and catchy, nor are the players as a whole up to the same standard. In the female characters the cast is especially weak. Miss Marie Studholme may be everything the fancy of the New Yorkers and Bostonese painted her, but on Thursday night, at least, she was all too little visible. When she appeared in the first act her appearance and business aroused great expectations, but her exertions then told on her to so great an extent that as the evening wore on her indisposition, of which previous announcement had been made, increased, and she was unable to do herself anything like justice. This naturally created a void that the most strenuous exertions of the other performers failed to fill. Apart from that there is not sufficient continuity in the production. Either the stage was overcrowded, or it was so empty as to impress the audience with a sense of weariness and unnecessary extension. But the setting, the costuming and attention to detail were, as is usually the case with English companies, delightful, while the light and shade in the chorus were effectively charming. I was impressed, however, with two double-barrelled ideas—one, what an awful expense the carrying of such a company must be, and what a pity some of the money spent on a too multitudinous chorus had not been devoted to the securing of greater talent for the individual characters, and another that the enjoyment of a large section of the audience would have been greatly enhanced if some of the performers had taken the trouble to previously inform themselves of the acoustic properties of the house. In my seat, somewhat to the back of the orchestra chairs, I could not hear a good deal of the dialogue. That others suffered as I did, I know from overheard remarks. John Coates as Rudolph Blair, was indistinct in his first song, but afterwards he greatly improved, apparently realizing the requirements of the situation. He has an admirably trained, sympathetic voice, as might be expected, considering that his father is recognized as one of the best masters in the whole of England, but it is not of any great strength. He, however, gave the Volunteer song, which corresponds to the "Tommy Atkins" of "The Gaiety Girl," with splendid expression, while Maurice Farkoa brought down the house with an excellently devised laughing song. But the star of the evening was Fred Wright, jr., whose grotesque dancing was among the best I have ever seen, and he was artist enough never to descend to the tricks of the acrobat or contortionist, to heighten its effect. Owing to the excessive kindness of the performers in acceding to encores the piece played a little too long, with the result that the audience were anxious to get home when the curtain fell and paid but little attention to the National Anthem which was excellently sung by the company as the theatre emptied. I cannot help thinking that when a troupe proposes to sing "God Save the Queen," at the close of a performance, a line to that effect in the program would lead to the audience paying both the company and the anthem the small compliment in return of a little attention.

* * *

How the Hanlons continue to crowd as much as they do into a performance and make money passes my comprehension. I fear, however, they somewhat mar the entirety of their productions by profuseness. Good and clever tricks so crowd upon each other that adequate appreciation is made impossible by the very exuberance of the abundance. "Superba" has been before the playgoing public for some years now, but it is brighter, fresher, more enchanting than ever, in spite of the two holocausts to which it has been subjected, one at Cleveland or Pittsburg—I cannot call to mind which just now—and the other at Boston. Looking at the production at the Princess during the past week it was impossible for the old theatregoer to avoid thinking of the wonderful development that has been brought about in the scenic art by electricity. Such beautiful spectacular effects as are seen in "Superba" were impossible in the largest theatres of the world a quarter of a century ago, and now they can be profitably produced by a traveling company! I tell the reader, as one who saw all the greatest pantomimic production at Drury Lane and Covent Garden in the sixties, that the transformation scenes presented by the Hanlons beat anything ever then attempted. In fact, the greatest scenic painters of that day had not dreamt of the possibilities of their art. They crowded the stage with figures well and harmoniously grouped, they threw wealth of talent into their coloring and its arrangement, but they could not produce the rich, dazzling effects that the Hanlons now present, and the audience regard with enthusiasm but hardly with wonder. Of the old "Superba" little but the story remains, and the Hanlons are so rich in device and resource that one in gazing at the new forgets he has ever seen anything like it before. In the second week of the Exhibition "Superba" will be at the Princess again, when our country cousins will be regaled with the merry play and the beautiful scenes, one of which, I might remark, alone cost $6000 originally to produce.

* * *

At the Toronto Opera House, as at the other local theatres, there was during the week an attraction of the first water, but of a very different kind. John Kernell is a remarkably clever artist and a true comedian. His humor is rich and his business void of vulgarity. He is all pure, unadulterated, wholesome fun. It hardly needs the note of explanation in the program for the audience to appreciate the fact that "The Irish Alderman" is a burlesque—that it is in fact a realization of The Puck Alderman. It goes without saying that no city father of any nationality would do the outrageously funny thing that John Kernell does. If he had the will he would lack the wit, and therein Alderman McSweeney has cause to be proud of his personator. To put a long story short, "The Irish Alderman" is replete with fun from start to finish. It is all laughter, and with John Kernell at their head is presented by as able and as amusing a company as any on the road.

THE CAPTIOUS ONE.

TALES OF HON. MEMBERS.

Ontario Members Even Tenor—Ottawa's Vivid Contrast—See the Day of Battle Lower—A Political John Gilpin.

At last, after dreary debates which make a weariness to the flesh, the Ontario Legislature has wound up another session. It cannot be called memorable, for no great strokes of legislation will appear on its record. Still, useful work has been done, and it is all to common to sneer at "ditches and water-courses" regulation. Ontario is a large province, and it has many wants which are asiduously attended to by its representative members. As a body, the Local House is not too friendly to Toronto. Perhaps there is a craze in the Queen City for over-legislation, and seeing the heated discussions in committees for the last two or three years one is not surprised that the chairman should suggest that Toronto keep in abeyance for a few years, and that civic legislation lie fallow.

Much has been expected of the Patrons, but they have as a rule supported the Government. Their roaring has been like that of a sucking dove, and at the end of the session the veteran Sir Oliver finds himself securely ensconced in power, the Opposition have scored few points against his policy as a whole.

FROM THE LAMB TO THE LION.

Prosaic as the proceedings have been at the big building in Queen's Park, no such word will fitly characterize the proceedings of the Dominion Parliament, whose life is fast drawing to a close. What a pity it seems that in the closing days of a moribund House, instead of peace, conciliation, amity and good will being the characteristics, there should be strife, angry passions, recriminations, denunciations and confusion worse confounded! But on this I need not enlarge. The readers of The Sunday World know all about the local legislators' even tenor, and the boil and bubble and party excitement at Ottawa.

In each of these respects Canadian legislatures, founded on the British pattern, fall far behind the Imperial gatherings at St. Stephens, whose Parliament in the finest collection of gentlemen in the world. A few incidents in connection with Parliamentary proceedings and humors of debate I append for the purpose of comparison and for the delectation of the readers of The Sunday World.

There will be many stirring election meetings this spring. The forthcoming campaign promises to be most exciting. Party allegiance will be stained in many constituencies and veteran and stripling will enter the lists for and against the "powers that be." Great as have been campaign meetings at crises in Canada, they never approach in numbers, and only sometimes in enthusiasm, to those in the big cities of the Old Land.

SPELL OF THE GRAND OLD MAN.

Here is an historic occasion, which elder readers of The Sunday World will remember, and which younger ones have read of in accounts of Mr. Gladstone's career—his memorable open-air speech at Greenwich:

Peal after peal of cheering rent the air. There was a waving forest of hats. The cheering was spasmodic—it was too loud to be sustained, and ever, as it drooped a little, was audible the steady automatom-like hissing. But as yet there was little or no hooting, only the bitter persistent hissing in the lulls of the cheering. Mr. Gladstone stood forward bareheaded. There was something deeply dramatic in the intense silence which fell upon the vast crowd when the renewed burst of cheering, with which he was greeted, had subsided. But the first word he spoke was the signal of a fearful tempest of din. From all around the skirts of the crowd rose a something between a groan and a howl. So fierce was it that for a little space it might laugh to scorn the burst of cheering that strove to over-master it. The battle raged between the two sounds, and, looking straight upon the excited crowd stood Mr. Gladstone, calm, resolute, patient. It was fine to note the manly impulse of British fair-play that gained him a hearing when the first ebullition had exhausted itself, and the revulsion was followed so quickly and spontaneously on the realization of the suggestion that it was mean to hoot a man down without giving him a chance to speak for himself. After that Mr. Gladstone may be said to have had it all his own way. When at length the two hours' oration was over, and the question was put that substantially was, whether Mr. Gladstone had cleared away from the judgment of his constituency the fog of prejudice and ill-feeling that unquestionably encircled him and his Ministry, the affirmitive reply was given in bursts of all but unanimous cheering, than none more earnest even greeted a political leader.

A POINTER FOR POLITICAL SPEAKERS.

At a meeting of the friends of Mr. Dixon, when Liberal candidate for Birmingham, the well-known George Dawson said: I hold that it is not wise for a man to ramble over all the points that could be rambled over. You have heard many sermons in your time, and I have no doubt you have suffered under them. I know the fault of preachers—too many heads, and too diffuse upon them all. When I was a boy, I suffered under a very painful preacher of the word. After he had preached a very long sermon, he said, "Lastly," and my little sleepy ears pricked up with hope. I revived—he went on again, and said, "Brethren, finally," and he went on again. Hope deferred made my little heart sick. He then said, "Now, to conclude," but he hadn't done. Ten more dreary minutes, and then he said, "Now, my brethren, a few remarks by way of practical enforcement." (Uproarious laughter.") Now it is the duty of a generous mind to spare others the misfortunes from which it has itself suffered. I could ramble over all sorts of topics, but I think it better to keep to one or two heads."

OLD "PAM'S" CUTENESS.

Mr. Snell has many good stories to tell of Lord Palmerston, and gives an interview with Rowcliffe, the famous butcher, whose encounters with Lord Palmerston delighted an area far outside the limits of Tiverton. One of these related to the period when the lowering of the franchise was a burning question. "Will you make it £6?" Lord Palmerston was asked. "I will—," said His Lordship slowly, the current of his sentence being broken in upon by a roar of applause. "Not," he added when he got a chance. Here broke in a hurricane of howls, during which Lord Palmerston smilingly surveyed the crowd. "—tell you," he continued, finishing the sentence.

"DOG TEAR'EM" ROEBUCK.

A clever, though erratic, Yorkshire member of Parliament was Mr. Roebuck. Speaking in Sheffield, which town he represented, just after he had paid a visit to Cherburg, he said: "The farmer who goes to sleep, having placed the watch dog 'Tear'em' over his rick-yard, hears that watch-dog bark. He, in the anger of a half-somnolence, says, 'I wish 'Tear'em' would be quiet'; and bawls out of the window, 'Down, Tear'em!' Tear'em goes down; the farmer goes to sleep, but is awakened by the flashing in at his window of the light of his ricks on fire.

"I am Tear'em; I tell you to beware. What is the meaning of Cherbourg? It is a standing menace to England."

And are there not some dog "Tear-'ems" in Canada to-day—who can bite, and will bite, as well as bark?

ELECTION SQUIBS AND POETRY.

The well-known "Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder" was often reprinted for electioneering purposes. Following are some of Canning's stanzas:

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

"Tell me, Knife-grinder, how came you to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the squire, or paison of the parish?
Or the attorney?

"Have you not read the 'Rights of Man,' by Tom Paine?
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids.
Ready to fall as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story."

KNIFE-GRINDER.

"Story; God bless you! I have none to tell, sir;
Only last night, a drinking at the Cheequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

"I should be glad to drink your honor's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But, for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

"I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned first!
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance!
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!"

Kicks the knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.

SOME AMUSING INCIDENTS.

When Sir Richard Temple, after a vigorous speech in Parliament, ended up by telescoping his own hat, there arose a Titanic shout of laughter, which even the staid occupants of the two front benches helped to swell. Hats were always matter for merriment in the Lower House. A member who sits upon his "topper" after firing off a speech, invariably achieves considerable popularity for the time being.

A hat need not necessarily be smashed up to arouse laughter throughout the House of Commons. Sir John Gorst, in order to address the Speaker with covered head, was compelled to borrow a hat from a neighbor—Mr. Macartney—inthe absence of his own. He put it on, and hastily addressed the Speaker; but, unfortunately, the size of his head differed most materially from that of the Orange Whip. The loan was insecurely perched on his head in an unquestionably ludicrous manner, and as a result, the question which he put to the Speaker was almost inaudible to the press gallery.

KEEN APPRECIATION OF HUMOR.

On one occasion, in the midst of his earnestness and eloquence over some matter, Mr. Randall, the member for the Gower Division of Glamorganshire, accidentally precipitated himself on to Mr. Abraham, a Welch colleague, who sat below. The House instantly became almost faint with laughter.

But it is not only a mischance of this character which upsets the gravity of the Faithful Commons. The smallest witticism or piece of humor seems often to be the most keenly relished. Mr. Weir is undoubtedly a wit in his way. One evening, during question time, he rose quietly and said: "Number fifty-six, sir." It is customary for a member to rise and say: "I beg to ask the right hon. gentleman (or the hon. gentleman, or my right hon. friend, as the case may be), Question No. So-and-so?" Mr. Weir had tried the effect of an abbreviation. He knew perfectly well that this would upset the gravity of many members. It did.

No one ever understood better how to please the House of Commons with trifles light as air than the late Mr. W. H. Smith, when First Lord of the Treasury. He used often to lay himself out to titillate an uncompromising Opposition, as, for instance, when, by an intentional lapse, he alluded to the senior member for Northampton as the "member for Labouchere." A similar, though unintentional, lapse of Sir Edward Grey's, the Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was "my hon. member," which won its share of applause.

The spectacle of a member struggling past the box with an unusually bulky petition never fails to tickle the House; and once there was a perfect scream when Mr. Bartley, rising to speak from behind a gigantic petition set up on its end, was heard by those opposite, but not seen.

IS THERE AN ANALOGY?

The legend of "John Gilpin" was often pressed into the service of electioneering caricaturists:

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught,
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt when he set out
Of running such a rig.

Whether there be anything analagous in John Gilpin's escapade to that of the present Prime Minister of Canada and his sticking to the Remedial Bill deponent sayeth not.

EBOR.