

FAMOUS OARSMEN OF ST. JOHN

(Continued from page 1.)
mened on Sunday over a splendid sheet of water two hundred yards wide. The course had two turns, and extended over some two miles and a half. The conditions of the first race were: "Four oared boats of the first-class manned by amateurs of all countries, prize 2,000 francs, the second receiving the entire and the third a medal offered by the Societe des Regates Depoiseses."
The entries were:
New Brunswick—Western Boat Club, St. John.
Perseverance (Gaelic)—Rowing Club de Regates Parisiennes.
Mon Etroit—Rowing Club de Regates Parisiennes.
L'Amateur—Royal Sport Nautique de la Meuse, Liege.
Gauloise, No. 2—Societe des Regates Parisiennes.
La Bluerie—Emulation Nautique Bonnaise.
Dolphin—Brighton Rowing Club.
The names and weight of the St. John crew were:

	Stones	Pounds
1—G. Price	10	10
2—E. Ross	11	8
3—S. Hutton	11	8
4—R. Fulton	11	6

The Canadians were supposed not to have a chance and being was strongly against them. They took the lead at the great pace, rowing some 46 or 47 strokes per minute.

A determined race between the Canadians and the Gallings, in which the former always led, but Gallings pressed them very hard up to the buoy. Nearly all fouled at the buoy, including the Canadians, who, however, being without a

fouling the Canadians, there is some reason to fear purposely, especially as they started in their heavy boat, and had no chance, giving in it at 200 yards. In 200 yards the Canadians had drawn out clear of everything, followed pertinaciously by London. Passing the Garage, St. John (London) started and drew half way over New Brunswick and the fine pace shown by the Englishmen seemed likely to tell, especially as this was a straight race, in compliment to the English crew, but at the Tribune, the Canadians quickening their work a little, again drew clear. Below the Tribune the stroke of the New Brunswick slipped from his seat, which enabled London to draw level, but the instant the Canadians had recovered they were plunging away clear of the others, talking and laughing in the easiest manner possible. London by splendid rowing retrieved their defeat by Oxford for the Steward's cup at Henley, although they were unable to beat the Canadians, who rowed at 45 strokes per minute, easy winners by three lengths.

THE GREAT RACE WITH THE WARDS America's Champion Crew Beaten by the Sturdy Wearers of the Pink.

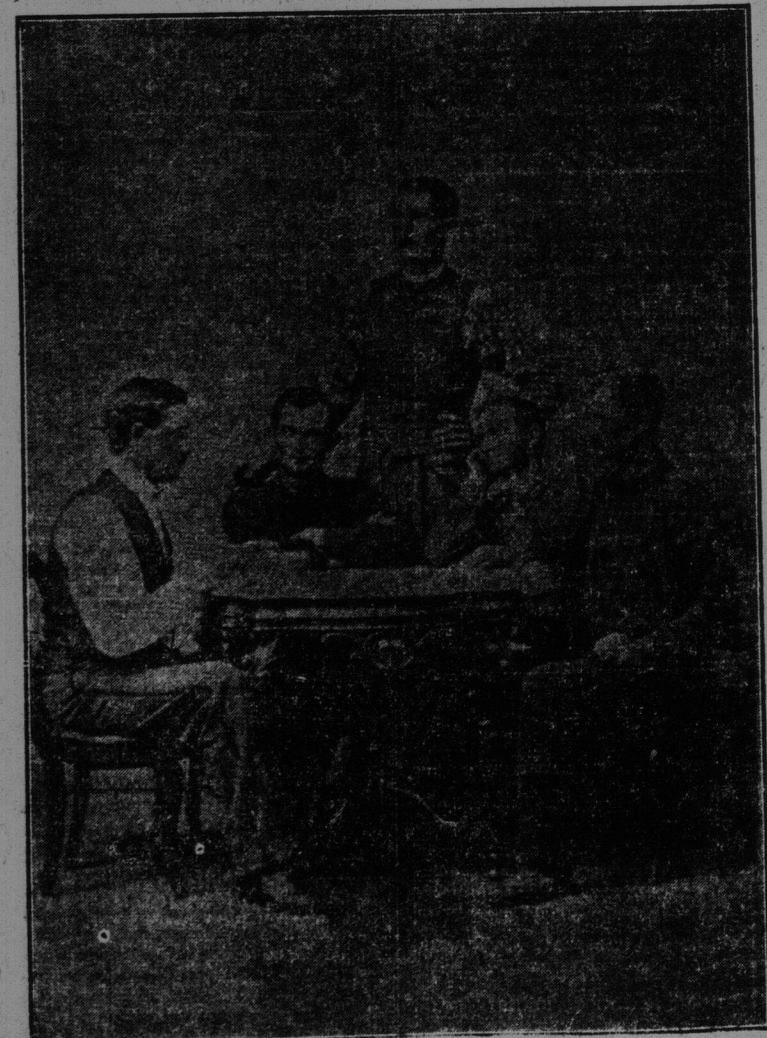
The following account of the great four-oared race between the Paris crew and the Ward Brothers which took place at Springfield, Mass., Oct. 21st, 1888 is taken from "The Spirit of the Times"



THE PARIS CREW, WITH SHERIFF HARDING AND JAMES PRICE.

coxswain, and turning the boat themselves were considerably benefited thereby, and passed round clear.
The Canadians led by four or five lengths at the finish buoy. Gallings was two lengths in front of Mon Etroit.
The other event that St. John captured on that memorable day, July 8, 88 years ago, was for four-oared outriggers, manned by amateurs of all nations. Prize 1,000 francs, the second receiving the entire, and the third a medal.
The entries were—New Brunswick, London Rowing Club, Oxford, Bonnaise Club, Hamburg and three French crews.
The Carleton crew were the same as in the previous race, and stored their own boat, while all the others carried a coxswain. The writer in Bell's Life says: "Oxford and London were the favorites, but the Parisians got a start slightly before the bomb burst, and so held the lead, immediately steering widely and

dated October, 1888 and was from their special correspondent:
"Dear Spirit:—The glory of Israel has departed, and the aquatic championship wrestled from the once famous Ward Brothers and carried off to the jet-bound regions of New Brunswick.
"The crews showed up in the drizzling rain about two o'clock and shed their outer garments—the St. John men in pink shirts, gray drawers and caps of white and crimson, the identical costume which led the van in the great international contest in Paris. The Wards were dressed in white shirts, scarlet drawers, and white cloths tied about their heads.
"The excitement was great and the betting ranged from even to 100 to 80 on the Wards. The preponderance of New Yorkers and their confidence in the Hudson River crew was the cause of the occasional odds. A disinterested observer looking at the two crews, could not fail



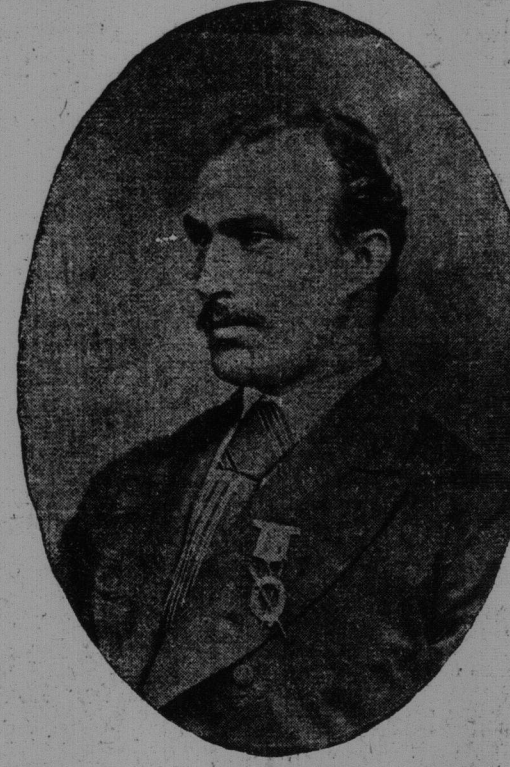
THE WARD BROTHERS, JAMES LEE, JOSHUA, GILBERT, CHARLES, HENRY

THE MEN WHO WORE VICTORIOUS PINK Description of the Paris Crew Written at the Time of the Lachine Race.

Robert Fulton, stroke, is 25 years of age, stands six feet, one inch, and weighs 168 pounds. His complexion is swarthy, and his face bears the impress of indomitable energy and pluck. His shoulders are broad, chest well developed, and joints spare.
Elijah Ross, No. 3, is five feet, eleven inches in height, weighs 158 pounds, and is twenty-five years of age. He too, is of a dark complexion, and is a decidedly handsome man. His muscular development is immense and his whole appearance is that of a trained athlete.
Samuel Hutton, who pulls No. 2, is of a dark complexion and has dark brown hair. He is compactly made, possesses a very considerable development of chest and shoulders and exhibits every appearance of great strength. From his countenance we should judge him to possess more nervous energy than any of his comrades and that he is not one of the slow dogged kind but rather used to going at things with a view to finishing them in a hurry. He is twenty-five years, stands five feet ten inches and weighs 158 pounds.
George Price, bow oar, is the veteran of the crew being thirty-nine years of age. His height is five feet, ten inches and he weighs 154 pounds. His expression of countenance is stern and indicates a long and persevering career. Unlike the rest of the crew his complexion is light and notwithstanding long exposure to the sun his skin retains its usual color.
All of the men were born in or about St. John, and from their childhood up have been almost more at home in the water than on land; Fulton, Hutton, and Price are fishermen in summer and in the winter do ship carpentering, and the hands to any kind of employment, so that line which may offer. Ross has for some years been a light-house keeper.

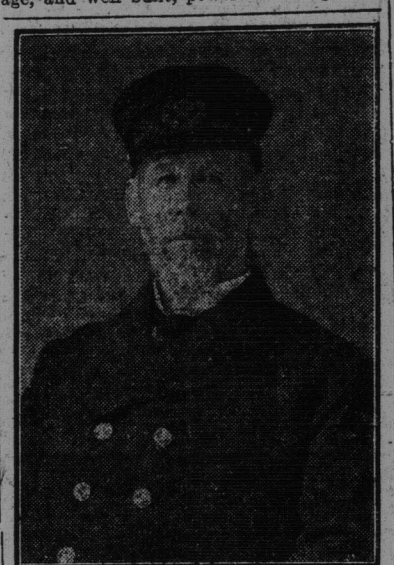
THE BRAWNY MEN FROM THE TYNE Description of the Renforth Crew Which Beat St. John Over The Line at Lachine.

James Renforth, the stroke, and champion sculler of England, is a fine broad-shouldered man of blonde complexion, of enormous muscular development and uncommon strength indicated in every feature. He weighs 174 pounds, is 5 feet 7 1/2 inches in height and girths 42 inches around the chest. He was born at Newcastle and is now 28 years of age. He is very quiet and unassuming, sociable, but not over talkative and there is nothing in his ordinary conversation that would for a moment warrant a stranger in supposing that he was without a successful rival in all England as an oarsman.
James Taylor who pulls bow oar is a very intelligent looking man with activity and elasticity indicated in every movement. He is, perhaps, the smallest of the four, but very tough and wiry looking and with every muscle developed to its fullest extent.
He is of a brown complexion and very affable and communicative. His weight is 149 pounds, 5 feet 7 1/2 inches in height and 39 inches around the chest. He was born at Gateshead, county of Durham, and is now 33 years of age.
Thomas Winslip who pulls No. 3 oar is of light complexion full featured and evidently built on the high-pressure principle. He has a very intelligent look and



ELIJAH ROSS, FROM AN OLD PHOTO

to be impressed with the fine muscular appearance, dogged resolution, and youthful vigor of the St. John crew.
"At the word 'go' from the referee, F. C. Brown, the boats shot away, both crews straining for the lead. The provincials were slapping their thighs and shouting at the rate of forty-five strokes to the minute, and putting them in long and deep. Both kept along well together, the Wards evidently laboring to their utmost.
"At the end of a mile the immense sweep and rapid stroke of the fishermen had swept them ahead of their opponents and at the stakeboat they were ten lengths in advance, going easy with a large fund of reserve speed at command. Coming home the Wards trailed hopelessly behind their young and vigorous conquerors, but manfully sped along in the vain hope that victory might be forced upon them by fate. No such good luck. The Canucks are in the ascendant, and amid roars and shouts and yells of delight and rage and surprise, the St. John crew dashed across the winning line in thirty-nine minutes, twenty-eight and three-quarter seconds, the Champion Four-Oared Crew of the World. The Wards pulled in behind, having been beaten by their opponents, barely half as much as by superior strength and skill.
"There was no disturbance or quarrel over the result. Everybody behaved very well to everybody else—victors and defeated.
"The disgraced New Yorkers swarmed aboard the home train, and thus ended the great race which takes away from us the far-earned championship.
"The race was made in New York for \$1000 a side by Charles B. Elliott, who made the shell that was the victor."



ROBERT FULTON

PARIS CREW'S RACE WITH THE TYNE MEN Graphic Story of the Day at Lachine when England Beat St. John.

Of the memorable race at Lachine on September 15, 1870, when the Paris crew defeated their first defeat at the hands of the Tyne crew, the Spirit of the Times in an excellent special article says:
"At this time the St. Lawrence had been quite smooth, but there was still quite a breeze. In the interim the judges and referee had reconsidered their postponent and agreed that the great race should be pulled off at 3 p. m., but at a quarter of five a dark cloud appeared in the western horizon, threatening a squall. Both the Tyne and Paris crews had been previously notified to be at the starting buoy by 5 o'clock. The Paris crew, having more than a mile to come up from their boat house on the Lachine Canal basin roared up in their boat. They had overcoats on, and were at first unnoticed except by the spot alone in the vicinity. Getting into a boat alongside they stripped and were soon in their shells again in their racing colors of pink and blue. At 7.25 a. m. the referee, T. B. Jones, shouted, 'Are you ready? If not throw up your hands,' and twenty seconds afterwards he gave the word 'go'.
The St. John crew took the water first, pulling at the rate of 42 strokes a minute and gaining on the Paris crew by so doing. Renforth started with a stroke of 38, but saw this error quickly and hastened his speed, but for the first quarter of a mile he was unable to lessen the dis-

"Aye Aye, sir!" answered Renforth in confident ringing tones.
"All ready," said Fulton, glancing over his shoulder at his crew. The referee looked around a moment and then shouted, "Go."
Like two arrows from the bow the shells darted away. The St. John crew held for a few seconds a slight lead, but a little less than a half boat's length; but within fifty yards the Tyne, with their magnificent stroke, placed the bow of the Dunston-Tyne in advance of the Harding, and in one hundred yards more they were upon the lead. Fifty yards more they crossed the St. John men's bow—gave them their wash and the day was won. Rule Britannia's and the six mile race was over, its history written. Was ever a six mile dash between two such crack crews decided in "such a jiffy"? Never within the writer's recollection, however it may be with others. On they sped, the St. John men rowing at 46 to the minute, and the Tyne at 40, yet drawing away from them at every dip of their blades.
At Stony Point the Tyne were three lengths ahead, and at Isle d'Arval four and rowing as if they were out on practice instead of racing.
The Tyne's turned their upper buoy nearly forty seconds ahead, taking six strokes to do it in; the St. John taking thirteen. As soon as the Tyne crew reached the boom some quarter of a mile from the starting buoy, one continued to buzz past the air; they then put on a spurt and at 42 to the minute made their shell fairly jump out of the water, crossing the score 32 seconds ahead of the St. John crew in 40.39.34. The two crews then saluted each other and a little later Renforth visited the officials' boat and made up a collection for their competitors, which netted them a neat sum. This is the custom in England, and it is a good one, as very few of a defeated crew in our waters are left without their fare to journey home with.

The Betting
"The betting was probably the heaviest ever known upon any rowing event in our land. In Montreal, the Tyne crew had the call for a fortnight after their arrival at about \$100 to \$20, but after that the local pride of British North America, and the good rowing record of their pet crew soon made the wagers even and so it remained until the start, neither party taking odds. But as the day wore on toward the meridian, many of the spectators, fearing to uphold the Tyne crew from local pride, by offering money on them, created a little odds in their favor; but this was taken so freely that it was soon "even up" again.
The Tyne crew and their backers played a very judicious course which was illustrated by Renforth's declining the two or three days prior to the race to accept Fulton's wager of \$1,000 when the latter said, "Let us two enter a bet, let us even \$1,000 on the result." Renforth answered that he couldn't go better than \$200. Finally Fulton's offer of \$1,000 was declined. In the city of New York the odds were on the Tyne crew from the day the match was made, steady at \$100 to \$20. A few days before the race a bet of \$1,000 to \$800 was made at Duly's in favor of the Tyne; and many similar and larger wagers were made in other parts of Gotham.

THE FATAL RACE ON THE KENNEBECASIS
When Renforth Died and the Paris Crew Defeated the English Oarsmen.
The race on the Kennebecasis on August 23, 1871, between the Paris crew and the Tyne crew was one of the most notable aquatic events in the world's history. It was in this race that Renforth, the stroke of the Tyne crew, lost his life.
At six o'clock on the morning of the race the crews were up and about in the way of completing their preparations for the race. Renforth was the first man of the Tyne crew to spring from his bed, and with a jovial "Go, up, boys," he started his companions from their ensembles between the sheets. All appeared very gay and expressed confidence in the result of the race, placing wagers of 2 to 1 in support of their belief. The St. John crew got up as usual, but were very quiet, and seemed to feel the great responsibility placed upon them of having to uphold the honor of their province and those who had such great confidence in their prowess, to maintain it.
They had been trained down to the closest pitch, under the guidance of a medical adviser, and they presented the highest possible standard of physical excellence.
The morning opened bright and clear with the water smooth as glass.
The St. John crew won the race and chose the position farthest out from the shore. At 7.25 a. m. the referee, T. B. Jones, shouted, "Are you ready? If not throw up your hands," and twenty seconds afterwards he gave the word "go".
The St. John crew took the water first, pulling at the rate of 42 strokes a minute and gaining on the Paris crew by so doing. Renforth started with a stroke of 38, but saw this error quickly and hastened his speed, but for the first quarter of a mile he was unable to lessen the dis-

tance between the two boats. There was great jubilation on shore, and cheer after cheer went up from the partisans of the St. John crew as they saw the success of their favorites.
The policy of the English crew seemed to be to lead at the end of the first mile, and this they felt assured would give them the race. To effect this, then, Renforth bent all his energies with a doggedness and determination that was almost painful to witness. The steady, level, yet rapid



GEORGE PRICE

stroke of the St. John boat was putting her through the water at a wonderful rate, and to overcome this Renforth put on a series of spurts, about Appleby's wharf where two-thirds of a mile had been rowed, and at which Renforth made his final struggle the St. John boat clearly led him three good lengths of the boat. Kelly shouted, "Give 'em a dozen strokes, Jim!" but although Renforth strove gallantly to re-



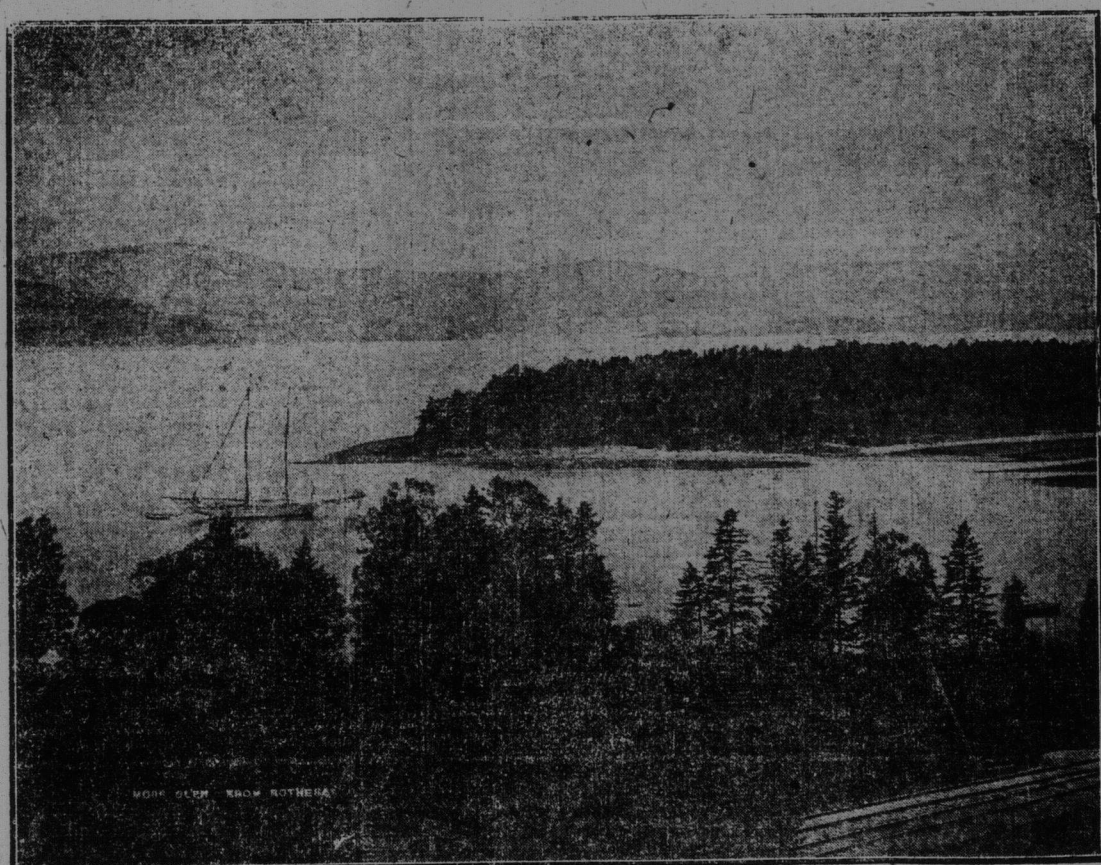
THE LATE SAMUEL HUTTON

spend, the struggle was useless. His ears rose higher and higher from the surface of the water until, after a heavy spurt he fell backwards in the arms of Kelly. On seeing the sudden accident to Renforth the St. John crew were noticed to slacken

was not warranted by the facts of the case, as it was clearly established at the inquest that death resulted from over-exertion. No one felt the death of Renforth any more keenly than did the four men who won the victory.
A London despatch of September 10th said:—"The funeral of Renforth took place today at Newcastle. The attendance was extraordinary, some accounts representing the number at one hundred thousand. The

concourse was so great that the cemetery where the funeral was deposited was much damaged.
The Boston Herald said:—"At the word in boats drew away, the St. John crew

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SCENE ON KENNEBECASIS NEAR ROTHESAY, BEYOND THE FAMOUS RACING COURSE