

## RACES WON IN QUEER WAYS.

Ways in Which These Events Have Been Lost and Won.

It is admitted by most sportsmen that if race-horses were invariably run 'straight,' instead of largely to suit their owners' pockets, the financial side of the Turf would no longer be the vast money exchange it is. But the owner, trainer, and jockey are not the only agencies having a say in this delicate matter.

Let these gentlemen ever so rigidly sacrifice gains to honest sport, and there will still remain the horse to be reckoned with. Some animals have queer constitutions, and only an innate knowledge of all their little peculiarities, and a due regard to them, will insure their running to the top of their form. Many are the strange devices resorted to to improve a horse's speed when the money is on.

A certain shrewd owner ran a colt in precisely half-a-dozen races without once troubling the judge. Then, one day, the sporting public realized the existence of this animal, as also did one or two book makers to their sorrow, for his seventh essay was in a big event, which he captured in brilliant style. The form displayed was a complete reversal of that of the past, and when the colt re-appeared in public he was heavily supported by the latter, despite the fact that an impressed handicapper had laid a heavy hand on him. He was hopelessly beaten—trotting in with the crowd.

Again and again he ran with no better success, till, when everybody, except the 'stable,' regarded him as having dropped back into his old groove of mediocrity, lo! he once more spread-eagled his field—winning a competency in bets and stakes. The colt was thereafter stamped a downright rogue, who would only win when he felt inclined; but the truth was, he possessed to a marked degree, a peculiarity which might have proved a veritable gold mine to his connections if it had not leaked out. Simply, when wanted to win, the horse was regaled with a quart of whisky; if the liquor was omitted, he ran a perfect pig.

Quite recently a steeplechasing mare, owned by a well-known sporting gentleman, surprised the racing world by annexing a race second in importance only to the great Grand National, starting at the lucrative price of twenty to one. Nor were these odds any index to her apparent chance, for she had no pretensions to finish within a hundred yards of many of the animals opposed to her. What still more bewildered the cognoscenti was the fact that the mare, though a confirmed 'roarer' (a congested breather), drew up after the exhausting three and a half miles over country as fresh as paint. Then the explanation came out. The mare had run with a silver tube in her throat—an appliance which completely revolutionized her form.

Some time ago a low racing syndicate got themselves into trouble and disrepute by running its horses with small electric batteries attached to them. A gentle touch by the rider on an artfully concealed button, as the final sprint up the straight was reached, and the astonished steed was shocked into running as it had never run before. Under its influence the veriest hack was guaranteed to win races.

Though this and many other reprehensible practices were ruled foul play and treated accordingly, there still remain many disreputable methods of capturing stakes and bets which, if they could be brought home to the offenders, would quickly earn for them the dreaded warning off notice.

Not long ago a man claimed to have produced a powder which, if given to a racehorse in a little water a few minutes before racing, would insure its running the fastest race of its life. He went the length of practically demonstrating his assertion with the aid of a pony, which, however, failed to last the inspired pace for more than a week.

One or two owners, who valued their bets at more than their horses, were convinced of the efficacy of the discovery, and dosed their charges as directed. The first horse so treated showed terrific fire, and not only raced its jockey to the head of affairs, but declined to ease up after the winning-post had been passed, and ended by negotiating some formidable iron railings with disastrous results to itself.

A second equine victim evinced a desire to be off and doing in anticipation of flag-fall, and galloped a few miles of country, leaving its rider to consider the situation in the downy depths of a mud ditch. A third experimented on animal was affected quite the reverse, for he positively declined to move at all, except to lash out at imaginary tormentors. Finally there was a natural desire on the part of patrons to dose the inventor with his own mixture, but he had gone away leaving no address.

Among lower-class owners, it is an accepted axiom that the best way to guarantee a horse winning is first to insure its losing. So an animal owned by



Mrs. James Constable, Seaforth, Ont., writes:—"Ever since I can remember I have suffered from weak action of the heart. For some time past it grew constantly worse. I frequently had sharp pains under my heart that I was fearful if I drew a long breath it would cause death. In going up-stairs I had to stop to rest and regain breath. When my children made a noise while playing I would be so overcome with nervousness and weakness that I could not do anything and had to sit down to regain composure. My limbs were unnaturally cold and I was subject to nervous headaches and dizziness. My memory became uncertain and sleep deserted me.

"I have been taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and as a result am very much better. I have improved in health and strength rapidly. The blessing of sleep is restored to me. My heart is much stronger, and the oppressive sensation has vanished. I can now go up-stairs without stopping and with the greatest of ease, and I no longer suffer from dizziness or headache. It seems to me the circulation of my blood has become normal, thereby removing the coldness from my limbs. I can truly say that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done me a world of good."

LAXA-LIVER PILLS CURE CHRONIC CONSTIPATION AND DYSPEPSIA.

a none-too-scrupulous book-maker—and many of the pencilling fraternity find investments in horse-flesh immensely lucrative—is fairly but not extraordinarily well handicapped for a race.

It is entered in the programme as belonging to a Mr. Smith, but that gentleman and Mr. Brown, the 'Bank-note King,' are one and the same person. Mr. Smith alias Brown, accepts as much money for the horse as he can get—tempting chary speculators with long odds; yet his trainer may be overheard giving the jockey specific orders to strain every effort and win by as far as he can; and, moreover, the latter has every intention of obeying. But the poor animal has been dosed—perhaps with water simply, or again with something more potent—and all the most frenzied efforts of its pilot are totally unresponded to, the horse being the picture of hopeless incompetency.

As a result it is dropped heavily in the ensuing handicap, upon which Mr. Smith Brown completely changes his tactics. He makes a book for his horse, and backs it heavily as well. Probably a victory follows, and sporting sheets write in eulogistic term of the ability of the trainer who improved his charge in a few days' time beyond all recognition.

## POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

Some Ways in Which Houses get Haunted Names.

Several years ago the inmates of a small respectable dwelling-house in Philadelphia discovered upon the whitewashed wall of one of the rooms the likeness of a human face which faded and returned again. The neighbors came in to view the wonder. Other faces appeared and vanished. Crowds thronged the house and street, and accounts of the mystery were printed in the daily papers.

It was to no purpose that scientific men insisted that the figures were caused by moldy growths which came and went with the dampness, and that the likeness to the human face was imaginary. The house was pronounced by the public to be haunted, and the owner was unable to find a tenant for it for years.

About the same time another mystery came to light in one of the mountain countries of Pennsylvania, and commanded public attention. It was a pane of glass in the window of a farm house in which appeared a face of a woman looking out.

She could be seen only by a person standing outside at a certain angle. At first it was declared to be the ghost of a former owner, but when the public took hold of the matter it was decided that each spectator saw a different ghost, that of the dead friend for whom he cared most. Many visitors made pilgrimages to inspect this defective pane of glass.

Now is it only the ignorant who are moved by these cheap mysteries. One of the most stately mansions is Berkeley Square, in London, stood vacant for a long time because it was said to be haunted by ghosts, who appeared one at a time, night after night, in an attic window, with a single candle burning dimly beside them. It was explained that the house had been left in care of a crazy butler, who chose thus to exhibit the family portraits, one after another, to the public; but in spite of the explanation, the mansion could find no tenant, even among the educated class who occupied the houses of its grade.

Many of us are superstitious and alert to find mysteries in unlucky numbers, in spilled salt or haunted houses. There is a mystery behind each tree or stone or bit of matter—the power and the wisdom of the Unknown; but we do not look for that.

## First Aid.

The wrecking of a ship on the coast of Cornwall enables the Cornish Magazine to report a brief but amusing emergency lecture.

All the crew had been saved, but one poor fellow was brought ashore unconscious. The curate turned to the bystanders:

"How do you proceed in the case of one apparently drowned?"

"Search his pockets," was the prompt reply from an experienced rescuer.

## Kings Marry Young.

Of the chief sovereigns of Europe not one has waited until he was thirty before marrying, and of their consorts none reached a greater age twenty-two. The men married at an average age of twenty-three, and their wives, at the time of marriage, averaged only nineteen and a half.

The King of Sweden and Norway was the most patriarchal bridegroom, at the age of twenty-eight. The Czar married at twenty-six; the King of Italy and the Emperor of Austria waited two years less, and married at twenty-four.

Twenty-two was considered old enough by the German Emperor and the Kings of Portugal and Greece. Own own Prince Consort and the King of Roumania married at twenty, and the King of Belgium was bold enough to marry at eighteen.

The late Queen of Denmark was one of the oldest of Royal brides, although she was but twenty-four. Her daughter the Princess of Wales, beat her mother by six years and married at eighteen. The Czars and the German Empress married at twenty-two; the Queens of Portugal and Sweden at twenty-one; our Queen at twenty; and the Queen of the Belgians at "sweet seventeen," the age at which two of her daughters also wed. Even this youthful record was eclipsed by the Queens of Rumania and Greece and the Empress of Austria, who married at the age of sixteen.

## Is May Unlucky?

It has been considered unlucky to be married in May ever since the days of Ovid, and those people who have spent their time in looking up reasons have given what they consider to be the origin of the superstition as follows:

In ancient Rome there was held in May a festival called the L. mures, which was a ceremony in honor of the speeches of departed souls. It became with the Romans what we should call "bad form" to have matrimonial feasts at the season of a solemn ritual, being, no doubt, thought to be an insult to the dead to marry at such a time.

From this a number of stories grew of revenge made by the outraged ghosts upon those who dared to disregard them, and if anything unfortunate happened to a couple who had been married in the month of May it would, of course, have been put down to retribution.

## Unique and Successful.

Those who are skilled with the needle know a quieting effect sewing or embroidery has upon the nerves. Perhaps this is why the philanthropic work for five years carried on among the insane women patients in a certain institution has been so successful.

The poor unfortunate are taught the fine arts of needlework, embroidery, and similar feminine occupations. The psychological explanation of the thing is difficult to understand, but it is a fact that they do acquire remarkable skill, with any perceptible improvement in their mental condition, but with considerable moral advantage, since they are the quieter and happier for it.

At first it was applied to the wards for the weak-minded. Later it crept into the other wards, and has finally reached the violently insane.

## FLASHES OF FUN.

No wind serves him who embarks on a voyage to no certain port.

A schoolboy wrote: 'Soldiers are of three kinds—tin soldiers, real soldiers and volunteers.'

First disputant: 'Then I'm a liar.'

Second Ditto: On the contrary, my dear fellow—you have just spoken the truth.'

Landlord: 'I'll have to raise your rent.'

Tenant: 'For what?'

Landlord: 'They've changed the name of this street, and it is now an avenue.'

Mr. Fowler (in a great rage): 'You're no longer a spring chicken, Maria.'

Mrs. Fowler: 'You're the same old goose, though.'

During the Solo.—The Man: 'Anyway, her singing drowns conversation.'

The Maid: 'Dear me! I always understood that drowning was an easy death.'

Patient: 'I wish to consult you with regard to my utter loss of memory.'

Doctor: 'Ah—yes—why—er—in cases of this class I always require my fee in advance.'

Interesting to husbands.—Child: 'And how do they know it's a man in the moon, mamma, dear?'

Mother: 'Because it's always out at night, darling.'

'Tommy: 'Mother, may I have Jimmy Briggs over to play on Saturday?'

Mrs. Fogg: 'No. You make too much noise. You'd better go down to his house and play.'

Doctor: 'You say you think something is the matter with your wife?'

Anxious Husband: 'I'm sure of it. She hasn't had the baby photographed for thirteen days.'

Spacer: 'I believe that if Shakespeare were alive at the present time and trying to live by his pen in London, the comic papers would reject many of his best jokes.'

Humorist: 'I know it. I have tried 'em all.'

Emmy: 'I've got an invite to the Charity Ball, but I haven't the least idea what I am to go in. What would you wear, Fanny, if you had my complexion?'

Fanny: 'A thick veil.'

Showman: 'Now, then, ladies and gents, don't delay if you want to see the fat lady in her prime. She's just been jilted by the skeleton gentleman and she's taking on so that she's losing weight every hour. Tomorrow she won't be worth seeing.'

'Yes,' said Miss Giltinton, the 'Count is such a shy man. But he has proposed to me at least. It is very amusing, for he was dreadfully embarrassed.'

'So I understand,' replied Miss Cayenne 'financially.'

'Excuse me,' said the mystified one, 'I may appear impertinent, but my curiosity has got so much the best of me that I must venture a question.'

'What is it?'

'Are you a gentleman going golfing or a lady going cycling?'

'Ah,' he cried, kneeling at her feet, 'say you will marry me, and I will be your devoted slave for life.'

'Arise, Henry,' she answered, 'you will not do. That was what my first husband said, and before we had got fairly out of the church he began telling me how he wanted me to wear my hair.'

'Which do you love most—your papa or your mamma?'

Little Charlie: 'I love papa most.'

Charlie's Mother: 'Wh., Charlie, I am surprised at you. I thought you loved me most.'

Charlie: 'Can't help it, mamma; we men have to hold together.'

'Ever quarrel with your wife?'

'No.'

'Have any trouble with your servants?'

'No.'

Children ever worry you?'

'No.'

'Great Cessar, man! how's that?'

'Ain't married; live by myself.'

A farmer was complaining to some bystanders that he did not know what was the matter with his horses. He had tried everything he could think of, condition powder and all other specifics, but to no purpose. They would not improve in flesh. A stable-boy, whose sympathies were aroused by the story, comprehended the situation, and modestly asked:—

'Did you ever try corn?'

A detective agency.—Sweet girl: 'Pa, the house next door was robbed last night.'

Pa: 'Mercy! Next door?'

Sweet girl: 'Yes, and the burglars have been in two or three houses on this terrace within a week.'

Pa: 'I know it. It's terrible! But what can we do?'

Sweet girl: 'I was thinking it might be a good plan for Mr. Nicofello and me to sit up a few nights and watch for them.'

As He Put It.—Bonaparte, when a mere general, addressed his followers in these words:—

'Soldiers, you have gained a great victory.'

When First Consul, he exclaimed:—

'We have conquered.'

But Napoleon, wearing an imperial crown, opened his bulletins with:—

'I have triumphed over my enemies.'

In this way he marked the three great phases in his ascent, as polar stars to the future historian.

## He Did Not Say It.

Everybody knows the man who is careful never to say 'No' abruptly in answer to a

question. 'No' is a hard word, but one may sometimes be made ridiculous by a reluctance to utter it.

A certain man who had this habit was once met by two ladies who had been discussing the peculiarity, and one of them said that she was positive she could make him say, 'Oh no,' flatly. So she addressed him thus:—

'Let me see Mr. Smith, you are a widower, are you not?'

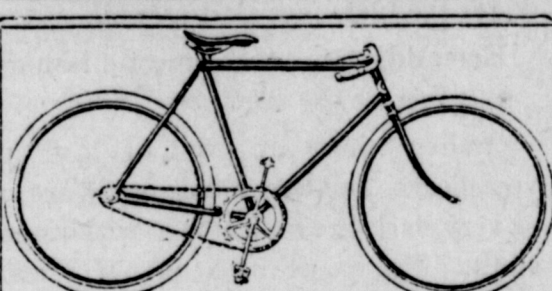
'As much a widower, madam,' he answered with a polite inclination of his head, 'as it is possible for a man to be who was never married.'

The lady had to own herself beaten.

## Cannot Appreciate Danger.

'It is amazing,' said a harbor-master to the writer recently, 'how difficult it is to make some people realise the dangers of the waves. I have repeatedly heard people say, when a dangerous gale has been raging, and when the sea here has been a perfect death trap, that they really don't see why ships should not dare to enter or leave the harbor. The fact is, they come from inland towns, and their heads are stuffed with such absurd nonsense that they really expect to see waves as big as hills; but you cannot convince them that the real danger of the seas lies in their uncertainty and terrific force, and not their height.'

'I remember once, during a heavy gale here, a man stripping and getting on to the outer pier, over which enormous seas were breaking. He was going to show, he said, how a strong swimmer could overcome a rough sea. In spite of all warnings he plunged in. In an instant he had been picked up by a hissing wave, and dashed lifeless upon the rocks. That unfortunate man was one of the people who cannot be convinced about the awful power of the waves, and the fearful danger they run in encountering them.'



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