

STRONGER THAN ANY.

SANDOW THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE WORLD.

How He Began His Career and Found Out His Strength—His Wonderful Performances—Some Amusing Incidents in Connection With His Career.

Of the splendidly developed specimens of humanity, and the men gifted with exceeding strength whose names are known to the public, Mr. Eugene Sandow is undoubtedly the man with whose name most people are familiar. Born in 1867, in the town of Konigsberg, he is just over thirty-one years of age.

Strong as he is to-day, he gave no indications of his remarkable development in his youth. Until he was ten years of age he was so delicate a child, that on more than one occasion his parents feared that they would not be able to rear him, while until he was seventeen he was a delicate youth, pale, without energy, and weak. In his early teens he used to frequently visit the Art galleries, and was struck with the sculptures showing wonderful muscular developments, which he could not help contrasting with his own slight frame. As other boys are fascinated by the prowess of their school-fellows and of the strong men they meet, young Sandow desired to emulate the development of the inanimate marble. His father wanted him to be a priest. He had no vocation for that calling, however, for his tastes ran toward a freer life. Art fascinated him, but his first desire was not to develop beautiful things on canvas or in marble, but to develop himself into a figure beautiful enough to compare with those which enchained his young attention. In order to learn how to develop his body he came to the conclusion that the best thing to do was to learn about his body. Therefore he began to study about anatomy, which he pursued diligently in the schools, dissecting bodies in just the same way as if he were going in for the study of medicine. His preliminary education in this direction began in Göttingen, and was finished in Brussels, where, indeed, he passed an examination qualifying him as a 'doctor of anatomy,' and permitting him to treat all muscular troubles.

During this time, however, he was constantly exercising himself, gaining health and strength, and some little prestige by an occasional performance as an amateur wrestler and athlete. When he was twenty-one, he was very strong indeed. About this time the death of a relative took him to Venice, where he made the acquaintance of Mr. Aubrey Hunt, the artist. Samson and Cyclops were the two strong men who were then attracting all London with their feats of strength at the Aquarium. Samson offered a prize of £100 to anyone who could perform the feats of his pupil Cyclops, and £1,000 to anyone who could beat his own. Mr. Hunt related the fact to his young Herculean friend, and, having seen some of his feats of strength, suggested that he should try for the prize. They had arranged to come to London in the course of a few weeks. 'Yes,' said Sandow, when Mr. Hunt had finished, 'I will go. We will start to-day.' They started that day. In due course they arrived in London. It was six o'clock in the evening. Sandow went off and got a friend to act as interpreter. That night he appeared at the Aquarium, and accepted the challenge. People laughed when he went on the stage. His ordinary evening dress concealed his extraordinary muscular development. When he took off his coat and waistcoat, however, the laughed changed to wonder. That same night Cyclops was defeated and the £1000 was won. Then Samson was challenged and on November 2nd, 1888, in the presence of the greatest crowd which that building had ever seen, and with the Marquis of Queensberry and Lord de Clifford as judges, Sandow defeated Samson, although it may be remarked in passing that he never got the £1,000 which accompanied the challenge.

That incident determined his career. The managers of all the chief places of amusement wanted to engage him and as he desired in the first place to travel, and thought that by building up a reputation for himself he would be better able to carry out the scheme he had long fostered in his mind of inducing others to go in for physical culture merely as a means of getting health, he accepted one of the offers. It was £150 a week for a period of six months. He has been filling engagements ever since, but now he intends to withdraw from public life to devote himself to supervising his schools.

The fact that, like so many other extraordinarily developed men, he does not appear excessively big in ordinary clothes, has led to not a few curious incidents. One of these happened in Paris. He and a friend were supping in a public room one night and their laughter and conversa-

tion in German made a party of Frenchmen angry. After having made several rude remarks at them, which were unnoticed, one of the Frenchmen went up to Sandow and said, 'I have had enough of your laughing. If you don't stop, I will make you.'

The consciousness of his almost super-human strength has always made Sandow, as it has made other men, exceedingly gentle and good-natured, and undesirous of getting into anything like a physical encounter. He therefore suggested that the young man should go away. This only angered him the more, and he slapped Sandow's face. Still Sandow refused to retaliate. The Frenchman struck him a second blow. His friend jumped forward to take Sandow's part, but the latter held him back. A third time the Frenchman struck Sandow; this time a blow on the nose which brought the blood in streams. Sandow rose quietly from his place, walked over to the young man, picked him up, knocked his knees and head together, and banged him down in the centre of the table, which broke with the force of his blow. Then he sat down, lighted a cigar, and began to smoke, to the amazement of the young men. A policeman was fetched, and Sandow was taken to the police-office, but some of the friends of the man who was hurt attested to the fact that he had not been to blame, and he was let out on bail. The young man was unconscious for a day and a half, but recovered entirely, and is now one of Sandow's greatest friends.

Sandow is probably the only man living who has ever had a fight with a lion and survived to tell the tale. The beast weighed 530lb., and only a week before he tackled it had killed its keeper. When he was in San Francisco a fight had been advertised between a bear and a lion, but the authorities would not allow it to come off. Sandow thought he would like to test his strength against that of the monarch of the forest, and as the authorities did not interfere to prevent this fight, it took place. As cruelty was forbidden, the man could not be armed with a dagger to equal the claws and teeth of the brute. It was therefore decided that mittens should be put over the beast's feet, and his mouth should be muzzled, so that it might be a case of strength against strength. After a great deal of trouble, and some hours' work, the lion was muzzled and its feet covered.

Sandow entered the cage stripped to the waist. The tussle began. The lion sprang at him—Sandow dodged and the brute missed. Before it could recover, Sandow picked it up in his arms and threw it heavily onto the ground. Again the man dodged. Again the man picked it

up in his arms, and thus chest to chest, with the lion's forepaws over his shoulders, the struggle began. In spite of the mittens over his feet, the brute's claws tore through Sandow's tights and lacerated his skin. The third round finished the fight. Sandow allowed the lion to jump on his back, and gripping the brute's neck in his hands he flung the beast over his head on to the ground. Human intelligence and human strength were, in this particular instance, too much for the strength of the beast, a single blow of whose tail has knocked the life out of a man.

After every performance Sandow jumps into a bath of cold water, and if the weather is very hot he even goes so far as to put ice into it. Well rubbing down with a course towel which is so frequently recommended is, however, one of the things he does not advocate; for himself, he invariably gets into his clothes while his body is wet, his circulation being so splendid that he can do this without any ill-effect whatever. People who are not in through training should not try it, however or they may feel uncomfortable and ill in consequence of their rashness.

TOO FORWARD.

She Hadn't Been Presented But She Went to the Ball.

The English lady whose reminiscences are entitled 'Foreign Courts and Foreign Homes,' says that in her girlhood she was staying in Paris, and one day went to call upon her relative, Lord Malmesbury. He was not at home, and she took up a book and sat down to wait for him.

Soon the door opened, and a gentleman entered. I, in my girlish ignorance, thought him rather free and easy, as he also sat down and entered into conversation with me. We discussed French politics, and he asked me why I wore violets.

'Because,' said I, 'I am an Imperialist. I also informed him that my sister was a poor, misguided Legitimist. We got deeper and deeper into politics. I told him how the different factions called the emperor Ce Monsieur-la. I made him roar by telling him Montalembert had called on us yesterday, and how, during his visit, we had heard a commotion and all rushed to the window. The Emperor was passing.

'What did Montalembert do?' asked my acquaintance. 'He made me furious,' I replied. 'For he was facing the window, and deliberately pulled his chair round, and said to me, "I turn my back on him." So I rushed at him, seized him by the collar and forced him to turn round.'

My sister then entered the room, and looked daggers at me for talking with an unknown Frenchman. Presently she walked out, and my friend said:

'What a striking looking girl! She is like one of Scott's heroines. "And what am I like?" I asked eagerly. "You," said he, looking at me fixedly,



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'have a gift which belongs to few people, and which I should like. You have the gift of gab, and no mistake!'

'I was angry then, and nearly cried with vexation. "Are you coming to the Tuileries ball next week?" asked he. "No," said I, sadly. "I can't come. I have never been presented at our court. I would give anything to come. I have never seen the emperor in my life."

An amused look came over his face, and I left the room to join my sister. Then Lord Malmesbury came in, and I heard him and the stranger talking and laughing in the next room, evidently discussing some very good joke. Taen Lord Malmesbury joined us, furiously angry. I was afraid of him, and so I determined to carry matters with a high hand.

'Who is your shabby-looking friend?' I asked, trying to put on a brave face. 'My shabby-looking friend is the Emperor of the French. A nice opinion he will have of my cousins!'

'This was a downfall to my pride. I had talked too much! But next day there came an invitation to the Tuileries ball, and I knew the emperor had forgiven me.

STILL THE FIRM LIVED.

It is well to take an interest in your employer's business, but it is not well to presume on your worth. No man or boy is absolutely indispensable, although he may occupy a very exalted position.

A laughable instance is related about a young man who was a traveller for a large wholesale house. He was clever, and a hard worker, but exceedingly bumptious. A favourite opinion of his was that the firm could not get along without him.

'I have no doubt,' he said one day, 'that if I should die, the firm would have to put up the shutters inside of a year.'

He had made the same remark many times before, but this time some envious clerk carried it to the ears of the firm.

The senior partner sent for him next day. 'I understand, Mr. Smart,' he said, gravely, 'that you think the firm would fail if you died.'

Mr. Smart hemmed and hawed, and tried to turn it off as a joke, but it wouldn't do. 'It has worried me very much,' continued the senior partner, 'and so we have

decided to try an experiment. Just consider yourself dead for a year. Mr. Smart, and if at the end of the year the firm feels itself dying, we will send for you.'

'But, sir—' 'That will do, Mr. Smart. You may go.' He went, a sadder and much wiser young man, and the firm did not die after all.

Wholesale.

Baptisms and marriages have sometimes occurred on a wholesale scale. Whole tribes, for instance, have in olden days been compulsorily Christianised and, for the purposes of baptism, driven, whether they would or no, into the river at the point of the lance. Probably the largest number ever baptised in this country at the same time was one hundred and twenty-five, who were baptised at the church of St. Laurence, Dartmouth Street, Birmingham, by the vicar on the evening of the first of June last. The candidates ranged from the tiniest infants in arms to boys and girls of thirteen and fourteen.

The adult congregation consisted almost wholly of women, the mother in most cases being the only sponsor. It was a curious sight to watch the clergy (with the help of their lay-assistance, who carried bowls of water—taken from the font) passing through the lanes of mothers and babies, many of the latter loudly protesting against the sprinkling. It was half-past ten before the registration was completed. Thirty-eight people (nineteen couples) were married at the same time at St. John's Church, Waltham, on the first of August last (a Bank Holiday), comprising all sorts and conditions—costermongers, engineers, tailors, and carmen.—Cassell's Journal.

The Difference.

One of the neatest examples of the tables being turned upon a bullying counsel was afforded by a clergyman who gave evidence in a horse-dealing case at Worcester assizes. He gave a somewhat confused account of the transaction in dispute, and the cross-examining counsel, after making several blustering but ineffective attempts to obtain a more satisfactory statement said:—

'Pray, sir, do you know the difference between a horse and a cow?'

'I acknowledge my ignorance,' replied the reverend gentleman. 'I hardly know the difference between a horse and a cow, or between a bull and a bully—only a bull, I am told, has horns, and a bully—here he made a respectful bow to the advocate—'luckily for me, has none.'

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Dr. Nicdola Senn tells the story of one of the sailors on the flag-ship New York who had been wounded in the leg, and when the surgeons told him that the wounded member would be two inches shorter than the other he begged them to take a reef in both while they were about it, because he wanted to be the same length on both sides. He reminds us of the old lady who thanked fortune she was equally lame in both limbs, so that no one could say she limped.

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