

Local Bicycle Racing.

Who Will Participate in the Speed Events This Season.

At present the bicycle racing outlook for the three lower provinces appears good. Pretty nearly all the riders of note are already awheel and some are actually getting into trim for whatever the Queen's birthday may offer in the way of worthy competition. Moncton seems to be the centre of interest from the fact that the management of the track in the railway town have signified their intention of hustling matter all next season, and of procuring as many of the stellar attractions in the wheeling world as possible. An effort will be made to hold the Maritime championship meet there again this year, although the outcome of such effort is doubtful. Now that the Marsh Bridge grounds and track in this city are in new hands the difficulty of last year will perhaps be overcome and the big meet may possibly be held here, as was intended last season. What St. John is sadly in need of though is a brand new and up-to-date track.

Fredericton is contemplating the holding of bicycle sports on the 24th of May, and also St. Stephen, but if the latter town adheres to the idea Fredericton may drop out until the 28th, when the University has its closing. However the desire among racers seems to be for a meet at Fredericton on the holiday, as the track is first class and there is sure to be good lively contests.

Oxford, N. S., is getting to be a real lively little wheeling town and hopes to have a congregation of the speedy ones within her limits before the season flits by. Amherst and Chatham may have meets. The Sussex exhibition track is going to be much improved and races will be held there even if it is as late as the fall fair. Charlottetown is contemplating the holding of no less than three meets, but there seems to be a little bit of strained feeling between the N. S., and N. B., riders and their Island brethren over the alleged unfair riding of the latter at the Moncton championship last season. The new Brunswickers and Nova Scotians claim the Islanders come over in force and what they couldn't win fairly, they jockeyed. But this unpleasantness will no doubt be forgotten when the sporting caldron gets to boiling again.

In St. John, Billy Merritt, Ned Dalton, Garnett, Walter Davidson and possibly the skater Fen Parker, will be seen in racing attire. Swatridge the boy rider, will also be on the track. With the exception of Swatridge all these riders are speed skaters and have more or less knowledge of track events. Merritt, Dalton and Davidson are "old stagers" at the wheeling game by this time, especially Davidson whose trophies would fill a barrel.

Up in Fredericton Chauncy Coleman, Staples, Barratt, Mason and Camber will be competitors in the most popular meets. Moncton intends to be ably represented by Stanley, McDonald, Smith and Merritt.

Among the young riders of prominence and promise in the Maritime Provinces might be mentioned the following:—

Louis Large of Charlottetown will ride an E & D racer this season and will participate in all the principal events on the Island. Probably the only event he will be present at on this side of the Straits will be the Maritime championships. Last season at the C. W. A. meet, Large won the half mile event winning the Brunswick Hotel cup.

Byron Brown of Charlottetown will probably not participate in many meets outside his own province, until the big maritime assembly.

Fred Muntord, the Amherst lad will in all probability not be seen on the track this year. His last race was the five mile event at New Glasgow last season, where he was defeated.

Jardine of Antigonish won the five mile championship at Moncton last fall. He will be out bright and early again this year for honors. Of strong build and weighing nearly two hundred pounds he is a hard man to go up against. Jardine mounts a Cleveland.

Harry Hills of Oxford, N. S., is more of a sprinter on the wheel. Quick as a flash on the start, he can cut an awfully dizzy pace for short distances, but it has been stated he is not going to race much this year, although he was pretty well up in the Canadian pool last season.

Jack and Harry Grant of New Glasgow are two fast riders and have figured conspicuously in many provincial and interprovincial events.

Walter Davidson, the Moncton rider, will this year hail from St. John. He will be aboard a Stearns racer and proposes to

appear in all the meets down in this part of Canada. His efforts for the coming season will be particularly directed toward securing an honor place in the grand aggregate of points. Last year he was fifth for points in all Canada and is credited with having broken the Lower Canadian record for one mile by six seconds. The record is 2 1/4. He won the quarter and two mile championships at the C. W. A. meet in Moncton last fall, capturing D. Pottinger's and W. A. Humphrey's trophies. Davidson has several shields full of medals, numerous cups, a silver service or two and many other valuable prizes.

Doing It Well.

Half heartedness never wins in this world. If a thing is not worth doing, do not do it, is a good rule. The late Robert Louis Stevenson was always an enthusiast in whatever he undertook, even when at play.

His stepdaughter, Mrs. Isabel Strong, who was for a time his amanuensis, says that Stevenson used to maintain that no one could write a good story who was not a good player—who could not enter fully into the spirit of the game. He himself threw all his energies into whatever he might be playing.

At one time he was visiting a house where a small boy was 'playing boat' on the sofa. When the lad got tired he did not wait for the ship to come to port, but got down from the sofa and walked toward the door.

Stevenson, who was watching him eagerly, cried out to him, in apparent alarm 'Oh, don't do that! Swim at least!'

Thanksgiving Day at Guam.

Thanksgiving intelligence from Guam, although somewhat belated, was of a cheering sort, as befits the day.

The governor of the island in his report to the Secretary of the Navy, in speaking of the services in honor of the day, held in

the Roman Catholic church says that the congregation in attendance was so large that it completely packed the edifice and overflowed outside into 'rows fifteen deep.' 'The entire assemblage,' the governor observes, 'seemed to evince a sincere, earnest and devout interest in this their first American Thanksgiving day.'

And throughout the island the people were equally and heartily responsive in their observance of the day, thus testifying to their 'cordial and faithful acceptance of the radical change in government,' concludes the governor.

HARD THING TO SAY ABOUT A BOY.

Harlem Man's Young Hopewell Resents a Negative Compliment.

Two Harlem men were coming downtown the other morning in a surface car, one of whom has a State reputation for his plainness of person. He calls it an absence of personal pulchritude, but that is merely an euphemistic distinction without a difference. Part of the way with them came the ten-year old son of the other one, who left the car at a cross street.

'That's a bright boy,' said the fond father looking after him as the youngster hopped out of the way of the next car.

'Yes,' said the homely man, 'I've got one myself.'

'They're a great blessing, aren't they?'

'That depends,' admitted the homely father as if in doubt.

'I don't understand,' said the other in a more or less horrified tone.

'Well, a bright boy,' explained the homely man, 'is all right up to a certain limit, but you don't want him to be too dazzlingly brilliant. That's the kind I think mine is. I'm afraid he'll strike a sort of meteoric career when he grows up and land in the legislature or the penitentiary or some place like those. Last week a friend of mine met him on the street with his mother. It was an old friend who had known us before we were married. 'My, my, he' said patting the boy on the head, 'how very much you look like your father.'

And instead of thanking him and being pleased, what do you suppose my brilliant offspring said? Why he gave a short grunt of disapproval and responded, 'Well I think that's a hard thing to say about a boy that never done anything to you.'

'Didn't his mother reprove him?' in-

quired the other one sympathetically.

'No, she only laughed. I'm beginning to lose confidence in the mothers of the rising generation, too,' and the sensitive father bowed beneath his burden of homeliness.

Dangers From the Cold and Blustering Spring.

From New York Herald.

'The present fall of temperature over a large area of country, and the probability of its continuance for some time, is very likely to affect the public health by the increase of all such troubles as commence with the "ordinary cold." In this connection we cannot lose sight of the fact that grip is still prevailing, and although it has been on the wane there is a threat in the present cold wave of a revival of the former malignancy of the scourge.'

We can hardly congratulate ourselves that the danger from pneumonia is likely to be less with the incoming and inclement spring than it was in the months gone by. It goes without the saying, then, that we cannot take too many precautions.'

Dr. Humphreys' Specific "Seventy-seven" ("77") restores the checked circulation (indicated by a sudden chill), the first sign of taking Cold; starts the blood coursing through the veins and so "breaking up" the Cold. Manual of all diseases, especially about children, sent free.

For sale by all druggists, or sent on receipt of price, 25c. and \$1.00. Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., Cor. William & John Sts., N. Y.

Deserved a Cracker.

A Philadelphia newspaper reports the case of a parrot that protected her owner's home from burglars. The thieves entered through one of the front parlor windows, crept through the hall past the bird, and began opening the sideboard in which the silver was kept.

One of them had gathered up the costly Turkish rugs on the floor when Polly spoke out.

'Is that you, Frank?' she asked.

The burglars stopped, and Polly repeated the question in a louder and more imperative key. By this time the noise had awakened her master.

He grasped a revolver, and made for the head of the stairs. There he pressed an electric button on the wall and lit the

lights in the hall. Three men were just then opening the front door.

On getting down-stairs, the master of the house found the parrot in her cage under the piano. The cage was upset, but the bird uninjured. He placed her right side up on the piano, when she lifted her frightened head from under her wing and asked again:

'Is that you, Frank?'

An Old Slave's Devotion.

The St. Joseph, Mo., News gives a touching story of a very old white woman and her former slave. 'Our affections and beliefs are wiser than we; the best that is in us is better than we can understand.' So wrote Stevenson; and this incident illustrates clearly how the best in others, even in the lowliest, is better than we can understand.

A short time ago the commissioner of the poor in St. Joseph heard of an old negro woman living in a house that lacked much of being a mansion, but was clean. She was said to be in need of help, being sick and unable to work, and the commissioner went to see her.

He found an aged white woman in the house. The white woman who is probably eighty years old, used to be the mistress of the old negro woman who lay dying in the house.

The white woman was once rich and aristocratic, but had been left penniless and without a relative in the world. Then the old negro woman took her in. She kept her twenty years, and when the commissioner of the poor offered to send her to the county farm the dying negress, whose name was Matilda Mansfield, objected.

She had sent for her daughter from Iowa she said, and her daughter would take the aged white woman home with her. 'She shall never go to the poor farm while any of us live,' added the old negress.

Matilda Mansfield died and was buried. The daughter took the aged white woman, whose name is unknown, and whose face has been forgotten years ago by those who knew her when she was a woman of wealth. Only the humble people who knew and served her in those days remember her now; but they provide for her wants, and wait on her as they did in the time when she had the right to command them.

Rats on a Wreck.

A correspondent of the Newcastle Chronicle describes a striking scene witnessed at the breaking up of the vessel Gothenburg City, on St. Mary's Island, off the coast of Northumberland.

The vessel might have been sailing comfortably out of the harbor, for aught that appeared, except that there was no sign of life on board. We had no sooner put foot on deck, however, than we were furiously attacked by swarms of rats.

Great, hungry, lank, lean looking rats, many of them with their tails chewed off swarmed up from below in hundreds and thousands, squeaking and squirming over each other in a manner sickening and horrible to behold.

Those of us who had stepped on deck ran to the rigging, while the others scrambled hurriedly back into the boat.

Our position in the rigging was dangerous in the extreme. It was more than one's life was worth to attempt to run the gauntlet of those fierce, starving rodents, and to remain in the rigging was equally impracticable.

At last we cut off some loose ropes knotted them into convenient lengths, and so armed, descended and fought our way through the squealing hordes, and eventually succeeded in beating a passage to the boat.

It seemed as if the rats knew the impending fate of the vessel, for they no sooner saw us over the side than they began to swarm down the ropes and try to enter the boat. It was with difficulty that we could boat them off before casting clear; and they squeaked in a horrible manner as we rowed away.

A few hours later the Gothenburg City went to pieces.

Criticising the Minister.

The new minister at Centreville was an estimable and studious man, but his sermons were apt to seem lacking in point.

'How do you like Mr. Green's preaching?' asked one of the deacons, pausing in his ride past the Gannet corn field for a few words with the owner of it, who was setting up an elaborate scarecrow.

'Um!' said the farmer. 'He's got book-learning enough, I guess, but he's got to find out that the best way to rake aint with the teeth up'ards.'

Rastus (to druggists)—Look hyah, Misteh. Yo' all sol' no some stuff to make Easteh eggs yistuddy.

Druggist—Well?

Rastus—Well, I feed hit to dem hens, an' dey ain' lay no aigs—dey lay down an' die.



A COOL RETREAT.