

A well-known medical man (writes Mrs Maddox in the *N.S.W. Cycling Gazette*) gives it as his opinion that the only abuse of the wheel by women is over-riding. Doctors are ever ready with opinions of this kind, but usually fall into the error of classing all women physically alike. I know several lady riders who can do a seventy-mile ride comfortably in a day. Medical men, of course, take their examples from amongst their own patients, not allowing for the many strong and healthy women who never require the doctor's advice, and if cycling gives health and strength to the weakly, as we hear repeatedly of it having done, what must it do for those who are naturally strong?

The Victorian rider, J. W. Parsons, the Englishman, T. Ralph, and the Queenslander, R. H. Walne, all of whom are riding "Swifts" in the interests of the Austral Cycle Agency, attempted to lower short distance Australasian records at the Sydney Cricket Ground on June 3. Parsons failed, but the other succeeded. A stiff breeze was blowing in the afternoon, which gradually died away; nevertheless, all three riders were more or less hampered by it. Parsons attacked the flying quarter-mile paced Australasian record of 21 3-5sec, held by J. Megson, and the flying half-mile record of 47sec, established by Platt-Betts at the Sydney Cricket Ground. At the first attempt the Victorian could not do better than 25 1-5sec and 51sec respectively; at the second attempt he did much better—24 1-5sec and 49sec; but in his third and last try he started off too slowly, and only accomplished 25 2-5sec for the quarter and 50 2-5sec for the half. Judging by the way he hung to the multicycles, Parsons would have held much faster pace. Ralph clipped about 2sec off Platt-Bett's two mile flying paced record, by negotiating the distance in 3min 32 4-5sec—an excellent performance. Walne's mission was to reduce W. J. C. Elliott's unpaced quarter-mile record of 26sec. Having been paced up the mark by a speedy quad, Walne shot away alone, gaining some slight assistance from the wind, and, finishing with great determination, he broke Elliott's figures by one-fifth of a second, his time, as taken by Messrs W. T. Kerr and C. W. Oaks, being 25 4-5sec. It seems ridiculous for a rider attacking what is termed an unpaced record to be paced up to and over the mark by a multicycle, travelling at 40 miles an hour, as he gains an immense advantage over a man riding without any assistance from other pacers. But as the systems obtains throughout Australia, Walne was perfectly justified in adopting it. Whether the record would be accepted in England as an unpaced one is another matter.

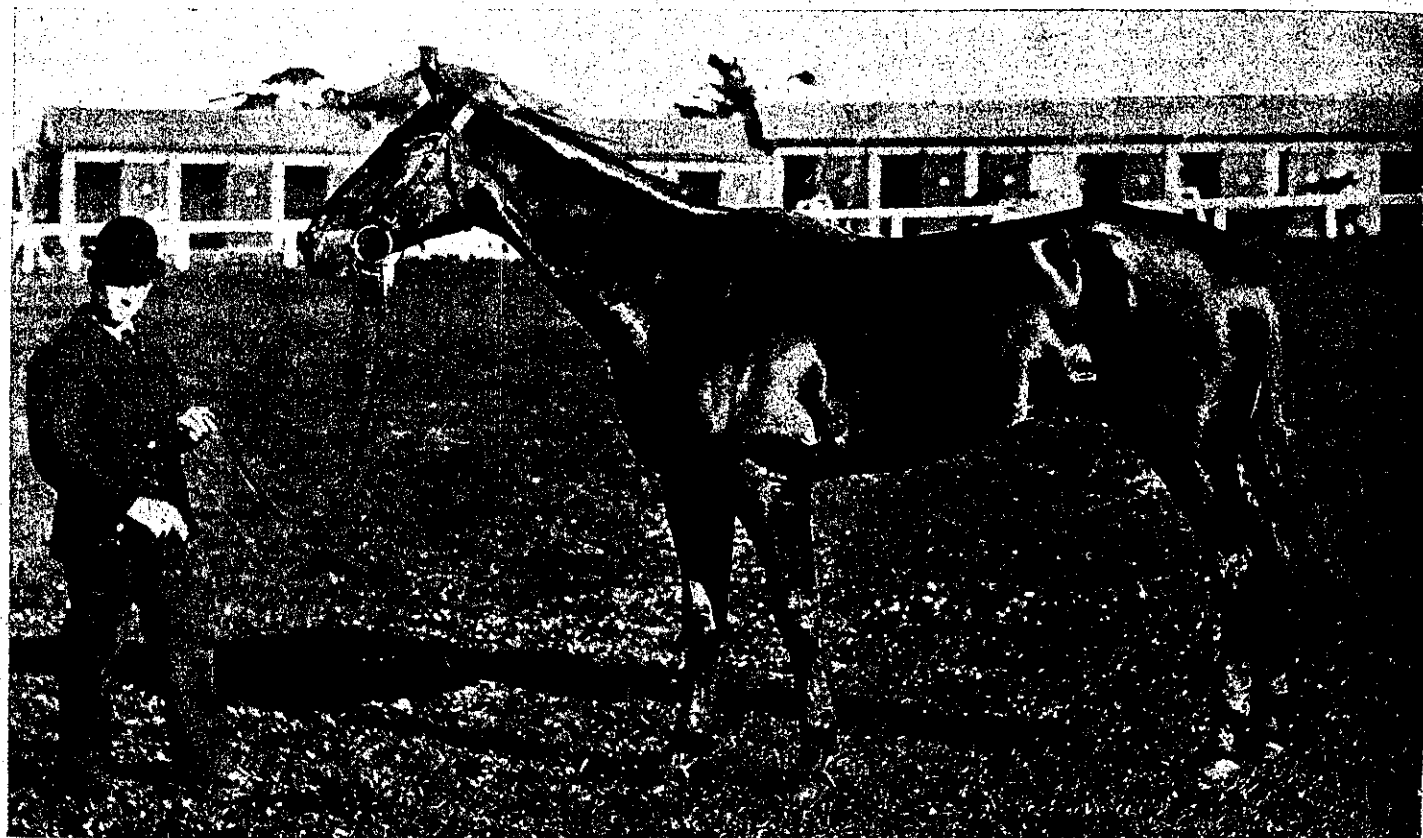


[BY VIGILANT.]

Our Sydney correspondent writes us that there is just a chance that the Auckland Amateur Athletic Club could arrange a visit to the next meeting of Roseingrave, the crack hurdle, with a view to a trial over sticks with Smith. This would prove a great draw.

The New Zealand Amateur Athletic Association at a recent meeting threw out Mr Frost's motion suggesting severance of that body from the Cyclists' Alliance.

On April 16, L. Hurst made an attempt to beat Crossland's record of 1hr. 51min. 54sec. for running 30 miles at Burn Paak track, but, although he created new figures for sixteen and seventeen miles, he was then troubled with a stitch and took 1hr. 55min. 33sec. to complete the distance in.



TORIKI (BY TORPEDO—KOPKI), OPAE'S STABLE MATE.

Phot. by Walrod, Auckland.

An attempt is being made on the other side to bring about a revival in professional running. The *Referee*, in dealing with the matter, says:—"All this leads up to the question of the possibility of a revival in this city, and as the public have had a surfeit of pony racing (which took the place of pedestrianism), and are seemingly beginning to lose interest in bicycle racing, a good pedestrian handicap would probably prove a payable spec, if properly conducted.

In England professional running went so much out of favour some time ago that all the principal grounds closed up. Last year, however, saw a genuine revival, and it still continues on the upgrade, £100 handicaps again being quite common, while there is no difficulty about backing a runner for £1000. There's no doubt this desirable state of affairs was in a great measure brought about by the matches which took place between the ex-amateur Downer and other good men. Another thing that gave it a fillip was the handicap sweepstakes which were instituted, and in the event to attempt to revive the sport here it would probably be a good idea to go in for something on similar lines. An early revival is by no means an impossibility here either, as a gentleman called in at this office recently to discuss the matter, and stated that there would be no difficulty about finding the money for a £75 or £100 handicap provided he could get suitable grounds. In this respect he favoured "Botany." When I was in Sydney in October last, the grounds at Botany were in a very dilapidated condition, and had, indeed, gone to waste—very different to the time when the late Frank Smith was running the Sheffield Handicaps.

The news that J. H. Tyers had turned professional (states the *London L.V. Gazette*) would come as no great surprise to followers of swimming, for since recent misunderstandings the secret has been an open one. The offer which has induced him to join the professional ranks

is £25 per week for three months' season at the Blackpool Tower this summer. As Tyers has practically "farmed" the amateur championship for several years a little more interest should be taken in the issue of the championships. On the other hand, the contest between the ex-amateur champion and Joey Nuttall should be a feature of the future.

BOXING.

It was owing to his connection with cricket that Tom Faulkner came to turn his attention to the P.R., states the *London Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*. The early records of his fighting career mention him as the opponent on two occasions of the celebrated George Taylor, conqueror of Slack, the Norwich champion. A few years afterwards Taylor, who had taken an inn at Deptford, on prize-fighting being declared illegal, encountered Faulkner at a cricket match in White Conduit Fields, where a select coterie of noblemen and gentlemen had just at the time established a new club which was destined to be the forerunner of the world-renowned M.C.C. "Chipping" between the old opponents led to their being matched for the third time. The fight came off near St. Albans, August 5th, 1758, and after an hour and a quarter's desperate slogging, Faulkner won. Cricket and pugilism has not much in common at the end of the nineteenth century, but it is only a few weeks ago that a couple of the Australian team broke the tedium of a long railway journey by a burlesque "fight with the raw uns" outside one of the stations *en route*.

"Scrutineer" tells a funny story about Peter Maher, the Irish fighter, his latest budget from the States. The story is given on the authority of Dave Holland, who was his "angel" some time ago, but quit after the incident related. "We were in the ring," says Holland, "and

Peter sat there looking Goddard over. Suddenly he said to me, 'That fellow is two stone heavier'n me, begorra.' I told him that it made no difference, but Peter kept looking, and a moment later he said, 'That fellow is five stone heavier'n me, Dave.' Then I told the referee and time-keeper to hurry up and start things, because if there was any more delay Peter might think Goddard was ten stone heavier'n him, and climb out of the ring. As it was, he quit when Goddard landed a good wallop on the jaw."

"Pedlar" Palmer, the clever English fighter, who recently announced his determination to permanently retire from the roped arena, has altered his mind, and announces through the London sporting press that his hands have so greatly improved that he stands ready to accommodate any man in the world at 116lb, for from £500 to £1000 a side, and for the best purse that the National Sporting Club of London will give.

A London sporting paper has been comparing the English sport of boxing and the Spanish sport of bull-fighting. On the subject of bull-fighting a correspondent has written:—"Then the tragedy commences—a tragedy calling forth agility, skill, daring, patient suffering, brutal cruelty, unflinching courage, wild enthusiasm. But alas, pity is unknown. The poor miserable horses, faithful servitors of man, meet the ferocious onslaught of the bull with a patience which is heartrending; their bloody entrails cover the sand; they fall and rise again, bearing their brutal riders until the last breath has left them, without calling forth the slightest sign of pity from the Spanish throng. Pretty sport, isn't it?—for the horses, we mean. And yet this is the infamous cruelty which a Spanish lady thought herself justified in comparing with an English glove contest.

The National Sporting Club of London plays it low down on its patrons sometimes. A late English file announces that on May 23 a boxing match, under the auspices of the club, would come off between Harry Webster and Jack Cullen, "Champion of Australia." We would like to know where he gained the title.

CRICKET.

Mr John Cresswell, hon. secretary of the Australasian Cricket Council, has written to the Marylebone C.C., stating that the Council considers 1899 would be an opportune time for the visit of an Australian Eleven to England, and asking the club's opinion on the matter. In a letter to Mr C. W. Alcock, secretary of the Surrey C.C., asking him, in the event of a team being sent, if he would be prepared to arrange a programme of matches in England, Mr Cresswell adds this significant clause, "You will understand, of course, that no team going from this country will be considered representative unless sent under the auspices of the Australasian Cricket Council." To the hon. secretary of the Cape Town Cricketing Association Mr Cresswell has addressed the following communication:—"In the event of a team being sent to England by the Australasian Cricket Council during the year 1899, I shall be glad to know whether arrangements can be made for a series of games with the principal clubs in South Africa on the journey either to or from England."

VULCAN LANE, AUCKLAND.

TO THE RATEPAYERS OF THE NORTH WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—At the request of a number of Ratepayers, I have consented to place myself in nomination for the vacancy in the North Ward, where I am a large Ratepayer. I was a City Representative for four years previously, and if elected shall do my best to look after your interests and the interests of the City generally.

Yours respectfully,
THOMAS T. MASEFIELD.

MUSKET MAID, DAM OF WAIUKU.

Geo. Fowlds sells training jerseys at 1s each