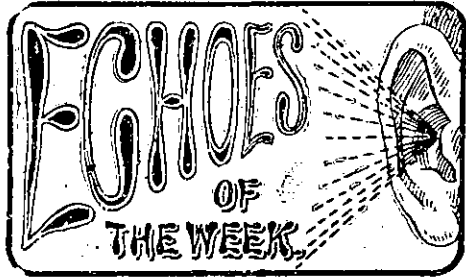


giving away a stone in weight, nearly twenty years in age, while his famous right hand, which was formerly broken, may possibly go back on him if used too much. It will be readily seen that he is set a very stiff task, but Murphy is confident that he will succeed in his mission.

Considerable interest was evinced in the second annual International Cross-country Race over an 8 1/2 miles course (there or thereabouts) held on March 26 at Haydock Park. When the event took place at Hamilton Park, Glasgow, last year, England won by 53 points from Ireland, who in turn beat Scotland and Wales, whose order of finishing was as indicated. The strong English team on that occasion included Alfred Shrubbs (the first man home), T. Edwards, who was second, then running for England—but his name was included in the Welsh team for this year's race—J. J. Daley (Ireland), and A. Aldridge (England). England again won with a score of 27 points, whilst premier individual honours once more fell to A. Shrubbs, who finished first in 47min 58sec, Aldridge being second in 48min 26sec, G. Pearce (England) third in 49min 38sec. Wales finished second, Scotland third, and Ireland fourth, but England's win was a very easy one, as her six men were included in the first nine runners to reach the tape.

According to the Sydney "Referee," a magnificent specimen of the powerful athlete, in the person of Mourzouk, a Tunisian, presented himself at the "Referee" office the other day bent upon arranging a match with any man in Australia at Graeco-Roman style for from £300 to £1000 aside, and lodged £20 as earnest of his bona-fides. Mourzouk is 24 years of age, a fine, intelligent-looking fellow, as black as the ace of spades, and standing over 6ft high, with a chest measurement that must be all out 58 inches, and probably 18 or 19 stone of weight. He is accompanied by Mr Victor Sabese, himself an uncommonly good sample of muscular humanity, as manager and friend, and both are very earnest in their mission. Mourzouk has just come from India, and he purposes going to America, thence to England. The Algerian states that he beat the great Russian (Hackenschmidt) now astonishing London, at Riga, his native town, 3 1/2 years ago. He has also defeated Paul Pons, the famous Frenchman; Beauvers and Constant Le Boucher, in Belgium; and Petersen, in Denmark.



(By "Ithuriel.")

The difficulties against which translators of the Bible into aboriginal tongues have to contend were well illustrated by a recent case in British Columbia. In order to get a noble passage down to the poor red man's comprehension it was found necessary to render "A crown of glory that fadeth not away," as "A hat that never wore out." Directly 'twas put like that the whole tribe became staunch Methodists of the Primitive pattern. Likewise the new converts passed a chilly night squatted round the mission door—waiting for the hats.

In 1877, when the relations between England and Russia were strained after the Turkish War, Macdermott, the music hall singer created that which may fairly be described as a European sensation by a song, "We Don't Want to Fight, but by Jingo if we do." It was copied into the Continental papers, and the expression "jingo" passed into the language to describe a real or supposed section of a political party. The word, however, is as old as Goldsmith ("She stoops to Conquer"), and it is supposed to have been derived from the Basque "Jinkoa," or "The Lord of the High." The veteran author of the song, Mr G. W. Hunt, died recently at the Essex County Asylum, Brentwood, at the age of nearly eighty. He was an old hand at writing music hall songs, and is said to have been one of the first about half a century ago to supply the singers with both words and music. From "The German Band," written for Arthur Lloyd, to "On the Continent," which Jenny Hill made famous, he wrote some hundreds of songs, including many of the successes of George Leybourne. He was for some time a music hall manager, and for many years secretary of the Music Hall Sick Fund, which post, owing to old age, he resigned three years ago. A short time since a complimentary benefit, in which many well-known artists assisted, was given to him.

"Mixed Wrestling" threatens to become a popular pastime in the colonies, which leads "Boondi," in the Sydney "Referee," to make the following remarks:—"It is recorded in the classics that mixed wrestling was one of the principal amusements of the Ancient Greeks, possibly the most refined and enlightened people that ever trod the earth. Young men and maidens, 'stripped to the buff,' oiled themselves carefully all over, and then stepped into the ring before thousands of excited spectators, and strained and tugged, and pushed and struggled to 'grass' one another and secure a fall. There is a classical story told of one young lady as cunning as she was skilful, who, after wriggling all round the arena in the crushing embrace of a male champion, suddenly slipped down, shot between his legs, and, quickly straightening up as she was half through (so that her back formed a fine lever) shot the surprised wrestler in the air, so that he turned half-somersault and landed fair on his back with a tremendous flop that rattled every bone in his body. In the next round the lady's opponent—his name was Calidorus—thinking that 'two could play at that game,' ducked down with a view of giving his rival—a Miss Pyrrha Planesium—a similar fall, but the lady, catching his neck in a vise-like grip with her knees, held it there until his tongue stuck out six inches, and his eyes began to bulge out like two prize gooseberries, and he would have been choked to death had not the judge, one Chrononthologos, called out in dulcet Doric tongue, 'Lave go yer howlt, me gerril, or there'll be a death in the Calidorus family as shure as the great god Jove made cockroaches and little wurrums—d'ye moind me now?'"

A particularly sharp-looking tramp eyed the Scottish fancy name on the pillar post of a Mount Eden villa, and glancing at the house saw a big, fair-bearded man, wearing a Tam-o'-Shanter in the window.

"A Scottie for a pension!" murmured the tramp. "I must assume the kail-yard brogue."

He walked up and rang the bell, and the big beard and Tam-o'-Shanter appeared in answer.

"How's a' wi' ye, mon, the day?" said the tramp. "Ah'm doon on ma luck, laddie, an' makin' for Glesca, mai ain toon. Ah ken richt weel a brither Scot like yersel' winna see a kintramon in sic air necessity wi'oot handin' out a helpin' haund."

"Mine vriendt," said the big-bearded man, "I oondershtand nod der Ghineze. I vas Cherman, und spik only der language off mine own gountry und der Ang-leesh. I dink you petter agsk a bolice-man where der Ghineze Gonzul lif, und b'r'aps he zend you back to your own gountry free off charge."

"A bloomin' Faderland, after all! Wot a fair old take!" muttered the astonished tramp as he went nown the steps.

"Na, na, ma laddie" chuckled the man in the Tam-o'-Shanter to himself. "Ye dinna tak' me wi' yer braid Scots. Ye're nae mair Scots than ah'm German."

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In order to meet the great growth of public patronage accorded the Institute from the Southern and Western States of the Commonwealth a branch of the Institute has been opened at the corner of Elizabeth and Bourke Streets, Melbourne, where a skilled staff of specialists may be consulted daily. Patients will thus be spared the long journey to Sydney when eager to consult the specialists upon serious cases demanding expert opinion.

You all have seen, I have no doubt, How many people go about With puffed up eyes and noses red, A heavy feeling in the head. 'Tis wondrous strange to me that these Should not endeavour to appease These ills, which they so oft endure, By using "Woods' Great Peppermint Cure."

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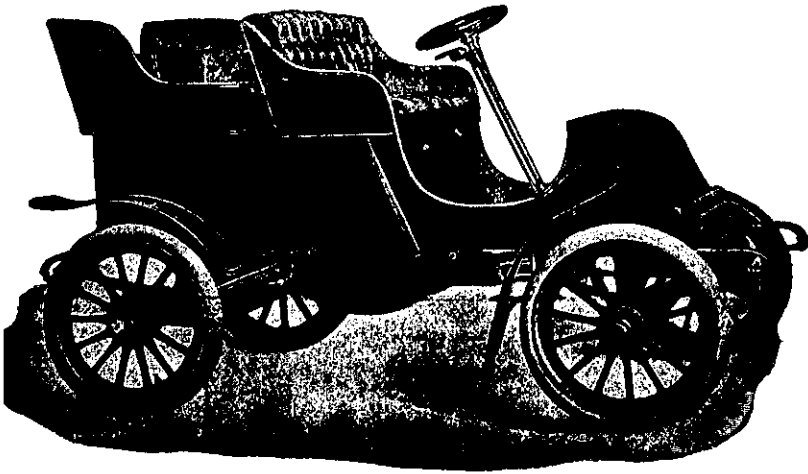
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