

The Sport

WITH WHICH ARE

DAILY "BELL'S LIFE AND THE SPORTS"

SPORTING LIFE, MONDAY

bauble was almost as big as the real act, and must have cost a king's ransom. George Ware, the theatrical agent, and his son were among the early comers, as was Captain Tyler, late of the Royal Music Hall. Mons. Pekkault, who is a member of the Montreal Chamber of Commerce, looked after Cyr's interest. "Father" Dillon—who was something of a strong man and athlete before he took to gymnastics—beamed on his sons and daughters, who were to do their usual act later in the day. John W. Fleming and "Peggy" Bettinson brought up a jovial party of sports from the National Sporting Club. They were Captain Greaves, George La Brun, Mr. Denman, Mr. Carrick, and G. St. George. Among the celebrated amateurs who were present were Mr. Dewhurst (the secretary of the Belsize Boxing Club), Arthur Daily, Alf Gilley, Ted Barwick, H. Hollewell, Atilla, and his protégé Milo, were there. Tom Blackman, Johnny Harrison, Tom Rice, Mr. Roche (the proprietor of the Grand in Liverpool) who made an especial journey from the Mersey's shore to see what Louis Cyr really could do. Gus Lench, of Harwood's Varieties, helped Mr. Roche hold up the bar, and in this laudable undertaking they were ably assisted by Will Lennon, of the Canterbury Music Hall. Professor Leon, who earned fame and wealth as an undaunted rider of the fiery little Mexican mustangs, watched the proceedings from a corner of the hall. The two Pylades were among the spectators, as was Alf Chester, George Dryden, and Ang Hensley. Marie Loftus occupied a seat in the stalls, while Charley Godfrey's wife kept Mrs. Poole's two charming daughters company. Statuesque Miss Clair Howard was one of the most interested spectators. Professor John W. Atkinson and secretary, W. H. Bush, came to see whether any new records were made, and it is more than probable that the Athletic Institute will have to issue a certificate to the Canadian. In the second box on the left side of the stage quite a notable party sat. They were George W. Atkinson (*Sporting Life*) and Richard K. Fox (the proprietor of the *Police Gazette* of New York).

Cyr's turn did not come on until after the usual variety show, in which many volunteers took part. Fred Darby (the comical young minstrel), the Sisters Diamond (in the straight and grotesque cloz dancing), their skipping hoop act was loudly applauded. W. P. Carey, Gnomes Lawrence, Walter Norman, Miss Laickano, the Sisters Parker, Chris Agnes, the marvellous Dillons (with their double and twisting somersaults). The female member of the troupe elicited a big round of applause when she ran over the safety net like a deer. Ed Lauri's powerful baritone voice earned for him a big. Whingales and Emalie put everyone in a good humour by their efforts, as did Major Glusaud.

The stage setting for the strength trials took some time, but finally the master of the ceremonies, Frank Hinde, got his chord, and, walking to the footlights, said—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—On behalf of Louis Cyr, I would ask you to give him a true British welcome. He is a Canadian, and a British subject, and as such is entitled to fair play. He has challenged the world to compete against him in straight heavy-weight lifting, and all I need do is to refer you to the *Sporting Life* for his own utterances on this subject. I am instructed to say that Richard K. Fox, that grand American sportsman and proprietor of the *Police Gazette*, will back Louis Cyr for 1,000 dollars, and that he is prepared to give a championship belt if the strong men now in England wish to compete for it."

At this juncture there were loud cries for Richard K. Fox, who, with his party, had to leave their box and come on the stage. He said: "What I do not wish it to be understood that Louis Cyr is any pet of mine, I stand prepared to back the Canadian for 1,000 dollars, and upwards. I think he is the strongest man in the world, because I have seen him accomplish feats that dwarf anything that either the ancient or modern men have attempted. If ever a human Atlas existed it is Louis Cyr. He can carry more parts of the earth than any man breathing, and my money will back up the assertion. In my estimation Cyr is the nearest approach to the mythological heroes that we read so much about."

It was at this point that the barricade of stones at the rear of the stage fell down with a crash. The spectators jumped about in very lively fashion. Fortunately everyone escaped, but many of those present were badly frightened—as well they might be at the sudden spill of a couple of tons of stone!

Cyr asked the spectators to be indulgent with him, as he had not quite recovered from his long sea voyage, besides which he was suffering from a very bad cold, and was otherwise affected by change of climate. The process of weighing the big dumb-bells was then gone through with. The scales used were an old, but trusty, pair of platform scales, which have no springs or steel yard that can be doctored. Like everything of first principles, they must be true if each side balances its fellow, and they did this to a nicety; but in order to make assurance doubly sure "Privateer" weighed himself on both sides of the scale, and afterwards weighed on a

and H. Fox, 140lb (1st), which added 451lb to the 2,182lb, making a grand total of 2,613lb, or one ton, nearly 3 cwt. The judges got at each corner of the load and watched it carefully. The platform came up as Cyr's back straightened, and when it was returned to its resting place it went back with a most unmistakable bang, which was the signal for a roar of applause from the spectators. Miss Florence Webster, the wife of Mr. Lupino, gave an involuntary scream when she thought her husband was in danger, but he jumped off the pile of stones to show that he was all right.

No sooner was the show over than Richard K. Fox said to the writer—

"What a pity it is that these stones take such a long while to shift. It spoils a good deal of the show. Something must be done to obviate this delay."

Some one suggested the advisability of purchasing an elephant for Cyr to lift.

"I'll do it," said Fox; "Sandow has his pony, Hercules lifts his horse, and Sampson talks about hauling up two horses, so I will get an elephant for Cyr."

Some wag in the crowd suggested that it would be a good thing to call the animal Richard K. Fox or the *Police Gazette*. "Yes, and I hope it will not be a white elephant," chimed in the Montrealer. By this time the majority of the spectators had left the hall, and an adjournment was made to the chairman's table, where the wine soon began to flow. Around this festive board was gathered Professor Atkinson, and his wife, and George W. Atkinson, Louis Cyr was voted to the chair. Mrs. Sandow formed one of the party, as did Captain Tyler, "The Inventor," W. H. Bush, and George Sinclair, who had acted as clerk of the scales, while "Privateer," one of the referees, had a standing seat. Mrs. Sandow, loyal to her husband, would not admit that Cyr was a stronger man than Sandow, but when asked by the Canadian if a match could be made, the young German's front stamped her foot, and said, "No! Eugene shall never go into another match if I can help it. He not only lost money by the outrageous decision of last December, but it hurt his reputation."

Despite these utterances Mrs. Sandow's very antagonism will probably be the means of bringing about a match between Sandow and Cyr. The lady's fine scorn cut the Canadian to the quick, and had it been a man he would have got a tongue lashing. The only thing that will prevent this great match being consummated is the difference of opinion that will arise as to the style of lifting. Sandow will want the German style to govern the competition, while Cyr will stipulate that any contest shall be governed by the laws as accepted in his own country. The Tenthon is a disciple of the slow and steady pressing or pushing process. Cyr uses a combination of swing, jerk, and push. Just what weight the Canadian can elevate is like X in algebra. He may show his best form during his engagement at the South London Music Hall this week. Then, again, he may keep a little up his sleeve, so as to have a surprise for anyone who may care to try conclusions with him. In conversation with the writer, Cyr said—

"This weight-lifting is a peculiar thing. When you think that you are doing the least you are able to do the most, and when you imagine that you feel strongest you can do the least. I suppose it is the same in every branch of athletics. I have heard some of our Canadian sprinters express the same opinion, and many records have been made at the most unexpected time."

In this manner the time sped by, and before one could realize it the doors had been opened for the evening performance. Then the party broke up, but they could not go out by the usual entrance, as it was blocked by a fighting mass, all anxious to get good seats, as they thought that Cyr was going to exhibit in the evening. Great was their chagrin when they learned that the gigantic Canadian had left the building until Monday night, one individual who evidently hailed from the New Out, gave utterance to his dissent in the following strain:—"Them blooming posters are only got up to mislead people. I should like to know what the word matinee means, anyhow."

Cyr, Sampson, Sandow, and the rest of the strong men have promised to attend at the *Sporting Life* Office about one o'clock to-day (Monday).

* * * A BANTAM is anxious to try conclusions with Cyr on the same terms as C. A. Sampson's challenge, issued in the *Sporting Life* of Saturday, or at weight for inches, or weight for age.

Living Life.

INCORPORATED
IN LONDON.
DAILY
TELEGRAPH

NOVEMBER 16, 1891.

MONTREAL'S MIGHTY MAN. LIFTING GREAT WEIGHTS WITH HANDS AND BACK. ESTABLISHING NEW RECORDS WITH DUMB-BELLS. RICHARD K. FOX OFFERS £1,000 TO SAMPSON TO EQUAL CYR'S FEATS. OVER A TON OF STONE LIFTED WITHOUT EFFORT.

Fortunately, manager Fred Law had the foresight to brace the stage of the South London Music Hall on Saturday, when Louis Cyr, the gigantic French-Canadian, made his European debut. Had this not been done, it is more than probable that Mrs. J. J. Poole would have had to erect a new platform, as the old one was called upon to sustain a thousand times more strain than the architect originally intended. This weight was both dead and living. On one side were piled immense blocks of granite, while on the other side were the massive dumb-bells that Cyr was to try with later on in the day. In another corner were the scales and regulation weights which were to verify the performance that the Kanack was to give during the afternoon. Mingling with these pieces of stone and cubes of iron was a blank mass of humanity, whose constant change of front made the greatest possible strain on any flooring. It was quite equal to that celebrated test for bridges, &c., the steady tramp of a moving body.

One would have thought, with this small army removed from the body of the hall, that there would have been room enough for everyone, but the large auditorium of the place was packed to suffocation. The South London has held many notable gatherings, especially when such celebrities as Frank P. Slavin and Ted Pritchard have been showing on the Surrey side of the water, but it is very doubtful if such a representative gathering was ever crowded within the four walls of this place. The people came from all parts of the country, some of them travelling from Ireland and Scotland. The East-End sent a large delegation of sport-loving sightseers. They travelled in the democratic vehicles that the metropolitan transportation companies furnish, while the patrician patrons of sport from the West-End came in their own vehicles, or those which are of a semi-private nature.

This unusual crush worked something of a hardship in the London road, which is invariably crowded on Saturday night, but on this occasion the busy thoroughfare was well nigh impassable with the equipages of the Corinthians and the traps of the plebeians. Add to this a surging crowd all anxious to catch a glimpse of Louis Cyr, as well as the other notabilities, and some vague idea of the scene can be obtained. The cards of invitation said that the doors would be opened at two o'clock, but long before that time a clamouring crowd packed the entrance to the hall. Louis Cyr, ever watchful of his own interests, was on hand early. He was accompanied by his brother, Peter Cyr, and "Privateer." The trio walked from Cyr's quarters in Gladstone-street, thinking they would be the first on the scene of action. What was their astonishment to find that all egress in the usual way was barred, so a flank movement to the stage door was made, and an entrance obtained. Mr. Kennard, the stage manager, was busy arranging for the pending trial. When asked where Louis Cyr's dressing-room was Mr. Kennard gazed at the Canadian's ponderous proportions in consternation.

"Well, I don't know what to do. The only large room that I can give you, sir, is the one above the Lupinos."

"Where is that?" said the writer, who knows the South London pretty well.

"On the O.P. side," replied the stage manager. Louis Cyr gazed up to the skies thinking that we might find his domicile there, but failing to see anything of the hidden room, and dreading the ordeal of a climb up the narrow flights of stairs Cyr said—

"You two go up and see what the place is like, and let me know if it will suit."

This was a happy thought on the part of the strong man, as the place was full of old properties and discarded scenery, and would not have afforded burning room for the young giant. Here was a dilemma, and there seemed to be no way of getting out of it. The dressing-rooms beneath the stage were not large enough for such a party, but when all seemed darkest a ray of hope appeared in the person of young Ed. Lauri, who generously gave up his private dressing-room to Cyr. While all this was going on Mrs. Poole and her corps of assistants were busy preparing for the rush that was to follow the opening of the inner doors. The lady of the house took her place in the box-office, and handed every piece of pasteboard and all the money that came past the barrier. Suffering as the lady did from neuralgia, this was a most trying ordeal, but that which manager Fred Law had to undergo was even more trying, as every one in the profession who did not have a turn to do tried to get in on the nod, but the stereotyped "Not even standing room, old fellow," generally sent the applicant to the rightabout. It would never do to have the ticket holders crowded out by the chronic dead heads. Then, again, there were belated provincial managers, who though not possessing the magic pieces of pasteboard, were fairly entitled to admission. Some of the more persistent lesser lights of the profession managed to crowd by the door-keeper, and they will never tire of telling how they beat Jemmy Jinks of the Royal Arcade, or Sammy Sands of the Imperial Palace. If there is one thing that a member of the profession delights in it is to be able to say that he got into an exclusive entertainment when a star failed to pass the portal.

The *Sporting Life* representative having been favoured with a coin of vantage, was able to see who came into the place, but it was impossible to catch all the names, as their owners came past him too fast. Among those who did catch the writer's eye were Mr. Ritchie of the Aquarium, accompanied by C. A. Sampson. Then came Lancelot Elliott, the strong boy of Australia, followed by George Richmond, whose handsome form towered above everyone. Frank Hinde drove up with his two ponies, and treading close on his heels were Herr Condal (Sandow's private secretary), Mrs. Sandow and Mrs. Fox came early, and occupied two seats in the third row from the stage. The wife of the German champion wore a diamond pin, which represented her husband lifting a horse. The

private pair of scales, which endorsed the official implements to a nicety; but if there was any doubt in this matter it would soon have been made public, as many notabilities got on the scales. They had evidently come prepared to ventilate their opinions or discoveries if they had any, but everyone was satisfied. Even Professor Atkinson's close scrutiny failed to find any flaw in either weights or scales, so that any sceptics ought to rest satisfied on this point.

The first implement put on the scales was the small dumb-bell, which was found to weigh a trifle over 10½ lb. In fact it was nearer 10½ lb than anything else, but as there were no fractional weights at hand the lower figures had to prevail. Taking this piece of iron, Cyr raised it above his head with his right hand, and then allowing the bell to drop until his arm was at right angles with his body, he held the mass of iron for a few seconds, and then dropped the bell to the floor. The crash of this fall was the signal for an outburst of cheering, in the midst of which C. A. Sampson made his way to the footlights, and shouted "That does not beat Sandow's record of holding out a 7½ lb dumb-bell. Cyr's arm was not straight, beside that he allowed the dumb-bell to rest on his forearm. It is not a clean performance, and should not count as a record."

The absurdity of this claim drew out a storm of indignation, and Mr. Fox, becoming highly indignant, said to Sampson—

"I will give you £1,000 if you can do any one of Cyr's feats. You need not put up any money at all. You can do one of the Canadian's simplest feats and take my money."

The claim made by Sampson that the dumb-bell rested on Cyr's forearm is most nonsensical. Let any one take a lead pencil, grasp it, and hold the arm out straight, then let him experimentally try to rest one of the ends of the pencil on the wrist and forearm, and he will soon find a terrible strain on the arm. If a small thing like a lead pencil will cause this strain, what will a dumb-bell weighing over 10½ lb do? There is no denying the fact that Sandow is more graceful and easy in his work than Louis Cyr, but it should take into consideration that there is 25 lb difference in the weights used by the German and the French-Canadian. In a canvas among the strong men for their opinions nearly every one expressed the opinion that Cyr was fairly entitled to this record. The feat that Louis Cyr accomplished at the South London Music Hall on Saturday wipes out his best previous record, which was 10½ lb. It may interest readers of the *Sporting Life* to know that the weights used against the 10½ lb dumb-bell were one 16 lb weight, one of 2½ lb, one of 14 lb, one of 4 lb, and one of 2 lb.

The next bell put on the scales was the big, short handled bell, which was supposed to weigh but 24 lb, but which in reality was 24½ lb. To effect this in the scales four 5½ lb weights were used, in addition to one 14 lb weight, and a 4 lb weight. Cyr grasped this weight in his right hand, he raised it to his thigh, and then swung the big bell up to his shoulder; then slightly at right angles his arm, and dropping his body at the same time, Cyr began to push, or press up, the big piece of iron until it was held aloft in the air. Again Sampson interposed an objection, saying—

"The Canadian's lift does not supersede that of Sandow. He used his knee and shoulder to get the weight up."

At the same time, he paid a great tribute to Cyr's wonderful power. Mr. R. K. Fox was on his feet in an instant, with the exclamation—

"I will give you £100 this minute if you can lift that bell one foot from the floor."

Sampson did not accept the invitation, and as he shook his head he replied—

"You invited me on the stage, or I would have remained in my seat. I am willing to make a match with Louis Cyr to do one or two of my feats, and I will give him £1,000 if he can break one of my chains."

This announcement drew forth a howl of derision, and had Sampson given the subject a little thought he would not have confounded Sandow and Cyr's feat. They are totally dissimilar. In the first place Sandow used a dumb-bell weighing 25 lb, and in lifting the bell to his shoulder he used both hands, after which he brought the pressing process into play. Cyr uses a 24½ lb bell, and employs but one hand in lifting the implement. Anyone can see that they are two distinct feats, and have no relation to each other whatever, so that each feat forms a record. Had Louis Cyr put up a 25 lb dumb-bell there might have been room for a quibble, and anyone who starts to find fault with a performance because it does not resemble a previous one, they show their ignorance of a subject that they are attempting to adjudicate upon. The performance of the French-Canadian was a splendid one, and is undoubtedly the best of its kind ever seen in this country, or, for that matter, any other. After the applause had subsided Cyr ordered his barrel of cement put upon the scales. On one side five 5 lb weights were put; this made 25 lb, and it just balanced the barrel of cement which was put on the other side of the scale. Raising the oak by the chain Cyr twisted it on to his thigh, and then without stopping the momentum, Cyr raised the barrel on to his shoulder as cleanly and easily as many men shoulder 1 cwt. of coals. Generally speaking there is not much grace to such a performance as this, but, strange to say, Cyr managed to invest his rough implement with considerable charm. He held the barrel on his shoulder for some minutes, until six men took the lead off. As Cyr explained, he could very easily lower the barrel to the ground himself, but he did not wish to run the risk of tearing his flesh with such a rough thing as a cement cask.

The next feature of the entertainment was the handling of a man as a dumb-bell. Peter Cyr, whose bodily weight is 17½ lb, or 12½ lb, was pressed into service. First he was lifted from the ground and held aloft, then Cyr sat down, and laid down, with his human load, and finally resumed his perpendicular, without once disturbing his brother. The dumb-bells having been cleared out of the way, Cyr ordered his granite pile put on the scales. The first batch consisted of seven great blocks, which took eleven 5½ lb weights, and a 20 lb weight, a 7 lb weight, and a 2 lb weight to counter-balance them. This totalled 450 lb. Ten blocks of granite made up the second batch. This was counterbalanced with eleven 5½ lb weights, one of 25 lb, another of 7 lb, and still another one of 1 lb, making 653 lb for the batch, or 1,303 lb in the aggregate. The third batch consisted of nine blocks of stone. Eleven 5½ lb weights were used as an offset for this. In addition there were two 25 lb weights, one of 14 lb, and another of 7 lb, making 693 lb for the pile, and 1,996 lb for the whole mass of stone. The platform was well bed, and 172 lb had to be added to the sum total already given, and the whole was swelled up to 2,168 lb, or 32 lb less than a ton. Crouching almost on his knees beneath the platform which sustained this mass, and grasping a small stool by the diagonal corners, he raised the lot clean from the trestles which supported the platform. Then he lifted the mass, and then jumping from under the load, he said, "put some more on." There were only a few blocks of granite left, and these would have made the mass unwieldy. The Canadian asked some of the spectators to get on top of the stone. Peter Cyr, weight 17½ lb (12½ lb), was the first man up. Then came Harry Lupino, weight 133 lb (127 lb).

Public



Sporting Life

WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED

LONDON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1891.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.) ONE PENNY.

THE WORLD'S HEAVY-WEIGHT LIFTING CHAMPIONSHIP.

LOUIS CYR AT THE "SPORTING LIFE" OFFICE.

THE CANADIAN ANXIOUS FOR A MATCH.

Louis Cyr, who claims to be the strongest man in the world, called yesterday (Thursday) at the *Sporting Life* Office. One characteristic which has always been associated with Cyr was missing, viz., his extraordinary growth of hair. Cyr, owing to his being, while in Liverpool, so constantly greeted with the catch-phrase which forms the burden of a sippant comic song, has had his "hair cut" to the ordinary length. Upon opening the conversation he referred to his first appearance on Saturday next at the South London Music Hall, and hoped that his debut in the Mother Country would be favourably received.

When his contest with Cyclops, just before his departure, was referred to, Cyr said that the reports received in England did not do him justice. The contest was to have been decided by pounds and not points; hence the misstatements.

At this period of the proceedings Mr. Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the *Police Gazette*, N.Y., who has proposed the conditions, and offered for competition a 1,000 dols. challenge belt, for the Championship of the World, arrived.

Mr. Fox asked what Cyr thought of his proposed rules to govern the championship contest.

Cyr said that he was willing to compete for Mr. Fox's champion belt, and also to accept the conditions as published. The contest to be decided by heavy-weight lifting. My opponent's can lift in their own style. If they use one hand, I will use one hand; if two, I will use two. The way Sandow puts up his weights is quite fair, but what I do stipulate for is that at the end of the contest the total weights lifted are to be added together, and the man who has the best aggregate to be deemed the winner of the belt, and to claim the championship of the world.

Cyr said that he had witnessed Sandow's performance the previous evening. He liked his exhibition. It was artistic, and a clever performance, but at the same time his feats were not sound feats of strength, as of skill and strength combined.

The Canadian was asked if he had an agreeable passage across the Atlantic. He said—

"It was my first passage across the ocean, and the experience was anything but pleasant. The weather was exceptionally bad, the bridge was washed away, the portholes were stove in, and altogether my brother and I had a very bad passage. For forty-eight hours we made little progress, and at times I over-expected to see England."

In reply to Mr. Richard K. Fox, Cyr said that he entirely approved of the challenge issued to Strong Men of the Universe on his behalf. The rules he thought should meet with general approval, and he saw no obstacle to his opponents—if they were strong men—accepting them. Surely the man who could lift the heaviest weight must be the strongest man. He proposed that the forthcoming contest in addition should be decided on points. If, for example, Cyr should lift two or three hundred pounds more than his opponents, he should have an equivalent number of points allowed him.

The public will have an opportunity of judging of the abilities of the latest addition to metropolitan strong men at his matinee at the South London Music Hall on Saturday next at 2.30 p.m. His engagement at this hall extends over the next two weeks. Cyr would have preferred to have made his first appearance at a West-End theatre of varieties, but his engagement at the South London was arranged before he left Canada. At the matinee on Saturday the members of the Press are invited to test his weights, as Cyr lifts nothing but genuine dead weights.

He was reminded that C. A. Sampson has deposited £50 with the *Sporting Life* to make a match under stipulated conditions. The challenger (Sampson) here arrived and was introduced to Cyr. Sampson's left arm has been injured through catching his flying dumb-bell. This bell weighs 160lb, and is dropped 45ft. He catches this weight on his forearm, and a little miscalculation on the part of his assistant caused Sampson a temporary injury to his right biceps. Sampson asked Cyr if he would cover his £50 on his conditions, viz., "To snap two chains and lift one heavy weight, precisely as Sampson does in his performance at the Royal Aquarium."

Cyr said that he would attend the Royal Aquarium that afternoon and witness Sampson's exhibition. Before leaving Sampson said, "I am not a heavy weight lifter, as that branch of the profession I have only been practising about six months; but, in addition to my present performance, I intend shortly to lift two horses, and conclude with wrestling with a live lion." After Sampson had retired, Cyr, who had anxiously watched Sampson, said, "I will make a match with Sampson. I will lift my own style and let Sampson lift his. I should be willing to meet him, but I prefer Sandow or Hercules. I care not for light-weight lifting; my business is with heavy weights. But we can both lift the weights in our own particular styles, and at the end of the contest let the weights lifted be weighed, and the contestant having the highest total be declared the winner. These are the conditions upon which I desire to make a match with anybody, but I prefer a genuine contest with either the British champion, Hercules, or with Sandow. They can lift

Cyrs were on hand early yesterday morning to see that their dumb-bells and other paraphernalia had arrived all right. The immense weights had been shifted without a mishap, but manager Fred Law, acting on the suggestion thrown out to him by the *Sporting Life*, was having the stage brecced and strengthened, so that the mammoth Montrealeur would not introduce any trap tricks into his work.

Shortly after ten o'clock Louis Cyr stripped off for a little practice. He picked up the 252lb bell, but finding that his two weeks of inertia had stiffened up his muscles, he dropped the big piece of iron, and took a turn at the 100lb dumb-bell. This he swung and pushed in all directions for nearly half an hour, and then he retired to his dressing room for a good rub down at the hands of his brother, and greatly he needed it, for the perspiration was rolling off the giant in streams. Peter Cyr rubbed his brother's cuticle until it glowed and glistened like the coat of a thoroughbred preparatory to a spin over the turf. After the exercise was over Louis Cyr, accompanied by Mons. Perrault, went to a sand-yard and bought a barrel of cement, which will form part of the Montrealeur's tools. This he proposes to lift on Saturday. He will swing it up with one hand from the floor clean on to his shoulder, and anyone who cares to test the weight of the package can do so, as there will be standard scales for any doubting Thomas. The next move was to an iron foundry, when Cyr furnished plans for his new dumb-bells. One of these will weigh 300lb, and the other will draw the beam down at 175lb. Both will be short-handed implements, as Cyr does not believe in the spindle-handled bells so much used by the Germans. The Canadian likes his weight concentrated. This destroys a good deal of the showiness of the feats, but every athlete knows that the compact bells are the best for all legitimate purposes. When all this business had been attended to Cyr returned to his boarding house, and astonished the landlady by the extraordinary celerity that he displayed in disposing of a small sirloin of beef, which was called by courtesy a steak.

The afternoon was given up to "pleasure," but there was a great deal of business welded into Cyr's sight-seeing. He visited the Royal Aquarium and was introduced to C. A. Sampson. The meeting was a cordial one, as both are Americans and have shown in the same cities. Cyr, accompanied by "Privateer," representing the *Sporting Life*, and Mons. Perrault, then took seats in the auditorium and watched the performance very closely. The weight-lifting and dumb-bell pushing had very little interest for the Montrealeur, but the chain-breaking was a new feature, and Cyr not only paid great attention to the feat, but examined the chains when they were handed round for inspection. Sampson was not in good form; he had injured his arm while catching the 100lb dumb-bell that is thrown to him from the flies, and the pain was so intense that he had to cut out two feats—one was the breaking of the leathern strap on his chest.

When asked what he thought of Sampson's feats, Cyr laughed, and said—"Well, it would hardly be fair for me to say just what I think, but you can say that I intend to always have scales on the stage when I work, and everything will be weighed in the presence of the spectators."

"What is your reason for this innovation?"

"Well, I want to show the public that everything I do is genuine. There will be no fake about anything that I do."

In the evening Cyr was introduced to the audience at the South London Music Hall, and he then stated that he would show some new feats next week. Among them would be the lifting of two loads of stone, which he had ordered. This is something that no man has ever attempted, let alone accomplished, and it is sure to attract the attention of the rival strong men. After leaving the Surrey side of the water Louis Cyr and Mr. Perrault made their way to the Trocadero, where they were welcomed by Mr. Sam Adams. They watched the work of the Brothers M'Cann (Hercules and Sampson), and were very favourably impressed by the manner in which the Birmingham strong men did their work. To-night (Friday) Cyr will be present at the Tivoli, when Professor Atkinson, acting on behalf of the Athletic Institute, will present to Sandow a diploma endorsing his records made under the auspices early in the year.

same weight or more without artificial means. If my opponents desire it, I will leave the one finger lit out of the conditions. Finally, I will meet all the heavy-weight lifting champions and strong men who intend to compete for the world's championship at the *Sporting Life* Office on Monday next at twelve noon, prepared to sign articles for a match under the conditions already advertised for the *Police Gazette* Heavy-weight Lifting Champion Challenge Belt, and £100 or £200 a-side." Cyr said he did not want to challenge anybody's pocket. He therefore was content to compete either in a sweepstake of £100 each (winner to take the lot), or a match for £100 a side; the winner to take all the gate money (or the receipts to be divided) and Mr. Richard K. Fox's champion trophy. The following weight-lifting feats to decide the issue—

- 1.—Heaviest right-handed lift from the ground to arm's length above the head.
- 2.—Left-handed ditto.
- 3.—Heaviest right-handed lift from the ground to the shoulder, and from the shoulder to full arm's length, horizontally.
- 4.—Left-handed ditto.
- 5.—Raising greatest weight from the ground with right hand only.
- 6.—Ditto with the left hand.
- 7.—Raising greatest weight with both hands from the ground.
- 8.—Raising greatest weight with the back (without harness).
- 9.—Lifting greatest weight from the ground with one finger.

Cyr was twenty-eight years of age last October. He weighs over 21st, but, instead of getting heavier, is gradually reducing his bodily weight. His father was of the ordinary build, but Cyr appears to have inherited his physical development from his mother, who was an exceptionally strong woman. He is a total abstainer, and never smokes. His first appearance in London will be anxiously awaited.

Very few men could have done what Louis Cyr did yesterday. Throughout the whole of the day he was on his feet, and his first move was a shift in earnest, for finding that he was too far away from his practising place the Canadian left the aristocratic confines of Gower-street for the more democratic region of the London-road. It was not that the Montrealeur was dissatisfied with Miss Russell's accommodation or bill of fare, but the journey to and from Gower-street to the South London Music Hall twice a day was too much even for such a strong man as Louis Cyr, and now he is located in Gladstone-street, which is within a stone's throw of the South London. Both of the

Public

UQAM

The People.

A Weekly Newspaper for All Classes.

LONDON, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1891.

MILFORD LANE.

at the newspaper.]

Lon. It was some before the applause could be subdued sufficiently for a few words to be got from Louis Cyr with regard to his history. Commencing nine years ago, at the age of 19, the Canadian, who was born at Montreal, has made the tour of all the great cities of the United States and Canada, but has never before been on this side of the herring pond. He declared himself the champion of the *Police Gazette* of New York. "Comment, mon cher," "Tu es le champion du monde entier," and a hearty handshake, testified to the gratification of Louis Cyr at the compliment. This new athlete has a fine round, open, and pleasant countenance, is 28 years of age, and hardly looks it. He weighs 22st., and measures 58½ in. and the chest. He repeats his experiment Monday, when he confidently expects to surpass even yesterday's wonderful performances. As usual, the varieties were up to the usual mark of excellence to be witnessed at his hall, and needless to record, met with served approbation.

RIVAL STRONG MEN.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE IN LONDON. Judging from the numerous attendance at the South London Palace yesterday afternoon, the inauguration of matinee performances should commend them to the taste of the patrons of the popular Mrs. Poole as a caterer who knows the tastes of her numerous clients. An enormous house had been attracted, and the appearance on the scene at the opening of Sampson, of lifting fame, showed that the great attraction for everybody was the expected breaking of the record of both Sampson and Sandow's feats of strength by the new star, brought here from the west by Mr. R. K. Fox, the famed New York sportsman, and the proprietor of the *New York Police Gazette*. Mr. Frank Hinde, coming to the front of the stage, claimed for Louis Cyr a fair field, as a native of Canada and a British subject, for a display of feats of strength, which were boldly claimed at the outset as destined to break every previous record, whether of Sampson or of Sandow. The record of the old world, as testified by the Earl of Lonsdale, Mr. Atkinson, and many eminent sportsmen, was Sandow's 79lb. for a lift with the arm straight out from the shoulder, but Louis Cyr had made a record of the same kind of 103½lb., and on that occasion he would attempt to pass even this record by lifting at arm's length 104lb. and 240lb. up over the shoulder, and he invited representatives of the press or eminent sportsmen present to come up and verify the weights. The excitement, which, before the close of the display became tremendous, now commenced. Representatives of all the sporting organs climbed on to the platform, and at the unanimous call of the balcony Sampson mounted among the first. Mr. Fox, coming to the front of the stage, said he was willing to back Cyr to any amount to lift against any man in the world, and he would give 1,000dols. down to any man who could rival the feats he was about to perform. An enormous dumb-bell was put on the scale and weighed under the scrutiny of four representatives of *The People* and *The Sporting Life* and a host of other competent witnesses, the dumb-bell bumping down with a 52lb., a 23lb., a 14lb., a 4lb., and a 2lb. weight, all duly stamped with the official stamp, the total reaching just over 104lb. The formidable dumb-bell was grasped by Cyr, who, as he stood stripped, to the front, presented the appearance of a mountain of muscle, which would probably have put both "Harward" and "Front de Boeuf" to the blush. Slowly, fairly, and squarely, except for a very slight inclination, of certainly not more than 10 degrees from the horizontal, went up the weight to the delight of everybody but Sampson, who seemed obviously vexed. After the next performance, the lifting of another little toy which banged on the scale four 56lbs., a 14lb., and a 4lb., or 242lb. in all, put right up above the shoulder at the full stretch of the arms, had been completed, Sampson asked to be allowed to address the audience amid extraordinary excitement. Mr. F. Law, the general manager, by a few adroit words, secured silence and a hearing for Sampson, who claimed to be a Frenchman, like Cyr, whose great strength he acknowledged, but he disputed his claim to have surpassed Sandow. The latter had lifted his 79lb. squarely at arm's length, but Cyr's arm, he said, was never horizontal, and in lifting the larger weight he had made use of the knee and the chest. — Mr. Fox offered Sampson £100 on the instant to rival either feat, but Sampson, so far from accepting the offer, said he was obliged to go, and he went, accompanied as might be expected, by jeers and hisses, and the ironical cheers of the largest audience that has ever been assembled within the four walls of Mrs. Poole's establishment. The next feat of strength was still more surprising. A barrel of cement was put on the scale which was certified by the four referees to weigh 230lb. Seizing the barrel with the right hand, without touching it with his left, the young giant turned it over, first on to his thigh, then on to his chest, and finally on to his shoulder, with as much apparent ease as a labourer would shoulder his hod of bricks, he walked a few steps along the stage, and was finally, but by no means hurriedly, relieved of the burden by half a dozen men. A man of the certified weight of 172lb., was then seized by the middle, and lifted up over the athlete's head. The Canadian champion, with the man still balancing on his hand, then laid flat down on the stage, again brought himself to the erect position, and spun round with his burden, seeming to enjoy the waltz. Now came the most astonishing feat of all. A stout timber framework, scaling 172lbs., was placed upon trestles, and upon this was heaped, first ten big granite blocks which weighed in the aggregate 650lb., then a second load weighing 600lb., and finally a third load, till the total weight reached within 7½lb. of a ton. Putting his broad back under the timber frame, Cyr lifted the whole thrice in rapid succession, and then springing from beneath exclaimed, "Put some more on." Three men successively mounted the pile, Peter Cyr, the giant's brother, 172lb., Harry Lupino, 136lb., and H. Fox, of the Lupino Troupe, 140 lb., and again, the big audience holding its breath meanwhile, the mountain of muscle again stooped to the task. In the presence of the four referees, who stood at the closest quarters to see and verify the lift, up went the whole of the enormous load, clearing by fully an inch all the four corners of the frame, and a tremendous outburst of applause testified the astonishment of the great company at this incredible lift, which totalled 2,619½lb., or 179lb. over the

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE: NEW YORK.

FEB. 6, 1892.

most succeeded in arranging a match with Peter Maher, the Irish champion, and Joe Choyasi, but Anthony Sage, of the Albert Club, Dublin, Ireland, who has wires on the Irish champion, upset the match by refusing to allow him to fight. Sage's ambition is to see Maher fight Jim Corbett, because he is aware if the Irish champion defeats Corbett it will establish a fatal reputation for his protégé. Choyasi has been defeated by Corbett and twice by Joe Goddard, and even if the Irish champion did whip him he would not receive much credit for the victory. Since Maher has been in this country he has defeated every man pitted against him.

Just as I expected, Louis Cyr, the "Police Gazette" champion strong man, is still making a sensation everywhere he performs in England. The *Liverpool Daily Post* says in reference to his performance in that city:

"As to the performance of Louis Cyr, there can be but one opinion, and that is that it is the most marvellous one ever seen. As a weight lifter he has without a doubt no rival, as those who had the pleasure of witnessing his performance on Saturday can readily testify. Since he has come to this country he has unfortunately, however, suffered greatly from bronchitis, and has lost two stone in weight, drawing the scale now at 20 stone 3½ pounds. In height he is 5 feet 10½ inches, is twenty-eight years old, is 16½ inches round the chest, and is built in proportion as regards the calf, thigh, and trunk. At the age of seventeen he entered the Montreal police, remaining in the force for several years, and while there he on many occasions had the opportunity of showing of what stuff he was made. He has a bright, boyish, handsome face, and is in every respect, notwithstanding his abnormal proportions, the very ideal of an athlete. Possibly it may be a matter of interest to mention that he takes a 22 dollar, and of course, these have to be specially made. Mr. Richard K. Fox, a great supporter of all kinds of sport, and who is the proprietor of the *Police Gazette* of New York, first took him up, and he is now recorded as the *Police Gazette* champion. Mr. Vernon, who introduced him, on Saturday, said that there was \$1,000 staked in the hands of the editor of the *Sporting Life* for Cyr to lift against anyone in the world. The weights and scales they were used to see had been provided by Messrs. H. Fowler & Son, of Manchester street, the weights bearing the Government stamp, and the committee to superintend the weighing would be chosen from the audience. A very representative committee was found, two reporters from the *Liverpool Daily Paper* being included. First of all, Cyr lifted a 104 pound dumbbell with one hand up over his head in easy fashion. Next he put hold of a 243 pound dumbbell with one hand, and apparently without an effort, placed it aloft amidst tremendous applause. With both left and right hands he then went through some magnificent feats, and followed these up with taking from the ground with his right hand a barrel of gravel and sand weighing 285½ pounds, heaved it to his thigh, then to his chest, and then to his shoulder, amidst a hurricane of applause. Kneeling down, he lifted big weights and juggled them about as if they were so many toys, and after this came perhaps the most remarkable performance ever recorded. A plank was erected on the stage was filed by thirteen gentlemen, whose aggregate weight amounted to 2,619½ pounds. Getting underneath, and resting his hands on a stool in front of him, he, by sheer force of strength, raised this vast weight up some inches, amidst the greatest excitement, and retired amid a torrent of cheers."

THE SHEFFIELD WEEKLY INDEPENDENT, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1892.

well with their fixtures. Out of 21 matches played, they have won 20 and drawn 1, scoring 93 goals to 13. The team have got through two rounds of the Army Cup Competition, and were drawn to play the 1st Scots Guards at Chelsea yesterday (Friday). Well played, Derby!

No little amusement was caused on the Midland Railway platform at Derby last Monday, when that modern Samson, M. Louis Cyr, arrived with his belongings. His properties, including the weights used in his performance, had to be transferred to one of the company's drays, and several porters were deputed to this task. The bars and dumb-bells which the strong man throws about in one hand with ease were as much as four porters could do with at once, and the railway men had to stand a great amount of chaff whilst undergoing this "hard labour."

An inquiry has reached the office of this journal on

Lowell Star

Louis Cyr Injured.

In London where Louis Cyr has been astonishing the inhabitants of the British Isles recently by his marvellous feats of strength, he met with a severe accident. A 285-pound dumbbell which he was using fell on his breast with such force as to inflict injuries which will confine him to his bed. Joseph Dextra informs the *Star* that in letters received in Lowell Cyr says his trip in England is a great financial success.

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THE SPORTING LIFE, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1892

LOUIS CYR MAKING NEW RECORDS.

Throughout the whole of the week big crowds have sought admission to the Royal Albert Music Hall, and proprietor Reif has been put to his wit's end finding accommodation for his many patrons. Several times he had to give up his own private box, and place chairs in all the aisles. The cause of this sudden influx was the engagement of Louis Cyr, the Canadian strong man, who has introduced many new feats into his entertainment. The sightseers of the extreme East are very exacting in their demands, and want to see the dumbbells and other paraphernalia weighed every night, and in order to have everything fair and above board, Dick Watson, a local sportsman, has been installed as clerk of the scales. The weighing-machine is supplied by R. Sadler.

Among the new things shown by Cyr is the elevation of a 200lb bar-bell, which he generally puts up twice before he lowers it to the floor, and while in a kneeling position Cyr puts up a 172lb bar-bell. This he has showed up thirteen times in succession, making a phenomenal record. On Saturday night Cyr did an extraordinary feat. He placed the 72lb dumb-bell on a pedestal shoulder high, a 7lb weight was placed on the little finger of the right hand, and then raising the 72lb weight he lifted the same without either raising or lowering the arm. The strength of the wrist being the only factor used in the feat.

The back-lift has astonished everyone, and a great rush is nightly made to get places on the platform. Among those who have been lucky enough to gain this distinction are—W. Taylor, W. James, W. Watton, J. Horton, J. Bambrick, F. McIntosh, W. Raymond, R. Dillon, Thomas Dillon, A. Nunn, J. Casey, F. Pearce, S. Sheppard, J. Lee, C. Trotter, J. Woolton, F. Whittaker, F. Gilze, H. Mead, W. Bowton, W. Barnard, H. Lay, P. Nokes, W. Hall, P. Welch, J. House, F. Fruitright, A. Carr. Louis Cyr will remain in Cannoning Town for another week, and then he will return to the metropolis.

Worles; Asst. D.C. Bro. J. T. Davies; Chaplain, Bro. Rev. A. A. Matthews; Organist, Bro. Sol. Barnett; I.G., Bro. John Ivor Evans; Stewards, Bros. W. H. Jones and H. G. Davies; Tyler, Bro. G. Batterwell. Afterwards about 60 dined at a recherche banquet at the Royal Hotel. FATAL TERMINATION OF A RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—A German, named Edmund Piroux, aged 34, of 205, Neath-road, Landore, who was, on Friday, found on the Midland Railway suffering from injuries, died at the hospital on Monday.

LOUIS CYR AT CARDIFF.

The Empire Theatre was last night crowded from floor to ceiling during both performances, the great attraction being the appearance of Louis Cyr, the Canadian weight-lifter, who is now on his first visit to England. Fortunately Mr Stall was able to book him for an exhibition in Cardiff within two months of his arrival in this country, and last evening, being the opening exhibition, the crush for seats was simply overwhelming. Considerable interest was also taken in the feats of strength performed by Mr George Testo and his colleague, Fanny Ori, who created a sensation throughout the provinces some five years ago. It was a very neat and clever performance. Miss "descent of Mercury," carrying Miss Ori by her teeth alone (the lady weighs 160lbs), was a delightful feat to witness, but his chief effort is the plucky contest he goes through with two powerful cart-horses. Miss Ori, for a lady, an astonishing athlete, she lifts 125lbs above her head with one hand, swings two half cwt's with her teeth and hair, and was deservedly applauded. The appearance of Louis Cyr, however, was the signal for redoubled applause. He commenced his work by lifting two dumb-bells, weighing 200lbs, above his head in a kneeling posture, thus dispensing altogether with the power of his lower extremities. He afterwards slowly raises 268lbs from the floor at arm's length above his head while standing, following up this feat by lifting, with apparent ease and with one hand, a barrel of cement weighing 232lbs from the floor on to his shoulder. A most extraordinary feat, seeing that there is nothing but the rim of the cask for him to lay hold of. A roar of applause signalled the performance of this feat, which has never been attempted before by anyone. He concludes his exhibition by his marvellous back-lifting display, in which he actually lifts up a platform weighing 105lbs and 14 of the biggest men procurable from the audience standing upon it. In this posture he can lift over a ton and a half, and his audiences literally brim over with enthusiasm at the sight. He gives quite a distinct performance in the second half, lifting, among other things, a dumb-bell weighing 269lbs above his head with one hand, a feat in which he beats the celebrated Sandow by about a cwt.

ALLEGED THEFT FROM A TILL.

Handwritten signature or scribble.

WESTERN MAIL, TUESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1892

THE EMPIRE.

Without being guilty of an outrage upon the English language, it may be said that Mr. Stall has arranged for this week at the Cardiff Empire one of his strongest programmes. Mr. George Testo, the well-known athlete, pulls against two powerful horses. In his other performances he has a charming help in Fanny Ori, the beautiful lady athlete. One of their finest feats is where Miss Ori is held in the mouth by George Testo, who in turn suspends himself from and slides head downwards from the roof upon a single rope which he has twisted around his leg. The big sensation, however, is Louis Cyr, the Canadian, a phenomenal weight-lifter. He first, while kneeling, lifts a 72lb weight at arm's length, at the same time lifting slowly up and down a 102lb dumb-bell, then he lifts another bell of 228lb, and with one sweep raises yet another of 157lb from the stage. His next feat was lifting a barrel containing sand and gravel, and weighing 232lb, with one hand on to his shoulder. Then he raises a 102lb dumb-bell, kneeling down, his biggest feat of all being a marvellous lift of a big platform crowded with full-grown men. On Monday evening, when the Empire was besieged with people anxious to get in, but who could not, he lifted a platform upon which were fourteen men of the aggregate weight of 1 ton 1cwt. and 27lb., without counting odd ounces. All these weights were verified by actual weight taken on the stage. In addition to these the usual good varieties are not absent. Miss Clara Bell is there, and she is one of the best lady singers on the stage. Then there is Ben Taylor, a piece of a man and a piece of a tree, who is very funny; Dexter and Geo. Douglas with their mystic cabinet, Harry and Rose Wentworth, speciality artists, and Miss Lizzie Sherman, serio-comic. The Empire is, undoubtedly, one of the biggest shows in Cardiff this week.

JAN. 9, 1892

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE: NEW YORK.

LOUIS CYR ASTONISHING LONDONERS.

Louis Cyr, the "Police Gazette" champion strong man, is still attracting tremendous crowds in London, Eng. Recently he held at arm's length an 80-pound dumbbell, while he elevated a bell weighing 304 pounds. This he did twice in succession. Next he put up the 175-pound dumbbell with the left hand, and then pressed it up twice, a truly marvellous performance. The horse was also on their feet, but Cyr pulled them all over the stage while the people shouted themselves hoarse. The back lift was also a phenomenal one, the sum total of averted pounds amounting to 2,294 pounds.