

THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

Louis Cyr, the N.Y. Police Gazette champion, who is now appearing at the Grand Theatre, Liverpool, to crowded audiences, is voted by the Lancastrians the most extraordinary weight-lifter in the world, and the Liverpool Football Echo of January 2 has published some interesting particulars respecting his career, which we extract, feeling assured they will prove interesting to many of our readers.

Louis Cyr, who is a British subject, was born in St. John's, Quebec, in 1863. That makes him twenty-eight years of age. His grandfather, on the maternal side, weighed over 23st, whilst his mother's weight is only a trifle under 19st. She is immensely strong, and only a few years ago was able to pick up a barrel of flour and carry it up two flights of steps. So far as his mother's side goes, therefore, he comes from a pretty sturdy stock. His father's family were not quite so colossal, although fairly big men and women. His father, however, brings down the scale at 16st. It was only natural Master Cyr when at school was master of all the lads. At the age of fourteen there were few men who could cope with him, and at that early age his muscular development was extraordinary. His parents were living at Montreal when he left school, and the question was, what should they make of this young Hercules? Well, ultimately it was decided that he should enter the police service. He was about seventeen at the time, and his strength had increased in a marvellous manner. He soon showed what a valuable acquisition he was to the force. He was sent to do duty in the roughest and most disturbed district of Montreal. He made so many captures, and quelled such a number of disturbances, that he soon received substantial recognition from the authorities. He was paid double salary, and used to do the work of three. Naturally, he was not very popular amongst the roughest. So they made up their minds to settle him. Accordingly six or seven picked men waited upon him one dark night, and went for him with sticks and belts. He was frightfully cut about, and can show you the scars of the wounds he received about the forehead now. It must have been a desperate fight, but in the end his pluck and superior strength were too much for the cowards. Three out of the six made their escape more or less hurt. One of the others he had picked up and dashed upon the ground, rendering him senseless. The other two he nipped round the waist until they screamed in agony. He was just making off with the two he had captured, when he compassionately thought of the poor injured devil on the ground. He therefore changed over his prisoners to the left hand, and holding them both firmly with one hand by the collars, picked up the senseless man with his right arm, and threw him over his shoulder. It must have been a curious sight to see this marvellous man with his senseless burden and captives going down the streets of Montreal on that dark night, the blood from the wounds in his forehead running down and nigh blinding him. He dropped the injured man in at the hospital as he passed, and took his prisoners to the station. Cyr, however, was very much cut about, and had himself to go to the hospital. This and many other episodes during his service with the police made him very popular, and after the event described he was left unmolested. He had been a custodian of the police for nearly two years, when an incident happened which called attention to his immensity of strength. One day he was on duty in one of the chief thoroughfares when a cart laden with bricks came to grief. The horse fell down, and the shafts were broken. They succeeded in getting the horse free from the harness. But what was to be done with the cart. There it stood right in the line of traffic. It was suggested that the bricks be unloaded. "Stand on one side," said the muscular young policeman. Divesting himself of his coat, and handing his hat to somebody standing by, he crouched under the cart, and pressing up with his great broad shoulders, the bricks, cart, and all were lifted foot by foot until they were moved right on to the sidewalk. The applause of the crowd collected was tremendous. Some gentlemen who had witnessed this performance were so astonished that they had the whole lot weighed. The weight that he had lifted was found to be a little over 2,100lb. That feat of strength determined his career. He left the police, and at once entered into show business. By steady practice with the dumbbells and proper training his muscular powers gradually increased to the enormous dimensions of today. The toughest customer he ever had to deal with in lifting to the shoulder was a Captain Burst. On one occasion when in New Brunswick Burst offered to bet him 200 dols. that he would not lift the same weight on to his shoulder that the Captain would. "Done," said Cyr, and the money was put up. This feat was not to take place at an exhibition, but on board one of the ships laying off where they were. Now Burst was what you might call a "wopper." He stood 6ft. 7in., and, unlike the generality of giants, he was a broad-shouldered, muscular individual. So to the ship they repaired with the stakeholder, referee, and a few acquaintances. Aboard the vessel was an anchor weighing exactly 800lb. Burst picked up this pretty little toy and placed it with apparently not much difficulty on to his shoulder. It remained there for about a minute, during which time the wonderment and applause was great. The anchor was then taken from his shoulder by six men, and replaced upon the deck. Then came Cyr's turn, and the betting was 2 to 1 against him. He had never attempted such a feat before. Yet, nothing daunted, he grasped the anchor, and little by little worked it up to his hip, and, after a desperate struggle, managed to get it on to his shoulder. It was a near thing, however, and nothing like so easily done as by his opponent. Never mind, he had got it there. "Now," said Cyr to the captain, "just you get up and straddle across my shoulders." After some persuasion, this he was induced to do, and Cyr, to the blank amazement of the crowd, especially his opponent, walked round the deck. This so astonished Burst that he shook him by the hand and said, "Well, now, you're the first man I've ever given best to on that feat." And the 200 dols. were paid over to Cyr. There is only one man that he has met who was spiteful and aggressive through jealousy of his superior powers. That man was a man named Parker. Outside the hall where he was showing the heavy dumbbells were exhibited, Cyr offered to anybody who could lift with one hand the 242lb weight 10 dols. Parker came along, and said he could do it, but failed. He was so mad about it that he swore that Cyr himself could not accomplish the feat. Of course our friend laughed at him. "Look here," he said, "I'll bet you fifty dollars that I'll put the weight up at arm's length over my head. Right here on this spot." "Done," said Parker, and the money was accordingly put up. And so was the dumbbell, much to the surprise and annoyance of the incredulous aspirant. He became so enraged that he was abusive, and after a wordy warfare, in which the weapons used were called from anything but choice language, Parker struck Cyr. In an instant he was in the arms of the modern Hercules. He gave him a squeeze that made all his ribs crack, then hurled him into the middle of the road. Crash he came down, and there lay until he was taken away to the hospital with an injury to his back. "And that's the only time," said Cyr, "that I ever came to blows and struggle since I took to exhibiting."

THE BOSTON SUNDAY GLOBE  
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1892

While exhibiting, Louis Cyr, the Canadian strong man, dropped a 286-pound dumbbell on his chest, inflicting such a serious blow that he is laid up.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1892.

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 2 1/2 pounds. In height he is 7 feet 10 1/2 inches, is twenty-eight years old, is 5 1/2 inches round the chest, and is built in proportion as regards the calf, thigh, and arms. At the age of seventeen he entered the Montreal police, remaining in the force for several years, and during that time many spectators had the opportunity of seeing what stuff he was made of. He has a bright, boyish, handsome face, and is in every respect, notwithstanding his abnormal proportions, the best model of an athlete. Possibly it may be a matter of interest to mention that he takes a 25 cent, and of course, those 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 regarded 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 about to use had been provided by Messrs. H. Pinsky & Son, of Manchester street, the weights bearing the Government stamp, and the committee to superintend the weighing were found, ten reporters from the Liverpool daily papers being invited. First of all, Cyr lifted a 104 pound dumbbell with one hand up over his head in easy fashion. Next he got hold of a 241 pound dumbbell also 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 marvellous feats, and followed these up with taking from the ground with his right hand a barrel of gravel and sand weighing 286 pounds, hoisted it to his thigh, then to his chest, and then to his shoulder, amidst a hurricane of applause. Kneeling down, he lifted 200 weights and juggled them about as if they were so many toys, and after this came perhaps the most remarkable performance ever recorded. A platform erected on the stage was filled by fifteen gentlemen, whose aggregate weight amounted to 2,075 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."

Lowell Daily News

SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 6, 1892  
The banker of Cyclops and Sandow, the strong men, left a deposit of \$500 with the Police Gazette to match Cyclops against Louis Cyr to lift weights for from \$1,000 to \$10,000 a side, and the world's championship. In case Cyr declines, the challenge is open to any man in the world.

THE MAGNET, SATURDAY, FEB. 27, 1892

Weight Lifting Record.

LOUIS CYR, the strong man, who is appearing at the Westminster Aquarium, on Friday, last week, set himself the task of breaking the one-hand lifting record. Hitherto 265lb. was the heaviest weight raised by one effort single-handed from the floor high above the head. On the central stage on Friday night, before a representative committee, and under circumstances which could leave no doubt as to the weight of the dumb-bells employed, Cyr lifted 274 1/2 lb. This, it is stated, is 4 1/2 lb. in excess of the bell raised by two hands by Sandow. Not only did he accomplish this, but he established records for other exhibitions of strength. A bar bell weighing 301 lb., was pressed upwards from the shoulders above the head, and then 174 1/2 lb. was taken up by a swinging lift first by the right and then by the left hand, the last feat beating the record by 55 or 60 lb.



THE ENTR'ACTE.

[January 30, 1892.]

ments. This elephantine demonstrator is not an Adonis, but that he possesses remarkable physical strength is proved to demonstration. The ordinary "strong man" is not always what our fancy paints him; for powerful as he may be, he does not always disdain the art of make-believe. Now, Mr. Cyr's exploits are not those usually affected by the muscular high-lights; they are not to any great degree associated with factors which admit of double dealing, and therefore we incline to the opinion that his performance is more legitimate than many of a similar order. Be this as it may, certain is it that the material which he handles and lifts is open to view, and may be tested by any members of the audience who may happen to doubt its genuineness. Without doubt, Mr. Relf's patrons have taken very kindly to Mr. Cyr; they thoroughly understand his prowess, and admire it. But there are other features of the Royal Albert programme that well merits notice. Mr. H. J. Lealie is a performer who makes experiments with comic songs, and with these he prospers fairly well. Miss Rose Chapman, with serio-comic items, practises with a goodly measure of success, and creates an agreeable impression. While the Pylades, with their physical counterfeits of illustrious personages, well interest the lookers-on. Extensive is their range, for while they have no hesitation in personating crowned heads and Mr. Gladstone, they disdain not a subject like Mr. Harris, the so-called "sausage king." The Six Sunbeams sing and dance merrily; but there is no necessity for the screaming they introduce, and which tempts similar demonstrations from the noisiest portion of the audience. Mr. Jovial J. Colverd is practising here and obtaining his usual reception; while in a dramatic trifle called "A Rained Home," and which is little more than a monologue, Mr. Frank Selby and Little Violet show some dramatic power, more especially the first-named, on whom the chief burden falls. The songs of Miss Christis Milton are capitally given, and that they are well enjoyed is more than proved by the response given to them, a response more eloquent than words. Mr. Cyrus and Miss Maude, with their pretty animal confederate 'Bess,' supply us good an entertainment as ever. Mr. Cyrus, in addition to his other attainments, performs ably on the cornet, his solos being most effectively given. The orchestral duties are well performed by a good band directed by Mr. H. W. Plenty. Mr. Mitchell is an able stage-manager; while as chairman and manager, Mr. Walter Leaver performed by that able and gentlemanly assistance of Mr. Cattaneo necessary as a fresh record of the death of Queen Anne. Cattaneo controls the front of the house well and courteously.

ROYAL ALBERT.—Mr. Charles Relf, who is now on the lookout for special attractions, has secured one for present uses in the person of Mr. Louis Cyr, a performer of herculean frame and attain-

STRONG MEN AT VARIANCE.

LOUIS CYR PINING FOR A MATCH.

ROMULUS WANTS TO SEE SANDOW WORK.

THE CANADIAN MAKES A LOT OF NEW DUMB-BELL RECORDS.

While Mr. Ritchie, the chairman of the Royal Aquarium, is averse to having matches arranged and wagers decided in the Aquarium, he is always pleased when celebrities congregate in the vast amusement hall and air their opinions. The genial managing director's face was all aglow on Saturday night when strong men from all over the country passed through the turnstiles to witness Louis Cyr attempt the breaking of several existing records, and the establishing of a lot of new figures.

The general public as well as the professional and amateur weight-lifters have come to the conclusion that whenever the Canadian says he will beat a record, abolition of the existing figures follow as a natural sequence, and that is why the Aquarium was packed on Saturday night. Considerable sympathy was expressed with the gigantic champion, as his recent accident had prevented him from using his weights and dumb-bells for nearly two weeks, and when he announced that without an hour's practice he would attempt to lower half a dozen records, many predicted a collapse, but they did not know what Spartan fortitude Cyr has in his heart. He went on the stage determined to make a genuine record performance, and everything that he showed was phenomenal.

The committee that went upon the stage was truly a representative one, professionals and amateurs elbowing each other, despite the ample proportions of the place. Sanson—one of the M'Cann brothers—stood beside the scales, watching to see that Cyr did not get an ounce the best of the weights. He even got on the scales himself and tested them. When asked what the scales ought to register, he promptly replied 165 lb, and the beam showed exactly that 7 lb. Szalay, the Lilliputian of the strong armiers, was installed clerk of the scales, whilst "Privateer" checked the weights. Professor Atkinson, the celebrated bonnetter, watched the weighing process in the interest of the Athletic Institute, and a delegation also formed a vigilance committee. Among them were Lancelotti Elliot, Reginald Spencer, "Ally" Spencer, Mr. Simpson (the artist), William Cassidy (the strong man from the Borough Market), Franz Wehlan (the amateur champion Greek-Roman wrestler), Achille (Spilden), M. Ring (the Cumberland and Westmoreland wrestler), James Ashley, Archie Sinclair, Schmidt-Michel (the champion finger lifter), and a host of reporters. Every implement was weighed before the spectators, and in no instance was a return challenged.

The first feat shown by the Canadian was with a pair of bells weighing 72 lb and 107 lb. Kneeling down, Cyr took the smaller bell in the right hand and held it out at right angles with the body, while he elevated the larger bell with the right hand. The latter bell was lowered and raised four times before the weights were put on the floor. This is a new feat for the other strong men to study.

Next in order came the elevation of a bell weighing 225 lb. The weight was taken off the floor with the right hand, and then raised to thigh and shoulder and pushed up to arm's stretch above the head. This, while not being quite up to his own record, is far ahead of anything that other athletes have done. Cyr was not satisfied with one elevation, but dropping the bell to his shoulder he pushed it up again, making a record which will set all the Stacira, Teureks and Beters thinking. The accomplishment of the feat evoked prolonged applause from the spectators and experts on the stage.

Great as the second feat was, there was better to follow. The raising of the 250 lb bar-bell with both hands forms a new record. It was a mighty task, and at one time it looked as though Cyr was going to have a repetition of his Cannizz Town accident; but he held the bar stiffly, and smiled at those who had come forward to assist him.

The next feat was a kneeling down one. Cyr took the 175 lb bar-bell with both hands, swung it up over his head cleanly, and then started out to push it up as many times as he could. Sixteen times the immense pieces of iron were put up, and when the experts on the stage realised that the feat was many pounds as well as a number of times in excess of all previous records they gave the Canadian an ovation.

The raising of the 150 lb bell from the ground with one sweep forms a new record for similar feats with both the left and the right hand. The raising of the 225 lb barrel of cement calls for no special comment, but Cyr's two back lifts were great achievements. In the afternoon the Canadian shouldered 2,825 lb, and at night he lifted 2,270 lb. Among the gentlemen who got on to the hoisting platform were:—Captain Piel, C. Rich, Captain Barry, Percy Lawrie, James Bray, J. S. Garrett, A. Boist, W. Bonham, L. Way, H. Fraser, H. Sturton, S. Ferguson, F. Lancaster, F. Hamberg, Schmidt-Michel, L. Calving, W. Cassidy, D. Sullivan, A. Sinclair, M. Ring, Franz Wehlan, Professor Atilla, P. Bance, W. Lyons, B. Haldamus, Peter Cyr, H. Vernon, and J. P. Mack.

During the evening Dan Sullivan showed what he could do in the matter of teeth lifting, holding elephants, casks, &c., with his molars. Young Milo (Professor Atilla's pupil) showed great strength, combined with graceful movements, in his act.

LOUIS CYR TO SANDOW.

When Louis Cyr's attention was called to the challenge and deposit that Eugene Sandow had made with the *Sporting Life*, the Canadian smiled and said:

"That's all right for Mr. Sandow, and I consider his challenge very well worded, but it is not an open defiance, such as I issue nightly. The three feats that Sandow would set me might be physical impossibilities with me on account of my build. Fancy me trying to turn somersaults while holding a pair of heavy dumb-bells, or jumping over a table with a 50 lb weight in each hand. It is more than probable that I would land on the back of my head. These feats are very clean and clever, and to a certain extent they show great strength, but they are more or less gymnastics. The Roman column comes in the same category, and Mr. Sandow and others must count me out of any such competition. What I want is a genuine match at heavy-weight lifting or dumb-bell hoisting, where pounds will count."

"Could you not accept the offer to put up a light weight so many hundred times?"

"No, I would not. That is no test of strength at all. It is simply a matter of endurance. My build is all against such a task, and I should probably be tired out before a trained athlete had begun to warm to his work. If it were possible for me to train perhaps I could astonish the world in the matter of endurance, but it would take me too long to get into 'fighting trim.' Besides there is no money in such a contest. It is too monotonous, and the spectators would soon get disgusted with such a show. The case is different where a man picks up the eighth of a ton, and holds it above his head. The general public fail to appreciate the difference of putting up a four pound dumb bell 6,000 times and the putting up of 225 lb with one hand. The latter figures are my best record for a right handed lift from the floor to the shoulder, and then to arm's stretch above the head."

"What are the best records that you know of in this endurance style, as you term it?"

"Well, G. W. Roche, of San Francisco, U.S.A., once put up a 225 lb dumb-bell 459 times, and Alva A. Hylton has a record of putting up a 50 lb bell ninety-four times. Both these men were amateurs. Charles O. Hired, an American professional, has a record of 7,600 elevations of a bell weighing 40 lb. The bell was raised from the floor every time, and the feat took but one hour and a half. Something like endurance that! Why don't Hercules try and wipe out that record, and not ask me to take on a job that would make me look ridiculous?"

"Are there any records extant that will compare with your feat?"

"I do not think so. My record of putting up a bell weighing 100 lb twenty-seven times in succession stands alone. The nearest approach to that feat is F. Sireak's (of Austria), when he put up a bell weighing 100 lb twenty-five times."

"According to this showing you have done feats of strength which call for endurance as well?"

"Oh, yes, when I was lighter than I am now, but 23 stone 4 lb is rather too much to jump around with, especially when you are holding up a big bell. I once thought of emulating the feats of David and Goliath, but as I grew stronger I thought it best to stand alone as the champ on lifts of genuine heavy weights, and as such I am prepared to take on Sandow or anybody else, but pounds and not a graceful carriage must be the standard that governs my matches. There is one thing in Sandow's challenge to me that I wish to call attention to, and that is the facetious remark about my being a new comer. I would beg to say that I have been in the weight-lifting business nine years, so that my debut was made when Sandow was a child going to school, and could not have known much about dumb-bell work. Some of my records are five years old, and even the great Sandow has been unable to do anything with them during that period. In conclusion, I would respectfully inform Mr. Sandow that I am the recognised champion of the United States and Canada, and my claim to the World's Championship, and in order to show the German champion that I am thoroughly in earnest I will meet him at any time and place, and convince him as to the validity of my claim. Mahomed was willing to go to the mountain, but I believe the mountain of the strong men, are willing to go to Mahomed (Sandow). Come, gentlemen, and toe the mark. I am getting rusty for a match. Work is my forte, not talk."



ENGLISH

FRONT. by Parrish-Corator

CYR WAS READY.

THE CANADIAN ON HAND, BUT HERCULES NOT PRESENT.

In accordance with his promise Louis Cyr visited the Sporting Life Office yesterday (Tuesday), and was somewhat disappointed when shown Sampson's letter postponing a meeting for twenty-four hours. The Police Gazette champion is most anxious to rally a match that will settle who is really the champion strong man of the world, and when he read Louis M'Cann's letter in the Sporting Life of Saturday, February 6, he was under the impression that Hercules would make a match at a minute's notice. Cyr is willing to grant any reasonable time for consideration, but hopes that no repetition of Hercules' absence of mind will happen. When the Birmingham strong man was performing at the Trocadero M'Cann's agent was hot for a match, and set a time and place for a ratification of a contest. Cyr attended, but Hercules did not show up, and the Canadian lost much valuable time waiting for his prospective antagonist.

ROMULUS AND THE RECORDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPORTING LIFE." Sir,—I have given notice to the Committee of the Athletic Institute that I will lower the records at present held by Sandow on February 20, and clearly demonstrate that I am the strongest man at present showing. Further, I invite Hercules, Sandow, Cyr, and Atlas's strong, or any other strong man, to be present on the occasion, when I will be pleased to make them a handsome present if they can perform my feats. Mr. Sandow said on Saturday night that he only works for money. Therefore I shall be pleased to give him the sum of £20 for five minutes' work if he will be present next Saturday night at the Athletic Institute and perform the feats I did last Saturday. All I desire is fair play, and I therefore invite the editors of the sporting papers to nominate suitable judges.—Yours, &c., ROMULUS, 2, Trevor-square, Knightsbridge, S.W.

WEIGHT LIFTING.

Louis Cyr's agent (Mr. G. Ware) asks us to publish the following challenge:—"Seeing that Sandow is desirous of meeting Romulus in a contest for money, if he is willing to compete against Louis Cyr, or join in a sweepstake, he can do so for £1,000 or any part of it a-side. Louis Cyr's money is ready, and Hercules and Sampson can all join, and settle for once who is the strongest man, if not in the world, in England. Sandow or any other man can have £100 nightly who can lift what Louis Cyr does every night."

A Modern Samson at Newport

On Monday evening the Empire was crowded from roof to ceiling at each performance, Louis Cyr, a modern Samson of gigantic strength, proving an immense attraction. Louis Cyr is a British subject, and was born in St. John's, Quebec, in 1863. His mother's weight is only a trifle under 10-st, but she is immensely strong. So far as his mother's side goes, therefore, he comes from a pretty sturdy stock. His father's family were not quite so colossal, although fairly big men and women. His father, however, brings down the scale at 16-st. His own weight is 21-st. As may be imagined Louis Cyr is of magnificent physique, and with the idea of proving that his feats of strength are genuine a number of well-known Newport gentlemen constituted themselves a committee and tested the weights used by him by a machine specially provided for this purpose. The genuineness of the feats were consequently placed outside the region of doubt. They are simply marvellous and must be seen to be accurately comprehended. Mr. Still has secured another splendid company for a week, but every person present was anxious for the appearance of Louis Cyr, and when he made his bow to the audience he was greeted with loud and protracted cheering. He commenced his work by lifting two dumb-bells, weighing 200-lb, above his head in a kneeling posture, thus dispensing altogether with the power of his lower extremities. He afterwards slowly raises 255-lb 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 282-lb from the floor on to his shoulder. He concludes his exhibition by his marvellous back-lifting display, in which he actually lifts up a platform weighing 106-lb 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 audience literally brim over with enthusiasm at the sight. At Newport on Monday evening the weight upon the platform scarcely equalled that which he is in the habit of lifting, and to increase it he placed upon the platform one of his heaviest dumb-bells. He gives quite a distinct performance in the second half, lifting, among other things, a dumb-bell weighing 255-lb above his head with one hand, a feat in which he beats the celebrated Sandow by about a cent. Next week another great attraction has been provided for the patrons of the Empire in the engagement of Aama, the giantess. She is said to be the tallest woman of the world has ever known, and although only 15 years of age her height exceeds eight feet. She is accompanied by Col. and Uipte, supposed to be the smallest man living.

Daily Mail. The Birmingham MARCH 1, 1892.

LOUIS CYR AT THE MUSKON.—Some good variety business, in which a couple of comic named E. Smallwood and W. J. Churchill; a wire walker, Milla. Zyna; and an interesting sketch played prominent parts, served to introduce the strongest man on earth. The weight-lifter explained to the audience that he would weigh the whole of his huge dumb-bells in their presence. This preliminary being gone through, ousted to a great extent the doubtfulness one is apt to entertain with regard to such performances. Cyr with two hands raised a bar weighing 275-lb, above the head, a 24-lb dumb-bell with one hand he put above his head, and a barrel of cement weighing 300-lb, he raised to his shoulder with one hand. The greatest feat of all was lifting over 3,000-lb, with what is known as a back lift. The audience were loud in their applause, and very justly looked upon the performance as a most extraordinary one.



last week, that eminent comedian Mr. T. W. Robertson, in no small measure contributing to the successful performance of this comedy. Those responsible for the management of this theatre deserve great credit for their efforts to provide for the people on the Cheshire side of the river, entertainments of a class equally as good as those of our Liverpool theatres.

#### LOUIS CYR, THE STRONG MAN.

Whatever may be the opinion of some people as to who is and who is not the strongest man in the world, we think Louis Cyr, who has been performing at the Grand Theatre since Christmas, is justly entitled to the credit of being, without doubt, the strongest man in the world up to the present. We have witnessed the performances of Sampson, Sandow, Hercules, Vulcan, and many other men claiming the credit of being the strongest men in the world. Their performances have certainly been very creditable to them as a show, but taken pure and simple as an exhibition of strength, they are not to be compared to those of Cyr.

On Wednesday evening last, at the request of Mr. Roache the proprietor of the Grand Theatre, our editor consented to officiate as one of the committee of inspection of Cyr's performances. In addition to this a weighing machine was provided by Messrs. Pooley, to test the accuracy of the weights lifted. Messrs. Pooley also supplied two clerks to work the machine and certify the weights, and to prove that the machine was accurate, a number of gentlemen including our editor, were allowed to have their own weights taken on the machine, and all were satisfied as to the correctness of the various weights lifted.

After the ceremony of testing the weights had been performed, Louis Cyr went through his performance of raising dumbbells, weighing from 72lbs to 281lbs with one hand, and various other feats of weight lifting, which have never been equalled, by any man. He then lifted upon his shoulders, a board upon which were mounted some fourteen men giving a total weight of close upon 2,400lbs., a truly remarkable performance. In fact the same may be said of the whole of his exhibition of weight lifting. It is simply marvellous.

During a conversation which our representative had with him afterwards, Cyr intimated, that he was quite prepared to meet Sandow, or any other man in the world upon a public platform, and furthermore intimated that he wanted no preliminary notice whatever, but that any aspirant to the credit of strongest man in the world, could not only have the opportunity of meeting him upon a public stage, at any time he is performing, but could also have the credit, if able to beat

him of picking up the £1,000 offered by Mr. J. K. Fox of America, and at the same time secure the gold challenge belt now worn by Louis Cyr himself. At present we feel satisfied, there is no man able to lower the colours of the Canadian, who is one of the most perfect models of a man that we have ever beheld. He is quite prepared to defend his title against all comers, and we are thoroughly satisfied that for an exhibition of strength there has been nothing hitherto presented upon the stage of any local music hall, to equal the performance of this man.

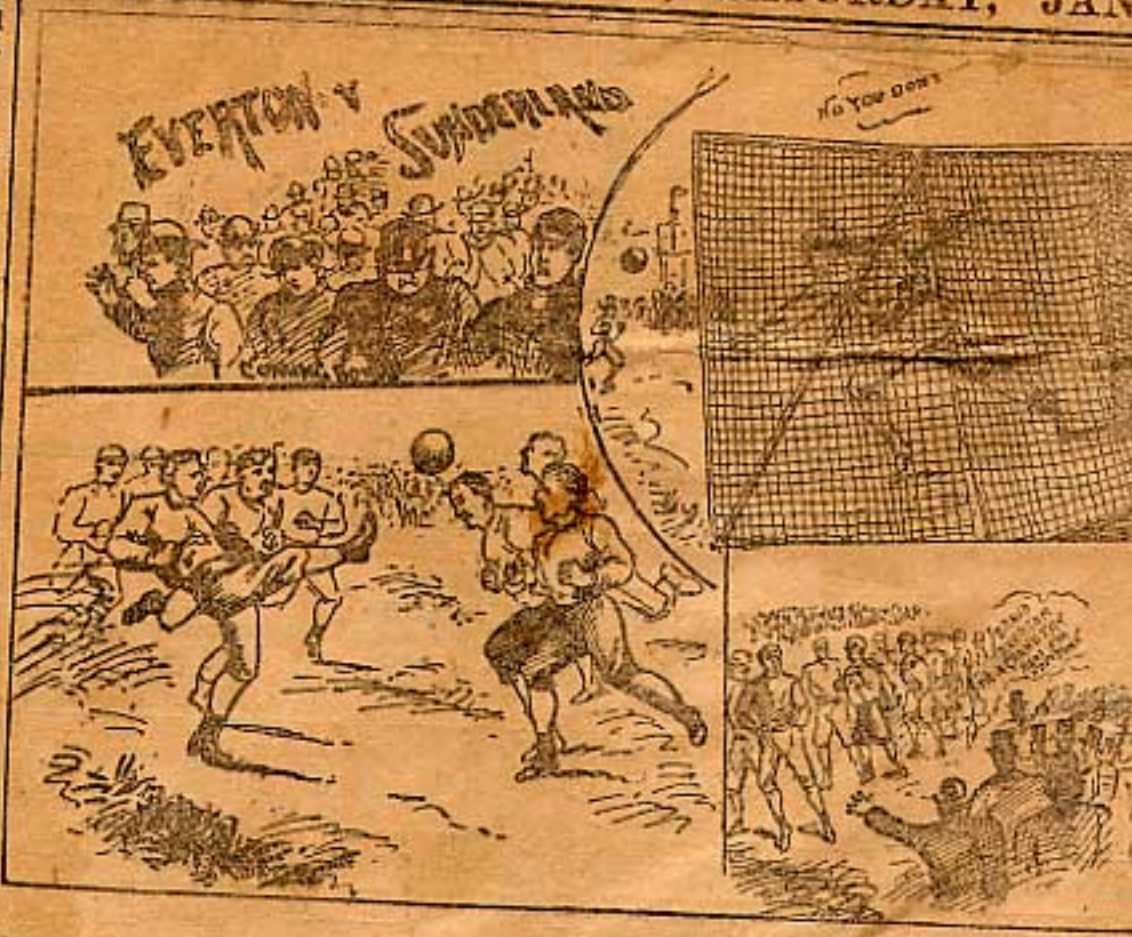
EVENING EXPRESS. TUESDAY. JANUARY 5, 1892.

LIVERPOOL, TUESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1892.

#### THE GRAND THEATRE.

The engagement of Louis Cyr at this popular house has proved a great success, and there is every reason to anticipate that his appearance will be as big an attraction this week. All who have witnessed his wonderful feats of strength must have admitted his title to rank above all other strong men. Not only does he perform what they did, but in the way of lifting heavy dumbbells, he has established a world's record. To lift at one time sixteen men weighing over a ton, is indeed something which no other person has ever attempted, and this is what Cyr does with comparative ease, although suffering from a bronchial affection. With such an attraction and also with an admirable programme which comprises the Roxillions, Kitty Nelson, Fred Harrington, Brothers Ferguson, Nellie Olders, and Violet Temple, the Grand ought to have a good week's business.

The director



AJAX — A LANCASHIRE STRONG MAN.

A CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD.

The strong man fever has not yet attained its height. Many of the more speculative are becoming afraid of its developments. We have, however, to wait the appearance of the Samson who will bodily take up the town in which he has hitherto resided as a respectable citizen, and pose it on his two fingers to the amusement of an audience. The appearance of Ajax in Wigan, this week, at the Alexandra Hall, and his recent feats of strength, have been the topics of conversation with those interested in athletics. Ajax has a double interest for Wiganers, having been born in Wigan, and his recent achievements are the outcome of his own tuition. The following particulars respecting Ajax may interest our readers, and a few notes taken during a conversation with our representative are thus given. J. A. Robinson, professionally known as Ajax, from his early boyhood has been devoted to calisthenics, and, at the conclusion of his day's work in the factory, he was to be found amidst his horizontal bars and implements of training. With a full determination to succeed, he soon found a position as a professional gymnast performing throughout England and the continent. The subject of our sketch is twenty-nine years of age, weighs twelve stone and a half, height five feet



ten inches, chest measurement 42 inches and a quarter, with a muscle of 16 and a half inches, whilst in the waist he only measures 33 inches. Many of the strong men that have appeared in England have been foreigners, and not until Sir John Astley's great weight lifting competition at St. James's Hall, in London, on March 6th, 1891, was an opportunity given to the Samsonian children to compete for the premier position. In addition to defeating Samson Ajax also defeated thirty-two other picked strong men before six competent judges, viz., General F. Hamersley, Colonel Fox, Professor Atkinson, Professor Hubbard, Professor Lomira, and Professor Levi, who were unanimous in their verdict that Ajax had vanquished Samson, who failed to move the weights Ajax on this occasion lifted—350lbs. with one hand. On Thursday evening he succeeded in performing one of his special feats—that is, to lift 1744lb. in the right hand, and a 1600lb. bell in the left at once. Amongst his specialties may be mentioned the raising of two 650lb. weights on two penny pieces above his head. Another feat that has not been placed on the programme of other gladiators is to lift 1000lb. in one hand and 600lb. in another, while seated on a chair. Upon his appearance on the stage Ajax is rather a surprise, and the levitation that is expected by the audience is found to be concentrated in a man of ordinary build. And not until a close scrutiny could one realize the splendid physique of which he is possessed. The gracefulness with which he goes through his performance contributes in a great measure to the fascination of his audiences, who are all attentive to his movements as he wields the ponderous clumps of iron which fall on to the platform with a thud that admits of no prejudicial or imputation upon the genuineness of the feat. In so small a compass it is wonderful to find the

then that Master Cyr should turn out an exceptionally strong offspring. That he did so was very soon discovered, for when at school, as quite a youngster, he was master of all the lads. At the age of fourteen there were few men who could cope with him, and at that early age his muscular development was extraordinary. His parents were living at Montreal when he left school, and the question was what should they make of this young Hercules. Well, ultimately it was decided that he should enter the police service. He was about seventeen at this time, and his strength had increased in a marvellous manner. He soon showed what a valuable acquisition he was to the force. Therefore, they sent him to do duty in the roughest and most disturbed district of Montreal. He made so many captures, and quelled such a number of disturbances, that he soon received substantial recognition from the authorities. He was paid double salary, and used to do the work of three. Naturally, he was not very popular amongst the roughs. So they made up their minds to settle him. Accordingly six or seven picked men waited upon him one dark night, and went for him with sticks and belts. He was frightfully cut about, and can show you the scars of the wounds he received about the forehead now. It must have been a desperate fight, but in the end his pluck and superior strength were too much for the cowards. Three out of the six made their escape more or less hurt. One of the others he had picked up and dashed upon the ground rendering him senseless. The other two he nipped round the waist until they screamed in agony. He was just making off with the two he had captured, when he compassionately thought of the poor injured devil on the ground. He therefore changed over his prisoners to the left hand, and holding them both firmly with one hand by the collars, picked up the senseless man with his right arm and threw him over his shoulder. It must have been a curious sight to see this marvellous man with his senseless burden and captives going down the dark streets of Montreal on that dark night. The blood from the wounds in his forehead running down and nigh blinding him. He dropped the injured man in at the hospital as he passed, and took his prisoners to the station. Cyr, however, was very much cut about, and had himself to go to the hospital. This and many other episodes during his service with the police made him very popular, and after the event described, he was left unmolested. He had been a custodian of the police for nearly two years, when an incident happened which called attention to his immensity of strength. One day he was on duty in one of the chief thoroughfares when a cart laden with bricks came to grief. The horse fell down and the shafts were broken. They succeeded in getting the horse free from the harness. But what was to be done with the cart. There it stood right in the line of traffic. It was suggested that the bricks be unloaded. "Stand on one side," said the muscular young policeman. Divesting himself of his coat, and handing his hat to somebody standing by, he crouched under the cart, and pressing up with his great broad shoulders, the bricks, cart, and all were lifted foot by foot until they were moved right on to the side walk. The applause of the crowd collected was tremendous. Some gentlemen who had witnessed this performance were so astonished that they had the whole lot weighed. The weight that he had lifted was found to be a little over 2,100lbs. That feat of strength determined his career. He left the police and at once entered into show business. By steady practice with the dumb bells and proper training, his muscular powers gradually increased to the enormous dimensions of to-day. The toughest customer he ever had to deal with in lifting to the shoulder was a Captain Burst. On one occasion, when in New Brunswick, Burst offered to bet him 200 dollars that he would not lift the same weight on to his shoulder that the captain would. "Done," said Cyr, and the money was put up. This feat was not to take place at an exhibition, but on board one of the ships laying off where they were. Now, Burst, was what you might call a "wopper." He stood 6ft. 7in. And, unlike the generality of giants, he was a broad-shouldered, muscular individual. So to the ship they repaired with the stakeholder, referees, and a few acquaintances. Aboard the vessel was an anchor weighing exactly 800lbs. Burst picked up this pretty little toy, and placed it with apparently not much difficulty on to his shoulder. It remained there for about a minute, during which time the wonderment and applause was great. The anchor was then taken from his shoulder by six men, and replaced upon the deck. Then came Cyr's turn, and the betting was 2 to 1 against him. He had never attempted such a feat before. Yet, nothing daunted, he grasped the anchor, and with little worked it up to his hip, and, after a desperate struggle, managed to get it on to his shoulder. It was a near thing, however, and nothing like so easily done as by his opponent. Never mind, he had got it there. "Now," said



any disfigurement to the formation of arms or any other part of the body. Throughout the performance it is devoid of those painful exhibitions of straining which make these performances repulsive to an audience, each item being performed with a finish and dexterity that render Ajax master of his work with a full claim to be placed amidst the first rank of the strong men of to-day.

THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

Louis Cyr, who is just now appearing at the Grand Theatre, Liverpool, is one of the most extraordinary weight-lifters in the world, and therefore a few particulars respecting his career will, we doubt not, prove interesting to our readers. The following is the result of an interview with him— My card was taken into the front parlour, and immediately I heard a cheery voice shout out, "Come in, sir; come in." As I entered, a great mass of humanity arose from a chair, and greeted me with a hearty shake of the hand. It was very hearty, I can assure you, and I have not quite got over the grip yet. This was the first time I had seen Louis Cyr. He was sitting in his shirt sleeves, for which he politely excused himself, and had evidently just done justice to a solid repast. On the table was the remains of what had no doubt been a steak of gigantic proportions. Without a word of exaggeration, that steak must have been three inches thick. "Good appetite, Mr. Cyr?" inquired. "Well, yes, I can peek a bit. Have to keep up the stamina, you know. Have been over at the hall practicing all the morning. Rare work to make you hungry." Cyr speaks English capitally, with just a slight French accent, and a pronounced American twang. Louis Cyr is a thorough British subject, he having been born in St. John's, Quebec, in 1863. That makes him twenty-nine years of age. His grandfather, on the maternal side, weighed over 250lb., whilst his mother's weight is only a trifle under 150lb. She is immensely strong, and only a few years ago was able to pick up a barrel of flour and carry it up two flights of steps. So you see, as far as the mother's side goes, he comes from a pretty sturdy stock. His father's family were not quite so colossal, although fairly big men and women. His father, however, would bring down the scale at 150lb., so he was no pigmy. It was only natural

Cyr to the captain. "Just you get up and straddle across my shoulders." After some persuasion, this he was induced to do, and Cyr, to the blank amazement of the crowd, especially his opponent, walked round the deck. This so astonished Burst that he shook him by the hand and said, "Well, now, you're the first man I've ever given best to on that feat." And the 200 dollars were paid over to our friend Cyr. There is only one man who has met who was spiteful and aggressive through jealousy of his superior powers. That man was a man named Parker. Outside the hall where he was showing the heavy dumbbells were exhibited, Cyr offered to anybody who could lift with one hand the 240lb. weight ten dollars. Parker came along, and said he could do it, but failed. He was so mad about it that he swore that Cyr himself could not accomplish the feat. Of course our friend laughed at him. "Look here," he said. "I'll bet you fifty dollars that I'll put the weight up at arm's length over my head. Right here on this spot." "Done," said Parker, and the money was accordingly put up. And so was the dumbbell, much to the surprise and annoyance of the incredulous aspirant. He became so enraged that he was abusive, and after a wordy warfare, in which the weapons used were struck from anything but choice language, Parker struck Cyr. In an instant he was in the arms of the modern Hercules. He gave him a squeeze that made all his ribs crack, then hurled him into the middle of the road. Crash he came down, and there lay until he was taken away to the hospital with an injury to his back. "And that's the only time," said Cyr, "that I ever came to blows and struggle since I took to exhibiting." And I quite believe him. He appears to be a most amiable fellow. A kind expression in his face, and a bright, twinkling, good-humoured looking eye. Fourteen jolly young watermen stood upon trestles. Their combined weights amounted to 3,600lb. Cyr lifted them with his back—no harness or appliances—with ease. His weight-lifting was also marvellous. After the show I went round to his drawing-room. To say that he hadn't turned a hair would be false, for the beads of perspiration were standing out on his brow. He told me that what I had seen was merely exhibition performance, and not records. If he were to do every night that which he was capable of doing he would be knocked up in a fortnight. I will not attempt to compare his dumbbell lifting with others, but simply mention a few of his feats. Litted on his back 3,900lb. Took a 200lb. dumbbell slowly from the floor, and raised it over the head at full arm extension. Litted 550lb. weight off the ground with one finger. Picked up a 310lb. cement barrel, and placed it upon his shoulder. What I saw and what I have heard convinces me that he is absolutely the strongest man of this generation. Mr. Harry J. C. Vernon introduces the latest marvel each night at the Grand, and judging by the applause which he receives it seems as if he were in touch with the audience.

WEST LANCASHIRE GOLF CLUB.

The annual New Year's Day meeting was held on the links at Hall-road yesterday, when two club handicap prizes were competed for. Overhead the weather was all that could be wished for, but the ground was very heavy, and in many places was covered by water. Mr. L. D. Stoddart and Mr. J. E. Pearson tied for the prizes and the first and second sweepstakes, and Mr. G. R. Cox, jun., won the third sweepstakes. The following were the scores of less than 100 net:—

Mr. L. D. Stoddart	83
Mr. J. E. Pearson	83
Mr. G. R. Cox, jun.	85
Mr. Frank Harrison	104
Dr. Haver	94
Mr. A. G. Rankine	97
Mr. W. H. Gauding	115
Mr. W. Savory Taylor	69
Mr. H. Good	59
Dr. T. J. Grimsdale	57
Mr. H. R. Laybourn	115
Mr. Thos. B. Saugman	117
Mr. J. Fairclough	123
Mr. P. E. M. Dixon	104
Mr. G. Sagar	122

An unusually large number of players failed to return their cards.

Mr. J. L. Toole passed a better night, but the cough is still troublesome.

New York landing-site inaugurated land at the of Cork. As a mement piece was p

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