

CYR'S COMPREHENSIVE CHALLENGE.

HE TALKS STRAIGHT.

ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND WITH HIS BIG WEIGHTS.

LONDONERS SEE THE GIGANTIC CANADIAN.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

THE LANDING AT LIVERPOOL.

It is not usual in Liverpool to wake up and find the weather so dense that one has a difficulty in discerning things at a distance of fifty yards, but yesterday a dreary, dull morning settled into one of the most wretched of wet days. It was most unfortunate, therefore, that Louis Cyr, upon his arrival on board the Vancouver, should find himself in such an ungenial climate. Perhaps there were certain other things that contributed to a feeling of discontent. Notwithstanding that the Canadian giant is of ample bulk, lavishly gifted with bone and sinew, he was not proof against the debilitating effects of the stormy Atlantic, on whose billowy bosom he had rolled and pitched for an anxious eleven days. In ordinary parlance, Mr. Cyr was "sick," and instead of putting on flesh during his enforced idleness, he had naturally lost a few pounds. The voyage otherwise was enjoyable, and nothing could have exceeded the kindness of the officials to both himself and his brother. It was a pleasant little gathering on the deck of the steamship Vancouver, as she lay in the Alexandria Basin. M.



LOUIS CYR.

Perrault, the manager for Mr. Cyr, was first to break the silence with a good-humoured welcome to England. Then came Peter Cyr, and to the query, "This your brother?" the answer comes back "Guess that's so." And now, as one gets a fair look at the Canadian, we cannot but think what a magnificent figure he will put when he steps on the stage at the South London Music Hall on Saturday. Picture to yourselves a man 5ft. 10in. with a chest measuring 33in. in circumference, and weighing in the lump no less than 535lb avoirdupois. A glance at his biceps reveals the fact that it requires 21 in. of tape to circle one, whilst a mammoth thigh measures 35in., the calf supporting them registering 23in. There is surely enough here to please the most exacting. He has been a matter of nine years before the American public, and has performed in both North and South in the chief centres. Instead of demoralising, the travel has solidified him, and if there is either wood or iron harder than the muscle of his arms and legs, as we pass our puny hands over them, we are inclined to gravely doubt it. "Get hold of it with both your hands," said Mr. Perrault, alluding to the right biceps, and we did, as far as we could reach, but we felt it was something of a failure, this attempt to span the circle that forced the heavy dumb-bell into the air. Whilst we can only wonder, however, how such an amount of physique can rest in one spot, Cyr does not appear to be uneasy under his weight. He laughs the merriest of jocund laughs, and fun glitters in his eye all the time you are listening to his talk. Louis soon made it known that he would travel to London by the noon train. He would make no stay in Liverpool; had seen enough of the sea for a while, and preferred to gravitate as quickly as possible to the big city where his work lay. What were his plans? Well, he could tell very little, except, as we knew, that he opened his actual engagement on Monday at the South London, where he hoped to give satisfaction, and at the same time to prove that if there was any real champion strong man to be the one. This was his first appearance in England, and he did not think he would disappoint anybody if they wanted feats of genuine strength. He would like to say that he was prepared to enter into a contest with any man living to show which was really the strongest man. In his biz he used no artifice to aid him. He did his work by sheer strength. No jerking or unnatural means adopted. He relied on his native strength for his feats, and he did not think any other man could beat him, but he was open to try as soon as he got settled in town. This was a very neat beginning, and we were impressed with the modest tone in which the

the great French-Canadian athlete, Louis Cyr, with all his paraphernalia, which is to strike terror into the hearts of all the strong men who are now reaping a golden harvest. The modern Goliath was the very first man to alight from the train, as though anxious to escape from the restraint of the 5ft. by 2ft. compartment of a first-class railway carriage; but he was only escaping one ordeal to encounter another, as he landed right in the arms of a lot of friends and the representative of the Sporting Life. The former were Messrs. Perrault, George Ware, senior, and his son, S. J. Richardson (of the Sporting Life), and "PRIVATEER." The friends were all anxious to make Cyr feel as much at home as possible, while the Sporting Life representative was determined to pump the strong man as dry as it was possible to do so. The "big fellow" was very gracious under the ordeal, and told his story in the most ingenuous manner, having more the appearance of a schoolboy than a champion strong man. This is characteristic of the really strong men, however.

The French-Canadian was clad in a small check ulster, which, strange to say, made him appear smaller than usual, but when he stood beside the rest of the company they were dwarfed into almost insignificance. Even his brother, Peter Cyr, a giant usually, looked small beside the mighty Montrealer. The first thing asked of Louis Cyr by the scribe was the right manner of pronouncing his name.

"If you think of the great Tom Sayers and then pronounce my name like his without the S you will be right. The absolutely correct way is to call me CAYER."

Interspersing these remarks with orders as to how he wanted his dumb-bells and weights shifted, Cyr managed to sandwich business with pleasure.

"Look out, there! If that bell drops on your toes you will want a larger boot, young man."

Mr. Porter thus admonished, jumped out of the way of the big dumb bell, which had just rolled out of the luggage van, and was fast making its way towards the street. There was no doubt about it being a very solid implement, for it rolled along with a steady motion, gaining headway as it went, which was proof enough of its weight.

"Is that your big bell, Cyr? What does it weigh?"

"Yes; that is the biggest one that I have here. It weighs 252lb. When we were in Liverpool some of the railroad hands put it on the scale to see how much there was to it. Four of them struggled at it, and they finally got it into the wagon."

"Why did you not put the bell into the wagon yourself?"

"Excuse me, I never work unless I am paid for it, and I was paying those fellows to do the work, and it amused me to see the men making such a fuss over a little thing."

"If you call that a little thing, what would you call a big one?"

"Wait until you see my new bells. I am going to have some new dumb bells made, and they will be monsters, and no mistake."

"You can bet they will," chimed in George Ware. "I have been to the foundries, and they are busy making moulds of long and short-handled dumb-bells. I cannot give the weights of these implements, as this is really a state secret, and you can readily see that it might work harm if everyone knew the exact weight that Cyr was going to work with. It may be that the Canadian will make a match with Sandow or some other of the strong men, so it is policy to keep from showing the full strength of his hand."

"How much do you think that you could really put up if a big wager was dependent on the result?"

"That is hard to tell. I usually practise with this little fellow, and it is really a toy. When I begin to practise for a big match that banter will be cast aside."

By this time all Cyr's weights and implements had been grouped together on the platform, and then a consultation was held as to the best thing to be done with the pieces of iron, two in number—a 10lb dumb-bell and the 252lb dumb-bell, besides the platform and the supports that accompany it. The Canadian was fearful lest someone should steal his tools, but his fears were calmed by one of the porters, who said:

"No one will steal them, sir. A thief could not run far with that piece of iron; besides they would not fetch much in the marine store dealer's."

This assurance did not satisfy Cyr, who would not rest until he had seen his implements safely lodged in the cloak room. From here they will be taken to the South London Music Hall this (Thursday) morning. Here the Canadian will practise so as to be in form for his "special matinee," which takes place at the South London on Saturday afternoon.

The scribe laughingly asked Cyr what extra freightage he had to pay on his bells and platform.

"Nothing on the steamer," said the Canadian. "You see every one knows me, and I might have brought a couple of ton without being asked to pay any excess for extra baggage, but with the railroad people it was different. They put everything on the scales, and then charged me for 852lb of extra baggage. This was nothing compared with the fees that had to be paid out for shifting the things about. It seemed to me that I had a small army of porters pressed into service, and of course they all expected to drink the health of the new-comer. That was all right, the labour was hard, and I would not have done the work for a hundred times the sum that they received." Everything being in readiness for a move, Cyr asked where his boarding house was, and George Ware said in a stage whisper—

"That is all arranged, my boy. I have found out a splendid place for you and your brother, and the terms are very moderate. The lady who owns the place is a friend of mine, and she has agreed to take you for £5 per week."

This looks like a large sum, but when it is taken into consideration that Cyr can eat two or three pounds of steak at a sitting the sum paid is not an exorbitant one. It is not known whether the American system of feeding is to be used, or whether the lady of the house will follow out the Metropolitan plan. The "Zanucks" never eat more than three meals per day, while we are in the habit of indulging in a few intermediate repasts. If this contract is based on the Montreal lines then the little widow of Gower-street has a chance of quitting even, but if the new-comers are allowed the usual London license, then the lady in question will find that her butcher's bills will almost swamp her. The Canadian had but one objection to his new home, and that was it was too far away from the South London, where he will perform next week. Cyr usually does his training upon the stage where he is exhibiting, and this gives him a great advantage. "You see, a man has got to get used to the slope of a place, and my feats are of such a nature that I must be as sure-footed as a mule, for a slip on my part would mean maiming for life. Ordinary strong men can jump away from a dumb-bell should it turn in their hand or overbalance them, but it is impossible for me to get away from a platform containing over a ton, which is resting on my back. Then, again, my tools are so heavy that any daily shifting of them would necessitate a lot of expense, and entail a vast amount of trouble. Besides that, I do not care to have a double set of dumb-bells."



Canadian spoke. He did not refer to any possible rival by name, and it was only when his attention was drawn to the fact that there were half a dozen Richmonds in the field that he divulged the by no means startling news that he had heard of them. We found that Louis had been breakfasting on a file of the *Sporting Life*, and was well read in the controversy, so that it was an easy transition to the overtures of Mr. Richard K. Fox. Louis had seen the conditions, but had not had time to go through them. So far as he could see there was no fault to find with them. He was pleased to see that Mr. Fox had taken such interest in the business, and it was bound to do good. Would he be willing to enter into a competition with the gentleman now in London for the possession of the trophies put up by Mr. Fox?

"Yes; but I should like it to be understood," he remarked, "that I lay claim to nothing but the title of being the strongest man before the public. I do not want to go into any competitions in which jerking or artificial lifting is allowed. My opinion is, and I think every one will support me in the statement, that the strongest man is he who, without artificial aid, lifts the greatest amount of dead weight. On these conditions I am willing to meet Sandow, Samson, Hercules, Milo, or any other athlete. I deal in natural lifting, and want no trick business, nor anything where the feat depends on 'knack.' I don't think I can say anything fairer than that, and I think they ought to meet me on those grounds, or else let me have the title. I hope to be able to show you on Saturday that I not only talk about my feats, but that every feat is a genuine one, and that they are accomplished through sheer strength alone."

Looking at his enormous arms and chest it seemed easy to believe that the Canadian spoke the truth. "Of course," added Mr. Perrault, "Louis has been ill on the voyage, and you might mention that, but there doesn't appear to be anything the matter with him (smiling), and I think you may believe that he will be all right for the matinee next Saturday." Just here attention was called to Sandow's utterance, where he said he was prepared to meet Cyr in a contest where real feats of strength will count. "That's just what I want," said Cyr. "I want nothing better than to test who is the strongest man."

"You would be unwilling to compete in a series of feats under any other conditions?" "Decidedly. I'm not an acrobat, and I do no acrobatic tricks. I believe I can put up more weight than any other man, and if that's so I've a right to call myself the strongest man." That view seemed very fair, and the argument now is that sheer natural strength is what Cyr champions, and what he professes, and, in the language of the challengers, "No other terms will suit." It was useless to continue this part of the discussion, and the subsequent talk was much more enjoyable. Chatting away glibly, Cyr told of the different parts of the earth he had exhibited in, and how his great strength gradually improved until now, his muscles (he being twenty-eight years of age, and like the "iron hands" that Longfellow spoke of. His career has been full of variety, and success has been hanging to him for quite a considerable time.

As it was now getting close to noon, at which time the London train would commence its journey, we moved along the platform, Cyr filling the eye of many a hurrying business man as he sauntered up to the carriage. A dip into the telegraph office, in order to apprise his friends that the strong man had been captured, Maitre Perrault made their seats comfortable, and they settled down for the journey to the South. Prior to the handshaking and leave taking, Cyr was asked to issue a challenge to the whole human race, but as the guard waved his green flag, the big fellow said, "I'd rather see how things are to-morrow or next day, when I get to the metropolis. I don't want to have any ill-feeling, and I should like whatever is done to be done in the best spirit. Of course you may set it down as a fact that I intend to test any or all of the strong men at weight-lifting, as I said before, but we will be better able to make our plans when we get settled at the other end." At that moment the whistle blew, and Louis Cyr resumed his travels to London town.

THE ARRIVAL IN LONDON.

Whether it was owing to the fact of being over half an hour late, or whether it was that the 5.10 train from Liverpool, carried more weight than usual, it is undeniable that the locomotive Phantom did an extraordinary amount of puffing when it came into the Euston-square Station last night. The reason of all this commotion was the arrival of

"Have you read of the doings of Sandow, Samson, and Hercules?"

"Yes; every word that has been published in the *Sporting Life* has been carefully read by me, and I have been greatly interested in the graphic descriptions. There can be no doubt that some of the strong men now performing in London are phenomenal, but their strength is acquired rather than what I call 'natural.' There is a good deal of gymnastic work attached to their feats, and they are not pure strength. For instance, when Sandow gained his record for putting up the 250lb bar bell. It was not what I call a one-handed lift, as the two hands were used in bringing the bell to the shoulder, and then the bell was pressed up. What I call a one-handed lift is to pick the bell from the floor, and swing it to the shoulder without touching it with the other hand. The jerk or press is a matter of taste, but the greatest weights are usually put up with the steadiest work."

"Of course you have never seen any of these European strong men—that is, the real champions?"

"No; the only ones that I have ever seen perform are 'Cyclops' (whose real name is Binowsky, a Russian) and Montgomery, who is passing as Sandow, in Canada and the United States. These men are passably strong, but there is a lot of acrobatic work connected with their feats. Of the real 'Sandow' I know nothing, excepting what I have read through the *Sporting Life*, but he must be a wonderful man, combining great strength with clever gymnastics."

"Will you challenge Sandow, or wait until some of the strong men challenge you?"

"That is a hard question to answer. I have already issued a general challenge to anyone and everyone to compete against me in feats of natural strength, and I stand ready to make good my word. Anyone can have a match at straight lifting or dumb-bell hoisting, but I do not care to enter a competition wherein I shall be handicapped by tricks that can only be acquired by long practice. I claim to be the strongest man in the world, and the English people will soon see that I have made no idle boast."

"Will you attempt to beat any of the existing records at your matinee performance on Saturday?"

"It is quite possible I may. It all depends upon my condition. At present I am none too well. The long sea voyage and a couple of days down with *mal de mer* are not conducive to the production of the greatest amount of strength. Perhaps I will have recovered by Saturday, and then I will give these strong men a task that will set them thinking. After I have seen Sandow, Samson, and Hercules perform I will be able to speak more intelligently on this subject. For instance, his carrying of a live horse sounds like a splendid feat."

At this juncture George Ware chimed in with the exclamation, "Why, I have offered to bet that you can lift a whole farmyard, let alone a horse, and the farmyard shall be well stocked. It shall contain a mare with her foal, a cow with her calf, a sow and litter of pigs, besides a dairymaid, with a flock of geese and chickens." Here the scribe left for dinner, while Cyr went to his room for a change of clothing, preparatory to a visit to the Tivoli and Trocadero in order to see Sandow and Hercules perform.

CYR SEEING THE SIGHTS.

One of the most interested spectators at the Tivoli last night was Louis Cyr, the Canadian strong man, who went there to witness Eugene Sandow's performance. The young German's feats pleased the French-Montrealer immensely, but he said that they did not come up to his idea of real feats of strength.

The somewhat work was especially interesting to the Canadian strong man, but he did not attach much importance to the lifting of the pony or the sustaining of the piano. After the exhibition was over, Cyr expressed a wish to be introduced to Sandow, but having an engagement at the South London, the meeting of the great rivals had to be postponed. When Cyr arrived at Mrs. Pogle's place of entertainment the Canadian was the recipient of a great ovation. His native modesty prevented him giving expression to his feelings or intentions, but he said privately that he was ready for all comers.

Cyr will be at the *Sporting Life* Office at noon to-day (Thursday).

THE SPORTING LIFE, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1891.

CYR'S GREAT BACK LIFT. THE CANADIAN MAKES TWO NEW RECORDS.

An immense crowd went to the South London Music Hall last night to be present at Harry Gosling's benefit, and Louis Cyr being in fine form did some great things. In addition to his usual performance he put up the 170lb dumb-bell twice with the left hand. When he came to the back lift the jolly young watermen crowded the platform. Seventeen of them got on the board. Among them were—R. Oesier, 136t 8lb; F. Hargreaves, 126t 8lb; J. Gardner, 146t 5lb; J. Keels, 146t 11lb; C. Brown, 106t; H. Haywood, 146t 6lb; W. Baxney, 126t 8lb; S. Marney, 116t 8lb; T. Carpenter, 116t 8lb; G. Brown, 116t 10lb; H. Davies, 116t 8lb; C. Taylor, 116t 10lb; H. Reed, 86t 10lb; J. Mack, 136t 10lb; and several others. These, in addition to the platform, totalled up 3,861lb, which beats Cyr's American record by 107lb. A committee of watermen watched the lift, which was done three times in succession. E. Plummer was the referee.



LOUIS CYR AT THE TROCADERO.

Accompanied by his agent, Mr. George Ware, and his brother, the famous French-Canadian paid a visit on Thursday evening to Sam Adams's, the favourite West-End rendezvous of rank, fashion, and amusement. Several celebrities and racing men were present, notably the Marquis of Ailesbury, Frank Slavin, Chesterfield Goodie, Tom Tully (of the West End), Walter Jarvis, Reg Brower, Tyler (the trainer), Walter Lewis, &c. Cyr's object was to see Sampson and Hercules's performances. So soon as Cyr entered the building his remarkable appearance attracted attention. Hercules and Sampson were enjoying a siesta near the bar, but when Geo Ware came upon the scene they knew full well that his companion must be none other than their formidable rival. There was, of course, the picture in the Sporting Life of Thursday last to guide them, and without any parade the visitors took their seats. In due course Sampson and Hercules appeared, and every movement was watched by Cyr. The performers, knowing the critical judgment about to be passed upon them, were seen at their best, and Sampson in his introductory remarks carefully avoided any special reference to particular feats, beyond stating that their weights could be tested at any time, and £100 given if they were not as represented. For thirteen years, he remarked, Hercules and himself had been the champions in this country, and had never been surpassed in genuine feats of strength. After alluding to the horse-lifting and describing its difficulty, the performance proceeded, and was enthusiastically received.

Subsequently Cyr was lionised in the saloon, and introduced to every grade of sportsman and men about town. To all he was most affable, and even when society was too pressing had a kind word and genial answer for the most intrusive. His biopsa came in for special attention, and when George Ware gave the cue, Cyr was manipulated again and again to the astonishment of the wonder-stricken operators, the stranger meanwhile smiling with a calm air of indifference. Of course everyone expected to see Cyr with long flowing locks. We are told in ancient history that Samson's strength lay in his hair, but when it was cut off he was no stronger than any ordinary human being. Cyr is a very great exception, and the removal of the superfluous capillary adornment has not deprived him of one ounce of physical force. He will a so be saved from a little good humoured reference made by street urchins to a song very popular just now in London, entitled "Get your hair cut."

Having seen all the strong men, Cyr was interrogated by "Paul Fry" as to his general opinion, and he answered as follows:—"Well, yes, I have seen them all. They are good in themselves, but I have not yet seen any weight-lifting." There is probably more behind this than meets the eye, but to-day (Saturday), at a special matinee at the South London Music Hall (three p.m.), Cyr promises to show us a record weight-lifting. The weights will be sealed beforehand, in the presence of the spectators. Before Cyr left the Trocadero he had a long conversation with Sampson and Hercules, but declined all offers to imbibe the wine of this or any other country.

EUGENE SANDOW GETS A DIPLOMA.

LORD LONSDALE CERTIFIES THAT THE GERMAN'S RECORDS ARE CORRECT.

There was a strange mingling of strong men, theatrical managers and men about town in the Tivoli last night, when Eugene Sandow was the recipient of a testimonial which will be invaluable to him. The precious piece of vellum contained the endorsement of the referee and judges of the trial of strength that the young German went through at the International Hall last January, when he placed upon the record books some figures that will stand for a long time. This action on the part of the committee was brought about by the intimations thrown out that Sandow's performances were not genuine, and that the belt he received on that occasion was in no manner a championship emblem. The reflection cast upon such gentlemen as Lord Lonsdale, Colonel Fox, and Professor Atkinson was a thing that could not be passed over in a light manner, and these gentlemen, besides their associate judges, determined to place their decision and endorsement on something more lasting than common paper. It was this action which brought such a great crowd to the Tivoli last night. Among those present were Hugh Astley, Esq. (brother of Sir John Astley), Captain Tyler, Frank Hinde, Mr. Gordon Dimsdale (the artist), Newson-Smith, Attila (the short but staunch strong man), Pinkacker (the lifter of heavy weights), and a lot of minor lights in the athletic world. It was thought that Louis Cyr, the powerful French-Canadian, would have been on hand, but he was resting preparatory to his great exhibition of strength, which will take place this (Saturday) afternoon at the South London Music Hall. Edward Lawrence Levy, the amateur champion strong man, sent a telegram of congratulation to Sandow, in which he expressed his belief as to the German's deserving of his diploma. He also added his endorsement to the feats, which, he maintains, were done in a legitimate manner.

Quite a laughable incident occurred during the evening. Mr. Williams, the custodian of the diploma, became lost, and Professor Atkinson was in a frantic state, and he passed a very uneasy hour or two until he found his secretary and his diploma safely ensconced in a fastened seat. Then the bono-settee was happy. In an interview with a Sporting Life representative the Professor said:—"I have not come here to pose as a friend of Sandow's, but as he made his records under our auspices, I think it only right that the referee and judges should endorse their verdict, especially in the face of the doubts that had been thrown out."

Professor Atkinson said he had great pleasure in testifying to Sandow's feats of January, which undoubtedly formed the best records in England, and probably those of the world. He paid a splendid tribute to the old English sports, which he said had made Englishmen strong, brave, and humane.

After Sandow's usual performance, he said to the writer that he much regretted that he could not be present at Cyr's matinee to-day as both of their performances came on at the same time. The fair-haired German wanted to see how the Montrealer worked and what kind of tools he used, so as to be able to give an opinion as to his merits, and also get a line for any future match that may be made. Sandow thinks the Canadian a most powerful man; but he wonders how he can lift so much when he is so big himself.

PEDESTRIANISM.

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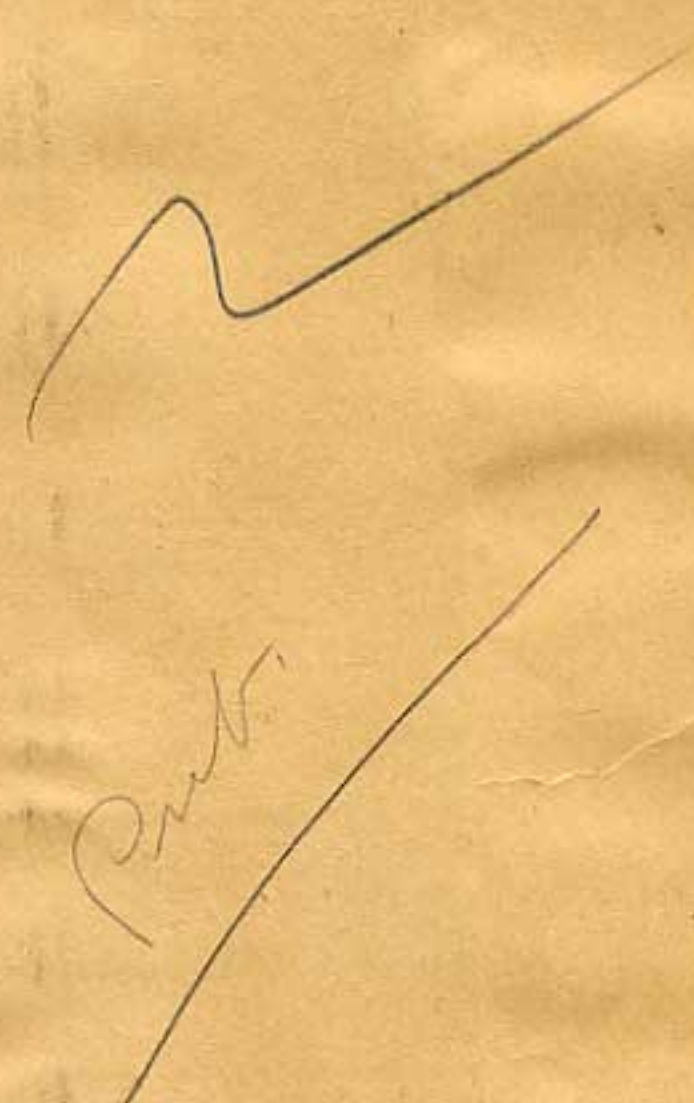
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THE HEAVY WEIGHT LIFTING CHAMPIONSHIP.

GATHERING OF STRONG MEN AT THE "SPORTING LIFE."

LOUIS CYR STILL WITHOUT A MATCH.

Another representative gathering of men of sinew was held yesterday at the *Sporting Life* Office, but only with as much success as the previous meetings. These mighty men of muscle included Eugene Sandow, Louis Cyr, Professor Attila, Jem Mace, and Charley Mitchell. Also in attendance were Mr. Richard K. Fox (the donor of the Champion Challenge Belt, value £200), Mr. Perrault, George Ware, Frank Hinds, &c., &c. Sandow soon dispelled any ideas of competing against Cyr at present by saying that the object of his visit was entirely one of a friendly character. As both Cyr and himself were performing at the same time, they had not had an opportunity of meeting, and he did not desire to enter in the controversy, but to shake hands and cement an acquaintance with Louis Cyr. At a future date, when quite free of his engagements, Cyr would claim his attention for a match for the championship. After the fair-haired Teuton and the sturdy Canadian had gone through the formality of hand-shaking, Professor Attila, with the appearance of a man with an important mission to perform, entered and asked for a hearing.

Attila said that if Cyr was willing to arrange a match with anybody he could find an opponent for him. Turning to Cyr he said, "I have a pupil who will do three of your feats, which you do nightly, after that he will do three pure feats of strength, and guarantee that you will be unable to perform one of them."

Cyr: I will attempt the feats, but I must have the option of proposing three also. To which of my feats do you refer?

Attila: Oh! for instance, my pupil will elevate your dumb-bell, then put up your barrel of cement, and finally hold up your brother in identical manner that you do. Afterwards I will bet you any sum that you will be unable to do the feats he will set you. It is quite useless to mention what the tasks would be.

Cyr (with a smile): I certainly should make an attempt to perform those proposed difficult feats, but at the same time you must give me a chance to be the victor. I must have the option of proposing three feats of strength. I will attempt to do everything that he does, and he must do mine.

Attila: They will be entirely athletic feats with dumb-bells and weights, no somersaults and no gymnastic tricks. Cyr: I am perfectly willing to compete. I will try the feats, and on second consideration I will only propose two pure feats of strength in opposition to his. I will bet him what he likes I beat him. The match can be arranged at any time, but must be decided by the contestant lifting the most number of pounds.

Attila: That is out of the question. My pupil is half your bodily weight. You will do your enormous back lift, which I have seen, and which I am assured that no man at present in England can do.

Cyr's back lift of 3,000lb evidently scares the strong men when it is proposed as one of his feats. It is too stupendous for even strong men to cope with, and they are unable to allege but that it is a pure feat of bodily strength.

Attila shook his head from side to side slowly, and said, "No. I cannot risk my money in a match with that lift included. I must consult my pupil, but I have made you what I consider an honourable offer."

Mr. Richard K. Fox said he wished it to be perfectly understood that the belt will be given for heavy-weight lifting only, which he considered was the only sure test of strength. The contest to be guided by the greatest number of pounds, and not by points. The proposed rules have already been published, and the contestant lifting up the greatest weight to be returned the Champion Heavy-weight Lifter of the World.

Arguments were freely indulged in with reference to the different styles of lifting. It was contended that it was unfair to compare a bodily lift with an arm lift. Professor Attila finally proposed that the question should be put to the arbitration of an athletic congress.

All the conversation tended to prove that Cyr was the strongest man, and the Canadian, with pardonable pride, also thought that a bodily lift must be a test of a man's strength. Turning to Attila, he said, "If I lifted 1,000lb. more than your pupil I suppose I should be allowed one point, but if you put up any money I will allow your pupil three months' practice, and then wager him that he cannot lift as much as I do in my back lift." Cyr would not enter into any match if his best performance was deleted, and as there was no probability of any of the worthies ratifying a match, the company dispersed. Attila was still talking as he descended the stairs, and was last heard to say "If he won't throw out that back lift of his he'll never get a match with anybody. I shall have to look about me for a man who can eclipse that performance. It can be done."

In the interview with Eugene Sandow, published on Thursday, he was made to say that he would say something at the *Sporting Life* Office that would open the eyes of the world. It should have read after his engagements were ended.

CYR TRIES SOMETHING NEW.

Two new features were introduced by Louis Cyr at the South London Music Hall last night. He had a new dumb-bell, weighing 170lb. This he swung clean from the ground above his head with the right hand. Then he took the 242lb bell in the right hand, and the 170lb bell in the left hand, and raised them almost to his chest, holding them there for many minutes. Sixteen young men got on the platform while Louis Cyr did his back lift. They were John Onzo, the boxer, C. Derinsdall, W. Heare, D. Roberts, F. Hawes, A. Sinister, M. Kiltzen, J. Rump, H. Allatt, H. Gross, J. Robinson, F. Jerries, W. Allen, W. White, and M. Dyne.

ROWING IN AMERICA.

LOUIS CYR'S CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPORTING LIFE."
Sir.—Having had several inquiries on the strongest man ques-

tion, and finding that the conditions proposed by Cyr and Mr. Fox are identical to those I have repeatedly advocated for a contest between strong men, I beg you will allow me to encroach on your space by making a few remarks on the subject.

Cyr's desire that the counting should be by pounds and not by points is the only sensible and correct way of settling that apparently never-to-be-settled question of who is the strongest man. The absolutely strongest man must necessarily be the one who, quite irrespective of size and weight, can lift the greatest weight, although, as I have often pointed out, a just man may be relatively quite as strong as a stout man, taking their difference of weight into consideration.

In the present case it is the misfortune of Cyr's rivals, not their fault, that they are not as heavy as he is himself, but at the same time if they cannot lift as much dead weight as he can it must then be admitted that he is in reality stronger than they are. His back lift is the greatest proof of brute strength that a man can show, much more so than dumb-bell work, because an untrained man, if naturally strong, may be able without previous practice to lift a great weight on his back, and yet be quite unable to put up a dumb-bell which a much weaker, but trained, man can raise easily in various ways. Another reason that surprises me is that objection should be made to Cyr's back lift on account of Cyr's own size, for that is just the sort of feat where size is of less importance than strength.

In dumb-bell lifting, especially from the ground to the shoulder, the heaviest man has the advantage, his own weight acting as a counterpoise to the weight lifted, but from the moment the lifting force gets between the supporting ground and the weight to be lifted (as in back lifting) it becomes much more a matter of strength than of bulk. Whatever may be said to the contrary, Cyr's back lift is one of the greatest displays of brute strength now to be seen. While on this subject I must say that I do not agree with Cyr in calling harness lifting a lift by artificial means; harness lifting as done by Hercules is quite as much a display of brute strength as Cyr's back lift, the weight by means of a stool, whilst arms help to support the lift by pulling at the two iron uprights in Hercules's arms help the lift by pulling at the two iron uprights in front of him. There is nothing artificial in either; both have genuine displays of strength, and any truly strong man could attempt similar lifts with some chance of success without previous practice.

There is another style of pure strength lifting, which would do away with any accusation of artificial means being employed, and which I have not yet seen made use of by any of the strong men now in vogue. It is to place, at about the height of a man's shoulder, a strong beam on two supports, one support at each end; then to get as many men as one can lift to sit on the beam, then to place one shoulder under the beam, at the middle, so that there are an equal number of men on either side, and to lift the beam off the supports. When I was a youngster, about 14½ years old, I once lifted in that way six young men ranging from 10st to 11st each and the beam was not a light one.

To come back to Cyr and his rivals, I must say that I should like to see a fair contest take place, and at one time I thought that some athletic club in London might be induced to take the matter up, say, for instance, my old club, the German-Gymnastic Society, which has been the greatest pioneer of gymnastics in this country, especially as their spacious gymnasium would offer a most suitable place for a competition of that description.

But I feel certain that most men would be unwilling to compete, for, having to earn their living at their game, they would, indeed, be stupid to risk in a competition the reputation on which their living depends. Cyr will not be able to make a match here, although he may be willing to do so, and if he wishes to prove himself the champion, his best and only course is, some evening, before well known and competent judges, to bear the records for which Sandow has been given a belt, and to add to it whatever other records of genuine tests of strength he may like to make, say, for instance, one-hand and two-hand lift from the ground, harness lift, shoulder lift and back lift.

Then he will be incontestably the Champion Professional Strong Man of the World until Sandow, or Hercules, or any other man can, before equally reliable and competent judges, beat all Cyr's records, or at any rate equal them all and exceed at least one of them. This plan would not only be most suitable for all concerned, as it would not interfere with their professional engagements, but it would also be most interesting to the public, for as soon as Cyr would have established his records by beating Sandow's, the latter, in order to maintain his reputation, would be expected a few days later to endeavour to beat Cyr's records. Sandow, who is the holder of the World's Records Belt, could not possibly object to this arrangement, as it would only be contesting for the belt in the manner in which he acquired it himself, and if due notice were given to him he might be present to see that all was fair. The trophy could be Mr. Fox's belt, on which might be engraved the latest records, and this belt would thus become itself a permanent and authentic record of the best performance. It would pass to whomever could beat the records last inscribed on it.

From what I have seen, I believe that Cyr could manage to top all Sandow's marvelous records, but I must say that his putting up of the 2½ dumb-bell could not stand as a record for a fair comparison in the manner he does it now, although it is a wonderful hand feat in the manner he does it now, although it is a wonderful performance, for he shoves the dumb-bell up with his knee and uses his chest to hoist it upwards to the shoulder. That, however, would be a matter for judges to decide. In conclusion, I consider that Cyclops and Emil Knoeke (who I understand is still alive, and is now performing in or near Berlin) are the only two men I know who might have any chance in a competition with Cyr in all his feats. Cyclops has wonderfully improved since the muscular Sandow lowered his colours at the Aquarium, and he is built in the right way for a weight-lifter of the Cyr type. As regards Knoeke, he is not unknown in this country, but for five years ago he performed at the Covent Garden Circus, but his feats were little noticed, as the "strong man boom" was not yet on. Knoeke was then much heavier than Cyr is now; if he is still in the weight-lifting line, it ought to pay an enterprising showman to bring him over here, and see what he can do with our present strong men.—Yours truly,
H. FERDINAND LEMMER
("The King of Clubs").

SAMPSON'S PRODIGIOUS LIFT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPORTING LIFE."
Sir.—I notice in your columns to day an article on "Sampson's Prodigious Lift" at the Aquarium last evening, when you state that Sampson had sprained his muscles. Professor Atkinson (the bone-setter), under whose treatment he has made such rapid progress, says that it was a displacement of one of the tendons of the elbow and rupture of a large muscle which prevented him from flexing his arm. The great amount of pain produced from the pressure brought upon the joint in such a tremendous lift doubtless caused him to faint.—Yours, &c.,
GEO. LESTER, Secretary,
Nov. 24, 1891.

THE MONTREAL MAN'S MUSCLE.

One of the most exciting scenes imaginable was enacted at the South London Music Hall, on Saturday. An immense crowd had gathered at the barriers and, becoming weary, they broke down the doors, and poured into the establishment. Mrs. Poole's ready tact, however, stood her in good stead, and instead of trying to stop the rush at the portals, she collected the admission tariff as soon as the admission guard had taken its seat. The crowd had come to see Louis Cyr, and was a most orderly one, so that there was no trouble with it. The Canadian was in good form, and introduced a new feat—the elevation of the 170lb dumb-bell with the duced in new feat—the elevation of the 170lb dumb-bell with the left hand. The platform lift was a big one, the fourteen men on it and the other weights totalling 3,200lb. The names of those on the board were—G. Gold, a stalwart guardman of 15st; Sergeant-Major Moran, the champion swordman of America, 12st 13lb; H. Martin, 12st 6lb; W. Plant, 12st 4lb; E. Thomas, 11st 13lb; H. Grenop, P. Payer, H. Cook, A. Palfrey, G. Marston, G. Haynes, W. Turner, P. Kraskawitz, and P. Biddell. Mrs. Poole has found Cyr to be such a great attraction that she has engaged him for a month instead of two weeks, as originally intended.

*The Sporting Life
December 82*

NEW RECORDS BY LOUIS CYR.

By way of a novelty, Louis Cyr made a record for left-hand dumb-bell work last night at the South London Palace. He held a ball of 80lb horizontally in his left hand, establishing a new record for this species of lifting. He also put up the 194lb bell fifteen times with the right hand. Many celebrities got on the platform when it came to the celebrated back lift:—Tom Noble (the Liver), 12st 2lb; Geo. Brown, 12st 3lb; H. Martin, 12st 6lb; C. Scott, 12st; G. Robbins, 11st 12lb; Dr. Sweeney, 11st 7lb; H. Wers, 11st 2lb; J. Green, 11st 2lb; J. Gillett, 11st 8lb; J. Wills, 11st 4lb; W. Gribble, 10st; G. Myatt, 11st 4lb; J. Chandler, 11st 12lb; W. Owen, 10st 4lb.

CYCLING.

