



The championship regatta has come and gone, and been a disappointment in nearly everything but the number attending it. Perhaps the faulty management was due to the fact that such important aquatic events are not sufficiently familiar to Montrealers. But, whatever the cause, everything was faulty and an excusable source of amusement for the gentlemen from the West, in whose cities things aquatic are managed with much greater skill. I do not wish to write in a fault-finding spirit, but the scant number which attended the second half of the regatta ought to sufficiently prove the disappointment of the thousands who were present the first day.

It is true the water was not fit to row on at the advertised time; but, even if the lake had been as smooth as a mirror, the races could not have been started then. In the first place, the starting boats had not been placed in position, and the starter had to add to his duties by anchoring them in place. But if the weather was good and flags had been out at noon, even then a start could not be got at 2.30, because the train which carried the umpire arrived over half an hour late. Everything had a slipshod air of delay not at all creditable. Another grievous error was that no time was taken in the second race. This was not the fault of the timekeepers. The umpire's boat, on which these gentlemen were, was not half way to the starting point when the men were sent off. The result was unfortunate; neither the umpire nor anybody else on board knew who was leading or who won the race until long after it was over, and, although all these races are looked upon as record events, the legend of "no time taken" will have to be put down on the official report. It was very kind of the owner of Our Club to place his steam yacht at the disposal of the committee, but the number to be accommodated on board was too large and the boat not sufficiently powerful in such water and wind to adequately fulfil the duties of umpire's and press boat.

The mere results of the regatta are already known to every one who reads the daily newspapers; but it may not be out of place to write down some of the impressions given me at Lachine. In the senior four-oared race it seemed to me as if a direct but unintentional injustice had been done the Ottawa crew. The umpire is all-powerful on such occasions. The position is a difficult and thankless one to fill, and there will always be more or less dissatisfaction expressed by some of the contestants if a ruling is called for. Still, Mr. Slater's decision in this race will bear some consideration. The ruling was evidently given with the intention that an innocent crew should not lose its chance in the race, and from that point of view, even if faulty in judgment, it is not censurable. The ultimate result, I think, will bear out the idea, however, that it was faulty in judgment. Immediately after the start the Don crew became hopelessly entangled with an inconvenient spar buoy that lay directly in the course, and were to all intents and purposes out of the race. Almost at the same moment the Argonauts and Torontos came into collision and were obliged to stop rowing. The Ottawas were the only men straight in their course, and had every prospect of winning, when the umpire called them back. This was the most fortunate thing that could have happened the Don crew. It gave them a second chance where before they had none, and took away from Ottawa a clear chance of winning and replaced it by one of losing. A great many people are of the impression that the fairer way would have been to let the race be rowed out; then Ottawa would probably have been in first; Argonaut would have protested Toronto, and if the Argonauts were in second place, the race could easily have been rowed over between the two crews who, on the first trial, showed winning form. If Toronto had finished first the result would have been the same, as Toronto would have been deservedly disqualified. If I mistake not, there is a precedent in the C.A.A.O. annals for such a course as this.

There is another feature in the second day's racing that is particularly worthy of mention. On account of that same spar buoy that caused so much trouble all through, the Grand Trunk asked the Ottawa Juniors to give them a little lee way, and supposed the Ottawas would have been courteous enough to comply. Instead of doing so, however, the crew from the capital stretched a point the other way, with the result that the Grand Trunk fouled them. The action did not reflect the smallest bit of credit on the visitors, and the railway men were disqualified; but just for fun they rowed over the course and beat their competitors out of sight. There is just one suggestion I would like to make, and that is—that when next time the C.A.A.O. hold a regatta here there will be somebody connected with it who has some pretensions to know something, because frequently there are some people who want to know, you know. Nobody knew on Saturday whether the regatta was going to take place or not; nobody knew on Monday morning until what time the races were postponed in the afternoon. To use the ungrammatical but pointed words

of one disgusted individual at Lachine on Monday morning—"Nobody seems to know nothing nohow!"

Every true sportsman should be an advocate of game protection, and most of them are. One of the reasons why the advent of a new fish and game club should be hailed with delight is that, practically speaking, such institutions are the best protective of our native game. Of course, the primary object is to kill; but the killing will not be done out of season, and the pride of a sportsman—a big bag or a well-filled creel—is only achieved a few days in each season. During the rest of the year, on leased properties, the natural increase is not interfered with, and the result is that in such places fish and game abound. They have not come under the hand of the pot-hunter, who shoots everything indiscriminately, simply because it is shootable. It may be said that the woods, the rivers, the lakes, and the inhabitants thereof, are public property. So they are in a certain way; but if this were law, we should soon have our streams depleted of game fish. There was no protection on our prairies, and where now will a solitary herd of bison be found? These things were suggested by the formation of a new club called "Club de Pêche et de Chasse," whose headquarters are situated on a pretty little island in the upper channel of the St. Lawrence, seven or eight miles below Sorel. The formal opening of this club took place on Monday last, when a large party of sportsmen and their friends spent a very pleasant day on the island. It was not exactly a good time for shooting and nobody wanted to break the game laws; but a glance at the country and the flocks of wild duck rising from the moorland and circling overhead was sufficient to convince anyone that it was a veritable sportsman's paradise. The programme of the day consisted of shooting and fishing tournaments. The latter contest was so arranged that whoever caught any fish at all was nearly sure to get a club prize of some sort or other. There were prizes for the biggest fish, prizes for the greatest aggregate weight, prizes for the largest number, prizes for the most successful in landing perch and sunfish, prizes practically for everything and for everybody who was there, and the competition was as keen as if a fortune was in the balance. It was even suggested that the gentleman who took first prize for the biggest doré had hooked it with shekels instead of a minnow: but this is doubtless a slander, even if the fish looked more than a few hours dead. There was one feature, however, to which I strongly objected. It was the shooting of live pigeons in the gun tournament. The objection is not taken on the ground of cruelty, because everybody who shoots knows that death by shot is at least as merciful as the poulturer's way of supplying the market; but the scouting was something outrageous. When a bird was missed at the traps multitudinous guns from all parts of the field, and even across the river, blazed away indiscriminately, and showers of small shot fell everywhere; I felt a few myself, but their force had been spent and they were harmless. It was more good luck than good judgment that there were no casualties, for certainly the gentlemen who were not at the score and who did the extra shooting were about as sensible as a canine with a tin-can caudal attachment. The club cannot be blamed for the wanton stupidity and avarice of men who go to a shooting match with the sole object of knocking over a stray pigeon, for which somebody else has paid, but its officials ought to be able to find some way out of the difficulty by clearing the ground of alleged sportsmen, whose ideas of sport seems to be about fifty per cent. lower than those of the average pot-hunter. With this exception, the excursion of the club was a marked success. A word, however, may be said which possibly may benefit the club, and it was suggested by one of its prominent members. Few people know the advantages for fishing and game in this portion of the St. Lawrence. If such a spot were at the disposal of some of our American cousins the club membership would be large to unwieldiness; but here it is small. "Of course," said the gentleman referred to, "the club has a French name and a great many are apparently of the opinion that it is simply for Frenchmen. This is a mistake. An infusion of Anglo-Saxon blood would do us a great deal of good and make our club not only a sporting one, but one whose influence would be beneficial in the protection of woods and waters. After all," he continued, "a black duck quacks the same in English as in French, and a black bass is not particular whether a frog or a minnow is of the Gallic or Saxon persuasion."

There is practically very little doing in the way of lacrosse just now, and the senior clubs are supposed to be taking their holidays. The C.A.A.A. are apparently in the same easy-going, lotus-eating way, as far as lacrosse is concerned. Nothing has yet been done in the matter of those protests against the Cornwall club. At the present rate of going they will probably be adjudicated on after the series is played out, and another specimen of lacrosse in the committee room will disgust the people who patronize the national game and make big clubs paying institutions.

In one of the leagues last week there was a default, and, in connection with that default, there is a very pretty story going the rounds that it was caused by the non-appearance of the verbally agreed on salary. Verily the ways of some rising lacrosse players are devious and dark.

The Kingston Kennel Club are leaving nothing undone

to make their Bench Show a marked success. The dates set apart are September 3, 4 and 5, and a very large list of entries is assured. Mr. Floyd Vail, of New York city, and Mr. J. Otis Fellows, of Hornellsville, N.Y., will act as judges. All arrangements have been made for the free transportation of dogs.

This seems to be a record-beating season, and one more has fallen in athletics. Malcolm Ford, who is about as good an all-round athlete as any country has produced, until recently held the record for a running hop, step and jump. His mark was 44 feet 1 3/4 inches, and many have been the attempts made to beat it; but it remained for John H. Clausen, of the Boston Athletic Club, to accomplish the feat. The record is now 44 feet 5 inches. When the limits of athletic powers and endurance will be reached it is difficult to see, as day by day extraordinary feats lessen time and increase distance records.

Speaking of athletics, it might be as well to call attention to the championship games which this year will be held at the M.A.A.A. grounds. It will be remembered that two years ago the grounds at Cote St. Antoine were practically opened at the championship meeting, and it will also be remembered how the American competitors complimented the M.A.A.A. on the excellence of their track. But the grounds and track at that time are not to be compared with those of to-day. Everybody knows they are the best in Canada, by long odds, and second to none on the continent. The meeting of athletes, which will be held here on the 27th of September, should be a marked one in the history of Canadian athletics. There is only one uncertainty. That is the weather. With the latter fair, with a splendid cinder path, one-third of a mile, and with the large number of athletes who will undoubtedly compete, it seems well within the probabilities that some records should go under. Montreal should also be well up to the front in several events, and the M.A.A.A. ought to be rewarded by seeing its colours carry off at least a couple of championships. At the beginning of the season, when the services of a professional trainer were secured, there was a much increased interest taken in athletics generally, and considerable improvement in style and speed was noticeable at the weekly handicap games; in fact, the improvement was so marked that the veterans at the games freely prophesied almost unlimited success in the coming championship struggle. But these expectations are perhaps a little too sanguine. Judging from what has already been done, there might be two championships come this way, and if Moffatt is in condition the half mile ought to be a certainty, although there will be some flyers from among our American cousins. Of course, at the present time, a great many of the likely competitors are taking their holidays and will have to wear off a good deal of adipose tissue when they get back; but it is necessary to call attention to one fault, which is especially noticeable among the "stars," and that is that towards the end of the season a few became noticeably lax in their training. There is plenty of time to remedy this between now and the date of the meeting, because this will be by no means a club affair. All the cracks and champions of the big American athletic clubs will be in Montreal, and it behooves the Canadians to let not even the shade of an opportunity slip. *Verb. sap.*

Comparatively little is heard of the St. Lambert Rowing Club outside the boundaries of that south side municipality, but for all that a greater interest is taken in aquatic sports than more pretentious clubs can boast of. To-day their annual regatta will be held and a more interesting meeting is promised than that of last Saturday at Lachine.

The Swimming Club races ought to attract the attention of every one who admires that useful art and is ambitious to know enough to get out of the wet in an emergency. There is at present only one championship race held in Canada. This is the thousand yards, held at present by Mr. Benedict, of Montreal, who in all probability will leave his competitors behind again this year. But why should we only have one recognized championship? Why not have sprints and long distances the same as in all other sports? It is true we have no amateur swimming association to make rules and regulate championships, perhaps because the number of swimming clubs is too small. But why should not the C.A.A.A. take the matter under its wing. It is a comparatively easy-worked organization just now, and maybe the introduction of a new branch of sport would help arouse it from its present somnolency.

It looks as if the present might be an opportune time to revivify interest in the trotting horse. Hitherto trotting in Montreal—and, in fact, everywhere not governed by the rules of one of the recognized large associations—has been looked on with more than a shade of suspicion by advocates of honest sport; and deservedly so. For years the patron of the trotting track has been classified with the gambler and the blackleg, for honesty dwelt not there; but a change for the better is becoming gradually more noticeable, and proprietors and lessees of tracks are beginning to see that incorporation with either the National or American Associations is a necessity, if public patronage is to be depended on. The Longueuil Trotting Club took the initiative and proved that it is possible to hold good races and conduct them in such a manner that the mere spectator