

gotten and both teams received vigorous applause as either one exhibited some more than usually good play. As a matter of fact it was generally remarked that such a gallant, true sport-loving crowd is a rarity anywhere as was at Caledonia grounds last Saturday.

A pleasurable feature of the day was the appearance of Billy Cullin, Victoria's veteran and reliable goal, between the flags. Then there were Frank and Charlie, both rattling good boys, and lacrosse players every inch. At one period of the game Frank sailed in with his check, got the ball away, as he always does; it came along in a pass to Charley, and Billy almost in the same pass secured it and sent it whizzing back on the Vancouver defence. The play was short, but very quick and pretty, eliciting from an enthusiast in the crowd the expression "Hurrah for the Cullin family."

It is not necessary here to particularise the several games, or the individual playing; the boys one and all distinguished themselves. A marked characteristic of the day was the entire absence of any roughness, notwithstanding the fact that the checking was both hard and close. "Bony" Suckling, who has been the chief of Vancouver's rough players, distinguished himself by some remarkably clean and clever head work, quick running and throwing just at the right time. In fact it may be said that Vancouver showed team training that was a pleasure to see put into effect. Dave Smith is light but quick, something like our Bob Frost, though not so clever a man with the stick. Quigley, Swift, Quann, Ralph, Myers and Campbell all did excellent work, their only difficulty being that they had to contend with men beautifully trained and equal in every respect to

their training. Of our own men, there is but little to be said. Archie Macnaughton, Ross Eckardt, Harry Morton, the Cullin boys, Blight, Tite and Ketchum, are names that speak volumes. Archie was always there; cool and off handed as though at home; Ross is a hard checker and put up a great game; Frank Cullin, the "thrashing machine," but one with a lot of common sense and science, and Charley ditto; Pete Blight, who will check a cyclone if he is put on to it; George Tite, ever reliable, conscientious and hard working; Ketchum, active and calculating; Frost, a dangerous man to the other side if he gets the least shot on goal; Belfry, quick, brilliant, good-natured and right on to business; Clark, painstaking and earnest, and Billy Cullin always on deck when wanted, and the other side knows it, too.

A suggestion was thrown out in the *Colonist* the other day to give these boys some souvenir of this their last and most brilliant season, and I hope the hint has been warmly taken up. It is the encouragement of manly sports like these that give a healthiness and tone to things in general in the community, and apart from that fact, it would show a spirit very much wanting in generosity, and most unlike the people of Victoria if these boys are allowed to disperse without some token of appreciation on the part of Victorians.

While on the subject of lacrosse, I would respectfully suggest that the Victoria players during the match to-day with the New Westminster club, exercise due care so that none of the members of the visiting team may be injured. In the case of the Vancouver game this precaution was unnecessary for the Terminal City players take their medicine like men; not so, however, with the Westminster people, they

squeal when hurt, and resort to the law for redress. It is suggested by "a lover of the national game" that it would be a fitting recognition of the prowess of Westminster lacrosse players to provide them with wet nurses, and all the other conveniences found in a well conducted lying-in hospital. All of which is said with due regard for the sensitive, lady-like feelings of the innocent lambs who compose the lacrosse club of New Westminster.

"What in the world is the reason that you doctors don't advertise?" asked a well known business man of a physician, equally well known. "Well," said the doctor in an aggrieved tone, "I have often been asked that question, and I will tell you all about it. The truth is that there is a superstition called 'professional dignity' which stands in our way. We see a good many doctors advertise, and we know they effect cures and make much more money than we do, and are, in fact, just as competent and just as well educated; but you see they are called 'quacks' in our category, and we are forbidden to do as they do.

"But still you do advertise in certain ways, although you do not use printers' ink," urged the business man. "I have frequently been present at accidents, and I never yet knew a time when some physician didn't go to a telephone and ask some questions in which he used his own name with all the frequency that the law allows, so that the crowd could hear it. Then you give parties and musicales and all sorts of things, in order to enlarge your list of acquaintances, and thereby get more business. Why not come right out and tell the people what you know and what you can do? If you have especial ability in any particular line, and can do good for suffering mortality, it is your duty to let the people know