



For two weeks a pretty little i-land in the Lake of Two Mountains has been the scene of unwonted mirth, and where before reigned silence, broken only at intervals by the steaming leviathan of commerce, now arose a sleepy murmur of voices. What before was undulating emerald, relieved by the darker green of the trees and undergrowth, was now dotted with sparks of glistening white in every design known to the tentman, while the more gorgeous patterns in stripes looked like gigantic blazes dropped into a colony of white flannelists. The monotonous lowing of the kine was heard no more; it had given place to the sounds of merriment and the rollicking camp song. For had not the northern division of the American Canoe Association settled on Ile Cadieux as their home for their annual meet?

There is something primitive and poetical about the canoe, and canoeing is one of the few pastimes which has not yet degenerated like many of its fellows. A writer some time ago put it aptly when he said: "All gentlemen are not canoeists, but all canoeists are gentlemen." It is, perhaps, due to this fact more than to any other that a canoe camp is invariably a delightful place, where all meet on terms of equality; and, although the majority of campers may never have met before, there is very little formality, and before the sun sets on the first day that tents were pitched everybody is on terms of jolly good-fellowship with everybody else, and the friendship formed often lasts a life time.

Of course, the primary object in the formation of the A.C.A. was the advancement of canoeing, and perhaps the best way to bring that about was the course pursued in organizing camps. These meetings have invariably been successful, and the Northern Division has been in no way behind the rest. Hitherto this division's meets have always been held in the West, and it was only when a few enthusiastic spirits, who saw what a favourite pastime canoeing was along our lake front, put their heads together and formed the Montreal Canoe Club, that there was an opening for us in the east. There was considerable opposition at first, but the commodore of the M.C.C. and other gentlemen equally sanguine eventually overcame all the difficulties; their efforts were crowned with success; Ile Cadieux was fixed upon, and two weeks ago yesterday the camp was opened.

Of course it was a new institution in this vicinity, and a great many canoeists who knew not the pleasure of the annual camp took comparatively little interest in it. A pleasing feature, however, was the large number of canoeists from Ontario—Galt, Toronto, Ottawa, Lindsay and other places being well represented. Pointe Claire, too, sent up a good contingent, but it was surprising that with such a large membership the premier canoe club in this vicinity (the Lake St. Louis) should not have taken more interest in the meet. It is true that everybody cannot take two weeks' holidays at one particular time, and that may account in a great measure for the paucity of Lachine's delegation. Valois, too, might have spared a few more of its summer residents, and few better canoeists can be found anywhere than in that charming little village. The only thing to be sorry for is for the gentlemen themselves who did not go into camp. They missed two weeks of thorough enjoyment, and when next the Northern Division holds a meet near Montreal they will think better of it and be among the first to pitch their tents.

The camper-out could not have all his own way at Ile Cadieux. True, he might be pastoral or piscatorial, or natatorial, or just as lazy as he pleased, but he could not be dyspeptic. He could no more keep away the pangs of hunger than he could avoid putting on a healthy coat of tan, and he could not help wondering why six meals were not served out in the caterer's tent instead of three per diem. Fellows who at home would growl at their *pâté de fois gras* or swear their green turtle was made out of calf's head and gelatine would devour with avidity everything from fresh caught black bass and sucking pig down to cold corned beef—in no uncertain quantities, either—and then wonder why there was not more. Old Æolus, too, seemed to be displeased at so much human happiness being crowded into one small island, and he did his best to spoil it. He made five or six fierce assaults upon the citadel, and with the assistance of Vulcan and Jove nearly razed it, but not quite. The ordinary routine of camp life was diversified by several pitched battles with the elements, and the latter retreated in good order.

There were several very ludicrous incidents connected with these skirmishes, and whether a man was planted on the top of his tent pole, like the deck hand who held down the safety valve on the Mississippi, or clung desperately to canvas or guy ropes, he rather enjoyed it—after it was all over. Then there was an involuntary parachute ascension, in which a somnolent barber took part, and a few little casualties, in the shape of running aground, helped to diversify the routine of camp life. The first week of the camp, as is usual, was devoted to "simply camping"; the second week was enlivened by the record races and other events. These were keenly contested, but the entry list was rather small, and the Western men captured about everything worth having. There was one occasion when things became very serious, and that was on Tuesday night, when some canoes were caught in the storm and capsized.

Fortunately, no one was drowned. On Thursday the general meeting was held, and yesterday the party broke camp, having experienced as jolly and as stormy a time as anybody could wish for. There were two gentlemen, however, whose outing was not much of a holiday; the whole burden fell on their shoulders and they bore it manfully. They were the commodore and purser.

The lacrosse struggle, from the actual number of games played, seems a moral certainty for the Cornwall club. Of course, even now, with the decided lead which that club has, it is quite within the possibilities that another set of players may carry off the championship. But there is one very unknown quantity to which it might be well to direct attention, and which seems to have been forgotten by a great many admirers of our national game, viz., the number of protested games that have to be taken into consideration. For all purposes, it is not necessary now to go into the merits of the case and say whether Mr. Leroux, the protested player, is a professional or not. That remains for the executive committee of the C.A.A.A. to decide, when that much-respected but very slow-going organization think it worth while to move in the matter. There is simply an injustice being done the Cornwall club; because, if the first protests had been pushed and the executive had attended to their business with anything like promptness, the matter would have been settled long ago. Suppose Leroux is declared a professional, then all the Cornwall matches will have to be played over again, and it is very doubtful if there would not be another match in the snow recorded, something that is entirely unnecessary under the league agreement. Why have not the Shamrock, Montreal and Toronto clubs pushed their protests? And if they have done so, why does not the C.A.A.A. attend to them? The formation of the Athletic Amateur Association of Canada was a good thing in its way, but during the last few years it seems to have grown about as unwieldy as the circumlocution office. It is all very well to say that gentlemen have not time to spare from their private business to attend to the interests of athletes. Then these gentlemen should never accept an office, and keep the whole athletic world of two provinces awaiting their pleasure.

There is another serious point to this question. If not exactly probable, it is well within the range of possibilities. Suppose the Cornwall club should refuse to play its matches over again. Suppose the members say they have been unjustly treated. It may be answered that Cornwall would then be out of the league; but the Factory Town team is too good a drawing card to do without. Then, again, all the Cornwall games have been played but one, so that Cornwall's financial loss by refusal would be comparatively trifling. It is not likely that such a course would be taken, but if it were so, considering the laxity of the other clubs and of the powers that be, there would certainly be some excuse for it.

The lacrosse match between the Montreal and Cornwall clubs was in many respects a disappointment. There is nothing surprising in the fact that the latter should win by four goals to one, but the class of play was much below the mark. What some of the Montreal club lacked in skill they endeavoured to make up for by rough work and fouling. The disposition of the men on the field, too, seemed to have been made with bad judgment, as in previous matches with practically the same men in different positions much more effective work has been done. There was another feature in this match of which the less said the better, except to condemn it. One player succeeded in disgracing his club, and an impetuous crowd of spectators helped him to disgrace the city. If this kind of work is to be continued much longer the sooner the national game is handed over to the keeping of professionals the better, for gentlemen cannot afford to have anything to do with it.

The Toronto Lacrosse Club met with no slight surprise when they visited the Capital. The Ottawas had by a great many been looked upon as not in the race with either Toronto or Cornwall, and that even for third place they would have a hard struggle; but, after one of the best fought matches of the season, they outstripped the fast-playing Torontos, thus throwing them back well into second place and making Cornwall's chance virtually a foregone conclusion. It was another proof of the uncertainties of lacrosse, and the impossibility of predicting results from what in other sports is denominated "form." But even with these facts staring one in the face, it is difficult to understand how a team which played so comparatively poor a game as the Cornwalls did on Saturday should have been able to defeat the Shamrocks. Perhaps it was the exigencies of the occasion that made the Cornwall men shine in a much brighter light when they played the Shamrocks. If the wearers of the green jersey come anywhere near playing such a game over again, especially with their old goal-tender, Reddy, back between the flags, there seems no valid reason why they should be defeated in a single match. The senior series will have a sort of holiday rest until the 23rd inst., and then the struggle will be renewed.

In the district championship series there seems nothing but one club—the Crescents. They are keeping up their record of last year and winning nearly everything in the slashing style of "three straight." It will be remembered, however, that last year they were defeated in one match by

one of the weakest clubs in the series; and it is to be hoped that the boys will not permit the flush of continuous victory to make them careless and meet with a like beating this season. On the former occasion there were some nasty rumours about a couple of players. It is very doubtful if there was any foundation for them, but a like defeat at this stage of the game would set them afloat again.

The interest taken in the doings of the junior league is unflagging, and the rising generation are playing such lacrosse that a few years ago would have been creditable to more pretentious clubs. Space just now does not permit of any lengthened notice of their doings, which are well worth chronicling and commenting on, but this journal in future will devote more attention to the young men on whom will fall the brunt of upholding the honour of the national game.

To-day (Saturday) the annual regatta of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen will be held at Lachine. It is some years since this most important of Canadian aquatic events was held here, and we all remember how the representatives of Montreal covered themselves with glory. That was the year when the magnificent "big four" of the Lachine club won the senior fours. Then there was enthusiasm, and aquatics met with a fair share of attention; but as soon as a few of the leading spirits neglected to take an interest in the sport, it seemed practically to drop into oblivion. It is true that Montreal sent away a few contestants to the regattas, but it was only in a half-hearted way, and the prizes drawn were blanks. Even this year, when the regatta is held in Lachine, the fact of only a junior four being entered is not particularly creditable. Verily, there is need of a leading spirit at Lachine. The Grand Trunk Boating club has done somewhat better. The reason is simply a want of interest among the club members, and even those who have the courage and pertinacity to go through a hard season of training do not receive the encouragement they deserve. If the Lachine or Grand Trunk men should win, and it is to be hoped they will, then, of course, they will be the best fellows imaginable, and they will be cheered and huzzaed until throats are hoarse. They will receive any amount of encouragement after it is all over, but a little of this beforehand would do a great deal more good and give the boys some spirit in their work. A look at the list of entries from Toronto, for instance, ought to make our water men hang their heads. It is true that rowing water in Toronto is more convenient and the open season is somewhat longer, but the difference is not so great as the showing made by both cities. Let us hope for better things in the future.

Two years ago a very sensible movement was set on foot, and, although nothing came of it, it is never too late to mend, the present time being particularly opportune. It was suggested that a rowing association, to embrace the whole of Montreal island and the south shore, be organized. The object was to form an association something after the style of the Schuyllkill navy, which would hold an annual regatta. Such an institution would be found to give an impetus to aquatics and tend, perhaps more than anything else, to make Montreal take the position in the sport which she should occupy than anything else. There is no reason why this should not be so. We have splendid rowing water all along the lake front, and from Victoria Bridge to Ste. Anne is crowded with young men all through the summer months who will give ground to nobody in the matter of athletics—good oarsmen and canoeists, too—and why should we be behind hand in aquatics? With the stimulus that the C.A.A.O. meeting should give to this branch of sport, we would suggest that someone take the initiative and request a meeting from the different clubs, looking towards the formation of such an association as referred to above. With a small subscription annually and a fair membership, which would no doubt be had, the greatest difficulty in the way, that of purchasing racing craft—would be soon overcome. The suggestion is, at least, worth considering.

R. O. X.

### Killing an Albatross.

Colonel Nicholas Pike tells the Brooklyn *Standard-Union* an interesting story which illustrates the superstition of sailors regarding the killing of the albatross. "When I was en route to Port Louis, Island of Mauritius, as American Consul," he says, "the albatross and petrel were always around our vessel, the United States steamer Monocacy, and the sailors tried for a long time to get one of the former for me, but were unsuccessful. But at the last one was caught, and after great resistance was drawn on board, but not before his strength and skill were taxed to the uttermost. In about half an hour another one was taken, and we let them go about the deck together. They were fine birds, but looked very droll waddling along the deck together. I was instructed to procure one for the Long Island Historical Society, and was anxious to get it without injuring its plumage, and so gave one of these birds a dose of cyanide of potassium, and in a second he lay over on his side without a struggle. Following this incident we had continual squalls, when I found, to my utter astonishment, that to me was attributed a good deal of the contrariety of the elements. The sailors averred that it was all owing to my having killed the albatross. When the storm was at its height they entreated me not to kill any more of these birds, as they are considered to be the spirits of seamen lost in the ocean."