

Sporting Comment

BECAUSE a horse that once hauled a cab won the Liverpool cup, it does not follow that there is money in buying up cab horses and turning them into steeplechasers. Neither is it a good guess that because a \$95 yearling developed into a Queen's Plate winner that the annual sales of the big racing stables furnish first-class opportunities for investment. These things, like the occasional landing of a hundred-to-one shot, just help to emphasize the uncertainty of the racing game. That uncertainty is held to be its chief charm. And it is also that uncertainty that makes it the sport of princes. For the only certainty about it is that it costs money no matter which end of it you play. Consequently it is the sport of the real princes of the older countries and the finance princes of the new. It has turned more than one prince into a pauper at that and any man of modest means who monkeys with the racing game will speedily become either one or the other—and it is a hundred to one that the ranks of the princes won't have to stand the increase.

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For you know the matter of winning even a King's Plate doesn't mean that a real race horse has been discovered. Out of a dozen Plate winners the Seagram stable has produced two fair race horses in Victorious and Joe Miller, and probably one great one in Inferno, which won the Toronto cup last week. Inferno looks the part of a really great race horse. But he has yet to do something away from home. His opportunity comes in the Suburban, in which he is entered and which is to be run June 20th. If he can win that Canada will have produced another candidate for an education at the hands of Toronto's City Council.

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Speaking of education recalls one Thomas Longboat, Indian and erstwhile hero. An ungrateful public evidently failed to see why a champion runner should be turned into a second-class office clerk at its expense and even a pathetic appeal from the Globe and a chance to figure on the front page of that great family journal only made it go down in its pockets for \$162. And as that would hardly suffice to purchase an honorary LL.D. from a little red school house the great and only Thomas will probably have to lope through life without ever knowing the beauties of the dead languages or enough mathematics to figure how much he is out by not throwing his talents on the professional market. But then Thomas is a child of nature and does not care whether school keeps or not.

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By the way, the beauties of the present-day amateurism were splendidly demonstrated at Guelph a few days ago. A touring American football team was billed to play there but the weather was cold and when the hour for the game tolled only half a hundred people had settled with the man at the box office. And when the touring amateurs saw the empty stands they decided it was too cold to play football. Probably it was; but whether it was the chilliness in the welcome or the weather that stopped the game can only be conjectured.

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The lawn bowling season is not generally under way owing to lack of grass and those pleasant surroundings that are one of the particular charms of the game. But that season will be all the busier once it gets going. The visit of the Old Country bowlers last season has given an impetus to the game and all over Ontario new clubs are springing up and new tournaments are being announced. In addition to those two big fixtures, the Ontario Tournament at Niagara-on-the-Lake, which is select rather than over-crowded, and the London Tournament, probably from a numerical standpoint the greatest event of the kind on the continent, the Dominion Tournament at Toronto will be resurrected. The Dominion was only dead last year and its promoters hasten to explain that its death was due to neither lack of interest nor lack of suitable grounds. It simply stepped aside to make room for the British bowlers who were touring Ontario at the time the Dominion is usually held. Anyway, it will be here again and if the new lawns at the Woodbine are not ready for it play will be on the lawns of two or more of the Toronto clubs.

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The lacrosse season of 1907 is under way and it promises to be a good one. Enough has been seen of the teams in the "big league," as the N. L. U. is generally

termed, to show that they are all well up to last year's strength and it is generally admitted that the season of 1906 furnished the best all-round lacrosse in the history of the game. Capitals of Ottawa, who won the championship, have just returned from a trip to England and should have a good deal on the others in the matter of condition as the backward spring has retarded training in Canada. However, whatever advantage the champions may get from this will probably be offset by their going stale later in the season. They started training for the trip abroad in March and they will be wonders indeed if they do not go back some before September. However, they with Torontos, who start with a long series of home games, will probably be league leaders till well on in the summer. But look out for a great scramble at the finish.

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Since the Henley authorities decided that competitors at the famed regatta must take no expense money from others than the club to which they belong it will probably be some years before another Canadian eight goes after the Grand Challenge. And by that time Henley will probably be closed to "foreign" competition. For year by year the English oarsmen are tightening up the fence around their own little regatta. For instance, they have just decreed that no "foreign" entries will be received next year on account of the Olympic games being held in London. It seems a strange decree. But as Canadians are classed with the "foreign" element we are probably not in a position to see eye to eye with those on the inside.

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And in justice it must be admitted that some of the candidates our Yankee cousins have sent to Henley are not such as to breed confidence in British breasts. Let's see, wasn't young Ten Eyck over there and isn't the said Ten Eyck now acting as professional coach to a college crew? And Titus, who threatens to go over again this summer. Last time he was there didn't he associate with professionals and so conduct himself generally that he got more than one hint that they would rather not have his entry in future. And then, you know, there is a wide difference between the English amateur and the Yankee amateur. The former rows for his own pleasure; the latter to win trophies for the club that pays his expenses.

The Magic of Muskoka

THE discoverer of Muskoka is not known to fame, but the development of that delightful region practically belongs to the last twenty years. Muskoka is a summer country and has been aptly called "the playground of Ontario." In the old days it was the camper's paradise. He went up to Gravenhurst on a primitive and slow-going train, took a canoe from what is now Muskoka Wharf and was off for a fortnight or month in a tent. But time and traffic have changed all that—without spoiling Muskoka's native charm. Now the "flyer" leaves Toronto an hour before noon and the passenger has all the luxuries that belong to the best of modern equipment and may eat his broiled fish while he gazes from the car window on rivers, lakes and bits of forest that show where the northland begins.

The old-time Muskoka-lover may be known by the friendly glance which he bestows on familiar hamlets and landmarks. When the rocks begin to break through the soil and the pines show their stately tops, he realises with a thrill that his summer home is near. But it is only when Muskoka Wharf or Bala is reached that the extent of the tourist traffic impresses the traveller. Boats of all sorts, canoes, dinghies, respectable family row-boats, gasoline launches and shining yachts crowd the docks and make every train arrival a small regatta. Nothing could prove more conclusively the popularity of this land of lakes than the entrance this summer of two new railways. For years the G.T.R. has had Muskoka to itself. But this year the C.N.O.R. runs along the east shores of Lake Simcoe and Couchiching, to Bala and Lake Joseph ports and on to Parry Sound. The C.P.R. has also discovered the railway possibilities of Muskoka and is entering that picturesque territory. Hotels have sprung up so rapidly that it is almost impossible to keep track of the "new places." Cottagers by the thousands go up to their homes in the latter weeks of June. But the ideal Muskoka remains the great open district of laughing lakes and shadowy rivers, the paradise of the artist and the rover.