



The progress made by the Bel-Air Jockey Club during the few short years of its existence must be distinctly gratifying to the men who had enough interest in the kingly sport, and enough pluck and perseverance behind that interest, to build the finest race track in Canada. The meeting which concluded on Saturday last was something like a race meeting. Experience may have come slowly, but it has come, and a great many of the crudities noticeable at the previous meetings were pleasurably absent. Things were more business-like; the rough edges were chopped off; it was no longer the country fair race day, for metropolitan proportions had been assumed; a previously apathetic public had been converted into mild enthusiasts; the grand stand felt the weight of thousands, where before it had only known hundreds, and shook under the unanimous stamping of ten thousand feet of assorted sizes, instead of echoing back the faint applause of a few hundred partially satisfied spectators. In a word, there was more general satisfaction expressed over the summer meeting of the B.A.J.C. than could ever find vent about any other running meeting in the Province of Quebec—that is, as far as the writer's knowledge is concerned.

It should not be understood that the meeting was faultless. That is a little too much to hope for before the millenium, but it was such a vast improvement over its predecessors that whatever shortcomings there were may be looked on as very unintentional mistakes. The first and second day saw excellent fields face the starter, but the weather was so bad on the third day that it is not to be wondered that many of the owners did not care to start their horses. The drenching rain, which made everybody wish they were ducklings or some other web footed creature, so that they might have some enjoyment out of life, made things very unpleasant from a racing point of view, and before the flag fell for the first race the silks were undistinguishable, while at the end of the three-quarter mile the appearance of the jockeys would have excused a maternal parent from recognizing her offspring. The opening day gave promise of great things, and supplied the usual number of surprises to the great delight of the bookmakers and the bewilderment of the public. In the opening scramble, Zea and Orinoco were the favourites, but Mr Love's Tendency filly managed to snatch the race out of the fire. The Queen's Plate, with nine entries, saw eight face the starter. This was another small sized surprise to a great many, for the slightly thought-of Milton had everything his own way and won as he pleased, leaving behind such good ones as Dianthus, Manitou and Nine Oaks. The race for the \$300 purse was a capital one, Mr. Hendries' horse, Versatile, capturing first place from Belle of Orange by half a length. In the Merchants' purse there was the closest struggle of the meeting, Redfellow and Bullfinch running what appeared to be a dead heat, but the judges said Redfellow by a short head. The "Walker Club" handicap steeplechase was simply a gift to that wonderful jumper Hercules. Following is a summary of the first day's racing:—

Opening scramble—Purse, \$275; three-quarters of a mile, seven starters:

T. H. Love's b.f. Ville Marie, 3, 106.....[Shauer	1
J. E. Seagram's blk. c. Orinoco, 3, 116.....[Gorman	2
J. P. Dawes' b.m. Zea, 5, 119.....[Innes	3

Time—1.18.

Queen's Plate; 50 guineas—One and a quarter miles; eight starters:

W. Henderson's ch.c. Milton, 3, 107.....[Hennessey	1
J. P. Dawes' b.g. Manitou, 3, 107.....[Innes	2
Dr. Craik's b.m. Nine Oaks, 5, 121.....[Redfield	3

Time—2.25½.

Purse of \$300—One and one-sixteenth miles; nine starters.

W. Hendries' b.c. Versatile, 3, 107.....[Shauer	1
J. P. Dawes' b.m. Belle of Orange, 3, 102.....[Innes	2
T. H. Love's b.h. Bushbolt, 3, 107.....[Heuston	3

Merchants' Purse—One and one-quarter miles; four starters:

J. P. Dawes' b.h. Redfellow, 5, 131.....[Innes	1
W. Hendries' b.g. Bullfinch, 3, 102.....[Flint	2
D. Davies' b.m. Underwood, 4, 122.....[Shauer	3

Walker's Club Handicap Steeplechase—Two and one-half miles; seven starters:

Queen City Stables c.h. Hercules, A, 168...[Louden	1
Bay View Stables b.g. Mackenzie, A, 150...[Phair	2
H. Drysdale's b.g. Quaker, A, 140.....[Smith	3

The second day was a repetition of capital sport. A great deal of interest was taken in the Derby, and there was considerable disappointment in the public mind that Mr. Seagram drew the pen through the name of Victorious. A good many eyes waited anxiously to see the son of Terror, but they must wait for another opportunity. Mr. Love's Polydora captured the opening purse, Helen Leigh being disqualified for light weight. The Derby went to Bullfinch, and the El Padre was pocketed by Versatile. Belle of Orange coralled the Brokers' purse, while with 175 pounds up Hercules ran away with the handicap steeplechase:

Purse \$275—Three quarter mile; five starters:

T. H. Love's b.m. Polydora, 3, 108.....[Flint	1
J. P. Dawes' b.m. Zea, 5, 119.....[Innes	2
H. Paton's b.g. Pericles, A, 129.....[Snider	5

Canadian Derby—One and one-half miles; four starters:

A. Sinclair's b.c. Bullfinch, 3, 122.....[Shauer	1
J. P. Dawes' b.g. Mohawk, 3, 122.....[Innes	2
W. Henderson's ch.c. Milton, 3, 122...[McCarthy	3

El Padre Handicap—One and one-eighth miles; five starters:

W. Hendries' b.c. Versatile, 3, 108.....[Shauer	1
J. E. Seagram's b.c. Orinoco, 3, 112...[Gorman	2
T. H. Love's b.m. Ville Marie, 3, 98.....[Rollo	3

Brokers' Purse of \$400—One mile; eight starters:

J. P. Dawes' b.m. Belle of Orange, 3, 111...[Innes	1
P. Gorman's b.f. Wenonah, 3, 102.....[Heuston	2
T. H. Love's b.h. Bushbolt, 3, 107.....[Rollo	3

Handicap Steeplechase—Two miles; six starters:

Queen City c.h. Hercules, A, 175.....[Louden	1
Wellington stables c.h. Gladiator, A, 148...[Hamilton	2
Bay View stables b.g. Mackenzie, A, 148...[Phair	3

The results of the last day's racing are appended:

Purse \$275—Six furlongs; eight starters:

J. P. Dawes' b.m. Zea, 5, 119.....[Wise	1
T. H. Love's c.m. Polydora, 3, 123.....[Redfield	2
H. Paton's c.g. Pericles, A, 134.....[Snider	3

Carslake Stakes—One and one-sixteenth miles; five starters:

J. E. Seagram's b.c. Tactician, 3, 122...[Gorman	1
J. P. Dawes' b.m. Belle of Orange, 3, 122...[Wise	2
T. H. Love's b.h. Bushbolt, 3, 122.....[Redfield	3

Handicap Steeplechase—Two miles; four starters:

Bay View stables b.g. Mackenzie, A, 147...[Phair	1
Wellington stables b.h. Gladiator, A, 150...[Hamilton	2
H. Drysdale's b.g. Quaker, A, 138.....[Smith	3

Open Handicap, purse \$350—One and one quarter miles:

J. P. Dawes' b.h. Redfellow, 5, 126.....[Wise	1
P. Gorman's b.h. Lordlike, 4, 112.....[Heuston	2
J. E. Seagram's b.h. Marauder, 6, 116...[Gorman	3

Consolation Race—One and one-sixteenth miles; three starters:

T. H. Love's b.h. Bushbolt, 3, 116.....[Redfield	1
Owner's b.g. Duke of Bourbon, 5, 110...[Dufresne	2
J. H. Grise's b.g. Purse, A, 110.....[Pierson	3

After all the great promises made by the "four club league," they are hardly fulfilling their mission as far as the lacrosse public is concerned. At first the interest of lacrosse loving people was aroused as much from curiosity as from any other cause to see what effect the split in the ranks would have on the game. By this time they are pretty well satisfied. In the league they have seen mediocre lacrosse that perhaps would have made a creditable average for district championship teams, while the two clubs who were forced out of the combination have been surprising even their most enthusiastic admirers by the excellence of their play. Verily, everything cometh to him who waits. The hot-headed individuals who would brook no dictation, nor take any advice from newspapers and such like things, have now the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing themselves moving peaceably along at the tail end of a funeral procession, with every possibility of being in front of the procession should it turn round and walk the other way. The match of the season was that played between Toronto and Montreal on Dominion Day. The score at the finish stood four games to three, and every one of them were scored at the same end of the field. The *Empire* remarks that probably had the match lasted a little longer Toronto would have evened up matters. Certainly it would. But then our contemporary forgets that in such a comparison all the advantage lies with the side taking the first game. No matter what speculation may suggest there is one

certainty, and that is, that never before has Rosedale witnessed a grander, more scientific exhibition of lacrosse than it did on Wednesday. There was just enough earnestness in the play to make it a thorough test of endurance. There were many hard knocks given, accidentally, too, and no losing of temper. When we come to consider the hard feeling that used to be shown in previous years, one can hardly believe his eyes at the way the games are being conducted at the present time, but it is a consummation devoutly to be thankful for. Keep right on in the same course you have marked out for yourselves, Toronto and Montreal, and you will find that the much-predicted evil that was to attend you will have been transubstantiated into good.

The Cornwall club carried an accommodation rain shower when they went to Ottawa on Dominion Day. Of course a defeated man or a defeated team just obeys nature when he hunts around for an excuse of some sort or other, and the Ottawas are no exception. The day was wet and the Cornwalls, everybody knew, would rather play lacrosse in water than out of it. The excuse was good enough in its way, but it was hardly good enough to account for such an unmitigated thrashing as five goals to one means. Either the Cornwalls must have improved wonderfully in a couple of weeks, or the Ottawas must be going to the "demnition bow-wows."

The Hamilton Bicycle Club are to be congratulated on the deserved success which attended the annual meet of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association. Nothing was left undone to make the gathering the best in the history of the C. W. A., and the results fully justified the anticipations of the Hamiltonians. The association itself is progressing splendidly, and a membership of thirteen hundred, an increase of nearly five hundred in a year, is a sign of the times. Record smashing was the order of the day, and new marks were made for the Canadian mile safety, mile novice safety, and three mile safety.

R. O. X.

"I Love to Steal."

An amusing incident occurred in one of the Eastern churches a few years ago. The clergyman gave out the hymn:

"I love to steal a while away
From every cumbering care
And spend the hour of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer."

The regular chorister being absent, the duty devolved upon the good old deacon M., who commenced, "I love to steal," and then broke down. Raising his voice a still higher pitch, he sang, "I love to steal," and, as before, he concluded he had got the wrong pitch, and deploring that he had not got his "pitch tuner," he determined to succeed if he died in the attempt. By this time all the old ladies were tittering behind their fans, while the faces of the "young ones" were all in a broad grin. At length, after a desperate cough, he made a final demonstration, and roared out, "I love to steal." This effort was too much. Every one but the godly and eccentric parson was laughing. He arose, and with the utmost coolness said, "Seeing our brother's propensities, let us pray." It is needless to say that but few of the congregation heard the prayer.

The Bather's Dirge.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold hard stones, O Sea!
And I hope that my tongue won't utter
The words that rise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
If he likes to be soured with spray!
O well for the sailor lad,
As he paddles about in the bay!

And the ships swim happily on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for a clutch at that vanish'd hand,
And a kick—for I'm catching a chill!

Break, break, break,
At my poor bare feet, O Sea!
But the artful scamp who has collar'd my clothes
Will never come back to me.

—By Tennyson Minor