

INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACING.

(Some Yachts and Yachtsmen.)

Though the staidness and sobriety of a financial and insurance journal be imperiled by the admission, we have to confess that international yacht-racing has been occupying our minds for the past few days somewhat to the exclusion of more serious subjects.

At present, the dwellers along the shores of the St. Lawrence are enjoying a brief season of noble sport. That the Seawanhaka trophy may remain in the possession of Canadian yachtsmen for as many years as the America's Cup has been held by its successive defenders is, whatever true regard and politeness to our visitors may dictate, the desire of every member of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, and THE CHRONICLE echoes the wish that Mr. Duggan and his crew may be able to fly a winning pennant for every race of the International series. Even those who are unable to journey by land or water to the scene of the exciting contest are able to follow the races with the assistance of the ubiquitous newspaper reporter, in whose company folks ashore can imagine themselves rolling about on the press steamer in close proximity to the buoy. For the marine reporter has the skillful hand of an artist and the warm feeling of a poet, and he can picture a yacht race in a spirited fashion calculated to make a land lubber sea-sick, and an absent devotee to the best and purest of pastimes ill with vexation at his banishment from such a scene. The gifted special can make us realize that the wind during the race was capricious as a pretty woman's whims; that the challenger has for the time, only for a time, shaken off the little Canadian flyer, and, with stem straight for the buoy, every stitch of canvas pulling, the sun shining white on her jib, and all else in shadow, is looking every inch a winner. But, a minute later, Mr. Duggan's latest creation is also described passing the press steamer, and, as she gets abeam of us, we, in fancy, can almost hear the swish of the water of Lake St. Louis, as, fretted by the little rater's prow, it rushes along her lee. And then, no matter who wins, we welcome her with cheering, and the screaming of sirens, and are untiring in expressions of admiration for the lofty spar, shining hull, white deck, and active crew; and quick to attribute the victory to a steady slant of faithful wind enabling the winner to make a long leg for the desired buoy. Happy yachtsmen! your unrivalled sport will soon occupy the leisure time and attention of two great nations, and, as we study the most modern models of marine architecture, the Shamrock and Columbia, and see them, if only in fancy, handled by their crews in such fashion as to show off to perfection the beauty of the designers' skill and the splendid handiwork and cleverness of the sailmaker, we may be pardoned if, even when living far away from the vast and glorious sea, we tilt our caps to a nautical angle, and, even in the city of

Montreal, give a sea-manlike hitch to our nether-garments.

One of the best of Canadian bankers, Mr. H. C. McLeod, general manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, is an enthusiastic yachtman, and as a designer of racing and cruising craft, deserves far more attention than the dwellers down by the sea seem to give to the modest and retiring banker and marine architect.

Some years ago, when the people of Halifax, Nova Scotia, were engaged in celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the Queen's reign, a Jubilee cup valued at one thousand dollars was offered as a prize for the winner of a yacht race. The splendid course laid out by the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron was triangular, and measured some forty miles. Among the competitors was the famous cutter "Galatea," one of the unsuccessful challengers for the America Cup, and the equally famous schooner yacht, "Dauntless," her very name carrying the minds of yachtsmen back to her wonderful races across the Atlantic with the "Cambria" and the "Coronet." Among the smaller craft competing for the cup in question was a little three-ton sloop, designed by Mr. McLeod, named the "Lenore." That she did not win, even with tremendous time allowance, goes without saying. Upon her arrival at the starting line, prepared for the outside struggle (the course being on the open Atlantic), with a boat lashed across a deck which barely gave the crew foothold, her plucky designer and skipper was heartily cheered by the sailors of the great racing yachts.

Since that eventful race, one of the best and most exciting in the annals of yachting, Mr. McLeod has designed small yachts superior in speed to Fife cutters; he has captured the "Blue Ribbon" on Lake Minnetonka in the far West; and his latest triumph has been achieved in building a defender for the Canada Cup of such speed that in two and a half hours sailing on Saturday last, whatever may have been the conditions of wind and weather, the McLeod beat the creations of Messrs. Duggan and Payne by fifteen good minutes.

If Sir Thomas Lipton's "Shamrock" cannot outsail the "Columbia," perhaps the coveted America Cup may yet be captured by a Canadian yacht designed by a Canadian banker.

In the meantime, let us enjoy in fancy this brief cruise in company with our local yachtsmen, to whom we wish success in retaining the Seawanhaka Cup. May there be enough wind to thoroughly test the seamanship of both crews and the sailing qualities of both boats.

BRANCH BANK AT GOLDEN, B.C.

Residents of and those having business at Golden, British Columbia, will be glad to hear that a branch of the Imperial Bank has been opened there.