



THE RECENT VISIT TO MONTREAL OF IRON AND STEEL INSTITUTE OF GREAT BRITAIN.  
THE TRIP TO LACHINE.—A GROUP ON THE STEAMBOAT.

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES

A game preserve within easy reach of Montreal is one of the possibilities, and a large part of St. Hilaire Mountain will be fenced in and stocked with game. This ought to be good news to sportsmen who like to combine their sport with the convenience of an adjacent hotel. It is quite an inducement, too, to go out and have a good day's shooting and the knowledge that the discomforts of camping out are not to be dreaded.

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It is surprising to take a glance at the American papers and read over the accounts of the runs of the different harrier clubs. Their name is legion and the work they do is simply marvellous. But the strange part of the thing is that in Canada we never hear of such a thing now-a-days. There was a time, and not many years ago either, when Canadians held their own in cross-country work, even when they had to go to New York to do it; but all that is changed now. In Montreal there used to be the picking of two or three really first-class teams, and they could get over ground in a wonderful way. I remember that cold drizzly, slippery day, when Fred Johnston broke the record to the Back River, and so did the man who finished second. Anybody who witnessed that run could not help being impressed with the idea that there was material enough right in Montreal to make the best of them hustle to win anything. Since then, however, no practical interest has been taken in the sport. The Toronto men used to give cross-country races, but dropped out some three years ago, and the Montreal people, feeling that a merely local race represented nothing, even if given under the auspices of the C.A.A.A., dropped out likewise. Is it not surprising that with the crowd of young men in Montreal, who do the hardest kind of cross-country work over the snow, there should not be distance runners for the Spring and Fall? There is no excuse for this state of things, except the one plain word—"laziness." No city on the continent has greater facilities for the making of first-class athletes than Montreal; nowhere is there a better equipped club house or finer grounds, and still the showing made is not what it should be. Why not form a harrier club in connection with the M.A.A.A. There is lots of room for it, and it is one of those institutions that would not entail any great expense. Why not give the thing a trial. Here were two Saturdays with splendid weather gone by with no

outdoor sport worth mentioning, and it would just have been the right sort of weather for a rattling cross-country run.

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For a long time Lon Myers held the record for 220 yards at 20 1-8 seconds. But that great runner's time has gone the way of most things, and is now lost in oblivion. Wendell Baker now holds the mark at 20 seconds. This is the American record, which is half a second slower than the English one made by Seward away back in the forties, and a quarter second slower than Pelling's, but the latter runner had a strong wind at his back.

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Cary's attempt to prove that he could do the hundred yards in 9 1/2 seconds was a very marked failure, and there seems now no ground on which to base the title which the A.A.U. refused to recognize. All the conditions were favourable, he himself said he never felt better, and in the presence of half a dozen of the most expert timers in the country he did not come near it. It was considerable of a set-back for the M.A.C.

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The horses, too, are going into the record-breaking business and topping the timbers by quarter inches at a time with a seven foot foundation to start on. When Ontario got over seven feet of obstacle early in the summer, the fact was thought impossible, and the record was not allowed owing to some technicality. Then Roseberry came to the front and put a record after his name of 7 ft. 1 in. This was smashed last week by Filemaker, who got over 7 ft. 1 1/4 in., but his glory only lasted for a day, for on Saturday week at Chicago Roseberry was still king, clearing 7 ft. 1 3/4 in. It may be interesting to a great many to know that for a long time Filemaker was owned by Mr. McGibbon, of Montreal, but he never came into prominence until his contest with Leo in Madison Square Garden. Then for a little while he dropped comparatively out of sight, and the *Spirit*, in its cheerful way, remarked that he had gone back to the shafts of a coal cart, from which he never should have been taken. This was one of the prophecies that did not come true. Madame Marantette, I believe, is his present owner, and he will travel with her in her equestrian show business.

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So Hamilton is champion, and deservedly so, of the Ontario Rugby Union, and it was a grand game that settled their claims beyond cavil. There have been many close contests for the honor and even ties played, but perhaps never was there a more exciting match than that played at Rosedale on Saturday. Hamilton has deserved well of the football world in the past and their victory is decidedly a popular one. It was a raw chilly day when the fifteens

faced each other, and Hamilton had the advantage of the prestige gained the last time that Queen's was faced. Hamilton outplayed the collegians but slightly if at all; and the greater share of the credit belongs to the Ambitious city's magnificent back division, while that of Queen's was clumsy, slow and almost totally without combination. Queen's was superior in the rush line and they had the weight; but their opponents were as game as pebbles, and when it came to a question of clean headwork Hamilton's backs were too much for the other side, and while Queen's might gain a little ground in the scrimmage the advantage was soon lost whenever there was an opportunity for a pass, and then it was that Hamilton's rushers were quicker and surer at following up. There was a good deal of rough play and a few passes not allowed in Rugby rules, but nobody was seriously hurt. The teams were:—

<i>Hamilton.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>Queens.</i>
T. H. Farrell .....	Back .....	G. Curtis.
G. Watts,                    )	Half backs.	E. B. Ochlin,
R. Watson,                )		H. Parkyn,
T. S. C. Saunders,        )		C. Webster,
W. Briggs .....	Quarter back .....	J. F. Smellie,
W. A. Logie,                )	Wings.	F. McCammon,
W. Simpson,                )		J. Farrell,
A. Smart,                    )		H. Hunter,
J. Harvey,                   )		A. E. Ross.
R. H. Labbatt,             )		W. J. Scott,
A. Mackay,                 )	Forwards.	H. Horsey,
H. Leggat,                 )		J. W. White,
R. P. Dewar,                )		D. Cameron,
G. Gillespie,                )		J. G. Marquis,
J. Harvey,                    )		H. R. Grant,
Referee—E. A. Griffin.		

In the first half the strong wind was decidedly in favour of Queen's and prevented Hamilton's backs from making any of their beautiful kicks, the result being that the scrimmage held tightly to the ball, and here it was that the impetus of the university rush gave them the advantage. The play in the first half was exclusively rough, and when time was called Queen's had scored two rouges and Hamilton had drawn a blank. It was in the second half, however, that the latter began to play their real game, and in twenty minutes, notwithstanding the plucky defence work of Queens, Hamilton had scored two tries, which the wind prevented being converted into goals. Some more hard work and fierce scrimmaging near the Hamilton line and Queen's secures a try without the privilege of a kick, and time was up, leaving the score 8—6 in favour of Hamilton. There was some loud talk about the referee's decisions, but the kicking came from the defeated team.

R. O. X.