



SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Fast and sharp as was the game on the Rosedale grounds between the Torontos and the Montrealers, I have seen both teams play far better lacrosse. In fact, the play was far more remarkable for its roughness than its science. There was very little team play—in fact, conspicuously little—and most of the scoring was done by individual "bull-luck." Contrary to general expectation, and decidedly to the disappointment of the crowd on the grand stand, Montreal had the best of the play throughout. The boys in grey were by far the swiftest and sturdiest of the two teams, and when Toronto started in at the opening of the game to do some of the rough work that won them the match against Cornwall, they got it back with a promptitude and warmth that effectually cowed them. Montreal never kicked or appealed to the referee. Although at the end of the second game nearly every man passed into the dressing-room bleeding, there was never a growl nor a complaint. They just laid low and repaid the men who struck them with interest. And how they did do it, too! From that out the Toronto players occupied the position of under dog in the fight. They were not in it with Montreal. They were afraid to slug and frightened to run in. As a consequence, Montreal was the aggressor all through, and only the magnificent defence of Toronto saved her from a monumental licking.

There were two amusing incidents during the afternoon. The first was the clever way in which Garvin duped the poor innocent, easy-going referee by playing fox in the second game, and the other was the way in which Sam Martin was turned head over heels by McNaughton when he was foolish enough to try and dodge that swiftest and most tricky of home players. Fancy long Sam, with his great lumbering stride, trying to "juke" Archie! He might have known what would happen. And it did happen. Archie ran right in on the long Torontonian and gave the elbow on the throat with such force that Sam turned a catherine-wheel into the fence, and after he had been pried out of the corner and the splinters combed out of his hair it took fully a minute to rub some sparks of consciousness into his head. Next time he tries to dodge Archie he will wear a shirt of mail and a baseball mask.

The young men who play lacrosse for the Ottawa club may be very nice young men, indeed, and sometimes they play fairly good lacrosse; but it would appear that they are not particular as to the methods they use to attain their ends. Of course, they turned the tables on the Shamrocks for the defeat they had previously suffered at the latter's hands, but they did not turn them in quite a legitimate way. The referee, although in some cases exercising his authority, when it appeared impossible for him to do otherwise, in the majority of cases was as much use as a peg driven into the ground. This may seem harsh; but with the fast lacrosse that has to be played this season there is a great deal left for the hands of the referee. He is particularly responsible for the character of the game, and if a team with slugging tendencies find out that he is of a lenient disposition they will not be slow to take advantage of it, and that was remarkably well illustrated in the case of the Ottawas, for they slugged at every available opportunity, and travelled as far as they could in the way of disgracing the club whose colours they wore. Certainly, not all the members of the twelve can be thus accused, but there were more than enough on Saturday to leaven the whole lump. Will Ottawa try the same tactics when they meet Cornwall? I think not. They might get a dose of their own medicine.

The lacrosse season is practically over and but few outdoor sports are now left us. In fact the indoor birds are beginning to make their arrangements for the long winter nights. There is no pastime which has taken so firm a hold in so short a time as bowling, and last year, what with the monthly continuous competitions at the M.A.A.A. Victoria Rifles and the league series between the Canadiens, the well occupied. The Vics seem to be the first to get into shape this year. The alleys have all been gone over, a new set of 9-inch balls has been added and the old ones turned over, so that when the regular season opens on the 1st of October, everything will be in ship shape for a good season. It will be remembered that when the bowling league scheme was first mooted, it was thought that there would be a team from the Metropolitan Club, but it did not materialize, and it is not likely that there will be any more than the original three clubs again this season. There has been some talk in bowling circles already about a change in the rules, which would permit any club to use the finger-hole balls on any alley; but it is not probable that it will be passed. It would be a direct benefit to the Canadiens club team, but not to the others. There is by no means the same amount of exercise in the finger-hole method as there is in the flat-hand, and as it is exercise that most of the competitors go in for, it is not likely that anything will come of the proposed new departure.

The games of Saturday were but slimly attended, owing, no doubt, to the threatening state of the weather, and the number of competitors from outside clubs was particularly small. Toronto was especially noticeable by its absence, and it looks as if, outside of rowing and lacrosse, the Queen City was a long way behind in athletics. There was one very noticeable feature, and that was the improvement shown in style and the number of the younger men brought out since the M.A.A.A. has had a professional trainer. Stevenson seems to have been doing good work, and a great many who are made of the proper kind of stuff have been taking advantage of his services. The handicapping generally was fair, with the exception of the bicycle races, and then the scratch man had too much to carry. The championship games, which will be held to day (Saturday), have every prospect of being the finest ever witnessed in Canada. The entry list is the largest, and all the crack clubs are more than well represented. With anything like fine weather, there ought to be a lowering of some figures. Watch for the Montreal man in the quarter.

It is likely that during the coming winter there will be an innovation at the Montreal Gymnasium, which will go a long way towards keeping the boys in trim during the long months when outdoor athletics are an impossibility. A heavy sandbag will be made take the place of the 56 lb., and there will be no great jar on a thick mattress. Then long and high jumping will be given some attention, and it looks altogether as if, when the time comes for the spring games, there ought to be considerable improvement, at least in the field events. One thing seems certain, and that is, that the athletic committee of the M.A.A.A. are leaving nothing undone to bring Montreal athletes up to the top of the heap.

Art sick of the city's rush and strife,
And the endless chafe of a business life,
The crush and the roar of the busy street,
The jar of pavement, and stifling heat,
The endless toiling for dear-bought gain,
The wearying tension of nerve and brain?
Then cast all from you and hie away
For a glorious restful holiday.

The rod hangs long on the lonely wall,
The tackle is hid 'neath a dusty pall,
The reel has forgotten the song it sings,
The flies would fain stretch their deadly wings;
The basket can boast no tempting spread,
And the flask is cold and its spirit fled.
Man! is it right such things should be?
Why clank your chain when you might be free?

This is the way that "Nomad" sang of the delights of trouting, and the burden seems to have been taken up by the members of the Jacques Cartier Fish and Game Club, and there are no more ardent fishermen in the Ancient Capital than these gentlemen. And they have been fortunate, too, in their choice of a locality, which is literally teeming with game fish. The club's preserves comprise over seventy miles of stream on the Jacques Cartier River, not to speak of thirty odd tributaries from the lakes and rivers contiguous to the Jacques Cartier. This club's rendezvous is only about twenty-five miles from Quebec, and a pleasant drive of less than four hours finds you in the heart of the trouting country. This was the experience of a party consisting of Messrs. Joseph E. Vincent, George Colville, John Daley and Robert H. O'Regan, who pitched their tents at the Grand Portage, several miles above the club house. It might look like a fish story, but it is not, the fact remaining that in two days' fishing the above-named gentlemen landed over one hundred dozen of the speckled beauties, and many of them pulled down the beam at four pounds. The river is literally alive with them, in fact, there seems so many of them that there is not enough to feed them, and they rise to almost any kind of bait, and only want to be taken out. The photographs published in this number have been kindly furnished by Mr. Joseph E. Vincent, vice-president of the club.

This is just the ideal weather for the devotees of Rugby football, and it is about time that the Quebec ties were made arrangements for. The Montreal club have elected officers and been out for a little practice already, but nothing of any account is up on the boards yet. It would be a good idea if the powers that be in football would take time by the forelock this season and make some arrangement with Ottawa College. After the trouble last year with the Ontario Union there should be some way of coming to a satisfactory conclusion with the Eastern end of the string. The Collegians have been pretty nearly invincible, and when the Montrealers carried off the Quebec championship there was a good deal of anxiety to meet the Ottawa men, but dates clashed. If the matter is taken in hand in time this season, there is no reason why both sides should not be satisfied.

The Grand Trunk football team had a comparatively easy thing with the Ottawa association men on Saturday last, but a great deal cannot be said for the merits of the play, which to a large extent was loose and unscientific. The inability to dribble in anything like good form was particularly noticeable, but still there are a couple of men on both teams who might help to make up a passably fair international eleven. This international football scheme is gradually being worked into shape, and now as the Irish

football association has signified its intention of helping the matter out, there will be comparatively little in the way. But there will be an awful lot of local jealousy and heart-burning when it comes to pick the team.

The Ontario Rugby Union have laid out their plans for the season, and the senior series will be played as follows: On or before October 11th, Toronto will meet Hamilton at Hamilton, while at Stratford the natives and Londoners will struggle. On or before Saturday, Oct. 18, Ottawa will meet Queen's University at Kingston. The second round will be winners of Toronto-Hamilton vs. winners of London-Stratford, and the final match will be played when and where the Rugby Union directs.

In the Eastern association the record now stands:—Grand Trunk, 7 points; Ottawa Ramblers, 4; Valleyfield, 4; Cornwall, 1. The Ramblers have three matches yet to play, Grand Trunk and Cornwall two each and Valleyfield one. It is expected that the finish will lie between Grand Trunk and the Ramblers, and that it will be very close.

It took nearly a week to decide the Argonaut Rowing Club's Fall races, but at last the final heat was reached on Tuesday, when the following crews were left in:

H. C. Jarvis, bow,	W. Henderson, bow,
J. D. Mackaye, No. 2,	B. Bristol, No. 2,
G. H. Muntz, No. 3,	W. R. Johnston, No. 3,
A. A. Barker, stroke.	A. J. Boyd, stroke.

It was a splendid race from start to finish, and was won by Barker's crew by scarcely a length.

The Fashion course at Blue Bonnets has had its initial races under the new management. The races were interesting enough, but notwithstanding that everything had been done for the convenience of the public, and that the C.P.R. ran special trains, the attendance was comparatively meagre. Trotting has had such a long spell of flagrant crooked work in this city that it will take a long time of honest racing to restore the confidence so long abused. It is like the boy who cried wolf, and the only thing to be done is for owners and proprietors of tracks to recognize that they can stay away if they like. A good beginning has been made by several tracks, but the good work must be kept up, and after a while trotting may be restored to its old-time position and popularity.

The Victoria Club has already begun to prepare for the skating season and held its annual meeting on Wednesday last. The annual report and financial statement were most satisfactory. The newly elected board of directors consists of Messrs. E. S. Clouston, H. V. Meredith, W. H. C. Meredith, Fred. C. Henshaw, Angus W. Hooper, Alex. Patterson and Chas. G. Hope. Lieut.-Col. Henshaw is president and Mr. E. S. Clouston vice-president. The directors say the coming season will be the most brilliant in the club's history.

I hear some thrilling accounts of the enormous number of black duck and woodcock that have been tumbled over by enthusiastic sportsmen, but I also notice that the faces of the narrators were gloomier than their asserted success seemed to call for, and the stories tasted like the duck—fishy. The new fish and game club, whose headquarters are about 10 miles below Sorel, have a splendid shooting ground there; but there are some complaints of the moonlight marauder, and waterfowl don't seem to be so plentiful in consequence.

I wrote some time ago of the comparatively little interest taken in dogs in this city, that is, general interest; but there are still a few left who are among the most successful exhibitors in the country. The Irish setter bitch Florrie, owned in Montreal, was particularly successful and so were her children. In black-and-tans and Yorkshires, Mr. Campbell, of Montreal, also, was credited with several firsts.

The McGill undergraduates lawn tennis tournament will begin on Monday and the entries close to-day (Saturday). The entries so far have been very numerous, and a most successful tournament is looked for. The winner of the university tennis championship will be presented with a handsome prize racquet, which has been generously donated by Mr. C. J. Fleet.

Every huntsman looks eagerly forward to the day when the meet is at Verdun and when the veteran old master, Squire Crawford, dispenses his hospitality, and so it was that on last Saturday one of the jolliest gatherings on record was at Verdun, and although Reynard saved his brush, the gentlemen had a hard run for all that.

The Hunt Club steeplechases on the 2nd and 4th promise to what they always have been—two days of good exciting sport. A new steeplechase course has been made at Blue Bonnets, and everything will be in good running order for the meeting.

R. O. X.

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