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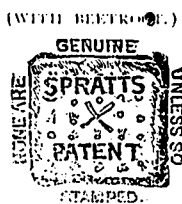
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Sporting Life.

The SPORTING LIFE is forwarded to
 subscribers early every Monday. Sub-
 scribers who do not receive the paper
 promptly will confer a favor by communi-
 cating with publisher.

Our portrait this week is that of Mr.
 S. Lichtenhein, the field captain of the
 Hawthorne Lacrosse Club. Mr. Lich-
 tenhein is an enthusiast for his club's
 welfare and has marshalled the wearers
 of the royal blue jerseys to victory more
 than once.



The Union Lacrosse Club, of St.
 John, N.B., (of which Mr. A. H. Bell,
 an old Montreal lacrosse player, is the
 president), have written to the Orient
 Lacrosse Club, of this city, asking them
 to lend them four players to enable
 their team to meet the Caughnawaga
 Indians in two exhibition lacrosse
 matches to be played in St. John on the
 24th and 25th of this month. The
 Orient at once consented, and have
 decided to send Eddie Irwin, centre; J.
 Millard, goal; S. A. A. Watt, home, and
 A. Anderson, defence, as their represen-
 tatives. Mr. A. J. Houghton accom-
 panies them, and will, in all likelihood,
 captain the team at at least one of the
 matches. The play of our boys will be a
 revelation to the St. John people, and we
 only wish that the entire Orient team were
 going instead of only four of its members.
 When the New Brunswick people see
 lacrosse played as it ought to be played,
 they will appreciate its beauties, and we
 shall have no more silly letters in the
 local press about its being a rough, un-
 scientific game, or about its supposed
 inferiority to cricket and baseball.

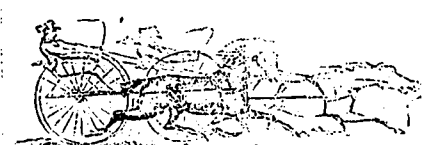
We learn that the reason that the
 Orient had to allow one of their
 players to wear a white jersey in their
 match with the Beavers was that they
 were only able to borrow eleven maroon
 jerseys from the Crescents for the
 occasion. Their own jerseys are silver
 grey in color, with O. L. C. in blue
 across the chest. They were ordered in
 Paris six months ago and should have
 been here before this.

We are sorry to see so honest an
 admirer of lacrosse as Doctor Cousens
 occupying a position which he must
 know is untenable. The report pub-
 lished by the *World* has been subst-
 antiated both by the referee and by
 every player we have been able to inter-
 view on the subject. To speak of
 Bissonnette as a clean player will only
 make every man who has ever played
 against him laugh. We agree with Dr.
 Cousens that he is not the dirtiest
 player on the Ottawa team. There are
 others who go beyond him. But this is
 very negative praise. The fact remains
 that the referee said to the Ottawa
 captain, "You must either put Bis-
 sonnette off or I will rule him off"; and
 Bissonnette went off accordingly. It
 would have been well if the referee had
 taken upon himself to act more strictly;
 but Mr. Stevenson considered his duty
 was confined to adjudicating upon fouls
 only when one of the captains com-
 plained of them, and therefore did not
 check or warn any player unless that was
 done, instead of following the stricter

ruling we are now accustomed to. As
 a consequence the players, finding that
 everything went, and that the referee
 preferred to play King Log to King
 Stork, governed themselves accordingly
 and did just what they liked. We do not
 blame Mr. Stevenson at all for the
 course he followed. He was a Montreal
 man, and naturally did not wish to
 raise ill-feeling among the one-sided
 audience that was present on the ground.
 He simply threw the onus of detecting
 fouls upon the captain's shoulders in-
 stead of taking it himself, and as they
 did not complain he did not interfere.



S. LICHTENHEIN, Field Captain,
 Hawthorne Lacrosse Club.



WHEN the horse editor learned that
 there would be Roman chariot racing at
 the Lepine Park track, he resolved to
 be present if it cost a limb. He thought
 of the imposing spectacles of the
 Colosseum, at Rome; of the countless
 rows of marble benches whereon haughty
 patricians, famous generals, and leading
 saloonkeepers sat and watched the
 gilded chariots whirl madly around the
 arena. Like the historical war horse he
 snuffed afar off the familiar scent of
 sawdust, decayed orange peel, and
 naphtha fumes; and, burning to witness
 with his own eyes the scenes so graphic-
 ally depicted in Whyte Melville's works,
 he borrowed a dollar and was presently
 careering wildly on a horse car at the
 rate of a mile an hour (with ten minutes
 interval for switches every three hundred
 yards) towards Lepine Park.

As he entered those classic grounds
 one of the two Roman chariots was
 leaving the barn. So far as the horse
 editor could judge it closely resembled
 a second-hand coal-scuttle on wheels.
 It was drawn by four good looking grey
 horses harnessed abreast to a cross-bar,
 and was driven by a painfully modern
 representative of the ancient Roman.
 In fact the appearance of the Roman
 charioteer was somewhat of a dis-
 appointment to the public generally.
 He was clad in what appeared to be a
 white night shirt buttoned down the
 back with large pearl buttons. From
 his manly shoulders two yards of green
 glazed calico were gracefully suspended;
 but, alas, he wore a pair of blucher boots
 in place of sandals; and instead of his
 ambrosial locks being bound with a
 fillet he wore a green and white jockey
 cap with a big peak. He also chewed
 tobacco and exhibited an intimate
 acquaintance with modern horse slang.
 His competitor was a Vestal Virgin,
 evidently of the Renaissance period;

that is, she was quite old enough to be
 horn again. She was not quite so
 slender as the preconceived notions of
 the horse editor had led him to believe
 these virgins usually were. In fact she
 fitted the chariot so tightly that she
 absolutely bulged over the rim, and she
 had apparently been got into it with a
 shoe-horn. Still she was perceptibly
 cleaner than the Roman was, and wore
 her spangled white dress with more
 grace than that dilapidated patrician
 could muster up. Two or three yards
 of Turkey red floated from her massive
 shoulders, and on her head was perched
 a straw deerstalker ornamented with a
 battered pink ostrich feather—the well
 known head-dress of the Vestal virgins.

The race was to start from the half-
 mile pole, and during the period that
 they were moving round to that position,
 a wheezy band, (apparently composed
 of a cornet, an accordion and a drum)
 played a handicap waltz in which the
 drum was allowed ten bars start and
 led easily all the way. At last the bell
 rang and the race started. Neck and
 neck they came round the turn, but in
 the homestretch the noble Roman was
 distinctly observed to "pull" his team,
 and the fat virgin dashed madly past him
 and won by a clear length.

The horse editor hurried as quickly as
 he could to the barn to see how they
 got her out of the chariot; but he was
 too late. The doors were already closed
 and now he will never know whether
 they simply pried her out with a crowbar,
 or whether they had to use a can
 opener for the purpose.

WOODLAWN was a revelation to most
 of the horsemen present at Lepine Park.
 To see a thoroughbred horse dance
 with all the grace and ease of a pretty
 woman was a novel sight to most of
 them. Woodlawn is certainly a beautiful
 horse, and his training is really mar-
 vellous. In every gait he is the per-
 fection of style, and his waltzing was the
 prettiest act we have ever seen on a
 track. He is a dark chestnut, one of
 four brothers, by Coleman's Eureka,
 dam by Mambrino Chief, and is just six
 years old. His rider, Madame Maran-
 tette, was the ideal horsewoman.

AXTELL is the leading trotting sensa-
 tion of the day, and the fact that he has
 lowered the three-year-old record to
 2.15 1/2, has naturally made him the
 talk of the track. But that anything
 like \$100,000 has been offered for him
 we do not believe. How can any one
 tell whether Axtell will train on to a re-
 cord of 2.10 or not; and yet he would
 have to get down to this to be worth the
 money asked for him. He is a great
 three-year-old, but we are skeptical
 about the very fast youngster keeping up
 the rate of improvement through years of
 maturity. When Axtell breaks all records
 it will be time to talk about \$100,000
 for him. There is a great deal of Mam-
 brino Patchen in the young stallion.
 His sire, William L., is by George
 Wilkes out of Lady Bunker, by Mam-
 brino Patchen, and his dam Lou is by
 Mambrino Boy, son of Mambrino,
 Patchen and Rowing Nelly, by C. M.
 Clay, jr. This gives him blue blood
 enough. It now remains to be seen
 whether he breaks down or not. We
 trust not; but the temptation to push so
 promising a youngster is so great that it
 remains to be seen whether Mr. Williams
 will take sufficient care of him.

SPOFFORTH, the Demon bowler, is in almost
 as good form as he ever was with the ball.
 He was of great assistance to Derbyshire in
 their match against Yorkshire. The former
 were beaten but not disgraced. Spofforth's
 bowling analysis was, in the first innings,
 seven wickets for forty-five runs; in the
 second, eight wickets for thirty-six.

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