

## The Rockwood Review.

It is to be regretted that in some sports we are beginning to follow too closely the questionable methods of our American cousins, who have never looked up to the high English ideal in sporting matters. Still a change is coming even in American sports, and among the better class there is a desire to purify games, and adopt the only standard which can be accepted without reserve, that is, sport for sport's sake, rather than sport for the money to be made out of it, or the mere glory of triumphing over an opponent. Lacrosse has degenerated into a scramble for gate money, and professionalism under the thinnest kind of a veil permeates the whole lacrosse world, although many of the gentlemen who are taking part in the game would be extremely hurt if such an insinuation were made. Lacrosse is bad, but bicycling is probably worse. How many fast riders can lay claim to being amateurs in the true sense of the word? How many young fellows who like riding for "the fun of the thing" stay in the game? Scarcely one, all find out sooner or later what it means, viz. professionalism under a coat of amateur whitewash. Baseball is regarded as a game for professionals only. It is at least honest, and does not claim to be anything else—the players are generally artisans, and take what they can get, and do not pretend to do otherwise—they are ordinarily men who need the money they earn at the game, and accept the professional ear mark without a murmur. In bicycle racing, almost every kind of trick is encouraged, and deliberate attempts on the part of riders to injure each other are not suppressed by officials. As for the professional riders, a few such exhibitions as that given at the last meet here, will be quite enough to satisfy the public. Perhaps one of the severest criticisms of the dishonesty of the sport is to be found in the fact that the riders

cannot be trusted to do their level best in any race, and so anxious are officials to have records broken, that a pace-maker has to be supplied for each race. In what other sport is the artificial stimulus of a pace-maker required! Possibly time will root out the evils that are to-day spoiling a sport which would be most attractive under ordinary circumstances. It is more than probable that the makers of wheels, in their anxiety to keep before the public, have done much to bring the sport to its present state. No doubt the thing will cure itself in time, but strong hands are needed at the helm. It is a question if we have such, and the decreasing popularity of the C. W. A. is a pretty certain index that people are not satisfied. It is an unpleasant duty to find fault at any time, but wholesome truths are never amiss. It is with satisfaction we turn from the unpleasant features of the Bicycle meet, to review a really good part of the day's sport, viz. the Road race. Possibly fault might be found by some with the handicapping, but as a matter of fact it is almost impossible to make absolutely fair handicaps, and on the day in question it is probable that the handicaps were as well arranged as they could be. At all events the race was a great success, and the magnificent victory won by Webb Grass of Portsmouth was immensely popular. This boy is an ideal road rider, and those who knew his capabilities expected great things of him.

Dr. and Mrs. Forster returned from Lovesick Lake on the 8th August, greatly benefited by the outing. Dr. F. says that he got along "swimmingly" during the rainy week, and altogether had a grand time.

Dr. and Mrs. Millman renewed old friendship at Rockwood early in August, and spent a few days at Rockwood House.