

replied, and I knew he was talking to Elizabeth. "There's lots of lakes up in the country where I come from, only not so big as this one, I guess. There ain't any steamboats as big as this where I come from. Only canoes and launches."

"What country do you come from?" asked Elizabeth.

"Canada," said the boy.

"But this is Canada!"

"I mean th' Dominyun of Canada," returned the boy. "Though of course I don't live in all of it—only the clay belt part."

"But this is the Dominion of Canada, too," Elizabeth insisted. "This is the older part of Canada. That is Toronto back there on the sky-line. That's Toronto Island."

"Don't see how it can be any older'n our part of the country," the boy retorted. "My father says there's rocks up there near Cobalt older'n all the rest of the world."

"Is your father a Canadian?"

"Sure."

"Where was he born?"

"In Switzerland."

"And your mother?"

"She's English."

"Were you born in Canada?"

"Sure. I'm a Canadian. I was born in a log house near where Haileybury is now. This's the first time I ever saw this country."

"But it's all the same country," Elizabeth insisted.

"Y-yes. I know you," he answered. "But it don't seem the same. The people are different. They're more like the Englishmen you hear in the town sometimes. They ain't like us."

There was more of the conversation, but let it go at that. What follows came from Elizabeth.

"I met Hester —" she said, returning to her seat as we neared the entrance to the Niagara River. "She's been doing settlement work among the foreigners and she's been introducing me to her friends."

"Foreigners?" I snorted.

"Canadians, Richard—and good ones at that. There's a little Italian girl who's got two brothers in a Toronto battalion, and a little Jewess whose brother is going through Osgoode Hall now."

"What!" I said. "Are they even pushing their way into the law?"

"Why not?"

I evaded that and demanded:

"Who was the boy?"

"The boy I had down here by the rail. Another Canadian who thinks Toronto is a foreign country. He's on his way to see the Falls for the first time. His father has made money in the clay-belt and has sent the boy down, alone, to see the world."

"He'll get into trouble," I muttered.

"No, he won't. He's a real Canadian. I hinted that we might show him 'round, but he shy-ed at that."

What we saw in the way of "scenic wonders" in the gorge of Niagara and from beside the falls themselves, is of little account. See advertising folders. We "did" every thing that is traditionally done. We bought ice-cream cones and ate our lunch under the shadow of Brock's Monument. We avoided the clutches of the cabmen and eschewed picture post-cards and Indian work-baskets or felspar souvenirs. Late that night, drowsy from the absorption of such unwonted quantities of fresh air and sunlight, we sat on the upper deck of the excursion steamer and watched the moonlight on the lake. About us were the same lovers, the same family parties, with empty

lunch baskets and sleepy babies, snatching as many winks as they could with their sun-burned small faces buried in maternal shirt-waists or skirt-folds. Elizabeth was nursing a child to sleep, whose mother hadn't room enough for the others, let alone this one, and whose name was Rachel. Rachel was seven.

"You know," said Elizabeth, whispering when she knew Rachel was thoroughly asleep, "she's been telling me all about Laura Secord and the Battle of Queenston Heights. Her oldest sister goes to school and had piloted the whole family over the ground—mother and all."

"But do you mean to tell me," I said, "that this child can ever be a real Canadian?"

"Of course," laughed Elizabeth. "The only trouble is, Richard, that you are still an Old Countryman—and not a Canadian at all."

This may or may not be true. It shows, however, what one may learn on an excursion if one has an observant wife. Elizabeth says that the Iowan farmer, by sending us to Niagara Falls once more, did us a real service. She says that one can get into a rut very easily and fall into the habit of thinking that the world is what you want it to be. She says that was the case with me and Canada: that because I mix with people of a certain kind who read quarterly magazines and heavy volumes from political presses, I have overlooked the real nature of Canada and Canadians.

"The best review in the world," says she, "is just people. Study people and you see the real foundations of politics. Study books and you only get a second-hand view of them and that probably through prejudiced eyes."

She is usually right.

THE WAR AND CANADIAN SPORT

Lacrosse and Football all but Deserted for the Bigger Game in Europe

By FRED JACOB

GO to the playing-fields of any Canadian town or city this year and you will find that a great change has come over them. Not only do they present a striking contrast to what you would have found in peace times, but everything has greatly altered even since last summer. There are no longer more matches arranged than the space can accommodate. A few Englishmen still meet for their soccer, but there is not one game where a dozen could have been found in 1914. The ranks of the cricketers, always thin, have almost reached vanishing point, and to complete the elevens, small boys in nickers are being given a chance, small boys who would not have aspired to such an honour before the war. And the signs of the playing fields do not indicate merely that the British-born have gone back home to fight. The Canadians are also absent, and in the towns between Montreal and Vancouver you cannot find more than a score of adult lacrosse teams this summer, outside of the aggregations of soldiers. Last year there was a single league in Ontario that contained nearly a hundred teams. And during the coming fall and winter, rugby and hockey will languish in the same way.

That has been the immediate effect of war upon the sports of Canada. Of course it was to be expected. The steady march of athletes from the playing field to the training camp has more than justified the efforts of the mature men who considered it important in the past to encourage the national sports. They believed that the strenuous games, well played, would make good citizens, though they could not foresee that they were also manufacturing good soldiers. A man who will bore in on a determined defence in lacrosse to score a necessary goal ought to possess the nerve and strength of purpose to face most dangers; a man who takes a flying tackle at a charging half-back of the famous Shirley Lawson type should have in him the proper stuff to make a good aviator; and the rushing forwards of a hockey team doubtless find that a charge is not altogether an unfamiliar experience. We have always prided ourselves that our three typical Canadian games bring out all that is best in the physical and mental make-up of the players. In playing lacrosse, hockey and rugby, the body is trained and the mind disciplined. To excel at any of them the players must be in good condition, daring and willing to take a chance, and they have also to use good judgment. What better material for making a soldier?

That the athletes are doing their part, the honour rolls will testify. They have already contained many names familiar to the Canadian sporting world from

coast to coast. Almost the first was "Nick" Carter, the famous home player of the Vancouver Lacrosse Team, who will always be remembered in the history of the game as an example of a strong and heavy man who knew how to make his weight tell in goal getting. There was Allen Davidson, of Kingston, whose fame in hockey was similar to that of Carter in lacrosse. He also gave his life before the first year was out. Art. Muir, of Winnipeg, and Ross Binkley, of Dundas, are two heroes of the war who first became known as heroes of the gridiron. The presence of either of these men on a rugby team has frequently meant the difference between victory and defeat. Muir was a tower of strength on the line, and who will ever forget the thrill of Binkley's drop kicks? From Toronto came Jeff Taylor, an all-round athlete, and probably the greatest stroke that ever sat in an Argonaut boat. He was among the first of the gas victims. The most widely known names among the Canadians who have given their lives are the names of athletes.

We know the immediate effect of the war on sport; we know the effect of sport on the calibre of the men that it has prepared for the army; but we can only guess at the effect of the war upon the sports of the Dominion in the future—and it is not an uninteresting occupation.

The effect of the war on lacrosse, like other games, was not immediately felt. Kaiser William launched his armies upon a peaceful world in the middle of a busy season, but some shallow person hastened to coin the phrase "Business as usual," and its pernicious teaching was applied to sport as well as to other things. It took many months for the people of Canada to learn that they could only do one thing at a time well, and that if they were really in earnest about going to war, all their energy would be required for the conflict. There was no interruption to the lacrosse season of 1914; the rugby season followed in due course, and the winter brought the usual amount of hockey. Lacrosse came round again with the return of the warm weather, and even though many players were absent, the season of 1915 was good, especially in Manitoba and Ontario.

The first indication that the national sports were to be put aside until the treaty of peace is signed came in the fall of last year, when the universities passed up rugby. The amateur hockey players followed with the announcement that after another winter of championship contests they would give their entire attention to the war. It was fitting, how-

ever, that the lacrosse players, the exponents of Canada's own great game, should have made the cleanest sweep. In Ontario alone, sixty per cent. of the men who wielded the gutted stick during the season of 1915 put on khaki in the following winter, and two of the four championship teams saw all but a couple of their players depart as soldiers. Here and there throughout the Province enough men have been able to get together this year to form an occasional half-hearted team, and if you are alert enough you can occasionally see a contest, but on the whole the lacrosse players have turned their attention to a bigger game. In the Middle West and at the Pacific Coast the same conditions exist, and 1916 will be remembered as the year in which Canada played very little lacrosse. The only outstanding exception has been the National Lacrosse Union, the semi-professional organization, playing through its schedule with teams in Ottawa, Cornwall and Montreal.

There is at least one very hopeful sign for the future of lacrosse. With the men away at the war, the boys who aspire to play the national game have come into their own. For nearly a decade there have been juvenile and midget leagues, but the little lads never received a great deal of attention, not as much as they deserved. In Winnipeg the game was played in the schools; in Ontario the chief amateur league had a juvenile championship, but the performances of the boys were looked upon as of minor importance. A bunch of well-coached youngsters can provide a very amusing and really classy game of lacrosse. The older players who are not turning out themselves have been discovering this year that such is the case. They are finding a great deal of interest in teaching the little fellows the fine points of the game, and their pupils are revelling in having the spot-light turned on their contests in miniature.

The coaching of so many boys will have a marked effect on the quality of the lacrosse played five years hence. It means that a new crop of players is being developed, and they will be continuing to ripen for many seasons after the war.

In other fields of prophecy it is easy to be mistaken. Still, one ventures to say that the war will mark the end of the era in which professional lacrosse threatened to eclipse the amateur brand. There is not likely to be another attempt to put the game on a purely commercial basis. Lacrosse has never really thrived when handled in a professional manner. It can not be more than semi-professional. Now, technically speaking, there is no such thing as a semi-professional in sport. Either you are amateur or you are not. The term "semi-professional" does