

"Out with it," as far as I can remember, was one of Mr. Samuel Weller's injunctions in reference to a diminutive specimen of humanity swallowing a farthing. The same aphorism is eligible just now in lacrosse circles, for it seems to most people that a farthing has got in the way of the Crescent gullet and made just as much trouble as a twenty dollar gold piece. There are many circumstances to be taken in connection with the latest developments, and most of them are practically public property. Two years ago a certain scurrilous paper, published in New York, made certain statements, which more recent events have, in a sense, corroborated concerning a match in which the Crescents were the losers on the field. Whether they lost in a financial way or not is still one of those doubtful questions that are very difficult to solve. To put the case shortly—it went to the effect that the Crescents had sold out and that those in the secret had a remarkable influx of riches, which their occupation and an ordinary streak of good luck did not warrant. There was no trouble about this matter except in the councils of the club, and as nothing could be proved absolutely the question was let go by the board.

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A year later the same thing happened, but in a somewhat different way. There was talk very much resembling that which followed the first match, but there was nothing conclusive enough to base a foundation for a charge of crookedness. The magnates of the club wriggled as uneasily as an eel does in a net when there is no water about, but it did not improve the case to any great extent. The matter was hushed up, and all went merry as the marriage bell, which, in addition to its other duties, heralded the departure of a defunct mother-in-law. This year the case is changed just a little mite, and the places on the team which knew certain players once, will likely know them no more. After two doubtful experiences it was not to be wondered at that the least shadow of suspicion should be converted into an umbrageous fact in the minds of the people who are bettingly inclined. I have spoken before in this column about the iniquity of wagering and that sort of thing, but, notwithstanding all this good advice, people will bet. In weak moments I have fallen into the sin myself and worn sackcloth and ashes till next salary day came round. It is this sin of betting that makes all the trouble in lacrosse circles. When a team gets just a little above the rest of its class there are always people to pat them on the back, say what good fellows they are, cheer them up to win, and go quietly away to do a little betting which they naturally think is all their own way. "There is no doubt of the Crescents winning," say they; "they are head and ears above their company," quoth another. "Let us appropriate both ends of the binding twine while I have a mortgage on the middle," soliloquises the third party, and forthwith a syndicate is formed to make illegal profits. Half a dozen young men, who have saved some money at the expense of their laundry bill, have put up shekels amounting to the salary of weeks and months. They are just as sure of duplicating that amount as they are of picking their teeth with a gratuitously provided tooth-pick in front of some well known hostelry. To make a long story short, it was simply a case of purchase. The knowing ones say that it was only a matter of keeping up the past two seasons' record, and why should not a player "make an honest dollar" when the opportunity offers? This time, however, the biter seems to have been bitten,—with a double row of teeth at that; and the gentlemen who had what is vulgarly termed a cinch are sorry now that they did not lose it at the same time that they lost their money. At the time of writing a meeting of the Crescent club is in progress, the object of which is investigation. There are great opportunities for investigation, and there is also a beautiful possibility of spoiling the future usefulness of the present district champions. A great many lacrosse clubs would bear a lot of investigating, but few can so ill afford an exposé at the present time as the Crescents. The case is one of those peculiar ones where everybody who knows anything at all about the matter is morally certain of the shortcomings of some four or five members of the team, but who cannot bring direct proof to bear on it. The one plea that the suspected players can bring forward is the fact of having won the match, but the rest of the players seem pretty well ready to make an affidavit that it was no fault of theirs that the Shamrocks did not win. The end will be in a day or two, and it will be interesting to watch developments. One thing, however, is certain,—the scutcheon of the

Crescents will come out of the discussion considerably soiled.

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The annual regatta of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen, which this year will be held at Barrie, Ont., will probably see a better Montreal delegation than any previous event of the kind. There was no particular anxiety shown on the part of the larger cities to have the honour of the regatta. In fact, to a certain extent, the aforesaid honour went a-begging until the aquatically inclined abiders by the Lake of Kempenfeldt took it into their heads that their's was the only fit and proper place to hold a regatta this year, and their proposition, after a respectable time for consideration, was duly accepted. The annual regatta does not appear to have been a particularly paying institution recently, evidenced by the fact that Ottawa, whose turn it was, under the unwritten law, to hold the regatta, refused to take it for reasons various. It is not a particularly complimentary thing to have to say of our large boating clubs; but the fact remains that most of them lack energy in a marked degree, while such a thing as enthusiasm is an almost unknown quantity. In the Montreal district "let well enough alone" seems to have been the guiding motto, and the result is that since the year of the "big four" we have had practically nothing in the way of aquatics. It is not that sort of content which "turns wooden cups to gold and makes water wine;" it is rather the lethargy that locks at a silver medal or a Britannia ware cup as the pinnacle of fame. Where ambition is merely local in the way of sports, then ambition has very circumscribed limits indeed. With the material at the disposal of the different clubs on the Island of Montreal, not to speak of the other side of the river, there is no earthly reason why we should not be at the head and front of aquatics, but we are not by a very large majority; a scarcity of leaders and a want of enthusiasm are the causes. Under the circumstances every effort that makes for the betterment of things should be duly appreciated. For years past the aquatic honour of Montreal has almost solely depended on the Lachine Boating Club, but these gentlemen have not fulfilled their mission, and eyes are now turned to the Grand Trunk Boating Club, which is about the only one to make any strenuous efforts towards getting into championship shape. That a little energy is a wonderful thing was discovered when this club felt the necessity of being well boated. The executive did not sit down and wail over impossibilities; they got up and hustled, and the result is that they now possess the best racing craft in Canada, and among the rowing members are some men who will do credit to their colours. Their trial fours have shown clearly that there are plenty of really good oarsmen from which a judicious selection might be made that could hold its own in almost any company. It is nearly time that a championship should come Montrealwards, and it looks as if the Grand Trunk people were destined to bring it.

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That there are possibilities for trotting men in the Province of Quebec has been abundantly evidenced by the two meetings which have been held under the present management of the Blue Bonnets track. The first meeting was a very considerable surprise to the men who had been accustomed to enter their horses conditionally and who found out that the old regime was no longer in existence. It called forth remarks of commendation from such men as Wm. Johnston and M. M. Morse, secretary of the National Trotting Association, references that ought to be good enough for anybody. That was good enough in its way, but still it was not the best or most striking result of the plan adopted by the management. Men who trot their horses for the love of the thing and who under the old ringing and suppressed time system would never think of making an entry patronized the Blue Bonnets' second meeting because they recognized the fact that there was an opportunity for honest racing. We have perhaps the best trotting stock in the Dominion in the province, but there have been few opportunities to ventilate that owing to the marked mismanagement of the different tracks. A decided improvement is now visible and the prospects for trotters seem brighter than for many years past.

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The athletes who have been representing the cherry diamond on the other side of the water have met with more than a fair share of success. The herculean Queckberner sent the English record away into the atmosphere at the same

time that he let go the 56 lb weight which landed 32 feet 2½ inches from the mark. Remington made a hundred in even time and took 49.25 secs. for the quarter. Six feet took away the high jumping medal and Hallock, M.A.C., was the man who topped the bar at that height. Dadman and Roddy both quit in the thousand yards, and Lange and Nichol were beaten out in the walk, but for all that the Manhattan Club have reason to be proud of their peregrinating proteges.

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With the international cricket match in progress there is naturally considerable interest taken in the results of previous contests of a like nature. Beginning in the fifties, the war of the rebellion put an end to cricket courtesies in 1860 and nineteen years elapsed before friendly wielders of the willow met each other again. The following condensed table, published by the *Empire*, is of interest:—

First Series.

- 1853—New York, United States by 34 runs.
- 1854—Toronto, Canada by 10 runs.
- 1856—Hoboken, N.J., United States by 9 wickets.
- 1857—Toronto, Canada by 4 wickets.
- 1858—Hoboken, N.J., United States by 4 wickets.
- 1859—Toronto, United States by 4 wickets.
- 1860—Hoboken, N.J., United States by 5 wickets.

Second Series.

- 1879—Ottawa, United States by 5 wickets.
- 1880—Philadelphia, drawn.
- 1881—Hamilton, United States by 10 wickets.
- 1882—Philadelphia, by 8 wickets.
- 1883—Toronto, United States by an innings and 46 runs.
- 1884—Philadelphia, Canada by 100 runs.
- 1885—Toronto, Canada, by 35 runs.
- 1886—Seabright, N.J., Canada by 97 runs.
- 1888—Toronto, United States by an innings and 87 runs.
- 1880—Philadelphia, United States by an innings and 31 runs.

The match at present being played will be referred to at length next week.

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The only important business transacted at the annual meeting of the National Currier's Association outside the election of officers, was the change made in the conditions governing the Mitchell medal, which hereafter will be a club match instead of a rink match. The officers for the coming year are:—President, Major John Peattie, of Utica; Vice-Presidents, John McCullough, St. Paul, and Thomas Nicholson, New York; Secretary, J. S. Van Schoonhoven, Albany; and Treasurer, R. A. McKnight, Jersey City.

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Dog men will have an opportunity of exhibiting their pets and winning prizes with them in the fall in the Limestone City. A guarantee fund of \$300 has been raised by the citizens, and the Kingston Kennel Club will hold a bench show. Mr. Lacey, of the *Forest and Stream*, will act as judge. Montreal is singularly backward in this respect, although there are quite a number of prize-winning canines in the city.

Stray Notes.

A lady spending the summer at a fishing village on the south coast, asked one of the male residents, "How far is it to Mr. Dobson's house?" The seafaring man scraped his top knot politely and answered:

"Just about a dog's trot, mum."

"How far is that?" the lady asked again. The man hesitated a instant, as if searching in his mind for an exact measure of distance, and then replied:

"About as far as it would take ye to smoke an even pipeful o' terbacker, mum."

A so-called wit the other day, upon meeting an acquaintance about to be married to an heiress of the name of Abernethy, accosted him in this wise:

"Halloa, old chap, allow me to congratulate you. Going to marry Miss Biscuits, I hear?"

"Yes, and the tin too!" was the reply.

Lord Roseberry has been telling a pretty little story about his pretty little daughter. Her nurse had told her that if she would think less in the day she would dream less at night.

"But I can't help thinking," answered my lady, for you know, I can't make my mind sit down."