

SPORTS AND PASTIMES



LONG lane it is that has no turning, and this old aphorism has, perhaps, never been better illustrated than by the surprises which have recently knocked calculations cold on the lacrosse field. At the beginning of the season few people who followed the

game had not set down in their minds a position for the Shamrocks as losers in the four-club league, and the Crescents as winners for the district championship. But things have changed considerably, and now it looks as if there were not any twelve men playing lacrosse who could give the Shamrocks four or five pounds and a beating. I have seen most matches in which the Shamrocks have engaged since the first of May, and, without ocular demonstration, it could not be believed that such vast improvement was possible. In taking a casual glance over the field of play a few points occur to the memory which it is just as well to mention here in order that a comparison of Shamrocks were rated about as follows:—Defence, good; field, fair; home, weak and shaky. At the present stage of the game it ought to read thus:—Defence, very good; field, very good; home, very good; which is about equivalent to saying that it would be hard to point out where an improvement could be made on the team. On Saturday last the Shamrocks and Ottawas met. There was a time, and that not very long ago, when the efforts of the Ottawa team to secure star players were looked at with fear and trembling; that scare has passed away, and a couple more of such decided thrashings as were administered on Saturday last will go a long way towards proving that "stars" are not the people who win great lacrosse matches. Stars are very good in their way, but what Ottawa wants is a "team." Their absolute lack of anything like combination play not only lost them the match but made them appear to stand out on the field looking like an aggregation which might with profit take lessons from some very junior club. Outside of Carson, Kent and McConaghy, the other nine might as well have been at home in Ottawa, or prancing around in the salt sea waves at Cacouna, as running around unintelligibly and pretending to play lacrosse on the Shamrock grounds. Apparently the direct object was to get a bit of rubber tangled up in the meshes of a lacrosse stick. This feat they were successful in several times, but when they succeeded they forgot what to do with it, and instead of attempting to score for the flags they tried to score for the grand stand. This might be put down as strong individual play. It was strongly reminded one of the marsupial who travels around with some sons of sunny Italy accompanied by an organ. When the Ottawas settle down and learn the fact that there are twelve men and a captain to every lacrosse team, they will probably make a better showing in the field. Taking their team altogether they are all good players, but they all play selfishly, and the team is sadly deficient in that union which gives strength. The Shamrocks, on the other hand, are most unselfish; their play is directed absolutely towards the object in view, viz., scoring. It makes no difference to them who the man is who has the honour of taking a game. This is accountable for what at times might seem a lack of brilliancy in play. A man may have an opportunity to throw with, perhaps, even chances to score, while if he passes to an uncovered man the chances are increased, perhaps, twenty per cent. In a case like this the Shamrocks always pass; the Ottawas seldom or never do, and therein lies the great secret of the former's success and the latter's failure. Saturday's match may be summed up in one sentence: It belonged to the Shamrocks from the beginning to the end, and six to one let the Ottawas off pretty easily; there were twelve men on the Shamrock team playing lacrosse; there were three on the Ottawa; the odds were too great.

The Cornwalls still seem invincible; they have beaten everybody in the four-club league, and they are looking round for new worlds to conquer. There is no longer any doubt as to the outcome of the series, and from the tail end to jump to the second position will be considerable honour for the Shamrocks.

On Saturday last the Capitals succeeded in making almost as bad a showing for themselves in Cornwall as did the Ottawas in Montreal. If ever there were two teams in the world whose coming was heralded with braggadocio and trumpet blast, and who have been most completely taken down from their self-erected pedestal, these two clubs are the Ottawas and the Capitals. The latter, playing in Cornwall, got a new initiation into the mysteries of the game at the hands of the Factory Town men, who were charitable enough, however, to let them take one game out of six. I understand that there is weeping and wailing in certain lacrosse circles over the *faux pas* made last spring, and the inference is that some people will know better next time.

In the district championship race the Crescents seem to be travelling in a way that is stony, thorny, and altogether uncomfortable. When they started out they were practically recognized as sure winners, but they were defeated once and that settled them. As long as they were winners they were invincible, but their first defeat demoralized them. They seem to lack the old Anglo-Saxon stubbornness that doesn't know when it is beaten, and the result is that just now they are getting an unmerciful drubbing.

The Quebec Turf club was not particularly fortunate in its fall meeting. Three days seems a pretty extended meeting, especially for Quebec, but the races were decidedly of a disappointing character, and a smaller range of dates and somewhat larger purses would apparently prove, if not more remunerative, at least more successful from a sporting point of view. Montreal sportsmen were represented by Messrs. Dawes, Love, Coghlin and Minogue, and Montreal owners got about all they entered for, with, perhaps, the exception of Mr. Hendrie, who had Bullfinch in winning shape. The local races were as interesting as any to the spectators. The Governor-General honoured the meeting with his presence at all three meetings. The following summary tells the story:—

- First race—Quebec district horses. One mile.
- C. C. Sewell's b.g. Kiawah, by Iroquois—Buttercup, 3 107 lbs. [Flint 1
- S. Fisher's ch.g. Statesman, by Meteor—Minnie Campbell aged. [Vizenette 2
- A. F. Carrier's b.g. Clover, by Wagram—Unknown, aged, 122 lbs. [Longley 0
- P. Campbell's b.h. Mylo, Unknown, aged, 122 lbs. [Longley 0

- Time—2.02½.
- Governor-General's cup. Handicap for Dominion bred horses. One mile and an eighth.
- W. Hendrie's b.g. Bullfinch, by Bullshead—Miss Jeffreys, 115 lbs. [Flint 1
- J. P. Dawes' b.h. Mokanna, by Moccasin—Sisken, 110 lbs. [Gorman 2
- J. P. Dawes' Mohawk, by Moccasin—Topsy, 110 lbs. [White 0

- Time—2.11.
- Wolfesfold stakes. Handicap for three-year-olds. One mile and a quarter. Five entries.
- J. P. Dawes' Belle of Orange. [Flint 1
- J. P. Dawes' Redfellow. [Gorman 2
- Walk over for the stable. [White 0

- Handicap hurdle race. Two miles.
- T. H. Love's b.h. Lee Christy, by Longfellow—Little Fannie, aged, 152 lbs. [Lowe 1
- H. Drysdale's b.g. Quaker, by Quito—Topsy, aged, 145 lbs. [White 2
- C. Finnie's b.g. Thistle, by Tubman—Dolly, aged, 140 lbs. [Longley 0
- B. J. Coghlin's b.g. Adare, by Lappidist—Unknown, 5, 130 lbs. [Dufresne 0
- J. Minogue's b.g. Little Charlie, by Charlie Rensen—Unknown, aged, 135 lbs. [H. Dufresne 0
- Garrison club purse. One mile.
- W. Hendrie's b.c. Bullfinch, 3, 122 lbs. [Flint 1
- J. P. Dawes' b.g. Mohawk, 3, 117 lbs. [Gorman 2
- J. Minogue's b.g. Duke of Bourbon, aged, 122 lbs. [Dufresne 0
- C. C. Sewell's b.g. Kiawah, 3, 117 lbs. [Hennessey 0

- Time—1.59.
- Lieutenant-Governor's cup or purse, to which the Q. T. C. add \$100, for horses bred and owned in the Province of Quebec. One mile and a quarter.
- J. P. Dawes' b.g. Mokanna, 4, 122 lbs. [Gorman 1
- J. P. Dawes' b.g. Mohawk, 3, 117 lbs. [White 2
- H. Drysdale's b.g. Quaker, aged, 122 lbs. [Long 3

- Time—2.36.
- Carlslake stakes. Handicap sweepstakes, with \$200 added, Mr. George Carlslake, of Montreal, donating half the money. One mile and an eighth. Three entries.
- J. P. Dawes' Belle of Orange. [Gorman 1
- Local hurdle race. Purse \$150, for half-bred horses, the bona fide property of residents of the city or district of

- Quebec. American welter weights. One mile and a quarter, over five hurdles.
- A. F. Carrier's b.g. Clover (late Lowman) by Wagram, unknown, aged, 150 lbs. [Lowe 1
- P. Campbell's b.h. Mylo, sire and dam unknown, aged, 150 lbs. [Minogue 2
- P. Campbell's b.m. Little Jennie, sire and dam unknown, 5, 150 lbs. [Dufresne 3
- C. C. Sewell's b.g. Blue Funk, by Terror, unknown, aged, 150 lbs. Mr. Campbell 0

- The Province of Quebec handicap.—Purse of \$500; of which \$75 to second and \$25 to third. One mile and one eighth. This purse has been presented by the Provincial Government of Quebec, to encourage improvement in the breed of horses.
- J. P. Dawes' b.h. Redfellow, 5 years, by Longfellow, dam Redwoman, 131 lbs. [Gorman 1
- T. H. Love's b.h. Lee Christy, 5 years, by Longfellow, dam Little Fannie, 122 lbs. [Flint 2

- Time—2.21.
- The Creme de la Creme—Purse \$200, of which \$50 to second. Winners once this year of a purse of over \$200, to carry 5 lbs. extra, of two or more such purses, 10 lbs. Maidens allowed 5 lbs. One mile.
- J. P. Dawes' b.m. Belle of Orange, 3 years, by Duke of Montrose, dam Jersey Girl, 119 lbs. [Gorman 1
- J. Minogue's ch.h. Henry Brown, 5 years, by Planeroid, dam Nannie Mac, 122 lbs. [Bissonnette 2

- Time—2.18.
- Handicap Hurdle Race—Purse \$200, of which \$50 to second; about two miles, over eight hurdles, over 3 ft. 6 in. each. Winner of first day's handicap hurdle race to carry 5 lbs. extra.
- T. H. Love's b.h. Lee Christy, 5 years, by Longfellow, dam Little Fanny, 157 lbs. [Lowe 1
- J. Minogue's b.g. Little Charley, aged, by Charley Ransom, dam unknown, 135 lbs. [Dufresne 2
- Hy. Drysdale's b.g. Quaker, aged, by Quits, dam Topsy, 145 lbs. [White 3

- Time—4.22-5.
- Handicap local flat race—Purse of \$175, of which \$50 to second and \$25 to third, for horses owned in the city and district of Quebec, on or before the 1st August. One mile.
- C. C. Sewell's b.g. Kiawah, 3 years, by Iroquois, dam Buttercup, 122 lbs. [Flint 1
- P. Campbell's b.h. Mylo, aged, sire and dam unknown, 112½ lbs. [Hennessey 2
- S. Fisher's ch.g. Statesman, aged, by Meteor, dam Minnie Campbell, 115 lbs. [Long 3
- H. F. Campbell's b.m. Little Jennie, 5 years, sire and dam unknown, 100 lbs. [Bissonnette 4

- Time—2.04.
- Consolation race—Purse of \$100, of which \$15 to second and \$10 to third. Handicap. For horses that have started at this meeting and have not won first or second money, One mile.
- Minogue's Henry Brown. [White 1
- Minogue's Duke of Bourbon. [Gorman 2
- Campbell's Little Jennie. [Bissonnette 3

Canada Was Invaded.

Capt. C. C. Elliott, in *Globe-Democrat*, St. Louis: It is a fact not generally known that a few years ago an armed force of Americans invaded the British possessions. It occurred in the early part of 1877, during the pursuit of Sitting Bull's band of renegades. A few troops of the Second Cavalry were hot on the trail of the Indians, and we hoped to catch them. We had been wandering about for several weeks, and did not know exactly where we were. Just about dusk one evening the major in command, who was riding at the head of the column, came upon one of the iron posts that marked the British boundary. I never heard a man swear harder in my life, for the trail was hot and he was hopeful of bringing the Indians to a fight. He called the officers around him and held a council of war. Both horses and men were worn out, and it was twenty miles to the nearest water on our side of the line. Under the circumstances he decided to take the risk and camp with his command on British soil. We went about three miles into British territory and spent the night there. Next morning, however, we were up early and slipped back to our own side of the frontier very quietly. Fortunately no one saw us, and the matter was not brought to the knowledge of the Canadian Government. I have often wondered what would have happened if the Indians had attacked us on British soil, where we had no kind of right to be.

Mark Twain is at Aix-le-Bains, under treatment for writer's cramp. His hand has given out from overwork in signing checks and making deposit accounts.—*Buffalo Enquirer*.