

The Humour of Lacrosse

DID somebody ask if there was humour in lacrosse? Not if the court knows itself. Who would ever think of looking for humour in a game given to mankind by those noble sons of the forest whose risibilities could only be tickled by the sight of a prisoner wriggling a bit as he roasted to death over a slow fire? And yet there is a certain humour in the very seriousness of the national game. Wouldn't it almost make you smile to see Tom O'Connell, an alderman of Montreal, and who is said to carry one of its Irish constituencies in his pocket, weeping real tears when the referee refused to penalise a player who in a thoughtless moment has dared to put a dint in one of the only Shamrocks? Wouldn't it force a feeble laugh to your lips to see Harry McLaughlin, one of the chief customs officials of Canada's greatest port, almost come to blows with an opposing timekeeper over a difference of a few seconds of time? Wouldn't it almost sound as hilarious as a joke from *Punch* to hear William Foran, Ottawa's most eloquent alderman and secretary of the new Civil Service Commission, line up two dozen players who were just thirsting for each other's gore and in pathetic tones plead with them to play clean lacrosse for the good of the grand old game? Well, it might. But if it does you're not a lacrosse fiend. To the dyed-in-the-wool fiend, lacrosse is more serious than death itself.

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But speaking of W. Foran reminds one that the Minto Cup has trekked away west to the banks of the Fraser. Ever hear how that Minto mug leaked into the game and became the emblem of the lacrosse championship of the world? It was an emergency that did it. Emergencies are said to breed great men. This one took a day off and bred a great trophy. The emergency came in the affairs of the Capital Lacrosse Club of Ottawa. In short, they were hard up. They had won the N. A. L. U. championship the year before but had struck a losing streak, lost popularity and in short needed the money. Then a large idea struck the brainy little coterie who control the destinies of the Caps, and after some deep thinking out of details, a deputation headed by "le grand sport" Emile Tasse waited on that good sportsman, the Earl of Minto, then Governor-General, and pointed out to him that lacrosse had no championship trophy. Lacrosse was Canada's national game; he was the official head of Canada; would he like to present such a trophy to the game? Would he? Why, of course he would. And of course it went to Caps as the champions of the Senior League, as the N. A. L. U. was generally called. A game was arranged with Cornwall, then leading the league. It was played in Ottawa before the Duke of Cornwall, then on a visit to Canada, and Caps won it. They also got the gate they were after.

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Did the Duke of Cornwall, now Prince of Wales, take kindly to the game? Indeed, yes; he was so tickled with it that after it was over he asked to have the ball the teams had played with. And did he get it? Well, he thinks he did, and in all probability a much used lacrosse ball is even now gracing one of the noble halls of a royal palace. But it is not the ball played with in the first Minto Cup game. Several other people besides

the Prince wanted that ball and immediately the game was over there was a wild scramble for possession. Just who got it is a dark secret, though it is generally supposed that Herb. Ralph, the Capital point player, could whisper it to you on the quiet. Anyway, when Mr. Tasse came around and wanted the ball for the Prince it was nowhere to be found. Things were at a deadlock. It would never do to disappoint the Prince, and the Irish wit of Peter Green, the Capital coach, came to the rescue. "I'll fix you," Peter exclaimed. And hurrying into the dressing-room he speedily reappeared with a well-worn practice ball. "There's the very ball," he said with a wink. And that was the very ball that was duly presented to the Prince and carried home to England.

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But the Minto Cup has gone West. It has gone to New Westminster, where they grow lacrosse players instead of importing them, and there is a feeling deep down in the hearts of eastern lacrosse men that it will stay there for many a year to come. For lacrosse towns where they grow players are very hard places for visiting teams to win in. Cornwall is one of them; St. Catharines is another; and New Westminster is a rattling good third. Time was when New Westminster imported most of her players. She had to, to meet her big rival, Vancouver. She imported Bob Cheney and Tom Spain and Tudhope and last but not least, Alex. Turnbull, the grand old man of the lacrosse world to-day. Alex hails from Paris, Ontario, and as in his youth he was not averse to travelling, there's mighty few lacrosse towns in Ontario he has not played in, though in many instances it is claimed that the towns weren't aware of the honour he was conferring on them. He finally drifted west and with other imports taught the sons of Westminster how the game should be played. They learned their lesson well, and to-day, with a team all but one or two of whom are native born, they are the proud possessors of the title, "Champions of the world."

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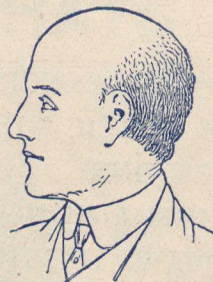
CROSS BRIDGES FIRST; BUILD THEM AFTER.

(Victoria Colonist.)

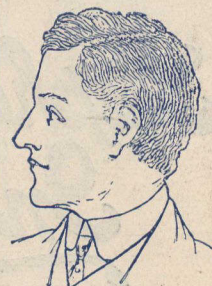
SUPPOSE that Britain were engaged in a continental war that exhausted her resources, what would happen on the Pacific Ocean? What would we do about Oriental exclusion? Think over this for a little while and see if you can reach a satisfactory conclusion. Suppose that Japan chose to take affront at treatment accorded her people in British Columbia, and should send over a fleet and army to take possession of British Columbia. What could we do about it? We certainly could not hope to defend ourselves. Could we look to the United States for defence? This is doubtful. Much would depend upon the speed with which things happened. If Japan should wish to seize the western coast of Canada at the present time, nothing could prevent her, and if Britain were engaged in a European war, it is doubtful if any power could dislodge the Asiatics. The United States would hardly be in a position to do so. In the event of such a European war and the crippling of Britain how long would a White Australia be possible? This question and others like it can be shirked, but they cannot be satisfactorily answered.

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