

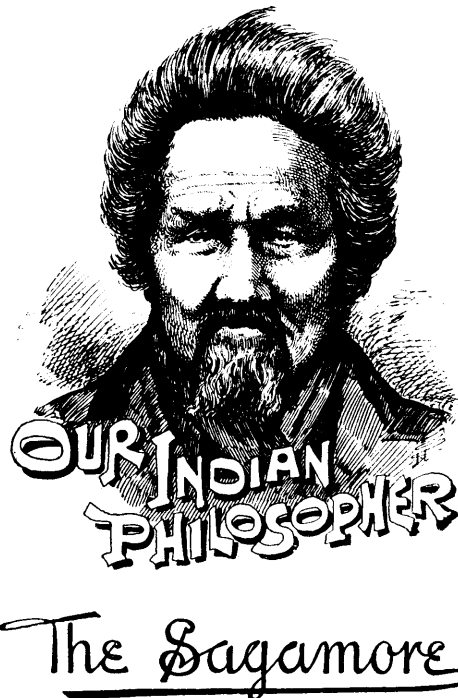
had move, and justifies the indignation felt by some of the club's best friends. But the end is not yet.

If there is an enthusiastic supporter of lacrosse in this world it is the sporting editor of the *Empire*. He is for lacrosse first, last and nearly all the time. When he is not thinking, talking or writing lacrosse he is on the field looking at it and helping along the boys at a considerable expenditure of lung power, and never does he miss an opportunity of advancing the national game. When he gets an idea that will be of benefit it is only the preliminary to its being put in practice immediately; and last week he struck a good one. Chicago and St. Louis, St. Paul and Minneapolis, and other rival places are noted for their friendly hatred and mutual abomination of each other, but theirs is not for a moment to be compared to the delightful enmity that exists between Hamilton and Toronto. If there is one thing above another that will draw out Torontonians by thousands it is the prospect of seeing Hamiltonians bite the bitter dust of defeat: and the case works both ways. Now, if Hamilton would only take to lacrosse the ambitious citizens would find a much more enjoyable and infinitely less expensive amusement than baseball, and if they had good luck they might knock seven different kinds of stars out of Toronto, not to speak of a little side enjoyment in the way of making London hide its haughty head. Sometime during this week the president of the C. L. A. will visit both London and Hamilton in order to make arrangements, and there is scarcely a doubt that in the West, at least, the lacrosse struggle will take on new interest. The *Empire*, speaking of the situation, says: "It can be easily understood that the rivalry between St. Catharines, London, Hamilton and Toronto would soon become so keen that in an exceedingly short time the clubs might find themselves possessed of magnificent grounds and buildings and rolling in wealth. Ottawa, Cornwall and St. Catharines make the game pay well, and why not Hamilton and London with their large, wealthy, enterprising and patriotic populations?" If this does not stir up the rivals, what will?

Unfortunately, we have very little football in the spring; but as the annual meetings are held during this period it is not too early to make some preparations for the autumn. The matter formally came under attention at the annual meeting of the Montreal Football Club, which was held on Monday last. The club, as we all know, did not have such a successful season as in former years, but the members will go into the work with renewed effort this year. One of the suggestions made in the report is well worthy the consideration of all football men. It is the re-establishment of the Canadian Rugby Union, under whose auspices something like a clear title to the championship could be had if played for. As the matter at present stands there are three claimants for the championship—the holders of the Ontario cup, Ottawa College and the Britannias. Ottawa's claims have already been discussed in these columns, and the most that the other clubs can be credited with is the championship of their respective provinces. If the Ontario and Quebec Unions would appoint delegates to meet either in Montreal or Toronto, or some more central point, and talk over the matter, there seems no valid reason why the matter should not be settled almost immediately. It would seem the simplest thing in the world to have the winners in both provinces play a deciding game for the championship of the Dominion. It may be said that Quebec and Ontario are not the whole of Canada, but as far as Rugby football is concerned they are the most of it. And it would be a comparatively easy thing to make other arrangements if another Provincial union were organized. Let us get something definite and do away with the bickerings that marked the past football season. If the Quebec Union takes the initiative there is no doubt that the Ontario Union will follow the example.

With the military men setting their minds on anything there is only one result, and that is success. Just now our volunteers are agitating the formation of an athletic club, which will be known as the Montreal Brigade Cricket and Athletic Club. There was a meeting of enthusiasts held in the Windsor Hotel on Wednesday last, and from the appearance of things the new club will make its mark in outdoor sports next summer.

R. O. X.



"Mr. Paul," said the reporter, "I have a friend who is so conscientiously devout that he refused to accept the position of foreman in a stone quarry, for fear some one would ask him how he was going to get that rock out, and he would have to say 'Blast it!'"

Mr. Paul nodded gravely.

"I have another friend," said the reporter, "so modest that you couldn't persuade him to walk through an orchard in December if you offered him a kingdom."

"How's that?" queried the sagamore.

"Because the trees are naked," answered the reporter. "The same friend once left a missionary meeting, inexplicably shocked and disgusted, because the idols displayed by the returned missionary were perfectly nude. He held that while it might be the correct thing for idols to go without raiment in Japan or China the practice should be discouraged in a civilized community. Therefore he left the meeting."

Mr. Paul gave an expressive grunt, but said nothing.

"I have another friend," went on the reporter, "who read a very funny story one day. It told about an insufferable bore, and how he was 'done up' by his victim. It was an utterly absurd and impossible yarn, but my friend deprecated such literature as inciting to violence and tending toward bloodshed and anarchy. A man, he said, after reading it might want to go right out and experiment on a bore and perhaps the thing would end in murder."

A look of pain swept over the sagamore's brow.

"Still another friend," continued the reporter, "once listened to a joke I told him. He looked at me. I told the joke again. He asked why I did that. I explained that it was a joke, and laughed at it. He shook his head sadly and said he feared my moral and spiritual condition might be greatly improved. The joke had reference to a man who was supposed to be dead but wasn't. My friend said it was an awful thing to make the dead the subject of jest and ribaldry."

"Ah hah," commented the sagamore.



"Now these four friends," pursued the reporter, "met recently to discuss the question of how we can best purify the literature of the day. They at once concluded to score out

altogether all matter relating to courts of law of whatever kind, because in them reference was made to persons swearing and being sworn. Next they decided that all articles, whether stories, editorials, illustrations or whatnot that aimed at the exposure or reform of abuses, must be eliminated, because in discussing the matter the abuse must necessarily be mentioned, which would have a degrading effect upon innocent minds. All jokes or attempts at joking were next ruled out, as not worthy of noble minds. And so they went through the list until there was nothing left. Everything was ruled out. The secretary was not even permitted to draw up a report for publication lest some innocent mind should glean from the report some inkling of some of the evils they sought to suppress. I may remark," added the reporter in conclusion, "that these four benefactors of the race made special reference to the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* and the sagamore of the Millicetes. They said his wit was forced, his illustrations questionable, his jokes coarse, and his influence, if he had any, altogether in the direction of bloodshed, treason, stratagems and spoils. But as they could not conscientiously advertise him and so, perhaps, lead some worthy person to look him up and be contaminated, they simply had to say nothing about it. But I have deemed it my duty, sir, to come and tell you what my four excellent friends have said about you."

The sagamore bowed in polite acknowledgment. The reporter expected to hear a terrific diatribe levelled at the heads of the devoted four. He expected this coarse and evil-minded man to become violent and abusive. But the old man betrayed no sign of excitement.

"Them men," said Mr. Paul, "they mean well. They got right to say what they think. If they think I'm bad old Injun—that's all right. If they say so—that's all right. That don't make it so."

"You take the matter very coolly," said the surprised reporter. "I fully expected you to put on your gear and go after scalps right away. You know you often do scalp people."

"Not people like that," rejoined the warrior. "I don't want no scalps like that. Them people don't do anybody any harm. You see good many people got little plan of their own how to run this world and everybody in it. Sometimes you see 'um in lunatic asylum—sometimes you see 'um outside. Them four—they're outside."

And that was all the sagamore would say about it. Being pointedly interrogated as to whether he desired to encourage villainy and vice and violence in the world, he replied that he would like to see all these wiped out of existence. Hypocrisy and self-righteousness, he said, might be specially mentioned as things that he abhorred.



And at the mention of these he began to quicken the edge of his scalping knife.

The aid of the law has been invoked in connection with the directorship of the Quebec newspaper, *La Justice*. The other newspapers are making considerable noise about it, though just why they should is not very apparent. It is not only customary but eminently proper to invoke the aid of the law in the interests of justice.