

The Capitals during the past season have been praised beyond their merits as regards their prowess on the field. In fact they have been looked upon as able to whip anything outside of the very best. It was even said that the senior Ottawas were afraid to meet them. Then the Crescents were to have a match with them, but apparently the Crescents had not reputation enough to play with the Capitals, so they arranged a match with the Shamrocks, and they received a very marked defeat from a senior team with a couple of juniors playing. The score of three to two looks fairly favourable, but it does not show the merits of the match, because the Shamrocks had much the best of the play all the way through. There has been some talk of the Capitals attempting to enter the senior league next season. I would advise them to stay just where they are for a little while, after seeing Saturday's match. They are not in the same class with the senior clubs now playing, and even if they were, it is very doubtful if Ottawa is big enough to support two teams.

Well, the Cornwalls have had a pretty straight string of victories in the league series, having suffered only one defeat and that at the hands of the Torontos. They wound up their season by putting a coat of whitewash on the Ottawas that will be as hard to get off as are tar and feathers. On Saturday Cornwall undoubtedly was the better team; that goes without saying; but it was not so much better that Ottawa should not have scored at all. Here is just where perseverance tells. The visitors saw they were beaten when Cornwall had scored three games; they knew their case was hopeless, and they completely lost heart. It is the uphill fight and the forlorn hope that indicates grit and nerve. These qualities the Ottawas did not seem to possess, so they quietly went to pieces and played without heart or vim. Result—six to nothing. The sticks can now be packed away till the spring. The men from under the shade of the Parliament Buildings started out fairly well, but their ending has been inglorious. However, they have one consolation, and that is, that there are two clubs behind them in the race.

The decision arrived at by the committee of delegates representing the senior league clubs, was not altogether an unexpected one, and it was not altogether a logical one either, because, without splitting hairs, it would appear that if the date of one match might be changed so might another. But the committee thought otherwise. The meeting was simply to decide on the letter of protest from the Shamrock club, requesting that the Montreal and Cornwall clubs be ordered not to play an exhibition match on the same day as a championship match. But, as the Shamrocks had postponed their match outside of what the committee thought the regular season, it was decided that the Montreal and Cornwall clubs could play their match. There are enough people in Montreal to patronize two senior struggles, and it is probable that both will have a fair share.

The Junior League series is over and the Hawthornes are the proud possessors of the championship. Comparatively little attention has been paid to these junior matches, but to those who only think it worth their while to attend the star games, I would say that they have missed some good lacrosse. A more experienced club is liable to funk a little when the odds are away against them, but these juniors have a sort of faculty of never knowing when they are whipped, and their matches are as close, and sometimes more exciting than senior ones. The Junior Championship series developed into a splendid struggle between the Athletics and the Hawthornes; both teams only lost one match during the season and that was to each other. The result was naturally a tie, which was played off on Saturday. Both clubs mustered in their strength, and such a lacrosse match was played as would do credit to older players. But the Hawthornes were just a shade too much for the Athletics, and with a score of three to one, the former carried off the Junior League honours of the season.

The plan of giving lacrosse clubs trips after the season is over is one that is thoroughly enjoyed by the players, and is only a small reward after the hard work of a season. It is understood that both the Shamrocks and Montrealers are endeavouring to arrange dates in some of the leading cities of the United States. The Montrealers will in all likelihood look for the same pleasant route which they travelled three or four years ago, namely: From Montreal straight to Washington, back to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and thence home to Montreal. What the route of the Shamrock club will be has not yet been decided; in fact, in neither tours have definite arrangements been made, but it is probable that the wearers both of the green and the grey will have an autumn outing.

Toronto, notwithstanding its excellence in lacrosse and athletics, has of late years been considerably behind the times in the matter of athletics; but it looks just now as if a new era was about to begin. Else why should such a shrewd business man as Mr. McConnell, of Toronto, spend \$10,000 in fixing up the old baseball grounds, so that they can be used for all athletic purposes. He promises to have as good a cinder path as money can procure and a gymnasium that will be equally useful in winter or summer. Toronto needs an institution of this sort, and it is altogether likely that Mr. McConnell's new venture will be duly appreciated.

There has been considerable discussion as to the merits of the kite-shaped track, but there can be only one opinion as to its adaptability for producing speed. The track at Kankakee, Ill., is particularly fortunate, as it remained for it to be the territory where Axtell's great record was broken, Nelson doing the mile in not the most favourable of conditions in 2.11½, which just knocks half a second off the old record. Owners with stallions anxious to get a low mark of course flock to such a track. There is one thing strange about it—that this shaped course should not have been utilized before. For years the effete old Dutchmen in Amsterdam have recognized the pattern as the easiest for fast work in skating, but it is only recently that horsemen have thought fit to adopt it. Verily, there is something to be learned from the old world yet.

The pneumatic tire seems to be playing the mischief with all calculations as to speed, and even the horsemen, who are accustomed to split seconds at the quarters, are getting uneasy as to the time when the bicycle fiend will look over his shoulder as he leaves behind the crack equine with a mark of 2.17 or less. Even Mr. Bonner, that most enthusiastic admirer of the trotting horse, has acknowledged that in any distance over three miles the wheel can give the trotter a lot of allowance and beat him. The wonderful work of Willie Windle at Peoria astonished the horsemen, when, from a standing start, he covered the half in 1.10 3-5, but the pace made by Laurie for one quarter at Charter Oak Park was 31 secs., a 2.04 gait. There is a good deal of food for thought in these few figures, and there are quite a number of people who think that even for the mile there are not many years to come before the wheel will overtake the mark of the Queen of the Turf.

Bicycling records are still being hammered away at and nobody can tell when this smashing is going to stop. A despatch from London says that several more marks were laid away on the shelf for broken things last week. Every mark from 6 miles up to 22 miles was lowered, the latter distance being done in 59 min. 6 1-5 secs. The 50 miles has also been ridden in 2 hours 38 minutes 3 seconds, being 54 seconds better than the previous best time. The 100 mile tricycling record has been reduced to 6 hours 40 minutes 22 seconds, while in 12 hours' continuous riding 164 miles was covered, being 5½ miles better than the previous record.

There seems hardly a doubt now but that next year will see the most representative team of American cricketers cross the Atlantic. Mr. Crowhurst, who was in England looking after the interests of the All-American Eleven, has returned home and speaks in the most sanguine way of his reception in England. The arrangements are that three matches will be played with England, one each with the Gentleman Players, North and South of England, Oxford and Cambridge Universities, all the first-class counties, and several of the second-class teams to fill in the complete list. The Americans have also been invited to visit the Antipodes, and it would not be out of the range of probabilities if the invitation were accepted.

Long distance paddling races may next be looked for as a regular institution. The short distances that have heretofore represented superiority with the double or single blade have to a certain extent become monotonous, and in canoeing, as in everything else, the cracks are turning their attention to tests of endurance. Two Bradford tandems had a twelve-mile race on Tuesday last. Messrs. F. Bloomfield and A. Frank comprised one crew, which beat Messrs. F. Frank and A. Mackenzie. It must have been a remarkable race to have only two canoe lengths difference at the finish in such a long stretch.

The M.A.A. Chess club met on Tuesday evening, when the principal business was the election of officers, which resulted as follows:—President, Mr. C. H. Levin; first vice-president, Mr. C. A. Jacques; second vice-president, Mr. L. J. Smith; secretary-treasurer, Mr. G. Falconer; committee—Messrs. W. J. Anderson, J. W. Shaw, J. D. Cameron, C. W. Lindsay and P. Barry.

The Rugby football season practically opened in Hamilton on Saturday last, when a friendly match was played between the Hams and the Y.M.C.A. If anything can be judged from the form shown in this match, the Hamiltons will be easy victims to the more experienced and heavier fiftens they will be obliged to meet this fall. There is some good material, but it is a little of the light order, and that is a big drawback, especially among the rushers.

Three years in succession has Mr. P. D. Ross won the Lansdowne silver tankard for single sculls, and the handsome trophy is now his personal property. No more genuine sportsman ever sat in a boat than Phil, as he is familiarly known, and, his hosts of friends both in Ontario and Quebec will congratulate him.

The Toronto Hunt Club races will have no sprints at the annual meeting on October 11th, the shortest distance being the mile and a furlong in the Hunter's flat.

R. O. X.

Rudyard Kipling.

Rudyard Kipling writes for men, not women, and for full-grown men at that. Occasionally an Indian native is his theme, but generally it is Tommy Atkins he delights in presenting. Just as Dumas made his "Mousquetaires," so has Kipling created those three "genial blackguards"—Mulvaney, Ortheria, and Learoyd. Jolly companions are they, and fast friends, and when they are in a campaign there is the deuce to pay. Mr. Kipling has a way of writing which makes his work as sharp and clear as is the click of a breech-loader when you work the mechanism, and as to the effect of his short sentences, they crack like the discharge of a Martini. The three Tommies have little of the Achilles about them, nor are they exactly Hector. They are real fighting soldiers, primitive men, and as soldiers should be, that is, as gun-firing or bayonet-plunging creatures, they know best the physical, not the sentimental, part of life. Mulvaney tells his stories with a swing and a go to them. He is an Irish impressionist in words, and a true hero. "The Man Who Was" is the saddest history of a fallen creature that we ever read. God knows whether there is or is not a germ of truth in the story of an English officer held prisoner by the Russians and sent to exile in Siberia, and whipped and scourged until all the manliness had been melted out of him. There is exceeding cleverness in this one sentence of Kipling's: "It is only when he (the Russian) insists upon being treated as the most Easterly of Western peoples, instead of the most Westerly of Easterns, that he becomes a racial anomaly extremely difficult to handle. The host never knows which side of his nature is going to turn up next." "Without Benefit of Clergy," the romance of the love of an Englishman for a native girl, is enchanting in grace and shows how delicate this talented author can be when the poetical humour is on him. A difficult subject has been treated with uncommon nicety. In the last story, Mulvaney assumes the rôle of the god worshipped at the shrine, and, true to his character, he could not help but sing to his dusky worshippers:

"Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan,
Don't say nay
Charmin' Judy Callaghan."

Then the climax is reached.

Mr. Andrew Lang writes a highly-polished and lustrous preface to "The Courting of Dinah Shadd," but it has that hard, iridescent sheen which belongs to mother of pearl. Mr. Lang is not the least in sympathy with that roystering youngster who wrote "The Taking of Lung-tungen." Mr. Lang never, probably, could be made to appreciate what was "a scutt," applied to a human being, any more than could "the Mother Superior of a convent."

A very extraordinary and original person is this young gentleman from Bombay, and what he has written so far is quite likely to leave its impress on the method of writing fiction to-day. Slang! Why, soldiers' argot flavours as does an onion the Mulvaney mouth, but, then, every now and then there drops from those onion and tobacco lips a pearl of price. Mr. Lang doubts whether Europe is the place for Mr. Kipling. "There are other continents in which I can imagine that his genius would find a more exhilarating air and more congenial materials." If Mr. Lang means that the author of "The Courting of Dinah Shadd" and a thousand other stories would be more at home in the United States than in Great Britain, Mr. Lang shows his acumen. Let, then, Mulvaney "disperse himself most notoriously in several volumes," for the American public is quite prepared to understand him.—N.Y. Times.

The Sacred Books of the World.

These are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Tri Pitakes of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the three Vedas of the Hindus, the Zendavesta of the Persians, and the Scriptures of the Christians.

The Koran is the most recent, dating from about the seventh century after Christ. It is a compound of quotations from both the Old and New Testaments, and from the Talmud.

The Tri Pitakes contain sublime morals and pure aspirations. Their author lived and died in the sixth century before Christ.

The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, the word "kings" meaning web of cloth. From this it is presumed that they were originally written on five rolls of cloth. They contain wise sayings from the sages, on the duties of life, but they cannot be traced further back than the eleventh century before our era.

The Vedas are the most ancient books in the language of the Hindus, but they do not, according to late commentators, antedate the twelfth century before Christ.

The Zendavesta of the Persians, next to our Bible, is reckoned among scholars as being the greatest and most learned of the sacred writings. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contains, lived and worked in the twelfth century before Christ.

Moses lived and wrote the Pentateuch fifteen hundred years before the birth of the meek and lowly Jesus; therefore, that portion of our Bible is at least three hundred years older than the most ancient of other sacred writings.

The Eddas, a semi-sacred work of the Scandinavians, was first given to the world in the fourteenth century, A.D.