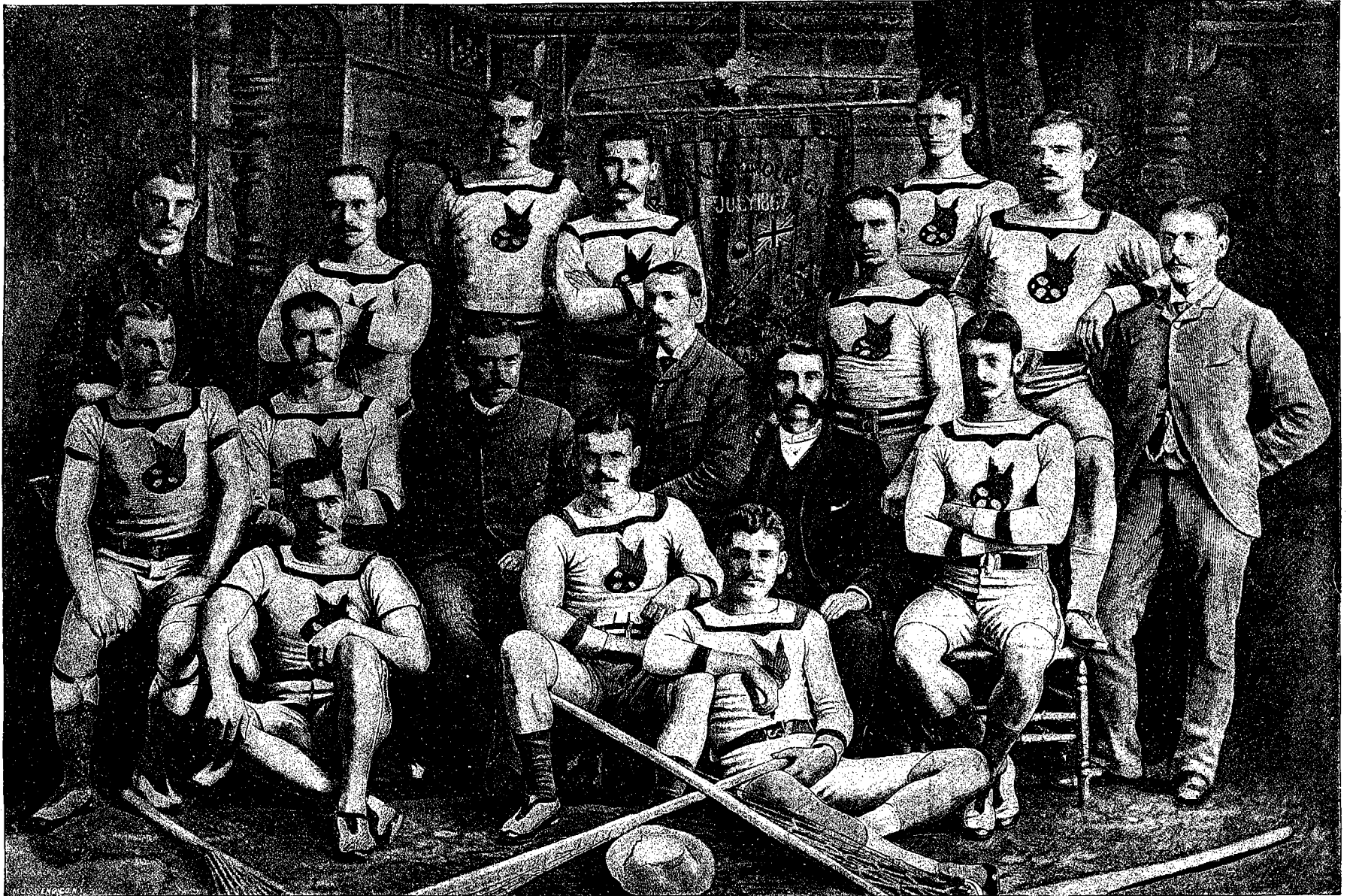


# CANADA'S NATIONAL GAME.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP TEAMS OF 1886.



R. Norman,  
(Reserve.)  
E. Sheppard.

R. A. Elliot.  
W. J. Cleghorn.  
Allan Cameron.

W. C. Hodgson.  
N. J. Fraser,  
(Hon. Secretary.)

T. L. Paton.  
F. M. Larmouth,  
(Captain.)  
W. D. Aird.

W. H. Whyte,  
(President.)  
T. Carling.

A. E. McNaughton.  
J. Louison.  
D. Paterson.

J. Grant.

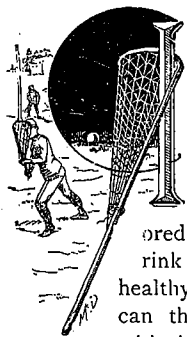
W. Geraghty,  
(Reserve.)

THE MONTREAL LACROSSE TEAM—CHAMPIONS OF THE WORLD.

From a photo by Summerhayes & Walford.

## CANADA'S NATIONAL GAME.

(For the Carnival Number of THE STAR.)



Enjoying the pleasures of our winter and becoming convinced that as the Persians idolized the Sun, the Canadians worship the Snow; in watching the snowshoers spiting the north wind to its very face, and reveling in the bracing cold air; in becoming enamored with the picturesqueness of the skating rink carnival, and intoxicated with the healthy tonic of tobogganing—imagine if you can the transformation when spring comes with its green leaves and blue waters, and whole armies of athletes and lovers of out-door life awaken as if from a winter trance, to participate in their hobbies of cricket, golf, lacrosse, football, baseball, hockey, canoeing, rowing, yachting, angling, swimming, fox-hunting, and every other summer sport known to flood and field. Yet it is the same army you meet over the snow, whose attachment to out-door sports is a thorough-bred British inheritance. One would imagine that the Canadian Government had instituted some system of compulsory out-door recreation, similar to the edict of King Edward III., which compelled the London apprentices to spend their leisure in practicing with the long-bow. It has been said that national character may be largely discovered in national sports; and while I think that our hardy winter pastimes typify the Canadian devotion to out-door life, men in blanket coats may not always be the sturdy athletes they appear. I very much fear that a little hippodroming is apt to creep into our Carnivals, and that some of our snowshoe clubs enjoy the merry dance and song more than the long tramps. They are apt to be like the pil-

grims to Jerusalem, who went more for the holiday than for devotion. Still, there are thousands of us who never expect to lose our love for facing the snow-drift and the snow-storm, and who hope when one foot is in the grave, that the other may be still able to be in a snowshoe.

But I am to sing a pæan in honor of Canada's national summer field-game, Lacrosse, the old "Baggataway," of the Objibways, or, more properly, the ancient "Tehontshik Saheks," of the Iroquois; La Crosse, as it was first named by the early French explorers. If you have any fancy to read of the fascinating features which characterized this old Indian "ball play," when village contended against village, five hundred players in one glorious scramble at a time, let me commend you to the graphic descriptions and sketches in "Catlin's North American Indians." If your fancy carries you into tragic history, then follow the story told by Parkman of the "Conspiracy of Pontiac," and you will witness our national game with a lively interest no uninformed observer can enjoy.

Having, with the historian's assistance, viewed the game in its primitive form, and with all the ruggedly picturesque adjuncts of rude savagery, come and witness the civilized pastime, and note the change in the game.

Montreal is adorned in all its summer beauty, a very crown of rich maples, elms, oaks and pines rising from its Royal Mount. Our sister city, Toronto, sent its splendid "first twelve" last Saturday to contend for the championship; a tight struggle was the result; and to-day the appetite of the tourist is to be tempted by a match with our first rivals, the Kanawka, or "Caughnawaga" Iroquois Indians, who were the first to introduce the present game among the pale-faces of Montreal. Once upon a time it was the dream and glory of our youth to meet these redskins on the field, and in desperate battle to do our mightiest to make them bite the dust. Well do I re-

member the pride of "Big Baptiste," king of the Lachine Rapids, when he commanded the splendid Indian team which now and then gave us a game to keep us in good humor. But well do I remember him, when the Indian prestige passed away, and the fine old man buried the hatchet and would never give us a chance to defeat him again. The Montreal, the Beaver—plucky little brother who came to the aid of its big relative, and gave Lacrosse its grandest boost—the Shamrocks, the Torontos, and then hundreds of others—not only in Canada, but over the whole British Empire; and into the land of Jonathan the lacrosse flags of Canada have been planted, and the day of Iroquois supremacy in this wild and wayward game has paled before Saxon and Celtic science.

The Canadian game is simplicity itself. Twenty-four players; twelve a side, each having a captain who does not play. A goal to defend and one to attack; each goal consisting of two poles, six feet high and six feet apart. An India-rubber ball. A ground, even, but not necessarily rolled. Each player carrying a lacrosse stick. A referee and two umpires, one at each goal, and there you are.

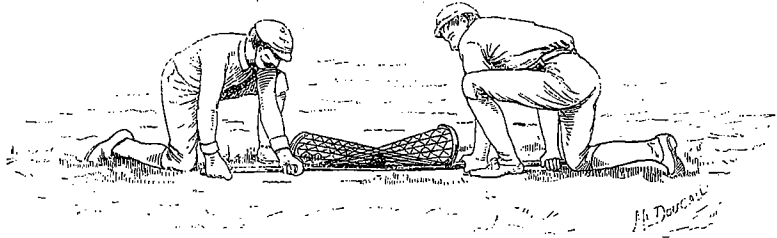
The captains toss up for choice of goal, though there can be no choice unless there is a hill or the sun is in the eyes. The men quietly take up their positions, beginning with the goal keeper who defends the goal; point, who is the first man out; "cover-point," who is second; then the fielders and the facers, until you get to the goal of attack, where the "home" men are placed. You will see directly the game begins that lacrosse men are not fixtures even in their own positions. The fluctuations of the ball change the whole disposition like a kaleidoscope, and it is not surprising to see Point down on a rush after a successful dodge through the ranks of the enemy, having a shot at the goal.

The game is governed by rules, among which are the prohibition of spiked soles, touching the ball with the

hand, except by goal-keeper, foul play, etc. No doubt you will imagine, when witnessing a match for the championship, that the rules in rough play are more honored in the breach than the observance; but you must remember, too, the exciting character of the game, and the fact that it is only a few years since it was redeemed from a savage sport. By and by this objection will cure itself.

The referee starts the match by placing the ball on the ground in the middle of the field, between the sticks of the two centers, "facing," as it is called. Every man is watchful at his post; every rival watching his check. In great contests, such as occur with our skillful Toronto friends, it is a study, if you are referee, to turn for a moment, and look

the home men close in upon the flags; the Indian defense meet them man to man, a fierce check at the stick of the Indian Point, as he aims at the ball; but the redskin is successful, hits it to one side; a dash, two or three players, one after and at the other, and up it goes again, by a shot from Cover-Point. Out runs one of the fielders to meet it, and after him an opponent, but the former leaps up towards the descending ball, and gracefully catches it, turns on his own axis to evade the rival checker, slips, and down he goes with the eager checker on top of him. Out dashes a redskin, picks up the ball at full run on the netting of his crosse, pitches it over the head of a pale-face fielder checking him, catches it on the other side before the latter can turn, and going at full speed towards the white goal, makes a drop throw. Up run the redskins in a body to close in upon the goal-keeper, forgetting all about the sacredness of the goal-crease—but the throw is checked in mid-air by a pale-face, caught by the checker, and tacked to Center, who has strategically



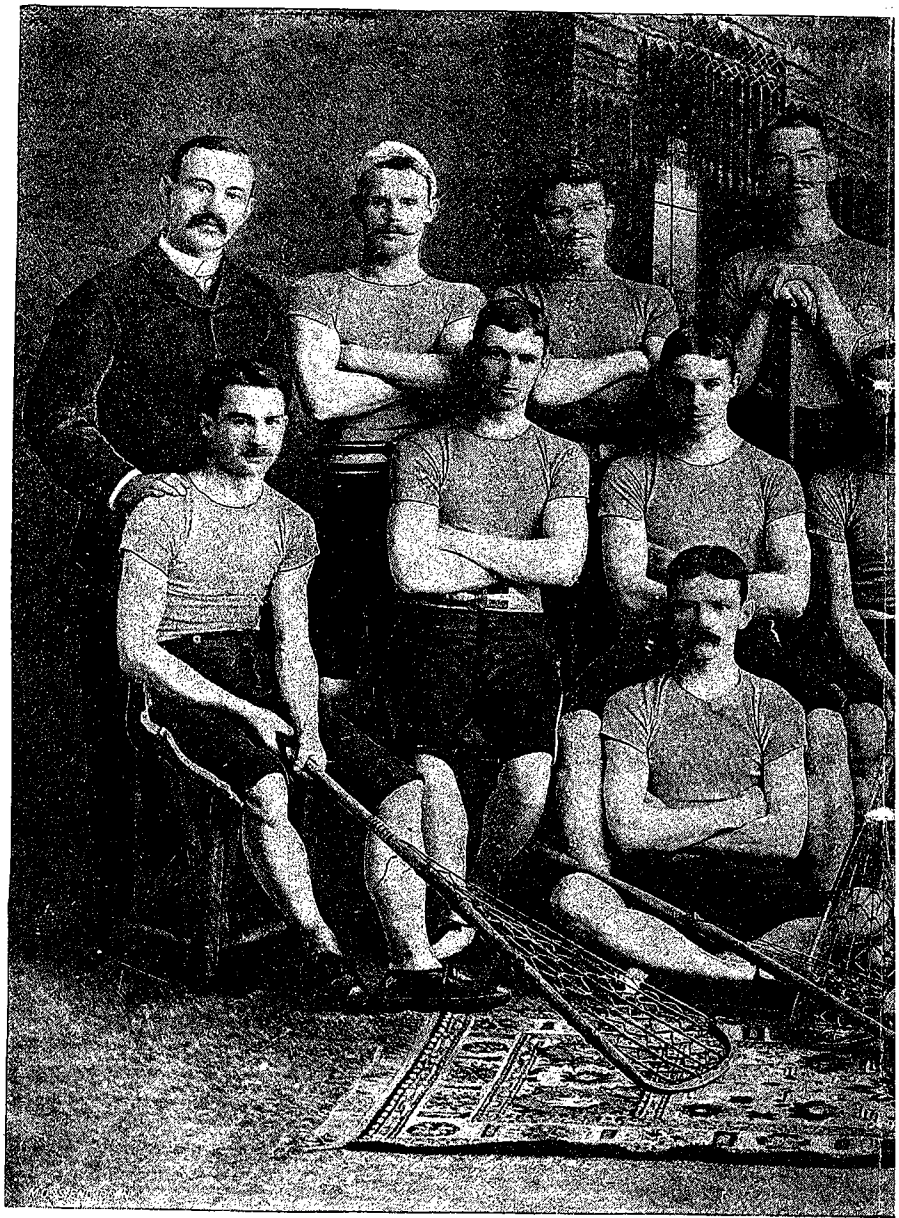
FACING THE BALL.

backed away from his Indian friend. Center makes a beautiful catch; throws it instantly across field to one of the fielders, who, however, misses it; and before he can recover it, an Indian dashes out, scoops it up, and is off at full speed, followed by the pale-face. Fifty yards dash—but the pale-face is too much for the Indian; catches up to him, makes a stroke with all his might at the Indian's crosse, but the latter uses the old Iroquois dodge of a short stop and a sudden turn, and artfully evades him. The persistent checker is at him again, and like a flash has actually picked the ball off the redskin's netting, and dodging him in turn and one or two other rivals, has a clean run close to the Indian flags. All the guttural vernacular of the Iroquois captain is of no use. The pale-face home men tip and tack the ball one to the other; a shot to the flags; up goes goal-keeper's stick, but down it goes before a severe close check by home—the ball whizzes through un-stopped—up goes the hand of the umpire, "Game!" A short rest, and the men change sides. The

at the silent suspense of the great audience. "Are you ready? Play!"

Like a flash there is a scuffle between the center fielders, unless the facer is skilled in the draw, and succeeds in capturing it for himself or his nearest ally. Sometimes a clever facer succeeds in sending the ball so quickly and surely into the crosse of one of his links, that it is "tacked" from one to another, and in less than a minute shot between the opposing flags, without having been once touched by an opponent. But as a rule a game lasts half an hour or more; every man has his innings at the same time, and very rarely does it happen that any one player never touches the ball. Herein is the great beauty and variety of the game. It is unlike every other field sport in this respect, with the exception perhaps of polo.

Watch that shot straight from Point to the Indian goal. It rises in the air, thrown from the lower angle of the netting, yet not too high to waste time, and as it drops ten feet in front of the goal-keeper,



F. W. Garvin, (Secretary); Percival Schofield. R. B. Coulson. D. Coulson, (Reserve); Ross Eckhardt. S. S. Martin. J. Irving. C. A. E. McHenry. W. S. H. THE TORONTO LACROSSE TEAM From a photograph by



G. M. Rose, Junior. E. H. Gerry. Dan. A. Rose, (Captain). P. Small, (President). J. D. Bailey, (Hon. Secretary). D. A. Small. R. McPherson. S. Burns. J. Watts. I. O'Neill. P. A. Small. R. Cheney. I. Patterson. F. W. Rose. I. Wilson.

THE ONTARIO LACROSSE TEAM, TORONTO. From a photograph by S. T. Dixon, Toronto.

FOLLOW  
WHEN t  
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Away to th  
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To follow

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In cadence  
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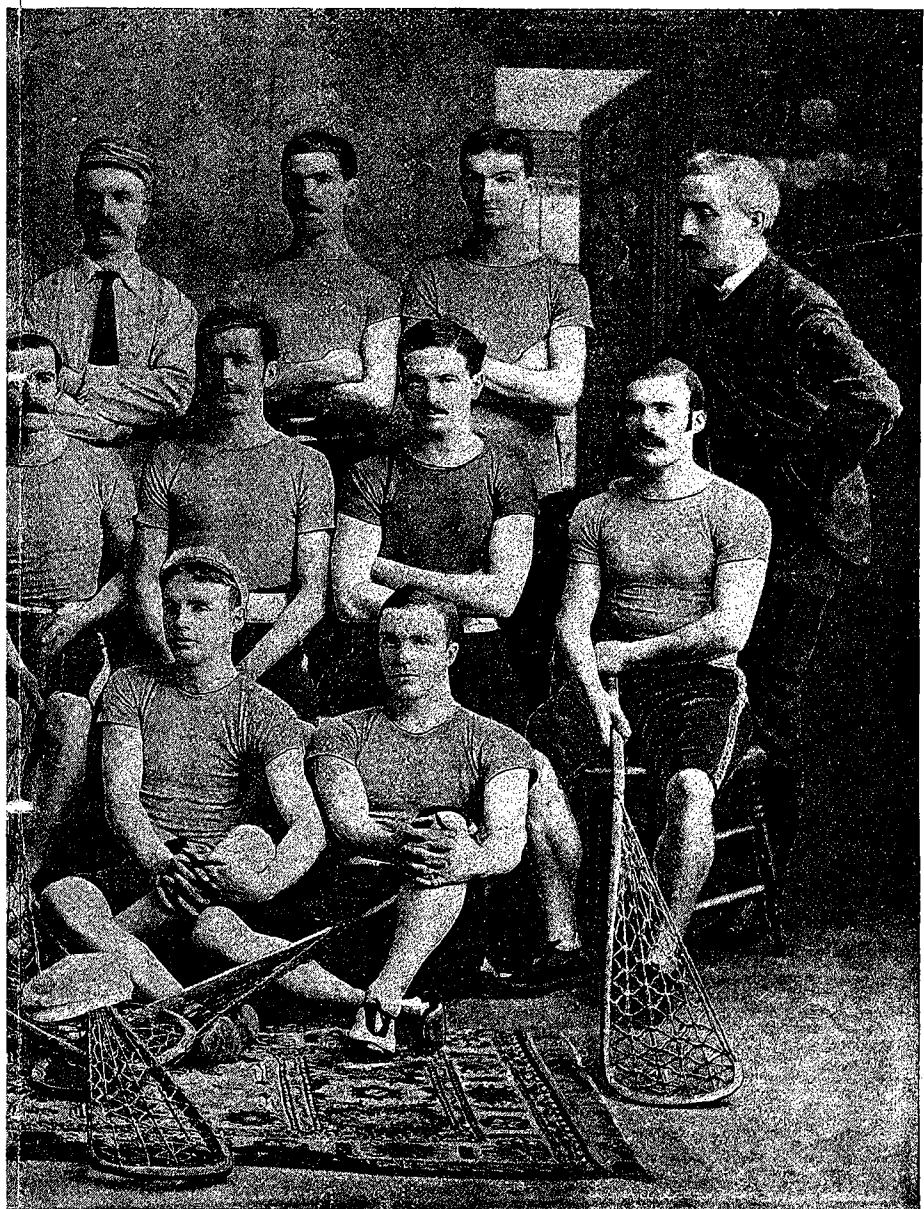
The flags  
The cent  
With knee  
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To follow t

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And what  
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From cro  
And follow

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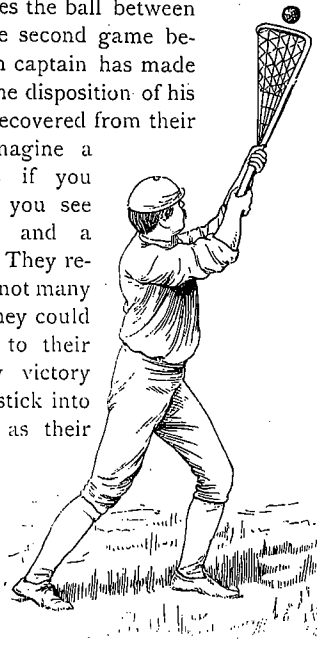
The game  
And we h  
Then cheer  
Hip! hip  
For the b  
Who follow

OTTAWA.



J. Massey, J. A. Macdonald, H. E. Sewell, W. Logan,  
 (Captain), A. W. Blight, J. S. Garvin, (First Vice-President),  
 J. Hubbell, J. W. Drynan, F. Dixon, A. M. Stowe.  
 TEAM, EX-CHAMPIONS, TORONTO.  
 Photo by J. Bruce, Toronto.

referee again places the ball between the faces, and the second game begins. The Indian captain has made some change in the disposition of his men; they have recovered from their nervousness. Imagine a nervous Iroquois if you can! But there you see twelve of them, and a nervous captain. They remember the days not many years old, when they could "show the ball" to their rivals, and carry victory with the lacrosse stick into the white goals, as their sires swept it with the tomahawk among the Hurons. The development of science in the game has taken the sport out of the arena of men dodging and running, and the white men beat them in everything. Perhaps the "accidents" are more numerous, but we can never expect lacrosse to be like croquet. See, there the ball is off again, and just as an Indian is catching, down comes a pale-face checker on his cranium, as if he had intended to split him from crown to chin. "Foul," roars the Indian chief. Up runs the referee. Redskin makes no accusation of intentional foul; the ball is faced where foul occurred, and off it flies again. What splendid endurance! What real courage and skill! See how the fellows leap, and twist, and turn as if they were on springs. Whack! comes a redskin checker on a pale-face shoulder-blade; down goes the white; up dash the two facers who were near; a desperate body-to-body struggle, muscle and skill *vs.* muscle and skill; no yielding one side or the other; in slips a wary pale-face, picks out the rubber from between the four legs, carries it past an opponent, but as he is going to throw loses it to a swift checker, who sends it by an overhand shot straight as a die back to the pale-face goal. But it is a grounder too far away, and never passes Cover-Point. In a second it is a hun-



THROW.

dred and fifty yards up field again, but is beautifully blocked by the red goal-keeper at the other end, who runs out a yard or two to meet it, before the opposing "home" can capture or swipe it. Point has it; pitches it coolly with a one-hand throw to Cover-Point, who tacks it across field, where it is checked by a rival, who, before he can be off with it, is disarmed by his opponent, who catches it and makes a quick overhand shot to the pale-face goal once more. The ball strikes one of the play poles. The umpire was nearly raising his arm to declare game, but goal-keeper cuts the rubber to one side. A close scrimmage! There the ball dances in front of the flags. Goal-keeper watches it like a cat. Half a dozen times it is tipped or kicked straight for game! Half a dozen times it is blocked or struck back! The goal-keeper actually has neither space nor chance to strike it to one side. For a minute—a whole sixty seconds—the fate of the game is being fought out within the goal crease, a space six feet square, on a ground over which the game has been contested, 200 yards long. Is it not like some military assault, where the battle has been waged up to the very gates of the enemy, and the forlorn hope is there to do or die? How the audience roar! Not a player speaks. With a fortunate tip one of the attack lifts it quickly over and above the stooped goal-keeper's shoulder clean through the flags! "Well done, Indian! Game!"

No time to be lost. "Are you ready? Play." The whites thought they were to take "three straights." The redskins are elated. Just look at that little savage as he dashes in with splendid vim, and with the most daring *finesse* carries the ball past three astonished checkers in succession. Into the thick of the fray go the fielders. Crash! together

LOW THE BALL.

IN the sun's bright rays  
 look through the haze,  
 on the fields we go,  
 eyes so bright  
 in morning light,  
 follow the ball, "Heigho!"

we tramp along  
 shout or song,  
 once high or low,  
 wake from sleep  
 like a peep,  
 boys who shout "Heigho!"

we rouse up your mind,  
 we care behind,  
 tell us where we go;  
 I see us play,  
 learn the way  
 follow the ball, "Heigho!"

we brace air,  
 drive away care,  
 the sun's rich cheery glow  
 bronze the cheek,  
 strengthen the weak  
 follow the ball, "Heigho!"

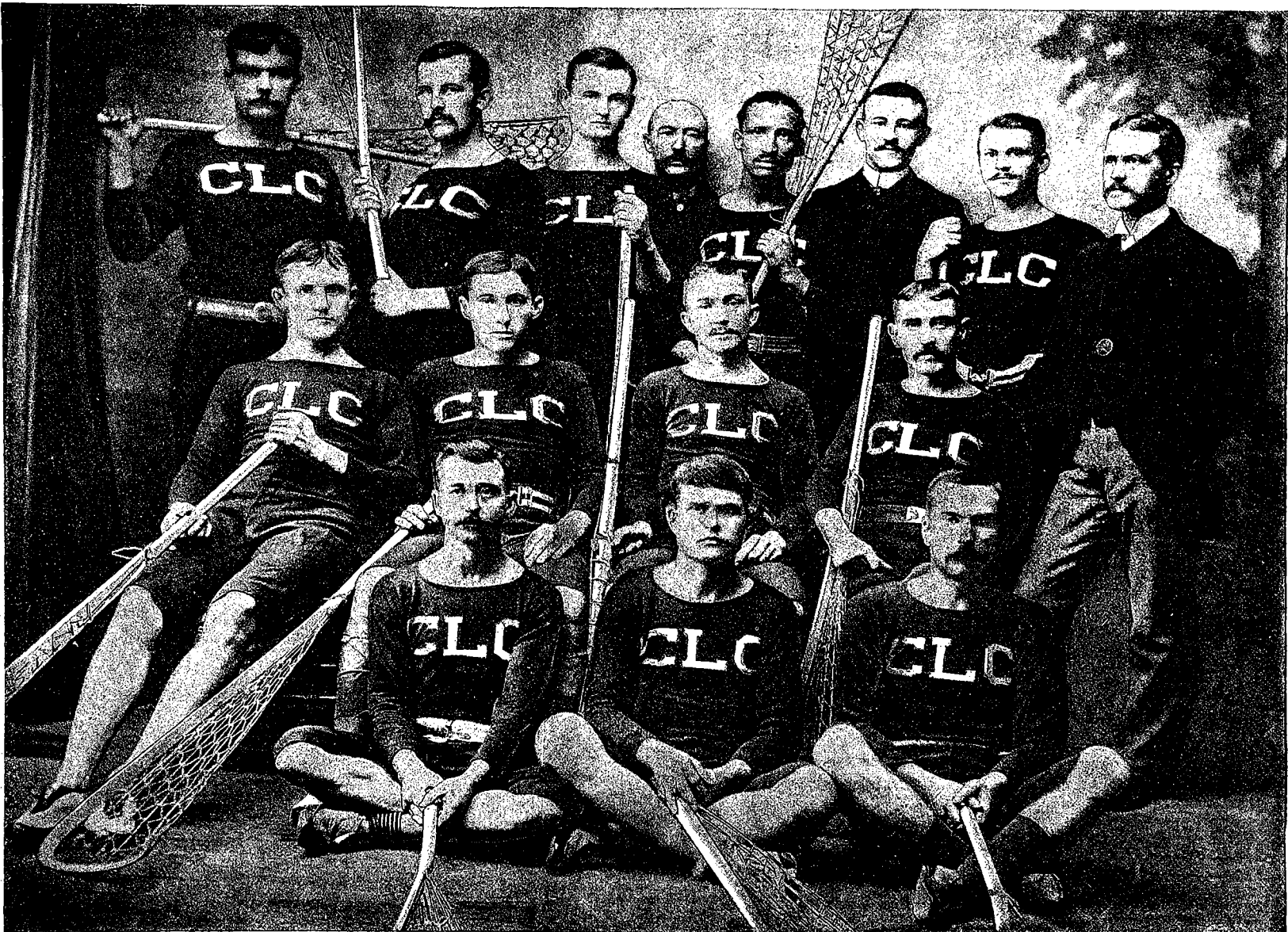
we flag we place—  
 centers face,  
 knee to knee bent low;  
 sound is heard,  
 wait the word  
 follow the ball, "Heigho!"

game's begun—  
 now they run!  
 what a splendid throw!  
 now they toss  
 lacrosse to crosse,  
 follow the ball, "Heigho!"

we are down,  
 not a frown,  
 and away they go;  
 don't mind a toss  
 playing Lacrosse,  
 follow the ball, "Heigho!"

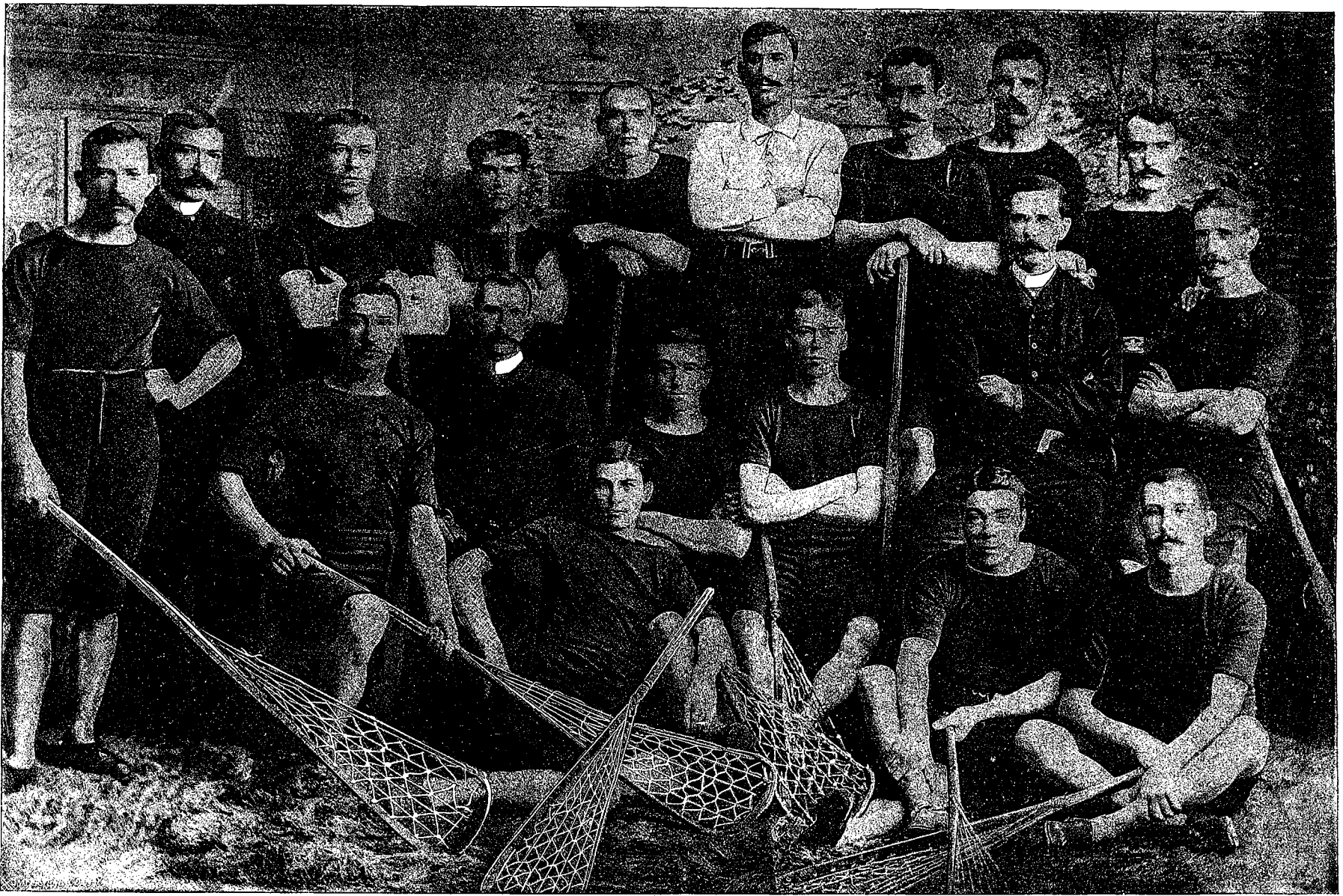
game is done,  
 we have won—  
 cheer us as we go;  
 hurra! hurra!  
 the boys at play,  
 follow the ball, "Heigho!"

EDWARD CLUFF.



H. Adams, G. Crites, F. Lally, A. Black, J. Armstrong, I. Broderick, M. Mulhern, A. F. Harris, (Treasurer), N. Carpenter, J. McAteer, H. McDonell, W. Crites, A. S. McDonell, (Captain), A. A. Smith, C. J. Mattice, (President).

THE CORNWALL LACROSSE TEAM, CORNWALL.  
 From a photograph by A. T. Porteous, Cornwall.



T. Devine. M. Nolan, (Treasurer). M. Duggan. J. Barry. E. Mansfield, (Hon. Secretary). M. Ryan. M. Cregan. B. Dumphy, (Captain). J. Ahern. F. Reilly. E. Hart. D. Tansey. Con. Maguire. H. J. Cloran, (President). J. Morton. T. Prior.

THE SHAMROCK LACROSSE TEAM—MONTREAL EX-CHAMPIONS.

From a photograph by Summerhayes & Walford.

come two rivals in a race at the ball, and down they go, rolling one on top of the other, amid the laughter of the audience. The air is full of excitement. The redskins have their wits about them, and are not trying to distinguish themselves individually. Unselfish team play prevails; they tack one to the other, retreating to the



A SCRIMMAGE IN FRONT OF GOAL.

enemy's goal as the ball goes up. But suddenly down comes the white Cover - Point full tilt, a desperate body check, and over goes redskin glory. Point rushes forward, picks up with one hand on the stick, and makes another splendid long throw to the Indian goal. The white Home men show shrewdest strategy in coaxing the defense men away from their posts; the ball is thrown over the flags; "Home" catches it, shies it through the back of the goal—which does not count—and it is struck back through the front again—which does count, and another game and another cheer go up for the whites, who now need only one more game to win the match.

Well, they win the other with a masterpiece of cool play and good judgment between Center and the Home men. The exquisite catching, picking the ball out from the very clouds as one would imagine, the clean checking and fearless body play, the prudent and prompt throwing, the rapid manœuvring and skillful evolution, the laughable incidents, and even the painful accidents, complete a wonderful game, finer than anything Olympia or Pythia ever witnessed; as full of personal courage and endurance as any mortal battle-field, novel enough to have satisfied even Sardanapalus, unselfish and manly enough to have won even the praises of the modern satirist, who thanks heaven, from his weak nerves and bad temper, that he is not as these athletes are, and whose gratitude is most gratefully reciprocated by the men of strong nerves and good temper.

"It's the finest physical display in the world," said a brother Briton, "but some of the fellows lose their heads, and are too rough." I agree with you, brother. But you know all about football; and will you abolish that because a few collar-bones are broken every year? Men are sometimes drowned yachting, but are we to bore holes in

our boats because some go to the bottom? A man may get maimed by swift round-hand bowling. Will you vote for the abolition of cricket? Because some one blows his hand or his head off, are we to have no more duck or deer shooting? By and by the roughness in Lacrosse will wear out of it. But how strange that you rarely, if ever, hear the players complain. Perhaps they enjoy it, as foxes enjoy being hunted, or as an old fox-hunter once said, he would rather have mortal concussion of the brain, than mortal typhoid fever. At any rate, it is a game for men, not dudes; a game to develop the very best physical prowess. There is no hypocrisy or hippodrome about it, and no man can get on a first-twelve unless he has real pluck, patience and perseverance. There are nobler and higher qualities than the notoriety of being a crack lacrosse player, but how do you know lacrosse players do not possess these? They should, if a sound body counts. At any rate, if you imagine that lacrosse men are as frivolous as Nero when he went up and down Rome chal-



"A THROW FOR GOAL."

lenging the fiddlers to beat him, or as foolish as the performers who spend their leisure learning to balance straws on their noses, let me commend you to visit Montreal or Toronto next summer, and witness our great summer contribution to the physical outfit of our young Dominion. If you do not go home as fascinated with the summer field game of Canada, as I trust you are with the pastimes of our winter, you ought to be put into a museum as one of the curiosities of modern civilization.

MONTREAL.

W. GEO. BEERS.

## THE LACROSSE SEASON OF 1886.

LAST season was a remarkable one in the history of lacrosse, and will be remembered, as long as the national game has any existence, for the unusually keen excitement engendered by the rare closeness of the annual contest for the championship. Until 1885 there was a glorious uncertainty about the term of tenure of the title "Champions of the World." In the year mentioned, a system, similar to that which regulates the baseball championship in the United States, was adopted, and has been followed for the past two seasons. A schedule of games is arranged at the commencement of each season, and the club having the most wins to its credit at the finish, holds the championship for the year succeeding.

Five clubs entered the arena last season: The Montreal and Shamrock, of Montreal; the Toronto and Ontario, of Toronto; and the Cornwall, of Cornwall, Ont. The Montreal Club, who held the championship from the previous year, was regarded as the most likely winner by Eastern Canadians, while those in the West generally pinned their faith on the Toronto Club. At the end of the season Montreal had ten wins and two lost games to its credit; Toronto, nine wins, a draw, and two lost; Cornwall, five wins, a draw, and two lost; Ontario, one win, two draws, and nine lost.

The Montreal Club maintained that this result gave them the claim to the championship, but the Torontos denied the contention and claimed their right to play off their draw with the Ontarios. They played off the draw and won, after which the Committee of Management of the National Lacrosse Association conceded them the right to play the Montrealers for the championship. Excitement reached fever-heat, and the match was played on a snow-covered field on the 20th of November, in this city. Such a match was probably never seen before. Both teams were in the best possible trim, but the Montreal team were evidently superior to their opponents. The latter, however, massed their men in goals, and by playing a purely defense game, and prolonging the contest until the darkness of an early autumn night set in, saved themselves from defeat. The Montreal team had then secured one out of the three necessary games, and the match was declared a draw. Another match was ordered to be played; but the Torontos defaulted, and the Montreal club secured the coveted championship.