

Athletic Notes.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

At the conclusion of the Toronto league series we had the pleasure of saluting our Association football team as Champions of the City, and now we have the further pleasure of introducing to our readers the Champions of Canada. On Saturday Varsity defeated, on their own grounds, the Preston eleven, the holders of the championship cup of the Western Association. The result of the game, 1 to 0, is no indication of the relative merits of the two teams. Seldom has Varsity had so many difficulties to contend with in her pursuit of the Canadian championship. Had Preston shown a becoming sporting spirit they would not have insisted on playing the match on their own grounds, nor would they have suggested a resident for referee. However, all these drawbacks, serious as they appeared at the time, now add to the satisfaction felt by every member of the Varsity aggregation.

The Preston oracle said: firstly, "We will play at our own threshold"; secondly, "We will have our own referee and umpires"; thirdly, "We will put on a fresh man every time one of our players becomes exhausted." To all these oracular biddings Varsity bowed assent with a reverential awe becoming of suppliants at the classic shrine of Delphi. Preston was given everything but goals, and perhaps even these would have been granted to satisfy their especial craze for monopoly had it not been for a most determined opposition on the part of the Varsity defence.

The game was not started until 3.45 p.m., which insured a finish in the dark. Varsity started with a man short, as Watson had not turned up. However, the game had not been in progress ten minutes before that individual walked on the field, to the manifest chagrin of the Preston supporters. The teams were composed of the following players:—

Preston.—Goal, H. James; backs, Hoge, Henning; halves, Waggoner, Clare, Sohr; right wing, Cherry, Uttech; centre, Stahlschmidt; left wing, G. Roos, J. Krass.

Varsity.—Goal, Porter; backs, Breckenridge, Stuart, halves, Forrester, Goldie, McArthur; right wing, Duncan, McDonald; centre, Watson; left wing, Murray, Gowanlock.

The game was not worthy of a detailed account. The play was very loose, the forwards failing to combine and the defenses playing at intervals only. Three times the ball was put through the Preston goal, but only once in the opinion of the referee.

Varsity will play in Pittsburg next Thursday, the American Thanksgiving day.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

TRINITY vs. VARSITY.

The annual match with Trinity was played last Wednesday on the lawn in the presence of a large crowd. The mighty men from Trinity came down confident that they would turn the tables on Varsity and gain a glorious victory over the blue and white. On all sides we heard reports of the great shape, magnificent form and superior game that Trinity had been showing in the past week; but it availed not. Varsity's incomparable forward line proved too much, even for Trinity, and the "rouge et noir" again trailed in the dust—or rather, mud.

Fortune at first seemed to favor Trinity; they won the toss, and elected to kick down the field with the wind. The ball is immediately rushed into Varsity's 25, and, after considerable loose work by Varsity's halves, Trinity gets a penalty kick about ten yards out, and Bedford Jones kicks the goal. On the kick-out Varsity rushes the ball up field, and a long kick by Gilmour sends the ball into touch behind Trinity's goal line. Trinity immediately

proceeds to rush things again, and a rouge is the result. Score, 5-1. Trinity continues to press till half-time is called, without any addition to the score. It looks very rosy for Trinity and very blue for Varsity. But Trinity has had her "rouge" in the first half. The "noir" is to come; and it comes soon.

On the kick-off the ball travels into Varsity's 25, where, owing to a bad fumble by one of the halves, Trinity scores another rouge. That is all; Varsity seems to wake up, and now the forward line proceeds to make those famous rushes that have become characteristic of their playing. Down the field goes the ball into Trinity's 25; Parker makes a pretty pass to Bunting, and Varsity's captain tears through the opposing wings and struggles over the line with four or five Trinity men on his neck. Four points more. Varsity rushes again and two rouges come in rapid succession. Parker is playing a grand game and the halves are showing up well. Bunting again gets the ellipsoid, and sails clean through for a try. His kick at goal is successful, and Varsity leads by seven points. Trinity's men seem disheartened, and the whistle blows with the ball on their goal line.

For Trinity, Patterson, McCarthy and Laing did brilliant work, while Bunting, Parker and Lash were the stars for Varsity.

NOTES OF THE GAME.

Those rushes of Parker's, through the wings, were out of sight.

Bunting played in his old-time form, and his runs were one of the features of the game.

Our "cyclonic" Curly seems to have a fondness for prying into the business of Trinity's quarter. The latter could never get hold of the ball without "the best forward in the world" affectionately hugging him.

THREE THREADS OF GOLD.

[Saintsbury Golden Treasury of French Lyrics, p. 231.]

Afar o'er the sea how gladly I'd flee,
With wings of a swallow, through regions untold!
Wish vain to declare, for that cruellest fair
Has fettered my heart here with three threads of gold.

The first her eye's wile, and the second her smile,
And the third, to confess it, her lip in its bloom;
But I love her too well, martyr true, sooth to tell,
With three threads of gold my heart's led to its doom!

Oh! were power but mine this chain to untwine!
Farewell, sighs and tears, for the deed I'll make bold.
But no, no, far better to die in my fetters
Than to sever your bond, ye three threads of gold!

X.

SANTA LUCIA.

Dim Venice dwelt in sunset glow,
Afar the vesper bells were ringing,
When through the sweet air soft and low,
I heard a maiden singing:
"Santa Lucia, listen,
Listen to my prayer,"
And soft her accents died away
Upon the summer air.

My spellbound ear shall ne'er forget
The sweetness of her tuneful praying,
A loved face haunts my mind, and yet
My fear forbids my saying:
"Santa Lucia, listen,
Listen to my prayer"—
My doubting heart is all too faint
To bid me dare to dare.

—Harvard Lampoon.