

behind the clouds, burst forth with effulgent splendor, but not satisfied to act as a disinterested spectator, took its position directly behind the McGill full back. A "raise" of the ball on the part of McGill's kickers might have been productive of little lost ground to College, had there not been simultaneous "rays" on the part of the sun, which considerably bothered the champions' back division, and left them open to the fierce attacks of the visitors' forwards. Ten points were scored by McGill in short order. Then, as if satisfied with its work, the glorious orb of day sank below the horizon painting the sunset sky with a gorgeous display of McGill colors! Fighting fifteen men to fifteen, College re-entered the contest with renewed vigor, and by one of those irresistible onslaughts for which she has always been noted, swept the ball up the whole length of the field and placed it for a touched-down behind the opponents' goal. The students immediately got into position to renew hostilities when time was up and they left the field victors by a score of 19 to 10. The following composed the College team: P. Murphy, Copping, Gleeson, McGuckin, Smith, Boucher, Clancy, McCredie, Ross, Bolger, McGee, R. Murphy, Levêque, O'Gara and Lafleur.

PUNTS.

Did it work? "Nit".

The victory was certainly creditable to College, seeing that she defeated by 9 points a previously almost undefeated team. Besides she entered the list with a broken sword.

McGill's rooters were more in evidence than those of College.

At times last Saturday our "Scrim," showed that it yet has a lot of push in it.

With Sparrow and E. Murphy on, our majority would have been doubled.

In the second half the following-up of the wings was miserable, while their tackling was a minus quantity.

"Time and tide will wait for no man." Had we a little more time on Saturday, there is little doubt that we would have "tied".

Little attention was given to McGill's halves. They kicked with impunity.

It was only pluck that kept Lafleur on the field. When he was injured it was evident that we had lost "the flower" of our army.

We wished to give them a Roland. But when the whistle blew we sorrowfully noticed it was "all over".



JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

In this issue we formally introduce to our readers, an institution which shall exist till the end of time, and shall shed a lustre on the memory of its originators, long after their smiling faces have been turned towards the daisies. While passing through the corridor last week, we chanced to meet our fat and happy young friend Gookin, bearing on his breast a button slightly exceeding a frying pan in size, and with the inscription, "Go to Klondike with the Clarke's Mills' Klondike Club." As Eddie was in a very communicative humor, we soon learned that the club had been organized at a recent meeting called by the honorable gentlemen who have given their names to the enterprise. On account of his deep