

his cap to his fair friend, and I notice he wears a bit of ribbon which he didn't have when he went up. Now this thing is going to—

"By George! but that was a splendid kick-off! Well followed up, St. Bruno's! That's the play! Rattle them from the word go!"

"Oh, well tackled, Colston Hall!" for the lengthy Moriarty has been sent sprawling. Townsend has it again. Can no one stop that fellow? Ha! he has to kick, and the ball comes flying into touch near St. Bruno's twenty-five yard line. The heavy weights of Colston Hall are not entirely blown yet, and they push the leather well down the field. Steadily, inch by inch, it approaches the goal-line. Not ten yards remain. Dufresne gets the ball and attempts to pass it back. Too late! He is tackled and carried across the line, but he holds the ball like a mastiff and it is his hands that touch it down. "A safety-touch, two points! Hurrah for Colston Hall!"

Carbery brings the ball out and kicks, but Huggins' broad back rises up and the leather rebounds. "Splendidly stopped, Huggins! That's play, sir!" Another scrimmage during which St. Bruno's captain whispers hurriedly with the quarter-back, Arthur Dufresne. The latter watches closely the moving legs which surround the ball. "Well pushed, Brunonians!" Now Dufresne has the leather. He passes to Clark with a hasty instruction which the latter at once understands. Now then, you sprinters of Colston, catch him if you can! He has passed all the forwards, Marvin, Miller, Digby, Huggins, puffing like porpoises in his wake. But Townsend is before him, he cannot go further. Turning like lightning he throws to Dufresne, who is but a step behind. "Kick, Arthur!" But he stops and calls "Carbery!" Carbery! What in the name of all that's good is he doing at the other side of the field thirty yards away from his proper position? To stand idle at a moment like this! Is the fellow mad? Ha! what's that? Dufresne has run back a little distance, he throws back the arm which holds the ball as though to pass it behind him. Impossible! he can never do that! "Oh, well done, Dufresne!" He has hurled it the whole breadth of the

field straight into Carbery's hands. "He's all alone! he's all alone! hooray-y-y! Go it, Townsend! but you'll never catch him!" He's across the line and Townsend is on him, but—"a touch-down! a touch-down! hooray-y-y!"

St. Bruno's partisans have scarcely time to clear their throats before the ball is brought out and sent gracefully flying between the posts by Moriarty. The referee's whistle is heard. "Time's up!" "Say, boys! do you know what it means? It means that St. Bruno's has won by six points to two! Isn't it grand? Now then, all the breath you have left! We-are-the-S-B-C--S-B-C- rah! rah! rah! Hurrah!"

"Let's chair Carbery!" and I head the mob which bursts upon the field and raises on its shoulders the man who has won the match by the finest piece of strategy ever seen on a football field.

The Colston Hall men take their defeat very good naturedly. Compliments are exchanged, and as they climb into their van, Carbery says to Townsend, "I can't go with you just now but will see you before the train leaves." Townsend smilingly deprecates this half apology and raises his cap, for Charley has Maggie Merivale on his arm. I come up to grip his hand, lift my hat, and pass on. I don't feel half as joyous as I ought to on this occasion. Why?

I'll tell you why. Because I don't like to see Charley Carbery so much with that girl. I know she's pretty, and nice, and all that; but Charley has a lot to do before the end of the year, and she takes too much of his time. And—"what else?"—well he knows well enough himself that he has no business flirting.

And so I walk home, grumbling to myself all the way. I join the fellows in the gymnasium for an hour after supper and forget everything else while going over the details of the glorious victory. Then I go up to my room (Carbery's and mine), and I take up my pipe and a volume of literature, but I do not study to-night.

I go to bed early but cannot sleep. Ten, eleven, twelve strike, and I am still tossing about. What can keep Carbery? I suppose he's enjoying himself with those Colston fellows, he must have left Merivale's long before now. At last! I hear his step—no, it can't be—he doesn't walk