

by the Dusties for so long. The street has been macadamized.

Up to the time of the receipt of the challenge the Clinkers had never known defeat. I should have missed the glorious struggle but for Chance which deals us pleasures and disappointments impartially. It happened that I was made acquainted with the fact of the challenge having been passed, and in due time saw such a game of football as I never expect to see equalled.

The preliminaries, (such as accepting the challenge on Roogan's individual responsibility, and the gathering together of his seasoned back, half-backs and forwards—it was before the new game with its wings had flown this way) having been dispatched, at four o'clock on the same day the kick off took place in Victoria Park.

There were not many spectators on the field. Not more than half a dozen "grown ups" were present to see the struggle. But nearly all the small boys of Charlottetown were there, talking freely of matters that are mysteries to those not skilled in the game, and betting recklessly fictitious sums ranging in value from fifty cents to a hundred dollars in favor of one or other of the teams. Blots of course was there, near the touch line, about midfield, seated on Roogan's coat, which it was his especial duty to guard.

From the first the Dusties forced the game. At half time they had not scored but had kept the play in the Clinkers' part of the ground. During the interval Roogan, seeing that he could not play with these adversaries as was his custom on former occasions, lowered his dignity so far as to consult with his back. Such an unusual proceeding on the part of their captain seriously disturbed the Clinkers, and they began to get "rattled," although they sucked slices of lemon with an unconcerned and professional air.

When the boys faced each other for the second half their hair was bristling and they had begun to exchange unflattering, personal remarks. The Dusty team kicked, after much tantalizing poisoning of the ball, and followed up with a scrimmage near the Clinkers' goal-line so quickly that the defenders were completely confused. Amid the signals, and howls and directions