

AFTERNOON.

Nothing could have been finer than the state of the weather during this latter part of the Sports; the sky was clear, the ground dry, and the campus thronged with the *élite* of Montreal. In fact, we have never seen this gathering pass off in a more satisfactory manner. The scene was varied; on all sides a gay crowd surrounded the arena, in which were collected a mingled assemblage of judges, reporters, and heroes in trunks and tights. The first Race, (one mile), was won by C. Scriver, in 5 minutes 35½ seconds, R. Foster second—time 5 minutes 55 seconds. Next came the Hurdle Race, (150 yards), won by R. B. Rogers in 19½ seconds, closely followed by C. E. Amaron, 20½. The Three-legged Race was won by Carman and Carman, second, J. and C. Scriver. A. D. Taylor, B.A. was successful in the Half Mile, time, 2 minutes 27 seconds, Abbott making such a good second, that his time was reckoned the same. The Hundred Yards (heats) was won by R. B. Rogers, who made the same time, 10½ seconds, in both heats. The Wheelbarrow Race was probably the most amusing part of the afternoon's proceedings; nine started, all blindfolded, and the subsequent confusion may be more easily imagined than described; it was well won by R. Foster (time of no consequence). The Race of the day was the Quarter Mile Championship, Rogers winning in 1 minute 15 seconds. The Walking Race also partook of an amusing character; the strenuous efforts of McEvenue took him to the front in the first quarter, and he nobly retained his advantage, winning in 9 minutes 28½ seconds. Taylor and Prendergast came in almost ties; the second prize, however, was awarded to the former. For the Steeplechase there were four entries; the centre of attraction was of course the 13 foot ditch, in which two of the competitors underwent a species of involuntary baptism, much to the delight of the omnipresent "small boy." It was at last won by Lorne Campbell, (time unknown). All now adjourned to the William Molson Hall, where the prizes were distributed to the fortunate disciples of Hercules, by Mrs. Day and the proceedings were closed by a few well chosen remarks from Dr. Dawson.

LIST OF PRIZES.

KICKING THE FOOTBALL.

Silver Medal, presented by Montreal Football Club.

STANDING BROAD JUMP.

- 1st.—Cuff Buttons.
2nd.—Pencil Case.

PUTTING WEIGHT.

Marine Glass.

RUNNING HOP, STEP AND JUMP.

Pencil Case.

RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

- 1st.—Scarf Pin.
2nd.—Match Stand.

STANDING HIGH JUMP.

Locket.

THROWING CRICKET BALL.

Silver Cup.

MILE RACE.

- 1st.—Gold Medal,
2nd.—Silver Cup.

HURDLE RACE.

- 1st.—Game Box.
2nd.—Dressing Case.

THREE-LEGGED RACE.

Napkin Ring.

HALF-MILE.

Col. Bond's Prize.

ONE HUNDRED YARDS.

- 1st.—Writing Case.
2nd.—Bronze Statuettes.

WHEELBARROW RACE.

Set of Stools.

QUARTER MILE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Governors' Cup.

WALKING RACE.

- 1st.—Ring.
2nd.—Cane.

STEEPLE CHASE.

- 1st.—Ink Stand.
2nd.—Cigar Case.

Great praise is due to the Managing Committee, for the able manner in which they performed their duties throughout. It is seldom that committee-men have so thoroughly disarmed that fault-finding manx, who, themselves quite useless, are nevertheless adepts in picking holes in the achievements of others.

FOOT-BALL CHALLENGE.

As we go to press, we learn that the following intimation has been received by Mr. P. Ross:—

CAMBRIDGE, 23rd October, 1876.

Secretary of McGill Foot Ball Club,

DEAR SIR,

The Harvard Foot Ball Club hereby challenge the McGill Foot Ball Club to a match game, to be played in Boston, November 15th or 18th; the game to be played under Rugby Union rules, with fifteen men on a side.

69 Sparks Street.

(Signed,) W. E. RUSSELL,

Sec. H. U. F. B. C.

Although there is little likelihood of the above being accepted this fall, yet we hope to see arrangements made for a match next spring.

A CERTAIN Dr. Walker had won reputation from a work on the Greek particles, the name applied to the adverbs and conjunctions of that language. The word also means grains of dust, so the doctor ordered for his epitaph these words, "Here lies Walker's particles."

A WOULD-BE SWELL, wishing for an excuse to speak to a beautiful lady in the street with whom he was unacquainted, drew his nice white cambric handkerchief from his pocket as he approached her, and inquired if she had not dropped it. The lady glanced at the handkerchief, nodded assent, took it, thanked him, and marched on, leaving the quixote to be laughed at by his companions.