

and assisted us very materially in securing a fair knowledge of the capital of the United States. That night we hastened to arrive home in time for our Commencement exercises, some of the players having secured a standing in their final examinations sufficient to entitle them to a momentary place in those formalities, which at Varsity are known as Convocation.

Thus ended a most successful season for the University Lacrosse Club, which, as will be seen from the appended list of players, is more than any other athletic organization representative of the whole University.

Those who played on the team were: University College, O'Flynn, McKinnon, McEvoy, Gladney, McHugh, Martin; Medical School, Kyle, McIntyre, Groves; Pharmacy, McKay, Challies; Dentistry, Wood, Leacy, Dorenzie, Campbell; Law, Kearns. Manager, G. F. McFarland.

J. A. MARTIN, '02.

A HALLOWE'EN COMPLICATION.

BY W. A. C.

PART II.

BLAZER woke the next morning with a load on his heart—an unusual thing for him. Notwithstanding Gerald Wayland's taunt, he had gone to the Graham's after disposing of the actress the night before, but the universal coolness of all the young ladies present, and Winnifred's almost entire ignoring of him, showed him that he had little hope of forgiveness. He did not even have an opportunity of explaining the unfortunate occurrence.

There was a gloomy air about the rotunda and corridors of the college that morning. The men looked haggard, and took their sole amusement in recounting their Hallowe'en adventures. The scheme of the procession so suddenly launched by Osgoode was everywhere deemed admirable, and already plans were being talked of for a more perfect affair the next year. To these conversations Blazer listened listlessly.

Then someone drew his attention to his name on the bulletin board in the list of those for whom letters were waiting. He got his missive in the janitor's office—a dainty little note on pale blue paper.

"Dear Mr. Kennedy.—You may be surprised to get a note from me, especially as you did not think I knew your name. However, I wanted to thank you again for the service you rendered me last night. It was most kind of you to come to my assistance when I was alone in that crowd. I do hope it didn't get you into any trouble. If so, it was all my fault, and I am so sorry. Yours sincerely, Margaret Manville."

Blazer smiled grimly, threw the envelope away, and thrust the little blue note into his pocket. Then he went across to the library and took out Jevons.

Three weeks later the Freshmen held their reception, with the usual splurge and noise. It came off on a Saturday afternoon, and, at first, Blazer decided he would not go, as Miss Graham would be sure to be there, and it was becoming too painful for him to receive repeated cuts. But after an hour on the football field with his boon companions, he threw care to the winds and joined the crowd of Sophomores who were going in to wreck havoc of the Freshies' reception.

The East Hall presented a gay scene. The committee had taken special pains to decorate lavishly, and the Freshettes and their friends were out in full force. By the time Blazer's party pushed through the crowd of bewildered Freshmen grouped in the doorway, the fifth promenade was in full swing, and not a programme card was left.

"Say, Blazer, have you got a piece of paper? I haven't a thing," said Bob Hartford. "I see Miss Graham over there, and I want a number."

"I guess I have," replied Blazer, feeling in his pocket. In his haste he did not notice that the piece of paper he drew forth and tore in two was the little blue note he had put there three weeks before. Next minute Bob was struggling through the crowd. Blazer watched him enviously as Winnifred greeted him, and jotted her name down on the proffered slip. Then she was off for the next promenade, or, rather, "sit-out," with another admirer.

But Blazer was not one to take the sulks at such treatment. Besides, he was a general favorite with the college girls, and soon he was able to snatch two or three of the nicest ones from the ennui of monotonous conversations with inexperienced First Year men. He had just brought back Miss Duval from the refreshment room, when he encountered Bob Hartford.

"How are you fixed for the next one?" questioned Bob.

"Nothing doing," replied Blazer, with a laugh.

"Then come down and have a smoke," suggested Bob.

The pair descended to the cloak-room and soon were enveloped in cigarette smoke.

"I say, Blazer," Bob said presently, "tell me about that adventure of yours, Hallowe'en."

"What adventure?"

"Oh, come, now, Margaret Manville, you know."

"How did you hear about it?"

"Saw you, of course. Did you take her to McConkey's?"

"Not much," answered Blazer, and thereupon poured into the sympathetic ear of Bob Hartford, the details of his Hallowe'en complication.

Bob commented freely on the story as Blazer told it, and then suggested a return to the hall above. Blazer complied, but the recitation of the unfortunate incident and the sight of Winnifred and Gerald Wayland talking most confidentially in a corner of the refreshment room, made all the music and laughter and pretty faces henceforth distasteful to him. For the rest of the time he contented himself with talking gravely to the chaperons and eating ice cream.

In wandering round at the close of the twelfth promenade, he unconsciously came quite close to Miss Graham. Before he could move away, he was astounded to find her smiling engagingly at him and saying:

"Aren't you going to ask me for a dance, Mr. Kennedy?"

At first he felt like refusing her overture, remembering her past coldness, but then his gentlemanly instinct came to his rescue, and he answered:

"Why, I'd be delighted, if you have one for me."

"I've got the very next one free. Come this way, I want to apologize for my past rudeness."

As the pair passed Bob Hartford, the latter gave Blazer a dig in the ribs, and chuckled to himself.

"I don't look much like Cupid, but I guess I've fixed up that row. It's lucky for Blazer she saw the back of my programme."

THE ENGINEERS.

At a meeting of the Toronto Engineers held on Wednesday night, J. P. Charlebois and A. Snively were appointed to represent the company at a meeting of the Garrison Indoor Baseball League, to be held on Tuesday, November 4, at the armouries. Last year, the Engineers made a high bid for the championship, but were defeated in the finals.

Mr. F. F. Clarke, '00, is back at the School. Mr. Clarke received a commission at Halifax, and thence was sent in command of a company to the coast of British Columbia to keep the Chinamen quiet during the late Boxer rebellion. On returning he took charge of musketry at Halifax.