

WHAT IS SAID IN THE WIGWAM.

That Swine-ett is a comer.

That Dinny Britton is great on mass play.

That Alfie puts too much "Camfire" in the liniment.

That Grand Marshall Hill will soon get into the game again.

That Queen's will go on the field in their usual motley array.

That if we beat McGill Portsmouth will be called Plattsburg.

That one tooth of the Comb is missing until Bran is inserted.

That *Assassination* is a real rough game compared to *Rugmy*.

That one Queen's loss is Granites' gain. "Dev" is a poor one.

That the Brockville clique is broken, but still in the game.

That Maul Donovan and Johnny Grant will at last play together.

That the Intercollegiate champions should play for Dominion honors.

That 'Varsity beat McGill 14-5, and 'Varsity II beat Trinity 23-2.

That the inter-year games should be commenced immediately even if Big Joe is absent.

That one of the "hard knocks" the football champions could stand is Walkem in shape.

That his old football mates join with the JOURNAL in wishing Brix Nimmo continued success.

That a very interesting article on Canadian football, with diagrams of the favorite plays of McGill, 'Varsity and Queen's, appeared lately in a Sunday edition of the *Detroit News-Tribune*, and that it was cleverly written by a former sporting editor of our JOURNAL.

# ANTEDILUVIAN RUGBY.

It fell in the days before the rain,  
That Ung sent a challenge to Tubal Cain,

"Go to, let us play, we are waxen too fat,

For the auroch is tame along Ararat,  
And the thistles are cleared from the Shinar flat,"

Play ball, you fellows, play ball!

Now this was the answer of Tubal Cain,

(There were giants on earth ere the days of rain),

"Behold, in this wise our playing shall be,

On the four-wayed plain of Mes'potamie,

From Tigris down even to Euphrate,  
Play ball, you fellows, play ball!

A mastodon's skin which is charged with air,

Lo, we will kick here and you will kick there,

And if behind Babel we cause it to lie,

Your team of giants shall there score a try,

And a hogshead of Scotch for the crowd I will buy,

Play ball, you fellows, play ball!

They strove on the plain for a week and a day,

And the game was a good one, the chronicles say,

For antediluvian rules were rude,

And Ung and his forwards were hasty of mood,

And much it delighted the multitude,  
Play ball, you fellows, play ball!

Now the tackling was hard of the paleolith,

And sorely they tumbled the men of the Smith;

But by dexterous bucking-the-line for a gain,

And by cunning throws-in from the edge of the plain,

The victory fell to the kickers of Cain,

Play ball, you fellows, play ball!