

AT THE MAJESTIC TO-DAY.

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THE SWAT SEASON.



Oh, my daughter, the swatter, for the flies my forehead; always, always, always, dearie, for the weary hours is a torment to me, for the flies to do, Man must never cease endeavor, something tiresome must be done; always jumping, always humming, till his early course is run. I am weary, old and leery, and I'm yearning for repose; but when napping flies come scrapping on my forehead and my nose; ay, the friskers climb my whiskers, and they drill among my hair, and they tickle, and they prickle and they drive me to despair. So, my daughter, bring the swatter that our leading goldsmith made, with its topper framed in copper and its handle pearl-lined. Bring the swatter and I'll totter up and down these princely halls, slaying, sloshing, flies a-squashing, on the ceilings and the walls. Flies are coming—hear them humming!—they arrive on every breeze, little carings that they're barling germs of every kind among my hair, and they tickle, and we sweat them, and the toiler never quits, but a dozen come a-buzzing for the one the swatmith hits. It is useless, though its truceless, though our troubles never end; yet, my daughter, bring the swatter, then just watch my smoke ascend.

TANGLEFOOT, the great fly killer, 4c. double sheet at G. KNOWLING, LTD.—aug 15, 41, th

Football Reminiscences.

By ONLOOKER.

5th LEAGUE MATCH.
St. Andrews vs. Church Institute. Result: C.I.—3 goals, Saints—2. Played on Llewellyn Place July 4th, 1898.

That interest in the Association game is on the increase, and that it is, by far the most popular of our out door games, was manifested in a very pronounced manner by the tremendous gathering on the League grounds last evening to witness the above match. Both Clubs had a great number of supporters present, including a large proportion of the fair sex, who sported their favorite colours, and cheered on their individual champions, the greatest excitement prevailing from beginning to end. At



When You Need Milk

the centre they again broke away but the stubborn defence of the C.I. was not to be broken—Hayward being very cool and always in his place, while Pilot was everywhere just when wanted, and so the game continued pretty even till just before half-time, from some brilliant combined play on the part of the Institute forwards, Wood, catching Scapellin napping, "with a beauty," found the net, and thus equalized, amidst great excitement.

The teams crossed, with the score 1 each. Right from the kick off in the second half, the Saints forced the pace, securing two corners in succession, which came to naught, and Mars just failed, on, at least one occasion, his shooting not being quite up to his usual, but the Institute seemed to be getting into their stride and began after some 10 minutes of play, Osmond, who played a fine game throughout, beat Scapellin for the second time. C.E.I. stock went up with a bound and they now looked winners all over, but a most evenly contested game followed for the next 10 minutes, when E. Reid again found the net and the Saints looked hopelessly beaten. However their continued to play with their well known pluck, and at length from a free kick just outside the penalty line they had the satisfaction of securing a goal through "Mars." It

looked as if Woodley saved, catching the ball and throwing out, but the decision was, that he was "inside the goal line," and from our position, close up on the goal, we quite agree with the Referee. From this till the call of time, the game was pretty evenly contested but no further scoring took place and the game ended C.E.I.—3 goals, Saints—2 goals.

Referee—F. Maynard.
Linesmen—H. Hayward, (C.L.B.) and D. Grant, (Cordella).

NOTES ON THE GAME.
All that was wanted last night to convert the players into a veritable Union Jack was a burst of sunshine, the mingling of the "Red White and Blue," having a grand effect. We have no doubt that spectators generally will now see the force of our demand for distinctive colours last season, as also the utility of goal nets. With regard to the game itself, well, on last night's play, the best team won. We have witnessed better displays of association, but must say that we thoroughly enjoyed the match. Its freedom from "fouls" and rough play, in general was its distinctive feature, and the Institute thoroughly deserved their well earned victory. Of the forwards we give the palm to E. Reid, who seems speedier than ever. On the other wing, Wood put in some good work, whilst Osmond in the centre, sustained his reputation as one of our best forwards. W. Reid was as usual, good. The half-backs were fairly good, Cook carrying off the honours, and we think Ayre never played better, doing some good "head" work. Pilot always "stars," but should keep his position a little

more. Hayward was very reliable, and seems to be possessed of sound judgement. First time we had the pleasure of seeing "Woodley" (goal) in a League match, and must say he performed admirably possessing all the qualifications of a good goal-keeper. How are the mighty fallen? T champion team for the past two seasons, to lose their first two League matches. Well, every dog has its day, but we yet expect some good displays from the "Boys in Blue." We have certainly seen them to better advantage, and expected some grand exhibitions after their brilliant play in the "Cordella" match but they seem collectively to have gone back on form. In the front "Mars" was the most brilliant man on the field, but lacked support, and although they all played well, and gave the best exhibition of the passing game, Monroe and Walker were evidently "out of condition." In the half-back line, Jardine was the weak man. Forbes worked hard, and Stan Rodger played a fine game, although not at his best. Young played a "trailing" game, and Herb Rodger, although very reliable, was just a trifle slow. Scapellin, in goal did his best, but lacks practice. So much for the C.E.I.—Saints' match, and now let us anticipate another rattling game on Wednesday night, between the "Star" and "B.I.S."

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Household Notes.

An army canten makes a good "extra" hot-water bag. It may be filled with boiling water, and will stay hot for hours. A quick frosting is made by moistening two pounds of sifted powdered sugar to the right consistency with orange juice. If hard water leaves a brown coating on the inside surface of your water pitcher, let milk stay in the pitcher until sour. Sour milk griddle cakes are delicious served with maple sugar. Use one and a quarter teaspoons sugar to two cups sour milk.

MUTT AND JEFF

HE WHO GIGGLES LAST HAS THE HEARTIEST CHUCKLE.

—By Bud Fisher

