

Huggins ! That's play sir !" Another scrimmage during which St. Bruno's captain whispers hurriedly with the quarter-back, Arther Dufresne. The latter watches closely the moving legs which surround the ball. "Well pushed Bruno-nians !" Now Dufresne has the leather. He passes to Clark with a hasty instruction which the latter at once understands. Now then, you sprinters of Colston, catch him if you can ! He has passed all the forwards, Marvin, Miller, Digby, Huggins, puffing like porpoises in his wake. But Townsend is before him. he cannot go further. Turning like lightening he throws to Dufresne, who is but a step behind. "Kick, Arthur !" But he stops and calls "Carbery !" Carbery ! What in the name of all that's good is he doing at the other side of the field thirty yards away from his proper position ? To stand idle at a moment like this ? Is the fellow mad ? Ha ! what's that ? Dufresne has run back a little distance, he throws back the arms which holds the ball as though to pass it behind him. Impossible ! he can never do that ! "Oh, well done, Dufresne !" He has hurled it the whole breadth of the field straight into Carbery's hands. "He's all alone ! he's all alone ! hooray-y-y ! Go it, Townsend ! but you'll never catch him !" He's across the line and Townsend is on him, but— "a touch-down ! a touch-down ! hooray-y-y !"

St. Bruno's partisans have scarcely time to clear their throats before the ball is brought out and sent gracefully flying between the posts by Moriarty. The referee's whistle is heard, "Time's up !" "Say, boys do you know what that means ? It means that St. Bruno has won by six points to two ! Isn't it grand ? Now then, all the breath we have left ! We-are-the-S-B-C—S-B-C rah ! rah ! rah ! Hurrah !"

"Let's chair Carbery !" and I head the mob which bursts upon the field and raises on its shoulders the man who has won the match by the finest piece of strategy ever seen on a foot-ball field.

The Colston men take their defeat very good naturedly. Compliments are exchanged as they climb into their van, Carbery says to Townsend, "I can't go with you just now but I will see you before the train leaves." Townsend smilingly deprecates this half apology and raises his cap, for Charley has Maggie Merivale on his arm. I come up to grip his hand, lift my hat, and pass on. I don't feel half as joyous as I ought to on this occasion. Why ?