

Murphy of the Britannias, blew his whistle, and the two teams faced each other as follows:—

[Montreal goal.]

D. C. S. Miller.

J. Miller	Maile	W. Hagar
	Wand	
Baird		Monsarrat
W. Jamieson		Buchanan
James	Higginson	Black
	Reford	Routh
	O	
Guthrie	Yates	Dunlop
MacDougall (Capt)		Barclay
Primrose		McFarlane
White	Jaques	Rankin
Gaudet	Mathewson	Tetreau
	Brummelle	Donahue
	[McGill goal]	

Montreal won the toss and elected to play with the wind.

The weather being very unpropitious, two halves of thirty minutes each were decided on.

The play in the first half was slightly in Montreal's favor.

In the second half McGill woke up, and a repetition of the old time rushes brought victory to the banners of old McGill.

The scrimmage worked as one man. The wings were always in the right place, and the backs did some very cool and effective kicking.

Mathewson secured a very pretty goal from the field. The score at the close stood 7-3 in our favor.

The second team have during the entire season worked with an aim and perseverance, which has finally carried them to the position of virtual champions of Quebec. Their captain, Lorne Drumm, cannot be commended too highly for the able way in which he has managed his whole team, nor the team itself for the splendid support given him.

Their first match was against Montreal. Down went the red and black by a score of 12-4.

Then came Lennoxville's turn, score 48-2.

Finally the Britannias were defeated by 15-1.

Following are the teams in this final match:—

Britannia.	Position.	McGill.
Prowane.....	Back .....	Leslie
Rankin. ....	Half-backs.....	Baker
Saunderson.....	" .....	Trenholme
Gordon .....	" .....	Lynch
Linton.....	Quarter .....	Shaw
Buntin.....	Wings.....	Featherstone
Ayer .....	" .....	Drumm
Garvin .....	" .....	Angus
Brown.....	" .....	Alley
Barry.....	Forwards .....	Walker
McCombe.....	" .....	Cowan
McRobie.....	" .....	Tees
Carter.....	" .....	Anderson
McIntosh.....	" .....	Turner
Stevenson.....	" .....	Schwartz

Last Saturday the team travelled to Quebec, but owing to an unfortunate series of accidents the match was not played.

The match has been ordered to be played over by the Union.

Standing of different clubs in the intermediate series is:—

	Win.	Lose.	To play.
McGill.....	3	0	1
Montreal.....	2	1	0
Britannias.....	0	3	1
Quebec.....	3	0	1

The third team have beaten Montreal by a score of 21-0, and have themselves fallen victims in turn to Britannia by a score of 4-2.

There yet remain two matches to be played in the Junior Series, and McGill must have them both.

Not such a bad season, O foot-ball enthusiasts, and we shall continue to do better.

### The Tug of War.

A BALLAD OF THE CLEAT, 1892.  
(Parodied on the "REVENGE.")

On the campus, like a grampus when he sights a hostile whale,  
Stood the Arts team, anxious, fearing lest its ancient strength  
should fail;

"We're to pull with Science first! and we know they're not the  
worst!"

Then out spake John Robert Dobson: "We've the biggest of all  
jobs on!

But we'll do it, never fear; they've not tried it till this year;  
Half their fellows are untrained, and we know that we have  
gained

On the prowess and the strength for which we were distinguish-  
ed erst."

He had over a hundred students to congratulate him then,  
And he went and got his dinner ere he came to pull again  
With his six strong Theologians who gazed grimly on the foe.  
There was courage in his eye:

"We will pull for life, and so

Gain the victory or die.

There'll be little of us left by the time we pull the Vet.

But we'll pull these Veterinaries; if the wind of fortune varies,  
Here's the rope that hauls the sail, we will catch what we can get

And the teams sat down, and the shot rang out all over the  
crowded field,

And his men got three-fourths of an inch in the drop, but no  
more would the enemy yield;

Strain after strain, two minutes long, they clung to the rope in  
toil;

Strain after strain, two minutes long, 'twere each man's mortal  
coil;

Strain after strain, two minutes long, like the roots of the oak  
to the soil;

And some were fagged, and some were rattled, and some couldn't  
pull any more—

Books of minutes, were ever two minutes like this at McGill  
before?

For he said "Pull on! Pull on!"

Though his chances were all but a wreck:

And it chanced that, when half of the minutes twain was gone,

By one great haul he determined to give them a check,

And they took in enough to win of the fatal thread,

And he himself bounded along as if he were out of his head,

And he said, "Hold on! hold on!"

CAP'N. GOUN.