

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

Rugby is once more in full swing, and every afternoon sees the lawn covered with players and spectators. The prospects are bright, even though the team was defeated on Saturday. Upper Canada College, the old home of Rugby in Canada, sends up about ten men who are fond of the game and know how to play it. Bishop Ridley sends a couple, and others come from all over the Province. There will be various changes from last year. The line of wings will be overhauled and strengthened; the scrimmage will be, it is hoped, the same as last year; the back, also, will be the same; but on the half-back line things are very uncertain, there being several aspirants for a position there.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee it was decided to get new jersey half blue and half white, with the arms of University College on the breast. The jerseys have now arrived, and we may expect to see them on the field soon.

At the same meeting, R. K. Barker was appointed manager of the second fifteen, and he may now be seen every day looking out for a half or a quarter that he needs, all the time expatiating on the success that is going to attend the efforts of the second fifteen, which, he says, will almost equal the first.

TORONTO VERSUS VARSITY.

The first match of the season was played on the lawn last Saturday, and, much to the sorrow of all and the surprise of many, Varsity was defeated.

When the teams lined up it was easily seen that the Torontos were heavier and in better training than our own men. This, of course, was to be expected, for the former have been practising hard and regularly for three weeks, while the latter have had less than one week at good practise. Then, again, six of our team were new men, and, although good, yet their not having played together before made a difference in the combined play; and, on the other hand, the Torontos had a match before in which their men learned how much to depend on one another, and had some combination practise against a foreign team.

Considering these things it is not at all a surprise that Varsity was defeated, but rather that they kept the score so low. It is not our purpose to give a detailed account of the match, partly because a minute account was given in each of the dailies, and partly because our notes taken on the scene of action look very much like the hieroglyphics on the tomb of Sennacherib, king of the Assyrians, with which manner of writing we are not acquainted.

What told most against our boys was their lack of training. At the first, when they should have rushed things, as they were wont to do last season, they were slow and uncertain, and not until the first half was nearly over did our men seem to settle to work; then, however, our scrimmage seemed to grow to the earth, the wings were impassable, the quarter passed and rushed, and the half-backs tackled passed and ran, and, thanks to all these, the full back had nothing to do. This state of affairs, however, could not continue, for in the beginning of the second half the ball was slowly forced down the field by the Torontos, now by breaking our scrimmage, now by heeling out, now at throwing in from touch. Occasionally a tackle by Bunting, or a run by the Gilmores in combination, enlivened the game, but only for a few seconds. Once it seemed that Varsity would even the score. The ball was passed to Jack Gilmore, who from more than thirty yards from the line dropped a beautiful goal. This seemed to pull the team together, but they had neither the wind nor the strength to keep up the rush, and the Torontos scored again.

At the end of time the score stood 19 to 8 in favor of Toronto. By this score it would seem that the Varsity was badly beaten. This is not so, for of the eight points two were got from touch in goals, and one from a rouge, each

of which denotes playing which, but for the slightest accident, would have secured a try.

NOTES OF THE GAME.

The referee, Capt. Kerr, of Osgoode, was strict and strictly impartial.

For the Torontos, Billy Wood and Parkyn at half-back, and Bayley at quarter, put up magnificent games; while Joe Wright is a second Entellus in strength.

Our wings, with a couple of weeks' work, will be almost perfect.

Jack Gilmore played the star half-back game for Varsity.

Percy Parker was not pursued by the Furies, but only playing a combined wing, half and quarter game.

The Torontos sometimes could not distinguish between their hands and feet when heeling out.

The rushing of the Gilmores was the prettiest thing in the game. It is a pity that more passing and running could not be done and less kicking into touch.

Parker's long throws from touch were phenomenal.

Bunting's tackling was splendid.

McQuarrie, at back, played his usual brilliant game, getting the ball out time and again when any other would have failed. Only once did he rouge, and that was when the ball was among the bushes at the south end.

Next Saturday the return match is to be played on the Rosedale grounds, and there is very little doubt that the Varsity will come out ahead in that match, and the following Saturday will see us defeat the once invincible Ottawa college.

OBITUARY.

Follow thou the path that leads to Heaven,
O happy maid, from earthly cares set free;
While that pilot star to guide thee given
Its blighting shadow casts on me.

Far through the pallid mist of future years,
O pilgrim pure, I see thy upward flight;
But why, O straining eyes, these bitter tears?
And why, O God, this lessening light?

Silence, thou stricken heart! Forever dead!
Sad soul, canst thou not let thine idol die?
Must still lament, nor lift thy weary head,
While swift the living moments fly?

Aloft my colors! Nail them to the mast!
Strike down yon coward ensign of regret!
My ship I'll *not* surrender to the past;
Her sun of glory has not set.

Sail we then onward; fair the wind and free,
O loved and lost, there is a radiant shore;
We'll meet there, tired of the barren sea,
When this gloom-wrapt voyage is o'er.

TO '95.

Classmates, accept this tribute of good-will,
Scant though it be, in numbers illy chosen,
For it is ne'er the less a true heart's token
Of deep esteem for manly worth and skill.
As from the mountain spring, the silvery rill
Spontaneous gushes, so from out my heart
A song of grateful praise doth now impart
The thoughts that all my rising hopes fulfil.
Dear '95, one year ago we met
Only one year, but in that year, I ween,
Happiness, labor, hope without regret,
Have been the fairest they have ever been,
May ye be ever true to Duty's call,
And Heaven's richest blessing crown you all.

MEWL.