

that the result was not more discouraging. Alas, for the fickleness of jubilation !

The second half opened with play at centre. In this half, referee Kefeelra the Serious, was kept on the alert in order to prevent an unnecessary flow of human blood from the wing men. To the Tigers he awarded one free kick, on account of which they scored a point. After a brilliant parlor game on the part of the Juniors, the score, when the referee's whistle gave its final squeak, read, Tigers, 6; Juniors, 0.

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PUNTS.

Referee Kefeelra is a perfect man. In offside plays he always awarded free kicks to both sides.

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Lynch extinguished himself by making touch-downs under his man.

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Before the game the Captain sings :

" Come on ye Tigers, let us smell your breath ;
Now show your teeth, or hide your pride in death.
You've gloried in this boast, "*I've never seen defeat,*"
But you will change your song, when College pets you meet."

After the game he whines :

" O, cursed luck ! How fruitless were my plays
To force the Tigers back, the College score to raise.
Before the game I'll never boast nor sing.
Play ball and win, this is the better thing."

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NOTES.

Some unknown benefactor of the small yard has left on our editorial file the following note : " The right-lined quadrilateral portion of the Junior recreative campus, that has been proportionately circumplanked for the purpose of congealing a large quantity of nebulous fluids, fails to run parallel to the intuitive knowledge that I possess of the ice-floored homes of winter frolic. I entreat you to tell the officers of the J. A. A. to add a few more