

sports. In fact our worst cranks are our bookworms. Great good is got from bodily contact, and men get rid of self-conceit in no better way. It is hoped that our *Alma Mater* may be assisted in some substantial manner to overcome the difficulty, and that the critical public who demand so much of us will respond cheerfully. With what more satisfaction will our critics behold us if our energies were devoted to training our muscles scientifically. And we hope soon to see inaugurated, in connection with our most efficient mental courses, some definite physical course, and thus alleviate the distressed feelings of our professors and the general public.

Athletic Notes.

VARSIITY DEFEATS QUEEN'S.

The memorable 31st, which was to bring such glory and fame to Varsity, dawned misty and threatening. The clouds, however, proved to be a portent only to the visiting team. Many were the fears and doubts whispered among Varsity's warmest supporters when they remembered the doughty deeds wrought by the giants from Queen's in days gone by, and these fears were not lessened when they recalled the "Cripple's Parade" of Thursday last, which was made up of no less than eight members of the favorite team.

The visitors arrived on Friday night full of confidence, and accompanied by about seventy supporters. They at once repaired to bed at the Walker, where, during the night, visions of the cup danced in their heads. At about 11 a.m. they arrived in state at Varsity residence, where they were met by the men of the blue and white, who were proceeding to disrobe for the bloody fray. Meanwhile the lawn had become alive with an immense crowd, principally composed of students, but, despite the unfavorable weather, interspersed with many fair enthusiasts.

Shortly afterwards, amidst a downpour of rain, and fenced about by over a thousand umbrellas, the teams lined up in the following order in response to Mr. Referee Bayly's whistle: Queen's—Back, Webster; half-backs, McRae, Curtis, Wilson; quarter back, McCammon; wings, Cunningham, Horsey, Stewart, Scott, Hunter, Morgan, McCammon; forwards, Marquis, Cameron and Laird. Varsity—Back, McQuarrie; half-backs, Bunting, Parkyn, Gilmour; quarter back, Smith; wings, Claves, Bain, Moss, Laidlaw, Lash, N., Wood, Cross; forwards, Lash, M., McRae and McMillan.

Varsity kicked off towards the northern goal, and Wilson promptly returned the ball past centre, where a scrimmage ensued. After some open play, Queen's rushed and Morgan touched down, thus drawing first blood. The kick at goal failed. Score, 4—0. After the kick off from our twenty-five line, Parkyn dropped on goal and Webster roused. Score, 4—1. It was now Queen's turn again, and McCammon improved matters by touching down after McQuarrie had downed Horsey with a beautiful tackle. Score, 8—1. Curtis returned the kick out, another rush, and Varsity had to rouge. Score, 9—1. This was immediately repeated, much to the chagrin of all the crowd, except the mob from Kingston, who were visibly wild with excitement as things were all going their way so far. Score, 10—1. At this stage of the game Parkyn, who had been laid up all week with a sprained ankle, had to withdraw, as it was apparent he was in no condition to play. Casey Wood went to half-back, the enthusiastic "Joe" taking his place on wing. Both sides in turn now received penalty kicks for off-side play, and Queen's soon scored another rouge. Again Varsity kicked out, McRae returned, and a touch in goal resulted. Score, 12—1.

Queen's have always been noted for their famous rushing in the early part of the game, and now that rush was over and luck seemed to change. Varsity obtained a penalty kick, rushed well past centre, and from a scrimmage Smith passed to Bunting who punted to Queen's

twenty-five line. It was now the visitors' turn for a free kick, but Bunting returned the ball, and Webster had to rouge. Score, 12—2. Varsity was now playing a grand uphill game and remained close to Queen's goal line where Wood shortly dropped a pretty goal, making the score 12—7. From the kick off Wood returned the ball, which Curtis caught and sent it flying back to Varsity's twenty-five line. Here Morgan got a free kick which he failed to convert into a goal. Clarke seized the sphere and rushed wildly to centre, where a scrimmage took place, from which Smith passed to Wood, who passed to Gilmour, who ran well up to Queen's territory and kicked into touch near their twenty-five. After the throw in, time was called, the score standing 12—7 in Queen's favour.

The Varsity team adjourned to the Residence for a few moments, and, while undergoing a vicious rubbing down, listened to harangues from the captain and manager, and to a few well-chosen words of encouragement from an old-time captain, Mr. H. G. Senkler, after which they returned to the strife, confident of winning a hard match.

The visitors had meantime concluded that their opponents were "done," and were heard to remark that "they cannot keep this up five minutes longer, boys," "we have them easily now," etc.; but, the gods be praised, they found themselves deceived.

The second half opened with Queen's kicking off. Wood stopped the rush and ran past centre. Curtis obtained a free kick, but Varsity rushed the leather back to their opponents' twenty-five line. Webster punted back to centre, but Wood returned; a dribble followed, and McRae got a touch, which Wood converted into a goal, and Varsity was in the lead by a score of 13 to 12. The excitement that ensued was beyond description. Shouts of V-A-R-S-I-T-Y, blasts of fish-horns and waving of umbrellas continued for several minutes, and prominent among the crazy crowd was an august member of the Faculty, who jumped fiercely into his own umbrella, and then waved the tattered wreck wildly in the air.

After the kick-off, Bunting returned, and Queen's got a free kick, which was promptly sent back by Wood, and again Varsity obtained a touch, N. Lash doing the trick, for which he was carried triumphantly up the field by the manager and secretary, assisted by the Residence Multi—Mr. Rykert. McQuarry returned the kick-off; Bunting and Claves made a grand rush, and a touch-in-goal resulted. Score, 18 to 12.

Everything continued in our favor, and no sooner had Queen's kicked out than Wood punted behind goal, and Webster was forced to rouge. Score, 19 to 12. Our irresistible scrimmage was now showing the Herculean Marquis and his burly comrades all over the lot, and was ably backed by Smith, who, though quite lame, was playing a beautiful game at quarter. Queen's got a penalty kick, and placed the ball near Varsity's twenty-five line, where off-side play resulted, and the blue and white in turn obtained a free kick. Curtis returned the ball, and Bunting punted past centre. Queen's braced up for a moment, and obtained a touch, much to the chagrin of McQuarry, who would have roused but for the untimely intervention of a stray pup, which Moxie termed his "Jonah." Varsity again rushed, however, and Claves got a try, which Wood again converted into a goal, making the score 25 to 16. After the kick out, Queen's scored a rouge, which was their last effort. Score, 25 to 17. A few minutes of open play, and the great game ended with the ball near the centre of the field.

The rush of the mob would have stopped a freight train, as they carried the players from the field, amidst one continuous roar, which was kept up until every voice was hushed from sheer exhaustion. Trinity was on the grounds in a four-in-hand, cheering on the boys to victory. Mr. Bayly fully sustained his reputation of being a most able and impartial referee, giving complete satisfaction to both teams.

Varsity meets Osgoode, *alias* the "Alumni," this week, in the final struggle for the much-envied mug.