

Dunkley scored the next goal. Half time ended with 2 to 0 in favor of the College.

When the game commenced again it was easily seen that the College would win without trouble, for in less than twenty minutes three more goals were added by Jermyn, Shaw and Kennedy, and before the whistle blew these were increased by two. St. Matthews' scored one. The game ended 7 to 1 in favor of the Normal College and gave them the Spectator Championship Cup with seven points to their credit; St. Matthews' three; Waterdown two.

The defeat of St. Matthews' was due to lack of combination. It is almost impossible to make a distinction among the College players as they all "quitted themselves like men," but mention must be made of the excellent work of our half-backs and backs, for to their close checking and good kicking the victory is in no small part due.

The O. N. C. team was as follows: Goal, Pettit: Backs, Reid, Carter: Half-Backs, Ruddell, Donnelly, Saunders: Forwards, Dunkley, Wren, Shaw, Jermyn, Kennedy. Referee, Mr. Gilmour, Waterdown.

NOTES.

J—m—n: "If you want anything, jump in."

A Spectator: "Say, Reid is the best back in Canada."

Mr. Th—p—on: "I am proud of my boys."

Mr. Cr—f—d: "And well you might be."

A gentle voice: "I should like to have the acquaintance of Mr. K—, he is such a lovely player."

Morning after snowstorm, Carter (exultingly,) as he saw on the sidewalk footprints of the jolly, young, coons and tom ks: Ha! now I see what causes the disturbance in this locality!

The Dying Year.

BY S. A. MORGAN, P.E.D. D.

Farewell, sad year, with how slow steps
delays
The tardy passing of thy hours dead!
On breaking hearts too long thy grief
hath fed;
Farewell, sad year, none, none thy parting
stays!
Farewell, glad year, too brief thy happy
days!
Too soon the circuit of thy joys are sped.
Thy leaf is sear, the smiling roses shed,
With which were crowned thy bliss-
encircled ways.
Farewell, old year, slow tolls thy parting
bell;
Farewell, old year, we may not keep thee
more;
With varying heart we note each dying
knell,
As fades thy form on that oblivious shore;
Oh, grant thou wake no sadder memories
when
Within the lifting veil we meet again!

Vital Lampada.

HENRY NEWBOLT, IN "ADMIRALS ALL"

There's a breathless hush in the Close
to-night—

Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder
smote
"Play up! play up! and play the
game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red.— "—"
Red with the wreck of a square that
broke;—

The Gatling's jammed and the colonel dead
And the regiment blind with dust and
smoke.

The river of death has brimmed his banks,
And England's far and Honour a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the
ranks.

"Play up! play up! and play the
game!"

This is the word that year by year

While in her place the School is set
Every ore of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dares forget.

This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind—

"Play up! play up! and play the
game!"