

nor ruined castles; no literature is even possible in Canada! Well, perhaps not; men do not write in books in times like these, but they have cut their thoughts into the very substance of the soil—not words but deeds; and he who has not learned this language must miss the thrilling note of our Canadian muse. But do not let him say on that account these winter-lands are silent. Let him read into these snow-clad hills—or out of them rather—the romance which a Canadian novelist, Gilbert Parker, has taught, and which all students of Canadian history should feel; and as the fallen leaves are drifted under the first wreaths of snow, let no sense of regret for “old forgotten far-off things” dim the brightness of a past that still lives and throbs with life—a present that is a part of the pattern of that past and a future, the sunset halo of promise over these “brown Canadian hills,” and he will, perhaps, see our autumn woods take on new tint, and on heavy skies a deeper meaning:—

But thou, my country, dream not thou,
Wake and behold how Night is done,
How on thy breast and o'er thy brow
Bursts the uprising sun!

Q.

LACROSSE TOUR, 1896.

(Concluded from last issue.)

After six games our defence played home. Some time before this our little goal-keeper had gone to centre field to get a chance to keep warm. The official score of the game is nine to nothing. It was here that Mackinnon regained his old-time form as a player, and his work on the defence field, where he was placed, was brilliant. Cleland again came into disfavor here, through doing all the scoring. From Stevens to New York and to South Ferry, stopping on the way to telegraph the news of triumph to our captain.

At the Ferry the manager telephoned the Crescent Club at Brooklyn, and in a lordly manner ordered dinner for thirteen at 9.15. It was just that hour when we arrived, and were greeted warmly by Jimmy Garvin and other members of the Crescent team, last year's friends of some of us. Then at 9.30 we sat down to the best dinner that Fritz, the Crescent's genial steward, ever put up for hungry visitors, and having done full justice to it, we turned to quarters in the boat-house. The twelve of us were quartered most comfortably in a large room about the size of the east hall, with the beds ranged round the walls like a hospital ward. Needless to say, it was with jollity and laughter that we bunked, and it was here that Coney seriously announced “I am not going to be jollied, especially by fellows like you, Snell, who have never been in New York before.” The Bear was the last to bed, after he had searched every corner and cranny for his pillow. Bright and early we arose in the morning, and sallied forth in twos and threes and sevens to see the metropolis. It was late when we returned by ones and twos, and as each had had the most experience and seen the best to be seen, it is useless to describe the sights here. “You don't have to marry the girl,” was the watchword of one section; “We are from Philadelphia,” of another. The Saturday was a peculiar day, at times fine, at times cloudy, warm and then chilly. Kingstone joined us again, with his eye much better, but in no shape to play. The verandahs, grand stand and grounds were filled with an appreciative audience—and a very impartial one—the fair sex predominating. The game was played eleven men a side, the Crescents throwing off a man to even up. Although against the best team in the States, Varsity had the match much her own way from the start; and although at the end the Crescents were playing well, and the final score was 8-5, the boys from Canada always had a secure lead. The game was a very pretty one, Varsity's combination both on home and defence being admirable, and the spectators

were many times roused to enthusiasm by the display. That such an exhibition helped the game with the Crescents there is no doubt, and the spectators, many of whom saw lacrosse for the first time, were most appreciative, and after the game all expressed themselves as well pleased and anxious to see more of the game.

We were pleased to meet here many old Canadian friends, among them Alf Taylor, Jack Rose, Newton Brown, '95, and Harry Sullivan. It is needless to state that every one of these gentlemen insisted on seeing that we had a good time. The two teams dined together at the conclusion of the match, and captains Kingstone and Post made most felicitous speeches, expressive of the kindly feelings of the teams to each other. After dinner the boys enjoyed themselves at the dance which was held at the club house as a fitting end to the day. On Sunday, of course, the captain led the team to morning service, and then dismissed them for the day. By the Brooklyn papers it appeared that “Student” Jackson had done the bulk of the work for Varsity. The Student, on the strength of this, or on the strength of something else, triumphantly led a party to Coney Island that evening, and at the table next morning a red doll was blushing displayed, and “You don't have to go to Spain” said Stoney. This mystery is yet unravelled.

Until Monday afternoon we remained the guests of the Crescents, having meantime been quartered in the club house, now nearly ready for summer house. We saw New York and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. Then at 5 p.m. we all gathered on board the *Priscilla*, the Fall Line River boat, to start for Boston and Harvard. We tenderly bade adieu to all the girls on the wharves, and swung down the river. That was a glorious trip, and our vocal quartette endeavored to make it more so by College Songs sung on the after deck, interspersed by T-O-R-O-N-T-O howled out.

Having been forced out of bed by an energetic manager at an unearthly hour, after an hour's run on the train we struck Boston, hungry for breakfast. And here we met Captain Scott and Manager Outerbridge and Leighton and others of the Harvard Club, and while we remained we were constantly under their care, and none of us will ever forget their courtesy and hospitality while with them. They could not do enough for us. We shall always remember our treatment there, and fortunate is any visiting team that falls into the hands of hosts such as these. The team lunched at Harvard in the famous Memorial Hall, and then stripped and put in some half-hour's practice before the game. For the first half the play was ragged. Harvard's defence however showed up surprisingly strong, having been well coached in covering their men and in refusing to be drawn out. In the second half Varsity played up, and some very pretty play resulted. The game ended 9-5 in our favor. That evening the boys spent in Boston under the care of members of the team, and good care was taken of them. Between the two halves the Harvard captain had issued to Varsity a cordial invitation to stay over a day as the guests of the team, and the invitation had been gladly accepted. The boys bunked in the Harvard dormitories. Next day was the 50th anniversary of Cambridge's incorporation as a city. The town was en fête, and the thousands of Boston and of Cambridge turned out to see the procession. The volunteers in the parade did not impress the Canadians favorably, and, in fact, they compare most unfavorably with our men, especially in physique and chest expansion. The afternoon saw us started for home, and the rousing cheers we gave Captain Scott, who saw us off, may perhaps have shown him, in some small measure, our appreciation of all he had done for us. Our way home led through the Hoosac tunnel, and we viewed beautiful scenery as we rolled along and puffed at Crescent Club cigarettes, with which, in some mysterious way, some of our party were well supplied. Then for bed, and next morning at 5.30 the obdurate porter roused us to change at Buffalo. It was a hungry crowd that three hours later stormed