

"HOW WE WENT TO SEE THE DUKE."

The ordeal was over at last; we had just finished our last exams., and, as usual after a great strain is removed, we were in an exalted state of "rebound." It was in one of these "fits of temporary insanity" that one of our number suggested "Let's go to see the Duke," and the proposition, as any other however wild would have been, was received with favor; *some* dissipation was certainly allowable under the circumstances. So it was agreed that we should go.

Now, I have always had a strong opinion with regard to the average intellect of those who will stand around in a "crush" for hours waiting for a glimpse of somebody, whether it be a duke or a criminal awaiting sentence. Only once before do I remember having given way to such weakness. Once, "on the other side of the line," I was present at a meeting of welcome in honor of General Logan, shortly before the election in which he was *not* made Vice-President. At the close of the meeting, the chairman announced that all who passed through a certain entrance might have the pleasure of shaking hands with the General. Though we, as Canadians, didn't feel that the handshake would be any particular inspiration to us, we thought it rather a pity to miss anything that was going, and accordingly passed out with the majority.

In the present instance I felt what a consciousness of superiority it would give me when I returned home to be able to tell the gaping rustics (this expression is merely figurative, and *not* meant to imply that I hail from Algoma or any other equally outlandish spot) that I had seen a *real live* Duke!

Influenced by such considerations we wended our way at the appointed time along the street through which the procession was to pass. It was already crowded with people who were evidently afraid they might miss something. We passed along with studied carelessness, trying to give the impression that business had brought us to that part of the city, but I suspect that the attempt was not a very successful one. We entered the Gardens, and took up our position to the south of the Pavilion amidst a motley crowd of men, who tried—as men always do on such occasions—to look as if they had merely strolled there in passing to see why such a crowd had collected; while the women, with their usual guilelessness, had arranged themselves in their best apparel, thus showing that they, at least, were there through no accident. The greater part of the crowd, however, was composed of urchins of all sorts and conditions, who had constantly to be reminded by the police—of which there was a full force—to keep back from the carriage way. I was greatly amused at the dismay of a group of school boys at finding themselves in the immediate neighborhood of their respected, but austere principal, and at their frantic efforts to find a spot a little more retired.

There were several gentlemen near us who seemed rather shocked by the flippant remarks with which we thought to "while away the lagging hours" (strictly speaking, that word should be in the singular, but truth must occasionally be sacrificed to poetic beauty!). They were striving to atone for their display of such feminine (?) weakness by keeping up a most learned conversation, of which we now and then caught a stray word. I think they would have been more lenient with us if they had

known that we had just disposed of the last of our ideas and had left them carefully enclosed in large envelopes to await further developments.

Every baker's cart that went rattling along the street—and it seemed to me that all the bakers in the city must have entered into agreement to pass that place at frequent intervals—was greeted with the exclamation, "There comes the Duke!" Then the crowd would suddenly subside as they saw the cause of their momentary illusion and a sad smile would pass over their faces at the thought of their "gullibility." So the time wore on, and when our patience was well nigh exhausted we were roused to a momentary excitement by the rumor—this time well founded—that the Duke was really here. He was preceded by a body guard, who attracted almost as much attention as the royal visitor himself. They reminded me of some of Scott's knights-errant, with their prancing horses and glittering helmets, and carried me in thought away back into the Middle Ages.

"While I was thus musing I cast my eyes" upon the carriage which followed and caught a passing glimpse of the occupants. In the open Victoria sat three people, a lady and gentleman in the back seat and in the seat facing them a gentleman. The crowd shouted, one of the gentlemen raised his hat and bowed, and the vision passed. I tried to convince myself that I had actually noticed in the Duke a striking resemblance to his royal mother, but considering the rate at which the carriage passed, and the bobbing heads of the crowd in front, I shouldn't care to be put on oath. As we slowly dropped from the attitude of tip-toed expectancy my companion said to me—in the accents of despair—"Which *was* the Duke anyway?" and we went away feeling more than ever before the truth of those words, "Verily, all is *vanity* and vexation of spirit." E.

THREE VICTORIES—ONE DEFEAT.

On Saturday, Varsity's Association team were credited with their third win in the Toronto League series. This time the victims were the Marlboro's, who, although a new entry in the league, have already made their reputation as a first-class team. At all events the match between Varsity and the Marlboro's was a rattling good one in all respects, and for fastness was not far behind its predecessor with the Scots the week before.

Some of the players were late in turning up, and it was not till four o'clock that the ball was faced. The Varsity forwards got at once to work, and from the kick off were always dangerous, Anderson's services being frequently called into requisition. The Marlboro's forward line was also frequently on the aggressive, and during this half the play was by no means confined to one end of the field. A short time after Anderson's grand stop of a clear shot of McLay's, Varsity's right wing ran the ball up, and on a centre by Duncan, Buckingham kicked goal No. 1 for Varsity. About ten minutes after, on another centre by Duncan, "Watty" Thomson scored with a swift, hard shot. Then came the Marlboro's turn. Through a series of misunderstandings and flukes by the Varsity defence, Elliott was enabled to carry the ball to the mouth of the Varsity goal and to score an unearned point. Thus the first half closed with the game 2 to 1 in favor of Varsity. During this half the play was somewhat even, with the advantage, however, with Varsity. During the second half two more goals were scored by Varsity, the first by a nice shot of Duncan's, the second being headed in by "Watty" Thomson off Buckingham's corner-kick. Had it not been for the really magnificent goal-keeping of