

of western clubs who, to say the least, were surprised at the result, we want to do some coaching. For good straight long kicks Knox can't well be beaten, but for sure kicks with the ball in any position they had to take second place. But what demoralized Knox more than anything else was the "heading" of Queen's. It was amusing. You would see Mustard preparing for a long kick; half-way down the field stands a Knox's man and a few feet behind him, so as not to arouse suspicion, is a Queen's man. Suddenly the ball comes sailing down and our Knox friend waiting it to alight congratulates himself on a good kick; but "the egg was never hatched," for while the ball is still in the air you see a streak of red, white and blue rising upward, and the next instant that ball is 40 feet from the wondering Knoxite. Every man of the champions deserves his place in the team.

No one will dispute Pierie as the best all-round player in Canada. Irving shewed himself to be at least equal to the famed Mustard; and McArdle and Heslop deserve special praise. Mitchell, the little Glasgow man, shews what a foot-ball spirit runs in every Scotchman's veins. McLeod and Bertram concocted several schemes by which as often two Knox men were left. After the game the runner of the Knox team came up to enquire "who was that man who played on me? I have played many a match but never was as easily left as to-day." "Why," we answer, "that's Bertram, the Dundas runner!" A prolonged oh! in response seemed to contain a world of meaning.

In giving these little points we are not courting our own defeat, as our readers may be sure that enough little dodges will be kept in the dark to secure the same result next year.

SENIOR—"Yes, 'The Ethics of Modern Heterodoxy' is a good subject for your graduation speech. 'How to drive a Horse Car' would be more sensible, though, and probably quite as useful to the rest of the boys after they get through applying for jobs as editors of leading daily newspapers."

THE same man who christened his pig Maud, because she went into the garden, and his cat Misery, because he loved company, and his wife Crystal, because she was always on the watch, has now purchased a brace of fine hunting dogs for the sole purpose of baptizing them Two for a Scent, and publishing the fact in a comic almanac.

NARCISSUS.

THE sun its sparkling rays outspreads
O'er Helicon's song-laden peaks,
When through the valley bright, there treads
A youth, who rest from hunting seeks,
His weary limbs he comes to shade
Within some cool Nymph-haunted glade.

His form with dazzling charms is clad,
A perfect shape and wondrous eye,
A beauty that in time past had
From many a fair one drawn a sigh;
But in Narcissus never sprung
A love for those his praise that sung.

To quench his thirst his eager feet
Find Hippocrene's cooling tide,
Where silver sands the sunlight meet,
And silken shadows softly glide;
Down to the crystal flood he kneels,
New thrilling life each warm pulse feels.

"Fair Nymph!" he cries "What Goddess kind
Has lent my eyes so rare a sight?
Let not your heart to love be blind,
Or tremble at my passion's might;
Come from your damp and chilly tomb,
And dwell with me where myrtles bloom."

Love-burdened is each burning word,
Nor moves the shape beneath his glance,
Day sounds float by his ear unheard,
But still he stoops as in a trance.
How vain is he, who tries to keep
His soul from love's all conquering sweep!

And as he gazes, on the wind
A hollow voice is sadly borne,
That carries to his fevered mind
The wail of one he's left to mourn.
'Tis Echo's, whom he long has spurned,
While with undying flame she burned.

"At last, Oh! youth of stony heart
Your strength has yielded to love's power,
Long did you boast no maiden's art
Could win you to her secret bower,
But now your own reflected form
Creates in you o'erwhelming storm."

"My passion you refused to learn,
And cast my proffered love aside;
Now Nemesis has made to burn
In you a flame you oft defied!
Farewell! so 'tense shall be love's fire
'T will be your only funeral pyre!"

The voice he heeds not, but with gaze
Fixed on the trembling beauteous shade,
He sighs through many dreary days,
While earth-thoughts from his memory fade;
Until his heart strings burst and death
Enraps his soul in icy breath.

From his young blood a God-sent flower
Leaps forth to meet the radiant sun,
And drinks each mellow-draughted shower
To nurse its life by lost love won;
It's yellow blossoms waving gleam,
And cast a shadow in the stream.

T. G. MARQUIS.