

perial with some of the "belle femme" of St. John. I know that is horrid French, but it answers the purpose.

About 10.30 the boys all turned in, that is all save Hick, who didn't get in till about 11.30. There's a certain "Mary," but our captain would not divulge anything more. Bertie and Casey, who had both begged every one to be in early, blew in a little before one, and everything settled down for the night. About five next morning every one was awakened by a terrific crash. Jack had thrown Dick out of bed.

On Saturday two or three small incidents might be mentioned before the grand climax—the trip home. In the morning Fatty went to the post office for mail (?). Someone says there is a certain fair stenog. at that same P. O. who knows friend Jack. Dick, who wasn't allowed to remove his cap in the hotel for fear of fire, locked himself in a telephone booth. And the funny part was we could hear all the conversation but the girl's name.

After the game Saturday we rushed to the Clifton, bolted our supper, and caught the evening train. And coming up we sang. At first our car was crowded, but very rapidly it contained only High School boys. Even the conductor did not dare enter for our tickets. At the Junction we scared one train off the track, or something. We had to wait long enough for them to build a new train. When we got home we enjoyed an ice cream at the Palms, and then buried ourselves amidst the sheets till about 8.30 Monday morning. Biscotin,—'30 (or thereabouts).

### ROTHESAY VS. F. H. S.

The field at Rothesay was very dry and the game made much more trying on the players than necessary. In the first half the territory play was about even. Some ten minutes after the initial whistle Rutter bucked over for the first try, after play had been worked up to the R. C. S. fifteen-yard line. Babbitt failed to convert. About three minutes later the R. C. S. half-line combined well to score, Ryan missing an attempted dive tackle. The convert was from a very difficult angle but successful. In the second half we had all the advantage of territory play, but could not go over. Twice we thought we had scored but the touch judge called us back. His rendering of the rules was not the modern interpretation. The game ended near the Rothesay line.

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## The Stowaway

de St. Pol (in England known as "The Saint" by reason of his calling) had been in the saddle all night, and the night before he had ridden well into the morning by the roundabout trail of the down valleys, hidden by the low hills. He had slept the afternoon in a chalky crevice on the side of a long-grassed rising; and now it would be dawn in an hour. He must be well