

*Though Phillips' coat is rent;
Though many eggs, well spent,
Have their remembrance lent,
Ours is the glory.*

*Many the heads they broke;
Well, we can stand the joke,
For o'er the laugh they choke:
"Eighteen to Naught!"*

The second installment
of Lewis' defeat.

But now the second half's begun,
The innocents slaughtered some more;
And we let Lewis enjoy the fun,
While we pile up the score.

Here the author decides
to spare the feelings of
Lewis.

I'll mercy show. Why tell the tale
Of glory so cheaply bought;
For, ah! Their team to score did fail,
We won — "Thirty-four to Naught."

A time of general
rejoicing

Enough, that on the journey home,
We cheer each foot-ball star,
And 'neath the city's sooty dome
Our glory is spread afar.

Then hail to the girls whose smiles cheered our
team;
The Profs. who applauded to see.
Forever triumphant in glory they gleam,
The sons of A. I. of T.

*Thus went the game — the Armour fame
Has added luster new;
For Armour fame in foot-ball game
Is writ where all can view.*

*Armour, rejoice! In tuneful voice
Proclaim a thankful glee!
Victory's ours, and joyful hours
Will reign at A. I. T.*