

ANOTHER EASY VICTORY

ROUGH RIDERS WON FROM ARGONAUTS.



JUNGLE TERRORS DEFEATED MONTREAL ON M.A.A. GROUNDS.

Score of 24 to 1 About Indicates the Play—Tigers Were the Best by a Large Margin and Had It on Montreal in Every Department of the Game.

"I think Tigers will win the championship."—Chaucer Elliott.

"The Winged Wheel team did not play as good a game on their own grounds as they put up in Hamilton Thanksgiving Day."—Captain Ben Simpson.

"Argos almost beat Ottawa, and on that day the men from the Capital will not have much chance for the championship against the yellow and black."—Manager Hasty Lazear.

"The game was somewhat of a disappointment."—Wally Hagar.

"It was a clean game and easy to handle."—Referee George Ballard.

"We hardly expected to win the game, but we certainly did not expect a 24 to 1 score against us."—Capt. Tommy Stinson.

"During the third quarter Montreal backed up and the gave the Hamilton bunch a run, but it was Tigers all the way in the other parts of the game."—Referee Jimmy Craig.

"Nothing but the Grey Cup will do this year."—Doc Thompson.

Saturday's big game in Montreal at the M. A. A. grounds between the Tiger and Winged Wheel teams was a big disappointment to everybody—a most pleasing one to the natives of the jungle town, and an unpleasant one to the denizens of the eastern metropolis. After the good showing made here on Thanksgiving Day by the Montreal players it was naturally expected that they would give the Jungle Terrors the hardest kind of a battle. But it was a case of Hamilton all the way, and it was only in one stage, during the third quarter, that the homesters looked anything like dangerous. Two or three of Montreal's best players were off color on Saturday, and the whole team had suffered a slump since the game here. The Tigers played their usual hard, strong game, and both back division and wing line worked with snap and vigor throughout the game. On the other hand, the Montreal aggregation seemed to lack vigor, and fumbled repeatedly behind the line. Tommy Stinson, the famous little full back, was away off color, and put up one of the weakest games of his football career. He was hurt, and the rest of the team was not in the twilight. The M. A. A. provided a special car to convey the Tigers to and from the grounds.

RESULT NEVER IN DOUBT.
It was not an exciting game to watch, the play being in Montreal territory four-fifths of the time, with the Tigers always in the lead by a big margin. After the first ten minutes of play the result was never in doubt, and the remainder of the game was just a fight, on Montreal's part, to keep down the score. The line plunging of the Tiger wings was the feature of the game. Time and again the yellow and black bucked for gains of from five to fifteen yards. Gerald Wigle never played better in his life than he did in the first half of the game on Saturday. Three times in succession he hit the Montreal line for gains averaging ten yards, and the Montreal wings seemed impotent to stop him. When it came to exchange of punts Tigers always gained. In fact they had it on Montreal in every department of the game by a large percentage.

CLEAN GAME.
The game was unusually free from rough work, and was one of the cleanest that has been played on a Canadian gridiron in years. Only in a couple of instances did anything of a reprehensible nature occur, and once in the last quarter, when Duckett straight-armed to Moore's nose, causing Arthur's protests to swell up to unusual proportions. Duckett's action was not thought deliberate, but just one of those accidents which are liable to occur in the heat of any game.

The work of the officials left nothing to be desired, and no complaints were heard against Ballard and Craig from either side. The players generally got their yards, and offense and interference was not tolerated. The game was an easy one to handle.

TIGERS ARE STRONG.
As the teams lined up on Saturday, the Tigers are over a hundred per cent. stronger than Montreal. Two weeks ago the Rough Riders could only defeat Montreal by a score of 8 to 3. Compare that with the score of 24 to 1 hung up on Saturday, and Tigers' chances for the championship of the "Big Four" look very bright. The Jungle Terrors have been coming on every game, and every man on the team acquitted himself with credit on Saturday. The absence of Frank Harvey from the back division was not felt, as "Dutch" Burton, who played left half, was one of the best men on the field, and put up as good a game as the intermediate captain is capable of. This matter of intermediate men refusing to answer the senior call is causing a lot of unpleasantness, and one of the members of the executive, who has been handling the seconds, will find himself in an unenviable position as a consequence of his refusing to permit Harvey to play with the seniors. Of

course, Harvey was at liberty to do as he pleased in the matter, but as he was elected captain of the intermediates on turning out this year, he thinks he is in honor bound to play the season with them. However, since the seconds lost on Saturday to Dunlop, and are now out of the running for the championship, it is likely they will be willing to give up their star centre half.

The officers and members of the Montreal Club were most courteous in their treatment of the Tigers. Besides providing a special car to take them from the hotel to the grounds, they tendered the visitors a banquet at the Windsor Hotel after the game. The relations between the clubs are as they should be—pleasant and sociable.

WAG WAS THERE.
"Look at that man hit the line!" was the exclamation heard on all sides as Gerald Wigle would rip through the Montreal line, upsetting and warding off a half a dozen tacklers before being brought down. Wag certainly played the game of his life on Saturday, and his plunges gave the Tigers their yards on more than one occasion. Especially in the first half he seemed "ungettable," and the Montreal wings began to fear his rushes more even than the redoubtable "Isis." Wag had it on his mark by an appreciable margin, and generally broke through in time to get down the field at the heels of the outside men. The big fellow has been putting up a remarkable game this year, and has developed into about the best line plunger in the country. He goes at an opposing line at a terrific rate, and it generally takes two or three men to pull him down. He is one of the best tacklers on the team, and the man that he goes after generally comes down with a thud that is sweet music to the yellow and black supporters. Another man who is playing a star game this year is Arthur Moore. Last year some of the fans thought he had gone back, but on his form in all of the games this year, the most exacting critics would find it a hard matter to find anything to complain of in his playing. The old zig-zag runs that made him famous in the old O. R. F. U., have been much in evidence this year, and opposing backs seldom place their punts in his territory if they can avoid it. Moore has only made one or two fumbles in the three games this year, and has been one of the best ground gaining players on the yellow and black team. He has lost none of his ability to run through a broken field. The following from the Montreal Standard shows how Moore's work appealed to the scribe:

Montreal's rugby team in the making succumbed to the time-seasoned veterans from Hamilton to the tune of 24 to 1. The trick runs of Moore, and the strength of the Tiger wings, simply overwhelmed the locals, and though they played a sporty game and did their best to keep the ever-growing score against them down as much as possible, the match was a one-sided one. There was little unnecessary roughness, and little foul play, and when the final whistle blew the general opinion was that, while the Tigers had won easily, another year would see the Montreal youngsters in condition to make a serious bid for the inter-provincial championship.

THE BIG COP.
That "Huckle" Bramer is the pick of the wing line men brought out this year, none who saw his game on Saturday will deny. He is the greatest man on the team for gathering in loose balls, and is becoming an adept in the gentle art of stealing the ball from the enemy. On more than one occasion he secured the ball for the Jungle Terrors on Saturday, and his hands seem to have a sort of magnetic attraction for the pigskin. This is the first year that Bramer has ever played real football, and his showing entitles him to a membership in that aristocratic order of wingmen known as the "big four." The big cop has got a world of speed for a big man, and is always in the best of condition. He can run a hundred yards in 11

seconds flat, which is going some when tips the scales at 195 pounds.

BURTON PLAYED WELL.
After being laid up for over a week and a half with an injured knee "Dutch" Burton jumped into the game on Saturday and gave a sterling exhibition. He caught everything that came his way and pulled off some sensational runs. "Dutch's" one weakness is his inability to punt, however, his dodging and catching abilities more than make up for this deficiency, especially when there is a Ben Simpson on the team.

SIMPSON'S PUNTS.
Captain Ben Simpson played his usual heady game, and when it came to long punts he had it on Stinson and Duckett by about ten yards. Some of the spectators thought the Montrealers were not taking advantage of their opportunities by not resorting to a punting game, but either at close or open football the Tigers were much the best. The school-master's booting leg was in fine trim, but he was not as sure as usual with his hands. He made a few fumbles on Saturday, and on a couple of occasions Montreal secured the ball before he could recover.

The scrimmage worked perfectly. Craig, Pfeiffer and Bramer certainly make a strong combination, and it takes a mighty strong trio to shove them around any. They have more than held their own against any scrim they have been up against this year.

SUMMARY

Tigers	
First Quarter.	
Rouge	1
Try, by Turner	5
Second Quarter.	
Rouge	1
Try, by Pfeiffer	5
Converted, by Moore	1
Safety touch	2
Rouge	1
Third Quarter.	
Rouge	1
Last Quarter.	
Try, by Turner	5
Converted, by Moore	1
Total	24
Montreal	
First Quarter.	
No score.	
Second Quarter.	
No score.	
Third Quarter.	
Kick to dead line	1
Last Quarter.	
No score.	
Total	1

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work on the part of Montreal, gave Grey a chance to dribble the ball across, and, though three or four of the Montreal halves tried to stop it, they were finally compelled to make a safety touch, and the score stood:

Tigers 15, Montreal 0.	
Montreal's constant weakness seemed to be their failure to kick when they had a chance.	
A kick by Simpson secured another point for Tigers through a tough-tackle, the score being:	
Tigers 16, Montreal 0.	
Through an off-side on the part of the Tigers, the ball came to centre field again, and there it was at half time.	
THIRD QUARTER.	
Montreal rushed things a bit at the beginning of the second half. Duckett returned a kick from centre, and got the ball well to Hamilton's ten yard line. A short kick by Duckett got the ball to Art Moore, who was promptly downed.	
Montreal had the ball, and a chance, but again they failed to kick and when they lost it Simpson kicked. It was caught by Montreal, however, and Duckett kicked it well near Tiger goal line. When he got another chance he kicked it to the dead line, and Montreal gained their first point.	
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