

## AFTER THE BATTLE.



AND so the battle's over, and all is ours. Surveying the field and seeing nothing left to conquer, Alexander-like, we weep for more worlds to satisfy our thirst for glory.

A glance around reveals but ruins—the remnants of former glories—inevitable results of the progress of even the most generous army of victors. Yet we would that our victory had been bought with less destruction to ardent hopes. For there can be no doubt that at the beginning of the recent campaign the allied forces congratulated themselves on the certain downfall of the common enemy. "Ottawa College is very weak, you know, and the recruits are not coming up to championship form," such was the joyous whisper from Montreal to Hamilton.

Ottawa city was the first to put out a feeler; the result was not exactly what was expected; but then Ottawa was out of condition and would improve vastly before the next match, while the champions were in their best possible form. The old rivals met again; it was a repetition of the same story. After this Ottawa forsook the Triple Alliance. A wonderfully fine lot of footballers, those members of the Ottawa club—fast, strong and plucky, capable of great things. But they have a long and difficult lesson to learn—it is to bring into practice that certain fact that 15 men working intelligently together towards a common end are 15 times stronger than 15 men, each striving to realize his own dreams. Learn this, Ottawa, and we shall begin to fear you.

Two years had passed since Toronto made its last effort to defeat Ottawa College, and they were two years of preparation. Then with the laurels of recent victories fresh upon their brows, the Toronto footballers came to crown their career. In the west, no doubt existed of

their ability to conquer; in the east the champions trembled. Yet, after the game the unwilling wire ticked to Toronto the doleful message, "Lost 17 to 2." What a magnificent game it was! No such football was ever before played in Canada, and certainly not since. The two fastest, surest and best organized teams in the country were pitted against each other on the 26th of October, and the struggle was one to which both may point with excusable pride. A few such games would make football as popular as was lacrosse in its halcyon days. Ottawa College pays willing tribute to the prowess of its opponents. Yes, Toronto, we regret not to have met you a second time, and should the Union decide that we are no longer champions, we know of no such worthy shoulders as yours upon which to rest our mantle for a while.

Change your tactics, Queen's. Strength never enjoyed a lengthy triumph over science and skill. Yours is undoubtedly a strong team, (why should it not be so with an average of almost 180 pounds?) but in your strength lies your chief source of weakness. Your style of playing was in vogue five or six hundred years ago, but it is ancient now. Of you did the poet think when, in the reign of Edward III, he wrote,

"Care of victory

Makes them salute so rudely, breast to breast,  
That their encounter seems too rough for jest."

We rejoice in our double victory over you, because you were so anxious to defeat us and so confident, but we rejoice especially because we would not wish to see your game put forward as the highest standard of Canadian football. Your aspirations, O! Queen's, were lofty; your realizations little; your desserts less. And it is well that such is the case. The high honors of champions of Canada would receive but scant increase in being won and worn by a team that considers football as a game of mere physical strength.