

stones and the man leaped up the bank. Catching at stones, roots, tufts of grass, anything, he scrambled up to the path. A swift glance to the other side of the boom failed to reveal anything, but Tom had worked too long on the river not to know the strength and cruelty of that smooth-looking current. Could he ever make the distance? Was there even a chance, weighed down as he was by his heavy driver's boots? But the vision in his heart lent swiftness to his feet. He ran as he never ran in his life before, cleared the wood and came leaping down the stony path to the mill. Not the first door, the machinery there is close, he might lose some seconds; the second is piled up with slabs; he must go on to the third. Here the way is clear. He dashes through the astonished men around the door, rushes in past Mr. Graham, leaps the carriage with its logs, flashes past the sawyer and out upon the platform over the dam. Thank God, he is still in time.

Down on his knees he goes and braces himself for the pull. The child is only a couple of feet away. Will he be able to seize him or will that swift current still be too much for him? He is under his hand, and sure as the handspike to the log goes out Tom's hand to the collar of the little coat. The grip is strong, and one great pull brings the child to the platform.

Tom rose with the little dripping figure in his arms and turned to the mill. The men, who had crowded to the door, stretched out eager hands to take the child, but as they saw it was little Mac, fell back quietly to make room for Mr. Graham, who had come up, only now beginning to real-

ize the situation. He took the child and sat down suddenly on a tool-chest near by. In a few minutes he assured himself that his boy was really alive and beginning to breathe naturally. Then grasping Tom Grogan by the hand, he said quite simply, "Thank you, Tom. When you or your boy need a friend, you can always count on me."

"O, it's all right, sir," answered Grogan, awkwardly. Then looking round in his own dull way, "I didn't finish the logs, sir. Guess I'll go back to my work."

—E. M., '01.

PROFESSIONAL COACHING IN FOOTBALL.

I N all its various aspects and interests, football has lately received much attention in the press and from laymen not closely connected with the game. We have been reading articles on the Ethics of Football, Professionalism in Football, Brutality of Football, Suppression of Football, and much nonsense on football. The situation in Canadian football, as regards either rough play or professionalism has never reached the acute stage in which the American game now finds itself. The Canadian rules do not favor the wedge formation and massed plays that form so undesirable a feature of American football; nor have we here the opportunities for immense gate receipts, with their inevitable tendency to make the game not a game, but a serious business. The point of view from which we shall regard the American game as good or bad depends upon our answer to the question—is football a game or a business? As a business proposition, the American game is far ahead of ours.