

PLAYED TO A STANDSTILL

Mulock Semi-Finals Between the Senior Meds and S.P.S.

Perhaps in all the annals of Canadian football, or those of any other country for that matter, there has never been a game recorded which was played in such extraordinary weather as that between big Alex. Mackenzie's sawbones and Billy Boyd's bridge-builders. On Monday morning it was remarked on all sides that the Mulock was off for the week, on account of the big snowstorm of Sunday night, and it certainly did seem impossible that thirty men could be found who would flounder around in the drifts which covered the campus, merely for the sake of glory. However, those who prophesied that the game would not be played turned out to be false prophets, for it certainly was played and played hard too.

About two o'clock in the afternoon Billy Alexander and Lorn Allan girded up their loins, and each shouldering a shovel waded out to the field where the tops of the goal posts could be seen protruding from the snow a few inches, and manfully they set to work to shovel out the lines. Since then both have been given opportunities of joining the snow-removing department of the city. By the time the lines were marked both teams were ready for the fray, and they pranced out to the gridiron followed by friends and admirers. The first difficulty that presented itself was how to place the ball for the kick-off, which belonged to the engineers. Men from "School" are full of resources, and they managed to get the snow beaten down before the kick, by a game of "ring around rosy," in which the procession was led by George Revell, Jack Davidson being musical director.

Captain Boyd kicked, Kelly caught, and ball and man went out of sight into the "beautiful" as the result of a hard tackle. Then for twenty-five minutes a series of scrimmages and free kicks, the ball being seldom outside of Meds' twenty-five. But the embryo doctors played a stubborn defence game, and prevented what seemed a sure thing for their husky opponents. When the ball was scrimmaged, several players would sink out of sight, and no decisions as to ownership of the sphere could be given till they were dug up and identified. Once Boyd got a free kick five yards out, and it looked like sudden death for the Meds, but Blanchard relieved nicely and the game started all over again. Alec Mackenzie claimed everything in sight, or out of sight, and got a lot, too, and when half time came it found him and his team holding the fort for all they were worth and contesting every inch of ground. In the first half the fleecy covering in the science territory was not disturbed behind the 25-yard line except where Archibald left the marks of his fairy feet. Both teams retired to the Gym for light refreshments when the whistle blew.

The second half commenced with a block of Davidson's return from the kick-off, followed by a scrimmage at the School of Science twenty-five. Billy Boyd cut himself loose right here and in two scrimmages the ball was transferred to the Meds' quarter, where once again the draughters became dangerous. Archibald relieved from a punt over the line and Frank Turnbull fell on the ball without going through the five-yard formality, and as a result S. P. S. were given a scrimmage five yards out. Here it was that the Meds played their game. Quarter-back McDougall and Turnbull bucked the line for splendid gains and finally worked right out to half way. Doodles and Jack Elliott cannoned on each other's craniums, and each will be on the shelf for a day or two undergoing repairs. Stubb Smith was promptly on hand to tie up the wounds of the unfortunates and expressed his satisfaction at not missing this outdoor clinic. Only a few minutes remained till time, and when the whistle blew the school was again pressing on the Meds' line. Score 0-0. S.P.S. certainly showed up as the stronger team in Monday's game, having their opponents on the defensive most of the time, but Toronto Meds are clear grit right through and a victory over their fifteen must be earned, for they showed themselves to be strongest when hardest pressed.

The heads of the following players were seen bobbing up above the snow-line before the game commenced:

S.P.S.—McDonald, Davidson, Boyd, Stovel, Foreman, Elliott, Hunt, Grant, Rose, Revell, McLennan, Wagner, Lytle, Clarke, Perry.

Meds—Archibald, Kelly, Blanchard, Turnbull, McDougall, MacKenzie, Montizambert, Jones, Campbell, Tanner, Gow, Fiath, Keith, Currie, Coult.

The officials were "Yank" Brown, referee, and Stoney Jackson, umpire.

SCHOOL OF SCIENCE

A good combination.—Monds and Barber. O, Walter, have your wits gone wool-gathering? Or, perhaps, you have not recovered from your Thanksgiving celebration.

It was demonstrated to the third year that the students of La Fayette College do not need to take a trip on the deep in order to experience the usual sensations. They have a bridge specially made so that when used, especially after dinner, it vibrates as a ship on the ocean. Some members of the third year would like to see a similar one erected here, as it would bring back pleasant recollections of a trip taken in the early part of November to Niagara. Also because they could come back another way without extra charge.

V. E. Neelands is with us again, and is looking very well.

'02 VANQUISHES '99

Gliding from bush to bush, from tree to tree, after the fashion of an Apache or a Kiowa, a score of strangely seeming creatures made their way up the Rosedale ravine in the shades of a December evening. A few stray maids whose homeward course had led them near that lonely route, fled shrieking from the sight. Chance citizens saw the host with vision distorted in the gathering dusk, and wildfire tidings spread abroad that Hobble-Gobble with his Onondaga braves had broken out from the Caledonian reserve to scalp the town. The small boy with more discernment than his elders, yelled at the shattered aggregation the shortest road to the hospital and the grave-yard. But any one of the 500 spectators whose great and grand "Amen" marked the passing of '99, could have told them that it was only Count Armour with his "Invincibles," the patriotic Billy Alexander and a spare man or two, making their way to the wiles of the Don flars, there to seek obscurity from the sarcasm of the world, to bury their heads in the soft clay and kick their heels regretfully in the air.

Meanwhile the doughy "Babes," headed by Biddy Darling, with a grin on the shape of a Florida banana, were cavorting around University property, entirely forgetful, in their newly-awakened arrogance, of the necessity of raising their hats to the seniors, and of spreading down their coats to assist the men of the earlier part of the next century over muddy places. But we nobly forgave the children this neglect as we thought of the phenomenal performance of the afternoon, and thought of the glory that would come to old Varsity in future days, when sports like these graced the lowest year. Poor old '99! Marching through season after season of undimmed victory she finds it is high time to graduate, before she drops completely into that most melancholy of classes—the "has-beens."

Beaten by freshmen! Wor e than that, by the very freshmen she had helped to hustle. But list to the tale of woe.

How Count Armour and Tommy Russel strove with mighty strivings, how Billy Ross, slow to anger, bucked the line, how Snell and Waldie ran and kicked, but all in vain! For what could they avail when the score stood 2 to 1, and Alex. McKenzie would boost the Babes five minutes nearer the end by punting the ball out of sight and ken.

Immediately after the kick-off, '99 scored a touch-in-goal on a kick by Snell, made after some neat running and passing by the halves. That was their first and last point, for after that things went hard with '99 for all the first half, and the play was most of the time pretty well down in their territory, their crack wings and scrimmage, seeming not at all superior to those of the freshmen. In fact, had not a free-kick relieved, a touch-down for the first year would have been inevitable, and the seniors were glad to hear the whistle blow after twenty-five minutes' hard play. During this half the scrimmaging and line bucking of '02 was of championship quality, and gained ground time after time, a rather remarkable fact considering the aggregation of cracks against them. Both Armour and Mullin had been very tricky in centre and McKenzie, the referee, had to warn them at half time.

McKenzie kicked off in the second half, and Waldie made a splendid return, but the freshmen again forced the sphere towards the '99 goal, Biggs making a fine run and a punt nearly all the way. Open play and good work by the halves shifted the scene of action to the centre. But '99 was doomed and a free kick by McKenzie went over the dead line and the score was 1 to 1. After that poor work by Fudger gave '99 considerable gains, but a free kick relieved, and when Pary made vile work of McKenzie's long high punt the '99 goal was again in sight. Another free kick to the freshmen and another gain. For some time play was even, but the good luck that has attended the stars of the senior year for the past three seasons had deserted them, and McKenzie got another off-side kick, punting again over the dead line. Score: 2 to 1.

After the line-up at 25 yards things began once more to look blue for '99, but some Association kicking by Snell relieved in fine style and the game was at an end. This was the last Rugby match for the class of '99, and they have had an exceptionally brilliant record. In their first year they won the opening match, but defaulted the second, having the modestly befitting the freshman class and not liking to beat their seniors too badly. Sad to say, '02 does not seem to have that modesty. In their second year they won the Arts Championship and were in the finals. In their third they won the Mulock Cup, although the Senior Meds were by a technicality admitted to equal honors. This year they were only vanquished by the small margin of one point for the Arts Championship.

DENTAL COLLEGE

"Now do be good."

Jones has joined the W. C. T. U., and is a regular attendant. He is the only pebble on the beach.

The class of '00 was very much in evidence at last week's meeting of the R. D. S. Both Bartham and Gallagher are to be complimented on the excellence of their make-up, while our irrepressible and only genuine Jimmy Kelsey certainly deserves credit for the way in which he worked against tremendous odds in the shape of R. C. Bain, '99. Foster and Campbell (K.C.) also contributed to the evening's entertainment in a 3-round bout, which was declared a draw by referee "Doc" Henderson. The evening was very pleasantly spent by all present.

PRIMARY AND SENIOR MEDS

They contest for the Mulock Cup—Seniors Triumph.—Notes from the School.

Last Wednesday afternoon the Primary and Senior Meds played off their scheduled game in the Mulock Cup series, and, as usual, the young fellows acted gallantly and fell down like little heroes before their older co-annihilators. The game was a close and well-contested one all the way through, yet neither side attempted any rough work, which proves what nice, good little boys we have attending our school. The end of the first half saw no score, but shortly after the second half began, one Grey, a big freshman, had the boldness to kick a drop on goal from a penalty at the forty-yard line, which caused much enthusiasm to pervade the camp of the primary years. After this discourteous act, our young brethren forgot their dignity so far as to really attempt to defeat us, but Montizambert, whom everyone knows, didn't relish their way of acting, and decided to make a try, which he successfully accomplished just as time was up. Rutherford had both tibia and fibula fractured above the knee, at least that is what he said after the game. His enforced retirement from the game was a great loss to his team.

A meeting of the Dinner Committee was held Tuesday afternoon of last week, and the following were appointed as the Reception Committee: Messrs. Knox, Brethour, Radcliffe, O'Brien, Doherty, Young, Holmes, Hutchison and Wright.

Well the Primary Meds didn't beat their Seniors in the Mulock series, but they came "near it, very near it." They feel that the referee's decision rather than the Seniors' play won the game for the latter. However that is neither here nor there, now. The Primary years feel justly proud of the hard game they put up, and are sorry they lost. But they are Varsity Meds, not first and second year men, and, as such, hope with the third and fourth years that before this is in print the present holders of the Cup will again have demonstrated the superiority of medical students and won the Cup.

Next to the Rugby games the dinner stands first in the thoughts of the students. There was some talk of dissatisfied members of the second and first years not going on account of its being held in the gym, but this report is without foundation. These two years will doubtless be present almost to a man. There are many whispers as to "dark secrets" on the menu, both in the provision list and in "hits." The affair promises to be a great success, a credit to the committee and to the students in general, a thing of beauty and a joy forever, or at least till the pleasure of dissecting the Christmas turkey on the old homestead obliterates all thoughts of other festive occasions.

Last week an expressman was heard enquiring at the west wing of the biological for Mr. Lynn. Many students were around, but none knew to whom reference was made, whether he was a freshman, sophomore or a new member of the faculty. But when the inquirer stated that the first name was "George," a look of intelligence appeared on the boys' faces, and the genial Irish janitor was summoned. We venture to say there are hundreds of medical men who have graduated from Toronto University and never guessed that George had another name.

E. A. Hill, '01, who has been in the General for a couple of weeks, having undergone a minor operation, is rapidly progressing, and will probably be with the second year men Thursday night.

The prize offered by the Medical Society for a new medical yell has brought out many competitors, and something good is sure to result. The idea is to do away with the old Toronto Medical School yell. We belong to Toronto University as much as does any other faculty of the University. The regulations required that all yells submitted should contain the words "Varsity Meds." The yellers presented their compositions Monday afternoon; and if the committee survive the ordeal we shall publish the new yell, as selected by them, next week.

TRINITY MEDS

The dinner is over and past but not forgotten. To those who were there it will always remain a very pleasant memory; those who were not there will never cease to regret it. It was successful beyond all expectation. The committee deserve great credit for the efforts they put forth to carry it through. May the dinner prove "a lubricant to business" and foster a deeper fellow-feeling among students of all years and the professors.

The second year is unique in many respects; one of them is the names its men bear. Here we meet Adam and Adamson (most likely Abel). Then comes Parsons to keep us right in theology and Wright to lead us by the way we should go. The good seed sown by the parson is made to spring up and yield fruit by Waters. Herod is probably descended from the governor of Judea and Levy belongs no doubt to the ancient order of priests. Having such an array of great names it is no wonder we flourish well, especially when we have a Marshall to look after our hosts. To bind us all together and give unity and strength there is no less a name than Hoops. And though the Wickett one goes in and out among us there is no sign of discord.

War may not be necessary to the furtherance of civilization, but that means real war and hasn't anything to do with the jolly College 'scrap' which our Trinity Meds enjoy so much. On Friday afternoon last the fun raged fast and furious for an hour, start-

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U.C.C. NOTES

The U.C.C. rifles are thoroughly reorganized this year. The uniform is similar to the Queen's Own, and of rifle-green color; instead of the usual tunic, however, the corps will have one of green serge ornamented with silver buttons, and the college crest. Mr. Agstin, the military tailor, has already measured some forty boys, and by Christmas time the company hopes to turn out in its new uniform.

Great regret is felt that foot-ball hair must now be shed, but short hair is now the order of the day.

The flat matches, which were to have been played immediately after the holidays, have been postponed in deference to winter weather.

The victorious foot-ball fifteen interviewed the photographer on Saturday, and expect to have something in College Fines to show their admiring friends at Christmas time.

Herr Ansbach gave an interesting exhibition of sleight-of-hand on Friday evening to the boys and their friends. The untying of a knotted handkerchief, the restoration of burnt and torn papers, clever card and egg tricks, were features of the entertainment. The humorous and witty remarks of the professor gave additional zest to the performance.

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