

was, to say the least, a most exasperating, unfortunate defeat for College, from the fact that College had the better of the play and to a good substantial degree at that. But for a couple of incidents in which the 'garnet and grey' "were wronged," whether intentionally or not, in a manner disastrous to all chance of victory, they would have won out with a good lead to spare. Now, as it is not the first time in late years in which college have had to suffer at the hands of the officials, we think it is high time that we assert our feelings in the matter. All we seek is a fair chance and if we cannot secure it in the ordinary way, we should take other means to obtain fair play.

The game in itself was one of the most interesting and nerve-racking ever played on Varsity Oval, for the result was in doubt until the last second.

In spite of the adverse fortune which placed the students behind in the score, Capt. Walters threw his men into the opposing line with renewed vigor, and in the gathering darkness they tore their way to their opponents goal only to lose ground on some decision of the referee. Nothing daunted even by being called back from over the line College fought to the bitter end. About six o'clock time was called with Montreal one point ahead and the ball on their five yard line.

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On Sunday, October the second, a battle royal was fought on Varsity oval between two teams of College juniors. It was a hard fought battle, a battle in which neither team could be pronounced decidedly the superior. For a long time it looked as if neither side would score, but, when the whistle announced the end of play, the team captained by Bastien had five points to its credit, and T. Bawlf's XIV, which included Tom O'Grady, did not have any.

A hard fought battle we said! And why should it not have been hard fought? Was there not a bag of big, red, ripe, juicy apples, the gift of the Bursar, awaiting the victors? Well the others won them, and O'G. did not have a look-in. Not that Tom did not play a hard game, He worked like Trojan, and, if victory did not perch on the banners of Bawlf's brigade, it was not Tom's fault. His style of play was somewhat too scrappy, however. He manifested temper overmuch. Three times he was hidden by the