

College has won the Quebec championship every year since 1894, with the exception of 1895, when they dropped out of the series, owing to an injury to one of the players.

The Canada Atlantic Company ran an excursion to Coteau to meet the Quebec champions and over two hundred people went down to greet the boys.

Wilkinson, the Brockville quarter-back, always placed the ball against Doran's heel when a Brockville scrim took place. In this way he rarely lost the ball.

After the first ten minutes play it was hard to distinguish either teams or individuals owing to the coating of mud that decorated the persons and clothing of the players.

A large number of College students paraded the streets in night attire after the match. Each had attached to the breast of his flowing robe the legend—"Ottawa Varsity, Quebec Champions, 1899."

Both teams put up at the Queen's hotel and dined together after the match. The best of good fellowship prevailed. Rev. Father Fallon was called on for a speech, and he congratulated Brockville on their magnificent game. College were champions but Brockville had an equally good team. The Rev. Mr. Bedford Jones, on behalf of the Brockvilles, thanked Father Fallon for his kind sentiments and hoped Ottawa College would not only be Quebec champions, but Canadian champions also. The teams left Montreal at the same time.



## Junior Department.

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, the Junior Editor, although occasionally the butt of much abuse, was, nevertheless, generally held in high esteem amongst his genial short-panted fraternity. Menaced by whatsoever threats, never had he been known to have stripped the blanchéd feather of his facile pen. From morn till night he endured toils on toils, and, much to his credit, ever honorably fulfilled the weighty duties of his difficult position. For over a twelvemonth, however, his plain uncushioned chair has gaped with vacancy, and the ominous sign, tacked to the sanctum door, "JUNIOR EDITOR WANTED," seemed to rest ineffective in its grim endeavor to allure into the ranks of fame, some budding literature loving stripling. Happily, however, kind Providence deigned to smile benignly upon us poor maltreated journalists, and, as a result, some time ago, a tiny nightly light was seen to faintly glimmer in the cobweb-curtained Junior