



No. 22.

**MR. MILLS—OF THE SENIOR RUGBY TEAM.**

We regret to say that we have been unable to procure any authentic photographs of this celebrity, nor have we been able to find his well known physiognomy in any of the Annuals with which we have acquaintance. His cheery smile and sturdy figure, however, are almost landmarks and those that know him not, by sight at the very least, can hardly be counted students of McGill.

The gentleman in question not being in evidence, as a result of the attentions of the Queen's line on Saturday last, we are forced to resort to hearsay for any information regarding his life before we knew him.

Born at a very early age in one of the country districts of Ontario, he has on that account never, since the occasion of his first appearance, been unable to say "Truly Rural" with perfect fluency, while his semi-civilized existence soon developed in the youthful mind those attributes of craftiness, and on occasion, dash, which combined with his physique were to prove so useful in later, undreamt of, years on the gridiron.

The story of how Mr. Mills came to this University is one of those romances which one finds harder to believe than fiction.

A college student—a McGill man—was spending the summer in the bush near the Mill's domicile, and one day happened in. The son and heir of the family was engaged in a wrestling bout with the family kitten—since deceased—under the admiring gaze of his fond progenitor. The sight naturally recalled to the student the football field, and he was soon in animated conversation with our hero's father on his pet subject.

"And," he concluded, "it was that one 'Varsity man that won the game. If we could only have held him we would have won the championship." "Youse fellers was easy," remarked the young hopeful who had been listening with great gusto, "ef I'd bin there I'd 'a jumped inter that guy the first chance I got and fixed him for keeps." "Mr. Mills," said the student, "if your son does not go to college you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you are wasting his talents. He will do well I am sure."