

About half-past eight the Queen's seven stepped onto the ice and cavorted around a short while until joined by the McGill septette. Nearly two hundred McGill supporters had accompanied their team, everyone of them with a voice worthy of the Bull of Bashan, and it sounded for a short time as if we were in a Montreal rink. It is no new thing to say that we need cheer leaders and better organization in our cheering. Only a few times in the evening did our yell break forth from end to end in the rink. The rest of the time it was in fragments.

A step was made in the right direction when our band was brought to the match. The music fills in the gaps very well. It is true that the unmusical McGill contingent thought that it was a Salvation Army band leading a Sunday school chorus, but the fellows in McGill go in too much for the variety of melody which the vaudeville stage produces, and do not recognize truly meritorious musical efforts when they hear them.

About nine o'clock the puck was faced. Interest had become very keen through the cheering of the rival factions. The ice was in as perfect a condition as could be, hard and clear, without even a scratch. The puck was dropped, the whistle sounded, and they were off.

McGill opened with a rush, and for a few moments skated our men off their feet. They were all tall, rangy fellows, with lots of speed, and could make the puck go wherever they wanted. In a short time they had found the net, and very little later scored again.

Then the Queen's men awoke, and from that time onward kept McGill going the limit, and finally wore them down. Box scored. A roar of relief went up from the spectators. A minute or so later there was a face off directly in front of the McGill net, and Box batted the puck in before the McGill centre touched it. The red and white scored once more before the end of the half, and left the ice one to the good.

The three-two score, the same as the half time tally in the Varsity game, seemed a happy omen, and more than one man bent on providing himself with a fortune, covered McGill money that was floating around. The band meantime kept the rink quivering with emotion over their rendition of 'O Canada,' and more than one man and maiden fair surreptitiously wiped away a shining tear-drop when it was through.

Our men came forth full of determination, and the result of the advice they had received at half-time was soon apparent when McKinnon fooled Woodyatt, and tied the score. At this period of the game combination was almost non-existent. Both teams checked back so hard that it was impossible to pass the puck, and individual rushing became the order of the day. In the earlier part of the half Queen's appeared to have the advantage, and shortly Greg George scored on a pretty shot from the side.

Then McGill scored, and seven minutes from the end forged ahead with another goal. The frenzied yelling of the McGill contingent shook the rafters of the rink. The supporters of the tri-color hoped silently and fervently for just another score, and when they saw the puck shoot past Woodyatt