

OTTAWA COLLEGE 13, MCGILL 2.

McGill players were out for the championship this year, and a team worthy of aspiring to that honor they certainly put on the field. Disquieting reports of their prowess had preceded them to Ottawa and had given the Ottawa College team many an anxious half-hour. When on the afternoon of the 24th of October, they appeared on the Ottawa College grounds, they looked every each a winning team. A more splendid set of fellows, physically, it would be hard to see anywhere and, in a certain sense, they played great football. This is how the teams lined out:—

McGill.	Back	Ottawa College.
Donahue	Belanger.	
Molson	Half-backs.	Shea.
Mathewson	do	Gleeson.
McLean	do	Beaulieu.
Leveque	Quarter	Smith.
Howard	Scrimmage	Bolger.
Ross	do	Clancy.
Grace	do	McCredie.
Turner	Wings	Quilty.
Hill	do	Foley.
Armour	do	Lafleur.
Schwartz	do	Tobin.
Van Horne	do	Kingsley.
Sparrow	do	Greene.
Richard	do	Prudhomme.
Referee—R. W. Shillington.		
Umpire—J. G. Lay.		

Gleeson won the toss and with it the advantage of sun and wind. But the elements, though out in more than ordinary force, did not seem to bring with them much aid for Ottawa College. It is doubtful if any team ever kept the college so long from beginning to score on the home field. McGill was simply playing a marvelous forward game against adverse conditions. It was only after twenty-five minutes of play that a long punt gave the college its first point. Slowly but surely the score went up against McGill, one by one, until it stood, Ottawa College 5, McGill 0. Then, with the ball at McGill's 35 yards' line, the college changed from a kicking to a running game. A sharp pass out gave Gleeson the ball. Ten McGill men stood between him and their goal-line, but onward he dashed into their midst. In some unexplainable, almost invisible, way he got by every tackle. It was a spiral movement that carried him along and he waltzed through his opposers with rare grace and unexampled ease. George Kiley's flash through the whole Harvard-line when Ottawa College met the winners of the Crimson ten years ago has since remained a memory in the college. But Gleeson's run surpassed it by two to one. It netted the college six points and the first half ended:—Ottawa College 11, McGill 0.

When the second half began, the varsity cheer had a very evident suspicion of doom in it. With a high wind McGill might easily and soon overcome a lead of 11 points. But destiny had otherwise decreed it. The college team turned out to be a stonewall in defence. Smith played close behind the scrimmage while the half-backs never kicked but always ran. As long as the college retained possession of the ball, it would be impossible for the McGill to score, and so the sphere travelled from Clancy to Smith, to Gleeson, to Shea, to Beaulieu and back to Clancy by way of the forward line. Another scrimmage and the same thing repeated, and so on. A few times the umpire declared that Clancy had handed and not heeled the ball out, and McGill was given a free kick. From one of these, Mathewson sent the ball over the cross-bar and the score was changed to Ottawa College 11, McGill 2. A good many people thought McGill's turn had come, but they changed their minds, when a combined college rush from the kick off added two points more to the college, total and the crowd read:—Ottawa College 13, McGill 2.

Thus the game ended, and Ottawa College had defeated the three strongest teams in the Quebec Union and virtually settled the question of provincial supremacy.

NOTES.

Now for Britannia! and then—?
Sparrow and Leveque, two old Ottawa College champions, were amongst the most prominent players on the McGill team.

McGill also took their defeat like true gentlemen and they are behind us in our game in Toronto. The members of the college team accompanied their opponents to the train and gave them a rousing send off. The best of good fellowship prevailed between the two teams.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

OUR new junior reporter has been duly installed in office at the other side of our editorial easy chair; we officially informed him that our department was placed entirely in his hands during the present month. Upon reading his manuscript we were startled to find that we had a real genuine, live poet on our hands, for we have a holy horror of such irresponsible members of the human family. We turned around to take a view of our seven-year old Shakespeare and found that we had overlooked a very important fact—our youthful assistant is the proud possessor of a wierd mien and long, flowing locks. The reading public will attribute to the stone-bruises of early infancy, his lame feet and limping verses; in the future he will do better since he has received a liberal dose of our patriarchal boots.

PONTIAC'S LAMENT.

"He's not what fancy painted him
I'm sadly taken in;
If some our else had fought him, I
Should not have been carried in.
I thought that he was mild and good
As Slattery e'er should be,
I wonder how he ever could
Have so much humbugged me.
His taper fingers, it is true,
'T were difficult to match;
What would they say if they but knew
How they can black and scratch.

HON. J. B. CHARLEBOIS' DECALOGUE.

- I. Thou shalt pass me the ball at all times.
- II. Thou shalt honor me, the Junior Treasurer.
- III. Thou shalt not ride my rented bike.
- IV. Thou shalt not smile when thou seest my pockets always filled with papers.
- V. Thou shalt ever sing, "There goes John Baptiste, Esq."
- VI. Thou shalt pay the J. A. A., else thou shalt not kick its balls.
- VII. Thou shalt admire my new coat.
- VIII. Thou shalt not object to me in elections because I came back late.
- IX. Thou shalt not expect to be paid if thus bet with me.