

quickness of eye, speed and clever head work enabled him to give assistance to the forward line that was responsible for many of the victories won by his team last season.

Of the hard knocks inseparable from the game, he seemed to get more than his share; but rarely, if ever, was he seen to retaliate. He carried his pleasant smile through it all, and at no time did he seem to bear malice.



At the end of the season, "Hod" bade farewell to his old and newly made friends in Montreal, with the full expectation of returning at the opening of the present season. He was going to work with his father during the summer at Belleville, where he was engaged in the construction of a new Drill Hall. The last reports from him were that he was well and happy, and was looking forward with pleasure to the re-opening of the hockey season.

Then came the fateful day in June, and all Montreal was grief stricken by the news that their hockey idol was no more. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that if a great statesman had died then, instead of "Hod" Stuart, there