

The Rockwood Review.

The Football season is at an end, and the results are far from satisfactory, although a few crumbs of comfort exist for those who hope for better things. It is a pity the crumbs were not more, because football is endangered by the taint of professionalism, and if it is to be saved from the fate which has overtaken lacrosse and baseball, gigantic efforts will have to be made by the leading spirits in each league. The Intercollegiate Series on the whole is the most promising, but even it has not been free from criticism, and it has been too prone to consider its virtue as already established to reach the highest level. The records of some of the players are not above suspicion, and all of its methods cannot be commended. It has however succeeded in passing through many of the diseases of infancy, and if it can successfully cope with those of early childhood, it will answer very nicely. It will be well though if they stick to Canadian Rugby instead of the American game, which is a decidedly inferior article, and is attractive only because it would enable the colleges to play international matches. The first experience of our collegians with the American game should prove a striking object lesson. While it is true our boys downed the Yankees at their own game with ease, the cost was terrific, and two men are laid up for some weeks, one with a broken collar bone the other with a dislocated shoulder.

The Granites did not win the championship—did not even get a chance to try. It was too bad, as the boys could have won without doubt, and the unfortunate events which led to the unhappy wrangle in Ottawa are to be deeply regretted. It has been suggested by some that the Montreal men deliberately put the Granites in a hole. Nothing could be more unlikely, and deplorable as the result of mismanagement was, no right minded man could accuse Pres. Claxton of anything worse than a grave error of

judgment, in appointing as partisan a referee as Mr. Macdougall. The Granites were not altogether blameless, and the moment they suggested Mr. Elliott as referee, they laid themselves open to the same accusation that was brought against Ottawa College. Those of us who know Capt. Elliott are aware that he would be an absolutely fair official, Ottawa College did not know this. At the same time Ottawa College were very childish in their action, and their final decision to keep the Cup at any price, might have been productive of temporary gratification to the poor spirited ones in the team, but they will learn that it earned the scorn of every true sportsman in Canada, and Ottawa College has fallen in the estimation of even its former enthusiastic supporters.

The Granites emerge from the season with a large amount of glory, but not as much as if they had adhered to the old methods which carried them to victory in former years. It is the difference no doubt between an ideal junior team and a successful senior club. Too much newspaper notoriety is not half as healthy as an overdose of home criticism.

Last month we paid a tribute to Mr. W. Hamilton, half-back on the Granites, it is now in order to notice the quarter-back, Mr. Geo. B. Dalton, captain of the team. When Dalton was apparently too small to reach up to the waist of big Geo. Kennedy, 1895, he gave promise of developing into an excellent quarter-back, but in 1896, protected by the three big scrimmers of that year, he had ample opportunity to show his cleverness, and never failed to take advantage of every chance offering, making a reputation very hard to live up to. However he has not fallen short, and against Ottawa College in Kingston he showed that he has very few equals in his position. The great characteristic of Dalton's play is headiness, and his indomitable pluck earns the admiration of