

College had reached the proverbial unlucky thirteen. But no more was needed to win handsomely. At this point the umpire took a hand in the game. For reasons best known to himself and evident to no one else, he began giving free kicks to Ottawa. Three times Stewart Cameron placed for goal; twice he failed; the third attempt gave Ottawa two points and the scoring was ended. College 13, Ottawa 6. Just at the end of the game Ross got over the Ottawa line for a try, but the referee decided that it was three seconds too late and the game was over.

Let us finish with these Ottawas right here. They are a nasty crowd. Not all of them, but enough to direct the actions of the whole team. Beaten fairly on the field, they took the unmanly step of entering an utterly unfounded complaint against Lafleur, on the ground of professionalism. When the executive of the league came to decide the matter, Ottawa's representative was obliged to admit that he had not the slightest proof in support of his charge. The Union contemptuously threw out the complaint and the Ottawas stood again disgraced in the eyes of all true sportsmen. The Ottawas showed commendable prudence in not attempting to prove their insinuation. They might have found that the O. A. A. C. had one A too many.

NOTES.

Smellie never equalled Smith at quarter.

Lawless pranced about and pawed the air like a high-bred colt until Prudhomme laid him twice on the grass in front of the grand stand. Then he kept quiet—for a minute or two.

Smellie is a magnificent kicker with his mouth. His punt (ch) ing was admirable, but it was not football.

OTTAWA COLLEGE, 18; MONTREAL, 6.

Ottawa College and Montreal have played many a hard game and with varying fortune. But whatever the result, each team could and did say of its opponents—they play good football and are gentlemen. The game of October 17th was no exception to the rule, but rather a strong confirmation. The match was looked forward to with anxiety by Ottawa College, as it was felt that victory meant almost the championship of the Quebec Union. About 250 friends accompanied us to Montreal or met us there, and gave us a whole-souled welcome, and support. About four thousand people had assembled on the M.A.A.A. grounds to see the giants struggle for supremacy. The teams were as follows:

Montreal.		Ottawa College.	
Hamilton	Back	Belanger	
Molson	Half-backs	Gleeson	
Savage	do	Murphy	
H. McDougall	do	Shea	
C. Jack	Quarter	Smith	
Cotton	Scrimmage	Clancy	
Meek	do	Boucher	
Poff	do	McCreddie	
White	Wings	Lafleur	
O'Brien	do	Tobin	
Massey	do	Prudhomme	
Murphy	do	Quilty	
Armstrong	do	Greene	
Prissick	do	Foley	
Mason	do	Ross	

Referee—A. J. Whitlam, Britannia.
Umpire, C. Schwartz, McGill.

The Montreal team was much stronger than the one Ottawa had beaten two weeks before by a score of 6 to 5. McDougall, Cotton, O'Brien and Prissick made a vast difference. The College team was the same to a man as on the previous Saturday.

Montreal began the game with sun and wind favoring and commenced quite early to force the play, though at no time during the first half did the teams give exactly the brilliant exhibition of football that was looked for. Montreal was relatively slow on the forward line and the college half-backs fumbled atrociously. The college scrimmagers did not get their heads down properly and the wings let their men through with a monotonous persistency, as irritating as it was unexpected. Smith was repeatedly tackled before he could pass or even touch the ball, while Gleeson and Shea were blocked in several kicks. To be uninitiated it looked as though Ottawa College was for once to be forced to feel the burning anguish of defeat, as the Red and Black little by little forced back the Garnet and Gray, and finally by a well-directed punt sent the ball over the line and forced Belanger to rouge. Montreal 1, College 0.

Those, however, who knew what the college could do did not fear the result. But even the most serenely confident felt a thrill of fear when after less than one half hour's play Molson eluded two or three college tackles and got over the line for a try. The kick at goal failed, but the score read:—Montreal 5, College 0. Then it was that the lads in Garnet woke up and in a few minutes showed that it was dollars against dimes that Montreal had almost ended scoring. A series of punts by Shea and Gleeson were returned by Savage and McDougall and sent back to Murphy. Lafleur and Quilty followed quickly and forced McDougall to rouge. Montreal 5, College 1. There was no more scoring for the rest of the half, but the College players had awakened and gave the spectators a foretaste of what was coming after the brief intermission.

The second half was unlike the first in every particular. Never were spectators treated to a more scientific, and brilliant exhibition of Canadian Rugby. True the score was all in favor of Ottawa College, but the play was faultless on both sides. The College won because, though their opponent were fast and sure, they were faster and surer. It was hard to believe the College was represented by the same team as in the first half. In six minutes the score was:—Montreal 5, College 2; in eight minutes the score-board got light-headed, for it marked Montreal 5, College 6. A moment later it recovered its equilibrium; Montreal 6, College 6. But from this out it went on a prolonged spree until finally it lost its head entirely and became utterly delicious. The fever increased by leaps and bounds: Montreal 6, College 7; Montreal 6, College 8; Montreal 6, College 12; Montreal 6, College 16; Montreal 6, College 18—and the famous knights of the winged wheel were beaten more decisively than they had ever been before on their own beautiful ground. As the pale beams of the silvery moon cast their gentle light across the field of strife, they disclosed two different sets of features turning towards the dressing-rooms; one downcast and defeated, though not disgraced; the other flushed and exultant, as of men who were feeling the full pleasure of high hopes realized. Yet there was neither bitterness on one side, nor boasting on the other. The game ended as every game should—by leaving each team better disposed than before towards its opponent.

NOTES.

At least seventy-five old students of Ottawa College assembled at the St. Lawrence Hall to give the victors a brotherly welcome. It was extremely pleasant to see the past and present so harmonious and so happy.

McGill students "rooted" for Ottawa College. A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind, the poet says, and college fellowship joined us to McGill. Against any team in the world—save of course our own Ottawa College students would emphatically affirm—yes and "bet"—that "old McGill" had nothing wrong with her health.

After the match Mr. Victor Buchanan, the popular president of the Montreal club, congratulated the college team and wished them success in the struggle for the Dominion championship. Big-hearted Jack Savage, the genial Montreal captain, acknowledged defeat by better players and prophesied a rosy future for the Garnet and Gray. What a contrast between the way in which the Montrealers took their defeat and the conduct of the Ottawas in similar circumstances! The former manfully accepting their fortune and wishing luck to the victors; the latter cross and gloomy and revengeful, and incapable of seeing a single redeeming feature in their opponents. Just the difference that always exists between true, honorable sportsman, and—well, and the Ottawas. The contrast could not be more forcibly expressed.