

point; if assisted, he receives a point also, but the player from whom he received the pass receives one as well.

Fathers Stanton and Verroneau and Mr. L. A. Kelly constitute the board of referees, and to date they have kept the games particularly clean. Let it be emphatically stated that notwithstanding rumors to the contrary, we have no Joe Halls or Minnie McGiffins in the league. Body-checking into the boards is against the rules, and that alone tends to do away with much unnecessary rough work so frequently seen in the "big league."

To pick out individual stars is a difficult task. Behan, of the Federals, is the best goal-getter, and is playing gilt-edged hockey. Quain, Cameron, Davis, Fahey, Braithwaite, Langlois, Madden C. Mulvihill, Shields—the task is too difficult—it is a veritable "milky way."

Of course, the boys are playing for the love of the game, but in order to make them go the limit there are prizes for: The winning team, the best individual scorer, the team least penalized, the best defence team, and the best scoring team. But the reward *par excellence* is a trip to Boston. Father Stanton announced to the boys that the Reverend Rector had promised to permit a team of the best players from the Intermural League to take a trip to Boston or Toronto towards the latter part of February. The secretary of the O. U. A. A., Mr. A. L. Cameron, has received an invitation from Boston, and unless something unforeseen occurs the "pick" of the six teams will undertake the journey.

Counting the two ties, there are still seventeen games to play. If the weather continues favorable, the schedule should be concluded by the first of March. The championship is far from being decided. As a betting proposition it is A1.

The novices and little fellows have not been forgotten. A league has been organized for them, but as only three games have been played as yet, we shall leave an account over till the March issue.

Silver Quilty thought that his team could "beat" the lay-professors. Jack Sammon, Allan Flemming and company believed their leader, but they received a rude awakening one evening a few weeks ago. To look at them one would think they were world-beaters, but "all is not gold that glitters." When the august body of gentlemen who bear the dignified appellation of lay-professors finished with the invaders it was 7-0 in favor of the Daleyites. This goes to prove that "learning" and sport may go hand-in-hand. But Silver is not satisfied, and next month we might have a still sadder story to tell of the adventurous youth and his bosom friends.