

Then Hamilton went in to know the reason why, and for a time tore up the College line, crowding the play up the field until they were within a few yards of the Ottawa men's goal. College braced there. The Garnet and Grey scrim let out a link, and the wings tackled like tigers. Two or three times the ball sailed over, but the rear division played without a flaw, and got it out again.

COLLEGE GETS CROWDED.

At length, a penalty kick by Counsell landed the ball far in touch-in-goal, giving Hamilton one point.

College 10, Hamilton 1.

The generalship credited in the west to Counsell did not materialize here. His rush line was doing splendidly, and when so near the College line it looked as though he should have kicked short and given them a chance to get under the ball. But though he got two or three free kicks at this time, he tried only long punts, and in every case the College backs returned them before his forwards could get that far.

Hamilton kept pressing College. Good passes by the Hamilton quarter, Fox, to Counsell, or short, sharp dashes by Fox himself, who played a thoroughly plucky and clever game, kept College busy. Finally, McGuckin's fumble of a catch, and lightning following up of Ripley took the ball across the College line, where Ripley was tackled before he got the leather down, and the referee awarded Hamilton a touch without a try, 4 points.

College 10; Hamilton 5.

All this time Hamilton had been improving in play, and when they began to score like this, the cry along the grand stand was generally "Hamilton will win."

And this was the general impression when half-time was called.

GLEESON AND COUNSELL.

What of the two great captains? "Gleeson," was the majority verdict; but qualified with the proviso, "wait till the second half, when Counsell has the wind with him."

Gleeson had never played better. It seemed impossible to tackle him before he got his kicks in. Either foot served, and either knee too. He was always in the right place, he always had his men right, he did not fumble, neither did he bungle his kicks, no matter how short Hamilton took him.

Counsell played a fine game, but perhaps owing to the slippery footing, he seemed clumsy and slow compared with the College captain. He never fumbled, his punting against the wind was splendid and well judged, he tackled like a lion, but he was not fast, and neither used much judgment in varying his play nor made much headway by any rushes he tried.

SECOND HALF.

At 3.30 the teams trooped out for the second half, the snow still coming down in a light flurry, and the wind the same as at the start—a moderate breeze, now favoring Hamilton.

Play had hardly started before College emphasized a change of tactics, as was expected. In the first half, the game was to give the ball to Gleeson to punt. Now came a running game, and there never was a prettier one. From the scrim to Smith; Smith a dash till tackled, then to Gleeson; Gleeson a sprint on, then to Murphy; Murphy, ho for the Hamilton goal. Once he got there, and it gave College the match; half a dozen times he didn't get there, but gave Hamilton heart disease each time.

True, Hamilton had the best of the play. Most of the half it was in College territory. No flies on Hamilton, anywhere. Good scrim, snappy wings, first-class little quarter-back. Counsell never missing at centre half; the rest of the back division good except (fatal exception) at tackling. Too many attempts to tackle high, a bad enough fault against big men, crazy against midgets like the Murphies. Still Hamilton forced the play, and by and by a long punt from DuMoulin landed the leather right on the College line. For once Gleeson fumbled it, got it with a second attempt, but was tackled before